Little Miss Mary

by CynthiaK2014

Summary

This is the last of my HP stories. It was quite interesting to write but there are warnings that you may need to heed. I do love my 'what ifs' and Severus has to be my favorite character so you may find him a bit OOC.

What if Severus rescued Harry from the Dursleys and hid him away for the summer? And what if they decide to pursue a relationship? What if Harry really likes dressing up as a girl and refuses to get rid of his silk underwear? And what if they figure out a way to get rid of Voldemort for good?

This was originally written in 2004 and posted under my pseudonym - Athea Holmes.
Explosions.

Screams.

Fear slapped me so hard I crumbled into a small ball.

Stop, they screamed.

Stop, scream.

Stop, the silence was worse.

Rolling behind the kitchen island, I wished I could fit under it.

The screaming returned but this time it sounded like Dudley.

Go away.

Leave us alone.

Go away.

Leave me alone.

No, no, no, no, no . . .

Pain like knives carving my flesh made me gasp aloud.

No, no, no . . .

“Potter!” The low hiss didn’t even frighten me; somehow I knew who it was even though the screaming has grown into a soulless shriek.

Opening my eyes, I found a potion stained hand reaching for me and I rolled to him. I was shaking all over and I could hardly see through the tears. My nose was running and I wiped it off on my sleeve.

It was bloody and I wondered why until I realized there’s blood everywhere. Strong arms enfolded me into a dark robe and only then did I realize how badly I was shaking.

“Silence,” the sharp tone was little more than a whisper but I obeyed him at once, trying to stop my sniffing and gasping. He drug me across the kitchen tile and out the back door before wrapping me in his cloak and lifting me in his arms.

I felt . . . safe . . . so very safe that I laid my head on the broad shoulder and shut my eyes. Nothing bad could happen to me now. Professor Snape might not like me very much but he had protected me for the last four years and I trusted him.
Maybe I should tell him that?

******** Severus ********

I could hardly believe I got him out of there in time. Cutting it fine simply begged the question – Harry almost got sliced and diced by my fellow Death Eaters while under the supposed wards of his Aunt’s blood. I barely kept my shudder from disturbing him. The blood was still there, unfortunately there was none left in her body. Or the father’s or son’s come to that.

Stepping off the property, I ducked into the waiting Volvo with the tinted windows. Harry clung tightly to me, still not having said a word. Probably in shock, I decided and took a deep breath, trying to set him onto the seat away from me. That got a reaction from him and for a brief moment he strangled me.

“Potter, I need to see if you’re hurt.” I found myself stroking his hair, disliking the feel of matted blood coating the silken strands. Pulling my wand from an inside pocket, I muttered a quick diagnostician spell taught to me by Poppy many years ago. Anemic, bruised and hungry but not injured was the result.

“You’re going to be fine, P-Harry but we need to get you cleaned up so we can get out of here.” I felt a small nod and a slight lessenening of his grip. Casting a hasty cleaning incantation, I decided to go with a wardrobe change, too. They were going to be looking for him.

Another spell and he started and wiggled a little at the new feel. Even though I’d rarely been in such danger, I couldn’t resist indulging in my secret fantasy kink. He might hex me or he might be in such shock he’d let it go for now. Slowly he pulled a few inches away and looked down at the new crisp white blouse, short red plaid skirt, white knee socks and little black patent leather Mary Janes.

“Wow, I look like a girl.” Was all he said, leaving his hands loosely linked about my neck.

My throat tightened at his acceptance. “They’ll be looking for a 14 year old boy with glasses and short black hair.” Another spell and his hair lengthened and curled into ringlets on his shoulders. “I’ll be wearing Muggle clothing and looking rather more athletic than I normally do.” A spell shortened my hair to above my ears and another put me into jeans and a buttoned down Henley in aubergine.

“Now, put your glasses in your purse, Harry.” I slid under the wheel, leaving my hand on his arm in case he was still frightened. “I’m going to drive us to another town where I’ve got a safe house set up.”

“Does Dumbledore know where it is, Professor?” He said, sliding a little closer to me but obediently taking off his glasses and tucking them into the patent leather purse which matched his shoes.

“No, he doesn’t.” Starting the car, I pulled away from the house of death and sedately drove west. “I’m sorry I didn’t get there sooner.”

“I’m still alive.” He said quietly and I felt a small hand creep back onto my arm.

******** Harry ********

It felt so unreal to watch Professor Snape driving – a car, a Muggle car. It felt even odder to be wearing girl’s clothes. My skirt didn’t even cover my knees and I wiggled a little to feel the soft underwear against my skin. It bound me differently then the worn-out y-fronts I’d worn all my life.
I had the urge to lift my skirt to look at them but my life was already too weird.

Touching the professor made it seem more real and he didn’t seem to mind my clinging to his arm. I set my purse – I had a purse, how odd was that, on the seat beside me and realized I didn’t have my seat belt on. I had to scoot a little over to the door to reach for the hanging part and my skirt slid up almost to my crotch. Blushing, I tugged it down and tried to pretend it was like a pair of shorts.

“Here, I’ll get that for you,” his voice was still soft and caring and it made me feel warm all over. His hand helped me tug it down and click it closed between us.

His fingers brushed against my thigh and I caught my breath at the sudden flare of heat. I did that now and then to myself but only when it was really, really dark and I knew everybody was asleep. But not even my hand felt that good. I was blushing; I just knew it and I hoped he wouldn’t notice.

“We’re driving to a town called York in northern England.” His voice was velvety smooth and I listened carefully. “I’m known as a painter there, one who works on commission. That is one way to explain my frequent absences. You will be my niece come to stay with me while my sister – your mother, recuperates from an operation. I’ll be Uncle John since my name here is John Aberforce. What name would you like to go by?”

“Um,” I thought hard and fiddled with the edge of my skirt. “Mary is kind of like Harry. That way I won’t forget to answer to it. What kind of painter are you?”

He chuckled and I thought his smile was really nice, what little I could see of it without my glasses. “I paint portraits, of both famous and just interesting people. Mary will do nicely. Have you thought of doing something about your eyesight?”

“Is there something magic?” I asked eagerly. “I hate wearing glasses and lately they don’t seem to be working as well as they used to.”

He growled a little and I bit my lip at the thought I’d angered him. “Those damn muggles had a lot to answer for, Harry. Yes, there is something that can be done and I’ll perform the spell when we reach home.”

“What are they dead?” I had to hear the words even though I was pretty sure I knew the answer.

******** Severus ********

“They’re dead, Harry.” I said it flatly and watched him out of the corner of my eye. Driving took all my concentration and I rarely did it but the trains wouldn’t be safe right now and none of my fellow Death Eaters knew I could drive a car. No one in the magical world knew. “It was not your fault and there was *nothing* you could have done to stop them. Your battle is not yet to be fought.”

He rubbed his nose and I fished out a handkerchief. “Blow, Harry.”

Taking it, he blew hard then crumbled it up in his hand. “Sorry, Professor, I’ll try not to be so weepy.”

“You’re entitled to cry, Harry.” I softened my voice even more and caught his wondering look up at me. Those lustrous green eyes shone with tears and it was all I could do not to stop the car and pull him into my arms. “Being sad and sorry is exactly the way you should be feeling right now. If you need to cry, then do so. I shall not condemn honest emotion. I only wish I could allow myself more of the softer feelings.”
“Thank you,” he said quietly and even though the seat belt bisected his boyish chest, he leaned into my arm, resting his head against my sleeve. “Maybe once it has set in I’ll be able to cry for them. Right now, I feel kind of numb but also . . .” he blushed and went back to plucking at his skirt hem, which had raised half-way up his smooth thigh again.

I was going straight to hell for what I was thinking but then I always knew that was my ultimate destination.

“But right now, I feel . . . free and kind of light.” His face tilted up to me and I gripped the steering wheel tightly so I didn’t do something inappropriate. “I trust you to keep me safe, Professor.”

“I’m very grateful for your acceptance.” I smiled down into his kitten-like face and was rewarded with a shy grin. “After my abominable treatment during the school year, I feared you wouldn’t allow me to help or trust me to get you away.”

“You had to act that way or everyone would have known you were a spy for Dumbledore.” He leaned in a little harder. “I grew up a lot last month and took a good look at who had always protected me, even when it meant you had to do things you didn’t want to. I wanted to say thank you but didn’t know how or when.”

I swallowed the sudden lump in my throat. “That is quite the nicest apology I’ve ever received, Harry. Thank you for making this so easy.”

He squirmed a little and smoothed his skirt with both hands. “Um, Professor, could we stop for a bathroom break? I need to go really badly.”

“Ten minutes to Little Pickford and we can stop for an early tea break.” I picked up the speed and spared a thought for his first time in a woman’s bathroom. Oh to be a little mouse to see how he handled it. “Now remember to call me Uncle John, ‘Mary’.”

********* Harry *********

The tea shop was in a small cottage and Uncle John walked me back to the ladies room, telling me he would watch the door for me. I shut it behind me with a sigh of relief before hiking up my skirt and finally seeing my new knickers. They were frilly and silky when I pulled them down to relieve myself. That felt really good and I found myself stroking the fabric while I shot a golden stream into the toilet.

Maybe this was kind of kinky or at least Ron would think so, I thought with a last guilty stroke before trying to rearrange myself more comfortably inside the panties. They didn’t have the reinforcing of my old underwear but they clung real tightly. The material behind me kind of eased into my crack and the feel of the cloth right there made my nipples peak under my shirt. I’d noticed that happen once or twice when I was stroking myself in the bathtub. Why did they do that?

My body seemed to be sending me all kinds of odd signals. But I dropped my skirt and brushed it into place before going to wash my hands. My hair looked odd in the mirror and I leaned close to the glass so I could see the bangs that covered my scar. Reaching up, I tugged on a long curl and watched it bounce back onto my shoulder. It wasn’t messy at all and I wondered if I could leave it this way once I got back to school.

“All right, Mary?”

I started and dried my hands hastily on my plaid skirt before going over to the door and opening it. “Yes, sir, I’m sorry to take so long.”
His smile was so nice to see that I just had to smile back. “I understand that little girls like to take their time, Mary. I’m just an old bachelor who’s forgotten what ages your mother used to take when we were kids. You take all the time you need, little one.”

It seemed right to slip my hand into his and he led me into the front room where an empty table waited for us with a tea pot and two cups sitting alongside a plate full of little tea cakes. Once we sat down, he gestured to the tea pot and I tried to remember how Hermione poured it in the common room. It was funny but I just seemed to slip into her mindset and act like a girl.

The professor nodded to me with a smile and I could tell he was pleased. I found myself wanting to please him, wanting to throw myself into this odd little play that was taking me far away from what had been my life up until now. “Uncle John, could we stop and go shopping before reaching home?”

“Good idea, sweetheart, we need to pick up some play clothes for you.” He nodded gravely to the waitress and accepted a plate of small no-crust sandwiches. “Your mother is so strict about dresses only but I think we could manage some shorts and t-shirts while you’re visiting me.” His dark eyes shone with mischief and I had the oddest urge to stick out my tongue at him.

“Oh but I like my dresses, Uncle John,” I batted my eyelashes at him and wiggled a little on the soft cushioned chair. “They feel nice against my skin and they look so very pretty that I almost feel pretty.”

“Sweet Mary, you are the prettiest thirteen year-old in the county and if you want more skirts then that is what you shall have.” He winked at me and I looked down with a blush.

He’d taken a year off my age and I figured that was because I was so flat-chested. “Thank you, Uncle, but you must help me pick out what to wear. You’re so good with colors and fabrics.”

“We shall find a dress shop and you will try on anything your little heart desires, Mary. I will enjoy helping you choose.” He offered me the plate of sandwiches and I did my best to eat two daintily like Hermione would. I always had to be careful since it had been a while since I’d had so much to eat.

When we were all done, he paid our tab and I accepted a compliment from the tea shop owner on my manners. Whew, I thought while getting back in the car, I passed our first test of muggles. The Professor made sure I was strapped in again before starting the car. It was nice to be just the two of us again. It kind of felt like an enchanted car where I was safe and wanted.

******** Severus ********

Stopping at a local dress shop on the other side of York from my cottage, I helped Harry choose two new jumpers, three high-necked blouses, two more skirts, three pair of shorts, a white pinafore with lace inserts and while he was trying on a dress, I put aside several pairs of silk stockings and a little pink lace garter belt that made my groin tighten deliciously. I was buying them for ‘Sunday wear’ I murmured to the saleswoman. She murmured back that it was a lovely thought and my niece was a very lucky little girl.

I was the lucky one, I said with what I hoped was an uncle-like smile. But just then Harry came out of the dressing room in a green silk dress with lace on the bodice and little cap sleeves that showed off his tan beautifully. His shy look as he turned around slowly in front of me made my heart beat faster.

Harry – no, Mary – was absolutely beautiful.
“Sweetheart, I think we must have that one for Sunday. You look like a little angel.” I told him truthfully and watched him blush. “Go and change while I make sure we have everything.”

But instead he came over and wrapped his arms around my waist, hugging me tight. The top of his head only came to my mid-chest and I returned his hug with a little more pressure than perhaps I should have but then it had been a very long time since I’d gotten a hug from anyone. “Thank you, Uncle John.” Then he went up on tiptoe and I leaned down to hear his whisper. “I’m going to need more . . . um, underwear.”

And my groin came right to attention. I haven’t gotten that hard that fast in decades. I swallowed hard and whispered back. “I’ll take care of it.”

His smile and blush were absolutely addicting. Turning around, he ducked back into the dressing room while I went over to have a low-voiced conversation with the sales woman. Nothing but the best for my little Mary, I told her and selected six pairs of the daintiest, frilliest panties that they had. God willing, I’d get to see them on Harry.

He joined me then and took two of the bags while I finished paying and accepted the other two sacks. Once back in the car, I transfigured one of them into a small brown leather suitcase and with a tap of my wand; all the clothes packed themselves into it. Harry wiggled a little and I realized that was his reaction to pleasure.

“Ready to go home?” I asked him while starting the car.

His look was shy but hopeful. “I’ve never really had a home before, Professor. But I’m ready.”

Driving down the cobblestone avenues, I smiled. “This is the first real home I’ve ever owned and it’s all mine. It’s been my refuge when things got bad and I hope it will be one for you, as well.”

His little hand slipped into mine. “It will be wonderful because we’ll both be safe and happy there.”

“Yes, we will. From now on we need to be Uncle John and Mary only,” I gave him a questioning look. “I know that will be hard but if you can just think of yourself as a little girl and me as your artist uncle, even in your inner most thoughts, you’ll be less likely to slip up and call me professor or for me to slip and call you Harry.”

“I understand, Uncle John.” He squeezed my hand. “It’s funny but wearing skirts is kind of fun. I like the freedom of them even though my . . . uh, panties feel odd.” He hesitated then slid a little closer. “Is it okay if they feel good?”

I swallowed again and hardened at that provocative picture. “They’re silk so they should feel good. They don’t bind your shaft too much?”

He blushed pale pink and squirmed a little before clearing his throat. “Um, no, no they don’t. They kind of creep up a little . . .” a little darting look up at me while I tried to look benign, “um, behind a little.”

Dear god, I was going to come in my pants. Getting a good grip on my wayward tongue, I hummed a little while casting about for the right thing to say. “Silk boxers do that, too sometimes. So long as it doesn’t hurt, can you live with a little teasing?”

His blush looked to be permanent and what a delicious sight it was.

******* Harry *******
I held onto his big hand and squirmed a little. “I didn’t know that.” Did that mean he wore boxers? “When it did it before, it made my . . . chest ache a little.” Could I say nipples out loud? “You know?”

He hummed again. “All kinds of things make a boy or girl’s nipples hard, Mary. There’s nothing wrong with that reaction so long as it doesn’t hurt. Even your new dress looked like maybe it made your nipples peak a little.”

Sighing, I relaxed. “Oh good, I thought there was something wrong with me. Does that happen to you, too?”

He chuckled and I grinned at the nice sound. “It does indeed, Mary. Have you ever rubbed them while in the bath?”

I blushed again. “Yes, once or twice but . . .” could I mention the whole shaft thing? “May I ask you a question about boys’ bodies?”

He blinked down at me and I realized we’d stopped. “A little later, Mary, I’ll answer all your questions. But we’re home.”

I sat up straight and tried to see everything out the side window. Impatiently, I undid my seat belt and almost opened the door myself but a big hand tapped my shoulder and I sat back. That was one of the hard things about being a girl, having the whole manners thing drilled into them. Silently I told myself my story, I was Mary Aberforce and this was my first visit to my Uncle John’s home. I was worried about my Mum but she was healing in a sanatorium after her operation and I’d be well taken care of by my doting uncle.

Uncle John opened my door and I got out primly, smoothing my skirt down from where it had ridden up when I slid across the seat. Then he took my hand in his and led me up to a wrought iron gate made in moon and stars. The short flagstone path led through a small garden and up to a bright blue door with a dragon door knocker on it. He had a key in his hand already and he opened it with a flourish.

“Welcome home, Mary, may you find nothing but happiness within these walls.” He said and gave me a gentle push across the threshold.

Home, I was finally in what could be a real home. I’d always felt temporary with the Dursleys and even with the Weasleys. But Molly Weasley had welcomed me with open arms and at least one hug per visit. I’d already gotten several hugs just today from Uncle John and they’d felt wonderful. I had him all to myself and I could feel myself relaxing all over while I looked around with curiosity.

The lounge was to the left and the dining room to the right. The hall stair led up to the next floor and the carpets were all deeply colored oriental rugs that gleamed over polished wood floors. The colors were kind of dark and subdued but the furniture looked comfortable and I could hardly wait to sit on the leather sofa in front of the stone fireplace.

“Go upstairs and pick out your bedroom, sweetheart. I’ll lock up the car and bring in your luggage.” He smiled down at me but his eyes slid over to the house next door and I wondered if somebody was listening.

“Which one is yours, Uncle John?” I let go of his hand reluctantly and moved to the bottom step. I liked the endearment. Nobody had ever called me that before.
“Mine is next to the bathroom at the back of the house, Mary. The two front rooms are both furnished but we can make whichever one you choose more what a little girl would like.” He smiled again and I smiled back before walking upstairs.

Funny, but I could feel his eyes on me all the way up and I had the strangest urge to kind of wiggle my hips like Cho did at Hogwarts. I liked the feeling that he was watching me. It made me feel safe and wanted. Upstairs, I opened the first door on the left and saw a bed, dresser and chair. It was really bland with white walls and gray bedclothes. But that was almost all I could see without my glasses.

Going further down the hall, I spotted the open bathroom door and stuck my head in to see an enormous claw-footed bathtub, a pedestal sink and a gleaming white toilet next to something that looked like a chopped off toilet. I’d have to ask Uncle John what it was. The next room was done in shades of blue and the four poster bed looked just like the one I had at school.

This was it; I decided and stepped in to run a hand over the soft duvet.

“Ah, I thought this might be the one.” The quiet voice startled me and I turned around to find him standing there with my new suitcase and little black purse. “Why don’t I help you unpack then we can finish seeing the rest of the house?”

“Yes, thank you, Uncle John.” I wanted to see what kind of underwear he’d gotten me. My hair kept startling me by falling over my shoulder and I pushed it back a little impatiently before reaching for the suitcase.

“We forgot to get you a new brush for these pretty curls of yours, Mary.” His fingers stroked through my hair and my whole scalp tingled. “We can do that before dinner tonight, which reminds me we need to go to the shops before they close for something to cook for our meal.”

I opened the suitcase and pulled out the pretty green dress first. Uncle John opened the closet door and brought me some empty hangars. I knew how to take care of clothing since I’d done laundry since I was big enough to put the clothes in the washer. Ironing was no fun so I always tried to hang things up before they were quite dry so gravity would do part of the job for me.

“Uncle John, thank you. I’ve never, ever had anything so beautiful in my life.” I looked up at him and suddenly felt like crying.

“There, there, Mary,” he sat down on the bed and pulled me up onto his lap, wrapping his arms around me. “It’s been a long day and full of surprises. Things have been moving much too fast. Everything will be all right, I promise.”

I clutched the dress to my chest with one hand and held onto his shirt hard while burying my head into the curve of his shoulder. My stomach had butterflies in it and the cotton of his jeans was rough on my bare legs. My panties felt about two sizes too small and I could swear my shaft had gotten hard without me even touching it. I was confused but not frightened. Deep inside of me, I knew I was safe with Severus.

******** Severus ********

I had very little experience being tender but I suddenly wanted to show him all the tenderness he’d had little of in his short life. He deserved so much more than the wizarding world had given him. We’d sent him into exile for ten years, forced him to fight adult battles while bombarding him with rules and concepts about which he could not possibly have a clue.
And I’d made it worse with my prejudices and memories of a man who’d been dead for over a
decade. I rocked him slowly and found myself rubbing circles on his thin back. The fine lawn of
his blouse heated quickly and I felt him settle a little closer to me, letting go just a little of his fierce
grip on my shirt.

“I feel safe here,” his soft murmur came to my ears. “You make me feel safe, Uncle John. I like
getting hugs so much but . . . I didn’t have any for such a long time.”

“I will always want to give you a hug and get one back from you, Mary.” I rubbed his arm and
dared to drop a kiss on the top of his head.

“I’m not too heavy?” He asked hesitantly.

“Never,” I clasped him a bit closer, savoring the sweet weight of him across my legs. And just like
that, I started to swell. Not even thinking of Dumbledore naked was going to get rid of this
errection. Not when all I’d ever wanted was sitting in my lap in a short skirt and lace panties.

He giggled just a little and raised his head to look at me. Then in a little whisper, he asked me the
question I’d never thought to hear from his lips. “You get hard, too? What makes that happen?”

For a long moment, I froze in disbelief. Dear heavens, did I answer honestly? Did I hope he might
feel a fraction for me what I was feeling for him?

Swallowing hard, I decided to go the honesty
route. A flick of my fingers and a small privacy bubble kept anyone from over hearing us.

“Harry, you’re growing up and your body is changing to meet new needs. A man’s shaft can do
more than one thing. It helps us eliminate wastes but it also delivers seed to a woman’s uterus for
the making of a child.” Looking into wide green eyes, I suddenly wished for an anatomy text.
“When you harden it simply means you’re . . . sexually excited.”

“So when my shaft gets hard, it wants to find a girl?” His voice rose to a squeak.

“Sometimes it does. But some people get excited about both girls and boys, which means you’re
bisexual instead of heterosexual or homosexual.”

He frowned a little. “What do those words mean? How can you tell if you’re one or the other?”

I chuckled and used my finger to smooth out the little wrinkle between his eyes. “Think of your
Latin, Harry. Hetero means male/female; homo means male/male and bisexual means you like
both. Your body usually tells your brain what feels good. Being in your teens, you can experiment
and see what happens.”

He thought about that for a long moment while I kept up my soothing circles on his back. His eyes
came back to mine shyly. “Um, I sort of like boys more than girls. Sometimes lately I . . . get hard
in the locker room after a game when I see some of the other boys. I kissed Cho a few months ago
and it was okay but not really special. I didn’t get hard like this at all.”

“Ah,” I wanted very badly to kiss him but I didn’t want to frighten him. “I must admit I have
always preferred men to women although they are beautiful creatures.”

“You too?” His smile was beautiful. “They have prettier clothes, too.” Harry smoothed out the
green dress he’d picked.

“Now that is very true.” I chuckled and watched him grin impishly. “Some men like dressing up in
women’s clothing in the privacy of their own home. Will it be hard for you to keep wearing girl’s
skirts and dresses?”
He shook his head and smiled up at me. “No, they feel kind of neat. The air feels nice under my skirt and the underwear makes my stomach feel funny but good. What kind did you get me while I was changing?”

I reached into the suitcase and pulled out a pair of pale pink panties with ruffles around the waistband. His eyes widened and he laid down the dress to take them from me into his own hands. He ran them through his fingers with a soft exclamation then rubbed them against his cheek.

“They’re beautiful and so soft. I bet they’ll feel really good on.”

Did I dare? Clearing my throat, I decided to go for it. “You could try them on now to make sure I got the right size.”

He blushed the delicate pink that made me want to devour him before nodding slowly. “Do I have to change in the bathroom, Professor?”

“No if you don’t want to, Harry. I’ve seen young male bodies before.” I tried to sound casual and he took me at my word, sliding off my lap and gently laying them onto the bed before reaching for the hem of his skirt.

********* Harry *********

My stomach was jumping up and down but in a good way. Severus was looking at me with a gleam in his eye that maybe meant he wanted to see me in the panties. Reaching up under my skirt, I slowly pulled down the ones I’d been wearing all day. That felt really good because my shaft was so hard it ached. The skirt hid my private parts until I leaned over to step into the pink panties and that’s when I heard him catch his breath.

I felt a little scared but a lot excited at what I was doing. I wasn’t the only guy who liked wearing girls’ clothes and Severus seemed to like me wearing them, too. Pulling them up over my hips, I had to reach in to push my shaft down so they’d fit. But by now I was so hard; it stretched the pretty silk all out of shape.

“Would you like me to help you fit them better?” Severus’ silky voice matched my new panties and felt just as good.

“Yes please, S-severus. It just won’t go down.” I glanced sideways at him, up through my eyelashes, the way I’d seen Hermione look at Ron once.

His chuckle was a little hoarse but his hands lifted me up onto his lap again. “Such an adorable appeal for aid will be rewarded, little one. But first I think this would be a good time for a kiss, Harry. May I?”

I sat up straight and put my arms around his neck. With his hair so short, I could easily feel his skin under my fingers. “I’d like that very much, Severus. I’m sure it will feel much better than my last one. I want to know why people like doing it so much.”

He smiled and lifted my chin with one hand while the other one rested on my skirt. Then his lips brushed over mine gently, once, twice then they stayed on mine while his breath ghosted over my cheek. My eyes had closed and I had to gasp out loud to breathe. While my lips were parted, his tongue slid in a little and brushed against mine. It felt so good I wanted to kiss him forever.

But then his hand moved and I felt it slide up under my skirt. My legs parted automatically to let him have more room. Those long fingers of his moved the waistband down away from my shaft and then they were wrapped around me. I just couldn’t help but moan at how good it felt and his
kiss got a little rougher. I really liked the fact I could make him lose some of his iron control. I tried to lift my hips towards him but his hands kept me anchored to his lap.

Rubbing my shaft with just a few strokes, he caught my scream in his mouth and my seed in his hand. Dazedly, I wondered why girls were necessary at all when boys could do this with each other. Severus scattered kisses over my face while I panted through coming.

“Severus, can we do this again?” I opened my eyes and smiled up at him, taking my courage in hand and initiating a kiss on those thin lips I’d daydreamed about. “I liked it.”

“We will do what ever you wish to do, Harry, and nothing you do not wish. But we really need to clean up now and take down this silencing block.” He licked his lips and I wanted to kiss him again, just like that.

But I did understand. “And go back to being Mary and Uncle John, I know. After we go shopping and come back home, may I touch you?”

He closed his eyes for a moment then sighed. “I think bathing tonight would be a good time for another lesson. Alright?”

I bounced just a little and realized I was still half-naked under my skirt. He was still really hard beneath me. Should I ask if I could help him? “Oops, I feel kind of sticky.”

Severus chuckled and stood up, still holding me one handed. His long fingers splayed over my behind and suddenly that fluttery feeling was back so I gasped. “Harry?”

I clutched his neck tighter and wiggled a little to make that feeling stay. “Why does it feel good when my underwear rubs there where you’re touching me?”

He chuckled and carried me into the bathroom before setting me back down. He ran some water in the sink and washed his hands first, while I lifted my skirt to see what my new panties looked like on. My shaft was still hanging out but the waistband was cutting into my balls and I slid it out a little to relieve the pressure. Severus knelt beside me with a damp washcloth and began to matter-of-factly wash my shaft.

“A male body has many different places that respond to stimulation.” He gloved my shaft and slid the damp cloth up and down while I bit my lip because it felt so good. “One of those places is the same hole where we eliminate our wastes. Every male has a special gland inside our anal channel which responds dramatically to a touch. Your body knows that so it gets excited when ever there’s a touch there.”

And he slid the cloth over my hip and down over my cheeks inside the silk. It felt really odd but also good and I went up on my toes and tried to widen my legs when he tickled my hole. Then he was kissing me and I hugged him close and opened my mouth to invite him in. I was getting hard again and he seemed to know that would happen because he lifted my skirt and started rubbing my shaft with his callused fingers.

This time he pushed and pulled all along my length while his thumb rubbed my balls through the silk. That felt good too and I came in his hand again while the terry cloth on his finger pushed into my hole just a little way. It felt odd instead of good but maybe that was the cloth, I thought to myself. What would just his finger feel like? I’d ask him tonight to do that again.

He ended our kiss with a slight lick to my lips and rewet the cloth to clean me up again. “You are beautiful everywhere, Harry. Now let me see you fit yourself into your new panties.”
He was a natural at loving and I was going to go insane by the end of the week. But he just giggled and tucked himself into the pink silk panties, holding up his skirt rather shyly to show me how they looked. The ruffles were a nice touch; I decided and had him turn around so I could see that tight little arse encased in silk. He’d taken each caress with a curiosity that bode well for our future love life.

“Beautiful Harry,” I caressed his lower cheeks and he smiled at me over his shoulder. “You are beautiful everywhere and you will get tired of me telling you that.”

Impulsively he turned and threw his arms around my neck, squeezing me tight. “I’ll never get tired of hearing what you think about me. Even if you make me blush with compliments. I’ve never had very many. Why is it considered bad form to say nice things to another guy?”

“We’re supposed to be stoic creatures with modest beliefs about ourselves.” I ran my fingers down the soft skin of his throat and felt his heartbeat flutter there. “While you’re here and playing the part of a little girl, you will receive many, many compliments. That reminds me, I need to fix your eyes.”

He nodded eagerly and I had him sit on the toilet lid while I went to get my wand from his bedroom. When I came back, he was looking at his underwear again and I thought he’d really enjoy the silk stockings and garter belt I’d gotten him. He was made for silk and satin. Going down on one knee, I placed my wand between his eyes and gathered my energy into a spear of power. "Close your eyes, Harry."

A soft incantation and the energy flowed into his retinas, finding and repairing the broken connections behind his eyeballs. A moment later, I asked him to open them and watched them widen before darting here and there with a look of awe in those beautiful green eyes. “Thank you, thank you, thank you, Severus.”

He was kissing and strangling me with his hug, all the while thanking me in an excited voice. I laughed and picked him up to whirl him around just a little. His giggles made my soul sing with joy. I’d never felt like this before. Harry was a creature of sunshine and happiness who’d been kept in the dark most of his life. I would be damned if I contributed any more to his unhappiness than I already had.

“Severus, what is that?” He was pointing at the bidet.

“It’s a European invention called a bidet. It’s for washing your private parts.” I was already licking my lips at the thought of introducing him to the joys of water play. “I promise I’ll show you how to use it. I think you’ll like it.”

He grinned at me and kissed me sweetly. “Tonight, please after our bath?”

“Yes, of course, now wash your hands and straighten your clothes so we can go shopping. I think we’ll make stew for dinner so it can simmer while we’re . . . playing.”

He wiggled all over when I set him down on the ground and I caressed his arse with a little slap that made him yelp and stick out his tongue at me. Oh, what I wanted to do with that tongue. My cock ached and I adjusted him behind the jeans zipper. ‘Later’, I told him silently then noticed Harry’s curious gaze on my crotch.

“You’ll get to meet him later, Harry.” I reminded him and he blushed. I dearly loved that reaction.
and had to remind myself I was going straight to hell for sullying his innocence. But unless Voldemort or Dumbledore tracked us down within the next few days, I was going to teach Harry everything his body could feel.

“I’m ready, Uncle John.” He finished drying his hands and smoothed his skirt down over his slender hips.

“Then let us be off, Mary.” I waved my wand and took down the silencing charm. “Do you have any favorite foods we should get?”

We talked about food while walking out to the car and driving down to the local grocer. I made sure he told me every dish he’d ever liked so we had the right ingredients for our meals. The diagnostician spell had told me he was malnourished and I was determined to make sure he put on a little weight before his birthday later in the summer.

Stopping in at the local Marks and Spencer’s, I bought him a silver plated dresser set with a soft brush. I was looking forward to brushing his hair. He chose some pretty hair ribbons and then shyly asked about nightgowns. I’d forgotten all about night clothes and felt a frisson of desire flash through me. We took our time and picked out one satin slip-like sheath and one linen flowing gown with buttons down the entire front that I was looking forward to unbuttoning.

Our grocery shopping went well and he carried one of the big parcels while I juggled the rest back to the car. We were silent all the way home. He was too excited and I was trying to keep my own desire from overwhelming me. I was going to have to take the edge off or I’d frightened him by going too far, too quickly. It took us two trips to empty the car and I got to introduce Mary to my nearest neighbor.

Mrs. Tyler was a sweet old lady of 82 who found my niece ‘simply charming and so well behaved’. We received an invitation to tea the next day and we agreed to visit around five. Then we locked the front door behind us and I got hugged hard. I returned it, picking him up and making him giggle. I loved that beautiful sound and silently vowed to free it every day.

“Dinner, Mary, we need to get the stew to cooking if we want to eat tonight.” I carried him back to the kitchen and he looked around eagerly, taking it all in. It wasn’t a huge room but it was big enough for two of us. We worked well together. The vegetables were all chopped up by him and added to the cast iron cook pot while I braised the beef to be added once the stock had boiled once. With a few herbs and a final stir, we put the lid on and lowered the temperature to a simmer.

“I haven’t seen your bedroom yet, Uncle John. And where do you paint?” Eager eyes looked up into mine.

“I’ll show you my studio tomorrow, sweetheart. For now, let’s put away your clothes. We got side tracked earlier.” I winked at him and he laughed, slipping his little hand into mine and tugging me towards the door.

“Yes, please, Uncle John.” He pulled me up the stairs but I kept two steps below him so I could see that flash of pink that hardened me so quickly. He knew what I was doing because he used his other hand to ruffle his skirt, making it ride up a little more. “Will you hang up my dresses while I put my under things in the dresser?”

“I’d be glad to, Mary. You know, you’re growing up now and when you want to get your first bra, tell me so we can go shopping again.” I fondled that pert little arse and he gasped quietly before leaning back into the caress.
“Oh, Uncle John, I’m just flatter than flat. I don’t think I’ll ever grow big like my friend Pansy.” He fluttered his eyelashes at me and I spanked him one swat while he pouted.

“You are sweetly beautiful just the way you are, Mary, even if you never grow breasts.” I deliberately brushed my fingers over his chest and he gasped at the feel of another’s touch there. “Don’t worry about it at your age.”

“I’ll be fourteen this summer.” He reminded me with a flirtatious look and a reminder that he was really going to be fifteen. “Maybe there are exercises or something that will help me grow?”

The little imp, I pretended to scowl but he just fluttered his eyelashes at me. Where had he learned that? “I’ll look it up for you. Now, let’s get this done so we can . . . clean up.”

He nodded eagerly and quickly emptied the suitcase. We both touched the new underwear before putting it away; I hung up the rest while he put the new nightgowns in the next drawer. I had to explain what the stockings and garter belt were for and his eyes got wide when he let the silk flow through his fingers.

“We’ll have to shave your legs so they’re smooth before you put those on. We can do that Saturday night.” I stroked his hair and he leaned into it like a kitten purring contentment. “I’ll help.”

He put them away carefully then hugged me again. “Uncle John, I’m so tired. Could I take a bath first and dress in my nightgown before dinner?”

********* Harry *********

His eyes gleamed and I hoped that meant yes. I wanted to see what he looked like naked and I really wanted him to touch me some more. “What an excellent idea, Mary. We have an hour before the stew is ready and I think I have some bubble bath left over from your mother’s last visit.”

“Yes, please, I love her bubble bath.” My stomach fluttered when he picked me up in his arms. He coaxed my legs around his waist and his big hands cradled my behind with only the silk between my skin and his. I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning at how good it felt and one of his fingers slid down my crack to circle right at my hole. “I’ll stay near by just in case,” he carried me upstairs while I scattered kisses over his face. “That bath oil can be slippery.” His fingers poked in a little and my heart gave a little thump at how much better that felt than the rougher terry cloth.

“That feels so good,” I whispered in his ear and he hugged me a little tighter. “It’s supposed to feel good and if it ever doesn’t I need you to tell me to stop.” His whisper back was a little stern but it only made me feel safe. “I promise.” I said before kissing his lips soft again.

We kissed all the way into the bathroom. Then he set me down and turned on the gleaming silver faucet in the tub. I felt kind of fluttery inside but I reached up and started unbuttoning my blouse. He stopped me with a soft look and knelt in front of me. His fingers looked so big against my chest and when the blouse was completely undone, he pushed it off my shoulders and just looked at me.

“How did this happen?” He gently touched the large bruise on my lower left side.

I shivered and he immediately hugged me close, kissing the bruise very gently. The almost forgotten pain went away and I smiled a kind of wobbly smile at him. In a low whisper, I told him
of the beating Dudley had given me just that morning. I started shaking all over when I suddenly remembered my cousin was dead.

“I said I hated him and now I can’t ever tell him different.” I tried not to cry but he just rocked me back and forth.

“You are not to blame for what happened to them, Harry.” That little flick of his fingers was another silencing spell going up and I made a mental note to have him teach it to me. “They chose their own paths long ago. Put all thoughts of them out of your mind for now.”

I sniffed and nodded while he matter-of-factly unbuttoned my skirt and slid it down to the tile floor. He had me sit on the toilet lid again while he took off my patent leather shoes and rolled down my knee socks. Every time he found a bruise, he kissed it and the pain went away. He was way better than Madame Pomfrey.

“You have beautiful feet, Harry.” His hands cradled my left one and he laid a series of soft, almost sucking kisses from my big toe over my arch and down my heel.

“Th-thank you, Severus.” I was blushing again but no one had ever touched my feet before and my shaft really liked it because it was swelling harder and harder.

“Stand up for me, sweetheart.” He urged me up and gently started tugging off my panties. My shaft sprang out at him and he licked his lips before putting a kiss right on the end of it. I gasped and he did it again. Then his tongue was sliding over the crown and licking away the tears of seed. I griped his shoulders hard because I felt like I was going to faint. It felt so good I just had to moan out loud. And that was when he swallowed me whole and I yelled and came.

He sucked me dry while holding my hips when my knees went wobbly. Wow, I thought in a daze. He has got to teach me how to do that. Gently he let me fall from his lips and he licked them again as if to catch anything left. His chuckle at the look on my face made me blush.

“You taste delicious, Harry. I’m afraid I’m going to be after you all hours of the day and night to give me more.” He leaned over and turned off the water before it overflowed the tub. “Now, in you get while I get undressed. That’s if you don’t mind sharing your bath?”

“No,” I said eagerly and eyed his pants zipper with the big bulge behind it. “May I help?”

“Not this time, little one, I’m on a bit of a hair trigger with your beautiful self.” He stood up with his own groan and I climbed into the tub without my eyes ever leaving him.

First, he unbuttoned the placket of his Henley and pulled it off over his head. His chest was hard and muscled with brown nipples that looked a lot bigger than mine. Fine white lines snaked across his front and I realized they were old scars puckering his skin. There were a lot of them and I suddenly wanted to kiss each one like he’d done for my bruises.

But then he was kicking off his shoes and his hands were unbuttoning his waistband and slow-ly lowering the zipper with a slight hiss. He *was* wearing silk boxers and they looked as full as mine had earlier. Kicking off his pants, he leaned down and slid off his socks before gingerly coming back to his boxers. I was biting my lip hard to keep from telling him to hurry up.

His little smirk told me he’d caught my reaction and so of course I blushed again. But then he was sliding them down his hips and my eyes just got bigger and bigger. He was huge . . . really, really huge. It was hard, curving out from the dark hair at his groin with big heavy balls hanging down between his legs. The dark hair was everywhere, I suddenly realized.
Chest, groin and legs all had dark curly hair growing there. Looking down at my practically hairless self, I wondered if he’d mind. And he read my thoughts, just like that. “Smooth is beautiful, Harry. Don’t ever think I don’t love every beautiful inch of your skin. Is there room for me?”

I nodded eagerly and moved down to the faucet so he could have the sloped end. The water got really close to the edge when he started to sit down so I quick popped the drain to get rid of the excess. He paused, half in and half out until it was safe before settling in with a sigh. Daringly, I ran my hands up his shins, already liking the way his hair felt under my fingers.

********** Severus **********

My cock had never been so hard, not ever. But I wanted a touch or two from my Harry before letting go so I reached for the soap and crooked a finger to bring him closer. “Let me wash you, sweetheart.”

He slid up eagerly, his legs on either side of mine. “I like your hair, Severus. It feels good and makes my skin tingle.”

Soaping my hands, I slid them over his torso, making sure I tenderly rubbed his nipples into peaking for me. “I’m glad you like it, Harry. How does that feel?”

He sighed and practically purred for me. “Nipples feel good and everywhere you touch it kind of aches. But it’s a good ache.”

“Excellent,” I said, dropping my hands to glove his cock. “Oh-h-h-h, that feels so good.” His eyes dropped to watch me touch him. “May I touch you too, Severus?”

“Not just yet, sweetheart.” I washed both his arms and tickled his arm pits while he giggled and squirmed. “The moment you touch me, I’m going to come hard. We’ll save that for last.”

“All right,” he nodded and turned for me when I asked him to. Long soapy strokes had him wiggling again. “Oh, that feels good now all the bruises are gone.”

I wished for a brief moment the damn muggles were still alive so I could kill them myself. But then I banished all emotions but the tender ones that he deserved. “Kneel up for me, Harry so I can finish washing you.”

He knelt up and looked back over his shoulder while I soaped my hands again. “Are you going to put a finger inside me, Severus? It felt funny with the wash cloth but really good with the silk.”

My hands cupped his tight arse cheeks and I ran a thumb down his cleft while he shivered. “I am going to make sure you’re clean inside and out, little one. Be sure to tell me if it hurts or even if it scares you.”

His smile was luminous. “You won’t ever hurt me or scare me, Severus. I want you to teach me everything.”

My heart clenched at his trust and I couldn’t have spoken if my life depended on it so I just nodded and smiled back at him. One hand slid between his legs to wash his small round balls while the other splayed out his cheeks to make room for my middle finger. The tiny pucker suddenly looked too small for even a finger but I gently teased it into spasming for me and slid in to the first knuckle.
“Oh, that feels weird.” He tightened around me.

“Relax, Harry or I can’t go any deeper.” I wiggled it a bit and he moaned before obeying.

“Big, it feels really big.” He was panting and squeezing around me.

I’d slid in half way and the tight channel clung to me. I was searching for his gland and finally the pea sized nodule appeared after I was all the way in.

“Oh, it’s warm and shivery.” He gasped and rocked on my finger. “Do that again, Severus. Is that my gland?”

“It’s called the prostate gland and I’m glad it feels good to you, Harry.” I made sure I stroked it several times before gloving his shaft. “Which feels better, little one, my finger inside of you or my hand on your cock?”

“Oh-h-h, they both feel good.” He panted and rocked back and forth between the two caresses. “I thought c-c-cock was a bad word.”

“In mixed company, it is but when it’s just the two of us, I’d love to hear you say it, Harry.” I licked his shoulder blade and he shuddered all over and came again in my hand. His inner muscles milked my finger and I did a little shivering of my own at the thought of how good he was going to feel around me.

“Oh, Sev, oh-h-h,” he shuddered all over before slumping into my arms. “That feels so good.” He straightened and looked over his shoulder again with a gleam in his eye. “Thank you again but now it’s my turn. May I touch your . . . cock?”

And it sounded just as good as I thought it would. “He’s yours to play with as you wish, Harry.”

“Good,” he wiggled a little and I came out of him so I could pick him up and over my wand-hard cock. Once it was between his legs, rising up like a branch growing from his thighs, he wrapped both hands around him. “Wow, he’s soft and hard at the same time.” I felt tentative strokes down the whole length and then the feel of a raspy tongue on the crown.

I was going to last about one minute and my grip on his hips would probably leave bruises. He was growing bolder and one small hand dropped to gently touch my balls.

“Am I really small or are you just really big?” He said over his shoulder with a little frown.

“You’re growing, Harry. The next few years will show how big you end up.” I forcibly gentled my grip and moved my hands up his sides in a tender caress. “I will admit to a wee bit of pride at my own size. There’s an old saying that nose size and cock size are related.”

He giggled and leaned back to rest his head on my shoulder. “Then I’d say that saying is absolutely right. You’re bigger than anybody I ever saw in the showers – even Goyle is smaller. I think I like it although I don’t see how I’d ever get all of him in my mouth.”

I shivered at the erotic vision that conjured up. “You start small and learn a few tricks along the way. But hands are good and so are legs. Tighten them around me now and keep stroking.”

He did as I asked and the pressure of Quidditch hardened muscles made me dribble copious amounts of come. Looking down, I watched him stare with fascinated eyes while his hands kept frictioning my cock. My balls drew up hard and with a shout that echoed in the steamy air, I came hard. It had been a long time for me and I fountained like a geyser for long moments before I
relaxed into a puddle.

“Wow, you come a lot.” Harry’s voice and feel of his tongue cleaning the crown made me twitch even after that killer climax. “Is this what I taste like? It’s kind of bitter.”

“Bland or bitter is the usual description.” I opened lazy eyes to watch him licking me like a lollipop. Unbelievable, I thought with awe. Harry Potter playing with my cock while sitting in my lap.

“Hm-m, kind of bitter like green olives. I had one of those once and I really liked it.” His voice was contemplative and I fought back the urge to go resurrect his relatives just so I could kill them again.

“The next time we go to market, we’ll pick some up. There are more kinds than just one. We can have a taste test.” I gently tugged him back to lie on my chest.

Like a fish, he slid around until we were face to face. “I could eat an olive then suck on your cock? Or you could do the same?”

I really, really liked the way he said that. “Ah, you do have the scientific attitude when it comes to experimentation.”

His grin lit the room. “Maybe you’re rubbing off on me?”

I chuckled and slid my hands down his back to those pert buttocks that just fit my hands. “It certainly appears that way. And it feels like a little more rubbing would be appreciated?”

The blush was so adorable I felt the last little misgivings about this path melt away. His young cock was slowly hardening against my stomach. He wiggled against me and the look of bliss was good to see.

“Your hair is like a hundred little hands tickling me. It feels so good.” His eyes were half closed and his hips flexed in and out to get more sensation. “Do you want to put another finger in me, Severus?”

Is the pope Catholic, I kept back the sarcastic comment. “Would you like me to? Remember, we do nothing you don’t want to.”

“I liked it,” his blush flooded all the way down to those pert nipples. “It was warm and tingly and made my insides melt. Are fingers all you put in there?”

I was going to die a very satisfied man. “Actually, you can put all kinds of things inside your channel but you have to be very careful. Unlike women’s vaginas, men don’t have any lubrication in their anal canal. It’s why I waited until I was slippery with soap. There are all kinds of oils and lotions that help loosen the way for one male to penetrate another.”

He shivered. “Wow, is that what, um, making love is?”

********** Harry **********

He chuckled again. I really love that sound and I’m going to make sure he does it all the time. His deep voice was like another touch only with sound instead of hands. “There’s many euphemisms about making love. I will teach them all to you, if you’d like?”

I slid up so I could kiss him. “Yes, yes, yes,” I found another splotch of seed and licked it off his
I want to feel it all,” my hands latched onto his shoulders so I could move against him easier. “And I want you to be my teacher,” I could feel my stomach fluttering while his fingers played with my arse hole.

Then a thought hit me and I froze. His gaze went from hooded to concerned. “Severus, is one of the things you put in there... your c-c-cock?”

His smile was rueful. “Yes, but you’re not ready for that. I’m going to spend the next week just stretching you and getting you used to the stimulation. I think by this weekend you’ll be ready to come inside of me though.”

My cock really, really liked that idea even though it was kind of scary. “I think I’d like that a lot, Severus. But I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t, Harry, I promise. We’ll practice getting both of us ready.” His hands came up to cup my face and his lips pressed soft sucking kisses all over my skin.

I love his kisses, I thought in a haze, but the best ones are... right... there. His tongue surged into my mouth and my cock burst between us. Boneless, I floated on his chest while he sucked on my tongue. Underneath me, I could feel his cock begin to take a new interest in our bath. He was rising between my legs and it just nudged my balls.

Big, he was really big and I was really small. Could he possibly fit inside of me? His tongue fit my mouth okay and I was going to work on getting my lips stretched around at least his crown. My skin tingled everywhere he touched me and I wondered what it would feel like to be connected to him that way. But I trusted him to teach me these lessons and if there was a little pain, well – I was used to that and it would make him happy.

I wanted to make him really happy so he smiled all the time and laughed out loud.

He finally left my lips so he could look into my eyes. “We’ll take it slow, Harry. Every touch and caress should bring only pleasure although I will admit the first time you take a cock here,” his hands slid back to my cheeks and one finger tickled my hole before sliding in to trigger that hot spot, “it will hurt a little. Just like learning to fly, you need to train the muscles to accommodate new moves.”

That struck me as funny and I giggled. “Gives a whole new meaning to ‘riding a broom’ doesn’t it?”

His eyebrow raised sardonically but then he smiled. “I told you there were all kinds of euphemisms for making love. Wand-happy, broom riding, breaking a rider to the saddle, the list goes on and on.”

“People stick their wands up there?” I squirmed a little and smiled at his deep laugh.

“Boys have been known to experiment but you will not, unless I am there to supervise.” He spoke sternly but the twinkle in his eyes gave him away. His finger was still inside of me, moving gently in and out and the ache was gone completely, leaving just the warmth behind.

“It doesn’t ache anymore, it just feels good.” I told him.

His eyes lightened to a rich deep brown. “Would you like me to try two fingers?”

I nodded immediately, curious to know what that would feel like. He came out and for a moment I felt empty then he was back with two soapy fingers and the muscles didn’t like that one bit. They
burned and I bit my lip at the sudden pain flaring into my lower back.

“Relax, Harry or I’ll stop.” His other hand slid between us and stroked my cock, which had kind of wilted when the pain started. “What does it feel like, a slight burn or the feel of a tear?”

I thought about it and noticed the ache was lessening or maybe it was just being masked by the warmth that had come back. “A burn but it’s getting better, Sev.” I practiced a little clench of the muscles in my behind and he caught his breath. “Is that what you meant about learning new moves?”

He chuckled and started to flex the fingers inside of me, moving them deeper. “Exactly, Harry, teaching those inner muscles to squeeze around me gives even more pleasure to both of us. Perhaps I should assign homework?”

“I promise to study really hard, Professor?” I batted my eyelashes, laughed and squirmed a little. “Could you please rub my cock, Sev? It’s feeling a little neglected.”

“Certainly, Mr. Potter,” his old snarky voice was back but his eyes were laughing and that made me feel higher than a Quidditch goal. “Due diligence and long hours of hard work will see your grades in this subject improve immeasurably.”

I rocked back and forth between the two sensations and was just about to go out of my mind. “Oh . . . the tests . . . will be fun . . . won’t they?” I was probably leaving bruises on his shoulders with my tight grip. “Just think . . . you could bend me . . . over your . . . desk and . . . fill me up . . . with your . . . cock.”

It was like fireworks going off in my body and I shouted and came all over him. Water splashed around us while I seized up and part of my mind automatically thought about finding a mop later. Then all my muscles relaxed at once and I slumped onto his chest. I could hear my name, murmured over and over in that deep sexy voice.

“Dearest Harry . . . beautiful Harry . . . sweet Harry . . . most beloved Harry . . . my Harry,” he said and then repeated it.

I liked that. I was his Harry now and that was all I wanted to be. My cheek was pillowed on his shoulder and I smiled into the wet skin. “Your Harry . . . always and forever your Harry . . . my Severus.”

“Yours, Harry, always and forever your Severus,” he said against the soft skin of my temple. “Yours.”

Just when I thought I could lay like that forever, my stomach growled loudly. Severus’ chest heaved once then his chuckle rumbled out. “Well, so much for romance, Harry. We’d better go check on the stew and feed that empty tummy.”

I wiggled a little when he pulled out his fingers. “It feels empty, Sev, I think I like having something in there.”

His eyes gleamed and his smile was a little wicked. “I like it too, Harry. I may introduce you to a little toy I have after dinner. But for now, we need to get up before we turn into prunes.”

It was fun drying each other and the feel of the soft nightgown on my skin was wonderful. Sev put on a Slytherin green silk robe and tied the sash so his chest hair showed through the front v. It was funny but I felt dainty and small in my new night clothes and the sight of all that curly dark hair made my nipples get hard.
The stew smelled delicious and we ate at the kitchen table instead of the formal dining room. The privacy spell was off so we were ‘dear Uncle John’ and ‘little Miss Mary’. I don’t know why but I really liked this game we were playing. As a boy I didn’t know how to flirt or what to say but as a girl, I was free to tease him.

******** Severus ********

This had been the most magical day of my life. Harry Potter was alive and safe in my home and wonder of wonders, he was flirting with me. It was like the very best kind of dream only I wanted it to be true. I wanted his heart and soul and I was ready to give him mine. The fact that our bodies were so attuned was just icing on the cake. He had a loving nature and I was going to take full advantage of that to bind him to me in every way possible.

We washed the dishes and left them to dry in the drainer. Then he slipped his little hand in mine and tugged me towards the stairs. “I’m so tired, Uncle John. Would you tuck me in and tell me a story?”

“Of course, I will, Mary.” I picked him up and listened to the giggle that made my heart light. “What story would you like? One of the 1001 Arabian Nights perhaps?”

He looked puzzled. “I don’t know those stories, Uncle John. But they sound exciting so, yes please, I’d like to hear one of them.”

I carried him past his new room and into mine. His eyes widened and he tried to take in everything at once. My bed was a four poster but twice as big as his single. Heavy crimson velvet draperies surrounded it and the coverlet was matching velvet in dark green. The floor was mahogany with a Persian rug in rich jewel tones by the bed. It was the only thing from the Snape estate that I had saved after the purge.

A black oak trunk stood at the foot of the bed and it was warded to shield all the magic items I had in the house. An oak armoire stood between the windows and held the rest of my clothes that wouldn’t fit in the closet. Casting a low level silencing spell, I set Harry down on the carpet and waited for him to take it all in. While he was looking, I pulled back the coverlet and exposed the soft Egyptian cotton sheets in pale green.

“It’s beautiful, Uncle John.” He looked at the sheets and then hugged me close to whisper. “Does this mean I get to sleep with you?”

“I couldn’t bear to let you out of my sight, this first night together.” I admitted and watched his face light up.

“Me, too,” he nodded eagerly, “I feel just the same. May we close the windows and pull the curtains?”

“Certainly, Mary, you take that one and I’ll close this one.” Soon, we were in the bed with the curtain enclosing us in a safe little cocoon. I’d removed my robe but stopped him from taking off the new nightgown. “Now, I think you were saying something about being flatter than flat, little Mary.”

“Oh yes,” he fluttered those dark eyelashes and smoothed the fine linen over his chest. “Why, I look like a boy, I’m so flat.”

My fingers began to unbutton each button slowly. “Why don’t I take a closer look, sweetheart and see if there’s something I can do to help.” Three buttons down and he was already panting for me.
Two more and I was able to expose one pink nipple. “My goodness, your nipples are just beautiful, Mary. I read once that gentle suction can make them grow but since you can’t do that for yourself, would you like me to try?”

“Oh please do,” his voice was breathy and low. “They ache, Uncle John, why are they aching?” I lowered my head and licked one to a peak before very gently taking it between my teeth and pulling a little. His cry was music to my ears. “Oh-h-h-h, that feels so good, Uncle John. I think we should practice this a lot. I’m sure to grow if we do this everyday.”

I chuckled and kept unbuttoning so I could switch to his other nipple. “I’ll be glad to help you out, sweet Mary.” He was biting his lip while his hands tugged on my hair. A couple of licks then a slightly harder bite had his hips lifting. “You taste delicious here, Mary. But next time I think I’ll dribble a little chocolate on each nub so I can lick it off.”

“Oh-h-h-h,” he was reduced to sighs and moans while I feasted on his delicate nipples. “Please . . . do . . . something . . . it feels . . . so good everywhere.”

