Harry Potter and the Energumen of the Elchee

by The_Oddest_Exclamation

Summary

I got sick of seeing the same old shit, done the same old way, in Harry Potter Fan-fiction. So I decided to take as many new ideas as I could think of, while mixing in things that I have seen before in ways I haven't seen before. That means that while there will be graphic sex, among other things in this story, it won't be for a few chapters. Also there is an excessive number of content tags, but I want to be through, and rest assured anything tagged will be in the story at some point.
The realization I have made is that the “Wizarding World” is dying.

I know that there are plenty of other authors out there, who seem to have realized this as well. But I don’t think many of them have realized the true extent of the problem.

I suppose I should give a few examples and attempt to analyze my new insight, I’ll try to keep it as brief as I can, while still including relevant information.

To start with the size of Hogwarts is disproportional to the number of students and staff in its hallowed halls. Harry’s entire year, seems to have less than fifty students. Keep in mind that there are maybe a dozen students in his year that are named, and there are about a dozen staff members in the entire school.

So for a rough estimate we’ll go fifty times seven, plus twelve which gives the tentative total population of Hogwarts somewhere around three hundred and sixty two.

For reference, my grade school had more students than that, and I live in a pretty small town. And my grade school was physically about a hundred times smaller and had way more teachers per student.

That, admittedly rather roughly, estimated number includes the very rich, the very poor and the students a sizable portion of the magical society would love nothing more than to torture to death. “Aka: the muggleborns”

And it is that previous estimate, which I would use against those who would say that there are more schools in wizarding Britain than just Hogwarts. I mean, if there were schools that were cheaper or more exclusive, you wouldn’t think that everyone would go to the same place would you?

The only reason I can think of for them to use a massively oversized castle for such a tiny student population would be there not being enough students to justify smaller schools being maintained or having new ones built. Not to mention that such actions would further splinter wizarding culture.
In fact, as far as I can tell, there are only three schools in all of Europe. Hogwarts is in the UK and gets all the UK’s students. Durmstrang gets the eastern European students, as despite being described as being located in the north has students from Bulgaria, a nation far south of England. And the third is the school in France, Beauxbatons. I think there might be an all-girls school in Salem but don’t quote me on that. (Also, why would wizards build a school there? That would be like building a school for Jewish kids in Auschwitz. Seriously guys, what the Hell?)

The existence of other schools in the orient is implied but never outright stated. Unless Hogwarts gets the students from England’s former colonies, in which case India and Asia’s magical cultures are likely completely extinct considering there are less than a dozen “Foreign” students named. (Actually, there’s less than five named, but who’s counting.)

Then there is the wizarding world’s odd trend towards one to two child families. For a the English wizarding world, whose population seems to be hanging around the low thousand to high hundreds, you would think that families with dozens of kids would be the norm. (And by extension that Muggleborns and Half-bloods would be less common instead of half of the class.)

And Jesus Christ their population is low! It’s low enough that Voldemort had to travel abroad to gather an army in the hundreds to assault Hogwarts, whose defenders numbered in the double digits, despite total support from everyone who wasn’t in Hogwarts including the ruling government.

Speaking of Tom’s little civil war; these constant conflicts can’t be good for their already extremely low population. Once every fifteen years or so might not be constant for muggles whose population numbers in the billions, but for the hundred thousand or so magical people in the world, and that is an extremely generous estimate in my opinion; it must seem constant and debilitating.

And we must remember that civil wars over mostly pointless things are a great indicator that a civilization is beginning to die. Rome had dozens before finally splintering in two and many Chinese dynasties usually had one or two before they collapsed.

The main difference however, is that the wizarding world and its culture takes such care to hide itself, that when they disintegrate there will likely be nothing left but empty ruins.

Rome fell but her culture lives on. When the hidden Wizarding World dies, it will be as though it had never been.

These things being said, there are many people who seem aware of this problem. Most see it as a minor thing like a cold or the flu. My belief however, is that the wizarding world is not merely sick, it is terminally ill.

Which would be my biggest complaints in the way the series is usually portrayed, but it isn’t my biggest problem overall.
Oddly enough my biggest issue with the series isn’t really a pothole exactly, and it is by no means unique to Harry Potter, but it is an ever-present nuisance of the so called Urban Fantasy Genre. (And to be honest, the Harry Potter universe is among the best of the genre that I’ve read.)

What I’m talking about is historical context. Anyone who has ever played one of Paradox’s games like Crusader Kings or Victoria: An Empire Under the Sun will tell you that history will never happen the same way twice.

This is because history is a huge mesh of interconnected events, all of which are governed by those preceding them. Seemingly inconsequential things can have massive impacts, that ripple down the chain to those events that follow them. Which is what the butterfly effect is.

If you don’t understand what I’m talking about, I would advise you to look for an after action report of someone who played a linked game through all four of Paradox’s titles. The end results are usually almost completely inconceivable and irreconcilable with the modern view of the word, and of the normal historical events that we look back on.

What I am getting at, is that any even extremely slight change to the timeline, even something as seemingly minor as some random eleventh century peasant getting water from the well a day later than he would have otherwise could easily spiral outward and have an impact that echoes through time.

That means that adding something to the world, in JK’s case it’s having magic and a bunch of fictional animals, people and events being real. This should have almost completely changed the entire course of, at the very least more modern history.

And I mean that. It would alter the entirety of at least the last few thousand years of history and have significant impacts in religion, culture, science, technological development, and a thousand other factors for everyone, everywhere!

There should still be some similarities, cultures might still be similar because they are largely developed early and shaped by the environment. But other subjects like technological development would likely be stunted heavily in areas where magic is very common. Many of the modern religions of today would also likely have much smaller influences, and they would certainly be more zealous and xenophobic where they did exist.

Many religions like Christianity and Islam might still exist, but they certainly wouldn’t have spread as far with their abhorrence of magic. Why would the pagans have given up their religions and murder the people who can make it rain on command for the empty promises that religions bring. (Unless those religions have substance too, something which would probably cause a whole host of other issues.) The major religions of today not spreading as far as they did could have far reaching consequences, like the magical peoples not having to hide to begin with. (Also, why does Hogwarts celebrate Christmas? I could understand celebrating the midwinter solstice but did they forget that they went into hiding because the Christians had been attempting to exterminate them?)

Do you see what I mean yet? It’s not really a plot hole, more like a damaged foundation.
That isn’t to say Harry Potter is bad. Like I said earlier it’s still the best example of Urban Fantasy that I can think of. It certainly does a better job at explanations than most stories in this genre, most of them go something like “There are elves stolen straight from Tolkien in the woods, or Native American spirit animals are real! Why? Because fuck you! the author said so!” And all without any attempt to explain how any of those things could even exist in the modern world without anyone knowing or having them make a major impact on history and all the other stuff I mentioned earlier.

Ok so what have I decided to do about it?

Well, the conclusion I came to was to write an Alternate Universe story wherein the consequences of the impact things like magic, mythological creatures and mythical civilizations being real are somewhat explored.

In addition I wanted explore some of the more common themes I see in fanfiction that are usually done awfully, and to make a wizarding world with more than two brain cells to rub together between the lot of them, a civilization with a primary focus on expansion in all manners, instead of the stagnation leading to a slow agonizing death that we see in canon.

That’s where things started to get really weird.

So hold on to your bootstraps gentlemen! Believe me this is about to get pretty surreal.

I would put content warnings here but it’s just easier for you to assume that pretty much every such warning you can think of will apply for this story, running the gamut from the tame stuff like incest and underage drinking to the more intense things like mass genocide, mind-rape and apocalyptic destruction. More importantly, they will be treated differently than they would be in our modern world due to differences in culture and history. Though I assure you we will start out mostly tame for the first few chapters.

But enough of my overly long rambling, let’s start the first chapter!

Hermione would have given anything in the world to wake up. To wake up, and for the last eight hours to have been nothing more than a terrible dream.

Unfortunately, all manner of pitching had convinced her that it was indeed real. That this had to be the single worst birthday she had ever had, which she realized wasn’t exactly saying much, considering she had only had ten of them before this one. But for her to be arrested for witchcraft on her birthday, it had to be the worst luck she had ever heard of.

And what person in there right mind, who had known her even briefly would have come to such a ludicrous conclusion?

Not that the Varangian Guard cared. They served only the emperor after all, and the affairs of the merchants and their children only really mattered to them if they broke laws too blatantly.

“Hermione Jean Granger, by the authority vested in me by Almighty God, you are under arrest for
witchcraft, heresy and violation of curfew.” The leader of the squad of armored knights, which had kicked in the door to their house, had growled at her.

Those words still echoed in her head, freezing her blood in her veins. The terrifying stories she had heard in the church, and whispered by cities various busybodies echoed in her mind.

“Suffer not the witch to live.” It was one of the more popular topics for sermons in Constantinople’s cathedrals, and it was one of the few things that the constantly warring Abrahamic faiths could agree on.

It was also pretty ludicrous thought. ‘Hermione Granger, A witch? Ridiculous!” She could hear the voice of the kindly old librarian, Madam Levis echoing the absurdity in her head.

She had at the time, tried to tell them that their accusations were nonsensical, wanted to declare her innocence. She was Hermione Granger; her parents were only merchants for God’s sake! She was the girl that spent nearly all her free time in Constantinople’s great libraries, reading books and scrolls on every subject she could get her hands on, she couldn’t be a witch!

Of course it was hard to protest her innocence through a gag, but she figured that it was the principle of the thing.

And after she had been tied up, the leader of the Guards, a rather stern looking woman with greying hair pulled into a severe bun, had pulled her parents from the room. When they returned, less than a minute later, her father wouldn’t even look in her direction. Her mother on the other hand threw her a disapproving glance, and walked the knight upstairs.

Hermione had figured out what was happening before ten seconds had passed; the guard had decided to arrest her eight-year old little sister for good measure.