I was finally on the last button and his cock had risen straight up from his groin, peaking through the chaste folds of the bright white nightgown. “My little virgin,” I murmured and he giggled. “You’re my beautiful girl,” I kissed down his chest to the straining cock. “My shy virgin lover,” he’d come so many times today I doubted he had much left. “My sweet and pure innocent,” I swallowed him whole while his hips thrust up and he pulsed a tiny bit of fluid onto my tongue.

“Oh, Uncle John,” his sigh was replete and I tenderly let him drop from my lips. “I love you, Severus.”

I froze and stared at him. He loved me? How could that be? Searching my heart, I realized it was true for me as well. When had distaste turned to liking and the feeling I had to take care of him turn to the need to possess him utterly? Could I say it? Should I bind this beautiful creature to my jaded self? Didn’t he deserve better than a broken down old potions master?

But he was mine; the little voice inside my head reminded me. He gave himself to me a mere hour ago. I tongued his belly button then kissed my way back up to his smiling lips. “I love you too, Harry. I don’t know how long I’ve felt this way but it’s real and true.”

His eyes sparked with tears again but they were happy ones because he pulled me down to scatter kisses all over my face. “I’ve had a crush on you for the last two months. I love your hands and your voice and your tall body. You make me feel safe and today you made me feel so very wanted and needed. Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

I was hardening again and he could feel it growing between his legs. Pressing against me, he gave that little wiggle that would turn a troll to stone. I had an idea of how much farther we could go tonight. “Are you ready for another lesson, little love?”

“Yes!” He pouted when I pulled away from him then watched while I got out of bed and opened the trunk. “Something magic?”

I brought out the bottle of special lubricating oil I made once a year and one of the plugs I’d gotten in a wizard sex shop in Paris. It was safer to take care of my own needs with toys than to trust one of my fellow Order members or Death Eaters. Coming back to bed, I laid the plug on his stomach and the tube of lubricant between us to warm up.

His fingers immediately explored the shapeless plug. “What does it do, Sev? It feels so soft and warm.”
“It’s made of a synthetic material invented by muggles but it responds to where it’s placed and adjusts to fit any aperture. Now, there’s something we have to do first and I’m going to give you the choice to do it by magic or the muggle way.”

He thought about that for a moment. “We’re trying to keep the use of magic down so let’s do it the muggle way.”

I chuckled. “All right, little love, we need to go to the bathroom again.”

********** Harry **********

I rolled out of bed and looked at him. “Do I need my nightgown?”

He slid out after me and hugged me close. “As beautiful as you are in it, we can dispense with it for now.”

I laid it aside and walked naked beside him to the bathroom. That felt really decadent but he seemed to take it as a matter-of-fact thing so I tried to, also. But once in the bathroom, he led me over to the toilet. “Harry, why don’t you take a piss now, while I get your surprise ready?”

While he was in the same room? I gulped but pointed myself at the bowl and whizzed away. He was running warm water in the sink and he’d pulled something out of the cabinet below it that I couldn’t see. I finished peeing and shook off the last drop before turning to see what he was doing.

“All done, Harry?” He asked me and I nodded while trying to figure out what the oddly shaped plastic bottle was for. “Just a minute and I’ll introduce you to something rather radical. Come and give me a kiss while we’re waiting.”

I stood on tiptoe and he leaned down to reach my lips. He tasted of stew and the glass of red wine he’d had for dinner. I liked the spicy taste to go with his potion-y smell. But eventually we had to breathe and he led me back to the toilet. Putting the lid down, he sat down and drew me between his legs.

“Has Madame Pomphrey ever given you an enema?” He asked me and I had to blush.

“Um, once when I got hexed with brick-bowel.” I eyed the bottle he was carrying.

“Ouch, that’s a nasty one.” He grimaced and rubbed my arm. “This is the muggle way to administer an enema. One of the main components of anal sex is staying clean and empty. This is one way to do both. Trust me?”

I nodded immediately even though I was feeling a little weird. “I trust you, Sev. How do you do it?”

He kissed me again hard then gestured to his lap. “Pretend I’m picking pine needles out of your backside. It will be easier if I insert it this time.”

Spreading his legs out a little, he positioned me on my stomach then spread my cheeks and tickled my hole into opening for his finger. With a pop, the top came off of the bottle and something cool and slick slid inside of me. Warm water rushed in all at once and it felt absolutely bizarre. It was warmer than the bath and I started feeling full almost at once.

“How much is in there?” I twisted a little to look up at him, my arms holding onto his leg to keep my balance.
His hand stroked my arse and the little tingle was back. “A quart of this special mixture and you’ve almost got all of it. You need to keep it in for five minutes and it’s going to feel like you really need to go but the wait will be worth it. Then I’m going to show you what fun the bidet can be.”

“Okay,” I was getting a little breathless with all the blood rushing to my head. I felt a little dizzy and I closed my eyes to keep the room from swimming. It felt like I had drunk too much butter beer.

Then the nozzle was gone and Sev was stroking my cheeks with his right hand while his left raised me up to level with the floor. “Dizzy, sweetheart? Just a bit longer and you’ll be all cleaned out. Tomorrow I’ll let you give me one so you can play, too.”

“Brilliant,” I turned my head to watch him and my hair fell in my face again. “Darn it, I need one of those hair ribbons.”

He chuckled. “Yes, you do, little love. But it looks beautiful all tumbling around your shoulders. You look like a young goddess.”

My cheeks were already red so the new blush was hidden, I hoped. “It does feel nice. And it seems to like being long because it’s behaving itself for the first time in my life.”

“Perhaps we’ll be able to think of a way you can keep it long once we leave here.” He said before sliding me off his legs to kneel on the floor.

“Oh,” the urge to go was instantaneous and he quickly raised the lid and perched me on the stool. Before I could be embarrassed, he kissed me and that felt so good, I never even noticed I was going.

I went and went and went before I finally finished. I felt a little limp but his arms were holding me close while his mouth scoured mine with his tongue. With a little start, the roar of the toilet flushing surprised me. He’d done it for me and he pulled back with a smile.

“And now for some personal hygiene, Harry,” he gestured to the bidet and I moved over to gingerly sit on the open basin. Behind me, he turned on the faucets and a little geyser shot up and hit my balls. I jumped a foot but his laughter brought me sheepishly down again. “Sorry, I forgot to warn you. Is it too warm?”

“No, it feels good.” I moved a little and the stream hit my hole, going up inside a little. “Oh, that feels really nice.”

His hands slid between my legs with one hand rolling my balls and the other rubbing between my cheeks. “It does feel good and is an excellent way to make sure you’re clean and fresh for your partner. That’s one reason I keep the soap right here.”

Slick fingers cleaned me from front to back and the geyser washed all the soap away. “Can you do it everyday, Sev?”

“Oh, of course,” he said and kissed me again.

I will never get used to his kisses, not if I live to be 100.

******** Severus ********

He tasted of our spicy stew and the cranberry juice he’d had for dinner. Ambrosia by any other name, I decided before pulling away. I wanted to see how he’d take the plug. “We’ll make it a part
of our routine morning and night.”

Harry nodded smirkingly. “I like being clean. I . . . didn’t always get to during the summers. Before.”

Those damn muggles, I thought for the hundredth time. “We shall bathe once a day or maybe even twice if we feel like it. Wet-Harry is now my favorite bath toy.”

He giggled and leaned in to kiss me. His hands stroked my face while the rest of him wiggled in sensual enjoyment of his body. Harry Potter was absolutely the most erotic boy I’d ever known – and he wanted me to teach him about his body. I was the luckiest sod in Great Britain.

“I like being your bath toy, Sev. Can we go back to bed now?” His rather breathless request sounded fine to me.

“Just a moment,” I checked to make sure all the soap was rinsed off before turning off the bidet. “Now, drip here for a minute while I reach a towel.”

I grabbed one we’d used earlier to wipe up the trickles and he wiggled while I ran the towel between his legs. Throwing it on the toilet, I swept him up in my arms and carried him back to my bed. I was really looking forward to showing him something new about his body.

Once in bed, he rolled over expectantly, holding onto the lubricant and the plug. “Show me, Sev. Will this feel better than your fingers did inside of me?”

“Different, not necessarily better but it might.” I unstoppered the bottle and poured some on my fingers.

He took a deep breath and cocked his head to one side. “It smells fresh and clean like . . . limes?”

“That’s one of the ingredients - good sniffing, Harry.” I oiled the plug and warmed it in my hands, making it change shape to a long narrow cylinder a little thicker than my middle finger. “Go up on your hands and knees for me, little love.”

He obeyed instantly, watching me move behind him. I ran my fingers down his cleft and tickled his entrance before sliding in. He tightened around me and moaned a little. “Oh, it feels big again but it’s just your finger.”

“You tighten up once you’ve cleaned yourself.” I moved it in and out slowly and he relaxed. So I pulled it out and replaced it with my tongue, licking the puckered skin and jabbing inside the tight muscle before he knew what was happening.

“Oh-h-h-h, Sev” his voice rose an octave and he sounded like Mary instead of Harry. “You’re . . . you’re . . . eating me.”

I chuckled and jabbed in and out for a few moments while he panted and squirmed. He’d loosened significantly when I left my tasting and put the plug to his hole and pushed it in. Thank goodness for the silencing spell, I thought when he shrieked and practically cut the plug in two with his muscle spasm.

“And quite delicious you are, Harry Potter,” I stroked his arse and tickled his balls to calm him down. “Is there any pain, little one? The plug is about two finger size at the moment.”

“Um, it feels huge but the burn is going away and I just feel really full, the way I did in the bathtub.” He looked over his shoulder at me, the dark curls hiding his face until I pulled them
aside. His eyes were looking at my mouth and he was blushing so hard it reached his nipples. “That was amazing. I’m glad I was clean.”

I chuckled and stretched out beside him, gloving his cock and teasing it with a too gentle touch. “That’s why we’ll be bathing so frequently. There is no place on or in your body that I don’t find absolutely delicious, Harry. Come here, please.”

He moved slowly, obviously off balance with the plug between his cheeks. But he came into my arms willingly and I pulled him on top of me completely, his legs falling to either side of my hips. That brought all our skin into contact and he grinned at the feeling of my hair everywhere on his body.

“Love all your fur, Sev. Would you suck on my nipples again? That felt so good earlier.” He asked me shyly.

“Just what I was thinking I’d most like to do, Harry.” Pulling him up until his nipples were in reach, I began the licking and sucking he seemed to love so much. He shivered all over and his hands carded through my hair while he moaned his pleasure. His cock was hard again and sliding against my chest.

“So good, that feels so good, Sev.” He rocked back and forth in unconscious need.

One hand moved up to press on the plug while the other cradled his fragile balls like a pair of dice. He hiccupped and moaned again.

“Do that again,” he demanded then blushed, “please. Please press that again. Hot – it feels so hot inside me. Big and hot and oh-h-h-h, I think I’m going to come again, Sev.”

Blowing on the nipple over his heart, I smiled up at him. “Then come and let me taste you, sweet Harry.” Sliding his hips higher, I mouthed his hard cock and swallowed him whole.

He shrieked and came down my throat while his whole body vibrated with his climax. I held him close and slowly let him drop from my mouth. He’d gone almost boneless and I moved him easily to my side. While he was still limp, I pushed in the plug until it would go no further. It was about seven inches long and maybe an inch around in this shape. That would be a good size to get him used to having something inside of him.

“That was brilliant, Sev.” He reached up and kissed me. “I taste kind of bland. Are you going to leave that thing in all night?”

“Can you take it until morning?” I countered and watched him think about it, flexing around it and gauging the feeling.

“Yes, I . . . want to.” He snuggled closer to me. “Once I’m used to this one, you can make it thicker so I get ready for your cock.”

Yes, indeed, I was going to die with a large smile on my face. No one will recognize me, I thought smugly. “I told you these lessons would be fun. We’ll call this configuration your homework. Just think how interesting it will be sitting on that hard oak chair at the kitchen table with that inside of you.”

His eyes widened and he squirmed. “That would be . . . whoa . . . that will be weird.”

“Or of course, you could sit on my lap while I feed you breakfast.” I offered and watched him start to smile.
He hugged me close and laid little kisses all over my face. “I like that idea a lot, Uncle John. I’ll be wearing a new pair of silk panties and one of my new skirts with a new shirt, I mean blouse.”

My nipples tightened at that charming picture. “Indeed you will, little Miss Mary. You’ll be sitting on my lap while my hand dips to your leg and slowly slides up under those ruffles to see if your panties fit correctly both in front and behind.”

He wiggled excitedly and petted my chest, finding my nipples among the curls and tweaking them like I’d done to his. “But you’re going to suck on me first thing in the morning to see if I can grow breasts. So my nipples will be all tingly under the linen blouse. And if it’s too rough, we’ll have to go shopping for my first bra. Oh, will you let me wear the plug when we’re outside in public?”

“I’ll think about it, sweetheart. Those are a little more advanced games we can play a little later. I don’t know if I ever want to let you leave these four walls. I want to lock the door and never go out again.” I cradled him close and nudged my cock between his legs to rest against his cleft.

********* Harry *********

His cock was hard again and I tightened my legs around him to give him a little friction. The plug moved when I did and I was feeling rather warm all over because of it. But not ready to come again. “I think my cock is tired, Sev. All I can feel is tingles.”

“I’ve forgotten how many times you came today, sweetheart but not even a teenager has unlimited opportunities to come in 24 hours.” His hands rubbed down my back in soothing strokes and I hummed a little before closing my eyes for a minute.

With a start, I woke up and wondered where I was. There was a reassuring thud-thud-thud under my cheek and I remembered in a rush who I was lying on. It was dark and quiet here and I felt safer than safe. I had to go to the bathroom again but I was so comfortable I didn’t want to move. And if Sev was asleep, I didn’t want to wake him.

“Harry?” His sleepy murmur brought my head up. “All right?”

“Need the bathroom again, Sev,” I whispered back and he chuckled.

“I do, too.” He yawned, barely covering up in time before rolling us to our sides so we could slide out of bed.

We didn’t turn on a light. He was used to where things were and I finally had sight to see things clearly. That was such a gift he’d given me, I thought while peeing. The unfamiliar plug inside me moved when I did and made walking a real challenge. I felt bow-legged and it didn’t help when Sev stroked me there and pushed it in. The flash of heat was good though and I washed my hands while shifting back and forth to see if I could get it back on my own.

Sev was just shaking his cock free of a last drop when I turned around. The moonlight coming in the high window turned him to half-dark, half-shadow. I should have been scared of how ominous he looked but instead, all I could think of was how heavy his cock had felt when I touched him earlier; how the veins corded around his length; and how thick he’d been in my fingers.

His hand brushed back my hair when he came to the sink. “What are you thinking, sweetheart?”

“How powerful you look naked and how much I want to touch your cock again.”

A chuckle was my answer and a soft kiss on the top of my head. “After we awake the next time, Harry, I promise we’ll make time for every touch you want.”
Then I was flying through the air and into his arms. Instinctively I wrapped my legs around his waist and hugged him tight. After fourteen years of no touches, I had as many as I wanted. He carried me back to bed and we slid in together under the soft sheet. I wasn’t used to such nice ones, not even Hogwarts bedding was this nice. Moving as close to him as I could get, I murmured goodnight and fell back asleep.

This time is even better, I thought waking up with a sigh. Sev’s hot mouth was sucking the nipple over my heart while one of his hands slowly stroked up and down my cock.

“Morning, Uncle John, I like waking up this way.” I threaded my fingers through his short hair and wished it was long like mine.

He gave me a last lick before sliding up to kiss me. Our tongues swapped back and forth from my mouth to his and back again. He tasted strong and slightly bitter but that might be me, I thought.

“Good morning, Mary, wake-up calls are my specialty.” His eyes glowed in the early morning light. “But you are the only one I will ever want to service.”

I hugged him, my throat full of a big lump. Nobody had ever wanted me like this. Everybody else wanted me to save the world; kill Voldemort; and win at Quidditch. I liked the idea of winning at Quidditch but I was afraid most of the time about everything else. I was one of those pawns that Ron would sacrifice to win the game. I didn’t trust Dumbledore any more. He was the chess master and I was only important because of that damn prophecy.

“Harry, what’s causing this wrinkle?” Sev’s finger smoothed between my eyes. Looking up into concerned eyes, I tried a smile. “I worry about the Headmaster and what’s going to happen next year at school.”

He nodded somberly. “I worry, too. The Headmaster has many concerns and you and I are two of them. But we are only two of many others. What happens in three months will happen. This summer we’ll enjoy each other and I will work with you to strengthen your abilities. You will *not* be alone when your battle comes. I promise you this.”

And I started crying just like that. He rolled onto his back and brought me with him, wrapping his arms and legs around me until I was cocooned in a hug. He murmured soft words that I didn’t really understand but the love in them lodged deep in my heart. Finally I tapered off and just lay there sniffing into his chest hair.

A white handkerchief appeared by my nose and I sat up slowly to take it and blow. He sat up too, keeping me close to his skin. “Harry, don’t keep these fears inside of you. I promise not to judge or belittle them. Tell me when the pressure of ‘what will’ or ‘why this’ begins to build up. Sometimes a good cry works wonders. I’ve done it myself when I’m feeling all alone and trapped in a life I don’t want.”

I leaned in, the crumpled handkerchief in my hand and my arms around his neck. “Thank you, Sev. I promise to tell you when I get afraid or unsure.”

“Or angry, Harry,” his dark eyes gazed into mine. “Anger can be destructive but also healing. I’d prefer we don’t destroy our home in a fit of mad.”

“Our home,” I savored the words slowly. “May I really be a part of it?”

“You already are.” His hands stroked back my hair before muttering the ‘accio’ spell for my hair brush. It flew through the air and he began to brush my hair. “Something changed for me yesterday
when I thought I’d be too late. All I could think of was ‘find Harry’ . . . ‘save Harry’ . . . ‘hold Harry’.

Each stroke seemed to relax me further. Was it because it was longer or was it just the fact that he seemed to be enjoying it as much as I was? “That feels good, Sev. Will you do this tomorrow, too?”

“Every morning, Harry, if you like this, you’ll love it when I wash your hair. Perhaps Saturday will be wash day.” He dropped a kiss on my lips and I leaned it to taste him some more.

I could feel his smile through the kiss and I felt so safe again I wanted to cry. But moving had moved the plug to pressing against my gland and suddenly my cock was hard again. Wow, I thought, I really like this. His chuckle broke our kiss and he laid the hair brush aside so he could tumble me onto the rumpled sheets and suck my cock into his hot mouth.

Oh that felt good, I thought and tried to raise my hips but his big hands held me down while he vacuumed my cock deep into his throat. And then he hummed around me and the vibrations made me want to scream. Was the privacy spell still on? I thought briefly before opening my mouth to yell.

Then a pillow hit my face and I screamed into it while spraying my seed down his throat. Oh, that was just brilliant, I panted happily into the plump pillow before moving it aside and grinning up at him.

“Heaven’s yes, Harry, he’d love to have you touch him.” He leaned back on his elbows and I sat up to get closer. “There’s a vein leading from the crown down to my balls. See if you can find it. It’s a known sensation getter.”

I laughed at that thought and gripped him with both hands so I could slide up and down. “I always wondered why they were so fragile. I hate it when they get pinched or hit.”

“Men’s cocks are works of art, sweetheart even if our balls are our weakest point.” He smiled at me. “The gods must have decided we needed a little vulnerability in our lives.”

I twisted right there again and watched his face melt in pleasure. He looked absolutely beautiful in the early morning sunlight and I needed to remember to tell him that when I could concentrate on something other than the warm . . . thick . . . weight of him in my hands. His little gasp was music to my ears and when I saw him clutch the sheets in his big hands, I knew he was close.

Gripping harder, almost to the point of what would be pain on me; I stroked up and down then
leaned over to lick the long slit free of the drops of seed. Still bitter but good, I thought and tried a little suction to see if I could coax more out. He shook as if I was hitting him with a hex and he grabbed a pillow to yell into right after he warned me, “close, Harry.”

Brilliant. I sucked harder and my teeth accidentally scraped the edge of the crown but before I could apologize, he groaned and came. Long thick spurts of ropey whitish come painted his groin, my hands and arms and my face. I caught some of it but most fell where it wanted and I wondered if we’d have to take another bath this morning. It was so nice to be clean.

“Beloved Harry,” the husky whisper did something to my insides. Pulling me up, he kissed me slowly with his tongue scouring out my mouth. We tasted good together. “You were inspired, sweetheart. I haven’t come that fast since I was your age.”

I grinned. “I like being able to make you happy.”

He brushed my hair back behind one ear and the oddest look came over his face. “Is this what it’s like to be happy? I’d almost forgotten how the blood sings through your veins; how just the sight of your beloved makes your heart beat faster; how everything looks brighter with one glance of his eyes. Such a gift you’ve given me, Harry, such a beautiful gift of your trust.”

I wanted to blush and cry and laugh out loud all at the same time but instead I kissed him again, hoping he’d understand. He seemed to because he kissed me back before rolling us out of bed onto the rug. “We need another bath, sweetheart then I’m going to cook us the biggest breakfast we’ve either one eaten in a year.”

That sounded good to me. But first he bent me over and gently tugged the plug out of my hole, leaving me feeling really empty. He told me I could have it back later then we went to the bathroom to get ready for the day. I watched him when he peed and when he brushed his teeth, I took my turn. We moved around each other like we’d practiced it for years. We splashed in the bathtub for not as long as I would have liked except my tummy was growling up a storm by the time we toweled dry.

“Harry, I think I’d like to see you in your nightgown again before we dress for the day. Do you mind?” He was shrugging on his robe and I shook my head.

“I like the way you look at me when I’m wearing it, Sev.” It was lying on the foot of the bed and I put it on like a robe then started buttoning it from the top down. He knelt in front of me and went the opposite direction until we met somewhere in the middle. He kissed the crown of my cock before closing him away under the soft linen.

“I like looking at you in it, sweetheart.” He cupped my chin in his hand and I rubbed against him like a big cat. “It reminds me of your shining innocence.”

Blushing, I took his hand when he offered it and followed him down the stairs and back to the kitchen. It didn’t take long at all to make the big breakfast he promised. I was starving since it seemed such a long time since dinner. We both ate heartily then washed the dishes and put everything away before heading upstairs to dress for the day.

Sev came into my room and helped me pick out the blouse and skirt I’d wear. I’d never had new clothes . . . not ever in my life and I loved picking a pair of bright yellow panties out of the drawer and slowly pulling them up over my hips. Tucking my semi-hard cock away, I turned for Sev when he gestured to me. His look was one of hunger and he pulled me close to kiss me hard while stroking my chest until my nipples ached for his mouth.
“Beautiful Mary, I love you in yellow but then I haven’t seen a color yet you don’t look good in.” He handed me the short sleeved blouse with an embroidered front in blue but he wouldn’t let me button it by myself. “I think we must go looking for a chemise for you to wear under your blouses, little one. I think these blouses will chafe your tender nipples.”

“Oh,” I sighed at the thought, “do they make them in silk like my panties?”

“Yes, indeed they do,” the gleam in his eye told me I was shortly going to find myself wearing silk from head to toe.

And that reminded me of the pretty little belt and the strange stockings he’d gotten for me. I thought they’d feel pretty good but first I’d have to shave my legs. That would feel strange but if he thought I should then that’s what I’d do. I knew in my heart of hearts he’d never hurt me. He’d never make me feel stupid or scared like my family had. Lately, I’d gotten really scared at the way Uncle Vernon and Dudley had looked at me. It made me feel sick to my stomach when they hit me or even touched me.

I think if Sev hadn’t gotten me away from them, I’d have found out what rape was. But not with my potions master, it could never be rape with him because I loved him and he loved me. He was tapping my left leg when I stopped thinking and I raised it so I could step into the pretty blue flared skirt. The other leg went in too and then he pulled it up and fastened the button at the waist.

“Pretty as a picture, little love.” He smiled at me and I smoothed my hands over the crisp cotton. “Tuck in your blouse for me then I thought the blue socks with the lace around the top would look nice with your shoes. I’m going in to my room to get dressed. Join me when you’re ready.”

I’d forgotten about the socks and I got them out of the drawer before sitting on the edge of the bed to put them on. I hurried because I didn’t want to be away from him for long. There was still so much for him to show me and I loved these lessons with a passion. If only potions was half as exciting to study as love was, I’d be the best student at Hogwarts.

His shirt was on but unbuttoned when I came in and his pants were still unclosed because he had to tuck his semi-hard cock in before gingerly zipping up. “I expect this will be my condition all summer, Harry. Just seeing you makes me randy as an old goat, the more of you I have, the more I want. You must tell me when you need me to back away and give you time to yourself.”

I came over and stroked the bulge to the left of the zipper. “I want to be close to you all the time. I like each time you touch me and call me by a pet name. Nobody ever wanted to before so it’s all new and wonderful.”

He sat on the edge of the bed and pulled me into his lap. “I will find a new name everyday for you and you will get tired of me touching you. I find myself needing to be skin to skin with you. When we’re out in public and you are disguised, I can hold your hand or put a hand on your shoulder or back but we’ll need to be circumspect around others. I find I’m a jealous man and want no one else touching you in any way.”

I shivered a little, remembering unwanted touches. “Me too, Sev, I don’t want anyone else getting that close. I trust you but not them. Maybe you can be painting a lot so I need to stay in to take care of the house. I’m good at housework, I really am.”

“I’m sure you are, sweetheart but you are not a servant.” He kissed my temple and I leaned into his hug. “We’ll take the chores together and that way they’ll be done in half the time. Then we can spend the rest of the time making love in every way possible.”
He wiggled all over and kissed me sweetly. I would make sure he had time to play or read this summer. I had all too clear a picture of what his life with those damn muggles had been like. That statement about ‘anyone getting that close’ set off warning bells inside my head. One or both of the Dursleys had tried something and it was a damned good thing they were dead.

Nothing and no one would take him away from me, I vowed silently.

We still had to deal with Dumbledore and Voldemort and the cast of thousands across the wizarding world who saw Harry as public property. But he was mine now and somehow we’d find a way to be together. Prophecy or no, I would keep him safe. Why in the world had Dumbledore left him with those muggles? I’d begun to see the signs of abuse his third year when I dropped the shutters on my mind’s eye and really looked at him. He was Harry not James and I’d finally seen him for the young man he truly was.

Why hadn’t Minerva or Albus? Of course, they didn’t want him in their bed and I was going straight to hell for corrupting him. I gazed down into happy emerald green eyes and couldn’t find even an ounce of outrage. “My beautiful boy, you’re going to be a heart breaker in a few years.”

His head tilted and that impish grin broke out. “Probably, because if anyone else might want me, I’ll have to tell them I’m taken.”

I caught my breath and felt my heart expand yet again. “You are, sweet Harry, very-very taken by your greasy old potions master.” I scattered kisses over his face, taking time to lick especially salty places. “We’ll have years and years of exploring to do in this relationship.”

“And the best part is, I get to dress up and pretend to be someone else entirely.” He kissed me back and I felt my heart surge again.

“You don’t mind playing the part of a little girl?” I asked him again.

He scoffed at that, wiggling on my lap and making my cock twitch. “It’s fun to pretend and I love the underwear and how they make me feel special.”

“You are special, Harry Potter, just because you’re the brightest soul I’ve ever met.” I reassured him and decided to tell him that every day. His self esteem had been battered by those damn muggles.

His whispered ‘thank you’ made my heart beat twinge and I rocked him slowly while running my fingers through his hair. The length was perfect on him and what had been a mess with short hair just waved and curled with the 12 inch length. I heard a little sniff under my ear and I turned so I could drop a kiss to his temple.

“What are we doing today, Sev?”

“I think we’ll stop at the library and get you a card then stock up with good books that will last us for a while. There’s a bakery a few blocks from here and I thought we’d see what Mrs. McDonald decided to feature this week. We’ll get to stretch our legs since we won’t need the car and you can see what all is near our home here.”

His smile was sunnier than the sunlight streaming in through the windows. “I like walking but I like having a home even better.”

“Quite right,” I kissed the end of his nose and made him giggle. “Let me finish getting dressed and
we’ll see what else we can find in our neighborhood.”

He nodded and hopped off my lap, leaving his warmth behind. I finished getting ready to face the world and we set off hand in hand to do some exploring. The look of wonder on his face when he eagerly tried to see everything at once was heartwarming. He must have thanked me twenty times for fixing his eyesight and I couldn’t understand why Dumbledore or McGonagall hadn’t done it years back. Glasses made him vulnerable.

I didn’t like the implications of that neglect.

The bakery smelled divine and Mary’s eyes couldn’t have gotten any bigger as she took in the gleaming glass shelves filled with fragrant pies, cookies and cake. I’d noticed she had a bit of a sweet tooth and I let her choose anything she wanted although I had to reassure her twice that it was all right. I think she’d have stuck to two cookies and a brownie otherwise. Yet another example of how he’d been deprived.

Carrying our purchases, we walked down three more blocks to the small library tucked into a lane off the main road. The paperwork taken care of for her card, I let Mary browse the children’s section while I checked on a couple of muggle mystery writers I liked. Lindsey Davis had a new volume in her ancient Roman series. The librarian suggested another author who set her series in Egypt and I picked up the first two titles to see if I liked them.

Perhaps I’d check with Bill Weasley to see if he’d read them and approved of their period detail. But even while I browsed the shelves, I found myself looking up to see where Mary was. A new herbal book completed my search and I gave in to the temptation to see how she was doing. She was sitting cross-legged on the floor with a stack of books beside her.

I knelt down and she started, almost freezing before recognizing me. “I’m sorry, Uncle John. I don’t need all of these.”

Damn muggles. I took a look at them and smiled at her. “I think we’d better have them all, Mary. Some may not hold your interest after you start to read them. I’ve got a new author here myself to try out.”

Her lips finally curved upwards. “Really? It’s all right to check out so many?”

I dropped a kiss onto the silky hair. “It’s absolutely essential we take all of them home. And we’ll probably have to come back next week to get more.”

She grinned and lifted up to kiss my cheek. “Thank you, Uncle John. I can hardly wait to start reading.”

Chuckling, I picked up her 11 and added them to my pile. “I’ll carry the books while you carry our shopping, sweetheart. We’ll save the rest of our errands for tomorrow. I still have to show you my studio.”

“Oh, yes,” she leapt up and took the drawstring bags that held our bakery goods. “I want to see where you paint such beautiful paintings.”

We checked out and walked home a slightly different way so I could show her the bookstore and apothecary. Interestingly, my niece gathered many an appreciative glance from the people we passed. She asked shy questions about everything I was showing her and I made a mental note to tell her quietly that all were owned and run by muggles so there was no chance we’d be seen by the wizard community. This part of York was completely empty of magic except for the lingering
wards and wild magic left behind by the Druids and Romans of ancient Britain.

One of the reasons I’d chosen this place and the house I bought years ago. To a casual wizard, the only magic in my home was part of the background ‘noise’ that any older structure of England might have. All of the spells I used were passive ones like the silencing wards. The cellar of my house was a little different but it had once been the home of wild magic and it would serve as protection should I need to teach Harry.

Opening our front door, I barely had it closed before I was hugged again. “Thank you, Uncle John. I’ve never had so many books all to myself before.”

Damn Dumbledore anyway, what had he been thinking to so deprive Harry of the joys of reading? “You’re very welcome, sweetheart. Let’s put them away then I’ll show you my studio.”

“Yes!” She took the bakery items back to the kitchen while I laid the stack of books in the front room. Then she was back with her bright green eyes gleaming. “Now, Uncle John?”

“Now, sweetheart.” I took her offered hand and led her through a side door of the kitchen and into my studio. “The morning light is perfect here and usually I paint each day first thing. Will that be all right with you, Princess?”

She blushed and looked around her wide-eyed. “Yes, of course, it will. Do I need to be quiet for you? Oh, what is that?”

“That is where I mix some of my paints.” I chuckled. “Once I start painting, a bomb could go off and I wouldn’t notice a thing. You won’t disturb me in the slightest. In fact, you may want to bring your book in here and read to keep me company.”

Her whole face lit up. “Yes, please I’d like that best of all. The light is so pure it feels like a church.”

“It does rather, Mary. When the light is like this, you can see clearly into the heart of your subject.” I watched her wander around the big room, looking at the paintings on the wall, the tables where I did my matting and framing and the jars of colorful ingredients that reminded me of my beloved potions lab.

******** Harry ********

This place was fascinating and I could hardly wait to see him start to work. The pictures on the wall were beautiful although some of them were rather sad. One that captured my attention seemed especially so – it was a manor house fallen into ruin without even a touch of green about the place. Black and gray were the only two colors in it and it made me want to cry.

Walking back to my potions master, I whispered. “Uncle John, could we renew the wards now so I can ask questions?”

His smile was tender and he bent down to kiss my temple. “Good idea, I’ll answer as many of them as I can. Let me show you the last secret of this house.”

I watched him go over to a table with a mortar and pestle on it. Tapping it with his fingers, it moved aside and showed a dark square. He held out his hand and I crossed quickly to take it and peer down into the hole. “Don’t be afraid, Princess, this is truly the heart of our home.”

It felt so good when he said that, ‘our home’. It reminded me I was safe and wanted. The stone steps twisted a bit but I followed him down to the underground cellar, my hand on his shoulder so I
didn’t fall. Candles sprang to life when his feet touched the floor and I could see the old stone walls reaching out even beyond the walls of the house above.

“This was once a sacred spring of the local druid circle.” Severus touched the lip of an old well. I peered down into it and caught the faint sheen of water a few feet below. “It’s still pure, kept so by the original binding spell they cast centuries ago. My realtor told me this spot has been continuously occupied for a thousand years. I didn’t tell her it’s been more like three thousand.”

“Wow, that’s a really long time.” I looked around some more and wondered what the symbols carved into the walls meant. “Severus, is it safe to do magic down here? It feels warm and welcoming.”

He hugged me close and I slipped my arms around his neck when he lifted me up. It was becoming second nature to close my legs around his waist and hold on tight. He made me feel so good. His kiss was gentle and almost made me forget my question. But eventually, his lips left mine and began ghosting kisses all over my face and down my throat.

“It is welcoming since we’re the first wizards to live here for almost five hundred years. The last witch to live here was persecuted by Henry the VII and the property was given to one of his supporters who was muggle. They were a very long-lived family and it stayed in their line up until I bought it the year you were born.” He carried me over to a big granite block that looked vaguely like an altar in the center of the room.

“Did the muggles know the cellar was here?” I asked while watching him walk slowly around the stone.

“Yes, but they used it for water and food storage. This stone was spelled to be unseen and the inner sanctuary under what is now our bedroom and my studio was never found. The wards were impressive even after all those centuries.” He kissed my mouth again and this time he slid his tongue in too.

I got hard all over again and the feel of his hands slipping under my skirt made me want to squirm. Fingers slid up through my panty legs and my stomach got the flutters while my cock firmed up almost painfully. When we broke apart, he was breathing hard too and that made me feel really good.

“I’m going to introduce you to the wards and ask you to give something of yourself to this place. All right, Harry?” He was setting me down and I didn’t want to leave his arms.

“Blood or something like that?” I wasn’t afraid but I was curious.

“Something even better since this home has a feminine base in the spring,” he smiled at me then turned me away to face the altar. “Templum excitare . . .”

I felt the air grow even warmer instead of chilly like the Dursley’s basement. A tiny breeze brushed us as if a spirit was watching us.

“Harry Potter,” his low voice made my name sound really sexy. “Gratus.”

It was definitely warmer now and I had to kneel because my legs felt wobbly. I leaned back against Severus while my whole body flushed a cherry red.

“Sweetheart, I’m going to touch you and make you come onto the altar.” He knelt behind me and both hands came up under my skirt. “The seed will be your offering and also your part of the wards we’re reworking. This way the house will always know and protect you.”
“Yes, please, Severus, do something.” I was panting and his chuckle made me smile. One hand drew down my panties, freeing my cock to the warm breeze. The other held up my skirt so I could see what he was doing. His lips were on the back of my neck and his tongue was doing something really nice to a spot behind my ear. It wasn’t going to take me long at all to come.

My eyelids drooped while my body got tighter and tighter under each stroke. The Latin he was chanting made me hot and the symbols on the side of the altar began to glow. I was moaning a little because it all felt so good when suddenly I arched towards the stone and began to come. The altar absorbed each squirt and I could suddenly feel the weight of the house above us settle into my bones.

“Oh-h-h-h,” I sighed happily when I finally stopped. “That was brilliant, Severus.”

His chuckle was right beside my ear. “The land is now partly yours as you are now a part of it.”

“Do you need to do this too?” I asked eagerly and turned my head to see him.

“Yes, would you like to help me?” The gleam in his eye told me I was going to get to touch him.

I squirmed around even though it meant losing his hand on my cock. I watched in awe while he licked his fingers clean of my seed before tucking me away into my kind of sticky panties. “Can we come down here again and do this naked?”

His laughter made me smile. “We’re going to both need stamina potions before the week is out, sweetheart. But yes, we’ll come down at the new moon and replenish the wards. Now, if you’d be so kind as to help your aged uncle up off the ground.”

He didn’t really need help but I touched and held him anyway. It was so freeing to be able to do that for someone. His jeans looked painfully tight and he unzipped with a slight hiss. His big cock sprang out through the slit in the green silk boxers and I wrapped both hands around it eagerly.

“Hold on, Harry, stand to one side so my offering will fall on the altar.” His big hands stroked through my hair while I tried to fit the whole crown into my mouth. “Gods, that feels good, sweetheart. This is one exercise I’d love you to practice a lot.”

I grinned up at him but never stopped sucking. Some bitter seed came out and I licked it away while my hands twisted around and up and down the heavy shaft. He was chanting again and I felt his balls draw up a little before my jaws got too tired.

“I’m close, Harry,” his panting made me feel pretty proud of myself.

I was the one who turned him on; it was my mouth that was giving him this pleasure. At the last minute, I pulled away but didn’t drop my hands. He spatred all over the top of the stone and it was absorbed just like mine had been. The heat rose suddenly in waves from the altar, all the symbols glowing bright cherry red before dissipating into the walls and floor around us.

Somehow, I knew it was spreading throughout the house and leaving a layer of protection that would keep both of us safe. I was a little tired now, leaning against Severus, I kissed his slightly drooping cock and held it against my cheek as if it was a teddy bear.

“Beautiful Harry, the gods are well pleased with both our offerings. I think we need to go clean up before we take a little nap.” His fingers stroked through my hair and I nodded, too tired to move.

He took back his cock and zipped up before pulling me up into his arms again and carrying me upstairs. The table moved back to cover the entrance with another tap of his hand before he carried
me up to our bathroom and used a damp cloth to clean me up. I was practically asleep on my feet when he carried me into his bed, still rumpled from our getting up.

He slipped off my shoes and skirt then gently unbuttoned my blouse and helped me out of it before tucking me in. I tried to stay awake while he undressed but once he slid in beside me, I was asleep.

********* Severus *********

The power of his coming had strengthened the wards more than at any time in their past. I don’t think a full Druid circle had ever raised such energy. Harry Potter was the most powerful wizard of our age and at the same time, he was the most vulnerable. Watching the altar absorb his seed, I knew his virgin blood would have to be shed there also. Only Mother Earth would be able to keep the flare of energy from Voldemort and Dumbledore.

Losing his virginity would spark a supernova of reaction and while part of me wanted him with renewed passion, part of me was aghast at my presumption. Holding him atop of me in what had become his favorite position, I stroked down his thin back and felt the ridges left by what were probably countless beatings. Would my love be enough to save him from the questions of the future?

If I took his virginity and freed his nascent powers at the age of 15, would he then become the wizard who would defeat Voldemort and end this age of Dark magic? And what would it mean to me, to be so linked with him through every bond I could forge? The power would be enormous, the satisfaction immense and the problems enumerable.

His godfather for one, the Weasleys for another and let’s not forget the entire wizarding world, I thought sardonically. Harry stirred and muttered my name, ‘Severus’.

My heart clenched and my hold tightened. This was why I was doing it - my sweet Harry of the messy hair, tangled past, and wounded heart. He needed a champion and I was willing to do whatever I had to, to keep him safe and alive. Deciding that seemed to free something in me and I brushed a kiss against his hair before closing my eyes and falling to sleep.

When I awoke, it was to the sensation of lips suckling at one of my nipples. “Harry, that feels wonderful.”

“Good, then I’m doing it right.” He licked me then went back to work, gently biting the turgid nipple.

“A little harder, I can take quite a bit of sensation there.” I brushed through the curls falling around his face and watched those green eyes gaze into mine. “Everyone is different there and down below. Some touches feel wonderful and others leave pain or soreness behind. Now, sometimes that’s a good thing because it reminds you what happened but at others it just plain hurts. You have to tell me truthfully when it hurts too much.”

He slid up a little so his arms could fold on my chest and his chin rest on them. “I will, Severus, I promise. I don’t like pain but I do want to learn all the ways we can make love and some of it’s going to hurt a little. I still want to wear my plug. It felt weird at first but then it just felt really, really good. And some day I want your cock inside of me and that will hurt at first.”

So matter-of-factly, I marveled at his calm. And it was true calm not false bravado, I could tell. “Then that’s what we shall do. Would you like to wear it this afternoon while we make lunch and maybe even when we go to tea?”
He blushed and wiggled. “Yes, that would be brilliant, Sev. All the while I’m sitting there primly with my knees together and on my best manners; the plug will be inside of me, making me all warm and tingly. I’d really like that.”

The boy was a natural wanton and I pulled him up to my lips so I could reward him with a kiss. He opened to me at once and I entwined my tongue around his to pull it into my mouth so he could explore to his hearts content. Sliding both hands down to his cheeks, I discovered he’d removed his panties. So I fondled them, while slipping a finger up and down his cleft. He groaned and parted his legs as wide as they would go while his hands clutched my shoulders.

The lubricant had ended up between our pillows and I fished it out without breaking the kiss. Soon I had a slick finger through his hole, tickling his gland while his young cock firmed between us. Taking a chance, I oiled a thumb and removed my finger only to replace it with the fatter digit. He tensed a bit while I stayed still for a long moment. Then he relaxed and I let it sink in. He shuddered all over before starting to rock against me to get more stimulation of his cock.

I was hard again for a miraculous third time for the day. Harry was damn good for my libido, I decided before flipping him onto his back and leaning over him. Breaking our kiss, I slid down to suck him into my throat. He shrieked and came a moment later, his hips snapping up then down, impaling him fully on my thumb. He was trembling all over by the time he’d quit coming and I licked him clean before reaching for the plug.

Deciding he could take a little bit thicker setting, I gently eased my thumb out of him. I reshaped it to about an inch and a half wide but left it at seven inches long. Slicking it well, I rolled him onto his stomach and urged him up to his knees. He was still so relaxed, it slid in easily although he did catch his breath and tense up for just a moment. Harry truly was a natural at loving.

“Feels good, Sev, always feels so good when you touch me.” He murmured and I gathered him into my arms.

“I love touching you, Harry. You’re wonderful to hold and kiss and make love to.” I punctuated each word with a soft kiss.

Those beautiful green eyes of his glistened in the afternoon sun. “No one ever told me that, Sev. I didn’t think anybody ever would.”

“There will be many who will when you get a bit older, sweetheart.” I brushed a tangled curl away from his blushing cheek. “Just say ‘thank you’ and come tell me about all your compliments.”

He giggled, the way I’d meant him to. “That’s silly, Sev. Oh that feels won-der-ful.”

I slid a hand down and pushed in the plug while his hips rocked back and forth. “We need to clean up, get dressed yet again and fix some lunch, sweetheart. I want to watch you move with the plug inside you.”

His smile was infectious and we finally moved apart to leave the well-used bed. His stance was hesitant and he moved rather like someone with something up their arse. Each time he bent over, it massaged his gland. Pulling on his panties and fastening his skirt both had him biting his lower lip. Buttoning his blouse made him sigh a little and I knew we’d be shopping for a bra soon.

And as if he could read my mind, he glanced rather flirtatiously my way and smoothed his small hands over his blouse. “I think I’m growing, Uncle John. They feel fuller and more sensitive now that you’ve been sucking on them. I guess I’ll just have to go shopping for a bra.”
I knelt in front of him and touched the little nubs I could feel under the cotton. “I will enjoy helping you find your first bra, my sweet Mary. Something in silk or satin to make you feel pretty and protect these beautiful nipples.” I tweaked them just a bit and he bit his lip with a little gasp.

“Why do they feel so good, Uncle John? Do everyone’s feel like this?” He asked me with a real question in his voice.

“Women’s tend to be more sensitive than men because a woman’s breasts feed their young. Mothers’ breasts give milk to their babies when their infants suckle everyday.” Didn’t Pomphrey go over this in sex educations classes?

“They do?” His eyes widened and he blinked. “Did my . . .?”

“Most purebred families do not but your mother Lily came from a different tradition and I know for a fact that she nursed you right up until her death.” I just didn’t want to have to tell him how I knew that. Lactating breasts have a different smell all their own.

“Oh,” he leaned into me and I hugged him close, wishing for words to make it better. “I like that idea, that she loved me and wanted to feed me herself instead of with a bottle. Aunt Petunia used to yell I was such a nuisance when Dumbledore dropped me off because I didn’t like the formula she fed me and I was always crying.”

There were not enough bad words in my vocabulary to express my disgust and dismay. “I’m sorry, Harry. Lily loved you and your father very much and you were the tangible expression of her love for James.” I would say this if it killed me. “I wish you’d never lost them or had to live for so many years with muggles who didn’t care for you.”

He sniffed a little into the side of my throat. “Me too, I wish they hadn’t died and I wish I could have stayed with just about anybody other than the Dursleys but it could have been worse. Voldemort could have stolen me and raised me as his son.”

I grimaced. “That’s horrible, Harry, I’ll have to drink a beer to get the bad taste from my mouth.”

A little giggle was my reward. “Or the Malfoy’s could have taken me in and Draco could be my brother.”

“Double horrible, you little tease,” I tickled his sides and his laughter rang out before we went down to the kitchen to make some lunch. We ate it at the table and Harry kept trying to find a comfortable position to sit in that didn’t put too much pressure on the plug massaging him.

He practiced batting his eyelashes at me and being demure. Just before five, I had him walk upstairs with me two steps behind so I could ogle him. I brushed out the tangles in his hair and made sure we were both presentable for our tea date. Then, hand in hand we visited Mrs. Tyler. Who had invited four other neighborhood ladies to join us and meet my adorable little niece. Mary held up well, sipping her tea, only speaking when spoken to and daintily eating her little cakes. Her shyness was rewarded with the neighborhood seal of approval and even I got a little approbation for taking her in during this trying time. The vicar’s wife promised to pray for my sister’s swift recovery and I thanked her most sincerely. All prayers directed towards us were greatly appreciated. Good thoughts usually equaled good energy and we could use it to stay undetected.

An hour later and we were home with twin sighs of relief. I picked Harry up and carried him upstairs to the bathroom. Soon we were soaking in hot water while he washed me from top to
bottom, exploring all the differences between us along the way. I’d inserted an enema and flushed myself clean so he wouldn’t be disgusted if he wanted to play inside of me.

I have to admit, I really like using the bidet and I’d pondered a time or two whether I dared install one at Hogwarts. So far, it had remained a guilty pleasure of my summer breaks. Harry was hard again and I was diamond textured by the time we dried each other off. Carrying him back to bed, I handed him the lubricant and went onto all fours for him.

********** Harry **********

I was kind of scared I might hurt him but when he told me that he’d worn the plug I was wearing, I knew my skinny fingers wouldn’t be too big. Still, I used a lot of lubricant before I slid a finger inside of him. He felt so tight around me and really hot like a furnace on a cold winter day.

“Two, sweetheart, put in two and feel around for a little nodule inside of me.” He said quietly but with a little sigh.

So I did and there was kind of a little bump that made him start and groan. I liked that I could make him do that so I found it again and again. Pretty soon, he wanted a third finger and I was really careful before doing that. He was so tight around me, I almost came without him even touching me. It was so intimate to have your fingers inside of somebody.

“Harry, you’re my very own angel.” His voice was deep and husky. “You’re such a good student, I think you’re ready for your practical exam.” He sounded even better than in potions class. “Take out your fingers, smooth some lubricant on your cock and come back inside of me.”

I gulped hard but pulled my fingers out. “Are you sure, Severus? I don’t want to hurt you.”

He turned over swiftly and kissed me hard. His tongue stroked in and out of my mouth while I got harder and harder. Then he pulled back a little ways. “You could never hurt me, sweetheart. I want to be connected to you in all ways. This is just the most fun way at the moment.”

That made me smile and I nodded. He squeezed out some lubricant and slicked it onto my shaft. It felt so good, I almost came right then but he pulled down on my balls and the urge went away a little. “Inside me, little love.”

Once he was in position again, I held onto my cock and nudged his hole. It was so tight I didn’t think it would fit but when I was about to give up, he pushed back and my crown just popped right in. It was so hot and tight, I held onto his hips while squeezing all my control into not coming.

“Oh, that feels much better.” His voice was rich and deep and I could feel myself relaxing a little bit. “Now slide on in, Harry. Lay claim to what belongs to you and you alone.”

“My Severus,” I said while thrusting a little further in.

“Your Severus, for ever and always,” he agreed with a smile in his voice.

I wished I could kiss him right then while I was inside of him but our size differences were too great. Maybe I’d grow taller one of these days and then we could try something different, I decided while figuring out how to thrust in, pull out and find his gland again all at the same time.

He was really vocal though so I knew right away when I hit it. A little shiver ran up his spine and I smiled. Kind of like a snitch, I decided and I was really good at targeting the snitch. It felt better than anything in my whole life but I couldn’t last and suddenly I seized up and came hard inside of him. He groaned and I got pushed out at the same moment.
I managed to fall onto the bed and he rolled onto his back with his big cock waving in the late afternoon sunlight. I was sleepy but instead of just watching him take care of it, I sat up and gripped him real hard with both hands. Alternating my twists, I rubbed him hard and sucked on his crown while he panted and groaned and finally came all over me. I couldn’t drink it down fast enough but we could always have another bath, I thought with a grin.

I really liked being clean although being sticky because we’d been making love wasn’t really dirty, just messy. He pulled me up to his lips and kissed me with lots of tongue. I liked that even though it made my jaws ache a bit. Parts of me were sore but I liked that because every spot had been touched with love, lots of love and they never had been before.

“Harry, we’re going to be doing this frequently if you don’t mind?” Severus asked me with a gleam in his eyes.

I tried to look put-upon like Aunt Petunia used to but I couldn’t help but giggle instead. “It was all right, Sev?”

“Any more all right and I’d have passed out with you still inside of me,” he reassured me and I grinned proudly. “I believe I shall award you an ‘E’ for exceeds expectations.”

“Yeah!” I licked my lips. “I still need to study and practice a lot.”

“Such a studious little princess,” he brushed kisses over my lips, up to the tip of my nose then across each eyelid. “My sweet little rose with the beautiful petals.”

I blushed but soaked up each word and stored them away in case I didn’t get any more. But I was beginning to think maybe I’d never have to do without them again. I was starting to hope for a future with someone who loved me and who I could love back. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I wiggled against his furry skin and felt safe.

“Dearest Harry, we are going to make love in every room of this house.” His warm brown eyes gazed up into mine. “I think our magic will combine to strengthen both of us the more we love.”

“It feels like the cellar even up here now that I think about it. Is that because the wards are filled with both our magic?” I asked him, moving a little so my skin was gently rubbing his hair everywhere.

“I believe so, little love.” Strong fingers rubbed up and down my back. “I always felt welcome throughout the house when they were just my wards. By giving of ourselves, we bound ourselves to it. But it is bound to us also and we’ll always find a sanctuary here.”

***
Chapter 2

******** Severus ********

He thought about that for a long moment while I felt contentment well up like the spring below us. Nothing had ever felt so right as Harry did inside of me. Perhaps some of his magic had slipped in when he did, whatever the answer, I was happy for the first time in a very long time indeed.

“I like that idea, Sev. The Dursleys was never a home for me because I was never really welcome there.” He spoke softly as if someone might overhear. “But you brought me here, made me feel at home and wrapped me in love. I feel like I’ve always lived here.”

The lump in my throat wasn’t easily swallowed but I had to. “Sweetheart, I wanted you here so much but never thought I’d see the day. Never doubt I love you and need you with me here in our home. There are still things we have to do, schooling to finish and a power-hungry madman to get rid of. But we will always come home to rest and renew our souls.”

His smile illuminated the whole room. “Yes please, I want to do all of that.”

“Good, let’s clean up again and finish off the leftover stew.” I rolled him over and kissed him before letting go.

We took a quick bath since I was sticky pretty much everywhere. There are drawbacks to having so much fur. I was rather enjoying the short hair of my Aberforce persona. But I was addicted to Harry’s long curls and was going to hate losing them for the school year. He liked my brushing it and so did I. Threading a blue ribbon through it, I tied it in a rather sloppy bow.

I promised him I’d work on getting it prettier while he grinned and batted his eyes at me. He put the new, now old, nightgown on and looked so sweet I just knew I was in trouble. Still wearing the plug, he decided to sit on my lap for our dinner and we took turns feeding each other spoonfuls of stew with hunks of fresh bread from the bakery. It was all delicious but that may have just been our hunger.

It didn’t hurt that we kissed between each bite, too. He tried a sip of wine but it was too dry for him and he went back to cranberry juice. The tartness appealed to me and he seemed to like it too. Every touch fueled the fire which never went out and warmed me from my heart on out.

Once we were finished and the dishes done, we settled in the lounge. I lit the fire in the fireplace while he started sorting through the books we’d brought home. I turned the lamp on behind the leather sofa then sat down beside him. Reaching for the Egyptian mystery by Lauren Haney, I started reading while keeping an eye on how he was doing. He started one then put it aside and picked up another one.

It wasn’t until book three that he settled in and started seriously reading. Captain Kidd would keep his interest I thought with a smile. My mystery was good and I made a mental note to pickup the rest of the series. We’d visit the bookstore in a day or so. We read for an hour before I realized he was leaning heavily against me and he hadn’t turned a page in a while.

I laid my book aside and gently tugged his free from lax hands. A sleepy murmur when I cradled him against my chest was all he gave me, never waking up at all when I carried him upstairs and tucked him into bed. I removed the ribbon but otherwise left him as is before taking a last bathroom break and coming back. He’d probably be up with the sun but maybe he’d catch up on
some of his sleep.

Whispering ‘goodnight’ to him, I cuddled him close and closed my eyes.

***

Morning arrived and this time I woke up first. The windows let in the early light and I watched him sleep with fond eyes. He was drooling a bit on my shoulder but even that made me smile. I was truly besotted with this boy upon whom so many hopes were pinned. If there was a way I could remove that burden, I would. I am not a really brave man but I would be for him, I vowed silently.

“Sev, is it morning?” The sleepy voice made me smile.

“It is indeed. You slept the night away, Harry.” I stroked his hair aside and he smiled up at me, blinking like a little owl.

“I didn’t have any nightmares.” He squirmed a little and moved up to kiss me. His rich taste was addicting and better than any cup of coffee at waking me up.

We swapped tongues while our hands sought each newly memorized spot on our lover’s body. Harry was extremely anal sensitive and I could feel his cock hardening when I stroked over his arse, pausing now and then to push in the plug. His fascination with my nipples was endearing and his little gasps when I flipped him over to torment his were music to my ears.

How in the world he’d lived this long without knowing men’s nipples were an erogenous zone, I couldn’t figure out - unless it was his supposed ‘family’ and their teachings about his body. They were sure to be the kind who thought sex was dirty and perhaps even a duty from his aunt’s point of view. Having seen Vernon Dursley, I could well imagine her distaste for marital relations.

“Severus, you’re frowning. Did I do something wrong?” The small voice caught my attention.

“Never, Kitten, you’re absolutely perfect in every way.” I reassured him, kissing his lips open and darting inside. Pulling a little bit away, I smiled into wide green eyes. “I was just wondering why you hadn’t experimented with your body before this. You’ve got a body made for making love and you seem to be enjoying all we do.”

“I do enjoy it!” He said eagerly, wiggling a little beneath me. “I like everything you’ve done so far and I know there’s more to learn. I can hardly wait.” His hands found my nipples again and pinched them. “I guess I just never had any privacy to explore. My family thought I was a pervert anyway. When I stayed with the Weasleys, there wasn’t any more privacy than there is in the dorms at Hogwarts. I was always curious but just couldn’t find a place or time to discover what I might like.”

“You shall have the privacy you need, Kitten-Harry.” I licked the end of his nose and listened to his giggles. “I also have two books with illustrations about sex both hetero and homosexual, which should answer some of your questions.”

His grin was infectious. “Oh good, homework, Professor Snape. I promise to study really hard.”

I tickled him, freeing more giggles. “I shall test you every night on what you’ve learned. The practical exams will be rigorous.”

Green eyes lit up and he kissed me sweetly for a long moment. “I will practice with you as many times as I need to get a perfect score.”
“We have plenty of time this summer, Kitten.” I rolled over again until he was on top of me. “I think we can get through chapter 1 through 15 before we have to take a break.”

His stomach growled again and he smiled. “I’m starving, Severus.”

Excellent, I thought silently, he knows it’s all right to ask for food. “Me too, Kitten. We’ll finish off the baked goods today so we’ll need to go back to the bakery. I thought we’d go to the bookstore, too. There are a few titles I’d like to pick up. But for now, we need to get ready to face the day.”

Nodding, he slid off of me and rolled off the edge of the bed to land on the floor with all the grace of the kitten, I’d named him. He stretched all over and grinned impishly at me. “May we get more of the lemon tea cake? I really liked that.”

Joining him, I dropped a kiss on his head. “I like that tart/sweet taste, too. What about the wheat bread, did you enjoy that?”

We walked hand in hand to the bathroom to start our morning ablutions, still talking about what we liked and didn’t like about baked goods. He wanted to try some new things and I agreed.

********** Harry **********

I like having Severus help me get dressed. I was hard by the time he finished teasing me while we ate. He really liked my nightgown and the buttons he opened to get to my nipples. I didn’t know why my nipples were so sensitive but we both liked playing with them so that was okay. He said we’d do some reading this afternoon for my first lesson in sex.

He was on his knees between my legs where I sat on my bed trying not to scream at how good his hot mouth felt wrapped around me. I held out longer than I ever had before but eventually I let go and shot my release down his throat. Collapsing back onto the blue coverlet, I grinned foolishly at the ceiling.

“Sweet Kitten, thank you for my morning milk.” He delicately licked away any stray seed. “I think you’ll fit those green panties now, sweetheart.”

Raising up on both elbows, I looked down into his dark brown eyes. “Thank you, Sev. May I choose your silk boxers?”

He chuckled and rose gracefully. “I think I have some green ones that match yours.”

“Oh good,” I sat up and slid off the bed into his arms. Hugging him close, I reveled at all the naked skin touching me. “I like the idea we’re the same underneath our outer clothes.”

He smiled and brushed back my hair, cupping my chin in those long elegant fingers of his. “I like that idea, too. Eventually, we’ll have to coordinate our school robes into our wardrobe. What about this blouse and skirt today?”

I approved the soft white blouse with the ruffled neck and cuffs, buttoning it up while he held out a black skirt with the ruffled hem. It was just a ruffley kind of day, I decided. My nipples peaked as soon as I tucked my blouse in, the soft cloth rubbing against them while I bit my lip in pleasure.

His chuckle was good to hear. “I believe I’ll have to get you that bra, Kitten. Our exercises look like they’re working.”

Soft, sucking kisses and gentle tugging with his teeth, just thinking about that made me bite my lip. “Yes, please, I think I need it. Everyone will know I have nipples if this keeps up.”
He kissed me swiftly. “I’m the only one who gets to see them, my sweet. Definitely time to get a bra to keep things private. Now, I believe you were going to pick out my boxers?”

I darted into his room and opened the dresser drawer I’d seen him open before. There was a pile of silk in every color of the rainbow and he was right, he did have a pair the same color of mine. “These, Sev, I want to think of you wearing these under all your other layers.”

Helping him dress was almost as much fun as him helping me. He didn’t have any buttons on this Henley so I didn’t get to button anything but I did get to put socks on his long feet. I liked touching him and I suddenly remembered how it had felt when he kissed mine that first day. I decided silently to surprise him in our evening bath. His shoes were soft-as-butter brown leather and I breathed in their smell with a smile.

“Leather is a good odor, isn’t it, Kitten?” Sev ran his hands through my hair. “I love the patent leather look on you but some nice brown leather boots would feel nice for a second pair, wouldn’t they?”

“You don’t have to buy me things, Severus. You’ve already given me so much.” I suddenly felt overwhelmed by the last few days.

He pulled me up swiftly and cuddled me in his lap, wrapping warm arms around me and tucking my head under his chin. “I like buying you things, Harry. There’s been no one in my life for so long. No one I could hold and love. No one to be silly with or just sit quietly with in front of the fire.”

“Me either,” I breathed in his slightly spicy scent and calmed down. “I don’t want to be a burden, Sev.”

“You could never be that to me, Harry.” He dropped a kiss on top of my head. “You are light and love to my dark soul.” His hands stroked my back but in a soothing way instead of a sexy way. “I promise not to go overboard, sweetheart. I just want to see you wearing pretty things instead of ill-fitting hand-me-downs.”

I sighed happily before sitting up straighter so I could look him in the eye. “I like wearing nice things and I love you picking out pretty clothes for me. It makes me feel special.”

“You are special, Harry.” His dark eyes gleamed and his lips smiled the smile that only I get to see. “And you were born to wear beautiful things in silks and satins, not to mention – leather.”

Giggling, I squirmed on his lumpy lap, wondering if he’d let me suck on him some more before we went shopping. “Hermione has a pair of ankle boots with a little heel. She says they’re her most comfortable shoes. Could we look for a pair like them?”

“Most assuredly, Kitten. And when we get back, I think you should have to take care of your poor decrepit old uncle’s cock.” He admonished me with a little thrust of his hips into mine.

“Poor uncle,” I batted my eyes at him. “You must be so uncomfortable like that. Maybe I should take care of you right now?”

******** Severus ********

I was going to die an early death by sex but what a way to go. “Not just now, Kitten, I can wait until we get back. Then I think we shall have our first lesson in our new curriculum. I’ll get out your new books.”
His eyes lit up and he teasingly slid slowly off my lap, dragging his hand over my groin with a little flirt of his eyelashes. He had no idea how beautiful he was and I was the most selfish bastard in Britain but I was going to keep him. I’d do whatever it took to bind him to me body and soul. ‘Going to hell in a hand basket’, I told myself silently. But I would not stop now.

We left the house after I tied a better bow in her hair with a wide white ribbon. The bakery was first on our list and we bought more lemon tea cake but added croissants and brownies to this order along with the wheat bread I liked. There was a shoe shop just a block away and I watched her jealously while the young male clerk brought out pair after pair of shoes and boots for her to try on.

Mary had small feet but with an average width that expanded the choices by about a hundred. We found a pair of ankle boots like Hermione’s but in a rich deep chocolate leather that made both of us smile. I also had the clerk bring out some heels for my niece to try on but nothing over an inch tall. She was too young for anything higher, I told her and she nodded.

A pair of green pumps would go nicely with her new green dress and she walked a bit hesitantly around the chairs until she got used to the way her body moved in the different height. The slight sway in her body mesmerized the sales boy and I had to twice call his attention back to the business at hand. While she was walking, she spied the display of socks and stockings on the back wall.

By the time we left, we both had two sacks each to carry. The bookstore owner greeted us genially and let us put our parcels down near the register so we were unencumbered while we browsed. Mr. Green was an elderly man who stocked a good selection of both fiction and nonfiction. Mary was directed to the children’s section while I chatted with him about the new mystery author I wanted to collect.

The next hour passed pleasantly and we had yet two more bags to carry home. Mary had garnered several compliments by the time we closed our front door behind us. Her sweet nature and beauty were natural magnets for all eyes. But the more she gathered attention, the more she shrank back against me and sought to efface herself from the public eye.

Yet another way she and Harry reacted to the world around them. Why had I not realized that his first year? I was a blind fool but thank goodness the shutters had finally fallen from my eyes. Dumping the parcels on the kitchen table, we had them sorted quickly while we debated what to eat for lunch.

Harry took his new shoes and socks upstairs while I sliced some of the cooked ham for sandwiches. Returning, he carried our new/old books to the living room before coming back to tear some lettuce, chop tomatoes and grate cheddar for our salad. Shyly, he asked if he could sit on my lap while we ate and I hugged him close before sitting down.

We fed each other from one plate and one bowl. A new raspberry vinaigrette got our approval from the salad and I made a mental note to check out the brand name to see what other flavors they might have. My cock, which had subsided during our shopping, came back to life with a vengeance once Harry’s warm sweet weight settled in atop him. The artful squirming didn’t help and my appetite for him roared back to life.

“Oh dear, your lap is awfully lumpy, Uncle John.” He peeked up at me and moved that tight little arse over my cock. “And I feel terribly empty without my toy, dearest uncle. May I please have it inside of me while we have lessons this afternoon?”

Dear god, I was going straight to hell. “You’ve been such a good girl today I think that’s a fair request. Would you like me to help you put it in, my sweet kitten?”
His smile was beaming and the little bounce he gave hardened me completely. “Oh yes, please, I like it most when you touch me and slowly press it inside. It feels so very good.”

A true wanton was born that July 31st almost fifteen years ago, I thought breathlessly. “My sweet girl, I’m more than glad to touch you. Perhaps we’ll have time for me to suck on your nipples to make them grow.”

His whole body shivered then. “Oh please, they ache so much and it only goes away when you’re sucking and licking them.”

Abruptly, I stood up with him in my arms. His legs automatically came around my waist and he rubbed himself shamelessly against me while his mouth opened under mine. A fast hard kiss had us both panting while I got back enough control to carry him swiftly upstairs and set him down beside our bed. We undressed each other as quickly as we could but his blouse was still on when I pulled down his panties and swallowed his cock to the root.

He writhed on the rumpled sheets, chanting my name over and over while leaking salty precome. “So good, Sev . . . so hot, I’m so hot . . . empty, Sev . . . need you so much.”

I hummed around him and he bucked up and came down my throat. I was definitely addicted to him. Gently letting him fall from my lips after a last lick, I found his wanton sprawl to be quite delectable. Swiftly, I pulled off my Henley and unzipped my jeans with a sigh of relief. I’d been hard for almost too long.

“Am I stretched enough for him, Sev?” His eyes were looking at me with quite a different look than his first almost scared glance. He’d come a long way in three days.

“Not quite yet, Kitten, but I will thicken up the plug a bit so you can see how that feels.” Kicking off my shoes, I leaned down and got his off as well. Peeling off his socks, I took a deep breath of slightly sweaty skin and licked up his high arch while he started in surprise and squeaked.

“Why does that feel good, Sev?” His blush was adorable. “I thought feet and arses were kind of forbidden for touches.”

I kissed my way from his toes up his leg, savoring the delicious skin. “They’re not for polite society and therefore not for touching. But between lovers, there is no part of your body or mine that’s forbidden.” Kissing his limp cock, I continued up to his navel while my hands finished unbuttoning his wrinkled blouse. “Love your nipples, sweetheart, and the way they perk up for me.”

His hands combed through my hair while he sighed and arched his back to get closer to my lips. “I love the way you touch me, Sev. Every touch tells me you love me and every time you show me something new, I get that fluttery feeling in my stomach. It all feels so good and I know if it doesn’t, I can tell you and you’ll stop.”

I stopped suckling and leaned up so I could see his eyes. “Thank you, little love. I promise not to hurt you in any way.” We kissed gently, tenderly and I felt my heart expand still bigger in answer to his. I was the luckiest wizard in the world to have him in my life.

We finished undressing and he found the plug under my pillow, looking from it to me and back before thickening it another half inch. That was really going to stretch him and I made sure I slathered lubricant deep inside his channel before having him go onto all fours so I could slide it in. There was tension in his lower back this time and I slid a slippery hand over his slightly wilted cock to change his focus.
Gradually, I distracted him enough to finish pushing it in and the little sigh he gave when it impacted his gland made his whole body untense. He was a natural and my cock gave a little jump at the thought of all that tight heat that would soon be mine. Rolling him onto his back, I went back to suckling his pink nipples while he sighed happily and stroked my hairy chest.

Sliding one of my legs between his, I gave him something to rock against while he hardened more. His small hands slid down to my cock and gripped me harder than he ever had. His wiggles tormented both of us and finally he pushed me onto the bed and swarmed over me. His little gasp when the plug moved was music to my ears. It meant he was enjoying the size.

“Oh, Sev, it feels so good to have something inside of me. Why do men ever go with women if they could feel this instead?” He determinedly opened wide and stretched around my crown, his rough tongue bathing the head and slit with fervor.

My hips came up a bit and I had to cut back a moan. “Some men never know the pleasure to be had. It’s considered sinful to make love with someone with whom you can’t have children.”

He sucked hard then let go for a moment. “I don’t quite understand how the whole baby thing works. Do the books say?”

I shivered at the cooler air hitting my wet cock. “They do say and we’ll read them a little later. Love is never sinful even if you and I can’t get pregnant.”

He grinned and went back to trying to fit more of me in his mouth. His jaws were going to be aching if I didn’t come soon but that wasn’t going to be a problem because I’d been on edge forever and with a shout of warning, I sprayed him. He swallowed as fast as he could but some still escaped and ran down his chin and face. I relaxed all over and sighed in contentment.

It had been a long dry spell but it was finally over.

********* Harry *********

I loved seeing that contented look on his face. Licking up the last of his seed, I felt the hard plug move inside of me and wished it was him. What would it feel like to feel all that hot come shooting up inside of me? Kind of like the warm water of the bidet, I decided, letting him go reluctantly when he pulled me up. He licked my face clean, too while I squirmed a little at the teasing roughness of his tongue.

Tucking me into a different position, he went back to sucking my nipples while I hugged his shoulders. A sudden thought came to me then and I decided to ask him. “Severus, if I was really Mary and had a female opening, could you come inside it and make me grow a baby? Would my nipples give out milk like you talked about earlier?”

He chuckled and kept licking. “If you had a vagina, Harry, I could come inside of it and shoot my seed deep inside of you. If one of mine combined with one of your eggs, it would create a child who would grow slowly in your uterus for nine months. During that time, your breasts would grow a little more and your nipples would get ready to give milk. And once our baby was born, he or she would suckle at your breasts for their nourishment for six months or more.”

Our baby, that sounded even better than our home. I sighed a little. “I wish I could do that, Severus. I wish the world was safe enough to have babies. It’s too bad there isn’t a spell to give me a vagina and a uterus. My nipples really like the idea of giving milk.”

He paused and raised an eyebrow at me. “There are spells, Harry but you’re much too young to
even be thinking of that. In ten years, once Voldemort is dead and the world is a more stable place, come and ask me again about those spells.”

Then he went back to sucking me while one hand slowly stroked my cock against his furry leg. I was going to remember that promise, I made a secret vow and I wasn’t going to wait ten years. He didn’t think I’d still want to when I got older but all I’d ever wanted was someone to love me and a family I could love. I liked wearing women’s clothing so I was pretty sure I’d like the extra woman parts.

But first, I had to stretch enough so he could come inside of me. Shifting my hips a little, the plug moved inside of me and warmed me from head to toe. I was going to ask him if I could wear it outside tomorrow when we went shopping for my first bra. The sooner I got bigger for him, the better I’d like it. I loved the way he made me feel.

My nipples were both hard and aching now when he stopped and looked at them with a smile of satisfaction. “Kitten, you have the prettiest nipples in England. How do they feel now?”

“Better than good, Sev, they have a warm ache like the one inside of me from the plug.” I flirted up at him and loved his indulgent smile. “I think I’m going to need that bra to keep from showing them under my blouses.”

He chuckled and swooped in to kiss my lips. His arms held me tight while mine slid around his neck to hold him closer. Rolling, he pulled me fully on top of him which gave me room to wiggle and squirm against his hairy body. I really liked his fur. His hands slid down to my cheeks and the plug nestled between them. He pushed it in and set off little shocks to my gland.

I moaned and pushed up into his fingers, tearing my lips away to suck in air. “Please do that again, Sev. It feels so good. I wish it was bigger still.”

His smile was a bit hesitant. “I don’t want to go too fast, Harry. You’re body is still so young and small. Don’t let me hurt you with my desire.”

I felt like preening at the compliment that I could make him want me so much. “My body wants yours and so does my heart, Severus. I’m learning more everyday and soon I want you deep inside of me, making this ache go away.”

“Let me know if it’s too much.” He said quietly before tapping the end of the plug and saying something not in English or Latin.

For a moment nothing happened then I felt the plug swell bigger. It ached and I swallowed hard at the new sensation. But it didn’t hurt so I nodded to him to continue. Another tap and spell and my eyes began to water at the stretching movement. This time it did hurt a little.

“That’s enough for now, sweetheart.” He cradled me close and moved us to our sides, one of his legs still between mine. It was snug against my pelvis with my cock and balls lying on top and the plug behind. “Is there pain, little love?”

I shook my head. “Just really, really full, Severus. It’s kind of like my nipples with a sweet ache that makes me feel loved.”

“Sweetheart,” he kissed my face all over before settling in to suck my tongue into his mouth. His cock was getting hard again against my stomach and I wrapped a hand around him so I could stroke him. He liked that a lot and his lips smiled against mine.

Being able to affect him like this made me feel powerful. It was *my* touch that made him hard;
my nipples that he liked to suck; my hole that he wanted to come inside. Me, scrawny Harry Potter, was the boy who he loved. I was going to be so good; he’d never want to leave our bed. I was going to satisfy every desire he had, no matter what it was. Even if I didn’t already like them for myself, I’d wear girl’s clothes to entice him.

I really liked the way he lifted my skirt and fondled my arse in my silk panties. How would it feel to wear them while the plug was inside of me? I could hardly wait to find out. The pressure was gradually subsiding and every time it slid past my gland, the heat got hotter.

“While we’re simmering, Kitten, why don’t I show you the sex books you’re going to be studying?” He waited for me to nod yes before sliding away and out of bed.

I felt cold almost at once but I enjoyed looking down my body at all the changes. Instead of bruises from beatings, I had little scratch marks here and there from his wiry hair. My nipples were bright pink and stood up in little stiff peaks. My fingers touched them and wondered why it didn’t feel as good as when he touched them. My cock was hard and standing up from between my legs.

Sliding a hand down to it, I stroked him once before sliding lower to cup my balls. They felt more sensitive now and when I moved my hips against the sheets, the plug warmed up even more.

“That is the sexiest picture I’ve ever seen.” Severus’ voice was deep and low and it made my stomach flutter. “I think I shall have to paint you looking just like that in my studio this summer. We’ll keep it in the basement, safe from prying eyes.”

I blushed and looked down. “I’m too scrawny to be in a picture.”

He slid in beside me and laid a book on my stomach. “Nonsense, sweetheart, you’re slender and some more good meals will take away any hint of scrawniness.”

‘Slender’, I thought about it. That sounded much better so I smiled up at him when he dropped a kiss on my lips. I picked up the book and read the cover – The Wizard’s Guide to Gay Sex. Severus was pulling all the pillows up behind him and sitting back against them so I sat up, wincing at the fullness of the expanded plug.

“Here, Kitten, lean against me,” his arms tucked me into his side and propped the book up on his flat stomach. “Ready?”

“Yes, please.” I opened it up and the first picture was of two naked men lying in a bed kind of like ours. They were kissing and my eyes widened when I saw their hands stroking each other’s cocks like we did.

“Mutual masturbation is common among gay wizards; chapter three has a lot of variations we can try.” Sev was grinning at me but I didn’t mind because his hand was stroking me. “Turn the pages slowly and stop when you have a question, little love.”

Nodding, I turned the pages. Short wizards, tall wizards, wizards with average cocks like mine and some with really big ones like Sev’s, blond and brunette wizards, they all looked like they were having fun. One picture where they were on a furry rug in front of a blazing fire, sucking on each other really made me feel hot.

“We’ll do that tonight in the lounge, all right?” Sev whispered in my ear and I nodded eagerly. “What kind of fur rug would you like?”

I thought about it for a minute. “Something short and thick and plush, maybe?”
He smiled and kissed me. “Absolutely, sweetheart, soft fur for my little kitten.”

I really liked that nickname. “I love you, Severus. Thank you for the sweet names.”

“Oh, Harry, there are a hundred more I want to call you but you truly do remind me of a kitten.” He licked my cheek before nuzzling the suddenly sensitive skin.

********** Severus **********

Harry giggled a little but tilted his head up for more kisses. He was such a sweetheart, I wanted to lock the front door and say ‘goodbye’ to the wizarding world forever. They thought they owned him but they were wrong. He was mine now, forever mine and soon I would stake my claim before the old gods to his heart and soul.

I had the oddest feeling that he meant what he said about adding female parts so he could bear our children. Little more than a child himself, he was an adult about many things. I’d have to study up on the ancient spells and potions it would take to give him the equipment he needed to bear a baby. From the dark time I lost my virginity at 14, I’d never even considered having a family.

Lucius Malfoy had made sure of that when he took me so callously and sneered at my feelings. I’d buried all the gentler emotions deep and layered on thick shields to protect my heart. It should have been a shriveled up husk but Harry had peeled back all my layers and exposed it to his light. It had grown out of all recognition to me but so long as he was happy, I would be, too.

“Oh my,” his whisper was rather shocked and I looked down to see a young man being fucked across a desk that looked oddly like my potions desk. He turned bright pink and his look up at me was rather shy but determined. “We’re going to do that some day. You’re going to come inside me just like that only you’ll be wearing your robes unbuttoned just far enough for your great big cock to come out.”

“And you’ll be wearing your robes but pushed up just far enough so I can slide down your pants, exposing your bright pink ruffled panties and that sweet little hole that’s waiting for my . . . great . . . big . . . snake.”

He was unconsciously moving between the plug and my hand around his cock. “Oh, and I’ll have gotten ready for you with lots of slippery lubricant before I came to class. Maybe I’ll even be wearing my plug so I’m all stretched for you. And I’ll have been really bad in class so you make me stay for detention.”

“Really, Mr. Potter, how did you get your green potion to come out yellow?” I used my snarky voice and he moaned, moving faster between the two sensations. “Such a disobedient little boy, I think I’ll have to come up with a new punishment for you. Lay over my desk while I ready the tool of your discipline.”

“Oh yes, Professor Snape,” his breathy little murmur went straight to my cock. “I’ve been really, really bad and need to be punished hard.”

He squirmed against me and I moved the book down so we could still see the picture of the two men fucking. “Spanking isn’t hard enough for this punishment, Mr. Potter. I believe a good . . . fucking should do the trick.”

“Oh-h-h-h,” he clenched hard and came in my hand, his body almost rigid in his throes. I kissed him with tongue and he shuddered against me, soaking my hand with his seed. “Oh, Severus, that was so good.”
Chuckling, I slid my lips down his chest to lick away the seed that had escaped me. “Naughty Harry, you have a good imagination. I love you.”

He stretched languidly and linked his hands around my neck. “I love you too, Sev. That was a really hot fantasy. Is the word ‘fuck’ like cock, not used in polite company?”

“Exactly right, between the two of us, we can use it when we’re feeling earthy instead of emotional. There are nuances in language that only come out when two people are as close as we are.”

His smile was bright. “You’re the only one I’ll *ever* be this close to, Sev. Well, you and Uncle John,” this grin was cheeky and I started tickling his sides while he giggled and tried to escape.

We played for an hour in between looking at the pictures. While we bathed our sticky bodies, he asked to wear his other nightgown and I agreed. With all the stimulation his breasts had been receiving, only the softest of material would do for his tender nipples. Going back into his room, I sat on his bed and watched while he lifted it reverently over his head and gave a little shake so it fell in soft folds about his body.

For a brief moment, I saw him a little older wearing a gown almost like it while his abdomen swelled gently beneath. Blinking, I wondered if I’d just had a vision of our future. Oddly enough, I liked it. Was I so depraved I was going to take his virginity and his future and let him bear our children?

Actually, yes I was. Smiling, I picked up his brush and started the sweeping strokes we both loved. He leaned back against me, settled between my legs while I brushed. “I like this, Uncle John. It’s very soothing to have you brush my hair. I like having all your attention focused just on me. Is that very greedy?”

“Never, Kitten, you should have been loved and wanted like this from the moment you were born.” I dropped a kiss on the satin strap on his shoulder. “I love you and will always love you.”

He turned his head a little and I saw tears shining in his eyes. “I love you, too. Forever and ever, I will always love you first.”

“Until our children start arriving and then we’ll both love them with all our hearts.” I said tenderly and his smile blossomed.

He smoothed his hands over his flat stomach, the satin rippling under his fingers. “Once I get the extra parts, we can practice you giving me your seed until they combine. I wonder how odd it will feel to have something growing inside of me. Oh, it will be kind of like the plug, maybe?”

“I’ll get a good book on pregnancy so you can see all the changes your body will go through. Male pregnancies are much harder on the carrier than a woman’s. Her body is created for just such a task while yours will have to stretch and grow differently.” I kissed his temple and kept brushing. “We’ll both think long and hard on it before making that decision.”

“All right, Uncle John, I can wait.” His tones were placid as if humoring me. “I really like the idea of creating a bigger family. We’re already a family of two.”

“We are indeed, sweetheart.” I finished brushing and hugged him close. “Now, how about we go down and make dinner? Do you want the plug out for now?”

He shook his head and turned into my arms, smiling up at me. “No, I want it to keep on stretching me. I want you inside of me.”
“So do I, Kitten, so do I.” I kissed him again and savored his sweet taste before picking him up and carrying him downstairs.

The next three days passed smoothly and occasionally I wondered what the rest of the wizarding world was doing. Harry and I were cocooned in our own little world and I’m afraid I really didn’t care if the Order was having collective kittens. My own little kitten was more than enough to keep my attention.

Harry explored my body and his own, mastering the first ten chapters of the guide with diligent practice. We ate huge meals and then worked them off in the most pleasant way possible. The trip to the undergarments department was interesting and Miss Mary now had three new bras. One in silk, one in cotton and one in some new muggle fabric called ‘micro-fiber’, what ever that meant.

She loved them all but mostly she loved it when I suckled on her little breasts. Oddly, her chest seemed to do a little expanding to accommodate the increased mass under her nipples and I checked on that in a wizarding compendium of arcane spells and conditions. It appeared Harry was part of the 1% of wizards who were naturally disposed to carrying children.

The constant suckling would eventually result in his growing small but adequate breast fat to provide milk for our children. And they would be ‘our’ children for he was still determined to take me inside of him. Every day he insisted on the plug being spelled a little thicker and longer. And every night, he took a little more of my cock in his mouth and throat. I’d never been so satisfied in my life. Constant sex seemed to agree with both of us. The new moon was Saturday and we’d carefully shaved his legs during our bath so he could wear his silk stockings on Sunday. We both had enemas so we were cleaned out and ready to play in the bidet. Harry writhed as the little geyser squirted up into his hole.

“Oh, so good, that feels so good, Sev,” he panted and I kissed him again and again. “Pretty soon it will be your hot come inside of me, Sev. Oh, please . . .”

He almost came but we were saving ourselves for the altar and our homes wards tonight and he shuddered when I pulled down on his balls. Just the sound of those words coming out of his mouth had almost made me come and I did my own shivering. Picking him up off the bidet, I carried him out into the hall, down the stairs to my studio and then into the dark basement. Summer was heating up outside so it felt cool to our over heated skin. I set him down on the altar and he stretched out across it with a wanton sprawl that made my cock pulse. “You know you want me, Sev. I’m all cleaned out and stretched. Your cock wants to fuck me right here on our home altar. I brought your special lubricant down earlier and asked the house if it was all right. It wants you to take me, too.”

The wards shimmered around us like another heartbeat or a second sun. They did want us to seal our bond with them tonight. I wanted him so badly I could taste blood where I’d bitten my lip. “Harry . . . it’s too soon. You’re still so young.”

His smile was almost lazy while his hands stroked over his body like a lover. “The ancient druids said a boy became a man when he turned 14. Most of them were married before they turned 15. And once we take care of Voldemort, I want to get pregnant. I want to take your seed so deep inside of me it will spontaneously create our first child.”

“Gods . . .” I was panting in need. “I want that too, Harry. I want to open your body and shove my cock so deep inside of you it feels like he’s going to come out of your stomach.”
He moaned and sat up, holding his hands out beseechingly to me. “Yes, Severus, yes please do it now. I need you so much.”

The air heated between us like a volcano and I splashed oil on my hands hastily, almost shaking in my need for him. He kissed me hard while I stretched his tiny hole and slicked my diamond hard cock. The altar was just the right height for me to lay him down with his arse almost hanging off the stone. My fingers came out and my crown breeched his hole in the same moment.

He screamed when the wide crown stretched him wider than even the plug had. Tears ran down his cheeks and I kissed each one away while murmuring all the sweet nicknames I’d given him. When the extreme pressure eased a bit, I pulled back a little. “All right, sweetheart, talk to me, little love.”

“Oh-h-h-h,” his voice wavered but his eyes opened to gaze up at me in a daze. “You’re inside of me. It hurts but it’s a good hurt. I can feel your heartbeat there.” His smile grew. “More, Severus, give me all of him. I want to feel him all the way up to my heart.”

My own smile finally broke through my fear and I pushed in an inch before stopping. “I’ve never been inside anyone tighter. Your heat is amazing, Harry.” Another inch and his skin blushed cherry. “So fucking good, sweetheart, you feel so right around me.”

“That’s because you were born to love me and I was born to love you.” His gland reacted to me and his hips levitated a bit. “Oh there, oh he feels so very, very right.”

“He was made to love you, sweet Harry, my own pure and innocent lover.” I slid in the rest of the way and panted at the squeezing constriction.

“He really does feel like he’s about to come out of my stomach,” his hands smoothed over the skin there and I swear my cock felt his fingers. “So good, Severus, fuck me now.”

I started the gentle rocking that would bring us both pleasure in this most sacred of spots. My hands slid under him to cushion his lower back and his hands slid up my arms to bring me down to his lips. The glow of the single candle seemed to multiply around us until I could have sworn we were outside under the full light of day.

We exchanged every vow we’d spoken before and added new ones between kisses. He vowed to love me forever, forsaking all others while I promised him my life and love for an eternity. When I finally thrust and came deep within his bowels, he cried out and spurted between us, the drops sizzling onto the altar and writing odd characters into the stone.

Panting, we rested for a long moment while the light around us slowly died away to the single candle. He came back first to our current bodies. “Sev, that was so intense. What happened? Well, other than you finally taking my virginity.”

I rested on my elbows beside his head and smoothed kisses across his face. “Virginty is a powerful thing to give to someone. The energy involved is intense and spiritual. But we did more than that, sweet love. We gave all of us to each other, the good and the bad, the weak and the strong, the pure and the earthy. Our bond has been growing steadily and I think we just sealed it for all time.”

His smile was luminous. “Good. I don’t want anyone else ever. I just want you for as long as we live. And I want our children too so it’s a good thing we’re going to be practicing a lot. Your seed feels really good inside of me and so does your cock.”

“It hurt at first though and I’m sorry about that.” I felt myself begin to shrink a little and I stood to gingerly begin the delicate unweaving of our bodies.
He bit his lip a little and moaned when my crown stretched his guardian muscle again. The discharge was copious and slightly bloody, the altar stone soaking it up almost before it hit the surface. But then Harry smiled and relaxed all over. “Oh, that feels so good, Severus. It’s like the stone reached inside of me and healed the little tear I felt earlier. That’s really handy to remember. Maybe I should give birth on the altar, too.”

I scooped him up in my arms and headed for the stairs. “That will not be any time soon, sweetheart.

********** Harry **********

Severus treated me like the little princess he called me while I healed from giving myself to him. I kept wearing the plug, dialed up to its highest setting but now that I’d taken his cock, it just didn’t feel as good as he did. He liked me to come inside of him and I liked that too but I didn’t know how to explain to him what it felt like when he took me.

I felt small and dainty and so open for him. The feel of his crown, so hot and big, pushing into me gave me the helpless feeling I craved. I like all the euphemisms for making love but sometimes I just wanted to be laid down and fucked. We were working on that. My birthday was especially good. We baked a cake with lots of icing and really good vanilla ice cream with hot fudge drizzled on it.

We ate at the kitchen table mostly and Sev had laid me face down on the table so he could dribble fudge sauce between my cheeks. He sat in the chair and licked me until I was begging for him to fuck me. “F*ck me, Uncle John, put your giant cock there and f*ck me hard.” I panted and writhed under his tongue. “You know you want to give me that great big present I’ve been begging for all summer. You want to shove inside of me and f*ck me with your mighty cock. You want me to scream and scream your name until I’m hoarse.”

“Gods,” he stood up and slid both his thumbs inside me at once while I cried out at the sudden intrusion. “I’m going to f*ck you so hard, you’ll have to sit on a cushion for the rest of the week. I’m going to split you in two, my little birthday boy. This tiny little hole is going to have to take my big pole whether you want me or not.”

I felt a warm drizzle and realized he was putting in more chocolate. “That’s all the lubricant you’re going to get, little one.” He put the crown to my hole and pushed once hard. “You’re going to take all of him, sweet Harry. I’m going to slide in so far and so deep you’re going to feel him in your throat.” He thrust in hard and I shrieked again.

Gods, he felt so good. No matter how many times he took me, it still felt like the first time all over again. I hadn’t torn since but that was because he was so careful of me. Today, he seemed to be losing some of the control he always kept and that made me feel really good. He’d accepted this was what I wanted, he was what I craved.

“Yes, Severus, deeper, go deeper,” I panted through the pain and felt my gland begin to glow. “Oh yes! More, give him all to me. I’m greedy and I want all of him. I want you to pound me right into this table then I want you to come hot and strong inside of me.”

“Yes,” he held my hips so I couldn’t move much and his thrusts got deeper and wilder than ever before. “My little Harry with the tight arse and the glove-soft channel, I’m going to flood you with my seed, so deep it will stay until the next time you tempt me with your beautiful body.”

“Yes!” I felt my cock burst under the table but still he kept pounding away. “I’ll be all slick and open and hungry for your cock. Every day I want you to wake up and take me. Every night I want you to split me wide with your cock. I want to sit on you at lunch and make love to you in the
backyard under the full moon. I want to have trouble walking because I can still feel you inside of me.”

“Harry,” he spoke softly and came in a hot gush of seed. I felt his breath against the back of my neck. “My beautiful, desirable, fuckable Harry.”

I smiled into the oak tabletop. “Your Harry.”

He pulled back but not out and with my arse held tight to his groin, he sat down in the kitchen chair with me still sitting on his cock and lap. That felt really good and I laid my head back on his chest. We just sat there and breathed each other in. Our scent was kind of odd but I knew I’d never be able to eat fudge sauce again without wanting him to fuck me.

“You are without a doubt the most beautiful birthday boy in the British Isles.” His hands rubbed my stomach before sliding up to my nipples and giving them a tweak. “I haven’t sucked on these little jewels today, Harry. I think I’ll spread some of your birthday cake on them and eat them clean.”

They peaked in an instant. “Yes, please, that would be brilliant, Sev. They’re fifteen years old now and I’m sure to grow more. I kind of like the way they plump out for you.”

“No more than I do, sweetheart.” His lips outlined my ear and his teeth gently bit my lobe. “Would you like to have an ear pierced, little love? I’d love to give you an emerald as beautiful as your eyes to wear.”

I hadn’t thought about that before. I’d never worn any jewelry but I loved getting presents from Sev. “I think I’d like that, Severus. It would be like an engagement ring only in my ear.”

He chuckled and I felt his cock twitch inside of me so I squeezed my inner muscles around him gently to see if I couldn’t get him hard again. I was in the mood to get fucked in this position. His wand flew down the stairs and into his hand. The wards had gotten so strong since my blood had soaked into the altar that we could do any kind of magic we wanted and you couldn’t tell it from outside.

“Hold still, Kitten.” He laid the tip against my lobe and concentrated for a moment before speaking. It felt like a sharp prick then a heaviness stretched it a bit. “I was right, it looks beautiful.”

A mirror floated in from the front hall and showed me my ear. A beautiful stone of flashing green was nestled in the lobe and I felt the back of it to see how it stayed on. There was a little stud and holder keeping it in place and I smiled at myself. “Thank you, Sev. It’s the most beautiful birthday present I’ve ever gotten.”

His arms squeezed me tight and his lips grazed my throat while I tilted my head back to give him more room. His tongue laved all the spots that made me shiver before it licked my newly pierced ear. That made me shudder hard and his cock surged back to life inside of me.

His big hands rested on my hips and moved my legs outside of his. I was splayed in his lap with my cock starting to rise and the mirror grew bigger to show us both in the chair. His fingers stroked me while his hips nudged up then down gently. My gland was warming up again and I used my thigh muscles to help move my body in counterpoint to his thrusts.

“That’s it, little princess, show me how much you want my cock up your tight, little arse.” His deep voice liked teasing me and I moaned while still watching us make love. “Sweet Harry, once we’re
done, I’m going to carry you upstairs and draw us a bath.” His hands moved me a little quicker, pulling me down harder and making my gland sing. “Then I’m going to shave every bit of hair below your waist. Once we’re dry, I’m going to rub a special potion into your newly depililated skin that will make it even smoother.”

I groaned and pushed back hard while watching his fingers grip my cock tighter.

“Then we’re going into the innocent rose-pink room we created for your alter-ego, Mary.” He licked my neck and bit lightly while I moaned some more. “Once you’re beautifully naked, I’ll pick out a new pair of silk stockings and help you roll them up your smooth legs. Then you’ll put on the new panties I ordered just for you. And then the garter belt to hold up your stockings.”

“Oh-h-h, can I wear the satin nightgown over them, Uncle John?” I wanted to feel all of that against my skin.

“I have a new outfit for you, sweet Mary.” His tongue painted obscure symbols on my throat and shoulder. “I promise it will feel even better than your pretty nightgown.”

I was practically bouncing on his lap while his cock moved in and out of me and I knew we couldn’t last much longer. It was the third time today we’d made love. “Oh, g-g-good, I love getting new clothes. Will I be able to wear it outside, Uncle John?”

“No!” He shouted and came inside of me while I seized up and painted the table with my spray of come. We both sat there quivering for a long moment before he finally sighed contentedly and licked the spot he’d bitten in apology. “This outfit is strictly for us, sweetheart. The neighborhood would have a collective heart attack if they ever saw it.”

“Oh good,” I hugged his arms closer around my waist. “I like those kind of outfits. Is it sexy or innocent in a depraved-fifteen-year-old-going-to-hell sort of way?”

His laughter forced him out of me and his come dripped out onto his lap. But I didn’t mind and I’d gotten really good with my cleaning spells. Turning towards him, I kissed his laughing lips and wrapped my tongue around his. I love his kisses and he liked getting them all the time. Sometimes when he was painting, I’d interrupt him because I just had to kiss him right that moment.

He understood and sometimes when I least expected it; he’d swoop down and kiss me hard. I could come more often he did and I came at least four times a day. Finally he pulled away and stood up with me in his arms. I loved it when he carried me like that because I always felt safe in his embrace.

“Sweet Harry, I believe it’s more depraved than deprived.” He carried me up the stairs and into the bathroom where the water was already gently steaming. Stepping over the side, he set me down before sinking beneath the hot water. I followed him, hissing a bit when the hot water hit my well-used hole. He instantly healed it for me, drawing me into his arms and touching it with a muttered spell.

“Thank you, Severus but I was enjoying it.” I rubbed the soap between my palms and got a really good wash going before swirling it into his chest hair. I love playing with all that fur. “I like the ache that reminds me you were inside me. I lie at night sometimes when I don’t go right to sleep and think about growing a woman’s parts and how it will feel when you come inside me in an entirely new way. Just think, I’ll be a different kind of virgin. The altar will like that.”

He chuckled and soaped his own hands to gently wash my chest. “We’ll both enjoy it, sweetheart. And the altar will be overjoyed to help create new life. It’s the oddest thing but I have the sense the
ward lines are expanding all around us. The neighborhood as far away as the Cathedral feels more welcoming to me."

I stopped what I was doing and looked at him. “Me too, I feel the same way. I don’t ever want to leave here, Sev. What are we going to do when school starts?”

He pulled me close and kissed me softly until I was calmer. “We’re going to go back to Hogwarts where you are going to study really hard and I’m going to do everything I can to keep you safe. If we can, we’ll have some time to ourselves but if we can’t, we’ll wait for the holidays and come back here to sate our passions for the entire week.”

I laughed the way he wanted me to then determinedly went back to washing. “And I’m going to learn everything I can to destroy Voldemort. I’ve got three more years of school but he has to be gone by then because I want to get pregnant. By the time I’m 18, I want to be well along to having our first child.”

He paused, the way he always does when I say that. He was still not sure I knew what I really wanted but he’d learn that when I set my mind to something, I always followed through. I could hardly wait. The baker’s assistant was also her daughter and she was pregnant at almost eight months along. We’d become friends and she was very kind when she answered my shy questions.

She was really big in front and she complained about having to go to the bathroom all the time but she sounded pretty contented when she said it. Her husband delivered their baked goods all over town and he treated her like fine china when they were together. They were really sweet and a little ache settled inside of me whenever I saw them.

I wanted that feeling and closeness. I wanted to be planning for giving life instead of death. But if I had to kill Voldemort then I would. He was in the way of our having a safe future in a country where we could raise our family. I wanted a lot of kids, kind of like the Weasleys. I just wasn’t going to tell Sev that yet.

“Sweetheart, stand up for me so I can shave you.” Sev’s voice brought me out of my trance and I scrambled to my feet. I loved the shaving spell and often practiced it on Sev’s face in the morning but he liked to use it on me all over and that always felt so good I didn’t mind at all.

A few muttered words and I felt my skin tingle everywhere. Now the silk would feel even better on my skin. I loved going to church on Sunday because I got to wear my garter belt and stockings and my prettiest green dress. I felt as pretty as the princess, Uncle John named me. All the old ladies of the parish ooh-ed and aah-ed over me and to tell the truth it felt pretty good.

But not as good as what we did when we came home.

“Out we go, Kitten. You’ve got another present to put on.” Sev knelt up and kissed my cock before standing up the rest of the way.

“Oh good,” I dried myself hurriedly and followed him into my newly decorated room. In case we ever had company who asked to use the bathroom and got snoopy, we had turned the former blue bedroom into the prettiest room in the house. My bed was now a white canopy with rose-pink gauze hanging from the railings like soft clouds. The bedding was soft damask in shades of rose with white lace pillow shams at the head.

I even had a beautiful doll who wore a dress identical to my green one who sat at the head of my bed to watch over me while I slept. Of course, I didn’t sleep here but we had lain here once and made love so I knew if I had to I could. But for now, I gazed expectantly at my grinning lover and
wondered what my new outfit was going to be like.

He got out a shopping bag with the name of a store I’d never heard of before on it and pulled out a little scrap of red silk. “These are a new style so let’s see how they feel on.”

He held them out and I stepped into them, wondering where all the material had gone. Suddenly, I saw that the front was a pouch that my cock slid into and the tiny straps came up over my hips while the narrow back eased between my arse cheeks. “It’s called a thong and I think you look absolutely delectable in them.”

I blushed and wiggled a little. “The strap up my crack feels weird but kind of good and the silk sheath feels almost as good as you do when I’m inside you.”

That got me a hard kiss and a gentle stroke to my cock before he pushed me onto the bed so he could roll up the cobweb like silk stockings. They felt wonderful and when he slid the pink garter belt up to hold them, I trembled a little. I love the way they cling to me. He kissed the end of my cock while he snapped them in place then he helped me stand and pulled out something else red.

It was one piece with silk and petticoats and it looked complicated. The skirt flared out and had a couple of rows of stiff ruffles or something to keep its shape. The waist nipped in with something that looked like a corset I’d seen in the lingerie store where we’d gotten my bras. The bust was tight and it looked like it had something inside the cups that would hug me.

I could hardly wait to try it on. Severus held it out and showed me where to slide my hands first. It closed around me like a second skin and the cups had fur inside of them that made me tingle all over when he started fastening the hooks up in the back. I’d never be able to get them undone on my own and that made my heart beat faster for some reason. I liked it when I was at his mercy. I got to be weak a little instead of being always strong and ready to fight.

I’d been fighting all my life and it felt good not to have to. The cups closed over my small breasts and when Sev whispered something, the fur began to vibrate against my nipples. “Oh-h-h-h-h, that feels good. I love it, Sev.”

He chuckled and swept my hair to one side so he could kiss that hot spot behind my ear.

********* Severus *********

He purred for me like the kitten I called him. “Sweetheart, how does it feel everywhere else?”

He wiggled a little and stood away from me so he could move freely. “I like it. It fits tightly but I can still twist and turn.” He ruffled his skirt and all the petticoats. “I really like my skirt. I bet it will feel really good when I sit on your lap. The thong is teasing me and I’m already leaking a bit into the pouch. But my nipples feel wonderful. I wonder if we could spell fur into all my bras?”

Chuckling, I pulled him close and ran my hands up under his petticoats to cup those taut cheeks of his. “I think we could do that, Harry. I’ve never met anyone who likes their nipples teased so much. I truthfully think your breasts are changing, sweetheart. Our babies are going to enjoy nursing from you.”

He smiled all over and hopped up onto my leg so he could rock back and forth. “They’ll like it but I will, too. I won’t want to wean them so long as I can feed them. But I’ll always love it when you suckle the best. Even if I’m not pregnant, maybe I’ll still create milk for you.”

I slipped two fingers under the thong and into his loosened hole. He was absolutely addicting and my cock had never been so happy. Kissing him was always new and exciting so we did it all the
time. Hogwarts was going to be absolute hell if I had to completely keep my hands off of him.

“Oh, Sev, more, my legs are tingling.” He squirmed to get better friction on his cock but I moved him off my lap completely and watched him pout.

“You still have something more for your new outfit.” I told him and watched his eyes light up.

“Shoes, you got me new shoes, didn’t you, Sev?” He asked excitedly.

“Shoes, it is, Princess.” I reached into the bag and pulled out a pair of two inch spiky heels, taller than anything he’d worn before.

“Oooo-oo, Sev, they’re beautiful.” He sighed happily and I helped him put them on. The first two steps were awkward while he found his balance but when he did, his walk turned into that swivel-hipped stride that turned my knees to spaghetti. Turning back to me, he put his hands on his hips and wiggled a little. Then he was in my arms, kissing my face over and over.

Laughing, we walked down the stairs to the lounge so he could open the rest of his presents. I’d informed Dumbledore of his safety two weeks before and his friends had sent his gifts to a safe house where I picked them up. I’d refused to bring him in until we had to start school and he’d instantly agreed to let him have this summer free.

I wondered if he knew of Harry and mine’s transformation. If he did, perhaps he’d run interference for us and give us chances to reconnect. If not, Harry was just going to have to be assigned lots of detentions. I was looking forward to the first one and the enactment of our fantasy on my potions desk. What I was not looking forward to was the need to keep this relationship secret. Harry was going to find it hard to prevaricate to his friends and the first time I was harsh with him it was going to hurt.

And I hated hurting him. There were going to be many long and sleepless nights without him by my side. Our lessons would still be needed although we’d been working on them since the wards strengthened. He’d learned Occumency and Legilimans within the last three weeks and he’d soaked up each lesson like a sponge. He was determined to fulfill the prophecy so we could get back to living our lives.

He was really single-minded about getting pregnant. His reading hadn’t slowed him down at all. The side effects - the bloating, sore muscles, hormone driven mood swings, cravings and all the others simply didn’t faze him. He looked at the pictures of a woman at each stage of development and stroked his stomach with a smile. Had I influenced him too much with the girls clothing at the beginning of this charade?

“Sev, what’s wrong?” Harry’s small hand stroked my cheek and I realized we were snuggled on the rug in front of the crackling fire with a pile of unwrapped gifts to one side of us.

“Nothing’s really wrong, sweetheart.” I decided to ask him. “If I hadn’t disguised you as a little girl two months ago, would you still be so determined to grow women’s parts?”

He curled in my arms with one hand rubbing his right breast absentmindedly. “I’m pretty sure I would, Sev. I’ve always wanted a big family but couldn’t really picture what it would take to get one. Wearing girl’s clothes felt so free and being a little girl in public was so much fun that I decided to never give it up. Then when I found out what making love meant, I really, really wanted you inside of me.”

He stopped there while we kissed for a long moment, his hands unbuttoning my shirt so he could
bury his fingers in my chest hair. He wasn’t the only one who liked his nipples played with and
he’d discovered pretty early on he could make me melt with a good pinch or two. When we
stopped to breathe, he was straddling my lap with his hands on my shoulders.

“It just feels right to be the one who wants to carry our babies inside of me. My mother gave life to
me twice; once when she gave birth and secondly when she turned the killing curse aside with my
scar. I want to make sure our children always have two parents.” He got that determined look on
his face I was becoming so familiar with. “If people get upset because that’s what I want, then to
hell with them. I’ve spent my whole life doing what other people want, once Voldemort is taken
care of, it’s time for me to do what I want to.”

“I love you, Harry Potter.” I kissed him gently, leaning my forehead against his. “We will find a
way for you to do exactly what you want. I’ll support you completely. This will always be our
home. I’ve told the Vicar’s wife that you were adopted by my sister and her husband as a baby and
I couldn’t love you more if you were blood related.”

“Clever Sev,” he beamed at me and wiggled over my robe covered groin. “That way we can slowly
change our relationship to one where we get married and start a family. I love the way you think
ahead. Oh good, you’ve got another present for me.”

I growled at him but he ignored it and parted the robe so we touched everywhere along our torsos.
The silk of his dress rippled across my stomach and the delicate stockings ghosted over my legs
like a cobweb. His cock was hard and leaking through the silk pouch and my fingers wrapped
around him to give him something to slide through.

He purred and leaned down to lick my nipples into peaking for him. I murmured the spell again
and the fur vibrated a little harder against his breasts. He moaned and licked his lips while his eyes
half-closed in sensual enjoyment. The fire behind him crackled and I felt my cock hardening
between his legs. It always felt new when we started making love even after two months.

Our bodies slid together then apart while hands stroked and pinched all the hot spots we’d
discovered over the weeks we’d been together. He had slithered down to my groin and was
languidly stroking my cock while cat-licking around the flared crown. Only Harry could get me so
hard so quickly.

“Inside me again, Sev,” he panted and knelt up between my legs, running his hands up under his
own skirt. “I’m all wet and leaking. I want you to pull down my thong and use that new lubricant
you created for me. I want you to take me hard while I’m wearing my new dress. Maybe you could
bring in the big mirror like you did in the kitchen? I liked watching us make love earlier.”

I chuckled but spelled the hand mirror into the room and enlarged it. “Are you sure, birthday
princess? You could take me this time.”

“Tomorrow, Sev, I’d like that tomorrow but tonight I want you in me again. I’m still tender so it
will feel even more intense when you slide through my hole.” He pulled the jar of lubricant to us
with a wordless spell that would surprise anyone who still thought he was a neophyte.

I shed my robe and positioned him on all fours in front of the fire but far enough away he wouldn’t
get too hot. Licking his entrance, I rimmed him until he was begging for my cock. I lubed him
quickly and set my cock to his hole before pushing inside. He groaned and arched back against me
to get me inside quicker.

“You’re always in such a hurry, sweetheart. One of these days I’m going to tie you to the bed and
gag you so I can take my time driving you insane and you won’t be able to stop me.” I slowly slid
deep and watched his ruffles frame my groin in the big mirror.

“Oh that would be so good,” he moaned and wiggled around me. “What would be even better is if you tied me up on the altar and took your time while I got hotter and hotter until I exploded all over it. The wards would really like that since it loves everything we do together.”

I started stroking in and out while he bit his lip and watched avidly while we moved together in front of the glass. “There’s a hook over the altar, I could just tie you up and suspend you from it and enter you from behind like this so you spray all over the altar when you come.”

He hiccupped and moaned while pushing back. “Deeper, Sev, I want to feel you in my throat. I like every way you take me, my sweet Sev. It will always be special.”

Each stroke was heating me until I had to reach around and grip his cock. Once he seized up, he pulled my climax from me. I flooded him with seed and gradually lowered us to our sides, partly facing the fire and partly the mirror. He relaxed in my arms, his eyes never leaving our mirror-image.

“We look beautiful together, Sev.” His hand held mine close to his stomach. “I want to remember how this looks and feels for when we have to be apart. Do you think we’ll be able to see each other aside from potions class?”

“I hope so. Dumbledore gave in very quickly when I told him you were safe and staying right where you were.” I kissed down his neck and over his shoulder. “I hesitate to predict what he will say or do but he truly does have your best interests to heart, Harry.”

“But he keeps sending you into danger, Sev.” He turned towards me, his eyes serious. “I don’t really trust him with you. I’m afraid he’ll put you back to spying and Voldemort will unmask you.”

“It’s a valid fear, Harry.” I would respect his feelings. “I am the only one who can do what I do. Voldemort’s been gaining power every month for the last two years and I’m afraid of what he’ll do now that he has a base from which to draw.”

His face set into older lines and his green eyes met mine. “We’re going to take his base away and destroy him. The wards have been talking to me in my dreams, Sev. There’s a place near here where there’s a well of power we could draw from. Did you know about magic ley lines?”

I searched my memory. “Just the bare minimum, little love. Magnetic ley lines run all through Europe and Great Britain. It never occurred to me that magic might run along the same lines. We can do some research when we go back to Hogwarts. We still have three weeks though before we have to go back. I promise to help you every way I can.”

“I know you will, Sev. You want to destroy him as much as I do.” He smiled up at me and I just had to kiss him, again and again, until his lips were slightly swollen with our kisses.

We cuddled for some time before I slipped from him. He fell asleep in my arms and I carried him to bed after tenderly removing his new outfit. I loved his innocence and no matter what I’d try to preserve that for him. Should we ever have children, they would inherit that from my sweet love.

********** Harry **********

The next few weeks went by so fast I could hardly believe it. Every day we did something new I’d never done before. We ate out and visited museums, forests and hiking trails. I always wore my skirts but sometimes my brown boots instead of the little heels I liked so much. My hair grew really fast and I left it loose to fall down my back. Sev loved brushing it and he was right – I really did
love when he washed it.

His strong fingers would massage my scalp until I purred for him. I was going to ask Professor McGonagall if she’d teach me how to be an animagus. Sometimes I was a kitten in my dreams and I was pretty sure Sev would like that. He’d dreamed the ley lines a couple of times so we were going to research them once we returned to Hogwarts.

I didn’t want to go back but we had to. Sometimes I’d hold Sev so tight I left bruises but he did the same so I know we felt the same way. We cuddled together each night and told each other secrets. He had a lot more than I did but I kept each one close to my heart. He’d be safe with me just like I was safe with him. We’d have to be really circumspect at school and I already hated it.

I wanted to tell everyone how much I loved him but no one would believe me.

Finally our last day at home arrived and I walked through every room committing every part to my memory. I had a suitcase full of clothes we’d spelled to boy’s clothes instead of girl’s. I was really going to miss my skirts and silk panties. Sev said he’d spell them to cotton boxers instead when we got to Hogwarts. But I already missed them. Today, I dressed in the very first outfit he’d given me the day he rescued me.

He was painting in his studio while I wandered through the house saying goodbye to things. But I had a surprise for him that the wards had helped me set up. I’d stroked lots of lubricant inside of me before carefully dressing in my plaid skirt, lace knee highs and a ruffley blouse. My patent leather shoes were all polished.

They would stay here and maybe when we came back, they’d still fit me. I’d grown an inch taller over the summer and Sev kept feeding me as if to fatten me up. Making love used up a lot of energy though so I stayed skinny or slender as Sev always corrected me. I walked into the studio and watched him finishing up a portrait of the Mayor of York. He’d commissioned it over the spring and Sev had finally gotten around to having him sit twice for him. I’d stayed like a mouse in the corner and listened to them talk about politics and cooking.

Mayor Richer was kind of fat and looked like he really enjoyed eating. But he liked the cooking part a lot and it was fascinating to listen to them exchange recipes while Sev first sketched him then began painting. He was finishing it when I came in and I stood behind him, sliding my arms around his waist and resting my chin on his shoulder.