And while she knew it was insensitive, she wished they had not been placed in the same cell, or that they had at least gagged Melody when they had bound her. Her sister had started sobbing from the second they passed their housed front gates, and continued the entire ride to their holding cell, and hadn’t seen fit to stop until she had finally passed out.

It wasn’t that Hermione didn’t like her little sister, Melody was as adorable as Hermione herself was precocious Or so all the adults she knew had always told her, but the younger girls constant wailing while she had been trying to think, wasn’t really appreciated.

Of course that had only been the start of the oddest and least pleasant day of her life so far.

Sitting tied up on cold stone floors in a darkened little cell, with her sister sprawled across her lap for several hours had been boring, but it wasn’t really unexpected. She had figured the clergy would now be arguing about how best to dispose of them, and Hermione had hoped that they would take there time.

Melody had fallen asleep soon after they had been thrown in their cell, but Hermione found she was unable to even relax, she knew well of the many fates that might await them.

Never before had she regretted her desire to learn everything beneath the sun, but in that moment the knowledge had seemed to taunt her in her darkened cell.

The tension just dragged on, and it had been killing her, would they be sentenced to be hanged,
thrown down an oubliette, or burned at the stake? Or maybe if the ecclesiastical who sentenced them was feeling particularly merciless, they could be dragged down into the labyrinthine series of tunnels and dungeons beneath the massive city, to be chained, or worse walled, up and promptly forgotten about.

Not exactly the most pleasant subject for her to dwell on, while awaiting what would likely be a rather short trial, if precedence had taught Hermione anything. But the knowledge of her immediate future made calming down impossible.

Then her day went from terrifying to exceedingly odd.

The door had opened, and the stern old guard woman from earlier entered the cell, then closed and locked the door behind her.

She flashed Hermione a small smile and knelt down and undid her gag.

Hermione immediately had jumped back into to pleading her naiveté. “I’m innocent, you have to believe me, I’m not a witch.” Hermione had whispered after the lady had motioned for her to be quiet.

That had brought an amused smile to the woman’s lips. “Well, you’re right on the first account but wrong on the last.” She had replied, and this time her voice held an unfamiliar accent.

Then she had drawn a small but ornately decorated stick from inside her vest, and flicked it in a confusing pattern over a small rock.

“Don’t worry dear everything will be explained soon” She gave the stone a look, then a sharp nod before flicking it straight into Hermione’s forehead.

The next few moments had been a world of their own, dragged by her navel through a realm of blurring amused colors and howling wind instruments, before she had been slammed face first into a pile of straw. Not three seconds later Melody was unceremoniously dropped, still sleeping soundly, on top of her.

That was the sequence of events that had brought her to her current situation.

Nude on her stomach, and half buried in a pile of straw, with her sister who was also apparently naked, as she could feel her younger sister’s bare skin on her back, still sleeping on top of her shoulders.

Trapped inside what appeared to be the darkened hold of some massive wooden ship, surrounded by hundreds of other boys and girls, seemingly in a similar situation to Melody and her own, quietly whispering amongst each other.

And good God, did she hate where this day was going.

I apologies ahead of time for the shortness of the chapter (Christ, I think the bloody introduction is longer than the actual chapter.) it’s not the longest but I see it as more of an introduction, testing the waters so to speak.

That being said I am eager to hear what people think, both about my ideas and the chapter
itself. I assure you that the next chapter will be no less than twenty pages long and will have a far shorter intro, but I wanted to get this out and see what people think, before diving head first into the wellspring of madness that I have as an idea for this story.

If you want to leave comments or PM my account that’s cool, I assure you that I will read all of them and reply to any that I can. Constructive criticism is appreciated but hell, even flames show me that someone read the story, and that’s more than enough to inspire more chapters in my book.
Before anyone asks, both of those words in the story’s title are real, there just not used very much.

Just so people are warned ahead of time, this story will be quite divergent from canon. (As if it wasn’t obvious enough from the previous chapter.) There will be points where I use several familiar situations, but for the most part it’s going to be a pretty extreme Alternate Universe.

I will say that I am going to try to keep canon characters at least similar to their normal behavior, but their backgrounds, motivations and situations are likely to be quite different. Which is keeping in line with the alternate world I’ve taken so the time to create.

What that means that for people looking for the average canon rehash that makes up ninety-nine percent of the fanfiction I’ve ever read, you should prepare to be extremely disappointed.

That said, this is going to be all the introductions for now, seeing as I promised to keep this one shorter than the first.

Now more plot and a smidgen of fanservice.

Peals of thunder echoed across the faraway seas.

Vernon sighed up at the grey vaulted sky, as he stroked his bushy mustache. It wasn’t raining yet but the smell of lightning hung thick in the air, and he was sure it wouldn’t be long now.

As that thought crossed his mind, his thoughts swirled in directions he wasn’t entirely comfortable with, directions unassociated with the coming rain. But of a storm of a different type entirely.

His order had finally arrived; Themis had actually pulled though this time, which just left him with the presentation. It left a strange feeling in his gut.

He was feeling… well he wouldn’t have said he was in anticipation, because that would imply that he was excited about it. Which he would never admit to anyone, but expectation would be an acceptable term.

The time was nearly passed, it wouldn’t be long now.

Nearly ten years had gone by since the day his father had died. Val Dursley had died like he had lived, at the gates of Oslo, with an axe in one hand and a pint of mead in the other, surrounded by corpses of his enemies.

When the letter had arrived, the messenger still panting from running up the long road to his old
house, and gasped out the message Vernon had never been prouder to be a Dursley. Less than a week to that day, he had watched his father’s ship pyre cast off Oslo’s shore, to sail away and carry his spirit to the distant shores. Val had been a true Norsemen to his last, and Vernon had seen to it that his father had been sent off in a befitting manner.

It had been less than an hour after that moment, when a great grey owl had glided over those attending the funeral in broad daylight. It had touched down in front of Petunia in complete silence; it had seemed to shiver for a second before it spoke in the raspy voice of an old man.

“It is Petunia Dursley, the High Council of Britannia’s Magistrates requests that you and your family return to your homeland, there is a most urgent matter that you and your husband must attend to.” The bird twitched before continuing, “You will meet the Headmaster at the Hog’s Head Inn, at the village of Hogsmead in Scotland.”

The bird had jerked again, harder than before, and a glowing rune flashed for a moment before its face, before vanishing. The bird seemed to find itself for a moment, then it gave him a cockeyed look and launched back into the woods without even a hoot.

Suffice to say, the funeral’s tone had been quite awkward after that.

Vernon had been severally unsettled by the message, and had been very tempted to call the whole thing a bunch of hogwash, but Petunia had been hysterical. Completely sure that she would have never been contacted unless something terrible had transpired in England.

And there really wasn’t any arguing with her when she was like that; she had that kind of effect on him.

It had been a quick and frantic journey to Britannia, and then to Petunia’s old hometown to look for her semi-estranged sister Lily. They had spent two weeks looking everywhere they both could think, asked everyone they thought might know, without success.

Truth be told, they had been ready to give up, when they had finally wandered to the place they both had wanted to avoid the most. To Hogsmead and to the Hog’s Head Inn, the owl’s instructions still clear in his mind.

The inn, as it had turned out was more of a bar, and a rather rough one at that. Vernon had remembered being slightly saddened by that, thinking to himself how his father would certainly have enjoyed it.

Then, late on that cloudy night, they had been visited by one of the oldest men Vernon had ever seen. Dressed in robes bluer than the sky, under a cloak filled with twinkling stars, he had burst from the fireplace with a look that was a peculiar mixture of frustration and amusement. “It certainly look you long enough to get here, though I suppose I should have added a time in addition to the place, hmm?” His blue eyes twinkled merrily as he spoke this, as though his self-proclaimed mistake was more a joke than any actual fault.

The startling nature of the man’s arrival had nearly gave him a heart attack, but oddly enough neither his method of travel nor his wild choice of clothes had garnered more than a cursorily glance from the other patrons, as rough as they were.

He had introduced himself, in a rather tired voice, as Albus Dumbledore, the Headmaster of Hogwarts. Petunia of course had recognized the name immediately, as one her sister had
mentioned many times in letters home when she had been a child.

He had then taken several minutes to explain the events that connected the two of them to him.

The explanation had nearly given him another heart attack. Dumbledore was a wizard, something Vernon had obviously already suspected, but he was also a powerful and influential one. While he was never a stranger to the mystical, having been born in a Norse village where strange things were an almost everyday occurrence certainly helped. His interactions however, had been regulated mostly to the going on of the village druids and the occasional wyvern attack.

Suffice to say that being confronted by a man who was not just a mage, but if his wife was to be believed, was some kind of wizard monarch who held literal kings under his sway, had left Vernon with a situation he had absolutely no experience handling.

As he attempted to recover from what he believed to have been a great deal of social blundering, another gentleman burst from the fireplace.

And he was the spawn of a giant’s blood if Vernon had ever seen one! At least nine feet tall, with a braided beard full of beads, even was fuller than Dumbledore’s, and it was coupled by a mustache that was enough to make even Vernon jealous. He had been holding a great bundle of papers in the crook of one arm and had dropped them upon leaving the fireplace, and the sight of the man scrambling to pick them back up had brought a bemused smile to Albus’s wrinkled face.

When he had finished organizing his papers the Headmaster motioned for the giant to come over, and he promptly introduced himself as Hagrid, the Groundskeeper and Gatekeeper of Hogwarts. Vernon felt some of the tension ease in the man’s presence, whether from the man’s familiar drawl or the glimpse of an axe in the Nordic style in the man’s belt, he could not have said.

But just as he started to relax, the Headmaster’s eyes gained a distant and tired look and he motioned for them to lean close.

“I know why you have returned here Petunia.” He had spoken softly. “And as you have likely guessed, I was the one who sent you the message.” He paused and gave Hagrid a motion to sit down. “I come bearing news, both good and bad. There has been an….” he paused, clearly thinking carefully then he seemed to reach a decision, and he quickly waved over the barmaid, a delightfully curvy maiden with caramel skin, who immediately sat four tankard of foamy beer down at their table. “There has been an accident Petunia, one that has left Lily’s husband dead.”