“It looks just like him.” I said in satisfaction. “I like the fact he’s holding a cookbook. It makes him more a real person.”

He took one of my hands and kissed it tenderly. “I’m glad you like it, sweetheart. I think he will too and hopefully pay his bill on time. I was thinking we could build a tea gazebo in the rear garden next summer.”

I hugged him hard. “Yes, I’d like that, Sev. We could have Mrs. Tyler over to show her our herbaceous borders.”

He chuckled and turned around to pull me into his lap. “Sweetheart, we can indeed. How sweet you look, Princess.”

“Thank you, Sev. I have a surprise for you below.” I practically vibrated on his lap and he raised an eyebrow before letting me lead him to the hidden trap door.

The wards had shown me how to combine all four elements when we made love so we could bond
even closer than we were now. Once we approached the altar, the walls began to glow fiery red and the water in the spring started to bubble. A soft breeze brushed our cheeks and the stone floors vibrated through our bones.

I hugged Severus close. “Lay me on the altar, Sev. I got myself ready for you upstairs and I want you inside of me in every way possible. The wards showed me how we can bind ourselves together even closer if you want to.”

He picked me up and sat me down, crowding close between my legs. “I love you, Harry. I want every square inch of you both in body and in mind. If there’s a way to be closer that won’t hurt you, then I want to.”

I smiled at him and linked my hands around his neck so I could kiss him softly. “It won’t hurt me or you, just make us be able to feel and hear and see what the other is doing. We’ll be able to mentally talk so even if we have to be apart for long periods of time, we will know the other is all right. I’m going to miss you so much.”

His eyes gleamed and his hands stroked up my back. “I can think of nothing better, sweetheart. We just need to make sure we can keep some things private. There will be times when I’ll be counseling my Slytherins when I need to keep their secrets.”

I nodded solemnly. “I know, Severus. I know you want to save as many of them as you can and I want to help you. But if you get in trouble, I want to know it.”

He sighed but nodded. “I understand, Harry. I know I must be sure you are safe at all times and I will respect your need for the same.”

Smiling, I kissed him again. “Together we’ll be stronger, Severus. Voldemort doesn’t stand a chance if we face him bonded on all levels.”

“Sweet kitten, I love you.” He gathered me even closer to him and my nipples began to ache for his touch. “You make me believe in a future where we can live and love.”

Carding my hands through his hair, I wished that, too. “Our babies are waiting for us to win so we can bring them to life. We can do anything we set our hearts to do.”

“Such a wise kitten, my sweet Harry.” His hands brushed through my hair. “We shall win through and when you’re ready to bear our children, I will help.”

He’d never said it so plainly before but it seemed I finally made him realize how serious I am. My hands slipped down his chest to start unbuttoning his pants. I needed him right now while the elements around us were merging into our bodies. He chuckled at my impatience but obediently slipped his hands beneath me to find I’d neglected to put on any underwear.

His fingers cupped my arse and two fingers slid in through my loosened entrance. I’d dialed the plug up to its highest setting and worn it all morning so I’d be ready for him. My fingers delved inside his boxers and pulled out his swiftly hardening cock. He didn’t scare me anymore because I knew I could take all of him and he’d bring me nothing but pleasure.

He laid me back on the altar and raised my legs to his shoulders before going back to loosening my hole. Leaning down, he kissed me hard while I vibrated under him. The need to connect was growing and even he felt the urge because I soon felt his broad crown begin to stretch me wider and wider. It felt like he’d grown but I just sucked harder on his tongue until he’d breached me and begun to surge inside.
Heat and light exploded around us. I could both feel and hear his heartbeat. I drank in his taste and saw it like an aura of rose pink. The vibration became a bell and the heat began to burn deep inside of me. Opening my eyes, I stared into his while the world expanded around us. His hips snapped into mine over and over while he pounded me into the stone.

I felt nothing but joy and a rising expectation that this was going to be the best climax of my life. Severus was panting in time with me and for a brief moment, I realized that one day we’d be sharing the same kind of panting with me in labor. Smiling, I arched into a particularly hard thrust and felt my cock burst into my petticoats. Liquid heat began to flood me at the same moment and I wished with all my heart to be one with my Severus.

//Harry//

I was looking straight at him and his mouth didn’t move.

//Sweetheart, I can feel you inside my head//

I blinked and realized I was hearing him with my mind instead of my ears. //Severus?//

//Dearest one, I think the wards have gifted us with themselves//

I nodded slowly. //Do you think it will last? I don’t want to ever be without you//

//Beloved, we will always be together// He kissed me softly and lifted me into his arms and off the altar. //I think when we investigate the ley lines, we’ll find an answer to the Voldemort problem//

//Good, remember as soon as he’s gone, we’re going to work on getting me pregnant//

He chuckled and slipped from me. “Angel-eyes, we will work day and night until we can fulfill our dreams. For now, let’s go take a last bath before driving to Lincoln and storing the car.”

I smiled and hugged him tighter. “I wonder what the Headmaster will say when he sees us?”

********* Dumbledore *********

I’d lived a long life; had my share of surprises, both good and bad; fought when I had to but then became the wizard who sent others out to fight. But nothing could have prepared me for what I saw from my window when the front gate charm let me know that Severus and Harry had arrived. Fawkes trilled a question from my shoulder when he saw them.

They glowed with good health but their auras were woven into one. Harry sported Slytherin green entwined with Gryffindor crimson while Severus’ aura did the same. My potions master had never looked so good. The healthy halo about his whole body told me the lingering trauma of his poor decision two decades before had been cured. But Harry’s did, too.

It had never occurred to me that the gray and black patches had been so omnipresent I’d ceased to find them troubling but just accepted them. The contrast could not be more painfully obvious. I’d missed something huge in the young boy’s life and suddenly remembered Minerva’s reservations about the muggles with whom we’d left him.

What in the world had gone on this summer? Remembering the horrific news about the slaughter of the Dursleys, I stroked my beard and continued to watch the unlikely pair cross the vast lawn. I’d known Harry survived but not how or with whom and the entire Order had searched high and low for him. There’d been faint indications he was in the northern counties but after a week that had disappeared as if cut with a knife.
Until Severus called through a fire from a safe house and flatly refused to let any of us see him. ‘He’s safe and happy and he shall remain that way until the beginning of school.’ I’d agreed since even then I’d seen the profound changes in his aura. Looking back, I lost sight of them when they entered the portico. Testing the wards, I had another shock. They didn’t show up on any of them.

Yet they’d entered Hogwarts. The wards had welcomed them with a melodious chime. But now it was as if they had vanished. Shaken, I called for Dobby to bring us up some tea. Even if they didn’t, I knew I’d need the comfort. It appeared some very old decisions were coming home to roost.

“And how very glad I am, I told no one about their arrival time.” I told Fawkes with a sigh. Once we got through this first awkward interview, I’d make sure that Sirius and Remus were told Harry was home.

The door opened and Harry stepped in, casting a lightening fast glance about the whole room. His shoulders relaxed and he kept coming, followed closely by my potions master. “Headmaster Dumbledore.” Was all he said.

“Harry, I’m so glad you’re all right.” I kept it simple.

“Thank you,” he nodded once before sitting down gracefully in the arm chair nearest the fire.

“Severus, thank you for the news of Harry’s survival.” I welcomed him quietly.

“You’re welcome, Albus. We’ve spent a most profitable summer in training.” He took the other chair and relaxed into it, something he’d never before done in my memory.

Dobby popped in at that moment carrying a heavy tray. Harry stood up and helped steady it when the house elf saw who my guests were. “Harry Potter, sir, you is safe.”

His smile was bright. “Thank you, Dobby. I’m safe and happy. Tea looks wonderful. I’m famished.”

“You’re always famished, Harry.” Severus’ amused tones had my head whipping back to him in astonishment. “But it does indeed look appetizing, Dobby. Thank you.”

I don’t think the poor elf’s eyes could have gotten any bigger. “Y-y-y-you’re welcome, P-p-professor.”

Harry set the tray down between he and Severus on the table between the chairs. “I’ll pour, Headmaster. Thank you, Dobby.”

The house elf popped back out, still sputtering while I watched Harry pour out the steaming tea and serve first me then Severus. Then he offered the tiered stand filled with cakes and sandwiches to us before settling back in his chair.

I sipped my tea and regained a slight measure of composure. “I am going to assume you were in a non-wizarding community for the summer since there were literally ‘no’ sightings reported to the Order.”

“Correct, Albus, we were safely tucked away and we stayed there. And no, we shall not reveal where it was.” He said firmly.

“Harry, I can see you are healthier than you’ve ever been.” I started tentatively and was rewarded with a smiling nod. Where in the world did this calm come from? “I can also see you and Severus
have bonded . . . intimately.”

His shy blush was expected but the adoring look at my potions master was not. The most shocking aspect however was the returned look and smile. Severus’ gaze was fond and (dared I think it) possessive. Somehow they seemed to fit together. Even sitting two feet apart, their auras were entwined.

“We have bonded in every sense of the word, Albus.” Severus said calmly. “I know it was wrong of me but I do not care. I will protect him with my last breath and I will allow nothing and no one to interfere in our lives.”

I blinked at that amazing statement.

“I love Severus and I am fully aware that many will question this relationship.” Harry spoke just as firmly. “They’ll say he took advantage of me; that I’m too young to know what I’m doing; that he’s a pervert preying on a young boy; that I can do better.” His hand reached out and Severus’ was there to meet it. “But I did know what I was doing; I love everything we do together; I’ve never been allowed to be young but Severus gave me the best summer of my life. I actually got to play and be silly and experience new foods and places. That was the very best gift I’ve *ever* gotten.”

I blinked again and gulped my tea. This was most unexpected. “I see. There are rules about teacher/student relationships. Harry, you will not be considered an adult until you are 16, one year from now. And if word of this got out, there would be an uproar the likes of which none of us have ever seen.”

His eyes were suddenly fierce. “I know that, Headmaster. And it would put Severus’ life in danger from both sides. My godfather would try to kill him and Voldemort would want to punish him for being a traitor. Neither of those things will happen. We will keep this a secret until we can let everyone know that we’ve chosen each other.”

“I see,” and truthfully, I did. Harry was throwing down the gauntlet early. I accepted it or not. I had no illusions that either one of the men in front of me would let outsiders interfere in their bond. “Very well, this will be a secret between the three of us. On a perhaps related note – when you entered Hogwarts the wards lost track of you. Do you know why that is?”

Harry’s gamin grin broke out and his eyebrow did a perfect Severus’ imitation. “Sev?”

“The wards welcomed us when we entered and allowed us to link to them.” Severus said quietly.

He could not possibly know how earthshaking that statement was. “Linked with Hogwarts’ wards? How is that possible?”

Severus detailed the wards that protected his home in the muggle community, being careful to make no mention of where it was. I listened, fascinated by the revolutionary concepts he was barely sketching. And suddenly I realized what this could mean.

“If you link to all the wards surrounding magical Britain, you’ll know exactly where Voldemort and the Death Easters are.”

“And if we can convince them to withdraw their protection, we can destroy Voldemort and his movement forever.” Harry’s eyes were fierce but no fiercer than my potions master’s. “Then I’ll have done my duty to the wizarding world and can take back my life.”

Severus agreed. “We must have your word on this, Albus. Once we’ve destroyed the Dark, no one makes decisions for us but ourselves.”
“Agreed,” I said instantly. “I will do everything I can to further this plan and to protect you both.” Harry’s eyes narrowed at me and I felt a flash of . . . not fear but perhaps a healthy respect for the young boy’s powers. “There will be much discussion on our strategy this year but what will you need to do to work with the wards?”

Our strategy session lasted two hours but at the end, I’d agreed to all their requests, I hesitate to call them demands. Again and again I marveled at the maturity and commitment they both evidenced. Harry had grown up and Severus had lightened beyond all recognition. Their only request for themselves was a change in their living quarters. Harry was adamant that he could not go for long periods of time without having alone time with Severus.

And Severus was equally adamant that he would give Harry detentions every week if there wasn’t some way for them to reconnect. I wasn’t sure I wanted to know exactly what the sizzling look from Harry to him entailed when the word ‘detention’ was spoken. I wished I could be a little mouse in a corner the first time Harry reported for punishment. I wasn’t all that old that I’d forgotten the passions of my youth.

They agreed Minerva had to be told of the changes but no other. Their cover story was that Harry had been in a healing facility recovering from horrific wounds caused by the Death Eaters in the attack on the Dursleys. I’d kept it a secret because of the danger. But because of the wounds, Harry would need to be in a ground floor room. The East Tower had been unused for many decades and Severus suggested that Harry’s godfather be hired as the Defense against the Dark Arts instructor.

Harry and I both blinked at that request. But then the sweetest smile crossed the boy’s face. “Thank you, Sev. I do love you.” Severus actually blushed. My face had a severe time not reacting to that unlikely sight. “Yes, well actually I have hired him as the instructor with Remus as the new History of Magic instructor. Professor Binns moved on to the next level this summer. The three of you in that tower should keep all of you safe.”

“And there will be a way for Sev to come visit me or me to go visit him?” Harry asked with a flirty look in the potions master’s direction.

Severus’ expression was casual but potent when he returned the look. “I believe the tunnel between my quarters and the tower’s third bedroom is still intact. And the wards could be persuaded to mask any such movement to or from.”

Harry bounced and he made a movement I could only describe as feline. “I think I’d like to see them first hand.”

“Well, there’s no time like the present.” Ringing the bell that summoned a house elf, I watched Dobby pop back in. “Dobby, we’re going to need cleaners and painters in the East Tower to prepare rooms for Harry and two instructors.”

The house elf eeked happily and nodded vigorously. “Dobby is getting Winky and Blinky and Pinky to help make everything beautiful for Harry Potter.”

Harry stood and stretched. “Thank you, Dobby. We’re going over there now but I already know the third bedroom on the ground floor is mine.”

Dobby nodded excitedly and popped out. Severus stood as well and shook out his robes. “Lead the way, Albus. The sooner we’re settled in, the sooner you can let the Order know Harry is back.”
I nodded and stood. “How very glad I am you are both safe and sound. And congratulations on your bonding. May you have many years of joy and love.”

Harry blushed but took Severus’ hand. “Thank you, Headmaster. We will.”

Severus merely nodded but did not let go of his bonded’s hand. What an interesting year we were going to have.

********** Remus **********

It was odd coming back to Hogwarts as an instructor. Still odder was the fact that Sirius was with me, a free man. But the oddest of all was Harry. Small, delicate Harry, who’d survived the worst the world had to offer yet retained an air of innocence and purity that tugged at my heart strings.

Something had changed for him . . . something profound. He was still the same fun-loving lad who enjoyed Quidditch and liked romping with Padfoot. But he had a poise and an awareness of his body that intrigued me. There were moments when he seemed ten years older and so mature he broke my heart. He confused Sirius no end with his insistence that we treat Snape as an ally and not an enemy.

And Severus, well there was another enigma. He was cold and terse still to both of us but the sarcasm was gone. He made the wolf’s bane potion for me each month and Harry would deliver it to me the day of the full moon. He always had such a contented air when he brought it, as if he’d just been to visit an old friend. That puzzled me no end but I chalked it up to his growing maturity.

We settled in for another school year and I watched the students with indulgent eyes. Harry’s year mates were good kids with fun loving spirits. Miss Granger was still the brains of Gryffindor but Harry had turned into her shadow with his studying. Ron was bewildered by the abrupt about-face of his best friend and I could see a small rift growing in their friendship.

Even though Harry looked fine, the lingering effects of whatever torture he’d undergone were still visible. He flew but no longer played Quidditch. That more than anything put an end to the rivalry between he and Malfoy. Draco and Ron found themselves on the same side when it came to Harry and that really disconcerted them. I found it all most amusing but Sirius didn’t.

He was trying so hard to be the best godfather he could be and Harry was affectionate with him but there was a barrier there that neither of us understood. The Christmas holidays were a case in point. We stayed at Hogwarts when everyone else left but instead of goofing off like any young lad of fifteen would; Harry settled in to the library and spent hours researching a special project on magnetic ley lines in Britain.

We helped, of course but Sirius set a limit of two hours of study at a stretch before we’d take a break and go outside to fly or wander down to the lake. A couple of times, Snape gave us lists of plants he needed harvested from the Forbidden Forest and we’d go looking for them. Sirius grumbled but Harry just smiled and said it would be fun. I went along since most of the ingredients were used for the wolf bane potion.

Purely self-interest on my part since fresher herbs meant less gagging at the taste, I told myself. But occasionally, we’d go looking for Harry and couldn’t find him. It happened three times during the holidays and worried Sirius deeply. But when we went to the Headmaster, he told us Harry was on an errand for him. What it was, he wouldn’t say but he assured us that he was fine.

Sirius and I went into Hogsmeade for a pint of beer on Christmas Eve and I watched him enjoy this simple pleasure with a satisfied air. I was lucky to have him back in my life and my faith in him
restored. And if I sometimes wished for a closer relationship, well, I was a grown man and capable of containing my disappointment.

“Moony, do you think Harry’s all right?” His voice interrupted my musings. “I mean really all right, not just physically healthy but mentally, too.”

I thought about it. “Yes, I do. He’s changed from 3rd year but the Tournament would have changed anyone. He’s been burdened for so long with the most impossible tasks and yet he’s come through with flying colors. He’s at an age when he’s experimenting with likes and dislikes. The study habit is new but he’s really taking responsibility for his learning.”

“Yeah, but he’s not experimenting with his emotions.” Sirius moodily swirled the beer in his tankard. “I asked him if he and Hermione were dating among all that studying and he just laughed at me. He said she was his friend and he didn’t really want to date anybody. Then he looked at me really carefully and asked if it would be all right with me if he liked boys better than girls.”

Oh dear, I thought with a sense of shock. “And what did you say, Sirius?”

He looked affronted. “I told him it was fine. You know me, Moony. I’ve flown both sides of the field. It’s the heart inside the body that really matters. He got this big smile on his face and he hugged me tight and kissed my cheek. He was really worried I’d turn on him or something. Am I that unapproachable?”

Patting his hand, I wished we were having this conversation somewhere more private. “Of course you’re not, Siri. He’s just testing his boundaries in more ways than one. He’s had to make do without any real family support for so long that he’s a little hesitant to break this new relationship. He knows you love him and you probably made him very happy with your answer.”

He smiled, the old beaming smile I remembered from our school days. “Thanks, Remus, I’m glad you’re here to help me with him. I’m not very good at this parenting thing.”

“Like I am?” I asked incredulously.

His little smirk was incredibly annoying. “You taught before so you’re used to this whole ‘loco parentis’.”

“Oh please, being a teacher and being a parent are two very different vocations. I’ll never be a parent. Being an honorary uncle is as close as I’ll ever get.”

“You’d be a great father, Remus.” Sirius was suddenly as serious as I’d ever seen him. “I’m sorry you think no woman will ever marry you.”

I swallowed around the lump in my throat. It was now or never. “A – I’m gay so it’s not a woman that’s to blame and B – werewolves are sterile. We don’t reproduce.”

He just nodded calmly. “I knew about the gay part but not the sterile part. I’m sorry.”

He knew? I blinked and finished my beer to give myself a minute to regroup. He just watched me with dark blue eyes that seemed to look into my soul. “How did you know and why didn’t you say anything?”

“I knew at school. When I was Padfoot, I could smell your interest in Snape and me. It never went anywhere so I figured it was none of my business.” He shrugged while turning my world on its head. “But lately I’ve been getting that same smell when you’re Moony. I just didn’t know what to say or do about it.”
“Do you mind if I’m attracted to you?” I asked hesitantly. I didn’t have so many friends I could afford to alienate any of them.

He grinned affectionately at me and pretended to preen a little. “Nah, just shows your good taste in men. Do you want to do something about it?”

“Yes,” I said softly and caught a whiff of aroused Sirius. “Let’s go back to Hogwarts and . . . explore the possibilities.”

He was on his feet and throwing some money on the table. “Let’s.”

**********Minerva **********

Harry Potter was quite the most amazing young man. I’d watched him grow and mature for the past five years but the beginning of his fifth year of school had seen the greatest changes yet. I hadn’t believed it possible but his bond with Severus was rock solid and the center around which they revolved. Harry had asked me questions about becoming an animagus and I’d pledged to help him learn.

The evening when he first changed was hilarious. All along he’d told me that he thought his shape was a cat and it certainly was. He turned into a fluffy black kitten on his third attempt and looked so surprised to find himself on four paws that he fell onto his nose trying to keep his balance. Severus was trying so hard not to laugh he was turning red. But Harry quickly found his paws and started determinedly across the rug to pounce on his potions master’s outstretched hand.

They mock battled for a few moments before Harry leapt up into Severus’ lap and turned back into a boy. They hugged for long moments while I averted my eyes from their embrace. Truly, although I had wondered if it was real, their bond was true and strong. How it had happened I might never know but happen it had and I was pleased to approve.

They both needed someone to ground them and they were peculiarly fitted to each other. I did a little interference running for the two of them when Hermione or Sirius seemed to be getting too close to their secret. Albus deflected interest when they went out to add more ley lines to their personal wards. I could see what benefits would accrue from their plan.

But I was glad I didn’t need to be a part of it. I was too old to learn these new tricks. And I could see a time when the fewer who knew how they brought down Voldemort and his minions, the better. The power needed to incorporate all the magical wards of Great Britain into their control was beyond my imagining. Of course, I hadn’t thought they could encompass the ancient wards of Hogwarts and according to Albus, they’d done it in less than two minutes.

Unbelievable, I thought with a sigh before changing into my own cat form to teach Harry a few things he’d need to know as a kitten. How to move from level to level; gauge distances and more importantly heights – there is nothing worse than gracefully leaping up only to land on your face. Cats always landing on their feet – a myth. Take it from one who knows.

How to distinguish scents and know when a too-good-to-be-true scent is really a trap, that’s a real nuance that can save your life. Hunting, napping, catching mice, and the all important – keeping your libido in check. Harry had told me about his desire to undergo the hermaphrodite spells when it was safe so he could carry their children. I was honored by his trust and pledged to help him however possible.

I’d been sterilized by a particularly nasty hex when I was only forty and thus would never be able to have children myself. If I was lucky, perhaps I could be a favorite great-aunt. I thought I’d like
that very much.

***

“Professor McGonagal, do you have a moment?” Hermione Granger spoke from the door to my office.

“Certainly, Miss Granger, come in and close the door.” I sat back and laid down my marking quill. I had an inkling I knew what she’d come about. Harry had politely refused to help with the school production of Henry V because it would take away from his study time. That had disconcerted more than just the Gryffindors.

She sat down in the side chair and smoothed her skirt absentmindedly. “I’m worried about Harry, Ma’am. I know people make fun of my constant studying but Harry is worse than me by far. He hasn’t even been on his broom for a month. Even I’ve gone up for a couple of flights since spring arrived.” She bit her lip and looked appraisingly at me.

I tried to look open and nonjudgmental. I must have succeeded for she continued.

“And I saw a bruise on his neck today that bothers me. Is he doing something dangerous and can I help?” She finished in a rush and I smiled inwardly.

“Harry is very lucky to have such a good friend.” I had an internal debate on how much to tell her. If anyone was going to find out his secret, it would be her. “Harry is undergoing some . . . changes both physically and mentally. I wouldn’t worry about the bruise although I will mention to him that he needs to check himself before going out into public.”

She looked frustrated. “But *what* is the physical change he’s going through?”

The door to my study opened a crack and I espied a familiar kitten dart in as if Mrs. Norris was after him. “I believe that Harry should tell you himself. Harry, Hermione is worried about you.”

The girl looked around, her eyes falling on the little ball of fur. Her eyes lit up and a wide smile appeared. “Oh, Harry, that’s brilliant.”

The kitten morphed back to a young man and he blushed under Hermione’s regard. “Thanks, Mione, I’ve been working hard all year on it. Only two people know about it, well – three now. Please don’t tell anyone.”

She stood up and crossed to hug him. “Of course I won’t, Harry. I’m just so glad you’re all right. I wish you’d told me though. I’ve wanted to learn for ages but was too afraid to ask anyone.”

Harry’s eyes came to mine and I nodded. “Well then, the professor and I meet once a week on Saturdays for about three hours. Why don’t you join us in the East Tower in my study this weekend?”

Her eyes sparkled and she looked at me to make sure it was all right. “Oh, Professor McGonagal, thank you so much. I promise to study hard.”

“I know you will, Hermione. I look forward to our lessons.” I returned her smile. “It must be a secret however. This is not knowledge we want coming to the ears of either side of the war.”

She nodded solemnly. “I do understand, Professor. If anyone asks, I’ll just tell them we’re working on our Transfiguration project.” She went back to smiling. “Oh, I can hardly wait to learn this.”
I do love honest enthusiasm. Few students understand how important learning is. It was refreshing to have one who loved every aspect of it. I thought shape changing would be more difficult for her since her mind was extremely analytical and part of being an animagus was being able to *feel* the entire creature into which you turned. Harry had already been ready emotionally involved in being a kitten.

The one time I heard Severus lovingly call him that, my jaw had dropped and I’d had to close my mouth quickly to try and hide my surprise. Simply amazing, I thought then and still did. Their relationship never ceased to amaze me. But more than that, it gave me hope – hope for a future where their love could see the light of day.

That was what we were fighting for.

********* Poppy *********

“Come quick, Ma’am.” An agitated house elf tugged on my arm and I blinked up at him.

He’d aroused me from a sound sleep and for a moment I felt disoriented. “What?” Clearing my throat, I sat up and pushed back the blankets. “Who is hurt?”

“Professor Snape is bad, very bad.” His teeth were chattering as if with cold. “Master Harry says come quick.”

Interesting, I thought. I hope he’s not hurt, too. I got out of bed and slipped on my slippers while reaching for my robe. Tying the sash closed, I held out my hand for the small elf to hold. “Take me to him, Dobby.”

He nodded and in a heartbeat, we were in Severus’ bedroom. The potion master was lying limply on the coverlet of his bed while Harry knelt beside him, holding a bloody towel to his abdomen. His eyes were frightened but cleared a little when he saw me.

“Thank god, Madame Pomphrey. The wards let me know when he returned and I found him like this. The wound in his stomach won’t stop bleeding.” His voice wavered and broke but I was already by his side, lifting the compress and catching my breath at the pike sized hole.

I muttered a cleansing spell then a search-and-find spell to see what else might be lurking beneath all the blood. But that appeared to be the sole damage although it was extensive. Severus has always had a bit of a finicky stomach and this wasn’t going to help. It would be a liquid diet for a week or so before he could start putting in solids. Using my wand, I did another internal cleaning to make sure nothing was left to fester and began the tedious process of stitching him back together.

First the stomach, then the veins and blood vessels that entered and exited, the small bowel perforation, I paused and considered his spleen. It was definitely pulped and though I hate removing organs, this one would have to go. Sighing, I apparated it to the special fire I kept burning so I could dispose of all those items that can be used in spells. Blood stained bandages were as good as having fresh blood for all except a few purposes. I wasn’t going to let my helping someone turn into hurting them later.

Slowly the hole closed behind my spells and I found myself sitting down heavily on Severus’ other side. Healing something that threatening always takes a lot out of me. A small hand touched my cheek and a draught of pure energy took away all the fatigue. I blinked at Harry and wondered how in the world he’d learned to do that.

“Thank you, Madame Pomphrey.” His voice wavered again and I saw tears run down his cheeks.
“I was so afraid.”

“You did the right thing, Harry.” I caught up his hand and flicked away the blood drying on his hands and arms. “Sending for help and trying to stop the bleeding was exactly right. I’ll sit up with him while you go back to your room.”

He shook his head. “I have to be near him, Ma’am. It’s kind of complicated.”

Odd, I thought but moved off the bed and into a wing backed chair I pulled over from the fire. With another flick of my wand, I lit the fire and called the comforter from my bed. I might as well be comfortable, I thought, taking Severus’ thin wrist in my hand to count his pulse. It was slow and steady, already picking up to his normal cadence.

A slight murmur came from his lips. “Kitten?”

Kitten? I blinked and watched them in fascination.

“I’m here, Sev. Everything’s all right.” Harry was crying silently and trying not to let the tears fall on the potion master’s face. “You’re going to be fine. Madame Pompfrey healed you. I’ll stay here tonight and keep you safe.”

A slight smile crossed the usually frowning lips. “Safe.”

Harry sniffed and buried his face in a convenient shoulder. “We’re all safe, Sev. Go to sleep and heal for me.”

“Love you,” the sleepy murmur turned me to stone.

But Harry was smiling genuinely now. “I love you too, Sev. Sleep for me, now.”

I sat there dumbstruck while the student I saw more than any other except for Neville Longbottom sang a tender lullaby to his teacher. Harry had a sweet voice, nothing out of the ordinary. But the love he sang in every word took me back to a time long ago. Too many long years separated the young girl I’d been the summer of the Blitz. Time had softened the grief and left behind the hazy memories of love lost.

But Harry sang of new love and hope for the future. I checked the potions master’s pulse again and found he’d entered deep enough sleep I could cast a complicated spell of healing. But I needed Harry to stop touching him.

“Lad, why don’t you go and clean up while I put him into Dreamless Sleep. It will help the healing process.” I asked him quietly and he gave a slow nod, reluctance in every line as he let Severus go and slide off the bed. He stayed for a moment when I began the slow chanting that would send every atom in his poor wounded body to sleep. Then he disappeared into the bathroom after first detouring to pluck something white out of the bottom dresser drawer.

When I finally sat back, I’d depleted my energies again. Quietly, I called for Dobby, somehow knowing he’d be near by. He popped in at once and I sent him for my medical kit and a pot of tea in that order. That was when I realized Harry had been too long away. Getting up out of the comfortable chair, I knocked on the bathroom door but went straight in.

Harry was curled up in a small miserable ball by the tub, crying and rocking to and fro. I crossed to him quickly and got down on my knees to pull him into my arms. I said all the soft things I’d had to say too many times to other youngsters who were dealing with emotions far beyond what any child should have to experience. Poor Harry had had to deal with more than I probably knew.
I had the feeling he’d not had to really deal with all his losses from the summer. I’d given him a superficial diagnostic once he’d returned to school. I’m no fool and the rumors of his torture had been horrific. But aside from having lost his virginity, he was in tip-top shape. The effect of years of neglect had been erased completely. His health was perfect.

“S-s-sorry, Ma’am,” he finally stopped soaking my robe.

“Nonsense, Harry, if anyone deserves to let loose a few emotions, it’s you.” I ‘accioed’ a washcloth and wiped his face. “You’ve been holding some of that inside of you for years. It’s good to get it out and be done with it. Now, may I ask a question or two?”

He nodded. “You want to know about Severus and me.”

I smiled. “That would be a good place to start. However, why don’t you take a quick shower and get into your nightclothes? I’ve asked for tea and I’ll tell the Headmaster you need to miss class tomorrow.”

His gaze sharpened suddenly and added ten years to his age. “Please don’t go into details with him. Sev would hate that.”

“Very well, Harry. I’ll evoke healer confidentiality.” I took his helping hand to get up. My own bones were getting a bit creaky. I left him then and heard the water running a moment later.

The Headmaster was quite curious but didn’t push too hard when I flatly told him I could say no more. He volunteered to take Severus’ classes and promised to tell the Granger girl to give Harry’s excuses. Interesting, I thought, he knew about Severus and Harry. It was quite against the rules for fraternization between staff and student. Sitting back in the comfortable chair I took a refreshing sip of tea.

Harry came out and I blinked at the pretty but feminine nightgown he wore. When he caught my eye, he blushed but kept on coming until he could crawl under the covers next to Severus. Then he began to talk . . . and talk . . . and talk. I listened wide-eyed to the adventures of the summer and the magnetic ley lines project they were working on. It almost took my breath away, the breadth and scope of their undertaking.

But the main thing I absorbed from his story was the love between them. It seemed to morph from the protective feelings of the rescue to the all-encompassing passion that I could see before me. Harry’s eyes kept drooping from his comfortable position on Severus’ shoulder and when his words died away, I held my breath before murmuring the spell that would send him into a healing sleep.

There were still things to talk about but I’d save them for when Severus could join in. I was surprised at how easily I accepted their relationship. Harry was underage but instead of feeling angry, I mostly felt relief. Severus was a powerful wizard who’d made some bad choices and worked a lifetime correcting them. I’d had my suspicions about Harry’s relatives and was vexed by my letting them go when Albus told me he had everything under control.

That man, I snorted softly and checked Severus’ pulse again. Steady and gaining strength with every hour. Leaning back, I tucked the comforter closer around me and closed my eyes. A little snooze and I’d be here when the potions master awoke. I wondered how he’d take another person knowing their secret.

********** Harry **********
Another school year ended and I smiled happily up at Uncle John. I’d said goodbye to Sirius and Remus, promising them I’d be as safe in the hospice where I’d healed last summer as I was at Hogwarts. Mentioning the kindly neighbors and the girl named Mary with whom I’d become friends went a long way towards reconciling them to my being away from them.

Sirius tried so hard to be the best godfather he could be that I bit my tongue a dozen times each week. Thank goodness he and Remus discovered they loved each other. I secretly thought they were glad I was taken care of so they could go off on a honeymoon. Severus had been so good about not hexing Sirius, I rewarded him every week with extra special love making.

His torture session the last time he’d gone to a Death Eater meeting had scared me badly. But it brought Poppy into our secret and that was a big help. I didn’t feel comfortable talking to Minerva about girl things and Hermione was right out of the question. But Poppy answered all my questions and gave me new things to think about. She showed me a pensieve memory about a birth she’d helped with and it made me think twice about getting pregnant.

But after a lot of thought, I still wanted to and she promised to help anyway she could. That made me feel a lot better about our future. We had the entire western coast of Great Britain to add to our ward grid but first we were going home to York to relax for three weeks. We’d gone to Lincoln first and I turned into Mary for the first time since last summer.

Severus grew my hair out with a quick spell while cutting his own to Uncle John length. We had turned one of my Harry outfits into a blouse and skirt for Mary. Sev turned all my boxers back to the original panties and I loved pulling the first pair on. Reveling in the freedom they gave me, I stroked the soft silk before stepping into my new full skirt. Zipping it up on the side, I swished my hips a little to watch it move.

“Very sexy, sweetheart,” Sev was watching me from his sprawl on the bed. He’d already changed into jeans and a Henley and he was the one who looked sexy. “Need any help with your bra?”

I stuck my tongue out at him but his long arm reached out and wrestled me into his lap. His lips opened mine and his hot tongue surged into me. I melted at once and slipped my arms around his neck. One of his hands slid up under my skirt and stroked my cock which immediately began to harden. I moaned and decided since we had the room for another hour we could play.

Sev read my mind and he rolled us higher on the bed so I was sprawled out under him, our bodies touching everywhere. His tongue tormented my right nipple while his hand delved into my underwear to stroke my cock. I panted while carding my fingers through his shorter hair. All summer, we had all summer to make love in every position and every room of our house.

“Sexy Harry,” he purred and gently bit my nipple before moving to the other one. “All summer to feed the wards up and down the western coast of the country with our love. We’re going to be worn out by the time we have to go back.”

I chuckled and sighed happily. “All summer, Sev, I can hardly wait to get home.”

He kissed his way down my body and disappeared under my skirt. Teasing kisses down my thighs avoided my cock until I was panting with frustration. I needed his mouth on my cock and I needed it now. But he took pity on me, freeing it and swallowing it whole. Even though it had only been two days since we’d made love, I was already writhing in need. A slick finger slid between my cheeks and in just far enough to trigger my gland.

I came hard and sank back with a sigh of relief. “Brilliant, Sev. I do love you.”
His rough tongue licked me clean and his chuckle vibrated through my groin. “You just love me for the sex.”

“The most incredible, mind blowing sex ever known to man,” I reminded him cheekily and he laughed out loud. I love hearing that beautiful sound and I tugged him up to me so I could return the blow job. Unzipping him, I eyed his hard cock with a gleam in my eye. We didn’t really have time for him to fuck me but since I love his taste, it was no problem at all to cat lick my way around the broad crown before sucking him into my mouth.

I still couldn’t deep throat him. He was too big but I gripped him tightly and teased my tongue over the velvet soft head, scrubbing at the long slit until he hissed. I weighed more than I ever had in my life so by lying on his legs, I could keep his hips from moving up too much and choking me.

“Sweet Harry, you’ve got a mouth made for sin and a tongue to make an angel sing.” The husky tones made my heart soar and I loved hearing him make love to me with his voice. “My beautiful boy soon to be beautiful girl, I’ll be the envy of everyone we meet to have such a lovely niece.”

I preened a little. I liked getting compliments and pretending to be a girl. Maybe that made me odd, I’m sure Ron would think so but I had decided not to let anybody make me into a person they thought I should be. Sev loved me just the way I was and he’d given me the chance to find what I like to do. And wearing dresses for a part of every year, made me happier than I’d ever been.

Someday I was going to have to explain it to Sirius and Remus but for now, I was free for another whole summer to indulge in my passions. And my favorite passion was beginning to pant under my tongue. I could draw it out but I knew we needed to go pick up our car. So I began to hum and suck at the same time. Finally he groaned and I felt the first spurts of his tasty come hit the back of my throat. I watched him relax back onto the rumpled bed with a smile and I took my time licking him clean.

Letting him drop from my mouth, I tucked him away and zipped him back up. Then I left our bed and picked up the lacy bra I liked the best. It was slightly padded so I had a little more shape under my blouse. Slipping it on, I reached behind to fasten the two hooks.

Sev was watching me with a gleam in his eye that told me I’d have help removing it. I reached for the green blouse with a high necked lace collar and slowly buttoned it up. Sev really liked unbuttoning me, whether it was my favorite nightgown or one of the pretty blouses he’d bought for me. I was so lucky to have someone who understood me and wanted what I wanted.

Tucking it in to the band of my green skirt, I sat back on the bed to smooth on a pair of ivory tights. Standing again, I wiggled a little to get my cock more comfortable behind the groin panel. They weren’t made to hold in a shaft but it did help keep mine hidden. Reaching into the shopping bag I’d carried in, I pulled out my favorite pair of heeled sandals. They were only an inch and a half but I really liked the way they made my legs look even longer.

“Beautiful Mary,” Sev was off the bed and hugging me close. “I never cease to be amazed at how easily you transform into a feminine temptress. You’re beautiful, my little princess.”

“Thank you, Uncle John,” I looked up through my eyelashes and laid a hand on his chest. A small spell and my nails took on a slight sheen of pearl pink polish. “I hope I can tempt you to drive us home quickly. I think I need you to start my exercises on my nipples again.” I scratched the fabric under my fingers and felt his nipples peak beneath his shirt.

“And I have an early birthday present for my little princess, a great big one with your name on it.”
His low voice vibrated through my skin and made me break out in a light sweat.

“Oh yes,” my breath was short and his mouth stole it away completely. We kissed for a long moment while arousal tingled through me.

Then he pulled away just a little and took a deep breath. “We leave now and I push the speed limit all the way to York.”

I nodded and quickly brushed my new long curls before gathering up my two bags while he checked the room to make sure we hadn’t left anything behind. Then we were on the cobbled Lincoln street, catching a cab to take us to the garage where he kept his car during the school year. Our luggage was stowed in the boot and then we were off. The moment we left the city traffic, he took my hand and brought it to his lips to kiss.

“Sweet kitten, a new adventure awaits us.” His eyes flashed my way for a moment while my stomach tingled. “I think I shall take you to the basement first thing so we can enforce the wards and let them welcome us home.”

My panties grew damp and I moaned a little. “Yes, please, I’d like that above all things. You can just lift my skirts, peel down my tights and panties and slide inside of me slowly. I’ll be really tight because it’s been days since you fucked me. You’ll be big and hot and it will ache like it did when you first took me there. The wards will light the whole room and all the elements will surge through us in turn.”

“I’ll move slowly so I don’t hurt you any more than necessary but you’ll be back at virgin tight levels so it will be hard. I’ll want to thrust in eagerly, feeling your velvet soft walls clutch at me but I won’t want to tear your delicate skin. Your cock will be spraying the altar with your come and it will glow so brightly we’ll have to close our eyes.” His fingers held mine close and I edged over to lay my head on his shoulder.

“But you won’t be able to keep slow because you know how much I want you to take me hard and make me feel your giant cock in my throat. I’ll be moaning your name over and over until with one last thrust, you’ll flood me with your hot come until I’m full of your seed.” I drew a shaky breath and clutched his hand to my chest so I could drop a kiss on it. “And I’ll make the same wish I do every time you’re inside me. I’ll wish for Voldemort to be gone so we can make a baby at the same time we make love.”

******** Severus ********

“Sweetheart, your generous heart humbles me.” I risked another look since traffic was lighter now that we were out of the city. “I thought Poppy’s memories were pretty graphic.”

“They were and I know there will be blood and a lot of pain.” He said quietly, settling our clasped hands into his lap. “But there’s the joy, too. The fun of creating the baby, the changes in my body and the moment you first feel them move. I want to experience it all and I want to do it as soon as we can. I know there’s school to get through but the OWLS are done and now I can concentrate more on what I need to learn to fight and win against him.”

“My fierce kitten, I’m more pleased than words can say.” I rubbed my thumb across his fingers. “The more I think about it, the more I want to see what our children will be like. With you as their mother, they are sure to be bright and full of laughter.”

He beamed at me. “And they’ll be intelligent like their father. Do you mind if we have lots?”
A slight frisson went up my spine. “Define ‘lots’ for me.”

His grin was more Harry than Mary. “I think six is a nice round number.”

Dear gods, we were going to be overrun with babies. Clearing my throat, I cast him another look. “I see. Six is quite a large number, sweetheart. Are you sure you want that many?”

He nodded. “I want a big, noisy family. The oldest will be big enough to help me around the house while the youngest is still a baby. And you never know but twins might show up. I think it would be fun to have two the same age.”

“Well,” I gulped hard and squeezed his hand. “If that’s what you want then that’s what we will do. However, I insist on two years between pregnancies. I don’t want you to put your body under too much strain. Being a male and being pregnant is a huge stress on you. I won’t have you hurting yourself. Remember our children will have lots of friends and they’ll be over, too. Noisy will be our perpetual state, I fear.”

He brought our clasped hands to his lips and kissed each of my fingers. “I know . . . they will . . . but I want . . . our own . . . babies, too. I love you so much.”

And my heart melted. “I love you more each day, Harry. Never forget that when we get so busy we forget to say it to each other.”

“Every day, Sev, we will say it every day. I could never forget that.” He nodded sharply, reminding me of Minerva’s mannerisms. “May we stop for lunch somewhere new?”

There were so many things I wanted to share with him and each one reminded me of how isolated he’d been all his life. “I have a restaurant I like to stop at when I’m book shopping. It’s a combination tea shop and book store. Two elderly sisters own and run it. They are charming ladies who cook like angels. Their menu is simple, what ever they felt like cooking that day is what you can order.”

He beamed at me. “I like it. What kind of bookstore is it?”

“Mainly cooking, gardening, architecture, landscaping and home decorating,” I answered. “I was thinking we could look for some books to give us ideas for the front garden. It’s pretty plain compared to some of our neighbors.”

“Mrs. Tyler would appreciate it, I’m sure.” He chuckled and leaned a little harder into my arm. “She was making noises about finding some hardy roses for you.”

“True, little love,” I laughed with him. “I tend to neglect the outdoors in favor of the ‘in’.”

“We’ll work on the garden before we start to travel.” His eyes watched the road ahead of us. “Mrs. Tyler will water if needed while we’re away. I can hardly wait to see the ocean.”

Still one more thing he’d never seen, I thought sadly only to have his giggle echo through my thoughts. It made me smile and brightened my mood in an instant. Our closeness was a true blessing and one I depended on daily. Without him, I was nothing but a sour old man.

//Never old, Sev// he thought sweetly. //I depend on you to watch me and make sure I’m doing the right thing. You’re the rock upon which I’m building my future. I’d have failed a dozen times if you hadn’t been there to protect me or take the punishment I should have received//

//You didn’t deserve some of those punishments, Harry// I watched the traffic and kept my speed
just at the legal limit. //I hope to keep you from pain for the rest of our lives//

His smile was sweet and mysterious. //Not all pain is bad, my Sev// He stroked his stomach, smoothing the material down then up a little so he showed a bit more thigh. //Our babies will grow and stretch my body really painfully when they’re born. But they’ll be worth every single moment//

//Sweetheart// I had no words to tell him how very brave I thought he was but he seemed to catch all I felt, blushing and laying his head against my shoulder.

The rest of the drive went quickly and we arrived at our little house at about five. Mrs. Tyler popped out the moment we exited the car and invited us for dinner once we’d settled in. She wouldn’t take ‘no’ for an answer and since we had no fresh food in, we accepted. So instead of heading straight downstairs to make love, we freshened up in our bathroom and went next door.

Dinner was a delicious corned beef brisket with fresh vegetables from her garden. We asked her advice about how we could improve our front garden and she got a gleam in her 83 year old eyes that told me we’d soon be elbow deep in dirt, compost and plantings. Mary was just as excited and she soon sat beside our elderly neighbor with open books of different garden plans we might consider.

I watched them indulgently and didn’t even think of interrupting their conversation. Indeed, I pulled out my sketch book and surreptitiously began to sketch the two who seemed so alike on the brocade settee from an earlier age. Somehow I saw them dressed in Edwardian gowns and I knew this one was going to become a painting before the summer was done.

My beautiful little princess, I thought smugly while continuing to sketch. Mary delicately hid a yawn behind one small hand and apologized to Mrs. Tyler. She waved us off with an admonition to go straight to bed and have an early night after our long drive. We said our good nights on the doorstep before silently making our way into our home. The wards sang sweetly to us of all the events happening in the northern counties.

We put on all the proper lights in both our bedrooms and the bathroom then turned them off before making our way down to the sacred altar in the sub-basement. The wards blazed to brilliant light around us and they welcomed us with a peal of chimes that resounded through our very bones. Harry swayed towards the altar with an almost feline stretch while I bowed to it with a reverence I’d rarely felt before.

Slowly we undressed each other. Unlike our fantasy, everything seemed in slow motion where every touch held a sacred significance beyond our ken. Harry stretched out on the altar as he had that first time I took him completely. The lubricant we’d left there was still as fresh as the day we’d brought it down. I spared a stray thought on the preserving capabilities of the wards before losing myself in the wonder that was my lover.

Sliding into his depths is still cause for me to pause and marvel at the beauty of his heart and soul. He took me in completely and we merged into one being while I stroked in and out of him as slowly as I could manage. He blazed like the sun at full noon and his little cries of pleasure were sweeter than the bells chiming around us. Hot . . . tight . . . supple . . . yielding . . . delirious pleasure multiplying into something too big for mere human flesh to bear.

He cried out, his seed splashing out and hitting the stone upon which he lay. The pulsing rhythms of his channel drew my own climax out and into his depths with a low moan. We rested for a long moment while the light gradually died to manageable levels. I was as tired as if I’d been chased by my fellow Death Eaters through the Forbidden Forest.
“Wow, that was . . . intense.” Harry panted. “It felt like all the wards as far away as Hogwarts climaxed with us.”

I chuckled at the thought of orgasmic wards. “I’d love to be a mouse in the corner at Hogwarts when Albus felt that.”

Harry’s eyes widened. “You don’t think he did? Really?”

“I think he’s connected to the wards there as all Headmasters and Headmistresses have been over the centuries.” I slowly pulled him up into my arms and off the hard stone. That separated us and we both bit our lips at the loss. My come dripped onto the surface from his small hole and the wards flashed brightly once again.

Harry giggled and looped his arms tighter around my neck. “Maybe he felt that one, too? I kind of like the idea that all the ley lines we’ve linked to, got to experience our pleasure. It’s sure to make the other lines we haven’t gotten to yet to want to join in.”

“One look at you, my brave and beautiful angel, would make any ley line want to become your slave.” I told him solemnly to provoke his giggles.

He stuck out his tongue at me and I paused on the stone steps to suck it into my mouth for another taste of Mrs. Tyler’s shepherds pie flavored with the special-Harry spice only I get to enjoy. But kissing on stairways was dangerous and I wanted to soak away the last school year with my sweetheart so I continued up to the bathroom where a steaming tub awaited.

“And tomorrow we get to settle in and work on the garden.” Harry said contentedly and followed me down into the tub.

“And visit the bakery and green grocer and bookstore and library,” a small hand covered my mouth and I promptly licked it. We had three weeks to ourselves and we’d enjoy every moment of it, I was quite sure.

********* Harry *********

The three weeks went by so fast it was frightening but I wasn’t too sad to leave our cozy home since our first stop was the ocean and a ley line in the tiny coastal town of St. Bees. The bed and breakfast we stayed at was great fun although we had to be really careful of our touches. I was definitely Mary although we told them I was 15 already. Another month and Harry would be 16 and legal in every sense of the word. I was looking forward to that, although we’d have to be careful still. At least it wouldn’t involve Poppy, Minerva and Dumbledore in lying and looking the other way. I realized that the laws were there to protect innocent students from unscrupulous adults but I wasn’t innocent and Sev was unscrupulous.

//You’ll always be innocence personified to me, sweetheart// Sev caught my hand up in his to ‘help’ me over the stile to the beach beyond. //And I’m afraid I didn’t think more than twice about giving into your beautiful temptation//

I giggled and smiled up at him. “Dear Uncle John, you’re the only one who sees me as beautiful. Why I’m still flat as a board and not at all feminine.”

“Sweet Mary, you’re my own little angel come to tempt me into playing this summer when I should be working hard in the studio.” He led me down the grassy path but stopped me just before we got to the cliff. “Close your eyes, sweetheart and don’t open them until I say.”
“Yes, Sir,” I obediently shut my eyes and he chuckled, leading me forward to the sounds of crashing thunder.

“Good girl, now open them.” I felt him behind me and I leaned back confidently, knowing he’d protect me. Then I opened my eyes and felt my mouth drop open in astonishment.

The ocean was huge and loud and moving in and out furiously from the bay below us. Waves crashed, almost exploding onto the sharp jagged rocks on the shore. This was no calm beach where mothers might bring their children to play in the water. This shore belonged to the sea itself.

“It’s one of the most dangerous bits of shore line along this coast.” Severus’ voice almost startled me as he bent to speak directly into my ear. “I think part of the ley line nodes is here because of the strong energies focused right along this same line. There is a convergence of several different kinds of energies that make it particularly powerful. Once we add them to our grid, we’ll take most of the coast from here north to Inverness and south to Chester.”

“Wow, that will save a lot of time on our part.” I held his big hand in both of mine, right between my breasts. Suddenly I wanted him again even though we’d sucked each other off in our room at the B&B. The never-ceasing emptiness made me ache and I knew he’d felt it when he dropped a kiss onto my windblown curls.

//The new moon is tonight so we’ll find the ley line node now and then return in the dark// He spoke inside my mind so no one could overhear.

We had to be really careful but we hadn’t slipped up once and we wouldn’t start now. Our whole future depended on our being discreet until we were safe. I held his hand close and took another long look at the ocean surging beneath us. Tonight, I was going to be like the shore line while Severus was the wave coming in to possess me. All his power and strength would be mine.

But he’d be safe within my shore. I would accept all of him, gathering him into my depths where he could rest safe and sound. I could hardly wait. The old maps we’d found in the library were a bit vague so we wandered the cobblestone streets of St. Bees feeling our way with our psychic sensors set to ward detection.

The Headmaster had asked me to describe what the wards felt like to me but I didn’t have the right words. They were a combination of at least four senses – light for my eyes, chimes to my ears, warmth to the touch and the scent of fresh green growing things. Sev said it was the same for him but then the Headmaster told us our auras had grown so close he could no longer tell one from the other.

I really liked that idea and just thinking about it made me smile. I was still my own person, with my own thoughts and hopes and wishes. But I was also part of a couple with shared goals and desires. I was the luckiest person in the whole world to have found the other half of my soul. Sirius and Remus told me over and over how much my parents loved each other and me, too.

That just made me even more determined to have children with Sev who would be that loved, too. I’d take the pleasure of conception and the pain of labor. Nothing ever worth having wasn’t also worth a little hardship. Although, if the memories in Poppy’s pensieve were half-way true, there was going to be high levels of pain on my part.

“Mary, why don’t we take a breather here so I can do a quick sketch or two?” Severus nodded to a pair of old ladies walking slowly by us. They’d have some good gossip to pass on at the tea room about the ‘artist and his niece’.
“That sounds like a splendid idea, Uncle John.” I smiled at them and bowed my head to them and felt their pleasure at my good manners. “Oh, what a pretty grotto is blooming here.”

The feel of latent power slumbering in the sunshine was present here in the little garden set next to a half fallen down memorial to some battle or other. The node was close by. Uncle John wandered one way while I took the opposite path so we’d meet somewhere near the plinth. An old Celtic cross had been erected sometime almost seven hundred years ago and its ghost was still there to my inner eye.

Uncle John met me there and nodded approvingly. “This will make a lovely sketch of forgotten valor memorialized in stone. It feels nice here, doesn’t it, sweetheart?”

“Oh, yes, could we eat our lunch here, Uncle John? I’m sure the tea room would make us up some sandwiches.”

“Eat on the nice hard ground instead of the nice soft cushions, kitten?” He teased me and I pouted just a little. He gave in as he always did and we walked over to get our sandwiches and perhaps a little history about the memorial.

I could hardly wait until nightfall so we could return, set up a protection dome and feed the node with our loving passion. If we added this ley line to our pattern, we’d be well on our way to finishing this project.

//And finishing Voldemort and his minions, too// Sev’s thoughts joined mine. //That can not come too soon, kitten//

//I know, my Sev. I want our lives back and I want our future to start// I swung his hand in mine while we walked down the small street to the tea room.

//Our future is as bright as that sun above us, little princess// His thoughts were happy.

I was ready for anything, I decided. But mostly I was ready for some cold lemon squash.

************************
I’d never spent a more wonderful summer in my life. We loved up and down the west coast of Great Britain, adding ley lines and nodes to our grid until we’d reached over load. Harry’s sixteenth birthday was spent in a hot springs in Wales, literally in, I thought with fond memories of the passion with which we’d celebrated his coming-of-age.

Our summer expeditions had proven most profitable in more ways than one. I’d sketched all up and down the same coast line. My dealer in London would be pleased at my production this year. But since Harry had awoken my love, I’d felt energized beyond anything I’d ever known before. My love of sketching had taken second place for too long while I played the spy.

Potion making would always be my first career of choice but having my painting too would be a nice counterpoint to that exacting magic art. Oddly enough, our travels had also shown me a few improvements in some of my special recipes. Once back in my comfortable dungeons, I tried out the main change in the wolf bane potion. Rue instead of rosemary and a touch of sea salt instead of my usual binding agent. Remus was my guinea pig, as always and his enthusiastic endorsement of fewer side effects told me it would be alright to write it up for Potions Monthly. Black was grudgingly grateful and I must to admit to a smidgen of smugness when he also thanked me. Perhaps the wolf was slowly civilizing him.

//Sev, don’t be mean// Harry’s thoughts slid into mine. //He’s trying really hard to be nice. Remember we have to eventually tell them about our relationship so we want them thinking good thoughts about us by the time we come clean//

//I was hoping we could do that by owl post// I said innocently.

His giggle almost made me smile and that would have shocked the entire Great Hall where the first year sorting was almost complete. I had ten new Slytherins and I prayed they would make the right decisions in the ever-growing war. I had a very odd feeling about young Lucas Snelling.

//He feels dark, Sev. Really dark, like a black hole// Harry’s thoughts were somber.

//Yes, he does. I wonder if he’s carrying another within him// I thought back and caught a determined look on his face. //You are *not* to investigate, my love. I will handle him if there is a problem//

His thoughts were chaotic but I sent him soothing waves of love that eventually calmed him. //I’m coming to you tonight, Sev - I need to be sure you’re all right//

//Yes// I sent back a clear picture of me wrapped around him while we traded long drugging kisses.

Smiling, he turned to Hermione and said something while I began to eat. Keeping a sharp if surreptitious eye on my Slytherins, I finished our meal and prepared to go give them my welcome speech. Two hours later, I still had a very odd feeling about Snelling and even Draco was keeping his distance from the youngster. I feared he was already lost to us and I said yet another prayer of thanksgiving for Harry’s safety.