His wife had looked ready to burst into tears at that, but Dumbledore motioned to calm her. “Rest easily Petunia, Lily herself is not dead, and you may be able to see her soon enough depending on how things go in the coming months, but I am afraid there is other business we must attend to first.”

Vernon had wanted to say something about the man’s statement but thought better of interrupting the elderly monarch, though something in the twinkling of the old man’s eyes had told him that he knew anyway. “However, Lily was badly injured in the accident, and though she is expected to recover fully in time. At the moment she will be unable to care for her two children.” Albus told them, his voice making clear that he expected that they would be the ones to care for the children.

Vernon sipped the beer slowly in thought at the implication, while Hagrid emptied his pint in one humongous gulp, looking ready to burst into tears himself at the mere mention of the mysterious accident.
The old wizard leaned in closer, and when he spoke he did so in a hoarse whisper. “I will not go into the details of the accident here, as it would be both dangerous and inappropriate. But it does involve the twins, and if the details were to become common knowledge, I would fear for their safety even if they were under my gaze every moment for the next decade.” He finished his whispering in time for the caramel skinned barmaid to bring Hagrid another drink. This time, the girl brought him an entire pitcher, which certainly seemed to better fit the giant’s hands and thirst better.

He motioned to the bundle of papers Hagrid had set on the table. “But I think I have a solution, one which goes in hand with an extremely generous proposal for the two of you.”

He slid a piece of parchment from the stack. “Those I represent will not only pay off whatever current debts you have managed to accumulate, we are ready to do you one better.” Then he had shot them a wink, and Vernon realized that the man’s voice was the same as the one the owl had spoken in. “If you agree to my conditions, I will make you, Vernon Durley the Duke of Shetland. It is a modestly sized island just north of Britannia. The previous Duke died not a month ago from Glow Pox, and as he was the last of his line I have currently found myself in need of an immediate replacement.”

Albus gave them a knowing smile and shrugged casually. “I personally never liked Palaver very much, and with everyone breathing down my back to get a replacement for him, I figured that I could kill two birds with one stone.”

Petunia had gasped at the news, and Vernon had nearly fallen from his chair at the revelation, but the old man had motioned for them to let him finish. “All I ask from the two of you is that you raise Lily’s children there with you until ten years has passed, at which point they will be ready to return to Hogwarts.”

He had accepted the offer of course, while both he and Petunia had been shocked and almost dumbstruck, but it would have been madness to refuse an offer like that. Even if the circumstances had seemed less dire.

“Very good,” Dumbledore had smiled at him after he finished signing his name. “You two have done this country a service today, and I will long remember it.” He tapped his temple with a bony finger. “Tomorrow morning you will meet Hagrid here, and then he will take you to your homeland to retrieve your son. It is my understanding that he is currently staying with your sister Vernon?” He asked, and then continued without waiting for a reply. “Then the three of you will be taken to the island by means of a special type of magical transportation.”

Then, the old wizard rose from his seat, and after wishing them both a good evening, he beckoned for Hagrid to follow him back into the inn’s fireplace.

Ten years had passed since that dim evening in the inn, ten years since Hagrid had arrived in the crisp of the morning and taken them to Oslo to retrieve Dudley, and then to Shetland with nothing more than a short song and a disorienting blur of color.

The first sight that had greeted them in Shetland was a modest stone keep atop a low hill. Surrounded on one side by crisp, green forests and hemmed in on the other by a sleepy little port village. Then Hagrid had beckoned them straight down the cobblestone path to the keep, rattled the entire building with his knocks, and then turned to them with a look of mirth. “Just you wait Dursley, I’ll have you know that Trude here makes the best darn Ale in all of Britannia.” He gave a
chuckle. “Used to work at the Cock & Bull she did!”

Nearly a full minute later the door had opened to a rather frazzled woman in her early forties. “Oh, Hagrid it’s you!” Annoyance then darkened her features. “And are you mad man! I just put those two to sleep and there you come, pounding on the door like a bloody battering ram, nearly brought the whole place down you did!” She growled out in a thick accent, poking him in the chest repeatedly.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry. Ow, Trude spare me beard!” He pleaded with the incensed woman.

Petunia adjusted her hold on Dudley and chose that moment to cough, interrupting the woman reaching for her broom, presumably to bludgeon Hadrid with.

“Oh, that’s right.” The cowering giant rose back to full height with a bright smile. “These are the Dursley’s. That’s Petunia, she’s Lily’s sister.” He fiddled with the beads in his facial hair. “And yesterday Dumbledore named her husband Vernon the new Duke of Shetland!” He finished, now in an excited manner.

“Oh for the love of Circe, I can never believe the nerve of that man.” Trude ran a hand through her slightly greying hair. “Well come on in, I suppose I should introduce you to Yorik. He’ll get you familiarized with the estate.” She paused and glared at Hagrid who was almost literally bouncing in excitement. “And for goodness sake man, try to be quiet!”

He gave her a good-natured smile. “Oh come on love, I said I was sorry.”

What followed had been the single best cup of ale Vernon had ever had, which was certainly saying something, considering that he was a mead drinker through and through.

After Trude had set them by the fireplace with their drinks, while she shot a still apologetic Hagrid a bemused glance, before walking over to a corner of the large room and jabbing the ceiling lightly with her broom. “Yorik, you sleepy layabout! Get up, get up!” she hissed, jabbing the ceiling again. “The new Duke just arrived.”

What followed was a crash from the upper room and the sound of rustling papers. “And Zeus’s beard man how much did you drink last night?” She hissed up into the ceiling.

This was followed by another crash. “And be quiet!” She shouted up in annoyance.

The thin, greybeard that tumbled down the stairs seemed to be even more excited than Hagrid had been. “How are you sir I am Yorik the head bookkeeper of the Saltstone Keep which is the only keep in Shetland. The Duchy will be lucky to have you sir I can already tell; the quality of your mustache betrays your competence.”

Vernon had said the only thing that made sense in that moment. “For goodness sake man, take a breath before you pass out.” Then he had blinked and gave it a stroke. “You really think so?”

The second meeting was much longer and more in depth than the first had been that night in the pub. Hours of discussion about taxes and the mood of the peasantry, the next crusade, which was likely to be in only a few short years if the Holy Romans kept to their usual cycle. Dumbledore, he had been told, usually kept a good grip on those sorts of things, but Vernon figured the future could change easily enough.
That had been the first night of the strangest ten years he could have ever dreamed possible. Shetland was a fairly genial land, which was to say that it was extremely easy to rule. Vernon often thought that the offer had less to do with him making a good duke, although everyone did seem to think he managed the Duchy fine enough, and more to do with the old man’s influencing events to keep a closer eye on the Potter twins.

Not that the old man had ever visited them himself, though Hagrid came by often enough, both helping him to train Dudley and partially to keep an eye on the twins, which seemed to amuse them both greatly.

And by Odin’s beard, the children were strange. Not his Dudders of course, he was already set to become a fine lad, built like an ox and progressing well with his weapon and craftsmanship training. But by the gods, Lily’s spawn were a pair of changelings or his name wasn’t Dursley.

Though the two had certainly made the last decade interesting, he was sure of that much.

That wasn’t to say that he wasn’t proud of the pair, he could never bring himself to not be been proud of anything he raised. But they were such an odd couple, so different from the children he had interacted with before, that he had often felt that it was hard for him to interact with them in any meaningful way.

They both shared oddly thin figures for how much they ate, which was sometime more than Dudley. They shared being small, thin and wiry with huge staring eyes, that Vernon was convinced were an unnatural shade of green, but that was where the physical similarities between the two ended.

The oldest, by a few minutes, was Harry. He was calm, and relaxed, though hard working, and was most easily identified by his messy black hair that had always been in chaotic disarray. At seven he had finally broken down and bought the boy a comb, encouraging him to grow it long and comb it out so he could braid it like a proper Norsemen, and the boy had taken his advice gladly.

It was an event that Vernon felt marked the closest he had ever come to connecting with him, outside of the weapons training he had put all three of them through.

And the younger of the twins Violet, was well on her way to being an absolute hedonist; with only her frizzy red hair warning whoever she was bearing down on next to brace themselves. Her appearance almost always seemed to precede some new outbreak of chaos, and the girl seemed to live for pleasures, and the bedlam she sowed drove hard on Petunia and Trude’s tattered nerves.

And the two were about as Fey as he had ever heard of! Up all night, and often out all day, they would return home many evenings with grass stained feet and hands. The pair didn’t even eat normally, often refusing meals at random and instead digging up the nearby village’s gardens, and apparently eating vegetables raw, if Yorik was to be believed.

While Vernon felt he certainly could get behind the pillaging, he sincerely wished that the pair would steal something other than vegetables.

Harry didn’t even seem to want to get into fights! “What right minded boy don’t want to fight?” He had often wondered to himself after finishing the training sessions he had had been taught were so necessary to a proper upbringing, or on long nights waiting for Yorik to return with stacks of various papers and documents that he would have to read through and sign.
Trying to figure them out was a wellspring of madness, something he had absolutely no experience in. The only one who seemed to keep them entertained was Hagrid, on his occasional visits, and even he was at a loss at entertaining the pair beyond storytelling, singing tuneless songs or bringing them magical trinkets that would hold their attention.

All combined, had been nearly enough to drive him mad, but he had persevered. He had pulled through, and delivered on his promise to the old mage.

And now those ten years were almost up.

§

Harry had been having a great dream. He had dreamt that he had been floating in a pinkish void, surrounded by the congeries of iridescent ovals that were the spirits of the woods, and that those same trees were singing all around him. Calling out to him to hear the tales they could tell, of all that they had been witness to in their lengthy lives.

It had been one of his strangest yet, and it had been ended as many of his dreams did, with an incessant pressure on his mind from far away. His twin probing him awake wasn’t exactly a new experience for him though, it happened almost every day actually.

He felt his Dreamlands fleeing him with a feeling not unlike falling, as the colors of the waking world rushed up to meet him.

As his senses came back to him he opened his eyes to find his entire view was brilliant green eyes. Violet was literally nose to nose with him.

Being this close to her let him easily feel the echoes of her amusement pinging through his head. Her face shifted and she rubbed her nose against his, her freckles danced under her eyes and he felt her tongue slid across his lips as she licked hers, so close was her face to his own.

Bare flesh shifted against bare flesh, and Harry sat up on the fleece they had been sleeping on, carefully sliding her from his stomach and into his lap. Violet shot him a shit-eating grin, and he could feel her triumph through their bond, she thought that he was going to give her exactly what she wanted.

But he wasn’t the responsible one for nothing. “We’ll have to go back soon Vi.”

His sister shook her head, brushing her nose against his, still eye to eye with him. “I don’t wanna, I’m not finished.” She punctuated her rebuff by planting her knees firmly on either side of his thighs, and making her little hopping motions, huffing to herself as she went trying to create more of the friction she so desired.

Harry ignored the sparks of pleasure echoing through his body and focused on his soreness. It made denying her easier. “Violet, we have a birthday to get to,” he slipped his arms under her shoulders sliding her up and off him, while ignoring their combined stickiness that coated his groin, and now his stomach, with a practiced ease, “our birthday, in case you’ve forgotten already.”

He gave her a sly look as she slid a finger though that wetness, ever eager for another taste. “And you already finished… repeatedly. Or did you forget that too?”
Violet sighed theatrically and flopped back down on the fleece. “I seem to have such a short memory lately Harry, maybe you could help me jog it?” Her eyebrows wiggled like a pair of orange caterpillars dancing, as she arched her back and tried to tempt him for the second time in as many minutes.

Harry smiled back. “Then maybe you should wash those cobwebs out of your head, you dirty little minion.” He replied underhandedly and proceeded to shove her off the fleece, giggling as she rolled with a squawk over the edge of the riverbank and splashed into the creek. Then he rolled up the fleece, and crawled at a sedate pace to the water’s edge.

He watched as his sister surfaced with a great deal of sloshing, frizzy hair soaked like a sponge, and shooting him an irate glare. “You do realize, that when you least expect it, I will have my revenge.” She growled at him, trying to be intimidating.

“Sure you will Violet.” He continued grinning, staying just beyond her arms reach to avoid making it too easy.

After they finished washing off and dressing, he stashing their fleece at the roots of a great pine tree, and the pair made their way back through the woods to the keep they called home.

Harry smirked as they walked back; he could see Violet making a pointed effort not to look at him. But he could feel the echoes of her mind in his; she was trying to stay mad.

She would fail in time of course, she always did, but that didn’t make it any less fun to tease her. Nor was it any less adorable, when she squeaked at the hand he laid on her shoulder.

He pulled her close to him and he closed his eyes, concentrating on the feeling of his sister’s core, using tendrils of his own core to caress hers.

Violet gasped cutely, and trembled at the sensation. Harry smiled and pulled her closer as she shivered harder. “Harry, I’m going to kill you.” She hissed back, as he pressed his strands against her core more adamantly. “And I thought that we were in such a big hurry.”

He smirked into her neck. “Come in sis, you know that I’ll always have time for you.” She moaned at his declaration, and slumped back against him.

“Harry if you keep saying things like that, we’re really going to be late.” He felt her core open up to his caresses as her hand slid beneath her legs, but he carefully backed his tendrils away, smirking as she moaned in frustration, while he helped straighten her up.

After her tabard was back in order, he defended his actions while she shot him another pout. “Somehow, I don’t think Trude would take us being late today very well.”

§

When they finally returned, Harry was very glad they hadn’t allowed themselves to fall for distractions on the path back. Trude was standing vigil at the door to the keep; the old woman had bundled herself up with all the ferocity of a knight expecting to fight to the death. And she was glaring at them again, which in itself wasn’t unusual, but she wasn’t normally radiating quite this much frustration.

She called out as soon as she saw them. “Hurry up you two, you still need to get ready.” Then she actually gasped as they got closer and she saw the state they were in, barefoot and covered in grass
Trude glared at him and massaged her temples, then seemed to make an active effort to calm down, Harry felt like she failed. “Where in Zeus name have you two been?” She shouted, her voice cracking the air like a whip. “Any other day and I wouldn’t have even cared, but you both need to be ready to go in less than an hour! And you come back barefoot, and covered in grass stains with dirt on your clothes!” She swooped out and them both by the hair, dragging them inside.

“Ow, Trude be gentler. We didn’t mean to be out so late.” Violet pleaded with their matron, more in exasperation than pain.

Trude stopped just short of the threshold and sniffed Harry’s hair. “And you both smell like fish!” Their grumpy matron exclaimed.

It was Harry’s turn to attempt placation. “That’s probably from the stream.” He said, while she hissed at his admission, and continued to drag them both by the hair into the wash room, where the scent of pine coming from the hot water was almost overpowering.

“Well strip and get in!” The matron said, with her hands on her hips.

The pair gave her a blank look, subconsciously pulling their cores even further apart in caution.

Trude scowled at them. You each would have had time to have one for yourself, but you both came back so late.” The ornery woman grumbled at them as they mechanically stripped, and entered the wooden tub.

The washing off was a quick and mechanical affair, punctuated by Trude attempting to snip Violet’s orange tangles into something resembling order instead her usual mane of chaos, and shearing Harry’s long braid off at the shoulder.

“Hey, what on earth are you doing woman!” He protested in shock, clutching his remaining hair protectively while his sister snickered traitorously.

“You think you can go to school with your hair down to your waist boy?” The old woman clicked her tongue at him disapprovingly, and poked his sternum. “They’d mistake you for a lassie.”

Then she gave him a critical eye, and Harry flushed. “By the gods, you two eat as much as Dudley and you’re both still so thin.”

“Can we finish this up please? I’m starting to prune.” Violet interrupted, attempting to reduce their embarrassment.

The older woman snorted at them, as Harry went running his fingers through his desecrated hair, and she pulled them from the tub. “Now dry off and be quick about it, you both still need to pack. Hagrid will be here in less than thirty minutes, and I want you both to be immaculate when he gets here.

She snapped her fingers at them as they finished toweling off, then drove them up the stairs to their room to dress and pack.

“Remember, he’ll be here soon!” She reminded them, as they slipped on their tunics, before leaving them to pack their things.
Violet let out an annoyed groan as soon as she left. “Sometimes, I think she acts like we don’t know how to dress ourselves.” She grumbled to herself as she started shoving some of their extra clothes into a sack that Trude, or maybe Petunia, had left lying on her bed.

Harry rolled his eyes at her comment, and started rooting around the room for some of the things he thought they might need at school. “So Vi, what kind of place do you think this school will be?” He asked her.

His sister shrugged indifferently, holding an old tunic to the light. “Eh, who knows…” She replied, tossing it into the sack. “I figure it should be more interesting than being here at any rate,” she paused and frowned, “you think they’ll have an actual bathhouse?”

Now it was Harry’s turn to shrug. “I should think so; Hagrid told me that the school has lots of students so they would have to wash somewhere.” He fingered a small scroll, debating if they would need a manual on forgery before reaching beneath their little dresser to fish out a dagger. “And even if they don’t, we can always just wash in the river, there’s worse things to smell like than fish…”

“Do you think three extra tunics and tabards will be enough clothes?” Violet interrupted his musings.

He fished a bronze dip pen atop his shelve and handed it to her. “Is that three for each of us, or in total?” He asked her, vigilant against her tendency to pack less than they usually needed whenever they were going anywhere.

She pouted back at him. “Six of each type, I’m not going to forget again.” She lifted her mattress and pulled out a set of dice. “Did Hagrid tell you how long it’s gonna take for us to get there? She asked him. “If it’ll take a long time I think we should bring some entertainment.”

Harry snorted at that. “Vi, do you really think we would end up playing dice?” He raised an eyebrow at her knowingly. “And besides, we’re going to Scotland aren’t we?” He flipped a little knife into the bag. “I’ve seen the maps Yorik keeps in his study; it’s not that far away.”

Violet gave him a dry look. “Ok, but what are the chances that nothing goes wrong on the way there?” She asked him suspiciously.

“Our lives are not one endless series of disasters Violet.”

She gave him a dry look, and he could feel her amusement burning from her core. “Aunt Petunia would disagree.”

“And I’m sure you have absolutely nothing to do with her opinion.” He shot back.

She opened her mouth to snipe back, but Vernon’s voice thundered though the tower, interrupting their banter. “Harry! Violet, come down here!” He shouted from downstairs.

Harry gave her an inquisitive look, wondering if she had done anything, but his sister only shrugged and made her way to the tower's stairwell. “We’re coming uncle.” He called down.

They both raced down to the ground floor, to find Vernon and Yorik standing in front of a large wooden crate, Vernon with a peculiar look in his mustached face.
“Good pace,” he nodded approvingly at them as they stood as close to attention as they ever got; “now I want you both to listen up!” His mustached face scrunched up, as though deeply uncertain about whatever he had called them for.

Finally he seemed to find himself, shaking off the indecision and standing tall before them. “It was ten years ago that you were placed under my care,” He gestured sharply at them. “And I’ve done my best to give you the most normal upbringing I could.”

He gave Violet a terse look. “And while you’ve both certainly made it difficult at times, I feel like I succeeded at my undertaking.” He motioned to the box beside Yorik. “Ten years have passed, and today you will return to the court of your birth.” Yorik handed him the crate. “Now you two are Potters and not Dursleys, but I met your father once, and he certainly didn’t seem like the kind of man who would take shit from anyone.” He rumbled out. “Would he spread it around? Absolutely, and it’s a trait that I can appreciate,” he fingered his mustache as he opened the box, “and that’s a trait you both seem to have inherited. But my point is that you are both going back to your court, and I don’t want to hear about you taking it from anyone, I raised you both better than that!” He shouted, more at the room than at them.