I felt him behind my bedroom door the moment I passed through my wards and I shed my school
robes before opening it. He was already beautifully nude and lying in the center of my bed, propped on the two pillows and lazily stroking his cock. His look was sizzling and I matched it easily. Black and Lupin had taken most of his time and energy when we returned three days ago. I tried not to begrudge his absence but after a summer of constant togetherness, I missed him like an addicting potion.

“I missed you too, Sev.” A wave of his hand banished my clothing to the armoire and dirty clothes hamper. “I got ready for you while you were gone.” He stretched languidly and slowly turned over to display the plug stretching him. “Take it out, please, and give me yourself instead.”

“Demanding . . . beautiful . . . love,” I stalked him, crawling into bed and turning him over to gather him closer for a kiss. He tasted of his favorite raspberry fool so I knew Dobby was still indulging his sweet tooth. His hands pulled me closer while our bodies touched everywhere else.

“Need you, Sev,” he panted in my ear while I sketched a love rune down his sensitive throat with the tip of my tongue. “Gods, right there . . . again.”

My cock had hardened the moment I saw him, the way it always did these days. “Sweet Harry, my beautiful boy,” I pulled out the plug and inserted myself with one swift motion. We both groaned at the familiar sensations of heat and clutching walls. “My adorable kitten, I am tempted to just stay connected like this for the rest of the school year.”

He undulated beneath me, his inner muscles massaging me with little ripples. “I’d like that, my Severus. We’d shock everybody but that might be a good thing.”

I had to chuckle at that thought. “You may be legal, sweetheart but this is still forbidden between student and teacher.” I began the slow thrusting that would make this last for a long time. “Your godfather would kill me for sure if we came out now.”

He sighed and tilted his pelvis a little more to get me deeper. “I keep hoping he’ll grow up and realize the past is just that – the past.” The full body shiver told me my angle was exactly right. “He’s so happy with Remus; I guess I hoped he’d accept me growing up, too.”

I kissed him gently. Black still had a way to go to be considered ‘grown-up’ in my opinion. For Harry’s sake, I really hoped he’d manage it before our secret came out. I didn’t want my love to ever have regrets about loving me.

//Silly Sev, I’ll never regret loving you and letting you love me// His affectionate thoughts wrapped me in love as surely as his body did.

We exchanged soft, moist kisses, sharing the faint hints of the dinner we’d just eaten while I slowly stroked in and out of his heat. Our rhythm was strong and sure after so many months of loving. What would I have done if Dumbledore hadn’t given in so easily, I truly didn’t know. All I knew for sure was I loved Harry Potter with all my heart and soul.

********** Harry **********

I was surrounded by Severus, within and without. These were the times when I felt safe and loved. The newest Gryffindor had spooked me badly and all my defenses had come on line when I saw Snelling sit down at the long table with the other First Years. I wasn’t afraid for myself even though I’d probably be the target of any attack. My greatest fear was that he’d go after Severus.

It was much too widely known in certain circles that Sev was a spy. That brought grudging acceptance from Sirius and some of the other Order members who knew. But it wasn’t worth the
fear one of them would reveal it accidentally or with malice to one of those on the Dark Lord’s side. He hadn’t been called since the night he’d been tortured and I was more grateful than I could possibly say for that reprieve.

“I’m fine, sweetheart,” Sev’s voice sounded husky and his dark eyes gleamed in the candlelight. “Don’t borrow trouble, kitten. We’re both safe here at Hogwarts.”

My eyes were closed to mere slits while I burned inside from his thrusts. “I know we are, Sev-v-v-v-v.” My body arched under him, the hair on his chest tickling my nipples to stiff peaks. “More, please more,” I needed him to lose that control he was so famous for. “Harder, Sev, take me so hard I’ll have trouble sitting tomorrow.”

“Angel-eyes,” his rough purr was music to my ears. His hips snapped into mine, his big hands cradling my arse cheeks. My cock was hard as a rock and tormented by the wiry curls on his stomach. I’d be all red and roughened tomorrow if I could talk him into not healing all the abrasions. “Gods, Harry, do you do exercises to get tighter?”

I grinned up at him and fluttered my eyelashes. “There was a book in the library about women and how they could drive their men wild.” My legs tightened around his waist. “There were all kinds of exercises in muscle control to please our men, Uncle John. I’ve been practicing chapter four diligently with my wand.”

He stilled for a long moment while absorbing the pictures I sent him of using my wand as a practice cock. “Naughty Mary, you were only supposed to experiment under my tutelage. However, the result is . . .” he went back to thrusting and this time he really was letting go, “inspiring.”

I was almost breathless when I suddenly seized up and began to spurt between us. That triggered him and I smiled as hot come flooded me. Babies, I promised myself. Some day we’ll be creating our very own children just like this. My nipples ached the way they always did when I pictured a baby suckling at my breast.

“Sweetest Harry, I never once thought of having a family.” Sev brushed soft kisses over my cheeks and temple. “But you’ve made me a believer. I did some research on the hermaphrodite potions. Some of the ingredients are quite rare but I’ve begun a search for those I don’t have in stock. By the time you’re ready, I will be, too.”

“Oh, Sev.” I hugged him tighter and scattered kisses over his sweaty face. “Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

He chuckled and rolled over so I rested atop his furry body. We were still connected but I could tell he was softening and would soon leave me empty. I hated that moment and always coaxed him to stay inside of me as long as possible. His tongue wrapped around mine and gave me something to suck on while his big hands stroked down my back and over my arse.

That always felt so good, I purred for him. We traded lazy kisses until he slipped from me. It was getting really late so we finally got up and bathed in the bigger tub we’d made last year in his quarters. His old one was just too small for both of us. We only got to share it a few times but I was hoping this year we’d have more time for ourselves.

He kissed me tenderly before I dressed enough to return to my room through the drafty tunnel that joined the dungeons and the East Tower. Just before I opened the panel that led into my room, I cast the all-over-scent-be-gone spell. Sirius and Remus had really good smell receptors that would give away our secret with one good sniff. I hated losing Sev’s delicious scent but I had the lovely
ache inside of me to remind me of how much we loved each other.

It would have to do for now. I settled into my cold bed and hugged a pillow to my chest. Someday we wouldn’t have to hide our love. That day couldn’t come soon enough for me.

********** Dumbledore **********

Christmas wasn’t quite as cheery as I could have hoped. A series of Death Eater attacks had frightened a good many of our families into leaving their children at Hogwarts. The house elves did their best but an institutional Christmas just isn’t the same as being home. Most of the instructors spent their days trying to cure homesickness with structured activities to keep the children busy.

It was working somewhat but I was hoping the upcoming Solstice bonfire would raise spirits completely. It certainly never occurred to me that Voldemort would choose to attack during the holidays. I first realized we had trouble when the wards shrieked a warning. I felt a weakness appear in the middle of the Great Hall equidistant between the Gryffindor and Slytherin tables.

Severus had warned me that both he and Harry felt something wasn’t right with young Mr. Snelling. Without something more concrete to go with, I’d opted for having him watched closely. Obviously not closely enough, I thought sadly, pushing away from the head table and heading for the disturbance. A small whirlwind had appeared in the center of the tables and the children were fleeing in all directions.

Except, of course, for Harry – I sighed and put a little more speed into my step. But Sirius and Remus reached him first and all three of them were chanting a dispersal spell in unison. I was quite proud of them but unfortunately it wasn’t working. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Severus flanking the young man shaking in the center of the Hall. Lucas Snelling’s head was back while the whirlwind cloud spewed forth from his gaping mouth.

No words were being spoken and I wondered if we were confronting soundless magic. It wasn’t quite as rare as wandless magic but it was sufficiently uncommon to concern me. Adding my staff to the effort, I felt the energy suck the counter-spell away from me and into the vortex. Now that was interesting, I thought, redoubling my effort. Minerva joined me then, having gotten all the other Gryffindors to safety.

She leaned in and shouted in my ear. “Poppy thinks it’s a reverse wind spell. The more we try to break it up, the more it will grow.”

“Smart woman,” I nodded and fought my way through the howling, growing wind. The vortex was twice as tall as Severus and he was fighting his way closer to the young boy who was the focus of all the swirling power. Getting to Harry’s side, I shouted what we thought the spell was to him.

With their link, I thought that might be the fastest way to neutralize the problem. Harry nodded sharply and a moment later, the air grew thin in the center of the Hall. A minute passed while the whirlwind stayed the same size then Snelling’s eyes rolled back in his head and he collapsed. Severus was there to soften the fall but the boy looked like he’d shed most of his body weight in the last half hour.

His Head of House picked him up in his arms and with a short nod to me, carried him away to Poppy. I rather thought Harry would be following shortly. I was pretty sure she was a member of the small circle who knew about them. Something about her partisan backing of Severus during the last staff meeting was my second clue. The first was her protection during his last medical crisis.
“Well, that was about what I’d expect from a Slytherin.” Sirius said Shortly, tucking away his wand.

Harry glared at him. “Don’t be silly, Sirius. Being a Slytherin had nothing to do with it. Voldemort has to know we’d suspect something from his followers. This attack was pretty showy for him.”

Remus nodded. “I agree, Harry. It’s the non-Slytherin we need to worry about. Someone we trust like a Hufflepuff or Gryffindor will surprise us with the unexpected.”

Sirius frowned at both of them but wisely kept further words unspoken. I smiled at them all. Maturity was breaking out all over Hogwarts. I soon had them back planning the bonfire for Saturday. Within an hour, Harry had disappeared and I made a small bet with myself that he was on his way to the dispensary.

********* Poppy *********

The holidays were fraught with tension but the one attack using Lucas Snelling was the only outright violence we suffered. The lad had been sent home after I stabilized his condition. Who ever had set the poor boy up had used his core magic to do so. He was completely drained of all vestiges of magic and I had my doubts whether he’d be more than a squib for the rest of his life.

Such a waste of a young man, I thought sadly. Now we were coasting along waiting for the next attack. The first two months after the holidays, we endured the usual sneezes and sniffles. All our magic and we can’t do a thing about the common cold, I thought with a sigh while dispensing another bottle of cough potion. We were running low so I thought I’d go down and see if Severus had thought to brew any extra.

The dungeons were not my favorite venue but I did realize the good sense that put the potion laboratories in such a well-warded location. Grounded in solid earth, they endured when one of the towers would have shaken itself apart by now. Still, it was so cool and damp all year round that it made my bones ache. However, Severus’ rooms were nicely warmed by the fires he had going constantly.

Knocking on his private door, I waited for him to verify my presence. It swung open and his smile was genuine. He never did much smiling but since I’d found out about his relationship with Harry, he’d lowered his guard with me. “Severus, good evening. I’m running low on several potions.”

“Come on through to my lab, Poppy. I have a few helpers tonight who are assisting me with that little problem.” His smile was positively evil and I could hardly wait to see which students were working off their detentions.

But he surprised me when I walked through the door to the potions classroom. There weren’t just students helping but instructors as well. Sirius and Remus were laboring over a pot of bubbling cough potion. While on one table beside them Draco and Ron were chopping up ingredients for their own cauldron. And on the other side, Harry was gently stirring a magenta gel that just had to be the chest decongestant.

“How very nice of all of you to volunteer your time to help me out, gentlemen,” I spoke up with a genuine smile. This would stock me up for the foreseeable future. “What can I help with, Severus?”

“I’m just finishing up a cauldron of fever-fugue. If you’d be so good as to finish stirring it then I can start some more Pepper-Up.” He pointed towards a silver cauldron that was hissing slightly.
“Excellent, Severus, however if I may suggest another we need even more?” I took up the silver ladle and prepared to stir when the last of the sand trickled out of the hourglass. “Our Dreamless Sleep is almost gone.”

He stilled beside me. “Nightmares?”

I nodded and he sighed soundlessly. Harry’s quick glance told me they were talking together silently. I’d have loved to study the phenomenon but Severus was quite touchy about anything to do with his young lover. It still didn’t bother me they were together. I should have been upset but I wasn’t. I wouldn’t condone it in any other pair but Harry had always needed someone and for some reason Severus matched him completely.

While I stirred, I watched and listened to the other pairs of workers. Sirius and Remus were joking with each other while Ron and Draco bickered back and forth good-naturedly. Harry worked quietly, sometimes smiling at his godfather and his lover or snickering at something his best friend and former enemy said. All in all, it was a most pleasant gathering and I enjoyed myself immensely.

The boys helped me carry up all the filled bottles of potions to my back room and helped me put them away in order. By then it was quite late and I gave them passes so Filch wouldn’t bother them. It had been an interesting evening and I thought I saw a slight thaw in the ice between Sirius and Severus. Remus and Harry were helping it along so perhaps the resulting explosion wouldn’t be quite so bad.

If only we could hold off any explanations until Harry turned 18.

********** Harry **********

It was harder this summer to get away from Sirius and Remus. They insisted on two weeks at a beach in Greece and I enjoyed it but I missed Severus terribly. He went on to York and began painting a commission he’d received over the Christmas break. Luckily, our bond stretched far enough so I could end each day with him, telling him everything we were seeing and doing.

However, I saved back a couple of memories of two evenings for when I could tell him face to face. My godfather was quite determined to show me both sides of relationships. So one night we went to a restaurant where they had female belly dancers and the next night we went to a gay strip club. I took it all in with wide eyes and the very strong feeling that Sev would not approve of some of the things the club patrons were doing.

It was really odd but both the men at the club and the women at the restaurant made me feel turned on. Remus had taken me aside and given me the talk on sex that Sirius was too embarrassed to give me. I learned a lot of nuances but nothing really new since I’d pretty much memorized both sets of Kama Sutras. What the books couldn’t teach me, even with moving pictures, was how the dancers got their bodies to move like that.

So, I went back to the restaurant the next day and took a couple of lessons in belly dancing while Sirius and Remus thought I was asking one of the dancers for a date. Fatima was really beautiful with large dark eyes and rippling black hair. She was only two years older than me but I told her right up front that I was in love with someone else. She thought it was funny that I wanted to learn belly dancing but then she smiled and said she would teach me properly.

Women really do have great muscle control. I learned things from her I’d never be able to learn from a book. She even kissed me when I asked her if she would. ‘Hari, you are a very strange young man,’ she said and then she kissed me for a few moments. It was interesting and I was glad
I’d tried but it didn’t even come close to making me want to do anything else.

As Severus would say, even a failed experiment teaches us something. I didn’t go back to the gay club again because I really hadn’t liked the way some of the men there looked at me. I felt like a little mouse surrounded by hungry cats and I didn’t like that feeling. Only with Severus did I want to be helpless and vulnerable. Still, it did help me make some more decisions.

I hugged Sirius hard and thanked him sincerely for helping me grow up a little more. He had tears in his eyes when he let me go. “I love you, kid, not just because I’m your godfather or because I diapered your bottom when you were a baby. Harry Potter, you’re a good young man with a heart as big as the Gryffindor lion.”

Blushing, I shook my head but Remus hugged me in turn and spoke up, too. “Harry, you’d be special in anyone’s book but you’re also your own man. Once Voldemort is taken care of, you’re going to do whatever your heart desires and we’ll be right there to help you in any way we can.”

I couldn’t speak; my heart was too full so I just hugged them both in a three-way hug that lasted until Sirius started to laugh. “Boys, it’s time to hit the beach for our last chance to get a tan. Last one there has to cook dinner tonight.”

We all scrambled for our suits which were hanging on the balcony railing drying out after our last swim. I’d gotten several good looks at both my guardians’ bodies and the differences were interesting. Remus was whipcord lean with long white scars on his body that made me hurt for him. His chest hair was almost nonexistent like mine while Sirius was another matter. My godfather was as hairy as Sev but he was shorter and a little pudgier. Once he got to eat all he wanted, he’d kind of over-indulged. Remus kept saying he was going to put him on a diet once they got back to Hogwarts and Sirius just stuck out his tongue at him. His muscles were heavy and bulkier than Sev’s, actually more like Hagrid’s body.

And neither of them made my cock twitch even a little. But some of the strippers in the gay bar had made me harder than hard. One of them had been kind of like Sev with long black hair he whipped around his head while he whirled. It was almost embarrassing how hard I got and Sirius had noticed of course. He’d just winked at me and we had a long embarrassing talk the next morning.

But I kept reminding myself that he loved me and only wanted to help. So we got through it unscathed although I blushed an awful lot. It was a good vacation but once we got home to Hogwarts, I was really looking forward to going home – my real home with Sev. The logistics for me leaving were intense and for a while I thought I’d never get away. But Sirius and Remus suddenly got handed an assignment in Ireland from the Order and finally I was free to head home.

Minerva and I headed for Hogsmeade where we flooed to Lincoln and the hotel I knew from before. I changed into my female disguise while she watched, fascinated by the transformation. I grew my hair while I picked out the clothes to be turned into my favorite skirt and blouse. Minerva took care of that while I searched for my earrings in the secret compartment in my luggage. Sev had given me the matching emerald for my 16th birthday and when I magicked the holes open again, I slid them both in.

They flashed a brilliant green in the mirror when I turned my head and I remembered to remove my glasses to tuck them away for the summer. We’d spelled the glass plain in them after my eyes were fixed so they were just one more part of the Harry Potter disguise. It was great to be free of them for a couple of months. I changed into my new clothes in the hotel bathroom, foregoing my tights because of the great tan I’d gotten in Greece.
It felt so good to be in a skirt again. I changed a pair of boxers into white lace panties and pulled them on with a little wriggle of enjoyment. Then I pulled on my matching bra before buttoning up my blouse. Sitting on the toilet lid, I slipped into a new pair of sandals I’d bought in Greece. The heels were a little higher than I’d ever worn before but I’d practiced walking when I was alone so I knew I wouldn’t turn my ankle or anything. How embarrassing that would be, I thought standing up and swishing my skirt a bit, just because I could.

It felt so free to not be wearing shorts or pants. I hoped Sev would take one look and throw me down on the nearest surface and fuck me hard. Opening the door to the bedroom where Minerva was waiting, I saw Sev standing beside her.

******** Severus ********

My beautiful lover had finally returned. He came into my arms with a sigh of the same relief I was feeling. Being without him had been harder than undergoing Voldemort torture. I’d missed him with every fiber of my being. But now, feeling him against me, his arms around my neck and his lips opening under mine, I was complete.

Our kiss was more gentle than passionate while we connected fully again after the last three weeks. Part of me remembered Minerva was in the room while the rest of me wanted nothing more than to slide Harry out of his pretty outfit so I could slide into him. But my control held – barely.

“Sweet kitten, how very long the last few weeks have been.” I managed to set him a little bit away from me.

Starry emerald eyes glowed into mine. “I know, Sev. It felt more like a year than just three weeks. May we please go home?”

“Yes,” I managed to say before grabbing at the tattered remains of my control. “Minerva, thank you for getting him here. I know it wasn’t easy.”

“Nonsense, Severus, I was glad to do it. I haven’t seen the Lincoln Cathedral in decades. I have a cousin I’m going to visit before returning to Hogwarts.” Her smile was indulgent. “Have a lovely summer and I look forward to seeing you this fall.”

She kissed both our cheeks before leaving, walking briskly out of our hotel room. The silence was electric and Harry moved back into my arms with a sigh. “Oh Sev, it felt like each day was a year long. I really liked Greece but not without you.”

“We can go there for our honeymoon,” I licked his throat, tasting several new nuances to his usual taste. “Or maybe to celebrate our first child’s birth?”

He hugged me tighter and tilted his head so I could reach the spot that made him shiver. I laved it with my rough tongue and he caught his breath. “I think that would be perfect. The light is so beautiful there, I think you’d paint even better than at home. Maybe we could rent a villa for a while so you can be inspired.”

“You’re the only inspiration I need, sweetheart.” I pulled back reluctantly but I didn’t want our reunion to be in an anonymous hotel room. “Home, angel-face, the wards have been waiting for you impatiently.”

He chuckled and went to tidy up. “I missed you brushing my hair, Sev. Now that it’s long again, I need you to keep it tidy for me.”

I picked up the two suitcases he’d brought with him. “I’d be more than happy to do so, kitten. I
have a few new outfits for you.”

Turning back to me, he smiled mischievously. “I have a couple of new outfits to show off myself. I think you’ll like my new swim suit even if it is for men. But I learned something new while I was in Greece and I have a new costume to wear when I show you what I learned.”

I was going to die such a happy man, I thought with satisfaction. “I look forward to it, sweet Mary. Now let’s get on the road so we can get home. The whole neighborhood missed you and asks after you every time I go out in public.”

She picked up her purse and opened the door for me, her hips swishing just a little bit extra. Her long tan legs with the strappy heels she was wearing made my groin tighten. It was going to be a long drive. Stowing the luggage in the boot, I held the door for her and she slid in, leaving her skirt hiked a little higher than normal.

A very, very long trip, I thought putting the key in the ignition and backing out of the small car park attached to the hotel. The moment we began moving, the doors locked automatically and the home wards kicked in. We were now protected from prying eyes and speed traps even this far away from them.

“Gods, Sev, it is so good to be going home.” His hands were still small but the light sheen of pink nail polish on the manicured tips of his fingers made them look even more beautiful to my eyes. “I missed holding you . . . stroking you . . . lying on your wonderful fur . . . tasting your musk.”

His hand slid up my thigh and I got even harder, if that was possible. But before I could admonish him, he was shrugging out of his seatbelt and sliding closer. “Harry, what are you doing?”

His grin was pure imp. “I need a little something to tide me over before you get the chance to fuck me through the altar.” And with that, he unzipped my jeans and went down on my wand-hard cock.

It was all I could do to keep the car on the road. His mouth is a real work of art and his vacuuming skills were highly advanced. I didn’t dare look down since that would set me off like a premature firework. Then he hummed around me and I about strangled the steering wheel. With one hand wrapped around the base of my cock and almost half of it down his throat, it was a wonder I lasted as long as I did. Repeated humming sent me over the edge in less than ten minutes.

He sucked contentedly once the initial burst hit his mouth. I relaxed muscles I hadn’t even realized were tense. His absence really had almost physically hurt, the longer he was away. Raising his head, he tucked my limp cock back behind my boxers and zipped me back up.

“That’s so tasty,” he licked his lips and smiled smugly up at me. “You taste much better than any Grecian recipe.”

“You shall pay dearly for this naughty behavior, young lady.” I tried to sound stern but part of my brain had melted the moment he took me in. “Once we get home, I believe we’ll have to adjourn to the basement where I’ll have to chastise you most severely.”

His demure look was priceless. “Dear Uncle John, whatever punishment you think is necessary, I’ll gladly endure because I’m so very glad to be home.”

“Sweetheart,” I caught his closest hand up to my lips. Kissing each finger, I watched his breath catch and his little pink tongue come out to lick suddenly dry lips. “I could be persuaded to forego any punishment if you’d model your pretty panties for me.”

He blushed but immediately began sliding his skirt higher and higher until the frilly edge of lace
came into view. His cock distended the pretty silk and I slid my hand over the bulge while he bit his lip and wiggled. “Oh, Uncle John, I really, really missed our exercises. My nipples ache terribly and so does that private place inside of me that only you ever touch.”

I chuckled and slid my hand over his hip and behind him so I could caress his cleft. But I felt the presence of our special lube and decided to push this game to a new level. “Sweet Mary, sit up for me a bit.” When he raised himself, I tickled his hole then slid in two fingers while he moaned. “Good girl, now I want you to stroke your pretty cock for me while I make sure that special spot is well touched.”

“Oh yes,” his eyes were half-closed while he clenched around me, both hands sliding his silk panties down far enough to free his cock. “You’re the only one I ever want to touch me, dear Uncle John. Some of the men on the trip paid me compliments but I just frowned at them and sent them on their way.”

Someone had dared to look at my beautiful lover, I thought grimly. Probably young beautiful men and women, closer to his age. I watched him bounce a little on the seat, intent on the sensations before and aft of him. But the look of joy on his face told me more than any words that he was still committed to our relationship.

“You must tell me all the compliments since I didn’t get to hear them for myself.” I managed to say, while twisting my fingers to tease his gland. His inner muscles clamped down on them like a vise and I chanced another look at him.

“I will, sweet uncle, I remembered them because they were mostly pretty silly.” His sigh was heated. “I only like your compliments because I know you mean every word. Oh, there, please there again.”

I twisted and started to fold in my thumb as well but at the familiar fullness, he groaned and climaxed in his hand. His sweet face relaxed completely and I slid in my thumb easily. His guardian muscle spasmed and my cock decided it had rested long enough and needed more.

“Sweet Mary, we are going to carry in the luggage, drop it on the floor and then I’m going to take you right on the stairway.” I reluctantly left his depths and we both moaned at the loss of connection. “I’m going to fling up your skirt, pull down those deliciously decadent panties and thrust in so hard, you’ll have to sit on a cushion for the next week.”

He squirmed around, tucking in his limp cock and trying to pull down his skirt. “Perfect, Uncle John, I’ll still be all slick from the lubricant I carefully put inside of my private place for you. I’ll be on my hands and knees the moment we lock the door. Then once you’re inside of me, all the way inside where I can feel you in my stomach, I’ll practice clenching those muscles around you until we both come again.”

“Sweet girl, once we’re done reconnecting, I’m going to take you up to our big bed and suckle on your nipples until they’re bright pink. Then we’ll take a hot bath while I shave you everywhere. Then I’ll give you one of the new dresses I bought for you. Did I tell you how beautiful your new sandals are?”

He bounced a little and fluttered his eyelashes at me. “I’m so glad you like them, Uncle John. They’re a little higher than you said I should wear but they are so very pretty and I love the way they make my body sway when I walk in them.”

“You’re growing up, sweetheart and that means you can wear new things, more grown-up things.” I caught his hand up in mine and brought it to my lips so I could lick away the last remnants of his
tasty seed.

“Oh-h-h-h,” he sighed contentedly. “I’ll be 17 in a few weeks. Only one more year before we can tell everyone we love each other. I can hardly wait.”

“Angel,” I laid a kiss in the palm of his hand. “Only after Voldemort is dead and gone can we tell the world our secret. You’ve still got one year of school left and the decision of what you want to do with your life to be made.”

His smile was enigmatic to say the least. “I know what I want to do and who I want to do it with. The moment Voldemort is gone and it’s safe, I want to start undergoing the hermaphrodite spells and potions. I want to be pregnant before I turn 19.”

“You humble me, Harry,” I let go of his hand reluctantly because traffic was getting heavier and I needed to concentrate. “If that’s what you want to do, then that’s what we’ll do. I had a dream a few nights ago and you were sitting in a rocking chair with a tiny baby suckling at your breast. I woke up with such a smile on my face, you wouldn’t believe it.”

“Yes, I would, Sev.” His smile was beatific. “I’ve had that same dream except we were out in the gazebo and I was sitting all cuddled up in your lap while our son nursed at my nipple.”

A son – I hadn’t even thought about the sex of the child. We would have a son

********* Harry *********

Sev got the calmest look of surprise on his face. I liked seeing it there. I’d asked Remus about who carried what name when two men got married and he explained it was just like a man and a woman marrying. The woman usually took her husband’s last name but sometimes she kept her own, especially if she was known for her work or specialty. He told me about hyphenated last names and I thought about it for a long time.

I really didn’t want to be Harry Potter once I’d done the job of getting rid of Voldemort. But if I took Sev’s name then the Potter name would die out. “Sev, could we have half the children be Potters and the other half Snapes?”

He blinked and risked another look at me. “If you want to, we can do that. What brought that up?”

“I was thinking about taking your name because of all the notoriety around mine but I don’t want the Potter line to peter out completely just because I love you.” I hoped I was explaining it right.

“Sweetheart, we’re both the last of our bloodlines.” He pulled up in front of our home and I sighed in relief. “I think your solution is just perfect. We’ll flip a coin to see which our first son will be.”

I just couldn’t help beaming at him. He’d really accepted we were going to have babies together and more than one. And just like that I was hard as a rock. I really needed his cock inside of me. My channel throbbed in memory of how big he was and how much he stretched all my muscles. My nipples ached and grew hard for his lips. The padding of my bra hid them but I knew Sev could sense them when he patted my hand before getting out of the car.

The next few minutes were hectic while Mrs. Tyler welcomed me home with a big hug and I told her the jet lag had me reeling but I’d come over first thing tomorrow to tell her about my trip with my mother to Greece. She brushed my hair back behind one ear and patted my cheek with her soft hand. It was like having a grandmother for the first time and I hugged her until she squeaked. Shooing me off, she promised to have my favorite lemon bars for mid-morning tea.
Uncle John was already inside and I walked sedately up the steps when I really wanted to just fling myself through the door and into his arms. The moment the door closed and locked behind me, I was on all fours, begging Sev to come inside. My panties tangled around my thighs and I felt his crown, hot and hard and velvety soft press inexorably against my entrance.

I stretched and stretched and moaned at the almost-pain before he surged inside of me, sliding deep. Maybe it was because I couldn’t spread my legs but he felt bigger than he’d ever been. I groaned at his bulk sliding deeper and deeper. My arms trembled and barely supported me.

“Dear gods, you tightened up to pre-virgin levels again.” His voice poured over me like hot syrup. “So hot and tight around me . . . so fucking good, sweetheart . . . I may never come out of you ever again.”

“Yes-s-s-s,” I hissed in Parse tongue, which I knew turned him on dreadfully.

“Sweet Harry, my little snake,” he started the long pull out before pushing back in. I shivered all over and pressed back to get him deep. “My sweet serpent of the beautiful green eyes and the tightest arse in Great Britain if not the world.”

I had to giggle at that and his chuckle joined mine while he steadily thrust inside of me. His hands caressed my hips before sliding up my spine and back again. “It all feels so good, Sev. You need to promise to take me again tonight over the altar. And tomorrow you can wake me up by sliding in deep and fucking me through the mattress.”

“Ah, sweetheart, you won’t need the plug because I’m going to be inside of you constantly for the next few weeks.” His hips snapped a little harder into mine and his fingers held my hips still when I would have moved. “The new moon is three days from now so I’ll need to take you in the herb bed so you can spray the new seedlings with your hot seed.”

I really liked that idea. “Yes-s-s, I’ll ride your cock like the seasoned rider I am then after I rest up, I’ll take you in the rose bed so your seed can feed them.”

“Excellent idea, sweetheart. I think the ivy could use a little pick-me-up, too.” He thrust one last time and flooded me with his hot seed. “Dearest love, I missed you more than I can say.”

“Me, too,” I sighed and felt each little sperm swimming through my bowels. “Some day, when I have eggs instead of just seed, one of your strong sperm will swim up and find one or two to pierce.”

“And our son will be created,” his lips caressed the back of my neck where my hair had fallen away. “He’ll grow safe and secure in the womb we’ll make for him until it’s time for him to come out and suckle at your beautiful breasts.”

“Oh, Sev,” suddenly I needed his lips. “I really, really need you to suck on my nipples right now. I missed that even more than having you inside of me.”

He chuckled a little and gently pulled out of me. I cherished that moment when his crown stretched me to the point of pain. It was a reminder that one day something even larger would be forced from my body. His hot come dripped from my well-used hole when I went to stand up but then he picked me up in his strong arms and swiftly carried me up the stairs to our room.

We stopped in the bathroom so we could clean up and I got to use the bidet for the first time that year. Sev told me he was definitely installing one in his rooms at Hogwarts since we both enjoyed it so much. I wiggled all over at the thought of being able to play with the jets of hot water during
the school year. But it was those long, elegant fingers unbuttoning my blouse to expose my lacy bra that really had my attention.

His fingers brushed against one breast then the other while my blouse dropped to the floor to join my skirt and panties. I was going to kick my sandals off but he stopped me with a small shake of his head. Then he was peeling down the straps of my bra but leaving them to bind my arms to my side. My breasts ached and he dropped his head to tongue first one stiff nipple then the other.

I had to cry out at the welcome sensation and his chuckle vibrated through me all the way down to my toes. Gently, he bit first one then the other, alternating each touch until I thought I’d go mad. Then he picked me up and carried me into our bedroom. Laying me on the cool cotton sheets, he banished his clothes, followed me down and settled in to nurse.

Nothing feels that good, nothing in the world ever will, I thought with a deeply contented sigh. My fingers stroked through his hair slowly while his hands splayed under my back. He’d settled between my legs so I moved my right one slowly up his hairy leg, using the sharp heel of my sandal to tickle him. He chuckled against my chest and bit down a little harder while I arched up to get him closer.

“Such perfect nipples, little love,” he dragged his tongue from one to the other, leaving behind cool patches of skin. “I think I’ll paint a close up of just one of your pretty breasts with a large pink nipple to titillate the viewer into wanting to taste it. And all the while the art patrons yearn to possess it for their own; I shall sit back and smile smugly because the original belongs only to me.”

I smiled and brought the other heel up to tease the skin at his waist. “And I shall blush each time someone compliments your artist’s model. You’ll be smirking, you know you will.”

“I certainly will, sweetheart.” His dark eyes gleamed at me and he moved up far enough to kiss my lips. Our tongues twisted together, rubbing the way our bodies were rubbing together. “I missed you so much I couldn’t even pleasure myself. It just didn’t feel right to touch my cock when he really wanted your touch. I did wear the plug a couple of days though so I’d be ready for you.”

That sounded really good to me and I grinned up at him. “I think I should take care of you while I wear the plug. Then after dinner, you can take it out and replace it with you.”

“The wards would appreciate that, little love. In fact,” he rubbed his hips against mine and my cock started to rise. “I think we should go feed the wards while you take me. Then we’ll eat the stew that’s simmering on the stove and change places.”

I beamed up at him. “Perfect, Sev, you are absolutely perfect.”

“Only because it’s you, sweetheart.” He smiled down at me before rolling us to the edge of the bed. Reaching out a long arm, he brought out the silver plug that I’d missed so much. I was going to see if he’d let me take it to Hogwart’s this fall so I could replay one of my favorite fantasies. Wearing it and nothing else under my school robes while reporting for a detention with my stern potion master.

Slathering it in lube, he split my legs and had me hold them back so he could lick around my hole. I loved when he did that and he’d told me when I grew a vagina, I’d like his tongue there even more. I could hardly wait to find out.

******** Severus ********

Harry’s hips arched up to me while I tongued the little muscle into spasming open for me. He was
such a natural in all his reactions to our lovemaking. His gasps and moans filled me with the need to make him purr for me. Sliding my lips up to his balls, I tongued them before heading up his cock. He looked so wanton with his legs splayed lewdly in front of me and those sexy sandals making his feet arch elegantly.

I rocked the plug past his muscles while I sucked his cock into my throat. His shout made me smile around my mouthful. “Sev! Oh gods, oh gods, that feels so good. Bigger, Sev, make it bigger so I’m all stretched and ready for you.”

I had a little surprise for him and I tapped the end of the plug so it would widen inside of him. He shrieked when it began to vibrate. “Sev! How is it doing that?”

Letting go of the tasty cock in my mouth, I grinned at him. “This is a new plug and it has a few extra added features. I’ll let you discover them slowly. But right now, I need you inside of me. Do you think you can walk down the steps to the basement? I love what those heels do to your hips.”

He laughed and stretched all over, letting his legs drop to the bed. “I think I can but you’ll have to help me up. I feel a little shivery and weak.”

Rising to my feet, I took each hand stretched out to me and pulled him upright. He was biting his lip but the feelings of pleasure through our link told me he was all right. His first step was a bit awkward but then the plug settled down and his hips took up that swivel that drew my eyes to his long legs. He wouldn’t grow much taller than he was right now. Years of malnutrition had seen to that but at almost 17, he was filling out nicely.

His arse was a thing of beauty and I loved nothing more than fondling it both clothed and unclothed. His sweet voice was still a bit alto and would probably stay that way also. He sounded more like Lily than James and that was fine with me. “Sev, are you coming?”

I blinked and realized he was standing in the doorway, hands on those slender hips and his cock standing straight out from his groin. “I certainly hope so, sweetheart.”

He laughed and held out a hand to me. Crossing the room swiftly, I kissed him tenderly before bowing him out of our bedroom. Watching him sway down the hall and stairs, I felt my groin come to life again. Only Harry could get me so hard again so quickly. I had missed him more than I had thought I would. For a solitary man who’d lived most of his life alone, I was now addicted to the sexiest man alive.

//Thank you, Sev// he smiled over his shoulder at me. //But you’re the sexiest man alive. You’re my very own Slytherin Sex God//

I chuckled and followed him down the steps to the altar where the wards welcomed him home with a burst of light and chimes. He threw open his arms and whirled around, returning their welcome with his own sweet self. I was such a lucky wizard, I thought fondly while watching his excitement. But then he spun himself into my arms and I kissed his laughing lips as if we hadn’t touched in weeks.

The more of him I have, the more I want. I smoothed my fingers through his soft curls and wished he didn’t have to cut it for school. //Love your hair like this, sweetheart//

//Me too, Sev// He purred before pulling away with a glint in his eye. //The wards want you on the altar and spread out for me//

//Just the wards?// I teased him before leaning across the glowing altar and spreading my legs so he
could come between them.

//Cool, the sandals put me at just the right height to come inside of you// His fingers slick with the lotion we kept by the altar slid inside of me and unerringly hit my gland.

“Yes-s-s,” I relaxed all over and started the slow burn that would eventually burn me down to the ground.

His fingers came out and his cock slid in just as tenderly as I usually took him. He might not be as large as me but his length was perfect and his aim right on target. His hands slid up my spine then grasped my shoulders so he could thrust even harder. I absolutely loved having him inside of me.

Our thoughts and feelings meshed along with our bodies. I’d missed him so much – it had been a physical ache no potion could dissolve. But that feeling was going away with each thrust. Pictures of his trip began to filter into our bond, much clearer and more detailed than our evening talks – a sunset, a fishing boat, a sea urchin seen up close below the waves. There were bits and pieces that bound us even closer together.

I was still on a hair-trigger and all too soon, I sprayed the altar with my release. My climax drew out his and he slumped along my back with a contented sigh. “It’s so good to be home, Severus. I love you.”

“I love you too, sweet Harry.” I flexed and he slipped from me with another sigh. But then I could turn to take him into my arms for a comforting kiss, the first of many he was due since he’d left me bereft. I really had missed him. His seed seeped out of me and onto the stone I was propped against while the wards brightened immeasurably.

They really did enjoy our lovemaking. Perhaps Aphrodite still held sway over this spring, I thought lightheartedly. Harry giggled through the kiss when he caught my comment. //I like to think she’s watching over us because we’re her favorite lovers//

Switching to speech, I began to scatter kisses over his golden skin. “Did you feel any of the ley lines in Greece? Did they respond like ours do?”

He tilted his head so I could get his favorite hot spot below his ear. “They were really old and sleepy but they were kind of curious when I greeted them. In fact, when Sirius took us to the island of Crete, they flared up really bright and sang to me in a bay on the southern coast. I’d like to take you there and see what they do for both of us.”

“Sounds good to me, sweetheart,” I pulled back far enough to feast my eyes on him. “We’ll go once it’s safe. Until then, how about we clean up and eat before planning the rest of our summer?”

He nodded happily and we headed upstairs. I could hardly wait to begin our own travels.

***

It was a more dangerous summer than the one preceding. Death Eater attacks were more numerous and the muggles were putting it down to terrorism and taking precautions. We moved quietly among them, taking our own measures to ensure our safety. A couple of times we were able to thwart an attack and Harry discovered another talent to call his own. He was really good at moving the earth out from under an attacker. His command of that element was growing quickly and that was good. Water also responded to his call and he played for hours in the cool waters off the southern coast.

For me, air and fire appeared to have adopted me as theirs. Once we got home to Hogwarts, we’d
practice the elements until we could merge them into a working whole. I had a feeling this new talent would prove necessary for the fight against Voldemort. And that could not happen soon enough for me. I was impatient for the future Harry had spun for us.

Still, we finished the lower half of England and stopped off for a few days in muggle London. Harry had never been there and I enjoyed showing him some of my favorite book stores and restaurants. However we came very close to losing our anonymity when we almost ran into Hermione and her mother in Harrod’s Department Store. Only Harry’s quick thinking got us into a dressing room before she could do more than furrow her brow.

A slight obfuscate-spell and within a few moments they were gone. We both breathed a sigh of relief and to celebrate, I bought my niece a skirt in tight black leather. She wiggled into it and I zipped it up for her. A short white lace blouse that barely covered her midriff, exposing a little of that beautiful tan she’d gotten in Greece, with short sleeves completed her new outfit.

She was indeed a little princess when we left with our shopping bags. To celebrate the final ward being added to our grid, we went out to dinner that night to a little club I knew in Soho. There’d be live singing at nine so we purposely made our reservations for then. While sharing the shower, I shaved Harry completely. He loved it when I did that because I always followed it with the application of a special lotion that becomes a scented powder.

We both enjoyed that and after I made sure a silencing spell totally encapsulated our suite, I beckoned him to bed. First I brushed his hair for a while, soothing him with long sweeps of the camelhair brush. Then with a couple of twists, he secured it to the top of his head with a quick binding spell. That left the nape of his beautiful neck free for my lips to kiss along his sensitive hair line.

He moaned happily and leaned back, trusting me to hold him upright. My hands stroked his chest, cupping his small breasts and thumbing the nipples to hard peaks. He arched into the touch. “Oh, Sev, more . . . I need more . . . it’s been two days since you were inside of me. Take me now so I’m tender and full of your come when we go out to eat.”

********* Harry *********

His hands pulled me closer than rolled me onto my front before moving between my legs. “Up on all fours for me, sweetheart, I’m feeling rather needy, too. How I can go a day without your heat is beyond my imagining.”

I giggled and rose up to all fours while he rimmed my hole and began moistening the clean skin there. His tongue always feels big at first but then it just feels good. Having no hair anywhere made every touch feel ‘more’, more hot, more scratchy, just more. I stretched like my kitten form would and heard his chuckle.

“Sweet kitten, how like your namesake you are.” Slick fingers slid through my entrance while his thumb rubbed behind my balls, making me shiver with need. “So hot inside, you should be the one who channels fire, little princess.”

I laughed with him. “Oh no, Uncle John, you’re the one who pours liquid fire into me every time you take me. Love it when your seed races through me, looking for my womb and the eggs hidden there.”

His thumb folded in and made me ache with sudden need. I moaned and tried to spread my legs wider to draw him deeper. But he just chuckled and replaced his fingers with his warm cock. The first push in always reminded me of how big he is and how much I missed his bulk. He was
everything I ever wanted and he was the one I dreamed about at night in my cold bed at Hogwarts.

But he was here now and balls deep inside of me while I panted beneath him. His dark fur tickled my back and legs with more warmth until I was pierced and surrounded by him. “I love you, Sev, so very, very much.”

“You’re my sweet angel . . . my funny kitten” each nickname came with another kiss down my spine and a thrust deeper inside of me. “My little princess . . . the keeper of my heart . . . and mind . . . and soul,” his voice dropped to the purr I loved.

“More,” I gasped, pushing back to get him deeper, harder, something before I burned alive. “Sev.”

“I know, sweetheart, more.” He chuckled, his hands gripping my hips hard and slamming into me in a pounding rhythm that dried up my voice completely, leaving only my needy moans.

It was fast and furious but just what I needed right then after the fright of almost being discovered by Hermione. I hoped she would accept me but what did one person really know about another? What if I disgusted her with my liking for dressing up as a girl? I already knew Ron wouldn’t understand, although I had a funny feeling that Draco might. There was just something about the blond that made me tingle all over.

I thought we were more alike than different. Suddenly I seized up and came all over the hotel sheets. Sev moaned behind me and I felt hot liquid flow deep. That made me smile the way it always did and I made the wish for strong sons and daughters. Soft sucking kisses were placed tenderly down my neck and over my shoulders while I shivered under his hot tongue.

“My sweet Harry, my only love,” his soft murmur made my heart leap. “I love you more today than when we first began three summers ago. Sweet seventeen and more beautiful every day, sweetheart.”

I sighed happily then bit my lip when his bulk left me empty. A tiny spell tingled through me and all the mess disappeared on the sheets but then I felt the smaller plug being inserted. “Thanks, Sev, how did you know I wanted to keep your essences inside of me?”

He kissed each arse cheek before biting the left one and making me jump. “I’m feeling quite possessive tonight, kitten. I’m marking my territory in more ways than one. Now, how about your special lotion for your satin skin?”

“Yes, please,” I said happily and turned over to stretch out on the rumpled sheets. I watched him pool some on my taut stomach before spreading it down my legs with his big, warm hands. It went on cool and wet then dried to a soft clear powder that smelled sweet and tart at the same time. He raised my left leg to his shoulder so he could smooth the lotion over the front and back of my leg then repeated it on the right.

I sat up so he could get my back, shoulders and arms. I felt like the most pampered person in London when he was done. He approved my new outfit for the evening and I chose a silk thong with a white lace pouch and silky straps that teased my crease a little even with the plug in the way. The black leather stretched a bit over my narrow hips or I’d have never gotten the zipper up. It hugged them beautifully and I turned slowly in front of the mirror to get the full effect of the shortest skirt I’d ever worn.

“You’re beautiful, sweetheart. All the men at the club will have their tongues hanging out when you walk by.” Sev was pulling on a black turtleneck and I admired the way the black set off his pale skin.
“All the women will envy me my handsome escort.” I told him sweetly and enjoyed his laughter. I had a strapless bra now with a little padding so I had more than two bumps to show under my blouses. Fastening it behind me was always a little difficult but Sev came to my rescue with his clever fingers and a soft kiss to the nape of my neck.

He really liked it when I wore my hair like this. I grinned up at him and pulled the new blouse off its hanger. It was some kind of muggle material and it stretched a bit when I pulled it on over my head. It clung like a second skin and barely reached my waist so an inch or two of skin showed along with my navel. It was quite the most daring top I’d ever worn and Sev obviously approved because he encircled my waist with his big hands, making me shiver with renewed need.

“Absolutely the most beautiful girl in all of London, sweet Mary, that’s what you are tonight.” He kissed my ear. “Wear your emeralds, please. They’ll be just the right finishing touch.”

I nodded and fished them out of my purse, slipping them in my ears before pulling out the emerald necklace he’d given me for my 17th birthday. He fastened it for me with a soft kiss to the nape of my neck. The hanging heart shaped pendant was almost an inch long and wide with tiny diamonds in a gold ribbon motif at the top. I was afraid it had been really expensive. But he laughed when I asked him about it and told me he liked spending money on me. So I wore it with pride, knowing he really wanted me to have it.

I sat on the bed to put on a new pair of strappy heels that Sev had let me buy. The three inch heels would be a challenge but if I walked around a bit in the hotel room then I should be all right. If I felt wobbly, I’d just take my tall uncle’s arm. Grinning, I opened my makeup bag and got out my blush and lip gloss. Poppy had been a really good guide to what makeup I might be able to use and enjoy. The nail polish was my first attempt and I really liked the way it made my nails look. Then I tried face powder but it felt heavy and goopy on my skin so I wasn’t sure about the powdered blush when she suggested it. But it was much lighter and I only needed to use a little to accent my cheekbones.

The lip gloss came in scents and colors. Sev had vowed to create some that wouldn’t come off if I bit my lip or if he kissed me hard. Those had been really fun experiments but he’d finally succeeded on his last try and I had a supply of both colored and non. I used the plain when I was Harry and the colored when I was Mary. Tonight, I stroked it on with my little finger and used a little extra to bring out the cherry of my lips.

“Are you going to leave your hair up or take it down?” Sev finished zipping up his black pants and I admired his darkly dangerous look. His black leather vest practically matched my skirt.

“I think I’ll leave it up and just coax a curl or two down by my ear.” I turned my head this way and that. “Poppy had all kinds of ideas about hairstyles. It’s a pity I have to leave my bangs so long to cover the scar. Sev, do you think it will go away once we get rid of Voldemort?”

“I don’t know, sweetheart.” He caressed my upper arms and I leaned back against his chest, liking the image of us in the mirror. “We don’t know what caused it, your mother’s love or a residue of Voldemort’s death. When he dies again, will that remove it or will it begin to fade naturally? We just don’t know.”

Smiling at him, I brought one of his hands to my lips so I could kiss it. “Bangs aren’t so bad, Sev. So long as he’s dead, I’ll accept what happens next. It will be a fun story to tell our children.”

His eyes crinkled in a smile. “We’ll never run out of stories to tell them, kitten. Now, are we ready for our evening?”
I checked my look in the mirror and picked up my little leather purse to hang on my shoulder. Taking a few steps, I balanced on my new heels, turning and then moving back to where Sev watched me with a lustful look on his face. I practiced my demure blush and knew it had worked when his hands rose to take mine. He kissed each one before offering his arm.

I loved going out in public when I’m disguised as a girl. I loved the admiring looks and the way Sev bristled when someone got too close to me. I liked the way my body moved in heels and how sexy my skirts made me feel. And wearing a bra reminded me how much my nipples enjoyed being pleasured. I just enjoyed pretending to be a girl, I thought while the taxi drove us to the club where we had reservations.

Sev had to help me out of the cab, my skirt was so tight. I loved that feeling of slight helplessness. And the taxi driver’s eyes were glued to my legs all the while Sev paid him. So I was smiling when we entered the club. It was dark and kind of smoky when we entered but the maitre de seated us in the nonsmoking section when Sev asked him. The menus were big and I looked through the selections before closing it up.

“You order for me, Uncle John.” I fluttered my eyelashes at him and watched him smile. “There’s so much I’ve never tried before.”

The waiter was a young man in what appeared to be a kind of uniform for the wait staff, black t-shirt with the name of the club on the front and black pants. Sev gave him our meal order and also ordered my favorite lemon squash to drink. A glass of wine now and then was the extent of our drinking at home. Sev said he’d been too paranoid for too long to drink liquor in public.

That was all right with me. I liked being alert so I didn’t miss anything. A quartet of two men and two women had just taken the small stage across the room and I sat up to see them better. Sev leaned over and told me quietly they were a group he’d heard before. They specialized in jazz from the forties before we both were born. I nodded and wondered what they would play.

Their music started out fast and loud to get our attention then smoothed out into something mellow and rich that flowed over my ears like silk. I’d never heard a saxophone before but I fell in love with it instantly. When one of the women began to sing along, I was mesmerized by her husky voice and how it meshed with the sounds of the sax.

Sev held my hand until the food arrived. The quartet took a break about the same time we began to eat so I could give my full attention to my meal. It was chicken in some kind of garlic sauce that was just delicious. The vegetables were fresh and lightly sautéed in the same sauce so each taste blended with the others. I was sure to have garlic breath by the end of our meal.

When I whispered that to Sev, he chuckled and said he was looking forward to it. I squirmed a little and crossed my legs under the table so one foot could tickle his pant leg. His heated look told me I was definitely going to be chastised when we got back to our hotel room. A slight flick of his fingers on my hip and the plug began a low level vibration. I was going to be well and truly turned on and begging for it by the time we got back.

I could hardly wait.

********* Remus *********

I collapsed on Sirius’ back, still buried balls deep in his arse. His canine whine was music to my wolf ears. My knot swelled just inside his hole and his panting was just this side of pained. I licked the scruff of his neck and buried my muzzle into his scented fur. I’d grown to love the full moon now that I had a lover who could change with me. The latest wolf bane potion had given me back
even more control over the transformation and that was the best present I’d ever received.

Severus had even cracked a joke when he informed me of the latest change to the formula. There had been a definite thaw in our relations but also with others. He and Harry were very polite to each other. That was odd but with Harry’s studying so acridulously he was doing quite well in all his studies, including potions. The ones who really surprised me though were Ron and Draco.

Sometime over the summer, Draco had fled his family estate and taken refuge with the Weasleys. He’d rejected the path to Voldemort and been disinherited rather spectacularly by Lucius. The one rather disquieting note was the absence of Narcissa during all the news interviews. Draco said she’d disappeared almost a month before he’d escaped. The look in his eyes was so lost when he told us that.

Sirius hadn’t said anything but a few hours later, I found him in the library at Grimauld Place. He was staring into space with an open book upon the table before him. I laid a gentle hand on his shoulder and he sighed, pointing silently to the family tree drawn there. Narcissa’s name was written in black while Sirius and Draco were both in green. It seemed either Lucius or Voldemort had taken exception to her championing her son.

We made sure we spent time with both the young men since Harry wasn’t available. The sparks were really flying by the time school started again. They were such opposites and yet . . . I sighed contentedly. They were rather like Sirius and me in temperament. Ron and Sirius had hot tempers and the tendency to speak before thinking. Draco and I always thought twice before speaking once but we could both be passionate about what and who we loved.

I nuzzled Sirius’ neck again and licked the fur on his ear. He whined contentedly and wiggled but my knot was still stuck fast inside of him. It would be another half hour or so before it eased out. For the first time in years, I had sex whenever I wanted it. That was such a pleasure. I was normally a rather pessimistic person but lately I’d begun to hope for the future. Hope for a future with the man I loved.

***

I sat back puzzled and not sure why. Harry had turned in his History of Magic paper and I’d just finished reading it. It was well researched and slightly revolutionary in its theories about why magic had gathered around towns, leaving behind the oak groves and rivers where our ancestors practiced magic. He’d told me that once Voldemort was dead, he’d like to add a few things to it. Perhaps that was it, I mused while rolling it back up. There was a maturity in his background verbiage that I would expect from someone my age rather than his. And his conclusions did feel unfinished to me, as if he knew something he didn’t dare write just yet. That went along with his calm demeanor and the hopeful air he projected sometimes when I caught him unaware.

“Remus, what’s wrong?” Siri’s voice startled me.

I looked up to see him carrying in a tea tray comfortably full of cakes and sandwiches. My appetite had returned with regular meals and I’d been pleased to put on a few pounds which I’d sorely needed. “Nothing’s wrong, love, I’m just considering Harry’s essay. It’s very well written but there are a few things missing, I think.”

“He said he wanted to continue it once Voldemort is dead.” Sirius sat down beside me and put the tray on the table in front of me. But before pouring me a cup of tea, he hugged me close and kissed me hard.
That always scattered what few wits I have left. His taste was like no other and I craved it when a few days went by without us connecting intimately. Between our two schedules and the time he wanted to spend with Harry, we didn’t always get to do much together. I licked my lips to get every last drop of his essence. He chuckled and poured our tea before handing me the plate of fairy cakes with pink icing that I loved.

I ate two before taking a sip of tea but he surprised me by continuing our conversation. “Harry is determined to kill Voldemort and he’s going to use every trick in the book to do it. I think he’s read more Defense against the Dark Arts texts than I have. He actually had a book yesterday from Snape’s private library.”

I stilled but his voice was calm. A year ago it would have been incensed. But today it was simply matter-of-fact. “Really . . . was it helpful?”

He shook his head. “I don’t know but he’s going to let me borrow it when he’s done. Draco also offered a couple of books he spirited out of the Malfoy library before he escaped. They look really interesting. Harry and Draco came up with a rather fiendish exercise for the fourth years.” He grinned at me. “It’s going to be a massacre.”

Appalled, I opened my mouth to remonstrate with him only to have him break into delighted laughter. “Got ya, Mooney!”

“Siri! You dog,” I elbowed him sharply. He just continued to laugh and I found myself snickering along with him. “So, you’ve decided that Severus isn’t so bad after all?”

He shook his head and poured some more tea. “I won’t go so far as to say that, Remy. But he does know his Dark Arts and I want Harry to have every advantage he can get for the upcoming battle.”

“Has he said anymore about where he goes in the summer?” My curiosity was at an all time high. Harry had exuded contentment and joy when he returned to school just before the school year started. “Or who he’s with?”

“Nothing, but he’s happy and that’s what I want for him.” His blue eyes misted a bit and his smile was tender.

“What if what makes him happy doesn’t conform to . . . normal?” I had a feeling that was growing by the day about Harry and his sexual orientation. His clothes sense had matured to the point I was pretty sure he wore silk boxers under his regular teenage jeans.

“You mean normal sexuality and I’d be a right hypocrite to fault him for liking blokes more than girls when I love you the way I do.” He smiled at me and I melted. “If he finds someone as good as you then I’ll be content. It just won’t be Ron or Draco.”

“I was thinking one of the older Weasley boys. Harry is an old soul who seems more comfortable with people our age than with his own.” I snuggled a little closer to him and his arm came around me so he could nuzzle under my ear.