Then he gave them a satisfied look and pulled from the box, a pair of sheathed swords. They curved forward at a thirty degree angle, and each as long as Harry’s arm. “Dumbledore wanted you both prepared, and to me, this is the final step.” He handed them both the weapons and Harry carefully unsheathed his while Vernon reached back into the box. It was obviously a falcata, Harry had read about them before, a design that had been filtered north by Greek and Carthaginian immigrants, nothing like the broadswords and axes that his uncle had tried to teaching them with most of the time.

Vernon seemed to notice his wonder. “You didn’t think I was paying attention when you two were training boy?” He gave an amused snort. “And they came with these.” Then he pulled a pair of round shields from the box, about three feet across and in the convex Greek style, though each was decorated with elaborate Norse symbols scrolled across their leather cases.

“They’re all a little big for you two right now, but you’ll grow into them in a few years.” He said, while Violet squealed in joy, taking practice swings with her falcata. “Now, are you both packed?” He asked them.

Harry nodded, sheathing his sword, and strapping to his back. “We’ve already got everything ready Uncle.” Violet said, still grinning.

The burly man nodded, and a great crack sounded from outside the keep. Vernon gestured to the stairs and Violet ran up to grab the sack, while Harry stood, idly wondering how long it would be before they would return. “I’ll make sure to write Uncle.” He said, as three booming knocks came from the wooden door.

Vernon nodded in acknowledgment. “Hargid, is that you?” He called to the door.

The great wooden door to the keep swung open and Hagrid ducked through the door with a massive grin on his face. “Good to see you Vernon!” The giant boomed, stroking his bristly beard as he strode into the room, and Harry had to duck out of the way to avoid being bowled over.

Hagrid bent down at that, noticing Harry. “There you are lad, didn’t see you there.” He smiled hugely. “You and Vi ready?” Then he saw the box and the shields. “What you got there Yorik?”
The greybeaded beanpole grinned. “Vernon got the twins a parting gift.” He tossed one of the shields at Hagrid, who caught it like a plate in his massive hand.

“A fine shield,” he commented, tapping it with a finger as he inspected the scrawling runes carved into the leather jacket.

Vernon seemed to expand with pride. “I got a Greek named Themis to make them for me, he told me he was a smith and… well I figured they would need them at Hogwarts.” He gestured to Harry, “Boy, show him your sword too.”

Harry cautiously drew the curved bronze blade from its sheath, and he handed it to Hagrid in exchange for his new shield, which he slid over the sheath on his back.

Hagrid examined the curving sword, giving it a few practice swings, before nodding in approval. Handing the weapon back to Harry he gave Vernon a secretive grin. “I’ll tell you what; it was a darn good idea to get them these.” He gave Harry a gentle pat on the back, which nearly sent him sprawling. “Most First Years I see come through don’t bother to bring anything this useful. It’ll certainly give them a leg up for the first month or two.” He opened his mouth to say more but a high pitched roar from the stairway cuts him off.

Violet dove into the room, tossing their bag onto the floor as she slid to a stop next to Hagrid. “You got it right?” She questioned him immediately, trying to look behind him. “I’d better have not collected all of that junk for nothing.” Her sister pouted, as her expression rapidly turned from excited to one of mild displeasure.

“Now hold on lassie.” he placated, gesturing for her to be quiet, while Harry quietly wished the man luck. “I’m a man of my word, I tell you. But I didn’t bring him inside cause I didn’t want your aunt to see em, or worse Trude.”

It was at that moment Harry realized exactly what Hagrid was talking about, and if the amused and pitying look Vernon was shooting at him was an indication of anything, it was that he realized it too.

Almost a year ago the half-giant had visited their keep, as he had done every few months for as long as Harry could remember. It was something of a ritual in his opinion, which both he and his sister always looked forward to with great interest, as the half-giant had the habit of bringing them trinkets and of recounting all sorts of interesting tales when drunk.

And during this particular visit, after he and Vernon had halfway finished their usual keg of ale, Hagrid had brought up that he had managed to acquire a female Speckled Drake, and that the scaly creature was due to lay her clutch soon.

Violet had immediately taken to the idea of having a pet, especially after Harry had done his best to try and convince her that an eight foot long, venom spitting lizard wasn’t something they had a need for.

He had actually been irked when he had found out that she had ignored his advice and sought out Hagrid, who had agreed to provide one of the hatchlings, but only if, she could find him several seemingly random items.

And while Harry never did figure out where she acquired hair from a cave bear, she had managed
to collect everything, the day before Hagrid’s last visit.

The half-giant’s reaction to being presented with the items he had requested, had left him wondering if Hagrid had actually thought that she would be able to collect everything at all.

But that had been more than three weeks ago, and now Hagrid was standing in the doorway trying to convince his sister to wait, as the rest of the household came down the stairs at a more restrained pace.

Dudley came into the room grinning. “Hagrid, it’s good to see you again.” His stocky cousin patted his impatient sister on the back; while Petunia and Trude gave the man suspicious looks.

Hagrid seemed to give up hope of getting out of the situation gracefully when they entered the room. The giant man deflated and he shot Violet a disapproving glance. “You kids are gonna be the death of me I swear it.” He mouthed, and then he turned around, opened the door and gave a loud whistle.

“Hagrid…” Trude asked in a warning tone. “Exactly what kind of pet did you get the twins?” She nearly hissed at him.

He deflated further, while Vi hopped in place with excitement, and something could be heard running outside.

“I was drunk Trude, I swear, and she made me promise!” Hagrid whined. Gesturing at Violet, who wore a rather familiar shit-eating grin, as a tan and green shape bolted into the room.

Petunia passed out immediately, falling into the arms of an irate Trude. “No Violet, not his time,” the old woman said as she gingerly passed Dudley his unconscious mother, “that creature is not staying in this house!”

Vernon cut in, attempting to be the voice of reason for once. “Of course it isn’t. It’ll stay at school, right?” He gave Harry a look, inventing him to dig everyone involved out of the hole Violet had thrown them into.

He nodded. “Of course it will Uncle.” He said, ignoring the traitorous looks his sister shot him.

He could argue with her later, for now he just needed her to not butt in.

Fortunately for everyone, she seemed to be too preoccupied examining her newest attempt at starting a menagerie to contradict him.

And actually… when he took a moment to examine it, it actually surprised him at how close it looked to the illustrations that he had seen in the scroll in the library. At five feet long, the drake was little more than a colorfully scaled tube of flesh on four, almost canine legs.

In fact the more he looked at it, the more it seemed to resemble some kind of reptilian dog.

It was a weird thought, and so he looked to Hagrid for direction, as the man had proven himself to be an expert on all manner of animals over the years. Unfortunately the giant in question was still cowering, while Trude fumed at him silently.

Harry felt himself smile slightly at them. The poor man was certainly going to hear about this after
he delivered them to school. Of course it certainly wouldn’t be the first time, and she had forgiven him for all the past transgressions so he wasn’t too worried about Hagrid.

Then he nearly had his breath knocked from his lungs as Dudley tossed the sack with their stuff into his unprepared chest. The slightly older boy smirked at him, having passed off the now awake Petunia to his father. “Make sure to kick some ass for me cousin.” He tapped the hilt of his own sword meaningfully. “Get me one, I’ll pay you back.” He mouthed silently, gesturing subtly to the drake, which made a horn-like honk as Violet scratched the single row of scutes that trailed its spine down to the tip of its tail.

“Don’t worry, I’ll do my best.” He subtly answered both appeals, ignoring his sister as she squealed again, and the drake honked in reply.

Vernon gave the pair a curious look. “Well, I dare say it likes you Violet.” He chuckled, shooting Hagrid a glance. “What do you say Hagrid, should she give him a name?”

The half-giant recovered from his cowering quickly at the question. Stroking his beard and again grinning hugely. “Well I think I have to agree.” He waved to the door. “But I do have a schedule to keep, and if I’m late again, Minerva will kill me.” He scratched the back of his head. “So what say we name him and get this show on the road?”

Violet shot him a look, and Harry could feel the tendrils of her magic intertwine with his, he shot a though across the aether and the both grinned.

“George.” The both said in unison.

Hagrid and Petunia both snorted at that, while everyone else just looks confused. “A better name than that, I never could have thought of” The half-giant gave them both a bemused look, while ushering them to say their goodbyes.

The next ten minutes passed too quickly in Harry’s opinion. In a blur of goodbyes and a several minute walk to the nearby cliff-side clearing, where the ocean breeze blew powerfully around them and Hagrid readied himself to transport the four of them.

Then the half-giant let out a deep and tuneless song, in time with the roaring waves, and in an instant he was falling through a blur of curious colors and amused piping.

Then the tune ended and he slammed face first into the grass. Harry decided that he needed to stew in his humiliation for a moment, and he reached out with his magic to take in his surroundings instead of raising his head.

He hadn’t known what he had expected before he had done it, but in an instant he felt more magic than he had ever before.

And when he raised his head he was not disappointed…

They had been transported to a hill on a grassy little island, maybe a mile wide, covered in little white tents where thousands of other children around their age loitered.

He blinked and pulled himself from the dirt, dusting his tabard off and glanced between Violet and the newly dubbed George, both of whom were puking their guts out into the grass.
A large hand rested itself in his shoulder, and spun him around. Hagrid gave him a small and unusually serious smile. “Well Harry, this is where I leave you two for now.” He gestured to the little white tent behind them. “This one’s yours while you wait. It should have enough room for the both of you… plus George.” He grinned down at them as a still green Violet helped her new pet to his feet, giving the friendly giant a murderous glare as she did so.

Hagrid nodded, more to himself than to them. “There are provisions inside, and it shouldn’t be more than one or two more days before all the new students are gathered up anyways, so you shouldn’t have to wait long.” He shot Harry his version of a stern look. “Now I want you to be responsible, don’t get into fights if you can help it, and don’t go agreeing to anything neither.” He said, implying more than he spoke. “The moment you two stepped onto this island you were both adults in wizarding law.” He palmed his beard thoughtfully. “That means you’ll be held accountable for your actions, and your sisters.” He gave him a meaningful look, and Harry found himself nodding along.

He exhaled explosively and rose up. “Alright… Ok… Try not to cause too much chaos while you’re waiting.” He gestured out to the assembled mass of would be students. “And remember, most of them are just as adept at causing trouble as you two are, so try to be careful.”

And with that he gave them a sharp nod, and then disappeared with a crack.

Violet turned back to him as soon as Hagrid had disappeared, giving George’s head a rubbing, while fixing him with a grin. “What’d ya say we meet the meat bro…”She asked him, giving a predatory look at the crowd milling in the field of tents.

Harry thought to himself for a moment. “Let’s take stock of our stuff before we draw Jormungand up from the depths.” He answered her. “After all,” he thought to himself, “What’s the worst that could possibly happen.”

It was, he would recall much later, a manner of action that would set the precedent for all of those to come later.

Well there’s the Hagrid and Dursley part of the story out of the way for now.

And before anyone asks why I didn’t make the Dursley’s the reincarnations of Hitler, Pol Pot, and Mao. The reason is simply that shit like that is supremely overdone. And that it would no longer make sense while keeping their motivations as intact as possible.

Vernon, for instance was motivated almost entirely by pride and a need for normality in cannon, and I did not change his motivations at all. What changed was his definition of what was normal. Basing it instead on the new reality I created. And in a world where magic never hid itself, it is normal.

Which makes Harry and Violet both normal(ish) to him, and therefore something he can be proud of, neatly fulfilling the other half of his characters motivations.

This meant that making them abusive would no longer make sense. It would directly contradict the characterization of the characters.

And on the twins, the decision to give Harry a sister was not one I made lightly, and he will be
far from the only canon character to have additional siblings. This was fitting with the setting I’ve created, and I’ll assure you that it will be explained in the story later.

As for my decision to not include Diagon Ally (yet), and to replace Hedwig with a Hesperosuchus agilis, well it was something I don’t usually see in fics, and as I have stated before, I want to at least try to tread new ground in this fic.

So as I said last time, if you like the story, want to comment, or just think I should dig a hole and die in it. Please don’t hesitate to leave a comment.
Harry's Best Birthday Ever: Part-2

First off, I suppose I should give thanks to Alonger61 for linking me to the Pottermore site which has a list of, among other things, a few more schools than I had been aware of at the time I wrote the first two chapters.

The articles on them are actually pretty interesting from an idea gaining standpoint. I don’t remember if they were mentioned in the books, but it’s not like I’m following canon anyways. Though I will admit that it has been quite a while since I read through the series.

Something I would rectify if I had more free time, and wasn’t so busy writing this story.

But I digress; the point is that we are back, and with an updated disclaimer!

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The weighted fabric draped over the entrance to their little tent brushed away easily enough. From the outside Harry had worried that the tent would be too tiny, it was only barely as tall as he was. But now that he could see inside, he could see that it was somehow moderately larger on the inside than it had appeared to be on the outside.

It was still smaller than their room at the keep, but he figured that they wouldn’t have to sleep in a dogpile unless they actually wanted to.

It was also much sparser than their room back home. With only a small lantern hung at the apex and few small boxes sitting on a rug the far side, which upon his examination, contained cheese, bread, and jugs of wine. Across from those boxes was a small pile of blankets atop a large fur, presumably for sleeping.

Violet casually tossed their sack of possessions on the pile of blankets, and immediately swiped one of the jugs from one of the open boxes and took a sip, giving him an unimpressed grimace.

“How is it?” He probed as she swished it in her mouth, not terribly curious in reality, still more focused on taking in the space they would have to call home for the next day or so.

“This junk has to be like half water.” She replied.

“Is it really that bad?”

“I think I would get drunk faster off of piss…” She retorted in disgust, swiftly resealing the jug she had opened.

He shrugged, relatively unconcerned by her petty displeasure. After all, his uncle had often said that bad alcohol was better than nothing, and his twin got annoyed by unimportant things often enough that it barely phased him anymore.

“It’s probably just meant to be enough to keep the water potable.” He answered, scratching George along the scutes, the wiry drake having wandered into the tent after his masters and sat himself down by his legs.
“And besides, this stuff is just meant to hold us over until all the students have arrived right?” He questioned no one in particular, fingering a small block of cheese, while she started unpacking some of the things from their bag, taking care to hide some of the more questionable goods beneath the pile of bedding.

“Did Hagrid tell you how long that would take?” She questioned back, in a rather bored tone.

Harry looked up in surprise from the box of bread he was peeking into. “Violet, you were there.”

She pouted back at him, crossing her arms in irritation. “Well it’s hard to listen while puking my guts out, I bet George didn’t hear either!” She ended with a fervent shout, hooking her arm around the drake in question.

“Vi, whether or not your new pet heard anything is entirely irrelevant.” He shot back, raising an eyebrow.

She didn’t back down. “Still, we should ask around, see if we can learn anything before dark.” She gestured to the entrance, her face filling with an all too familiar excited look. “George can guard our stuff, right George?”

The reptile just yawned in response, flopping down onto its side and rolling around.

She gave him another eager smirk, brushing her core against his, clasping closely against him and pulling him towards the tents flap. “See, that leaves us free to ask around.” Her grin widened, as he brushed her core back in hesitant compliance.

“Alright Vi, but can we try not to pick any fights yet. Hagrid said we should be mindful.” He cautioned her, the half-giants words still at the forefront of his mind.

His sister looked like she wanted to disagree, but thought better of it, and merely gestured to George. “Stay.” She commanded the drake, who tilted his narrow head and sat down on his haunches facing the tent flap.

A stiff but warm wind nearly blew him over the second he opened the flap, blasting his freshly shortened hair across his vision. Harry found himself, and not for the first time, wishing he was at least slightly more heavyset. Violet ignored the seas belligerent murmuring, and his own annoyance, just smirking happily as they exited the tent into the light of the setting sun.

And as they started down the hill, for the second time that day he was stunned. Their tent had been on top of a small knoll, and because the island was mostly treeless he could see what he figured was most of the others. Hundreds of the little white pyramids covered the majority of the island and thousands of what he assumed to be other prospective students milled around between them, going back in forth with a thousand unknowable tasks.

Then those poignant thoughts were interrupted, as a half dozen screaming girls ran past them chasing a rather heavily built brown-haired boy.

“DAMMIT GOYLE!” An almost effeminate looking blonde lad screamed, barreling around a tent, as he and another more bulky lad trailed behind the small crowed of girls.

He could feel the aimless vindictive sparks echoing across his bond just in time to see his sister
stick her leg out, tripping the blonde boy flat.

The thin boy squawked as he fell, the other buffer boy staring blankly in momentary confusion as Violet snickered to herself. He hopped back up immediately, brushing his expensive looking tunic off while his smallish, oily core hissed at them venomously. Then he turned, fuming and glaring daggers at Harry’s sister, who waived back gaily in response.

Harry glared at her too, had he not just reminded her of Hagrid’s earlier warning only a few moments ago.

“I, you-” The blonde sputtered. “My father will hear about this you-” whatever curse he was about to utter was cut short as another pair of girls stormed around the row of tents.

“There you are Draco.” The refined looking blonde with braided hair, who Harry assumed was the boy’s sister based on her appearance, spoke sharply. “You can’t just keep running off and leaving me and Pansy alone, she’s your betrothed and…” she gave him a critical look, “and what on earth happened to your clothes?”

Draco stammered in muted fury, viciously gesturing at Violet, who was still smirking back at him with all the subtly of a venomous snake, her aura burning with aimless chaotic energy.

Harry nodded in the tallish blonde girl’s direction, clasping Violet’s arm warningly. “My sister is very sorry about knocking your brother over.” He interjected before she could make things worse. “Right Vi.”

“N-” He swiftly kicked her shin. “Fine, I’m sorry.” She rolled her eyes back at him defiantly. “Now can we go and find something to get hammered with?”

Harry was about to give his twin another disapproving look, but the tall girl flipped her braids and snorted, and he found his gaze drawn back to the four other children. “Unless you brought good stuff yourself, or you know someone else who did and is willing to share, you won’t find anything better than the watered down wine in your tent.” The slender girl bemoaned, cocking her head in what was probably supposed to be an aristocratic motion. “Nothing like the wine we have back home, right Draco?”

Draco, having recovered from being made to look like a fool fast enough that Harry was actually a little impressed, shot back at Violet. “Come now Dior, it’s not like these peasants would know good wine.” He brushed off the fawning of the shorter black-haired girl Harry decided was probably Pansy. “It’s probably an improvement to whatever they’re used to drinking. I mean just look at how they’re dressed.”

They did have nicer clothes, much nicer Harry realized. Draco and his sister were dressed in elaborately patterned jade tabards made of felt, over black silk leggings and silk long-sleeved undershirts, which were paired with very nice looking and slightly pointed leather shoes.

He and Violet, on the other hand, were both in knee length tan tunics and sandals. It wasn’t the nicest pair of clothes they owned, but he hadn’t figured they would need to dress up on the way to school either.

There was, however, one aspect of their appearance that Draco had apparently missed. Violet slid her new shield off her back and into her left arm with a single smooth motion, and shield-checked the thin blonde into the muscular boy behind them, knocking them all over into a pile. Draco
immediately started screaming bloody murder as his twin struggled to slide her falcata from its sheath, while working to keeping them pinned beneath her cased shield.

Harry felt the magic in the air fizzle, a dozen different nearby cores crackling wildly in reaction, and he realized his own magic was about to react involuntarily.

It had happened to them before, though it didn’t happen often, and when it did there was rarely anything he could do about it.