“Maybe . . . he’s suffered so much both physically and mentally for one so young. He needs someone who’ll love him for the sweet soul he is and not just the hero he’s becoming.” Siri sighed, his breath gusting against my sensitive skin.

“That means someone older, my love, someone perhaps who’s also suffered or overcome a negative past.” I said tentatively. “Harry wants a family so badly; I wonder how he’ll overcome his initial urge towards males.”
“He can adopt just like we can,” he eyed me a bit nervously. “I mean if we wanted to after the war is over. There’s sure to be an orphan or two like Harry and Draco who needs a home and someone to love them.”

My heart overflowed at that moment and I literally couldn’t have spoken a word if I’d tried. So I just nodded and hugged him tight. A family, what a wonderful idea to look forward to.

******** Severus ********

The holiday season passed with more Death Eater attacks and heightened tensions in the muggle world. I found the name ‘terrorists’ quite appropriate for my former colleagues. They spread terror and despair over all they touched until the wizarding community was at an all time high for paranoia. The Order was spread thin putting out fires both physical and emotional. Harry and I were studying hard, trying to weld a weapon out of our control of every magic ley line in Great Britain and the elements which responded to each of us.

It had never been done before so we were rather blindly seeking our path. It helped that Black and I had declared a truce in our war of words. Perhaps we’d both grown up over the last few years. I know we were united in our care of Harry. My little love needed more people who loved him unconditionally the way Remus and his godfather did. Hermione, Ron, Draco and even Neville accepted Harry in every personality change he’d evidenced the last few years.

I just hoped they’d stick with him once our relationship was revealed. Harry had grown another inch taller but Poppy thought that was the last growth spurt he’d have. He reminded her with a little cheek that he’d be growing a child as soon as he could. She ruffled his hair and told him she was looking forward to it. If truth were told, so was I.

He convinced me that our children were absolutely necessary. I had more visions of Harry and our son both in night and day dreams. I had never had a talent for prophecy and yet I believed in each and every picture of the tiny babe and my beautiful lover. What his godfather and Remus would say, I didn’t have a clue. However, I wanted that future more with every day we loved.

***

When the battle came, it felt almost like an anticlimax. Harry and I had mentally linked near the lake for a day long picnic with most of the student body when suddenly a convergence of the dots of energy we’d identified as Death Eaters gathered in the wizard community of Oxford. Harry and I looked at each other across the students spread out on blankets and nodded once before I headed for the Headmaster and he for his godfather.

Ten minutes later we met at the edge of the Forbidden Forest. Tersely, I told them what had to be done. Sirius would have protested Harry’s involvement but Draco and Ron were already there with Hermione and Blaise. Minerva and Poppy calmly joined us at the last minute and I was glad to see them. No matter what happened there were sure to be casualties.

//Be careful, my love// I thought to Harry while taking hold of his hands, no longer caring what Sirius thought.

//You too, Sev, remember our babies// Harry thought back and moved us to the center of the ancient university city.

Oddly enough, the city was built around a Druid spring much like our home in York. It sat in the city center in a square with one of the ugliest fountains I’d ever seen. Harry soaked up its energy while connecting through the cobblestones to the earth beneath. I called the wind to me while
readying a fire ball to distract Voldemort while Harry attacked.

The others appeared beside us one by one, belying the myth that no one can apparate from within Hogwarts’ wards. Screams echoed through the air and I deliberately made a magical gaffe to draw the attention of the Death Eaters. Voldemort appeared within a heartbeat and his ugly face creased in a ghastly smile at seeing Harry and I hand-in-hand.

“The traitor and the hero, how fitting you should come to me today.” His hissing voice came from a throat obviously distorted from the mutations he’d undergone.

“We are tired of your presence, Tom.” I said matter-of-factly and watched him still with rage. “You are a blot on the shield of wizardry and you must go.”

“S-s-severu-s-ss, I am dis-s-s-appointed in you. I expected better from s-s-such an intelligent s-s-scholar.” He frowned.

“I think you’ll dislike what I’ve researched lately.” I linked my elements with Harry’s and we cut him free of the wards in this sacred space. Before he could react to that, we reached into his magical aura and turned him inside out. Water became fire so his very blood burned in his veins. Air was displaced with earth, clogging his lungs with mud. Bone became liquid and flesh began to burn to ash.

What was left of his brain liquefied and oozed out his melting nostrils. The attack was so quick and complete, he disintegrated before our eyes and Harry turned one of the cobblestones into a container to hold the few remains. Then asking the wards for help, he opened a shaft to the core of the planet and let the stone plummet deep into the heart of the world. He leaned wearily back against me when the wards chimed it was done.

Albus apparated to us at that moment and the Aurors that came with him finished mopping up the remaining Death Eaters. None escaped because the wards kept us informed of where each one was. I held Harry clasped to me, his back to my front, next to the fountain, calling out who was where until finally Albus patted my shoulder and informed us the last one was captured.

Slowly, I let my lover go and shook my head. Linking with the ley lines sometimes left me disoriented. I felt like I’d been lifting rocks for a few hours and I was starved.

“Hungry,” Harry moaned a little and put his hand to his head. “I could eat a dragon.”

“Me, too,” I sighed and looked around. Remus and Draco were staring at us with the oddest expression on their faces. Oh dear, we had some explanations to make.

“Food first then we’ll explain,” Harry yawned and belatedly covered his mouth. He smiled at Sirius and Ron who were looking at us in disbelief. “Back to Hogwarts, I think.”

He apparated the two of us back to our home away from home. Dobby met us in the Great Hall and we ordered as much food as the elves could make and told him to keep it coming. Four hours had passed and most of the children were still out by the lake. So Harry and I configured the head table big enough to hold the ones who’d fought beside us. They were sure to be here shortly.

Albus, at least, knew where we were. Hogwarts’ wards were nothing if not courteous. I snatched a quick kiss and Harry began to laugh. “We did it, Sev, we did it.”

I twirled him around, enjoying his laughter. “We did indeed, little love. Do you still want to get pregnant?”
“Yes, yes, yes,” he scattered kisses over my face. “How soon can the potion be ready?”

“One week, kitten, we’ll have Poppy help.” I hugged him close and wished we were naked. “Then we’ll go home so I can take your new virginity on our altar.”

He kissed my lips fervently before coming up for air. “And we’ll create our first child shortly thereafter.”

“My dearest love, we will,” I hoped the explanations wouldn’t take too long. I needed to reaffirm life in the most positive way possible.

********** Dumbledore **********

The explanations were as fully fleshed as our questions could make them. Severus and Harry answered every query with full, frank answers that didn’t gloss over anything. Sirius had to be restrained twice by Remus, once when it became evident that they were in a personal relationship and secondly when Harry announced he and Sev would be pursuing an even closer bond.

Draco took it very well and because of his acceptance, Ron seemed to finally settle down and listen to what they had to say. Hermione just smiled as if she’d known it all along and who was to say she hadn’t. Blaise followed her lead. Minerva, Poppy and I backed them unreservedly and so came in for some hostility from our DADA instructor when he realized we’d known about them all along.

This wouldn’t be the last time we’d be talking about this, I was quite sure but for now, we all agreed we had to have a story ready for the Ministry and Press on how Voldemort had been destroyed. Severus was adamant that their ground-breaking work with the magical ley lines be kept quiet. I was equally adamant that such a feat could never be long kept a secret.

Remus weighed in on my side, mentioning the frightening thought that the Ministry might put them under indictment for illegal use of magic if we couldn’t come up with a simple explanation. Harry suggested we all eleven take credit for a section of Great Britain. I’d take the counties around Hogwarts, Minerva those around Oxford and Cambridge and so forth.

We all paused and thought about that while Harry and Severus kept eating. Dobby was on constant alert to keep their plates full and I watched surreptitiously while they ate enough between the two of them to feed a Quidditch team. What must their bodies have used up to need such refueling, I wondered.

“That would work and also explain why we all arrived at the exact spot where they were attacking.” Sirius said with a frown. He was still reacting with a low voiced growl to every touch between Harry and Severus. “But what are we going to tell them about Voldemort and his body? They’re going to want proof he’s gone.”

Severus nodded and patted his pockets for a few moments before pulling out a very familiar wand. “This should do it. It’s Voldemort’s wand and it will show his last attack spell. The wards at the fountain will show his disintegration and dispersal to the center of the earth. It may take a while but they will have to finally accept it. The round up of the Death Eaters and their trials should take up enough of their attention that we can finally fade from the public eye.”

“All Death Eaters?” Sirius growled at him.

Severus’ smile broadened and he laid down his fork, rolling up his sleeve. The Dark Mark was gone leaving nothing but pale skin behind. Harry laughed delightedly and brushed back his bangs
to reveal his scar faded to almost nothing. Sirius looked torn between joy and anger. Remus’ smile matched my potion master’s.

“Humph,” was all Sirius said.

“Sirius, you’ve been a wonderful godfather and I love you dearly but I love Sev more than anyone in the world.” Harry said determinedly, finally laying down his fork and wiping his lips with a napkin. “We bonded a little over a year ago but we’d like to have a public ceremony that will redirect some of the questions we don’t want to answer. I’d like your blessing but if you feel you can’t, I’ll understand.”

“Harry, no!” Sirius stood up abruptly and I noticed Harry and Severus tensed in unison. “You can’t bond to him; he’s old enough to be your father. He hated your father.”

“I disliked the Marauders equally, Black.” Severus’ voice was calm. “The twenty years between us mean less to wizards than it might to muggles. You will probably not believe me but I love Harry more than my own life and have committed myself to his happiness.”

“And I love Sev with all my heart.” Harry slipped his hand into his potion master’s. “He’s the man I want to father my children and I sincerely hope you’ll be a part of our lives as our family grows.”

I held my breath and hoped Sirius would let the idea of Harry having children go for now. That explosion could hopefully be postponed. And it seemed my prayers were answered when Draco deflected attention away from that question with one of his own about how we were supposed to have linked to the ley lines so we could know where Voldemort and men would attack.

Ron backed him up with some rather intelligent questions of his own and the conversation turned towards planning what would be said sooner rather than later. The children and rest of the staff returned an hour later and I had them all gather in the Great Hall to hear the welcome news that the war was over. Spreading the kudos over all at the Head table, I began the process of molding public opinion.

The children would be sending owls home immediately and I made a mental note to borrow owls from Hogsmeade if needed so our story could begin to permeate the country. Heading back to my office, I made another list of those I needed to contact and in what order they should be fire-called. Minerva asked to help and I took her up on her offer.

It was going to be chaos but after so many years of war, I was looking forward to peace.

******** Severus ********

Shaking loose of the others proved difficult until Harry finally grabbed hold of Black and sat him down in their combined sitting room in the East Tower. Using words of one syllable, he laid down his needs and non-negotiable requirements. I’ve never been as proud of my young lover as I was at that moment. He was more mature at 17 than Sirius was at 37. Remus had accepted our relationship by the time we’d finished hashing out our statements about the war.

I was beginning to think it would take another 20 years to get Black to understand or even grudgingly accept us. I didn’t want to grovel but I would if I had to. Harry deserved every thing he wanted and he wanted a godfather who accepted him. What the hell Sirius would say once we sprung the hermaphrodite decision of Harry’s, I had no clue but the explosion would probably be heard in Greece. ‘Just not now’, I prayed quietly to the old gods.

Remus made the connection with Harry’s summers and quietly asked me about them while Sirius
and Harry were talking heatedly. I confirmed we’d spent the last few summers together as muggles in a secret location. When he asked if I was the one who rescued him the summer the Dursleys were slaughtered, I nodded. He was obviously conflicted, suspecting I’d taken advantage of a distraught boy but also glad I’d been able to save him.

There wasn’t anything I could say to make it better; I too feared I’d taken advantage.

//Silly Sev, you saved my life and gave me my heart’s desire// Harry said affectionately over our bond. //I think I’ve said enough right now. Sirius needs to have some time to think about what we’ve said and Remus can work on him//

//Bed?// I said hopefully.

//Bed// he caressed my mind with his warmth. “Sirius, think about this tonight. We’ll be here tomorrow although we’ll probably be busy giving interviews to Aurors and the press. Can you at least agree to support my decision to love?”

“Harry, I love you like a son.” Black shook his head sadly and glared half-heartedly at me. “I’ll try. That’s all I can promise right now.”

I stood and held out my hand to Harry who took it and arose. “I’ll try to help, Black. I truly do love Harry more than anyone in the world. I want to love and take care of him for the rest of our lives. Please don’t punish Harry for my past sins. He knows the best and the worst of me, even things I am ashamed of and those I regret with all my heart.”

“Sev shared his life with me, Sirius, all of his life, the good and the bad.” Harry sighed and leaned into my arm. “I can forgive everything he’s done because he paid with years of his life to atone for the mistakes he made. We all have bad decisions in our pasts and some even cost lives. Please give him a chance to show you who he is now.”

“I’ll try,” he said begrudgingly and Remus crossed to give him a hug. “Where will you be tonight, Harry?”

“With Sev,” my lover said simply. “I need to wrap myself around him and go to sleep knowing our future is filled with life instead of death. Maybe you and Remus can do the same.”

“We’ll see you at breakfast in the morning.” I held Harry’s hand and bowed my head to them. “Good night.”

Their goodnights echoed through the room then Harry and I were out the door and apparating to my private rooms. I hugged him as close as I could get him and he hugged back. My heart was too full for anything but a constant humming of ‘we’re alive’, ‘we won’, and ‘I love you’. That was enough for now.

********** Poppy **********

Well, you can just imagine how much hoopla descended on Hogwarts when it became known Voldemort was dead and all the Death Eaters were also dead or in custody. Draco took some of the attention away from Harry and Severus when it came out he’d been instrumental in fighting his own father. Minerva came in for her fair share of praise for their perception of her work on the country’s ley lines. I shuddered to think what would happen if they knew that they were currently under Harry and Severus’ control.

Harry and Severus, I mused while watching them across the table where we were working on the hermaphrodite potion. They were together constantly now. Sirius wasn’t the only one who disliked
their bond and the students were pretty much split down the middle. I’d patched up a couple of them who’d come to blows over the news. They got a stern lecture from me and another from their Head of House, who ever that was.

The Slytherins actually took the news rather well but I had the feeling that was because they saw it as a blatant reach for power on Severus’ part. And to those who didn’t really know them, it probably did look like that. Older man, impressionable boy, the Ministry asked some pretty impertinent questions of our Potions Master. He’d stayed calm and dispassionate even while taking truth serum.

Harry had simply helped him through their bond to divert some of the more dangerous questions and subvert the serum itself. Those asking the questions could have no clue to how far their bond had grown. Did I worry about that closeness and whether or not they could abuse it to grow into dark lords themselves? No, I didn’t. They loved each other so much they wanted nothing but the privacy to be together.

And to create their children the old fashioned way, I smiled fondly at them. I was looking forward to birthing their babies myself. As far as I was concerned, they’d paid their dues to wizarding society and it was time for them to take care of themselves. I was pretty sure Sirius would eventually come around. Remus had already accepted their bond.

Draco and Ron had, too. In fact, between classes and test taking, they were busy planning their bonding ceremony, too. Hermione and Blaise were now an acknowledged couple and they had joined in the planning. The public ceremonies were going to be a nice shield for the ceremony Harry and Severus wanted. Albus could and would officiate for them all. The new Minister of Magic, Arthur Weasley, would sign off on all the new bonds.

Molly was in seventh heaven although she’d also been disapproving at first about Harry and Severus. But no one could watch the two of them together and not see the love shining from each. They glowed with good health and the peace that was finally theirs. That had gone a long way to reconciling her to their bonding. I had the feeling there would be another brouhaha when Harry got pregnant but one crisis at a time, as I always said.

“IT was awfully nice of Fawlkes to give us two of his feathers,” Harry held one above the steaming cauldron and waited for Severus to nod. When he did, he slowly let it dip into the mixture and watched it dissolve with great satisfaction. It was the last ingredient and once the final incantation had been chanted, the potion part would be complete.

“Harry, have you asked Hermione to be your third?” I asked him.

His smile was luminous but then I thought that a lot about him lately. “She said yes after reading a couple of books on the subject. She kept asking me if I was sure.” He laughed. “I told her I was really, really sure. Morning sickness and swollen ankles-sure. She just shook her head and told me even she wasn’t sure about that until she was older.”

Sev chuckled and extinguished the flame under the potion. “She will be fine once she’s married to Blaise. I do hope he’s told her how much he hated being an only child so she’s ready to have the three or four he wants.”

“He told her,” Harry leaned into him and raised his face to his bonded’s.

Severus promptly kissed him and I kept my happy sigh silent. I did love a good love match and this was one I would never have imagined three years ago. The full moon this month was going to be special indeed.
Three days later, Minerva, Hermione and I met in the Chamber of Secrets to cast the hermaphrodite spells for Harry. A thousand years ago, the spells were configured to make sure no male was ever coerced into becoming a child-bearer. Three women of the male’s family or kin had to be asked by the man himself to cast the spells and they had to agree to do it without coercion for them to work.

Harry no longer had blood kin but he considered us part of his family and I must admit I was flattered. Minerva and I had spoken of his wish and thought long and hard on the matter. These spells were never to be taken lightly and we did not. The yearning in Harry’s eyes had convinced me this was his true wish and the other two had seen it, too. So tonight we were here to fulfill his deepest desire.

Harry came through the door barefoot and in a loose white silk gown that flowed like water down his body. Bearing the goblet of potion he’d helped create, he knelt in the circle we’d drawn on the slate tiles and spoke. “I come asking your help, my sisters. I love a man and wish to bear his children. I have thought long and hard about the paths available to me. Therefore I come to you and ask your aid in giving me those feminine parts needed for the bearing of our children.”

“There will be pain.” I told him.

“I accept it.”

“The changes will be permanent.” Minerva told him.

“I accept them.”

“You will suffer the pangs of childbirth in full measure and more.” Hermione said.

Harry’s smile lit up the chamber. “I accept both the pain and the joy.”

“Then drink, my brother, and let the spell begin.” I ended that part of the ritual and began the ceremonial chanting while he took a deep breath and began to drink.

When the goblet was empty, we pointed our wands at him and spoke the spell in the three languages of magic. I chanted the Greek; Minerva the Phoenician; and Hermione the Latin. According to the books, the spell began to work with a tingling throughout the man’s body; then his internal organs would begin to move to make room for the uterus and one ovary; lastly, the vagina would lengthen down and create a new opening behind his balls in the sensitive perineum area.

That was the one that would cause the most pain and all too soon, Harry was silently crying and rocking back and forth while clutching his arms to his stomach. Spots of red began to fleck his white robes and I knew it was taking hold. While he wouldn’t normally have monthly bleeding, this first time was like a year’s worth of PMS and menstruation.

At last it was done and the last of the spell flushed through him in a tidal wave of emotion. All four of us were crying by then and we helped him off the tiles and into a hug that lasted until the tears were finally done.

“Thank you, thank you very much.” Harry wiped his face on his sleeve and smiled at us.

“You’re entirely welcome, Harry.” Minerva stroked his cheek. “I expect to be a favored great-aunt, young man.”

“Me too,” I chimed in with a smile. “And the minute you think you’re pregnant, you are to fire-call me immediately.”
“I think I want to be a godmother.” Hermione grinned at him. “And I want a blow by blow account of every single symptom and change once you’re pregnant.”

“Yes, to all of you,” his own grin glowed. “I promise to keep you all informed and I hope to depend on your support for the rest of our lives.”

“Yes,” we chorused as one voice, which set all of us to laughing.

********* Harry *********

Severus was waiting impatiently outside the Chamber and treated me like the most fragile of princesses when we finally left it. The blood alarmed him until Poppy told him it was to be expected. He thanked each one individually before sweeping me up in his arms and apparating us to our bathroom in his quarters. Whisking away our clothes, he eased me into a hot bath with Epsom salts, since Poppy had told us to have that ready for after the ceremony.

It hurt a little sitting down in the hot water but within a moment or two, the cramping and bleeding finally stopped. He got in then and slid behind me so I was cradled against his chest. He banished the blood in the water away to our fire so it was consumed quickly. His big hands scooped up water and splashed my front clean. I was so curious as to what my new parts looked like, I tried pulling up my shaft and setting my balls to one side but it would have taken a contortionist to make that work.

“Hold on, sweetheart,” Sev understood and with a gesture, he brought my hand mirror to the tub and set it floating just right so we could both see between my legs.

“Wow, that looks . . .” I frowned a little. “That’s really, really small. Is it supposed to be that narrow a slit?”

He chuckled and began to stroke my nipples with the tips of his fingers. “It’s bigger than it looks. The muscles around your new vagina are still adjusting. Female parts, rather like men’s parts grow and expand when they’re stimulated.”

I bit my lip at how good my nipples felt and it seemed like something was happening inside of me. I felt hot and damp internally and not just from the water we were sitting in. Right before my eyes, he slid one hand down and gently fingered the soft folds of skin of my new parts. “Oh, that feels good, Sev, all hot and tingly.”

“Good, little love, I was afraid it might be too soon.” He kissed the spot behind my ear. “We’ll have to explore all the new ways to make love until you’re used to these new sensations. Remember, you have to let me know if something doesn’t feel right.”

“I promise, my Sev.” I wiggled against his groin and felt his cock begin to grow between my arse cheeks. “I know we’re going to wait to take this new virginity on our home altar but until we can get away, I hope you won’t mind making love to me the old fashioned way.”

He bit my ear lobe tenderly while one hand fondled my cock and the other kept teasing my nipples. “Oh, I think I can muddle through this messy business of making love to my bonded.”

We both laughed and I called our favorite lubricant to the tub so he could put some inside of me. He sat me up and soon had three fingers stretching me for him. Reaching behind, I guided him to my hole and slowly sat back, taking all his long length inside of me. That felt wonderful and I could use my thigh muscles to rise and fall on his cock while his hands held my hips and helped.

The mirror was still there and I watched my cock bounce in the air while my balls drew up tight.
We hadn’t made love for 48 hours because of the spells and potion so we were on a bit of a hair trigger. I seized up the moment one hand grasped my shaft and he flooded me with heat a moment later. I relaxed back against him and realized my new vagina ached a bit.

“Sev, can we do anything with my new parts until we can go home?” I smoothed my hands down my chest to pull my male equipment aside so I could look at the new folds between my legs. It felt odd to still see Sev’s cock disappearing through one hole while so close to this new opening.

“Yes, definitely,” he held me close and went back to stroking my nipples. “Once we’re done washing, I’ll take you to bed and show you what a Slytherin tongue can do with your new possession. I think you’ll also like what my nursing at your beautiful nipples will do with your vagina. The very nicest thing about a woman’s vagina is the lubricant your body will produce to smooth my way inside of you.”

“I did read that, Sev. I like the idea we won’t have to stop right when I need you most.” I felt him begin to shrink. “How soon can we leave Hogwarts? The NEWTS are done and there aren’t that many classes left. Do you think we can sneak away for a long weekend?”

Gently, he sat up and slid me completely off of him. I bit my lip at the empty feeling but then he was turning me around so he could kiss me and that was wonderful. We kissed for a very long time but finally he pulled back and smiled at me. “We will take four days off and go home. Albus has already approved it. But for now I’m going to melt you.”

I laughed and stood up, dripping water all over his upturned face. “Yes, please.”

“I like taking my time, little princess.” He teased me but stood up, too. “And I definitely want to take my time with your brand new parts. Is there any pain left?”

Stepping out of the tub, I felt a new stretch and pull between my legs. “No pain, Sev but it does feel a little different. It feels hot and maybe a little sore.”

“Poppy gave me some unguent to spread inside of you to help in the healing process.” Sev wrapped me in one of our big warm towels and briskly toweled me dry. “It will be another 24 hours before I can even think of coming inside of you there. Your body has to fully accept the new uterus and everything else.”

I returned the drying favor with another towel. “My stomach does kind of ache like it’s stretched over an orb. I keep thinking I should look down and see it curve differently.”

“Soon, my beautiful kitten, soon it will be stretched over our child.” He told me tenderly and hugged me close.

I was so ready for that.

******** Severus ********

Sweeping him up in my arms, I carried him into our bedroom and laid him down gently in our bed. The warming charm had kept it cozy for us and he stretched in front of me like the kitten he was. The new scent of him drew me like a charm to the place between his legs. I pulled a pillow from the foot of the bed to put under his hips before I settled in to explore him.

He held his legs up to his chest and I gently lifted his male parts out of the way. The soft moist folds of his new entrance drew me like a bee to honey. Delicately licking my way around the edges, I came back to the small hood of skin he’d just grown. Nosing it first, I listened to his voice to make sure everything was all right.
“Oh gods, that tinges, Sev.” He rocked back and forth a little. I licked a little harder, darting my tongue between the folds to taste his new musk. “Oh-h-h-h, that feels so good. More, please.” I curled my tongue and sucked on the small bud hidden there.

He moaned and thrashed his head back and forth on the sheets. “Oh, Sev . . . melting . . . hot and so good . . . harder . . .”

I flicked my tongue back and forth rapidly and he shrieked, emitting a gush of heated liquid from his new vagina. Sweeter than his semen, I knew I would quickly grow addicted to the new taste. He shivered under me and I eased from between his legs to take him into my arms. His lips opened under mine and he tasted his new musk from my tongue.

We kissed for long moments before he pulled away and smiled at me. “I taste all right, Sev?”

“You taste of ambrosia, sweetheart. But then I love how you taste no matter what climax you’re giving me.” I brushed the hair from his forehead and he purred.

“It feels really different when I come as a girl, it’s more like melting than exploding.” He said quietly, one hand brushing through my chest hair. “Or maybe like a wind-up clock, each circle makes me feel tighter and tighter until the spring unwinds all at once.”

“Good analogy, Harry,” I hoped I was understanding him. “Pleasure either way?”

“Lots and lots of pleasure, Sev,” he assured me with another moist kiss. “I can hardly wait to pull on my first pair of panties. When do our four days start?”

“Two days from now. Poppy wanted you to be at hand in case there are any side effects from the spell or potion. And I have fourth year OWLS to grade. I thought you might spend some time with Sirius and Remus. But you are not to tell them about the changes unless I am with you. I won’t risk you.”

“They wouldn’t hurt me, Sev,” he said quietly. “They may yell a bit but I think Remus will understand right away. Siri will think I’m under a spell or something. I’m afraid he’ll think I’m a freak.”

I was worried about that, too. “Maybe we need to have Poppy or Minerva there when we tell them. The requirements are quite strict and all three of them had to agree that you were ready and willing.”

“We’ll be all right, love.” Harry smiled into my eyes. “Maybe we should wait until after we get back. Then we can tell them I’m a hermaphrodite and pregnant at the same time.”

I chuckled at the sudden vision of Sirius blowing up like a too full balloon and exploding all over their sitting room. Harry caught that vision from me and laughed too. No matter what happened, we were committed to this path and I wouldn’t have it any other way. At peace with the future, I settled in to nurse at his nipples and finger his clitoris. Women can come much more often than men can so I was pretty sure I could totally exhaust my young lover into taking a nap before the hour was up.

******** Minerva ********

I double spelled the room noise proof while Poppy surreptitiously locked the door behind the five of them. Hermione and we had agreed to tell Sirius, Remus, Draco, Ron and Blaise what Harry had just undergone. I know Severus was worried about what Harry’s godfather would say and it was just better all around if the initial explosion was felt without them.
“Thank you all for coming.” I sat down beside Poppy on my loveseat while Sirius and Remus sat across from us on the matching loveseat. Draco sat in the wing chair by the fireplace with Ron perched on the arm and Hermione sat in the matching chair with Blaise mirroring Ron. “We have something to tell you about Harry. It’s good news, not bad but it’s probably not something any of you expected.”

Remus slipped his hand into Sirius’ while Draco and Ron exchanged a perplexed look. I started the tale, Poppy chimed in with enough of the physical details as were prudent and Hermione spoke about the soul-deep need Harry had to do this. No one said a word when we were done. All eyes pretty much stayed on Harry’s godfather, who sat stone-faced on the loveseat.

Remus sighed and leaned into his bonded’s side. “This was what Harry meant when he told us he loved Severus and wanted him to be the father of his children?”

“Yes,” I said quietly. “He told me he wants to plan for life instead of death.”

Sirius shook himself then and gripped Remus’ hand. “It’s permanent? He can’t go back.”

“Yes,” Poppy confirmed it. “He will be a hermaphrodite until the end of his days.”

“He wants a lot of children.” Draco spoke for the first time. “He told me he wanted to have six or seven like the Weasleys so he’d always have a family. I thought he meant they would adopt orphans.”

“Well, Mom will be excited.” Ron said hesitantly, still watching Sirius out of the corner of his eye. “She’ll probably insist on moving the weddings up a month or so.”

Blaise was grinning down at his fiancé. “You’re a sly woman, Mione. I’m glad Harry thinks of you as family.”

Sirius looked a little bewildered at that statement and I elaborated on the ritual. I still had a copy of the book I’d given to Hermione to read and I offered it to him to clear up any other misconceptions he might have. He still hadn’t said much but Remus took the book and thanked me quietly. Two by two, they left my sitting room until it was just Poppy and I and the other two professors.

“He really wants to carry his own children.” Sirius kept coming back to that idea. “He wants to carry Snape’s babies.”

“Sirius, what bothers you the most?” Poppy asked him kindly. “That Harry grew enough womanly parts to get pregnant or that he loves Severus and wants to have *his* children?”

Sirius grimaced and got up to pace. Remus sat back at that and relaxed a little so I hoped that was a good sign. I spoke up again. “Sirius, Harry spoke to me many, many times about his hopes for the future. Do you know he thought for his first four years here that he would fight Voldemort and die? He truly felt his usefulness would be over and he’d die once his task was done.”

“What?” Sirius stopped pacing and Remus sat bolt upright. “He couldn’t have thought that. He was only 14.”

“Oh, my dear, he’d grown up so isolated from the world that he thought his only reason for being was to be the Boy-Who-Lived. He didn’t think anyone would ever see beyond the title and so no one would ever love him for just Harry.” I shook my head, remembering my shock when I’d first heard him say those words. “Severus gave him back a purpose and a reason for living beyond his duty. He gave him his love and asked for nothing but his love in return.”
Sirius frowned and clasped his hands behind him. “He took advantage of a young impressionable boy.”

“He saved Harry’s life at the risk of his own. He gave him the first free summer he’d ever known. He let Harry experience new things and new sensations.” Poppy skirted the whole underage issue. “They are both men who have suffered loss. Severus made some spectacularly bad decisions and has paid his penance for twenty years. They are both lonely men who crave a family. Harry has been good for Severus but Sev has also been good for Harry. He never did buy into the whole Boy-Who-Lived legend. He always saw Harry, just Harry.”

Remus stood and crossed to take Sirius’ hands in his. “Love, they’re right. Harry has a light in his eyes he never had before that summer. He’s planning for a bright future with his one true love. Admittedly, he’s taken a step I didn’t expect or even dream. It’s a big step but it takes him closer to his dream of a family. We can accept it and continue to love him and be a part of that family. Or we can reject his choices and lose him forever.”

“Gods, Remy, what a horrible choice.” Sirius looked tired all of a sudden. Remus gathered him into his arms and began to rock him. His voice, when it came again was muffled by a shoulder. “I love Harry so much but this is such a huge decision for him to make. What if it was just hormones talking and now he’s permanently changed? What if Snape doesn’t treat him right? He’s so young to be thinking about getting pregnant. It will limit his choices in a career and in wizarding society.”

Remus laid his cheek on Sirius’ head. “All those things are possible, Siri. But Harry is a very brave young man and he’s the heir of Gryffindor. There’s a little bit of James in him but even more of Lily’s spunk and determination. Petunia told her the same things you just said about being young and irresponsible enough to get pregnant. She didn’t listen then and Harry isn’t going to listen now. If Lily had listened, we wouldn’t have Harry at all. It comes down to trust, my love. We need to trust Harry to know his heart and mind.”


“Siri, I think we have to trust Harry’s feelings if we can’t trust our own.” Remus stroked his lover’s hair. “What would Lily and James say if they were here right now? What would they want for their only son?”

Silence stretched out endlessly while Poppy and I almost held our breath. Then a small voice came from Remus’ shoulder. “They’d want him to be happy. They’d want him to love and be loved.” A long sigh then he raised his head to show a tear streaked face. “Even if it’s Snape.”

Remus smiled and kissed him gently. “Just think of Severus having to change dirty diaper after dirty diaper for six or seven babies.”

And the first genuine smile of the evening crossed Sirius’ face. I relaxed back into the cushion behind me and thought about dinner. One more slippery mountain traversed safely. Poppy squeezed my hand and I smiled at her. We made a pretty good team ourselves.

********** Harry **********

I was shocked and amazed when Hermione told me what they’d done. Severus burst out laughing right after she confessed and he was still chuckling every now and then even though it had been a good twenty minutes since she’d first started the story. Blaise had just raised an elegant eyebrow at his Head of House then broken into a mischievous grin as more and more reactions came out.

But before they left us, Sev hugged Hermione and kissed her cheek, calling her the bravest
Gryffindor in the room. I just stuck my tongue out at him and hugged her myself, thanking her for taking on one of my battles. She just whispered to ask her if I had any ‘girl’ questions. I blushed rosy red at that and knew Sev had eavesdropped on us by the little smirk on his face.

Blaise wished us both luck when he shook our hands. Then we were alone again and Sev hugged me close. “My sweet love, we have some very good friends. We must think of something really nice to gift Poppy and Minerva. They braved lions for us and must be thanked royally.”

“I know.” I hugged him back and felt my new parts tingle at the feel of his hardening cock against my stomach. “I was thinking maybe you could do a painting for Minerva and brew some special potions for Poppy. Minerva loves gardens and old architecture so maybe a painting of York?”

“That’s are excellent ideas, Harry.” Sev picked me up and made my stomach flutter. Carrying me back into our bedroom, he gently laid me on the satin duvet cover before following me down. “I think Mrs. Tyler would love to have me paint her back garden with the bit of Roman wall showing. But right this moment, I want to ravish you.”

“Yes, please,” I shivered and arched up into his long body. I would never get tired of making love with my Sev.

***

We talked with Sirius and Remus once before we apparated to Lincoln. It was kind of subdued and strained but they were trying really hard to accept my choices and Severus took special pains to be serious. I could tell it would take time for them to come to terms with my hopes and wishes. But now that Voldemort was dead, we had all the time we needed.

But then we were in the hotel lobby in Lincoln getting a room for the night. My overnight bag had my summer clothes in it but spring had been warmer than usual so I thought they would be all right. I was really looking forward to getting dressed as a girl again. It seemed symbolic somehow now that I had female parts to go with my masquerade.

Once we were in our room, Sev hugged me close. I sighed happily and buried my face in his chest. “Love you, Sev, love you so much.”

“I love you too, angel-eyes.” His breath stirred my hair just before he uttered the spell that grew it out to tumble around my shoulders. “My beautiful love, how very glad I am we could get away. Are you ready for this trip?”

I drew back a couple of inches so I could smile up at him. “I’m ready, Sev. What are we going to tell the neighborhood about the change in our relationship?”

“Well, you know I wrote Mrs. Tyler at Christmas that your mother had suffered a relapse and wasn’t expected to live much longer. At the Spring Solstice, I wrote her that she’d gone into the hospital and we were both spending all our time with her.” He started undressing me so I returned the favor. Getting dressed this time would be fun. “Then I wrote her that I had important news to tell her when next she saw me. Do you think you proposed to me?”

“I proposed to you?” I stopped with his pants half unzipped under my hands.

“If we don’t want the entire community accusing me of seducing my underage niece, maybe you should be the one who comes after me.” He grinned and pulled off my shirt.

“Well,” I thought about that while finishing his pants and pushing them off. His cock came to life the moment I touched him and I thought about my alter-ego, Mary. She was determined all right.
So I started musing out loud. “I decided when I was a little girl that when I grew up, I was going to marry you. Mother always laughed when I said that but before she died, she asked what I wished for and I told her again how much I loved you and wanted to marry you. She smiled and kissed me softly and told me she was glad. She wanted me to be safe and loved and she knew you would take care of me.”

“Sweetheart,” he kissed me hard and my knees went weak. I love it when we’re both naked and all our skin touches everywhere. When he pulled back, we were both harder than hard. “Say it just like that and the entire neighborhood will approve. I think we could bring Minerva, Poppy and Hermione into our secret. Having some older women and a school mate would go a long way towards reconciling our past history with the present.”

“I think we’re already married, Sev. I think it was the last thing Mother wanted to see, her little girl getting married to her only brother.” I stroked his dark fur and laid my head on his chest to listen to his heartbeat.

“I think that’s brilliant, kitten.” Sev dropped a kiss on my head. “We’ll pick out a set of wedding rings and a diamond that could be your mother’s engagement ring; and a beautiful white dress for your wedding dress.”

“It was my mother’s dress and I finally grew up enough to fit it.” I said with satisfaction and kissed the nipple under my cheek.

“Another brilliant idea, my love,” he kissed me again and set me aside. “We don’t have time to play if we’ve got shopping to do. Although, I’ll be glad to help you fasten that lacy bra if you can’t quite reach.”

I chortled and opened my overnight bag. “I love it when you help me get dressed, dearest John. But I adore it when you undress me.”

He chuckled and opened his own bag to get out the more casual clothes he wore in his John Aberforce persona. I pulled on a pair of buttercup yellow lace panties and wiggled my hips in enjoyment. Then I sat down and pulled on a pair of white tights before slipping into my black ruffled skirt and zipping it up. My two inch black pumps would be all right if we had to do much walking.

Then I was pulling on my lace push-up bra that made the most of my small breasts. Sev fastened it for me, pulling my hair aside so he could kiss the nape of my neck and that hot spot behind my ear. My nipples hardened at once and I caught my breath, leaning back against him and wishing we had more time to play.

“My sweet girl, you are more beautiful half-dressed then most women are fully armored to face the world.” His breath was hot on my throat and I smiled.

“I’m glad you think so, my love.” I turned my head to kiss his cheek. “Are we still going shopping?”

He sighed and kissed my lips briefly before stepping back. “Shopping, angel-eyes, we’re going shopping then driving home to begin the next phase of our lives.”

A fluttering in my stomach reminded me I still had Mary’s virginity to lose. My voice was too tremulous at that moment to say a word so I just nodded and finished getting dressed. I chose a white blouse and gray/black sweater since I was still in mourning for Mother. Hand in hand, we left the hotel and headed for a jeweler near the Lincoln Cathedral.
It was great fun picking out gold wedding bands in a Celtic knot design. Luckily they had them in our sizes so we were able to take them with us. I thought we were getting mother’s engagement ring here too but John just shook his head and winked at me. It was going to be a surprise and I loved his surprises. Next we went to a boutique we’d shopped in before and there were a *lot* of dressy gowns for the spring parties just coming up.

I fell in love with a white lace dress with a high neck, long sleeves, an empire waist and full skirt that fell in graceful folds around my feet. I’d have to find a pair of three inch heels so I didn’t trip over the hem but I’d enjoy that. John’s eyes gleamed the moment I came out of the dressing room so I knew this was the one. While I redressed in my own clothes, he bought my new dress.

When I came out, trying to get my hair to behave from all the trying on, he had more than one shopping bag and the salesgirl was giggling at his innocent look. I just smiled at him and reached up to kiss his cheek. His lips caught mine before I could move away and the salesgirls were all sighing when we finally broke apart. I was feeling rather smug when we left for the shoe store next door.

I knew exactly what I wanted and what my size was so it didn’t take long to buy new shoes although I did see a gorgeous pair of heels in bright red that I was dying to try on. John indulged me as he always did so I left with two new pairs of shoes. He really did spoil me and I loved every minute of it. Back at the hotel, we used a bit of magic to enlarge our luggage to fit in the new clothes and then we checked out and went to find our car waiting for us in the car lot.

We were well on our way and I was admiring my wedding ring when Sev cleared his throat and slid his eyes my way. “I had a thought, Harry. While you were brushing your hair, I Called the Snape Family Heirloom ring to me. It belonged to my mother but she hated it because it’s old fashioned so it was tucked away and missed the purge when the Aurors confiscated most everything else.”

“I’ll love it, Sev.” I said at once. “Maybe it’s so old fashioned, it’s back in style?”

He smiled at me while dipping into his jacket’s side pocket. Then he handed me a small deep blue velvet box with a pearl clasp. I took it gingerly and toggled it open. And there was an absolutely beautiful gold ring with what looked like an enormous diamond in an emerald cut.

“Sev, it’s huge.” I took it out of its velvet bed and slid it on my left ring finger. With a tingle, it resized to fit my finger. “Doesn’t anything in the Snape family come in size small?”

He snorted in surprise and began to laugh. “Sweetheart . . . you never cease to surprise me. I do love you, Harry-Mary Potter-Snape-Aberforce.”

“I love you too, Severus-John Potter-Snape-Aberforce. And I love this ring.” I held it up to the light and watched it flash with liquid fire. “It’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. I’m so glad you saved it.”

“It’s only beautiful because it’s on your hand, sweetheart.” His hand came over and grasped mine. “Are you ready to be a nine-day wonder?”

I smiled at him. “It won’t be quite that long, my Sev. We’ll make sure our neighbors do most of the hard work of spreading the story. And we’ll go out and be seen where we need to, like to church and the bookstore and bakery. Once we come back for the whole summer, we can do some redecorating and preparing for our first baby. Won’t Mrs. Tyler be excited?”

“She’ll be ecstatic, kitten and will pamper you within an inch of your life.” He rubbed his thumb
over the back of my fingers and I felt like purring. “We’ll have to create a nursery in the guest bedroom. I don’t want to change your old room just yet.”

“It will be perfect once our daughter arrives.” I leaned against his arm and admired my ring some more. “I think we’ll need to do some remodeling in the attic. The boys will love being up high once they move out of the nursery.”

“Boys?” He asked softly, his dark eyes widening in surprise.

Oops, I forgot to tell him of my latest vision. “We might be having more than one this first time. I saw us both walking while holding a crying child.”

“Teething,” he sighed in resignation. “Or colic but I have a good potion for that.” His lips pursed a little and he kept on thinking aloud. “I’ve never researched potions for babies. Most of mine are for older children starting at age 10 and going up to adults Albus’ age. I’ll have to start doing some research on what’s been done in the past and subscribe to Infant Potions Quarterly. Stomach problems, loose stools, scrapes, ear aches . . .”

I settled in to listen to him while turning my ring now and then to catch the light. I was the luckiest person in the entire wizarding world. I wasn’t even a little nervous about him taking my new virginity. My hymen was still intact but he’d used both fingers and his tongue to make me come over and over. Poppy had given me a checkup and told me what to expect when he broke through. I might bleed a little and I’d definitely ache when he slid all the way in.

She said the ovary was working and if I was sufficiently focused on getting pregnant, one of the eggs would drop into my new uterus to wait for one of Sev’s sperm. I was already wishing as hard as I could and I stroked my taut stomach to remind myself of how I wanted it to stretch over our babies and grow out so far in front of me, I couldn’t see my feet.

“My beautiful love, we’re home.” He turned off the engine and I started, unaware I’d dreamed the entire time away.

I sat up and undid my seatbelt, looking for Mrs. Tyler to open her front door. She never missed someone arriving in our neighborhood. John opened my door for me and I hugged him close for a long moment then released him when she stepped out onto her front step. I ran up the front walk and hugged her gently while her old arms enfolded me in a soft powdery hug.

“My dear girl,” she crooned in my ear. “Sweet Mary, how very sorry I am for your loss.”

“I miss her so much,” I told her and didn’t even have to lie for I thought of Lily, my mother and how much she’d loved me and that made me cry again for her loss. I sniffed hard and she pulled out a snowy white handkerchief scented with lavender from her garden and wiped my tears away.

“She loved you very much, child. I’m so glad John was able to bring you home with him. You must come in at once and have your tea.” She beckoned John back from our front door where he was setting our luggage inside. “John, come to tea. You’ve nothing fresh in the house. What is the surprise you mentioned in your letter?”

I smiled shyly and reached for John’s hand when he joined us. We went inside and settled in the front parlor on the Victorian settee while her maid brought in the silver tray with its tea service and tiered tray of cakes and sandwiches. I waited for her to pour before holding out my left hand for her to see my rings.

She simply nodded. “I could see how much you love each other, children. How were you able to
overcome the difficulties?”

“Mary was adopted by my sister and her husband when she was just a month old. She grew up as their beloved daughter until her father’s tragic accident. Mona, my sister, kept on loving her as her own child right up until her last breath.” John said gently.

“And Mother asked me what I wanted more than anything.” I said tremulously. “I’ve loved John, first as an uncle then as a man for longer than I can remember. Mother never hid my adoption from me because she said I was the daughter of her heart even if someone else created me. So I always knew if I could convince John I was serious then I could make my dream come true.”

We spun the rest of the story for her, adding details as we thought of them but not too many since we’d undoubtedly be telling it more than once. She wanted to see my wedding dress and I promised her that I’d wear it at the wedding party we’d throw this summer once we returned for good. She immediately began to think of ways she could help and I promised I’d come to her at once when we returned.

Breaking away from her was hard but anticipation was singing through my veins and she patted my hand and told me to take good care of John. And she repeated it with him with an added admonition to be gentle with me. He promised with all his heart and she kissed his cheek tenderly before waving us to our house.

He stopped me on the front step and opened the door wide before sweeping me up in his arms and carrying me across the threshold. I’d read about that tradition and it made my heart sing to know we were really and truly a couple now, in the eyes of all our friends in York. He kicked the door shut behind us and locked it with magic before carrying me through the house to his studio and down the stairs to our altar.

All the wards throughout Great Britain sang to welcome us home. The walls, floor and ceiling glowed a warm yellow. The spring had bubbled up and overflowed into a wide pool of slightly steaming water. The wards sang to us of their gift of water, fire, earth and air. Jasmine scented air, bubbling water, strong stone walls for the pool and a channel of fire that arose beneath us to warm it to body temperature.

We thanked them with all our hearts while undressing slowly. Soon we wore nothing but our wedding rings and we walked hand-in-hand down into the pool waiting for us. We bathed away the trip and all the emotions save for our joy in each other. The chiming of the wards was soft in the background while we said our vows all over again. Sev suckled at my breasts while his fingers stroked me behind and below until I was on fire for him.

He carried me back to the altar and laid me on it reverently while his hands reached for the lubricant we left here each year. It never went sour on us nor did the bottle ever seem to grow less, no matter how much we used. But this time, he stroked it into my new channel and onto himself.

“Ready, my angel?” He asked with his warm crown nestled in the outer folds of my labia. “I’ll make it fast so the pain isn’t so bad.”

My hands covered his where they held back my legs. “I need you, Severus, my own love. Come inside of me and make our sons.”

He took a deep breath and leaned in to kiss me. While I was distracted, his hips snapped forward and he impaled me in one swift thrust. I screamed into his mouth, I just couldn’t help it. It hurt much more than I thought it would. It felt like he was splitting me in two and for a long moment I couldn’t catch my breath. Tears leaked from my eyes and he kissed each one away.
“My brave love . . . my sweet lover . . . my beautiful kitten,” he scattered his love over my face with soft, nipping kisses while his hands carded through my hair fanning over the altar. “Tell me when to move, sweetheart.”

I shuddered a bit and tried to relax those muscles that had spasmed tight around him. Once he didn’t feel quite so huge, I sniffed a little and nodded. “It’s okay, Sev. It’s not so bad now. Why do you feel so much bigger than I thought you would?”

“These muscles have no memory of anything this size and they’re having to adjust to such a large intrusion.” He licked my throat with his raspy tongue and I relaxed even more.

“Well, they’re going to have to get used to you so we might as well begin now.” I said with satisfaction now that I had him inside of me. “This is going to be really good, Sev. Make me burn.”

“Your wish is my command, sweetheart.” He grinned at me and started the little rocking movements that would grow into the friction we both needed to climax.

And it felt so different than when he took me as a boy that I had to adjust more than just my position. His big hands cradled my arse cheeks and protected my lower back from the hard stone but my legs felt better over his arms than his shoulders and it was easier to grab his shoulders and bring him closer for more of our kisses. I quivered everywhere while he moved harder and deeper inside of me.

For a moment, it felt like he’d reached my new womb and I felt a warm tingle before he flooded me with his hot seed. I wished so hard for it to find one of my eggs that I think I blacked out for a moment. When I came back, I was full to overflowing. Sev was kissing tiny circles onto my right shoulder and rocking his softening cock in my now not-so-new vagina.

Slowly, he backed out completely and the excess seed flowed out onto the altar with a little of my virgin blood. The wards flared so brightly I thought maybe the muggles would see it even through our concealing spells. Sev cradled me in his arms and carried me back to the new pool to wash. The hot water felt wonderful and I wouldn’t let him heal the tears until I was sure all his seed had been absorbed into my womb.

******** Severus ********

“My Harry,” I murmured.

“My own Severus,” he sighed and cuddled close, his hands going around my neck and his head into that comfortable curve of my shoulder. “I love you so much.”

“I never thought I’d love anyone or have anyone love me.” I slowly stroked his back. “But there you were, so young and brave and so alone it reminded me of myself.”

“Nobody saw me truly,” he mused quietly. “They loved me or hated me and sometimes it was at the same time. You never let me get sloppy and you always kept me focused on what I needed to learn. I’m sorry it took so long for me to understand.”

“How could you, Sweetheart? I hid behind a dozen masks and mannerisms that I’d built around myself for years.” My chuckle must have sounded sad because he rose and kissed me into smiling.

“That’s in our past, Sev. We won every battle and the war, too. But best of all, we won each other and I’m going to take the very best care of you for the rest of our lives.” He cuddled close again.

I dropped a kiss on his head. “You’re wiser than Albus, my love. I promise to take very good care
of you for the rest of our lives. And I will love and cherish you and our children until the day I die.”

He hugged me tighter and we lay in our new spa pool until he let me heal his hurts. We wandered upstairs after sending our clothes ahead of us to the laundry baskets. “Sweetheart, do you want a house elf for this home? There’s going to be a lot more work once the baby is born.”

“No, Sev,” he grinned at me and walked ahead of me into our bedroom. “I liked it to be private until I get so big I can’t see my feet.”

I shivered momentarily, suddenly realizing that he might be pregnant at this very moment. I was going to make sure he saw Poppy the moment we got back to Hogwarts. He caught my slightly panicked thought and grinned over his shapely shoulder.

“I promised to see her if I even thought I was preggers, Sev.” He pulled out a pair of lace panties to slide into and I leaned against the bedpost to watch him dress as Mary. He loved all the silks and satins that went with being feminine and I vowed to keep him dressed in any style he wished.

“I do love that look, sweetheart.” I teased him when he had on his bra and panties.

He wiggled his hips at me with a little smirk over his shoulder and I had to retaliate by dumping him onto our bed and tickling every tickle spot I knew. He shrieked and giggled while trying to escape my fingers. But I couldn’t keep it up for long when my fingers slid over that satin skin of his. He sighed and parted his lips to tempt me to kiss him.

We kissed for an hour or so, having no other plans and finally relaxing completely. We had no one to please but ourselves. No questions to answer or futures to plan. We simply were Harry and Sev, loving each other and expressing that love with every tender touch we knew.

Three days later, we had emptied out the guest room, storing all the furniture in the attic. The original stairs were extremely tight and twisty and I worried Harry might trip or fall. But he laughed at my fears then kissed me silly after I installed anti-falling charms at every twist in the staircase. If I had my way, I would protect him from all harm but I knew I had to let him explore his options and take the chances a young man or woman might take.

How I had changed since loving Harry. We lay in front of the fire our last night there before returning to school and the last two months of the term.

“Sev, I had an idea this morning.” Harry stretched and rolled up unto my chest so we were nose to nose. I made an ‘I’m listening’ noise and he grinned. “You know how much I love the new nightgown you got me.”

I smiled broadly at the memory of Harry in the long silky nightgown I’d gotten him for our ‘wedding night’. “You were more beautiful than I’d ever seen you, sweetheart.”

He kissed me and wriggled a little to see if I was rested enough for round three. //Not quite yet// I told him silently and he nodded.

“Well, I was thinking I’d like to learn to sew so I could design my own lingerie. I also made some sketches of an outfit or two I’d like to wear. I’d like to create things with my own two hands instead of using spells.” His voice turned a bit dreamy and I caught a glimpse of one of the outfits he had in mind.

Sexy and demure at the same time, I stroked down his back to that pert arse I hadn’t come inside of
for days. “I think Mrs. Tyler would love to teach you to sew and I can’t imagine anything more wonderful than wearing something you made yourself. Just girl clothes or are you thinking of men’s as well?”

“I saw a shirt the other day that I want to make for you.” His grin lit the room. “It was so sexy, I just itched to touch it but I kept my fingers to myself.”

I mock-growled and rolled him under me so I could kiss him hard. His lips opened under mine so my tongue could surge inside and entwine around his. He tasted of our dinner and the chocolate cake we’d had for dessert. Sucking hard, I felt my cock begin to harden again while his leaked between us. Shifting back and forth, I rubbed my chest hair against his sensitive nipples and felt him catch his breath.

If he really was pregnant, his breasts would grow a tiny bit more and his nipples would get even more sensitive to touch. I didn’t want to leave our home but I did want to know if we’d succeeded in our bid for our first child. Or children, I amended silently and pulled away to lick my way down his throat to his breasts.

His hands stroked my shoulders and his whole body shivered when I tugged at first one then the other. “Oh, Sev, I love it so much when you nurse. I can hardly wait to go see Poppy.”

“Me too, kitten,” I licked a circle around his widening pink aureole. “If you’re pregnant, I shall buy you a new negligee in bright red to go with your pretty new heels.”

He chortled and arched up again into my mouth. “I would like that, Sev. Maybe we can go back to Harrod’s in London where I got my leather skirt. We didn’t have a chance to shop in their lingerie department because we had the Hermione-scare.”

I nodded and sucked a bright red passion mark onto his shoulder. “Maybe she’d like to go shopping with you? You’ve never had anyone but me shop along.”

“But I like shopping with you, Sev.” He smiled pertly and wiggled his hips to see how far along I was. I was almost ready and he beamed up at me. “You always find neat stuff that I wouldn’t think of trying on.”

“Very well, we’ll all three go shopping at Harrod’s on our first Hogsmeade weekend.” I promised him and reached for the jar of lubricant. “Girl or boy sex, sweetheart?”

“Boy this time.” He sighed happily. “Let me get on all fours so you can take me really hard. I want to be able to feel you all the way back to Hogwarts.”

Rolling off of him, I slicked three fingers while watching him stretch like the kitten he was. Then he went up on his hands and knees, flirting over his shoulder at me. His beautiful skin was marked with love bites, wiry scratches and a passion bruise or two. He wouldn’t let me heal them, saying he wanted them as reminders of how much I loved him.

The old gods knew that was true. I was the luckiest man in the world that Harry Potter loved me. I eased two fingers into his tight heat and felt him shiver all the way to his toes. Automatically, he widened his legs to coax me deeper. Once I triggered his gland, he moaned and pushed back impatiently.

“More, Sev, give him to me. He’s jealous of all the attention my girl entrance has been getting. He wants to be as tender as she is.” His back rippled when I hit my target again. “Take me hard, Sev, I’m not fragile back there the way I am between my legs.”
I chuckled and slicked my eager shaft. “Ask and ye shall receive, kitten.” Setting my crown to his small hole, I pushed inside with one thrust and felt him shudder beneath my hands.

“Oh gods, I keep forgetting how big he is and how much it stings when he first slides in.” He was panting but pushing back impatiently so I impaled him quicker than I might have otherwise. “Yes, take me hard and deep, Sev. I’ve missed this. We’ll have to remember to take it in turns.”

“Once you’re pregnant, there will come a time when I can’t come into your vagina any longer.” I set a steady in-and-out that hit his gland on every pass within. He groaned and panted some more.

“When your belly is so swollen you can no longer see your feet, this is the only way I’ll be able to come inside of you.”

”Oh, that’s such a hot picture.” He chortled and squeezed around my bulk. “Just think, Sev, my negligee will fall over the mound that’s our babies and my nipples will be tender and maybe even leaking a little milk when you nurse on them.”

“Dear gods, that’s a provocative picture, my love.” My strokes began to lengthen and slow while I thought about the future. “I’ll get you one of those nursing bras so your tender breasts will be protected but I’ll be able to open one side and suckle on a swollen nipple while you hold me close.”