And then everything was happening too fast, Violet was flung bodily through the air, her sword going flying as she careened back to him. Landing with a heavy thud at his feet. Dior, Pansy and a few of the other girls idling nearby flailed as his magic tried to drag them towards him.

His sister didn’t seem to mind that she had been tossed off Draco though. “Holy, shit.” she gasped in pleasure, convulsing in sensory overload for a moment on the ground, ”do that again.”

“How about not.” Pansy groaned out breathlessly, her hands on her knees, shooting him a dirty look which was somewhat ruined by the powerful blush that covered her entire face and neck.

Harry felt himself flush in embarrassment, while Draco and his friend stood up, stuck looking somewhere between irritated at being tackled and mortified that they had been caught flatfooted in the first place. “My apologies about my sister Draco, she’s just easily excited.” He nodded to the shorter boy, as a still shivering Violet dragged herself off to retrieve her sword, grinning widely. “I can make it up to you guys.” He bartered, seeing no real reason to make enemies with people he knew nothing about before the first day had even begun.

“It’s fine,” the boy huffed, looking slightly frazzled as he set about brushing his clothes off for the second time in as many minutes, “if I took every attempt to kill me personally, I’d be a nervous wreck.” Then blonde unexpectedly shot him a guarded look. “Was that you?” He asked in a suddenly quiet tone, abruptly mindful of the girls starting to peak around the corners of nearby tents, probably looking for the source of the accidental discharge.

Harry just nodded nervously, and waved them back up the hill, wanting to clear the area before even more prying eyes arrived.

“Crabbe, go make sure Goyle isn’t being mobbed and wait for us back at our tent.” Dior waved to the heavyset boy, before rubbing her cheeks to clear her own flush.

Crabbe nodded in acknowledgement, giving Harry a mildly impressed look, before he wandered off in the direction that the other boy had been chased.

Suddenly he remembered George. “Do you guys know Hagrid.” Harry knew it was probably a small chance that they would have heard of the man, considering exactly how many other children appeared to be on the island, but he figured it was worth a shot. And if it turned out that they did, it would make explaining how he had ended up with a young drake easier.

All three nodded. “We’ve heard of him.” Dior answered dryly. “He works at the school as the Head of Keys and Grounds.” Pansy muttered something beneath her breath, and the tall blonde shoved the shorter girl forward in response. “Our father says that he likes dangerous animals, drinking, and axes.”

Harry gestured for them to stop as they reached his tent. “Yeah, that he does, but well the point
is… well the point of the story is that he got Violet a dragon.”

All three of them stared at him, as the redhead in question wandered up, sword and shield back on her back. “Yeah, Hagrid’s great like that.” She tapped Draco’s chest casually. “Sorry about that stuff earlier, I get worked up really easily.”

"It’s why Harry loves me.” She gave the trio a rather debauched grin, jabbing her thumb at Harry.

Draco gave her a blank stare, which slowly seemed to work its way into horror. The boy immediately grabbed them both by the arms and dragged them towards the tent.

George cooed in surprise when the blonde pulled them inside the tent, Pansy and Dior trailing closely behind them. “You should be more cautious Potter,” the slender boy said warningly, though to which one of them Harry didn’t know, “much, more cautious.”

That Draco had guessed their last name surprised him, it seemed to surprise the girls as well. With Dior immediately sweeping up uncomfortably close, with her body almost flush against his own, grasping his shoulder with her free arm so she could sweep his bangs away.

All three of them gasped, which made his twin snort. “It’s like you guys never saw a scar before.” She mocked them.

The blonde girl said nothing; none of them did, though he could feel some unspoken communication flutter across the bonds the trio shared. Dior slowly trailed a finger down the lightning bolt that had been carved into his forehead for as long as he could remember. “It looks like there was something your father forgot to tell us.” Pansy whispered, clearly annoyed at something.

Violet cut in, looking annoyed at all the implications flying over her head. “So are you going to give any explanation Draco, or am I expected to just stand here while your sister fingers my brother.” They blinked in unison, and Draco pinched his nose in response.

“How about you two first, like where you’ve been and what you’ve been doing for the past ten years.” He sat down on one of the tents small rugs. “And while you’re at it, pass me some of the wine, and don’t give me that look Dior. I refuse to be the one to have this discussion sober.”

“Is it really your business?” Violet shot back, with George honking in what might have been endorsement, but she still reached under the pile of blankets and tossed him one of the skins of mead they had smuggled from home in spite of her own sentiments, probably just happy to have an excuse to start drinking.

Draco motioned for the group to sit, before replying. “I assume you have questions too, and it’ll help me answer if I know where you two stand, and besides this kind of information is more than a fair trade.”

Harry sighed in relief, as Dior stepped back from him and the graceful girl went and sat next to her brother and his betrothed. “Fair is fair, I suppose.”

Pansy took a deep drag from the skin, rolling it in her mouth, before nodding slowly in hesitant approval at the quality. Then she flopped back so her head was in Draco’s lap, and Harry took it as a sign to start. “I think we’ve been in Shetland since we were nine months old, and our uncle Vernon has been training us for Dumbledore for the past ten years.” He took pulled a second skin
from beneath the blankets and took a small sip. “He’s Norse so it’s been mostly fighting, sailing and things related to that stuff.”

“So you’ve been raised by a muggle?” Draco queried, exchanging a rather shocked look with his sister. “Do you know anything about wizarding culture, or magic, anything at all about Hogwarts?” He paused and glanced nervously at Violet, who had unbuckled her shield from its case and started oiling it. “Do either of you know how to write or read at all.”

His sister snorted at the bit about reading. “Harry is the one who learned all of that junk.” She waved at him flippantly. “It’s all so boring.”

Harry found himself embarrassed; suddenly painfully aware of how little time he had actually spent learning when it had not been immediately necessary. “I can write and read Nordic runes. As for the rest of it, I’m afraid I really only know a few details from the stuff Hagrid would talk about after he was well into his cups.”

Pansy took another deep drag, her cheeks already almost back to their earlier red. “So you basically you guys don’t know shit.” Her head flopped back and she rubbed her scalp against Draco’s crotch.

“I know how to kick you’re a-” Violet started, but Draco squawking cut her off.

“Pansy now is not the time for that.” He blushed furiously as she flipped over on her stomach, face against the crotch of his tabard and started sniffing audibly.

Violet snorted, her face twisted in cruel amusement. “Bit of a lightweight to be talking shit, isn’t she?”

“You have no idea.” Dior complained, pulling Pansy into her own lap, while Draco flushed with embarrassment and sniffed the skin of mead suspiciously.

“It’s a Vanilla Metheglin, and we got it from Hagrid, so depending on what you’re used to it could be a little strong.” Harry cautioned, as the blonde boy took a much more reserved sip than his betrothed had while attempting to subtly adjust his tabard.

Violet snorted at him again, and the blonde gave up, shooting Harry an almost painfully embarrassed glance before continuing. “Ok, we won’t have time to go over everything, but the gist of what you need to know right now is that you got that scar ten years ago, in a terrible accident that killed your father and one of the best leaders we’ve had in more than a hundred years.” He passed the skin of mead to his sister, who took a sip and picked up where he left off.

“Tom Riddle was the leader of a secretive order under the House of Lords called the Death Eaters, they worked mostly as intelligence and counterintelligence agents during the last crusade.” She took another swig. “Your parents, James and Lily Potter worked for Dumbledore in the Order of the Phoenix, which does more or less the exact opposite, running offensive strikes, deep in the territories of the Abrahamic and Ming peoples.”

The attractive blonde passed the skin back to her brother and he continued. “Point is they were all very famous people, and one day, around ten years ago they went into a room at Hogwarts, and only your mother and the two of you came back out alive.” The boy frowned in displeasure. “Even my father, who I should add is the head of the House of Lords and was second in command in the Death Eaters doesn’t know the details of what happened that night.”
Violet glanced at Harry then back to the boy. “So who does?”

The boy shrugged at his question. “Your mother, and probably Dumbledore, neither of whom have said a word about it in ten years.”

A light pattering sound could be heard starting up on the tents walls from outside, as the sunlight which had been dimming even before they had returned to the tent, finally started to pitter out completely. The source of the earlier gusts of wind, revealed to be a light rain, come to batter the island. “I guess that explains how you recognized us, but what do we need to be careful of?” Harry probed them, finding himself even more curious than before.

Pansy flipped herself up, grinning drunkenly. “Cause if a lady figures out who you are, she might just decide to try and take you,” she squirmed in Dior’s grip, “for better or worse.”

The taller girl rolled her eyes down at the brunette. “Who dropped you off?” She said, seemingly eager to change the subject.

“Hagrid did.” Violet cut in, having finished polishing her shield, ignoring that the question had been obviously directed at him and not her.

Dior continued unperturbed. “Did he tell you not to make oaths, to not promise anything?”

“Come ere George.” His sister interrupted again. The drake stretching, before ambling over to her so she could oil his scales.

Harry ignored her, nodding at the blonde, who took another sip of the mead before replying. “Well at least he did one thing right.” She drawled, her pale skin looking slightly redder than before.

“While most of the girls here are probably too young and inexperienced to be able to force you into a magical bind,” Draco paused while his sister went about laying Pansy down in one of the spare blankets. “There are other ways to ensure our allegiance.” He finished ominously, and Harry got the feeling he was talking about the two of them specifically.

“Why would anyone want to bond with Harry?” Violet queried, taking an especially long pull from one of the skins. “I mean you guys were talking all sorts of shit about us before.”

Dior and Pansy both snorted at that. “That was before your brother gave every girl in fifty feet weak knees on accident.” The black haired girl giggled, lolling out on the blanket, very clearly drunk.

Violet moaned at the mention of the moment, running her hand down the exposed skin of his leg meaningfully. “You still need to do that again Harry.” She gave him a greedy look, rubbing up past his knee with her free hand.