He shivered again and burst onto the fur rug while all his inner muscles seized around me and pulled my climax deep inside his channel. //Sorry seeds, no eggs here for you to search for//

Harry laughed out loud and turned his head towards me. Our height differences weren’t so bad in this position, still it was a little awkward to kiss this way. Slowly I eased us onto our sides while we were still connected while uttering a clean up spell for the rug. My hands stroked over his flat tummy and I wandered when the first changes would begin to show.

His hands covered mine and his voice was dreamy. “I love you so much, Sev. There is no way I’m not pregnant. Our love fought so hard to be that I’m sure the wards made quite sure we succeeded. We’ll need to get some good pregnancy books so we’ll know what to expect at each stage. I’m so glad I already quit Quidditch. It wouldn’t be safe to fly now.”

“Quite right, sweetheart.” I kissed the side of his neck and he giggled at the tickle of my evening beard. “Poppy is sure to have all the information we need, little princess. I’m going to sketch you at every single change and stage of this pregnancy so we’ll always have a visual memory.”

“Yes, please, that would be lovely.” He sighed happily and hugged my arms tighter around him.

“For now, let’s just stay like this and I’ll see if I can’t get you hard again while you’re still inside of me.”

I no longer thought I was going to hell for seducing Harry Potter. Heaven was right here in my arms and I thought he probably could entice me to rise again. “Well, if we have to, my demanding little love.”

“We do, my Severus. It’s a long drive tomorrow and I want to feel every inch of you inside of me while we head back.” He brought one of my hands up to his lips and licked each tear of seed from my fingers.

“And then we’ll go straight to Poppy to find out if we’re right.” I bit his ear lobe gently. “I can hardly wait.”

*******************************
********* Poppy *********

Well, they’d managed on their first try. The diagnostic spell for pregnancy came back positive and they hugged each other so hard I was afraid I’d be treating them for cracked ribs. I sat back and beamed at the happy couple while Harry excitedly began to plan out loud all the things they needed to do. Severus listened with a smile and interjected comments when Harry had to breathe.

After I promised to make a list of all the best books on pregnancy, we finally left the dispensary for the Great Hall and dinner. I was curious how they would deal with their new notoriety but was not myself prepared for the completely new seating arrangements. Round tables dotted the room and I saw a mix of houses scattered around them. Hermione waved at us when we hesitated at the door and I saw three empty chairs around their table.

“Oh Sev, I think this is one of the nicest presents we could have gotten.” I heard Harry whisper.

“You deserve nothing less, sweetheart.” He whispered back while I smiled broadly.

“Welcome home, children,” Albus beamed at them from between Remus and Minerva.

“Thank you, Albus, I see you decided to redecorate.” Severus nodded bemusedly to the others while we seated ourselves in the empty chairs between Sirius and Draco.

Dinner appeared immediately on our plates and eating began. The first bite of lamb melted in my mouth and I tried the new potatoes in dill sauce with a sigh of enjoyment. Conversation was general until it turned to plans after graduation and I listened with an air of nostalgia for all the students who’d passed through these halls over the years. Some of whom were now sitting around this table.

Sirius kept sneaking little peaks at Harry and I’d seen Remus’ nostrils flare when he caught their scent. They’d known the pair had been traveling but Harry’s long hair had been a surprise even for me. I understood it was a part of his whole disguise and I liked it. The mess was gone and all that was left was glossy raven black hair that tumbled over his shoulders like a midnight stole.

“That’s a new look for you, Harry.” Draco said smoothly. “Much better.”

Harry chuckled. “You mean it’s not messy, Draco. I like it this way. It’s been great fun over the last few years.”

“Harry, I like it. What kind of shampoo do you use to get it so glossy?” Hermione asked him. “I think I’m jealous.”

He laughed and turned towards Severus. “Are you willing to give up the recipe, Sev?”

“For a special few, I could be persuaded to make up a few bottles.” Severus’ smooth tones had laughter in it and that lessening of tension in his voice made me smile in satisfaction.

I quite liked this new Severus.

********* Harry *********
I liked the new seating arrangements. Maybe some of the old rivalries could now be laid to rest. Sirius was trying so hard to be polite to Sev. I beamed at my godfather and his partner. Maybe my family would grow a little more and accept me for who I was and who I loved. I wanted everyone to be as happy as I was right now.

I am pregnant, I said silently over and over. I’m growing new life inside of me. A little bit of me and a little bit of Sev had now combined to create a brand new person. It would be a long nine months before I got to meet him. Or them, I smiled happily at the Headmaster and Minerva. What if my vision was true and I was carrying twins? How exciting it would be.

Some of my happiness seemed to be seeping out into the general atmosphere and I wondered if it was the Hogwarts wards. //Sev, do you feel how happy Hogwarts is//

//I do, sweetheart, they are exuding the same joy we’re feeling// Sev’s hand stroked my knee under the table. //I’m afraid the wards all up and down Great Britain are responding to our joy//

//That’s so neat// I felt like bouncing but I kept my body still with an effort. //Hopefully, all the people living within the wards are feeling happy, too//

//I hope so, kitten// His mental voice caressed mine. //Perhaps their joy will feed the wards even more joy and this will be an ever-expanding circle//

//I hope so, too// I finished off my potatoes and licked my lips. A sudden surge of lust from Sev swept over me so I did it again, slowly to tease him.

//Tempter// Sev’s voice slid into my mind and I felt his mental fingers ghost across my cheek and down to my left nipple.

I shivered all the way down to my toes. Thank goodness dinner was almost over. I wanted to go back to our rooms and celebrate our good news in the most basic of ways. //I think I’ll take you first thing tomorrow morning, Sev//

//Excellent idea, Mr. Potter// His mental snarky voice was almost as much of a turn-on as his real voice. //But tonight I will slide into you and welcome our new child with all the warmth I can muster//

My wordless ‘yes’ caressed him into smiling in public. I was going to try and get him to do that more often. I could feel the surprise around the table and the whispers that raced around the room when he raised my hand to his lips and gently kissed it. Good, I like shaking things up. Sirius didn’t even growl a little so I leaned over and kissed his cheek.

“Thank you, Sirius, I know it’s hard.” I whispered to him.

“It is but I’m learning, Harry.” His smile was only partly forced. “Are you happy?”

“My heart is so full of joy I feel like I could fly without a broom.” I told him honestly and watched his smile grow indulgent.

“Good, that’s all I ever wanted for you. If he,” his gaze darted to Sev then back to me. “If he makes you happy then I’ll do my best to accept him.”

//May I tell him, Sev//

//You probably should, he’ll feel left out if you don’t//
“Thank you, Sirius. I really appreciate you trying. It’s going to be even more important now.” Then I leaned in and whispered in his ear. “Poppy just confirmed it. I’m pregnant. You’re the first one I’ve told.”

His jaw dropped and his eyes practically fell out of his head. I could feel the waves of satisfaction flowing my way from my smiling lover. And I narrowed my eyes at him with a mental admonition to ‘be nice’.

“Dear god, Harry, so soon?” He sputtered while the rest of the table went silent and looked at us.

“It was the deepest wish of my heart, Sirius.” I kept it simple before sharing a glance with Sev. “We have good news, everyone. I’m pregnant.”

Hermione beamed at us. “Congratulations, Harry. Congratulations, Professor. Remember me when it comes time to look for a godmother.”

“Harry, you wanted this?” Ron was trying to understand but you could see his bewilderment written across his face.

“I wanted it with all my heart, Ron. From the time I was little, I dreamed of a real family who loved me and who I loved. I didn’t have one growing up so I wanted to make my own. Falling in love with Sev just made me more determined to grow that family.” I wondered how long this news would take to reach the outer world.

“You’re a brave man, Harry.” Draco shook his head. “I think you’re crazy but if anyone can pull it off, it’s you. No offense, Sir, are you ready to be a father to a houseful of Gryffindors?”

“Nonsense, Draco. I’m sure they’ll turn out to be Slytherins.” Severus smiled at everyone around the table. “Of course, a Ravenclaw or two wouldn’t be so bad.”

“Sev-v-v,” I fluttered my eyelashes at him. “There will be at least two Gryffindors. I’ll make sure of that.”

“You can try, sweetheart.” He replied sweetly, making the rest of the table break into surprised laughter.

Sirius was still working on our news but he managed a weak smile.

******* Severus *******

It was going to take time to bring Sirius over to our side but I would do anything I had to, to make it happen sooner rather than later. I was already displaying some of those very Gryffindors qualities I usually sneered at. Harry was finally starting to rub off on me.

//I told you I would// he said smugly.

//Kitten, I think we’ve given them enough to talk about// I mentally sent a caress to his shaft and watched him blush.

//Sev// his admonishment was weak at best.

“Well, everyone, I believe we should adjourn for the evening. We had a long trip to get here and I, for one, am tired.” I pushed back my chair and Harry did, too.

“Good night, all. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.” He smiled at them.
“We’ve got more planning for the bonding ceremony to do.” Draco reminded us.

“And Mom is going to want to hear your news from you.” Ron warned us.

Molly Weasley was a force of nature who it was better to have on your side. I made a mental note to contact her tomorrow. Harry echoed my thought.

The rest of our good nights were said and then we escaped to the dungeons. The wards welcomed us with soft chimes that always made me smile when I heard them. Perhaps joy can best be expressed in music, I thought while watching Harry toe off his shoes and begin to shed his clothes. What would the others have thought if they knew he was wearing women’s underwear under his school robes?

“They’d think I was extremely kinky although I think Hermione would want to see them and Draco would want to try them on.” He said cheekily with a flirty look over his shoulder.

I laughed and began to disrobe, too. “I think you’re right, sweetheart. I have a surprise for you in the bathroom.”

His gaze went hot and sultry. “Is it a great big snake surprise?”

“Well, let’s see it.” He darted through the door to our expanded bathroom. “Oh Sev!”

I followed him, unfastening my pants. He was already naked and turning on our brand new bidet. It’s no fluke that he has an affinity for water. It’s one of his strongest elements and I loved to see him wet and glistening. He sighed happily when the bidet began to fountain.

“Oh Sev, this is wonderful. I missed our home one so much.” He was already slit-eyed with pleasure. “I’ve always liked that saying about cleanliness.”

I finished pushing off my pants and banished all our dirty clothes to the hampers for the house elves. With another flick of my wrist, I started the water filling our spa bathtub before I crossed to kneel in front of my lover.

“You are the bravest man I know, Harry Potter-Snape.” I kissed him tenderly and he returned it with fervor. //Your instincts are impeccable, sweetheart//

//I want them to be focused on the future and not the past// he said simply while sucking on my tongue. //I love you, Sev//

//Love you too, kitten// my hands stroked back his hair. //I’m glad we can finally leave this long//

//I love it like this// he chortled silently. //I think Draco is jealous of how good it looks//

//You’re probably right, little love// I slipped a hand down to play behind his balls.

//It’s been hours since you were inside of me, Sev// his mental pout was as effective as his physical one.

//We can’t have that, angel// I stood and brought him up with me. Crossing to the tub, I walked us both down the steps into the gently steaming water. Ducking us, I came up holding Harry, the water nymph. Droplets beaded on his long lashes and his dark hair lay sleek on his shoulders. //My
Harry was in the perfect position for me to slide into his new channel. He was so tight I had to go slow and he was biting his lips by the time I was all the way in. Panting, he waited out the brief pain until he could relax a little more. When he nodded to me, I started the slow slides that would bring us both the most pleasure. We were both panting by the time I seized up and flooded him.

“So good, Sev, it always feels so good when I’m full of your seed.” His murmurs were as sated as the feelings across our bond. “When the babies grow bigger, I hope they like it as much as I do.”

“They’ll feel the love we both feel surrounding them with warmth and joy.” I sat down on the back ledge with him still wrapped around me and my cock still in its snug home. “We’ll tell them everyday how much we love them and can’t wait for them to grow big and strong so they can be born.”

“Yes,” his smile lit the room more than the tapers that burned on every flat surface. “Once they begin to show, we’ll stroke the skin stretching over them so they can feel our touches before they’re even out of my womb.”

“Such a gift you are, my beautiful love,” I brushed soft kisses over his cheeks and down his throat to my favorite hot spot. Lapping the beads of water off his satin skin, I laved it until he shivered.

“You’re the gift, Sev. You give me my heart’s desire every day you love me.” He tilted his head and slid his hands up under my hair. “Love you so much.”

We simmered in the water until separating into two bodies again. Washing each other was always fun so we took our time until we began to wrinkle. Harry dried his hair with magic before slipping into his wedding night negligee. It was made of burnished Thai silk in a beautiful green the same color as his eyes. I’d fallen in love with it the moment I saw it hanging up in the boutique where we bought his wedding dress.

Hanging from two simple bows on his shoulders, the small bodice cupped his breasts snugly then billowed to the ground from an empire waist. It was a nightgown he could wear even after he started to swell with our children and I was looking forward to that.

“I’m looking forward to you buying that red negligee you promised me if I was pregnant.” He said pertly while sliding into bed and holding up the covers for me.

“I’m thinking something in red silk, slit up one long leg so your flesh shows through when you move. A sarong perhaps so I can unwrap my very favorite present.” I cuddled him close, enjoying the feel of silk-clad Harry along every inch of my naked skin.

“That would be sexy, Sev, especially when I put on those new red heels. Maybe I’ll have to dance for you to give you the full effect.” He teased me while snuggling into my arms in our favorite sleeping position.

Remembering the first time he showed me his new talent, I hugged him a little tighter. “You know I love it when you dance just for me, kitten. I’m the luckiest man on earth.”

His little hum told me he was falling asleep and I rocked him gently until I felt his thoughts smooth out into slumber. Thinking about all the changes to come, I connected to the Hogwarts wards and asked them to think about growing some new rooms for us and our growing family.
Their sweet chimes told me they would do their best. I fell asleep hoping Harry would be spared morning sickness.

********* Remus *********

Panting, I stilled for a long moment while Sirius relaxed enough not to cut my cock in two. For some reason, he’d stripped the moment we closed the door behind us and exuded a musk I could only describe as ‘horny male in search of a thorough fucking’. Well, that was a challenge I was definitely up to and I tore off my robes in a heartbeat.

He’d gone down on all fours in front of the fire. “Fuck me, Remus, fuck me hard until I scream.”

No arguments from me, I dipped a couple of fingers into the jar of lubricant we kept on the stone hearth and slid them into his tight heat. His whole back rippled and he moaned. “More, Remus, take me really hard. I want it to feel so hard it hurts.”

He needed pain sometimes and while it wasn’t my favorite pastime, I would do what I had to. “My own slut, Siri, you’re my very own slut, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” he groaned and gasped when I withdrew my fingers and rammed into him without any further prep. “Gods, yes, Remy, I’m your slut. I love it when you take me so hard I can’t sit down the next day.”

“My little bitch in heat, that’s what you are,” I started a pounding rhythm that made him growl and moan in equal parts. “No one has a tighter arse than you, my little slut. I’m going to make you howl tonight and then I’m going to put on your cock and ball harness on you so you stay hard and can’t do anything about it for your first two classes.”

He pushed back for more and began to stroke himself. “If you take me again first thing tomorrow morning but don’t let me come it will hurt really good.”

“What a good bitch, I like that idea.” I slammed in again and again while he moaned and rubbed himself like the bitch in heat I’d called him. “Maybe I’ll change into the wolf and cover you with my furry body, making you get on all fours for me, just like this.”

He hiccupped and came onto the hearth rug. We’d only done that a couple of times, me taking him as the wolf while he stayed in human form. I’d been unsure of it but he’d coaxed me into trying. And I came deep inside of him at that memory.

***

“C’mon, Remy,” he wheedled. “I want to try it. It feels so good when I’m in dog form and you take me. I want to feel the difference when I’m still human.”

“There’s a reason it’s called bestiality, Siri,” I hesitated. “What if I hurt you?”

His smile was so affectionate I had to smile back. “You’ve never hurt me, love. And I know you don’t like that I need a little pain with my pleasure but you’ve managed that. If it’s no good then we won’t need to do it again.”

Biting my lip, I considered his request. When I did the changing on my own, I retained all my human thoughts and emotions. Sirius was my very own mate, beloved of both the man and wolf. “All right, we’ll give it a try. But if it hurts or scares you in any way, you are to tell me at once.”

His eyes sparkled and he kissed me hard. That always took me somewhat by surprise still even
after two years of loving. With a quick spell, our clothes were gone and I was rubbing against his hairy pelt. Briefly I wondered if Harry enjoyed Severus’ furry skin the way I loved Sirius’. I more than made up for it in wolf form though.

“On the bed with some pillows under you, Siri. Do you want some lubricant or will my tongue suffice?” I swatted his arse cheek and he yelped before flinging himself onto our bed.

“Tongue is good enough. The wolf is more slender than you until you knot.” He laid himself out with a couple of pillows to raise his arse to wolf level. “And I want the knot, Remy, I want to feel your seed swimming inside of me and know I can’t do anything to stop it.”

I slid between his legs. “Hold onto the head board, Siri. Don’t let go or I’ll have to tie you to it.” His cock hardened even more at that threat. “I think I’ll do it anyway. You look like you might be too excited to obey me.”

“Oh no, Remy, I can do it.” His voice said otherwise and I reached for the silk ties I kept under my pillow.

“Just in case,” I tied each one about a foot apart and he shivered all over. “We wouldn’t want any accidents. The wolf might forget and think you were trying to escape him.”

Running my hands down his back, I pulled apart his arse cheeks and began to rim his pucker while he moaned. “Just delicious, Siri, I love the way you taste. You’re all heated musk and tangy-Sirius.”

He was rocking back and forth by the time I thought him sufficiently loosened. “Remy, Remy, Remy,” he chanted. “Take me now, take me hard.”

Gathering my focus, I changed into the wolf. Immediately he stilled while I regained all my wolf senses. My tongue savored his skin with long licks; my nose scented his sweat; my paws kneaded his buttocks before sliding to either side of him; I growled in excitement and my shaft slid out of its sheath seeking the source of that wonderful smell.

“Oh gods, Remy,” Sirius panted under my not inconsiderable weight. “You feel so warm and furry against my skin. That’s right, love, find my hole and slide in.”

I had a couple of false stabs before finally breaching the muscular hole. He was tight and hot around me and I whined a little at how good it felt.

“So good, Remy, you feel deeper than when you’re in human form. So good and deep. Now take me hard, make me feel you in my throat.”

I took him at his word, letting my wolf instincts to subdue my mate out to play. My hips were more powerful in this form and I put all my energy into thrusting into my lover good and hard. He was moaning and pulling on the silk ties after just ten minutes and I think I was grinning a wolfish grin when he burst into the pillows and I just kept on impaling him with my cock.

His moaning made me feel ten feet long and the way his channel clutched around me finally made me set my knot just inside his hole and begin to swell.

“Oh gods, oh gods, oh Remy, you’re so big. You’re splitting me in two. I can’t take it all, really I can’t.” His voice broke but I paid more attention to the enjoyment there then his words. “Dear gods, it feels like you’ve shoved your fist up there.” He panted some more and finally relaxed a little. “Okay, that’s better. I think I like it, love. I think we’re going to have to do this again soon.”
I did a kind of rumbling purr to tell him I agreed and settled onto his body to wait for my knot to go down. It was going to be a while. He liked where he was.

***

“I think that’s a wonderful idea, Siri.” I smiled my wolf’s smile. “For now though, I think we should clean up. Then I’m going to take you to bed and put on your harness so you can’t come again until I say so. Then you’re going to suck me off one more time before we go to sleep. In the morning, you’re going to assume this position and without any preparation at all, I’m going to change into the wolf and fuck you so hard it will feel like your balls are going to explode.”

”Gods, yes,” he said fervently and I began the spanking he so enjoyed.

I was going to enjoy it, too.

********* Harry *********

The last two months of school went by so fast it wasn’t funny. Classes were fun and I think I learned more during this last year then I did the first six years I was here. Having Voldemort dead and gone really let me relax the way I couldn’t before. I hadn’t realized how heavy the expectations everyone had piled on me were until they were gone. I felt so light sometimes; I thought I might float away.

“Not without me, sweetheart,” Sev stood in the doorway of the new nursery where I was folding some of the little sleepers, that kept appearing in our living room, to put away in the big dresser that had appeared today.

“Sev,” I laid them down and crossed to him.

He came in so we met in the middle for our first kiss of the afternoon. I love his taste and I sucked on his tongue while his hands stroked my back tenderly. When we broke the kiss, he looked around with an interested air. “I wonder where they found the dresser, little love. It looks like a Queen Anne.”

“So that makes it really old?” I asked, looking at it with new eyes.

“A couple hundred of years, not all that old, sweetheart,” He dropped another kiss on the top of my head. “The Snape cradle was from Henry the VII’s time. It was sold at the auction years ago.”

I hugged him tighter. I didn’t like the fact he’d lost so much of his past, even if he did insist they were just things. Shielding a tiny bit, I talked to the wards //Would you look for the Snape cradle?// They flared brightly and passed the word along through the other wards throughout Great Britain. Once we’d added them to our grid, they didn’t want to let go of us so we’d kept in touch. Normally we just spent quality time with them on the solstices. The spring solstice had been one of thanksgiving since it was just after Voldemort’s defeat. I was really looking forward to the summer solstice when we were home in York.

The babies would be almost three months along and I was hoping I’d be able to see them stretch my skin by then. We read aloud from each book that Poppy gave us. Some of the steps sounded kind of interesting and some rather daunting. I was really hoping I could skip the morning sickness since that sounded uncomfortable. So far, I was okay, although I did crave Greek olives every afternoon. Dobby had laid in a good supply but we’d have to find a grocer in York who carried them.
“Don’t worry, little love, we’ll have a goodly supply in the pantry if we have to fly them in by owl.” He followed my thoughts.

I nodded happily. “I hope I don’t have any other cravings,” I slid a look sideways, “although I wonder if I’ll need to send you out for ice cream and fudge sauce.”

He picked me up and carried me out of the nursery. “You know what thinking of fudge sauce does to me, young man.”

Laughing, I hugged him close. “Really, I wonder what that could be?”

“Little demon, I’ll just have to show you.” He said sternly but with a twinkle that told me he hadn’t given out any detentions this last week of school. Carrying me back to our bedroom, he banished our clothes with a flick of wandless magic. Neither of us carried them anymore since we didn’t need to. We kept that a secret though. It wouldn’t do for the Aurors to know how much we could do.

I liked Arthur Weasley a lot and most of the Ministry seemed to be nice people but no matter how much I liked them, I didn’t trust them with Sev or even with me. Sev would say I was being paranoid but there wasn’t anything wrong with being careful. And like he could talk, his paranoia was just a part of who he was.

//Indeed it is, angel-eyes// he laid me on the bed and followed me down. Kissing my stomach, he spoke to our babies. //Go to sleep, little ones, your mama and I are going to warm each other up//

I chuckled and stroked his furry chest. “What will you do, Sev, when they answer back?”

His eyes gleamed. “It all depends on what they say. ‘We’re trying to sleep, Daddy’ would be a definite mood killer.”

I burst into laughter and he kissed his way down to my nipples to nurse for the second time today. He always woke me up with lazy suckling that made me ache for him. It got me every time and today was no exception. I slid my fingers through his hair, giving him the scalp massage we both love.

We made love slowly and carefully, mindful of what today meant. Tomorrow was my graduation. Tomorrow was our bonding day along with Hermione and Blaise, Ron and Draco. Funny but each of the Gryffindor Trio had snagged a Slytherin. How odd that was, I thought bemusedly.

“Only the very lucky get Slytherin mates.” Sev said while sliding into my female sheath.

I caught my breath at the familiar heat of him. “Oh-h-h-h . . . yeah-h-h-h . . . I know how lucky I was to capture the Slytherin Sex God for my very own.”

He paused when he was in all the way and brushed soft kisses over my face. “I’m the lucky one, sweet Harry.” His eyes looked into mine and I saw myself reflected there. “I wasn’t the god of anything until the day I thought I’d be too late to rescue you.” He kissed me tenderly and I felt his love surround me every where. “That’s the day I first wanted a future . . . a future with you.”

“Yes, Sev,” I was going to cry, I just knew it. “I was so scared and tired of always being a target. Then you were there and I wasn’t alone any more. That was such a gift, dearest Sev.”

We kissed some more then he rocked us to completion. While we caught our breath, he rolled so I lay atop him. This was usually how we ended up after making love. I think he was afraid he’d be too heavy for me but I really didn’t mind. Of course, when the babies began to grow, we’d have to
give up a couple of positions. By then I wouldn’t care.

“Harry, are you happy with the plans Molly has made?” His eyes were half-closed and the look of contentment was one I really loved.

“I just kept saying yes when she asked me about something.” I grinned lazily down at him before laying my head down on his furry chest so I could listen to his heartbeat. “The ceremony is for everybody else, we’re already bonded in every way that matters.” I thought about it and smiled against his nipple before giving it a slow suck. “I am kind of looking forward to having Minister Weasley announce us as Mr. and Mr. Potter-Snape.”

His chuckle vibrated through me. “It should prove interesting to see the reactions of all our well-wishers.”

“They just want to see us kiss, the perverts.” I said with a bit of a grump in my voice. Some of the students had been kind of snotty about our relationship. I didn’t like it when they were rude to Sev.

“We’ll give them a little going away present.” The snark in his voice told me he didn’t like some of their comments either. “But remember we’ll be back here for a new school year in a few short months.”

“And I’ll be showing by then,” I said in satisfaction. “The books say they may even be moving at five months. That would be so neat.”

“Sweetheart,” he stroked back my hair, “I love the way you think.”

********* Minerva *********

I loved graduations. And this year was so very special, I’d already had to wipe away a tear or two. Finally, the shadow of Voldemort was gone. We’d lost a few students to the Dark Lord but we’d mourned the loss of their promise. Now was the time for celebrating our victories and saying goodbye to those ready to take their place in the outside world.

We’d kept the Press contingent down or at least we’d tried. The low level buzz was a hundred quills busily writing down every move of Harry or Severus. Our potions master was at his most severe on the low stage where the professors sat while Harry sat with Hermione, Ron, Blaise and Draco. I certainly hadn’t seen those pairings coming. It was nice to still be surprised.

“Look at Draco, Min,” Poppy whispered next to me.

I directed my eyes to the white-blond and saw him teasing Harry with a chocolate frog held out of reach. We all indulged the young man and his cravings. I did just wonder if he was inventing some of them to see how badly he could get Ron or Draco to blanch. But he did dearly love his chocolate. His pout was adorable and he got his frog with a whisper and a sly glance to Severus’ threatening countenance.

The speeches went on a little too long, the way they always did but finally the students crossed the stage, shaking our hands and receiving their diplomas from Albus’ hand. As soon as the last student, Blaise Zabini, got his parchment scroll, the entire Hall broke into loud cheers. I believe even Severus smiled broadly but then that could have been Harry talking to him through their link.

I circulated through the crowd, answering questions from parents and posing for wizard pictures with departing students. I’d never been so impatient for this part of graduation to be over. I wanted to skip right to the bonding ceremonies. I hoped the reporters would be content to leave before we headed for the rose garden but Draco and Ron were very much a news story in and of themselves.
So far, the news of Harry and Severus’ bonding was still a secret among us. I was looking forward to surprising them with this little bombshell. Severus had let me in on their summer destination and since I already knew of Harry’s disguise, I offered to help in any way I could and Harry had hugged me hard, asking if I’d be one of Mary’s teachers. I agreed at once and we decided I’d come visit in August.

I was already looking forward to seeing Severus as a painter and Harry as his young bride taking care of him. I’d always like Roman ruins and York was a fascinating city with an interesting history that dated back even before them. In fact, I was interested in seeing the wards that had started these two on their path to the solution to Voldemort.

“Ma’am,” Hermione’s voice broke through my daydream. “I’d like to thank you for your extra lessons this past year. I’d have never been able to master the transformation without your help.”

“I was pleased to help you and very pleased to find another cat among my students.” I winked at her and she giggled. She made a very nice ginger tabby kitten and would one day be a stately feline. “Is there anything I can help you with before the ceremony?”

“Oh,” she darted a look at her watch, the first sign of agitation I’d seen in her. “No, no we’ve got two hours to go. Mom is going to help me get dressed in the girl’s dormitory. Would you like to come and see my dress?”

“Of course, I would, Hermione. Where is she now?” I looked for the sweet faced muggle I’d seen earlier.

“She and Dad are talking with Blaise’s parents. I don’t know where Blaise went.” Her eyes went to the big double doors I brought the first years through each year. “Oh, there he is. Shall we join them?”

I nodded and followed her, part of my mind wandering where Harry and Severus were.

*********** Poppy ***********

Poor Severus was torn in two. He needed to be with Draco since he was all the family the poor boy had left. Lucius was in Azkaban and Narcissa’s remains had been found in the family vaults. Severus was his godfather and thus would be the one to give Draco to Ron. I’d told him that I would personally guarantee everything was kept gentle while Harry dressed for the marriage ceremonies.

He had Sirius to help him but I would just make sure nothing was said to upset the glowing young man before me. He had new robes of emerald green, just the color of his eyes. They were a present from his godfather and Remus. The pants and shirt underneath were my gift to him and I’d already told him privately they had an adjust-size spelled into them so he could still wear them in a few months.

He’d hugged me so tight I’d squeaked before he apologized and winked at me. I hoped Sirius and Remus had missed it completely. Sirius was being rather quiet about the whole pregnancy issue. Remus had returned the book on hermaphrodites and asked a couple of questions which I answered as best I could. Every one is different and in conjunction with Harry’s magical power, we really didn’t know how he’d be affected.

It probably wasn’t good enough but it was all I had, that and my reassurance I would be with them every step of the way. He’d nodded with a little frown and left after asking about a good book on male pregnancy. I’d handed him the same one I’d given to Severus and he thanked me again.
Hopefully, it would help them both.

“Are you sure, Harry?” Sirius’ voice broke the silence with a wistful note.

Harry’s smile was supernova bright. “Certain sure, Sirius, I’m marrying the man I love. He’s the man who will be the father of our children and the one who holds my heart in his hands.”

Sirius nodded slowly and brushed a dark curl behind Harry’s ear. “I don’t understand but I told you I’d back you 100 percent and I won’t go back on my word. I love you, kiddo. Be happy.”

Harry’s eyes filled with tears and he hugged his godfather close. “I will be, Siri, I really will be happy. I love you, too. And my children will love having Padfoot for a playmate.”

Remus was smiling broadly and he hugged his lover and Harry in a three way hug. “We’ll be there for you and for them, Harry. You’re a very special young man and I’m proud of you. Your parents would be, too.”

“Thanks, Remus,” Harry sniffed and I handed him a clean handkerchief. I had six in assorted pockets. I firmly expected to use them all or hand them out for use.

“I think it’s time for us to head out to the garden. Let me take a last look at each of you.” I made them turn for me one at a time so I could pick off any lint and straighten the drape of their robes. “Heartbreakers, you’re all just delicious.”

And as if on cue, they all blushed for me. I loved it when I took them off guard. I then chivied them out the door of the East Tower, over the courtyard’s cobblestones and into the extensive gardens. It was a lovely June and the roses were in full bloom, their heady scent filling the air with their perfume. I don’t think Harry even saw them because all his senses were focused on one figure near the trellis where each couple would say their vows.

And Severus’ senses were all on his young lover. He looked like the proud member of one of the oldest wizarding families that he was. His hair was shorter than I’d ever seen it and it suited his somewhat harsh features. His robe was Slytherin green but would not clash with Harry’s. His had silver trim on the collar, cuffs and hem whereas Harry’s had gold in the same places.

I was going to need that handkerchief, I just knew it. And I was right. Draco and Ron exchanged vows first, the blond gazing up into his slightly taller lover’s face. I’d never seen a brighter smile on the usually somber Slytherin. Ron’s freckles glowed in the afternoon light but he was smiling too while they recited the traditional wizard’s vows. Molly wept silently with a tremulous smile while Arthur held her tenderly.

Hermione looked like an angel in the lace gown with the five foot train. Blaise saw no one but her when Mr. Granger gave him her hand. Their vows were more along the lines of the Anglican wedding service and I had to sniff a time or two at their passionate young voices promising the future to each other. Mrs. Granger and Mrs. Zabini were arm in arm, both mopping up tears. It was good to see the wizards and muggles so united for their children.

It was a good omen, I hoped, for the future of the wizarding world. Then it was Harry’s turn and Sirius walked him up to the arbor where Sev waited for him. The old enemies exchanged a long look but then both nodded and smiled at a beaming Harry. It was time for bygones to be just that, I smiled happily and watched Albus offer the traditional blessings.

“Forever, Harry, I will love and care for you.” Severus held both of his hands and departed from the traditional. “You will be my first thought each morning and my last sight each night. I will
honor and keep you in my heart always. And I vow to love and care for every child with whom we are blessed.”

Harry glowed and brought one of Sev’s hands up to his lips to kiss. “I will love and care for you beyond life itself, Severus. You will be both my love and my lover for all of time. I will take care of you with all my heart and soul. And I vow to carry each child with whom we are blessed, loving and caring for them always.”

There wasn’t a dry eye in the garden and even Albus had to discreetly use his handkerchief before he pronounced them husband and husband. Their kiss seemed to light up the whole space with a golden glow that flowed out from the gardens into Hogwarts and beyond. I wondered if the wards all over the Isles were celebrating with this most unlikely pair.

********* Harry *********

I didn’t want to let go of Sev. I didn’t want us to stop kissing. I wanted to be home in York right . . . this . . . minute. //Love you, Sev, so much//

//Love you too, sweetheart// His hands smoothed over my shoulders and I tried to remember why he shouldn’t continue it down to my arse.

//Friends and family, angel-eyes// He reminded me with a smile in his thought.

//Oh yeah, them// I pulled back and unlinked my hands from around his neck. Looking around, everybody was congratulating everyone else. We were married; all of us were now legal. My lace panties dampened with sudden need. //Let’s get to the cake so we can leave//

//My sentiments exactly// Severus smiled at Mr. Granger and accepted his congratulations while Mrs. Granger gave me a hug and a motherly kiss.

Remus hugged me next and I smiled up at him when he winked at me. His whisper of ‘congratulations’ gave me hope that Sirius would come around in time. I’d had to be patient all my life and now I had everything I ever wished for in my grasp, I wanted to be a little impatient.

//Me, too// Sev’s hand brushed a curl behind my ear.

//Do my earrings look all right// I asked him, having popped them in at the last minute.

“Wow, Harry, I didn’t even know you got your ears pierced.” Hermione’s voice came over my shoulder.

“Sev gave them to me for my birthday.” I gave her the brief version. “Do you like them?”

“Absolutely,” she said immediately and I noticed Blaise make a mental note to find some like them for her. “They match your eyes beautifully.”

I grinned at her. “I’ll have Sev tell Blaise where he got them . . . in case he ever needs to find some nice emeralds for someone.”

She grinned back at me and didn’t even pretend to not understand. “Well, you never know when a birthday or something might come up.”

We shared a quiet chuckle before turning to our new husbands snickering behind us. I caught my breath and just looked at Sev with my heart in my eyes. //Husband . . . we’re legally married, Sev//
//We are indeed, sweet kitten// He slid an arm around me so I could lean against his chest. //We’re finally legal in all senses of the word, little love//

I heard his heart beating steadily beneath my ear. //Let’s go home, love//

“Are you ready to leave, Mr. Potter-Snape?” That silky voice made me feel so very safe.

“After we cut the cake, Mr. Potter-Snape,” I replied, reminding him of another tradition.

“Ah, yes, who would want to miss getting to smear chocolate frosting all over my new husband’s face.” He said with his usual snark.

I smiled as innocently as I could. “Why, Sev, that never crossed my mind.”

He smirked. “Of course, it didn’t, sweet Harry.”

Fluttering my eyelashes at him, I pretended not to hear Hermione and Blaise’s snickers. “Sev-v-v, it will be fun.”

//Fudge sauce, Harry// He reminded me with an inner purr.

I shivered all over. I loved it when he smeared fudge all over my nipples then took his time licking it off. “Now, Sev, cut the cake, smear a little then leave.”

“You have a deal, sweetheart.” Sev led me to the long banquet table where Dobby and the other house elves had set up enough food for two hundred starving students instead of a hundred friends and family. “Are we sure the twins have been no where near the food?”

I winked at him. //I had the wards watch them and keep them away from the food. Unfortunately the punch was fair game so I’d make sure you don’t drink anything unless it’s been poured by Dobby//

//Dear heavens, are you sure you want to have twin boys, Harry// His rather plaintive mental question made me smile.

//Yes, sweet Sev, maybe if we make the twins their godfathers, they’ll be a good influence// I told him confidently.

//Never, Harry Potter-Snape, they aren’t to get anywhere near our babies// Sev said adamantly.

//We’ll see// I thought smugly before reaching for the decorative dagger with the flowing green ribbons. Molly Weasley had told me about the tradition of cutting the cake and feeding the first piece to your new mate. I liked the symbolism and was looked forward to licking Sev’s fingers clean of frosting. Sirius had found a wizard picture of Mom and Dad feeding each other cake at their wedding. Severus had found me a really nice frame for it and told me I could hang it in our house at York.

It would be nice to have them nearby when we started our new life together. Our children would always have a visual idea of what their maternal grandparents looked like. Sev didn’t seem to have any pictures of his family at all and I’d hesitated to ask if there were any left after the Purge.


I grinned from ear to ear. “Together, Sev.”

The cake was seven layers high and was just one of three on the long table. Each couple had one to
cut. I happened to know Ron and Draco’s was half chocolate and half red devil’s food. Mione and Blaise’s was angel food while ours was all chocolate. The icing was spun sugar with the Potter and Snape crests on two sides until you reached the top where they united to make a new family shield made up of elements of both.

The symbolism was extremely satisfying, I decided while we cut into the bottom layer for two small pieces. Then each of us picked up a section and held it out to our new mate. I leaned forward, my eyes never leaving Sev’s and licked some of the cake from his long, elegant fingers. He smiled the sweet smile that only I got to see before bending to return the lick to my suddenly aching fingers.

I needed to touch him in the worst way, I decided breathlessly. Naked touching was what was needed here. //Sev//

//My sweet Harry// his tongue lapped at the cake and I wished my lips were where my fingers were right this minute.

I could hear laughter all around us but I was going to have to see the pictures later. Right now was for finishing up this ritual so we could leave. The rest of that hour was a blur while we said ‘thank you’ to everyone we needed to. I was on fire with impatience and Sev wasn’t much better. Dumbledore’s eyes were twinkling madly but I forgave him when he gave us cover to leave surreptitiously.

We slipped into the Forbidden Forest and apparated straight into our car waiting for us outside of York. The home wards sang to us while we slipped out of our robes and Sev transfigured my outfit into a green lace dress with matching tights and slippery little sandals. My underwear was already feminine since I’d dressed privately under the new clothes from Poppy.

Sedately we drove into town and pulled up in front of our house. Finally, we were home.

******** Severus ********

Mrs. Tyler met us at her gate, hugging Mary and kissing first one cheek then the other. She’d grown a bit frailest at 85 and I suddenly realized she wouldn’t be around for all our children to be born. Which led me to think about Albus and how much longer he would be here for us. That was a very sobering thought to have when everything I’d ever wanted was now within my grasp.

//We just have to enjoy them while we have them with us, my love// Mary told me wisely while telling our neighbor the wonderful news about her pregnancy.

Mrs. Tyler was speechless for a long moment before turning from Mary to hug me also. “Young man, that was extremely fast work. Are you ready for the responsibility that goes with a child?”

“Mary convinced me we didn’t have time to waste since I’m so very ancient myself.” I told her with a wink.

Mary sputtered in outrage, “I did not!”

Mrs. Tyler laughed so hard I had to hold her upright. “Oh you, young things, I’m so glad you’ve come home for a nice long stay. We’re awfully staid around here without you.”

“We’ll visit everyday, Granny T.” Mary promised her with another little hug. “John is going to paint while you teach me how to sew. I want the nursery to be full of things our friends and family have made. Store bought clothes are nice but I want to make things just for my babies.”
“But if you tire, little one, I shall see you rest.” I reminded her and she smilingly took my arm.

“I promise to take good care of myself and you too, my dear John.” She said and I leaned down to kiss her smiling lips.

Soon I would need more but for now, I was content to let her chatter on while I unloaded luggage from the car. Moving the wizard way was much easier than the muggle way but we didn’t have a choice with our lives here. And I didn’t really mind since before Harry, I’d needed the time to let go of wizardry and become a simple painter. No spying, no students and no staff meetings, I cheerfully let go of it all.

“But now you have me and soon new babies,” Harry’s arms slid around my waist and I hugged him to me. “Will you need to get away from us, too?”

“Never, sweetheart, although I can foresee a time when we’ll want to sneak away from our children and spend time with just us.” I brought one of his hands to my lips and nipped the tip of each finger.

He chortled and rubbed his nose into my spine. “I told you we’d need babysitters and we’d better be nice to Sirius and Remus.”

“Humph,” I mock-growled, turning and cuddling him close. “I think Aunt Min and Aunt Poppy would be better sitters.”

“They can take turns.” Harry glowed up at me and I had to kiss him.

We feasted slowly on each other before separating for those chores we needed to do to make our home livable for the next few months. Harry went upstairs to make up our bed while I went to the shops for supplies for our next few meals. An hour passed with him checking mentally with me to make sure the grocers had Greek olives. I chuckled to myself at his needy request for his favorite treat.

Once back home, he called me upstairs for a bath. Climbing the stairs, I anticipated finding naked Harry and he didn’t disappoint me. The tub was already full of bubbles and he banished my clothes impatiently so I could join him in the neck deep water. Once I was in, he slid into my arms so we could kiss. It was a tender kiss, a promise of good things to come kiss. He was a solid weight in my arms finally. He might not grow much more but at least he had a healthy few stones more on his slight frame.

“You just like feeding me up so I’m lethargic and can’t escape your incessant demands for sex.” He said sagely while linking his arms around my neck and putting on a pained expression.

“Constant . . .” I slid my hands down his back to his plump arse cheeks; “non-relenting” a slow slide down his crease to the small hole waiting for me; “never-ending” a quick test told me he’d already lubricated himself; “hot, passionate sex.”

“Yes-s-s-s,” he hissed in Parseltongue which he knows turns me to steel. “S-s-slytherin s-s-sex god that you are, S-s-severus.”

He sat up and reached behind him to guide me home. That first moment when my crown popped through the tight muscle was always when I looked at him with my heart on display. Part of me still couldn’t believe he really wanted me, Severus Snape, Potion Master.

“Always want you, Sev” he sat down slowly until he rested on my thighs. “I’ll always love you and want you as deep inside of me as you can get. You have all my heart just the way I have all of
yours. We’re so lucky.”

Weaving my fingers through his, I brought each one in turn to my lips and kissed them tenderly. “We are the luckiest two souls in the world that we found each other. And soon we’ll have two new souls to nurture and guide into the future.”

He rocked up and down gently, squeezing around me with those lovely muscles he kept toned with belly dancing. “And after them will be more, number yet unknown. And their friends will fall under our influence, too. So our love will show the rest of the world how to behave and what’s really important.”

I thrust up an inch and watched him flush all the way down to his pert nipples. We took it slow and made it last a long time before I released into his keeping and he came all over my chest. I’d been keeping the water warm with small charms and when the last of the bubbles popped, we finally left the tub.

There was a faintly discernable curve to his abdomen these days and it always made me catch my breath with wonder. He was truly carrying our children under his heart and it humbled me. I was just going to have to take the greatest good care of him I could. He smiled up at me before reaching for the red silk sarong I’d gotten him.

“That curve will become a bump pretty soon and then I’ll have to give up wearing this negligee.” He smoothed it down over his hips, the silky folds hiding then revealing his newly hairless legs. “But by then maybe I’ll have designed something just as sexy for my fat body.”

“Never fat, sweetheart.” I cupped his breasts in my hands, thumbing the nipples while he caught his breath. “Sweetly rounded is the proper term.”

“Hm-m-m,” he arched into my touch. “That sounds much better, my own Sev. I shall be rounded until I turn swollen.”

I tugged him closer so I could kiss my way down his neck to those nipples just waiting for me. “I like swollen so long as the babies don’t make you too uncomfortable. I’m looking forward to every moment. Now, how about an omelet?”

“Did you get feta cheese along with the Greek olives?” He licked his lips hungrily and I swooped down to kiss him for a long moment.

“Of course, I did. Mr. Rohan says he will lay in a large supply just for you.” I slipped on a robe and tied it off before following him downstairs to the kitchen. I gave him all the news of the neighborhood, or at least all the news I could gather in an hour while stirring up a tasty omelet for us. To do it properly, you must take your time and not beat the eggs to death.

Harry went into the garden and picked some fresh parsley and a little lemon thyme to be folded in. The home wards kept anyone from seeing him in his pretty red negligee with a low level ‘obfuscate’. They took good care of us and asked only that we share our love with them. Most of the wards across Britain had gone back to their prior state before we’d awakened them to life. But always in the background was an awareness of us and where we were. I was seriously thinking about buying a cottage on the western coast near St. Bees. The wards there were as welcoming as the ones here in York. And Harry would enjoy the almost overpowering water element. Those of our children who inherited that from him would be safest there.

I didn’t like to think about what might happen if someone else made a grab for power. A new dark
lord could arise at any moment. I hesitated with the salt shaker before putting it away without adding any. Harry might begin retaining water with the changes in his body’s chemistry. The feta cheese and briny olives should satisfy his salt taste buds, I decided.

Hands appeared around me, tossing in the quickly shredded parsley and thyme. “You take good care of me, Sev.”

I raised a slightly grubby hand, still smelling faintly of lemon. “I love taking care of you, kitten. Having you here is like every dream and wish I’ve ever had.”

“Oh, Sev” my robe blotted up tears. His hormones were just beginning to manifest in sudden weeping. “I do love you. No one ever loved me until you.”

********** Harry **********

He chuckled. “Not exactly like I do, angel-eyes but there are an awful lot of people who love you just the way you are. Starting with the Weasleys and continuing on through most of the staff of Hogwarts.”

I sniffed and rubbed my nose on the silk robe under my cheek. “They like me and care for me but they just see bits and pieces of who I am. You always saw everything and loved me anyway.”

He moved the bowl to the stove and pulled me with him. I loved watching him create meals for us with his meticulous moves. Just like potions, he crafted every step with care. The golden egg mixture flowed into the pan and steam immediately rose for a few moments. Then he set the bowl aside and turned to me, holding me close and kissing my forehead.

“Not right away, Harry, and I’m more sorry for that than I can ever say.” His dark eyes were so sad. “Those first two years, I saw nothing but James come back to torment me. Your third year, I began to see the Lily part of you until finally I just saw Harry, a new soul with a caring heart and enough courage for any ten wizards.”

I blushed hard. I should have been used to compliments by now; Sev gave me so many all the time. But I still had that old-Harry side, which couldn’t believe anyone could see anything good in me. I was beginning to accept though that Sev saw parts of me I hadn’t found quite yet.

“Sweet love, by the time our first child heads off for Hogwarts, you will believe every compliment I give you.” He told me sincerely then kissed me into bliss.

But his inner clock kept watch over the omelet and sooner than I realized, we were sitting down at the kitchen table with me in his lap and a beautifully steaming omelet on the plate in front of us. It was huge but we’d expended a lot of energy today so we finished every last bite. For some reason, I kept yawning and before I knew it Sev had floated the dishes into the sink, stood up and carried me upstairs.

“Take a nap, sweetheart. Today was harder on you than you realize.” His husky murmur was the last thing I heard. “Rest now, my little one.”

I don’t think I even dreamt, I fell so deep so fast. When I awoke, I felt cradled in warmth. Sev’s arms were around me, my back to his front so I was cocooned in a lovely Sev-scented hug. However, one thing being pregnant had taught me was how big the babies were in relation to where my bladder was. I hadn’t gone before bed so I badly needed to go now.

Easing out from being entangled with Sev is always hard. He tends to be possessive even while asleep, I thought with a silent giggle. His little frown when I slipped from the bed was so sweet that
I sighed happily before moving swiftly to the bathroom. Hoisting my nightgown up, I whizzed away with a groan of relief. Deciding it was warm enough to do without sleepwear; I took the negligee off and hung it next to Sev’s robe. Then with a gleam, I went over to the bidet and sat down to play.

“Ah-ha, I should have known, kitten.” His voice was still sleep-husky and his naked body was already sporting a hard cock.

“Is that for me, my own?” I purred for him and he chuckled while crossing to sink to his knees in front of me.

“All for you and nobody else,” he kissed me softly, his hands combing through my hair. “I didn’t get to brush this earlier. I missed that this morning when you were with the others.”

“It was fun being able to surprise you with my new robes but I missed you, too.” I confessed and leaned forward to kiss his chin. His breath ghosted over my nose and he playfully nipped it while I giggled.

“Tomorrow,” he paused, “today actually, we’ll dress together then make the rounds of the shops so we can stock up and not have to go out again for a week. The shoe store is having a sale so I know you’ll want to stop there.”

“Hey, no fair making fun of my shoe fetish,” I pouted. “You like the way they look, too.”

“I do indeed, sweet heart.” He kissed me gently and I forgave him. “But your body is going to be changing so drastically, I’m afraid your heels are going to have to go into the closet for the next few months.”

I shivered at the thought of falling and hurting the babies. “I’ll look for some nice flats and sandals that are sturdier than most of my pretty ones.”

“Little love, it’s only for a few months.” He consoled me with a tender gloving of my until-that-moment-uninterested-cock.

Perking right up, in more ways than one, I kissed him hard. My tongue met his and I sucked on it with fervor. It had been hours since we made love and my female sheath was dripping wet with arousal. Sev knew it, of course, that potion master nose of his is one of his keenest senses. He wrapped me around him before standing upright and carrying me back to bed.

With a flick of my wrist, I turned the bidet off while still kissing my new husband. I was practicing my multi-tasking for the day when I was juggling him and also two babies. Maybe a house elf or two wouldn’t be so bad, I thought fuzzily as my back hit the sheets.

“Dobby would . . . love to . . . help, sweet Harry.” Sev had his soft crown poised at my entrance while I writhed under him. “Gods . . . you tighten up each time.”

I wanted to scream at his too slow entry but he was still worried about hurting me so I panted through the stretching until he was all the way in. It still felt like he had reached my new womb and I shivered at how possessed and loved he made me feel.

“Ah . . . Sev . . . if you don’t move, I will complain to Granny T.” I said with a fake glare.

He laughed out loud and that beautiful sound made me smile again. “Such a threat, little love, must be obeyed.” He began the rocking that started a burn deep inside of me. “She is much too scary for me.” He settled into a rhythm that had my head thrashing on the pillow in no time.
I felt the tightening that meant I was going to climax and with what was left of my tiny little mind, I made sure the silencing wards were strong enough to contain my screams. I just knew it was going to be a really good one. With one last thrust, Sev inhaled sharply and came hard. That was all I needed to let go and spiral into coming with a breathy scream that probably hurt Sev’s ears.

The little seizures just kept coming and coming while I jerked under Sev’s weight. It kind of felt like the first time we’d properly made love after we’d gotten through the whole deflowering-the-virgin act, not to mention the creating-our-own-babies act. My female climaxes were just enough different from my male comings to make me feel unbearably smug about the rest of the world who only got to have one or the other.

“Sweetheart, you are the most special being in the whole world and not just because you’re a hermaphrodite now.” Sev rolled us so I lay atop him in my favorite position. “You’re the man who lived to capture my heart.”

I giggled a little and nursed on his nipple under my cheek. He liked it when I did that and pretty soon when he came out of me, he’d return the favor. I was getting more sensitive and he didn’t bite at all because that hurt now. Our bond had given us so much that he could feel the changes in my body at almost the same time I did. That saved us a lot of time we could spent doing something nicer.

We trusted each other completely and that was so new for me I still marveled at it sometimes. I moaned a little when he slipped from me and he immediately touched between my legs with a healing spell.

I pouted just a little. “I wanted that lovely empty feeling, my Sev.”

“Sorry sweetheart, how about I nurse instead?” He slid down a little and gently tongued my right nipple into peaking for him.

Sighing happily, I fell asleep to that tender tugging I loved so much.

********** Remus **********

Sirius was pacing again. He’d changed clothes three times. Eaten a big breakfast then lost it ten minutes before. We were soon supposed to be going to visit Harry for his birthday and he was so nervous he was beginning to make me nervous. Sev had invited us as a surprise for the young man and it was almost time for our portkey to whisk us back to Greece.

“What if he’s wearing a dress?” He said suddenly.

“We’re going to be in the wizarding enclave and Severus said they’d be undisguised.” I told him for the fourth time and watched him nod distractedly. This couldn’t be allowed to continue. Checking my watch, I decided to take drastic measures. I backed him up against the wall and kissed him hard while my right hand started unzipping his jeans.

Vague noises came from him but his tongue got active so I ignored what he might be saying in favor of pulling his cock out to stroke. Judging the time was right; I slid to my knees and deep throated him. With one hand I rolled his balls while with the other I slid up under his shirt to the nipple I’d pierced a few days ago.

“Ag-g-gh, shite, Remy,” he panted before keening appreciatively. “Oh gods, that’s good. More, Remy, use your teeth.”

So I raked the tender flesh with my incisors and listened to him shout. His shudders told me he was
close, so I tugged gently on the gold ring through his nipple and his hips snapped into me, shoving his cock even further down my throat. One swallow was all it took before he erupted like a volcano. Slumping back against the wall, he quivered while I fastened up his pants and rose to my feet.

“When we get there, we’ll spend some time with Harry and Severus then I’m going to take you to our room, strip you naked and spank you so hard your cheeks will be redder than that little bikini swimsuit of yours.” I readied the portkey. “And then I’m going to fuck you so hard, you’ll scream like a girl while the two of them listen in.”

He gasped then smiled, which was the last thing I saw when the portkey activated and we began the long distance spin that was wizard travel. I’d rather fly myself but the distances were too great. I’d thought about flying like the muggles do but I dislike being under someone else’s control so a portkey it was.

One moment we were in Scotland and the next we were in Greece. The portkey dumped us on a wide marble patio and we panted a moment before sitting up and looking around. The sound of the Mediterranean Sea was loud and through a gate in the three foot high walls, we could see the water lapping at the shore. It was a white-gold beach and two figures were playing in the waves.

“Look at them, Siri. Pretend you don’t know them and just look at them.” I asked him urgently. The taller figure had the smaller in his arms, spinning him around before letting him gently fly through the air a foot above the water to land with a splash. The shrieks were happy and I could hear a faint, ‘do it again, Sev’.

“They’re playing.” Sirius said quietly. “Snape is actually playing . . . and watching out for Harry.”

I nodded and risked a brief glance at my subdued lover. “He never got to play when he was little and I’m betting Sev didn’t either. They love each other so much, Siri. Let’s be happy for them so we get a chance to influence their children to the Gryffindor side.”

Sirius snorted in sudden laughter and turned sparkling eyes to me. “Yeah, we can teach them all the Marauder’s tricks.”

“Just not the cruel ones, Sirius,” I hated to remind him but he had to know I wouldn’t stand for a repeat of our past.

“Nah, just the irritating and adventurous ones,” he winked and stood up, offering a hand to me.

I stood and set the portkey tile on the bright blue patio table. “And remember what I’m going to do to you as soon as we’ve said our hello’s.”

He gulped hard but followed me through the gate and down the three steps to the beach. Kicking off shoes and peeling off our socks there, we walked through the golden sand down to the swimmers.

“Siri!” Harry spotted us first and came dashing up to throw himself into my lover’s arms.

“Hey, kiddo, somebody told us there was a birthday boy who needed presents.” Sirius hugged him tight and swung him around to put him down near me.

Then it was my turn to hug him tight. “And somebody also told us that we’d be welcome at the party to end all parties for said birthday boy.”

“Oh, I’m so glad you came.” He hugged me and his whole face sparkled with joy. “Sev didn’t say
a word, the old devil.”

“How now, little one, not all secrets are bad.” Severus’ laughing tones were ones I’d never expected to hear from him. “How was your journey, gentlemen?”

I blinked at his geniality and then got a good look at his almost naked body. He and Harry both wore matching postage stamps in green, or at least that was what my eyes first thought they were seeing. Sev had curly dark hair all over his front, which I’d remembered from many years ago but he’d grown into the broad shoulders and trim waist.

“You need to change clothes and come swimming with us.” Harry said excitedly. “The water is so nice and warm.”

“Well, if you’ll show us our room, we’ll be glad to join you.” I told him and he grasped my hand to tug me back to the house. He was talking so fast, I could barely understand him. But my eyes were drawn to the now discernable curve to his formerly flat stomach. He was really carrying a child, I thought with fascination.

After wiping our feet on the waiting mat and leading us in through the French doors to the living room, he headed for the right hand side and a short hall that lead to a large room with airy white curtains blowing gently in the breeze. It held a big bed, a dresser, armoire and a little round table with two chairs pulled up invitingly.

“It’s kind of bare but we like it.” Harry looked around with an air of satisfaction and I just had to hug him again.

“You look great, Harry. How are you feeling?” I asked.

“Pretty good,” he beamed at me then at Sirius who joined us with Sev hovering in the hall. “I’m still craving Greek olives but they’re so easy to get here, I think I may have enough. I’m getting fat though.”

Sirius spoke up immediately and collided verbally with Severus. “You are *not* fat.” They looked at each other sheepishly while Harry broke into peals of laughter. I grinned at his happiness and thought it looked good on him.

“Rounded, sweetheart, remember you’re just nicely rounded.” Sev told him with a mock glare and Sirius even chuckled. “We’ll leave you gentlemen to unpack and change into suits. Elena will have a snack waiting for us on the veranda in just a bit.” Harry joined him in the doorway. “And just so you know, we have level ten silencing charms on every room of the house. You’ll be sharing a bathroom with Draco and Ron, who should be arriving shortly.”

I looked and saw the partly open door near the bed wall that presumably led to the bathroom. Sirius was blushing for both of us and Sev’s smirk was classic while Harry’s giggles just iced the cake. This was definitely going to be an interesting week. They pulled the door shut behind them and I immediately pounced on my mate. Sirius sputtered a bit before turning on nicely. I threw him up on the bed and growled for him to get out of his clothes before I ripped them off. He squeaked a little but I was already out of my pants. I pulled my shirt off over my head and slid my red boxers off my hips with one fast shimmy while he was still fiddling with his shirt. My growl this time was more wolfish and he hastily shoved his pants down to his knees before I landed on the bed. I was too impatient to wait for more and I pulled him up and over so that delectable arse of his was at just the right height for me to plunge in.
Spitting on my hand, I slicked myself before shoving in hard. He howled and began panting while I forged my way in as deep as I could get. We’d been lovers for so long, we didn’t really need much prep time but usually I was gentler with him. For some reason, I needed to stake my claim right here and now. Maybe it was seeing Severus, another alpha male if ever I saw one, or maybe it was just my time of the month but I needed to remind Sirius that he was mine.

“Yours, Remy, I’m all yours, love.” He was chanting in time to each thrust and I grinned, redoubling my efforts to make him scream.

Since he’d already come twice today, he was a little slower to bring off but I was about to explode like one of those muggle atom bombs. Leaving his hip, my hand snaked around to grab him. Jerking him roughly, he was soon howling my name. We came together in a wrenching climax that pushed him flat onto the bed with a sigh of ‘Remus’.

I panted into his hair; unable for the moment to do anything more than take deep breaths. Now that’s the way to start a vacation, I thought breathlessly. Beneath me, he started to chuckle then laugh moving my nicely padded Sirius-pillow.

“I can see I’m going to have to take my vitamins to keep up with you.” His voice was muffled in the sheets and I rolled us to our sides so he could breathe. “Is there anything you want to tell me, Remy?”

My brain had melted so I couldn’t really think of anything. “Um, no?”

He came as close to a giggle as I’d ever heard from him. “Oh good, I can look forward to being tripped to the bed so you can have your wicked way with me more often?”

The wolf howled ‘hell yes’ while I licked that spot on his neck that always made him shiver. “Yes, approximately every hour on the hour, we’ll excuse ourselves so you can take your . . . medicine. You’ll have to take a pillow with you everywhere we go since I plan on nailing this sweet arse at every opportunity.”

Siri moaned a little and flexed around me. “I’ll be so sore, I’ll walk funny.”

My inner wolf thought that sounded good so I dropped my voice to a growl. “I think Padfoot will also be walking funny. I think Moony would like to take him on the beach during the full moon on Saturday.”

He shivered all the way down to his toes. “Remy, any one could see us, especially during the full moon.”

I bit his shoulder gently being careful not to break the skin. “Exactly.”

******** Severus ********

Harry hugged me tightly the moment we got to the living room. “Thank you, Sev, thank you, thank you.”

“I wanted this birthday to be special, little love.” I said into the top of his head.

“Every birthday is special since you loved me. But this one is going to be extra-special.” He pulled back far enough to look into my eyes. “Ron and Draco are coming, too? It’s going to be so much fun!” He hugged me again then let go when our house elf appeared. “Elena, it looks wonderful.”

“Master Harry needs good food for the babies.” She squeaked happily and bowed before popping
away. Elena came with the rental unit and so far had been an excellent example of Greek elfdom. She and I had planned his cake and Ron was bringing some Weasley Sparklers for the top.

Harry liked sparkly things so I made sure he got them in every way possible. I had several lengths of soft satin cloth for him to experiment with in his sewing, and beads, both sparkly and colorful to use as trim that were handmade on the island of Crete. Some of the sheep here had wool so soft it never traveled more than twenty miles from the farm up the road.

It cost the earth but I could already see our little boys in caps made from the wool. I’d sent some back to Hogwarts for Poppy and Minerva to start knitting. They’d already owled their pleasure and requested more. I’d have to sell another painting to afford two more skeins but I was sketching madly these days. Harry had been right about the light and how inspiring I’d find the Greek islands.

Of course, every other sketch was of him. He inspired me the way no one else ever had in my life. He was such a joy to be around and I wanted this birthday to be the very best it could be. If nothing else, watching the god-mutt and his lover would be amusing. It wasn’t hard to pick who was the alpha wolf in their relationship.

“Sev!” Harry frowned and laughed at the same time. “You are not to think of who’s on top with them.”

“Come now, sweetheart, don’t you have just a tiny bit of curiosity about them?” I sat down in the white wicker chair and pulled him into my lap. He squirmed for a moment then leaned against my chest and grinned at me.

“Well, maybe just a little,” he confessed. “Is that really bad?”

“Never, kitten,” I stroked his back before reaching for a chocolate éclair. I offered it to him first and we took turns biting it until it was gone. Then returning to what we were talking about, “It’s natural to be curious about other people’s sexuality. There’s a whole range of literature that people read to turn themselves on.”

“We could write some of them ourselves,” Harry sounded intrigued at the prospect. “Of course, we’d have to test them before writing them down.”

I chuckled at his ingenuous glance. “Of course we would, sweetheart. Remember some of those positions in the Kama Sutra?”

“Ick,” he grimaced. “Some of them weren’t possible, no matter how flexible you are.”

“True, kitten,” I selected a ripe orange already separated into segments and offered him one. He nipped it from my fingers before feeding me one. We ate almost two complete oranges before we paused. “I think the first one should be about a young man who likes to wear frilly panties and the big, bad teacher who finds out.”

He wiggled over my here-to-fore slumbering cock and it woke up. “Oh yes, he’ll be spending his detention cleaning disgusting cauldrons and when he gets something on his robe, he’ll have to take it off.”

I reached for a cup of tea and made sure I brushed against his nipple. “But the stain will be all the way through his pants too so the teacher will tell him to take them off.”

“I won’t want to because he’s wearing his soft silky panties with the ruffles along the edges.” Harry took a sip first then offered it to me with a knowing smile.
“But the teacher won’t take no for an answer so he’ll have to slow-ly remove his pants, showing the pretty pink panties underneath.” I took a sip then handed him the cup and stood up abruptly, bringing him with me. “And the rest of this story will be told in our bedroom.”

“Yes,” Harry held the cup carefully while motioning the tea pot to float behind us to our room. His arm was slung over my shoulder and his legs kicked gleefully at the prospect of making love.

No one in the world had more enjoyment of simple things than he did. Thank goodness. I walked us into the master bath so we could shower before playing. Salt water itches when it dries. Harry set the cup aside then stepped into the glass walled shower with me right behind him. The water came on immediately and at just the right temperature. He was finished quickly but my hairy body needed closer attention which he loved giving.

His small hands rubbed briskly through the wet curls on my chest then he dropped gracefully to his knees to get my legs while I turned a little this way then that to get the full force of the showerhead against my skin. A hot tongue was scrubbing my cock from tip to root and I groaned at the lovely feeling. He kept up his dedicated tongue scrubbing while his hands swept my legs clean of salt. He only pulled back long enough to turn me so the shower cascaded down my back.

The moment we were both salt-free, I picked him up and carried him to bed. Muttering a drying spell, I laid him gently on the soft linens and followed him down. I didn’t lie on top of him anymore; the babies were definitely making their presence known. Smoothing a caress to his stretching skin, I whispered to them to ‘go to sleep, little ones’. Poppy had verified they were twins and we were going to announce it on Harry’s birthday during the celebration.

“So, what did the big bad teacher say when he saw the pretty panties?” Harry flirted up at me while still managing to look demure.

“Young man,” I lowered my voice to snarky Snape levels. “What interesting underwear you have on.”

Harry fluttered his eyelashes. “I had to borrow some of my sister’s. Please don’t tell her or she’ll be really mad.”

“Really?” I leered down at him and began to stroke his cock. “I wonder what you could do to ensure my silence?”

“Um,” he twisted a long curl around his finger and peeked shyly up at me. “I could sit on your lap and give you a kiss.”

I kissed him silly for that provocative picture. His giggles echoed through my mind and I smiled into the kiss. “Well, young man, I guess that will do.”

“Oh please, Sir, why is your lap so lumpy?” Harry said with wide-eyes.

“The better to feel your pretty panties, my dear.” I kissed my way down his throat to the hollow at the base.

“Oh that feels good, Sir. Why are you touching my breasts like that?” His little gasp was music to my ears.

“I want to make sure none of that nasty potion got onto your soft skin.” I tenderly suckled at his pink nipples while he sighed happily and carded his fingers through my hair.

“It all feels wonderful, Sir, but why is my . . . private part getting hard?” He panted while I slid
down to his dancing cock.

“It’s going to tell me if anything wet contaminated your satin smooth skin. I’ll just need to suck on it until it gives me a sample of your magic fire.” With a last suck, I kissed my way down to his cock and deep throated it with a swallow.

He shouted out loud, his hips snapping up an inch before he sprayed my throat with his seed. Relaxing all over, he lay there with a huge smile on his face. “Oh Sir, that felt so very good. I didn’t know it could. But Sir, your lap is really lumpy now.”

“Well, that because there’s one more test I need to make with my special Potion Master thermometer. You’ll need to unzip my pants and get it out for me,” I called for the lubricant and it sailed to my hand so I could dip some out. He went onto all fours for me and I slowly began to loosen his tight entrance.

“Oh my, Sir, your wizard’s wand is really big. Why is that?”

“Oh, the better to take naughty student’s temperatures with.” I leered into laughing eyes. “Now, bend over my desk so I can put some cream inside your private place. No one else has ever been in here before, have they?”

“Oh no, Sir, I’d never let anyone touch me there. Your fingers feel terribly big, Sir. I’m feeling very hot, Sir,” he rocked back onto my fingers riding them with a look of bliss on his beautiful face. “I must have gotten some of that potion on me after all, Sir. It feels like I’m on fire.”

“Oh dear, I was afraid of that. Now, hold onto the edge of my desk and spread your legs for me so I can put out that nasty old fire inside of you.” I set my crown to his hole and slowly pushed inside while he moaned happily. “Now, this might hurt a little at first but soon you’ll grow to like it.”

“Oh-h-h-h, Sir, you’re splitting me in two.” Harry wiggled around me and flexed some of those muscles that always made me see stars. “You’ll never fit your enormous tool inside of my tiny little hole.”

“Yes . . . it will fit . . . you’ll . . . see . . . in just a minute.” I came to rest against his downy cheeks and I slid my hands up his spine to his shoulders then back down. “You see, young man, I fit completely inside of you and your private part is hard again as well. Do you know why that is?”

“No, Sir, please tell me why it feels so good?” He pushed back a little and I began to move slowly in-and-out, in-and-out, in a steady rhythm.

“It’s because you’re that rare student that has to have daily infusions of counter-potion fluid. My dear boy, I’m so sorry I didn’t recognize it sooner.” I sped up a bit since the wards told me we were about to have more visitors. “Every day after classes are done, you’ll need to come down to the dungeons so I can inject some of the counter-potion deep inside of you.”

“Oh yes, Sir, I’ll be sure to come every day so you can bend me over your desk, slide off my pretty panties and sink your extra-big tool inside of me.” He felt the change in the wards too and reached beneath himself to stroke his cock.

“You’ll have to return your sister’s panties but I’ll make sure you have even prettier ones to wear every day.” I froze in mid thrust and emptied myself inside his grasping channel.

“Oh-h-h-h, yes-s-s-s, Severus,” he sighed happily and sprinkled the sheets with his come. “We’ll have to do that fantasy again in the potions classroom.”
Gently, I pulled from his depths and kissed the spasming hole before muttering a cleaning spell for inside and out. “It will be the first fantasy we re-enact when we get home. Now, let’s get dressed so we can greet our new guests.”

********* Harry *********

It ranked right up there with the first birthday I celebrated with Sev when I turned 15. Everyone was so nice and brought me fun presents but the best part was swimming with my friends. Every night we had a bonfire on the beach and I got to snuggle with Sev right out in front of everybody. And it was even fun to watch everybody relax around each other.

The first time I saw Ron kiss Draco, I mean really kiss him, I had to drag Sev inside and fuck him silly. He laughed the whole time I was inside of him but never once did he say ‘I told you so’. The full moon was on Saturday and Sev made the wolfs bane potion for Remus before locking us in our room. He said he trusted his potion making skills but he wouldn’t expose me and children to the millionth chance he’d gotten it wrong.

So I didn’t get to see the transformation but I was watching out the window when Mooney and Padfoot raced each other outside to play in the waves. Unlike cats, the two seemed to really like the salt water they splashed through. I giggled at their play while Sev made snarky doggy comments. But just as we were getting ready to go to bed, their play changed to sexy and I suddenly saw what Sev had teased me about.

Padfoot was half-in and half-out of the water when Mooney pushed his shoulders down and started sniffing his behind. I squeaked when I saw him licking Padfoot’s arse but the way my godfather was wiggling, it must have felt as good as when Sev did it to me. So Sev whispered to me ‘hold onto the window sill’ and then he sank down to the floor and began to rim me with his hot, wet tongue.

I loved it when he does that. I locked my knees so I didn’t crumple and kept watching them on the beach. The moon was so clear, I could see every little detail of the wolf so when his shaft began to emerge from his sheath, I gasped. Sev came back up and chuckled. He had two fingers inside of me, slick with our favorite lubricant and I was panting as much from that as from the erotic pictures in front of us.

“My, the wolf is nicely endowed. How lucky Sirius is to have such a mate.” Sev’s husky whisper made my nipples ache.

“They’re both lucky,” I gasped when Mooney slid his prick into the big black dog under him. Padfoot howled at the penetration but the wolf just kept impaling him until he couldn’t get any further in. “In me, Sev, in me right this minute.”

“My demanding little love,” he pulled out his fingers and slowly slid inside of my male sheath. “Dear gods, Harry, you’re so tight.”

I closed my eyes and felt every inch of him held captive by me. “I like being tight for your great big cock. Nobody could possibly be as good at making love as we are, even though it sure sounds like Sirius and Remus are enjoying themselves.”

He chuckled and licked the side of my neck. “Too true, little love, we are the very best lovers I know. But I think the other two are indeed having a good time and they have definitely done this before. Goodness, they’re rather inspiring.”

I looked back and found my eyes glued on the powerful thrusts that Mooney was giving Sirius.
Padfoot was whining but pushing back for more and Sev’s thrusts sped up a little, too. I was so warm inside and out that I was panting and beginning to feel that familiar spiral of need.

And just then, Mooney thrust in one last time and did something, I couldn’t see what that made both of them howl. I pushed back and felt Sev burst inside of me while I messed up the wall under the window with my come. His hands held me up gently when all my muscles trembled.

“What was that, Sev? What did Mooney do?” I asked him once he’d gently pulled out and picked me up in his arms to carry me to bed.

He chuckled. “Canine shafts have a rather uncomfortable habit of ‘knotting’ when they come. Mainly it’s to keep the penis inside his mate so it gives his sperm time to find an egg and impregnate her.”

“Wow, knots sound painful. I’d like to see it though to see what it looks like.” I cuddled close to Sev and he wrapped his arms around me after pulling up the sheet over us. “How sad that all of Remus’ sperm can’t get Sirius pregnant.”

He kissed my temple. “It just means they have to practice over and over and over again. I’ll find you a good book, sweetheart so you can see what it looks like. I wonder if tonight’s show was as inspiring to our other guests?”

********* Draco *********

I fell forward, panting. Ron was still buried inside of me and his not inconsiderable weight pinned me to the bed. Finally, he rolled us to our sides and I took my first full breath in almost five minutes. I’d never been into doing it with a dog but damned if Sirius and Remus hadn’t been inspiring.

“Gah, that was . . . was,” Ron sputtered.

“Kinky . . . hot . . . inspiring . . . going to star in our fantasies for a few weeks?” I snarked at him and he caressed my stomach muscles with those big callused hands of his. I did love those hands. “Next time, I get to be on top. You know, if we looked out right now, Remus would still be buried inside that tight arse. Knots don’t go down for a long time.”

“Hm-m-m, you’re right, that’s kinky and hot at the same time.” He kissed my ear lobe before biting it. “I wonder if Harry and Snape watched them, too.”

“I’d bet yes on that.” I snickered. “Severus is a kinky old fart and although Harry still has that ‘touch me not’ air about him, I’d bet the Manor he likes anything our potion master does. They make a very nice couple.” I smiled into the moonlight. “Almost as nice a couple as us.”

It was his turn to snicker. “I wouldn’t wish the Dursleys on anybody but although I never thought I’d say this, I’m glad it was Snape who saved him. And loved him so he came back that summer so changed I hardly recognized him. If he hadn’t quit Quidditch and confused me so badly, we might never have gotten together.”

I smiled to myself. “Oh, we’d have gotten together, Ron Weasley. You don’t really think it was an accident I ran for shelter to the Burrow, do you?”

He licked a long path to the juncture of my neck and shoulder. “I’m thick, you told me so yourself, Malfoy.”

“That’s Malfoy-Weasley, thank you very much.” I said with my most aristocratic tones. “You are
thick but you’re mine and I’m keeping you.”

He went up on one arm and turned me just enough he could reach my lips. His kisses were as sweet as the rest of him and I lost myself the way I always do. I was the luckiest wizard on the planet to finally have someone who loved me for me. Not for the Malfoy money or estates; not for the Pure-Blood reasons; not even because it would be socially acceptable; but just because I was Draco or as he liked to call me, Draco ‘bloody’ Malfoy.

I was rather proud of that nickname. Heavens know I earned it twenty times over. But once again, Harry Potter had led the way to the Light. I’d had my suspicions of Severus and his ‘think for yourself’ speeches to all the Slytherins. But it had been such a relief to find out he was on the side I wanted to be on. And the Weasleys had taken me in without a blink of an eye when I showed up covered in dirt and bruises.

Father had tried one last, ‘beat some sense into the boy’ before locking me in my room. But Mother had planned for the day when I might just need an escape hatch. One of the old books was a portkey to an outbuilding on the estate. It was full of furniture Father had banished from the manor and I landed there, falling badly and re-injuring myself. The wards were weaker here because of her and I got through them easily.

But it was a long day of running and hiding and hitchhiking until I got to Ron.

“Dra’, what’s wrong?” His anxious voice brought me out of the past and I realized he’d slipped from me without my noticing.

“Just remembering,” I reached up a hand to smooth a lock of red hair behind his ear. “Remembering how it felt to escape to you.”

“It was a bad day all around.” He grimaced. “I didn’t understand what I was feeling. You were black and blue from head to toe and I wanted to kill your father for hurting you like that. I wanted to trust you, I really did but I thought I was betraying Harry if I began to like you, too.”

“Thick as two planks, love,” I told him affectionately, tapping his lips with my forefinger. “When we get back home, I think it might be time for a little game or two. This visit has been quite inspiring. I think a little ‘droit du seigneur’ might be in order.”

“Oh yes, my lord.” He nipped it before sucking it into his mouth and laving it with his tongue. “I’m just a lowly stable lad who needs to be ridden hard.”

My cock really liked that picture. “I’ll be cool and icy when I visit the stables, impeccably dressed while you are sweating through the homespun shirt that’s unbuttoned to your waist. I’ll have on highly polished black leather boots and a matching riding crop that I keep lightly hitting against my thigh.”

My big Gryffindor shivered all over. Ron Weasley had a kink or two himself. Whips and chains really turned him on. There was nothing he liked better than a light whipping until his skin was as red as his hair before I chained him to the wall of our bedroom and fucked him through it. Thinking how nice it was of Severus to install silencing charms on all the bedrooms, I sat up and assumed the position.

“Boy, you were distinctly told to have my horse ready ten minutes ago.” I slapped his leg and he jumped.

“Sorry, Sir, I’ll get right to it.” He sat up and bowed his head to me.
“Don’t bother, boy, since you didn’t saddle Charger, you’ll just have to take his place.” I summoned the tube of lubricant from the floor where it had fallen earlier. “That nice, tight arse of yours should do nicely. Now, get me ready, boy.”

He ducked his head. “Oh please, master, don’t take me again so soon. I’m still sore and tender from the last time.”

“Silence, boy, or I’ll tie you up and let Charger service you instead. He’s even bigger than I am and you’ll find out what sore really is.” Imperiously, I slapped his buttock and admired my handprint. “I believe your insolence will not go unpunished. Assume the position. Now!”

He got onto all fours and I could see his cock hardening. I got between his legs and began the light peppering strokes that turned him on the most. “Remind me never to travel without your whip again. Travel obviously turns you wanton, Ronald.”

He shivered all the way down to his toes. “Oh please, like you’re any better, Draco. Who was the one who said, ‘let’s watch the wolf and the dog’?”

“Insolent . . . boy . . . I am definitely bringing my riding . . . equipment on our next trip.” My hands were stinging and he’d turned a lovely shade of red so I slid two slick fingers in without warning and he groaned at the sudden intrusion. Twisting and turning them, I continued to pepper his arse with the other hand.

Judging him well enough prepared, I withdrew my fingers, slicked my cock and pushed inside the tightest arse it’s ever been my pleasure to fuck. We both moaned a little and I settled in for the long, deep strokes he likes the best. Occasionally, I’d spank him another couple of times and he’d push back into it. I’d have to remember to heal the marks tomorrow morning or they’d show under that tiny little swimsuit I’d gotten him.

I loved his body and I wanted to show it off whenever I could. This week with only four other men had been the perfect opportunity and I’d taken full advantage of it. Today had been one long day of swimming, eating, resting and playing. We were all careful of Harry but the rest of us had rough-housed all over the private beach. While Harry napped and Severus sketched, the four of us had played a rousing game of tag in and out of the water.

Elena kept us fueled with delicious treats and we’d all actually napped this afternoon. Or at least Ron and I had, I thought with what was left of my brain. Being inside of my lover was absolutely the best place to be in all the world. Whether we were in Greece or at home, loving him always felt new and exciting.

“Gods, Drac-c-c-co,” Ron shouted and came, squeezing so hard around me, I swear I saw stars.

This time it was him flat on the sheet with me plastered to his back. I pulsed out a couple more drops of seed and relaxed all over. Boneless, I panted into his sweaty back, my hands stroking his sides to calm him. Slowly but surely I was learning all the things he liked and needed from me. I’d not been raised to be a giving person but Ron was teaching me it truly was better to give than to receive. Especially when giving to him meant I received so much love in return.

Thank goodness, Harry and Severus had pointed the way.

“Draco, your wand close by?” Ron’s voice had a yawn in it. “I’m in the wet spot again.”

I chuckled and slowly unpeeled myself from his sweaty self. “I think we need a shower and a complete change of sheets. I made my own wet spot a little earlier.”
“Ow,” he rolled over. “I’m going to be glowing brighter than my Speedos.”

Sliding out of bed, I held out a hand to draw him out after me. “I’ll heal it before we go out to the beach again. It might be a little too much for our host’s delicate sensibilities.”

He snorted and slung an arm around me. “Ew, I hate when I trickle.”

I started laughing and didn’t stop until we were in the hot water. I loved a wet Weasley; they were furry everywhere like Snapes and Blacks. Harry, Remus and I had all hit the hairy jackpot when it came to our lovers. After a quick rinse, I dried off and magicked the sheets clean before peeking out the window. Remus was still inside of Sirius and I spared a thought for how sore he’d be in the morning.

“Wow, they’re still tied together. I wonder what that feels like.” Ron stood at my back, his hands lightly resting on my shoulders.

“We’re not going to find out, Ronald Malfoy-Weasley.” I said in my best Snape imitation while he laughed at me. “We don’t have time to become animagus ourselves. We’ll just have to invite ourselves over to where ever they are next full moon so we can play voyeur again.”

He chuckled and yawned, drawing me back to our comfy bed. Really, this had been the nicest vacation I’d ever been on. Perhaps I’d have a talk with the owner and see about adding this property to the Malfoy estate. I could just see Ron as a rough fisherman who pulls a merman from the warm waters of the Mediterranean Sea. And it would be available whenever Sev and Harry needed to get away.

“We buying this place, Dra’?” Ron asked me shrewdly.

“Do you like it, Ron?”

“I love it and I love you. Just thinking about it when we’re in the middle of a cold wet patch of weather back home will be like a mini-vacation.” He yawned again and cuddled me close.

Yet one more reason to love Ron Weasley, Champion Cuddler. “I love you, too. And yes, I think we are buying it. If nothing else, Sev can rent it with his paintings. After seeing the sketches of Harry, I definitely want one of you.”

He chuckled sleepily, his hands petting my stomach. “You too, Dra’, I want one of you coming out of the surf all sleek and beautiful.”

I swallowed the sudden lump in my throat. “Good, that’s settled. Go to sleep, Ron. We’ve got a full day planned for tomorrow.”

A sharp yelp came from the beach and we both chuckled ourselves to sleep.

********* Minerva *********

Harry was really showing when I arrived in York. He was sleekly tanned and his bright sun dresses glowed in summer colors. With his long hair and feminine wear, I had no trouble calling him Mary. Severus was so relaxed; I called him John without even thinking twice. The tightlipped potions master was nowhere in sight, just a devil-may-care artist wearing shorts and polo shirts everywhere he went.

I met all the neighbors including Granny T, who had obviously adopted Mary and John. I had suitably altered stories about the little scamp Mary and my classes in cooking and housewifery.
Several days into my visit, Poppy joined me and we had another party to introduce her to the neighborhood. When she came, she gave Mary a good going over to make sure everything was all right with the pregnancy.

Mary admitted to feeling tired more and more. Poppy told her to take naps when she wanted. Her body would give her the right signals and she was to listen to them. Mary had blushed and whispered that she didn’t need sex as much as she had before. Poppy told her that was to be expected since her body needed that energy to fuel the babies. John had kissed her hand and told her he was content just holding her.

And while we were there, another milestone in their relationship was reached. We were sitting in the back garden tea house with cold drinks while watching the birds flock to the multi-level feeders they’d erected near the back garden walls. Poppy and I were taking turns calling out their names when Mary gasped.

“What’s wrong, kitten?” John laid aside his sketchbook and sat up.

“I think,” her little hand stroked a spot on the growing mound before her. “I think he moved.”

Poppy nodded sharply and set her glass aside. “Five months, right on the dot. Is that the spot, Mary?”

“Yes, it was . . . oh,” her lips turned into a perfect ‘o’ and John’s hand caressed the spot before Poppy could touch her.

“Dear heavens, it’s like a hummingbird’s wings.” The sweetest smile crossed his face and I waited eagerly for my turn.

Poppy was next however and she had snapped her stethoscope to her to listen in more closely. “Congratulations, children, it is indeed one of the twins.”

Mary leaned forward and brushed a kiss over Poppy’s cheek. “Thank you for helping me get this far, Aunt Poppy. But let Aunt Min have a turn before she or he goes back to sleep.”

So then it was my turn and the faint flutter that was a brand new life brought tears to my eyes. “Well, it looks like this one is the Quidditch player of the family.”

John burst into laughter. “And probably a Gryffindor to boot, Minerva.”

I pretended to preen. “But of course, my boy.”

The rest of our visit was filled with laughter culminating in a lawn party for the neighborhood where Mary wore her wedding dress and John’s eyes followed her like a lovelorn puppy. It was so sweet to hear the neighbors volunteer to watch over the house, get ready for Christmas, have a baby shower, etc. They’d taken the pair of them to their hearts and I could see why our wizarding duo returned every year.

Not to mention the amazing wards which protected them. The basement pool had banished my arthritis completely after only two soakings and Poppy’s blood pressure had gone down considerably. I was going to ask Harry to have a word with the Hogwarts wards to see if we could have a pool like this one in the dungeons.

I’d be willing to make the trip down to it and I was willing to bet the other teachers would, too. Poppy had talked to Harry and Severus about having a water birth especially when she reminded them of the way Harry’s body would be tasked to grow with the babies. The next three or four
months would be hard on him.

Severus had nodded gravely and kissed Harry’s hand. The young man had smiled at us all and said simply he would ask for help when he needed it. The nice thing about being back at Hogwarts would be the number of eyes and ears attuned to his well-being. To get their minds off the somberness of our discussion, I deliberately brought up the betting pool with which all our important events were graced.

Harry giggled and chose the winter solstice. Sev pondered it for a moment and chose December 11th. Poppy winked and selected November 20th while I tapped my chin and chose the 30th of November. I’d make sure I started the clock ticking when we returned to Hogwarts. I hated to leave but Poppy and I needed to shop in London before the term started. And the two of them needed a little alone time before returning to the school.

They saw us off with waves and smiles and I settled back in the cab with the feeling of anticipation I hadn’t felt in years. This would be a very interesting year in many ways.

******** Severus ********

Teaching was harder than it had ever been this year. Without the threat of Voldemort, I should have been relaxed but Harry’s pregnancy had nixed that. I worried about the aches and pains that struck at all hours of the day and night. I fretted when I couldn’t see him every moment. I had sudden anxiety attacks when I had to quit what I was doing and find him immediately.

All in all, I was a mess. And wonder of wonders, it was the god-mutt who made me feel better when I thought I’d hit a new low. Harry had suffered some false labor pains at just into his seventh month. He’d hidden them from me until they literally sent him to his knees and our link had flared to life, almost sending me to the ground in front of, thankfully, fourth year Slytherins.

I’d raced to his side and gotten him up to Poppy. A mild muscle relaxant potion took care of the crippling ache contributing to the contractions. I hadn’t blown up while we were with her, nor did I say anything once I got him to sleep in our bedroom. Remus had a free period and he sat with him in case he awoke disoriented. I got all the way to the lake before losing my composure. Raging, I pummeled the earth until my strength was exhausted.

Sagging onto my back, I looked up through the ancient oak branches and let loose the tears that had been threatening since the scare began. I wouldn’t survive if I lost Harry. My life would not last one moment past his. He’d hate that so I’d have to hide it from him.

“He loves you so much; he’d hate to see you out here.” Black’s voice startled me and I covered my eyes to try and hide the tears. “I wasn’t sure before but you love him, too.”

“I love him more than my own life.” My voice sounded creaky even to my ears. “If I could take this burden from him I would.”

“Don’t let him hear you call your babies – a burden.” From the corner of my eye, I saw him sit down on one of the boulders at the lake’s edge. “They’re new life that I never expected could ever exist. Harry’s a brave boy and he needs you like he needs air to breathe. Don’t wimp out on him now.”

I started to laugh, short barks that hurt. “I was just lying here realizing I won’t survive without him. I could no more leave him than I could breathe water. If anything happens to him, I’ll follow him. We’re going to have to have custody papers written by a very good lawyer. Not even our children could keep me from his side, whether that is life or death.”
A hesitant hand fell onto my shoulder. “It won’t come to that, Sn-Severus. He didn’t make it through Voldemort to die now. He’s going to live to a ripe old age and so will you. After all, I need someone to growl at.”

For some reason I found that funny and this time, tears came with the laughter. The hand never moved, simply grounding me while I came to grips with a changing future. Half an hour later, without saying another word, we got up, brushed ourselves off and walked back to the castle. I felt less out of control with a new seed of hope planted by a man I’d hated for most of my life.

Remus met us in my study and smiled at whatever he saw on our faces. “He’s still sleeping. Poppy dropped in and said he’s fine. She suggested a romantic evening for two and a long soak in a hot but not too hot tub.”

I nodded then cleared my throat. “Thank you, Remus, for staying with him. And Sirius, I appreciate . . . you know.”

He grinned at me. “Yeah, you too.”

Remus looked back and forth between us before raising an eyebrow and crowding his mate out the door. “If you need us, fire call.”

I nodded again before shutting the door behind him. Taking a few deep breaths, I walked stiffly over to our bedroom door. Silently, I opened and shut it behind me. He was curled up on his side, a pillow at his front and one at his back. The one in front helped keep him from rolling onto the children. He looked so small, lying there with the flannel duvet tucked around him.

Sitting at the foot of the bed, I watched him sleep and pushed all thoughts out of my head for now. He was all right, the babies were fine and I was over my little crisis for the moment. Harry was the important one right now. I’d do whatever he needed to get him through this.

But this was it; we were not having any more children. Ever.

********* Harry *********

When I woke up, Severus was lying a foot in front of me. His long fingers stroked mine where I clutched a down pillow to my chest. “Hey, are you all right?”

“I should be asking you that, Harry. How do you feel?” His voice sounded a little rusty and I couldn’t feel anything through our bond but a kind of sadness that startled me.

“I feel a little achy.” I checked my body and swallowed to discover what potions she’d given me. “What tastes like wintergreen?”

“She gave you a muscle relaxant. You should feel like all your muscles are limp.” He slowly sat up. “A hot bath will help. Hold still until I can help you to the bathroom.”

I nodded and stretched a little, gauging my muscles and they were just as limp as he said they would be. He pulled back the duvet and scooped me up in his arms the way he enjoyed doing so often. Once we were touching I got a little more from him. He was scared for me and he wasn’t used to that. I kissed his cheek and he managed a smile for me.

“I’m sorry I scared you, Sev. I scared me, too.” I had to admit I was wrong. “I shouldn’t have kept it from you for so long. I promise I won’t do that again.”

He nodded jerkily. “You did frighten me, Harry. But everything’s all right now and we’ll make
“Sure we keep better track of your well-being.”

With a muttered spell, he whisked away our clothes and then walked us down into our tub where the water was already gently steaming. It felt so good; I had to sigh in relief. He sat down on the ledge in the back, keeping me in his lap. I laid my head on his shoulder.

“Love you, Sev, never, ever want to be away from you.” I’d been thinking about something for the last month. “Maybe I could help you grade essays and tests? I could use the office attached to the potions lab so I’d be really close to you all day.”

“Really?” His eyes were uncertain but his mouth was thinking of smiling. “You’re sure you want to work with potions paperwork? It will be boring for you.”

“If I get too bored, I’ll practice my embroidery.” I grinned at him and he finally smiled.

“I would feel better having you closer, sweetheart.”

Finally I got one of my pet names out of him. It had felt rather ominous when he only called me by name. “Good, we’ll tell Albus tomorrow.”

“And we’ll tell Poppy tonight when she checks up on you.” He reached for the soap and we had a very leisurely bath.

Once we were out, he wouldn’t let me lift a finger. He dried me off, wrapped me in my favorite nightgown from our first summer together and set me up on the sofa in our sitting room. I felt like a princess with a velvet throw across my lap, warm socks on my feet and a tray of my favorite foods for dinner. He sat on the footstool by my side and we fed each other until the tray was empty.

Poppy came down as if she knew when we finished eating. She took my pulse, listened to the babies with her stethoscope and gave us a relieved smile. “You’re fine, Harry and so are the children. Now, these kinds of pain will come more frequently as your body tries to make room for two healthy, growing babies.”

“I’m not looking forward to that but maybe I can do some stretching exercises to help make room.” I suggested and watched her nod slowly.

“Gentle stretches and I’ll want to work with you to make sure everything stays easy. Since we’re here anyway, I think I’ll make some time each morning for you to come and visit me so I can check your progress. You’re just at seven months and I truly do not think you’ll go the full nine months.” She smiled at both of us and patted my arm. “They’re impatient like their mama and I think they’re going to grow quickly so they can come out into the world.”

“Really?” I grinned at her and then at Sev. “It would be nice to have my old body back and have them out where we can hold them.”

“We’ll stop by after breakfast each day, Poppy. All right, Harry?” Sev was being diffident and that just wasn’t him at all.

“Yes, that way then we can both come down to the potions lab.” I said firmly and told Poppy about our new arrangement.

She thought it was a good idea so long as nothing noxious was being brewed. Sev mentioned the magic screen he usually erected at his office door and she approved that, too. Then she kissed us both and said goodnight. Sev escorted her to the door and they had a little conversation I could
have eavesdropped on but I didn’t. I wanted Sev to know he could be private if he needed to be.

And I’d scared him badly, so badly he was hiding from me the way he hadn’t done in three years. I’d been a little afraid myself, not for me but for the babies since it was too soon for them to be born. Sev came back to my side and took one of my hands in his, playing with it the way he liked to do sometimes with little nibbles and licks that at any other time would have led to us making love.

But I hadn’t felt that urge in almost a month and he either hadn’t or was taking care of himself in the bathroom early each morning. “Sev, are we all right?”

“We’re fine. Your godfather got me through a minor . . . crisis of conscience.” He rubbed my fingers almost absentmindedly. “He was actually almost friendly. You do know that we both love you very much and so does Remus?”

I smiled and tugged him closer so I could kiss his thin lips. He tasted of dinner and I lazily sucked on his tongue for a long moment before pulling back. “I do know how much I’m loved and how many people watch out for me. It still feels kind of odd though, living openly with you and not having to hide our relationship. I thought I’d feel out of place sitting at the head table with you but I don’t. Maybe it’s because I’m pregnant or something but I truly feel like Harry Potter-Snape, not the Boy Who Lived.”

“Good, because that’s who you are, sweetheart.” He was still playing with my hand and his nibbling was starting to get to me. “Shall I call Albus and tell him about our plan?”

“Um, not right at this minute,” I felt my shaft getting kind of interested in having that tongue taste *him* instead of my fingers. “I think we should go to bed so you can milk this part of me that suddenly has a problem.”

He chuckled and pushed the velvet coverlet down to the end of the sofa. “I’ll be glad to drain you of that tasty milk you produce for me.”

I slid my arms around his neck and kissed his chin while his strong arms picked me up as if I weighed nothing. “I love producing that milk for you but I think I’d like to taste the rare vintage that only you can make.”

“We’ll see, angel-eyes, only if you’re not too tired.” He told me while carrying me into our bedroom. It was lighter now than it had been when it was just him. Lights glowed all around the edges of the room from fairy lamps that permanently perched behind the crown molding. We could turn them off with a sweep of our hand but until it was time to sleep, we usually just left them on.

The nursery had them too so the babies would never be afraid of the dark. The big bed he laid me in was still black oak but the linens were pure white with lace edging on the pillows and duvet cover. They seemed to glow in the still air and yet they were warm flannel that never felt cold. The dungeons were always cooler than the rest of Hogwarts but these days that felt good to my over-active body temp.

Sev slid in beside me after taking off his robe. He liked sleeping in the nude and I loved having all of that beautiful skin and hair to snuggle against. But I really liked my nightgowns so I usually started off in one before losing it during the night to our love making. At the moment, he was tenderly suckling at a nipple and I felt my cock swell a little harder.

His hand slid down over my swollen belly to my groin and began to stroke my shaft. It was gentle and took a long time but finally, his lips wrapped around me and pulled my climax right out of me. The moment I relaxed into the sheets, the twins decided to start playing Quidditch.
“Ow,” I grimaced and he rolled me to my side so they weren’t pressing so actively on my spine. Those long graceful fingers that had just pleasured me so well now stroked over the tight skin that hid our children. “Darn it, Sev, I wanted to take care of you next.”

“Later, kitten, you can take care of me once they go to sleep.” His voice poured over my ears like honey. “For now, all of you rest.”

We surrounded the babies with warm quiet thoughts of how much we loved them and how much we were looking forward to them coming out and playing with them. I really was ready to birth these two. The only time I didn’t feel fat and heavy was when I was floating in our bathtub. And Poppy would only let me do that once a day. Still, there were only two months left or maybe even less.

********** Poppy **********

Halloween dawned bright and clear this year and the bonfire we had in the courtyard was lighthearted in a way it hadn’t been since Voldemort returned. The veil was thin between the worlds and odd visions and spectators floated through both students and teachers alike. I’d had a premonition that it would be a very special holiday and during the bonfire sing-a-long it happened.

Severus beckoned me over to where he and Harry were sitting near the French doors that would open to the outer terrace. His face was blank but even I could feel the surge of magic in the air. It looked like the twins weren’t going to wait for the winter solstice. Harry had a completely stunned look on his face and both hands were pressing against the huge mound he was growing in front of him.

I sat on Harry’s other side and felt the waves of excitement flowing from the twins. “Are you ready, my friends? They’re ready to be born.”

“Yes . . . no . . . oh-h-h,” he gripped Severus’ hand hard. A couple of pants and he moaned a little. “Yes, definitely get them out of me.”

Severus chuckled and helped his husband to his feet. “To do that we’ll need to let Poppy examine you in the privacy of the birthing room. Let’s make our way there now, shall we?”

He nodded and I followed them with a quick look to Minerva and the sign we’d agreed upon for eminent babies. She smiled delightedly and nodded. She’d be down in a few moments after going to the dispensary for my medical bag. There was no hurry at the moment but I did have a slight premonition that this birth would be like no other I’d ever attended.

The stairways behaved for once and I wondered if Severus or Harry were talking to them. It was a closely held secret that Hogwarts wards had taken them to its heart. I often thought about what the Founders would think of our loving duo. Had they known what the wards they first created would become or even what wizards might adapt into?

“Damn,” Harry stopped and doubled over.

“8 minutes, that’s pretty good for first babies.” I reset my mental clock to time the next gap between contractions. “Settling low in your abdomen, Harry?”

“Gods, yes,” he panted and straightened up gingerly. “I think one has turned head down already. I’m getting a kick now and then up here,” he pointed to the spot and began walking again. “The sooner I’m in the water, the better I’ll like it.”

“Perhaps two children are enough,” Severus helped him along and I heard the note of truth in his
voice. “I hate to see you in such pain.”

Harry panted some more but his soft look at his husband was loving. “So far, it’s not so bad, Sev and I want lots more of your children.”

“Hm-m-m,” was all Severus said and I had a premonition that he was going to be fighting a losing battle. “Let’s get you out of these robes.”

The Hogwarts wards had created a spa rather like the York hot springs and Minerva and I used it frequently. We had a schedule set up so everyone had some privacy while soaking but we had unanimously voted to give up our times the moment Harry went into labor. Luckily tonight we were all at the Halloween ball so no one would have to get out. I set all the lights to high for the moment so I could perform an examination to see how far he was dilated.

Sev had him stripped in a few moments while I warmed the massage table for him. He groused half-heartedly at how fat he was but his husband simply reminded him of their ongoing joke. “Rounded, sweetheart, you’re nicely rounded and soon will be back to your slim, svelte self.”

“Ha-ha-ouch,” Harry grimaced and pulled his legs back to give me a look between his legs. My eyes widened in disbelief. “Goodness, Harry, they’re really, really in a hurry. You’re at six centimeters already.”

“Good,” he panted through another contraction. “Water or walking, Poppy?”

“Walking, Harry, that will help move things along.”

He nodded and Severus helped him off the table before wrapping a robe around him. The gently steaming pool of water waited in the slightly humid air. I always found my sinuses cleared down here and that would help Harry’s breathing as well. Minerva joined us then and I checked my bag but of course it had been set up several months ago just for this night.

She asked me how he was and I whispered the news that he seemed to be moving right along. Then she cleared her throat. “Gentlemen, several old friends have joined us tonight and they’re all waiting for our future students in the headmaster’s office.”

“I’ll bet one or two of them are Weasleys.” Harry joked then suffered through another contraction. Interesting, they were speeding up, this one was only six minutes later. I readied the heated bassinets and renewed the charms on them while Minerva dipped out water for the basins where they’d have their first bath. While she was doing that, I got my ever-ready quill out and started the journal pages I kept for every birth I attended. The date, time, name of the patient and husband, spaces for height, weight and any other distinguishable marks.

I suddenly wondered if his fading scar would appear in any form on his babies. That was an odd thought to have, I mused. Sudden commotion from the other side of the room brought me up and around. Harry’s water had broken and I marveled at the speed of this birthing phase.

Severus had already charmed him dry and he waddled over to the table for me to check his progress. I shook my head with a smile. “8 centimeters, gentlemen. They’ve decided they need more space to play.”

“They’ve been using my kidneys for punching bags the last few weeks. I’ll be glad to have them out so they can squeeze a few of those stuffed toys to pieces instead of me.” Harry smiled wanly but got up to continue walking around the spa.
Severus was silent but ever vigilant of each wince and twinge. His strong hands rubbed the aching back when needed. I had to keep reminding him he couldn’t take Harry’s pain as his own since we wouldn’t be able to tell when new stages had been reached. The contractions sped up again and soon I judged the time right for them to enter the pool. When I saw Sev’s swim trunks, teeny tiny trunks, I had to remind myself not to drool.

Harry smirked a bit before his face twisted in pain. “Damn, Poppy, it feels like I’m tearing in two.”

I quickly dressed in my own swim suit, suitably modest for a middle aged witch and slipped into the pool. A quick charm showed me a dark head already cresting between his legs. “One Quidditch player coming up, Harry, when you get that urge to push, go ahead and do so. This one has Sev’s hair, I think.”

Harry choked on a laugh and I could see the muscles in his face grimace while his whole body clenched. My hands could touch the crowning head and I stroked a finger over his pate, murmuring a welcome to this new soul about to be born. Harry panted then gasped a warning while he put his young muscles to work. Sev’s voice never stopped murmuring encouragement to his husband.

“Once more, Harry and I think this young man will be able to slip free. One shoulder is out but he’s going to be a long one.” I had my hands ready and when he put his heart and soul into the push, the wee lad slid out into the welcoming waters of the pool.

All around us, the wards sang a song of welcome and I found myself crying joyfully, while I lifted the baby out of the water, still attached to Harry by the umbilical cord. A quick cleansing of his nostrils and his wavering cry echoed in the moist air. When I placed him on Harry’s chest, Sev was crying silently while Harry looked into the scrunched up little face with such a look of awe.

“Look Sev, he has your eyes.” Harry gently touch his finger to a soft cheek and the infant opened long eyelashes over dark, dark eyes.

“But he has your nose, sweetheart, thank goodness.” Severus’ voice was thick with emotion but he cuddled Harry close and joined him in counting fingers and toes.

With a pinch charm, I severed the cord and watched while he delivered the afterbirth of the first twin. I let them have their moment while I tidied away the vestiges of birthing blood and fluid. Actually the wards took over the moment I went to banish them to the fire where I disposed of surgical wastes. What they did with them, I’m not sure but perhaps they used them to add a bit of new magic to these old walls, I decided.

“Ow,” Harry grimaced again and Minerva knelt to take the first baby.

“Well, you two, what is this one’s name?” She asked while Harry reluctantly let loose of his baby boy.

“Sebastian James Potter,” Severus said huskily. “After my grandfather who died when I was four and Harry’s father who died too young.”

I took the time to blow my nose on a slightly damp handkerchief. My quill made the proper entry in the log as to time, name and measurements which Minerva was taking care of while she washed him cleaner and dressed him in his first little diaper. I gently shaped the slightly reduced mound in front of Harry and found the second twin was already head down and headed for the birth canal.

Harry was panting and squeezing Severus’ hands while his husband braced him against his chest. “Just think, sweetheart, a few more pushes and we’ll have our second son in our arms. Then we’ll
be showing them off to the entire school and collecting names of willing babysitters for when we want to steal an hour away.”

“We’ve already put our names in the pool.” I reminded them and watched Harry’s belly ripple with another contraction. “Right after Sirius, Remus and Albus.”

“Albus isn’t coming near these babies until they’re ten. He’d feed them sugar and then send them back to us to deal with.” Severus said emphatically.

We kept on talking for a while but the contractions didn’t advance and the baby seemed stuck just out of reach of the canal. Harry was uncomfortable and getting tired but he remained cheerful. Severus was getting tight lipped and his inability to help his mate was wearing on him, I could tell.

“Oh,” Harry bit his lip, “that felt different. I think he’s moving.”

And with a hard jerk, all his stomach muscles tightened and he groaned. I checked the canal and it was ready, the tiny tears healed while we waited through the last half hour. I had a feeling this one was going to be fast and I was right. Within five minutes, he was pushing out another dark haired son. This time, the little one wailed loudly as soon as I cleared his airways and laid him on his mother’s chest.

Harry and Severus were both crying this time and Sev’s long fingers stroked a downy cheek. It was kind of hard to tell though because I was weeping, too. A huge burden felt like it had been lifted and it was then I noticed the golden glow flowing around the room, seeping through the walls and floors of the spa.

And right in front of my eyes, Harry’s body healed in a shower of golden sparkles. “Oh, that feels wonderful, Sev, the wards are taking all the pain and ache away.”

A look of relief crossed the potion master’s face. “Thank goodness, little love. I think we’re going to both need our strength to handle these two. Are you ready to give Gaius Antonius Snape to Minerva?”

He nodded slowly and handed the little one over to my lover, who was wiping away tears of joy. Severus sat up and tenderly helped him from the waters of the spa. Once they were safely out, I checked the pool but the wards had again taken care of any residue. So I exited the warm waters as well, finding my legs were trembling a little. I needed a good strong cup of tea. Checking the time, I realized both births had taken just over four hours.

No wonder we were all a bit tired. Harry should have been worn out but he was practically bouncing with energy. Severus had summoned some of his pre-pregnancy clothes and Harry squealed when he saw something in the pile.

********** Harry **********

Sev had chosen some of my Mary panties and I pulled the screen around us so I could pull them on. But first I had to kiss my wonderful, strong husband. He held me so tightly it almost hurt but I understood all too well what he was thinking. While I was panting in pain, he couldn’t do anything to help me and that hurt him.

“I love you,” we said at the exact same moment before his lips seared onto mine and a hot tongue surged next to mine. His taste is always addicting and even more so now. The wonderful ability to hug him tightly to my front made me laugh into our kiss. But his end of the bond felt everything I did and I could feel the oceans of relief he was feeling, too.
“Sweet love, thank you for those beautiful babies.” He pressed kisses all over my face while my hands stroked across his broad chest. “You are the most wonderful husband in the entire world.”

“Oh, Sev, you’re the one who gave me those beautiful babies.” I whispered to him. “And when they’re two, we’re going to do this again.”

He shuddered. “I can’t think that far ahead, kitten. I just want to enjoy Gaius and Sebastian.”

I smiled up at him and pulled out of his arms. I could hear Gaius whimpering and knew he needed one of us. “I want to do that, too. For now, we’d better get dressed.”

“Indeed, I foresee many Weasleys in our immediate future.” He chuckled a little and I promised myself to work on his fears.

Drawing on a silky pair of pink panties, I wiggled and stroked my flat-again stomach. “Wasn’t it nice of the wards to heal me up and give me back my old shape? I think my hips have changed though.”

He pulled on a pair of green silk boxers then a pair of black slacks I loved. “Your pelvic bones moved to carry and birth the babies. That change will stay, I’m afraid.”

I grinned and pulled on a pair of comfortable jeans. “I forgot that, Sev.” While in my mind I thought ‘that will make the next pregnancy easier’. “Wear the red sweater, Sev, that Minerva knit for you.”

“Very well,” he sent the black sweater back to his dresser and summoned the soft wool jumper that I loved so much. I had one like it in green but since I was pretty sure I was going to be nursing sooner rather than later, I slid into a button-down-the-front linen shirt in forest green.

Sitting down on the bench to tie my sneakers, I was already planning on wearing my red silk sarong and crimson heels to dance for Sev after the babies were asleep. I’d really missed them the last four months. We were never going to be really alone again. My grin was slow but real when I saw Minerva holding Gaius. Walking over to her, I accepted my younger son from my former professor. He was so tiny in my arms, his eyes finally opening to show . . . blue?

“His eyes are blue.” I looked up worriedly. “Neither of us have blue eyes.”

Poppy giggled and handed Sebastian to Sev. “Most babies are born with blue eyes but within six months they change to whatever shade they’ll be for real. I expect Gaius’ eyes will be your own green. Severus’ genes just proved too strong for Sebastian.”

“And wouldn’t Sebastian be the better Snape since he has the eye color?” Minerva asked us.

Sev and I smiled at each other then I answered. “We flipped a coin and decided the first born would be a Potter and the second a Snape. That way neither of our family names will die out and they’re brothers so it doesn’t matter which name they carry.”

“They’ll still be our sons, no matter what.” Severus was gazing into dark eyes so like his own and this little smile kept curling the corners up. “I’m afraid I’m going to ruin my reputation by smiling constantly in the coming months. He’s so strong.”

Gaius had one of my fingers too and his grip was amazing for someone only an hour old. “I think
we’re both going to be smiling up a storm for a very long time, my own Sev.”

He chuckled and that made Seb smile up at his daddy. I realized I had tears in my eyes and silently cursed my hormones. Looking down at Gaius, I watched him bring my finger to his mouth so he could suck on it. My nipples suddenly ached and a spot appeared on my shirt right over the right one.

“Um, Sev, I think it’s dinner time.” I said and watched his eyes light up.

“Harry, why don’t you sit down here and see if your milk is really coming in?” Poppy guided me to the changing bench and I unbuttoned the shirt I’d just buttoned up. My breast felt plumper to me especially since my stomach was flat again. Gaius was whimpering a bit and I guided him to my nipple.

“Wow,” I whispered at the feeling of tiny lips suckling at my breast. “Oh that’s incredible, Sev. He’s really feeding from me.”

Sev sat down beside me and kissed my temple. “You’re so beautiful like this, my dearest love. Is there really milk coming out?”

“Oh yeah, there’s something coming out.” I watched him yawn and let go of my nipple then fall asleep. “That’s it, Gaius?”

“He’s tired, sweetheart,” Poppy slipped her hands between mine and the baby. “See if Sebastian wants to nurse now. I rather expect he’s about ready to fall asleep, too.”

Sev handed him over and sure enough he sucked down some milk for less than a minute before falling asleep. I handed him back to Sev and rebuttooned my shirt, charming away the milk stain. I was going to have to start wearing my nursing bras, I decided with an inner grin. That would save my shirts some wear and tear.

“Are you gentlemen ready to greet your public?” Poppy gave me back Gaius and I settled him into my arms with a sigh of relief. I already didn’t like being apart from them.

“Harry?” Severus stood up and I followed suit. “We can take the secret hall to our rooms if you’re not ready.”

I smiled and rose to join him. “Nope, my own Sev, we’ve got some very important people to show these little boys to.” I started walking towards the door. “Babysitters.”

He chuckled silently and followed Poppy and Minerva as we walked out to show off our beautiful sons. I placed a quiet-charm around Gaius and felt Sev do the same for Seb. I didn’t want them startled by the noise there was sure to be. After all, it was still Halloween and the ball was still going on. This would just be the crowning touch. I had the feeling that this was going to be a party Hogwarts would remember for some time.

And I really wanted to dance with my husband in front of everyone. //I love you Severus//

//I love you too, my little love. I’d be honored to dance with you, kitten// he replied and I smiled.

Yes, this was a party Hogwarts wouldn’t forget anytime soon.

********************************************************************************
Works inspired by this [Mary Aberforce by AzrielWinchester](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!