Then the cloth draped over the entrance to their tent was brushed aside and a pigtailed cherubic face stuck itself inside. “Sorry to interrupt,” the little waif chirped, “But I brought some embers with me, and since it seems like no one else thought to, I figured I would pass it around and help everyone light their lanterns.”

“Oh, and I’m Hannah by the way.” She waved cheerfully.

Harry waved back to her, standing with the sack of mead as the others in the tent nodded in
greeting. “Thanks for the fire; we’ve got some mead of you want to try some.”

“I’d take a sip, but I’ve already had a couple and I think everyone who’s got any is going to offer some.” She declined his offer, as George honked at her sleepily. “And I need to be able to make it back to Susan even if it really starts pouring.”

Harry helped her pull the parchment lantern down from the tents apex, and together they lit the candle’s wick with the embers she had brought in a small ceramic pot.

Then strange little blonde nodded at the small flame, and with her self-appointed work done, she vanished back into the dark and rain with nothing more than a cheerful wave.

His sister sniffed, derisively. “Someone’s had a few too many magic mushrooms tonight.”

Harry fixed her with a disapproving glance as he tied the lantern back up. “You could try and help people too.”

“Yeah, I could.” She gave him a sleepy smile. “I’m not going to, but I could.” She finished her statement with a deep draw from the mead.

Draco yawned sleepily as a peal of thunder rattled the island. “You mind if we sleep here Harry?” He asked, taking another draw from their skin. “Our tent is on the other side of the island, and I’ve heard we were supposed to get a pretty nasty storm tonight.”

Harry shrugged, relatively unconcerned. They seemed nice enough, and he figured he still did owe the other boy for his twin’s misbehavior. “I don’t mind.” He shrugged, figuring it would be cramped, but if it started to storm heavily or got very cold, that wouldn’t necessarily be a bad thing. “What about you Violet?”

His sister didn’t reply verbally. Instead she flopped back into the nest of blankets she had arranged for herself earlier and waved at him in a dismissive way, while she clutched a new skin of mead possessively.

“I don’t think she cares.” Dior noted, squirming uncomfortably in place as her brother slouched down next to his betrothed.

“Draco, how drunk are you?” She whispered to her brother in a more breathy tone, eyes starting to dart around their little space in a manner Harry found odd, until he recognized the looks as one he had seen on Violet quite often.

He shrugged at her. “We don’t have a chamber pot, sorry...” He apologized to the attractive girl awkwardly.

Draco groaned in annoyance, leaning up on his elbows, and shooting Harry a rather drunk look. “You want to do me a favor Harry? Take my sister to the... shit what did that Latin girl call it?”

“latrine Draco.” Pansy answered sleepily, not even bothering to open her eyes.

Harry nodded. “Sure, I should probably go too. Just let me get out our cloaks.” He opened their bag and frowned. “Violet, did you remember to pack our cloaks?” They weren’t nice cloaks, Trude had simply attached clasps to convert an old pair of thick woolen blankets, but they would be better
than nothing in the present weather.

His sister rolled over to glare at him. “Three pairs of tunics and three pairs of tabards.” She growled out rather quickly, considering her state of intoxication.

“I also reminded you specifically not to under pack this time.” He wasn’t going to give her that bit of ground again, especially with a third of a pint of Hagrid’s potent mead in his blood.

Dior cut them off, before the argument could devolve further. “Can we just split one of these blankets?”

Violet gave the girl an amused sniff, but Dior and Harry ignored her and he grabbed one of the thicker looking blankets and draped it over his shoulders, motioning for her to join him. “Alright, you’ll have to show me where this place is.” He pulled her up as she rose unsteadily, feeling more than a bit uncomfortable as the aristocratic girl gripped his waist tightly.

“It’s along the islands western edge.” She answered quietly, as they stepped out past the tent flap into the drizzling rain. “You should be able to see it.” She turned them to walk past the tent and he did see a shape in the dark, illuminated through the rain by the hundreds of softly glowing tents.

Her grip on his waist tightened as they began walking down the other side of the hill, and he was suddenly grateful that the shadows of the blanket would hide his blush.

§

Hermione glared at the girl, as though her sheer frustration could teach the muscled blonde how to speak Greek.

While she wasn’t quite sure how long they had been sitting naked in the pile hay, she figured any amount of time was too much. And with her sister Melody, as per the usual, being absolutely useless. It left her the task of trying to figure out how to get them both out of the current mess.

The fact that yelling at people for being absolutely worthless meant that she didn’t have to think about the events of the past day was certainly a bonus.

Because she really didn’t want to have to think about the fact that the only reason she would be here was if she was actually a witch.

“I’m going to ask you again to speak properly, and if you don’t you’ll leave me no choice but to figure out a way to have you punished!” She growled in her best stern tone, not that she or her sister had been able to leave the hex carved into the wood beneath the straw, but she figured she would eventually figure something out.

The tall blonde peasant she had been arguing at seemed to barely care. Replying in something that sounded like it might have been a dialect of German.

They had been at this for what she figured was most of an hour. After she had accepted the humiliation of being naked in front of hundreds of people, mostly because everyone else was in the same boat as she was and there was nothing she could do to change it, she had decided to try and ask some of the other children around her if they knew anything about what was going on.

Which lead to her learning that she was surrounded by barbarians and blasphemers. There wasn’t
anyone but Catholics and Muslims all around her hex, not a single Greek speaker among the whole of them.

Something she found pretty frustrating by itself. It was almost enough to distract her from her own nakedness.

“Mione, I want to go home!” And speaking of distractions, Melody had woken up and the younger girl had jumped straight into one of her moods.

Of course, there really wasn’t anything she could do about it. She couldn’t bring them home, as desperate as she was to undo the events of the past day, she didn’t have the slightest clue where she could even start.

Of course they couldn’t go back even if they wanted to, stuck in the hex as they were, and even if they could, she knew it would be an instant death sentence.

She also very strongly doubted that the mage that had kidnapped them would even let them try.

Which meant they were both stuck in the ships hold for the time being, and that they would have to accept it.

“Just be quiet for one minute Melody. I’m trying to talk.” She hissed down at her little sister for the umpteenth time.

The girl chose to pout at her adorably. “But you’ve been yelling at people for like… forever!” She spun her arms around, shaking her head. “It won’t work Hermione.”

“It won’t work, it won’t work, it won’t wor-” Hermione cut off her obnoxious shouting, slapping a hand over her mouth in frustration.

“You only have to say it ONCE Melody.” She lectured her little sister, who flopped back into the hay in response, with her bare little chest heaving from shouting.

She scowled, resolving that she would figure this out, she would succeed, regardless of what she had to do about it.

§

The Latrine was an actual building as it turned out. Not an overly large tent as he had first guessed that it might be.

That being said, it was still just a simple squat structure that hung precariously next to the sea cliff, with a small overhang that let them duck out of the rain while they searched for the door.

“Have you actually been inside Dior?” He asked his new companion, who had taken to wiggling around in his grip, as she squirmed in what he assumed was growing desperation.

She pulled him further around the curved wall, to where a modest entrance gaped, and they ducked inside. “I was inside when we arrived yesterday evening.” She hissed uncomfortably, as she ducked with him into an oddly curved room dimly lit by little lanterns on the walls. “This hallway swirls around the entire building to a small bathing room in its center.”
The hallway, it soon turned out, was indeed a single continuous bench set into either side of the corridor that had rounded holes cut into them in a manner he wasn’t familiar with.

Harry could hear the ocean in the corridor too, and feel it actually; the building trembled in sync with the sound of waves.

He noticed that were alone, except for a tiny little brunette who sat with her dress bunched around her waist, pee hissing hard, alone on one of the carven holes. Then an instant later, he realized why he could hear the sea so well.

From below them came a particularly loud crash from the waves, and the brunette shot off the toilet with a terrified shriek, foamy water shooting from the unoccupied seats and from a series of drains set into the sloping floor.

Dior laughed as the small, and now very wet girl hopped up and down in place, patting cold water off her naked butt rapidly, and he found himself chucking along with her in spite of himself.

The other girl shot them a humiliated glare and rushed past them in a curse filled huff, presumably making her exit. Dior gave an amused sigh as she finishing laughing, and together they made their way around the spiraling hallway as she lead him to the buildings round center bath.

It was a bigger room than he had thought it would be, and he wondered of it was some trick of the darkness, or if the same witchcraft that had fashioned the tent had been involved.

A tiny oil lamp dimly lit up the warm little room. Which was little more than a dozen raised water filled basins, with a few hooks on the walls that he presumed were for hanging bather’s clothes.

“I think we’re alone Harry.” The tall girl noted drunkenly, and she flopped back against the far wall, pulling him with her. Firmly caressing the outside of his core, as she wrapped her arms around his waist, pulling at him until they were flush against each other and he could easily feel her thighs squeezing together against his own.

“Dior you’re drunk, are you sure you know what you’re doing?” He cautioned the alluring blonde, smelling the mead on her gasping breaths as she panted heavily into his face.

Harry for his part knew was probably more than a bit drunk as well. But he was just sober enough to wonder, not just if they would be in trouble if they were caught, but also if he shouldn’t feel slightly guilty. Because while Draco certainly wasn’t the most masculine boy he had ever met, and he didn’t doubt for a moment he could beat him in a fight. He didn’t really want the boy to be mad at him because he had violated the other youths trust.

And while he knew practically nothing about wizarding culture, he was pretty damn certain that he would be more than a little mad if another boy made off with Violet.

But despite the earlier warning and his own internal misgivings, the willowy girl merely pressed her slender frame against him more firmly in response to his question.

And suddenly he was aware that she was drunk on more than just the mead. That cool feeling as her core pulled against his with even more insistently than her physical self was clutching him.

“I want it.” She moaned hotly, nuzzling into the black hair trailing falling on his shoulders. “Can I have it?” She begged the obvious question, grinding her trembling crotch against his rapidly
hardening member. “I’ll drink yours if you drink mine” She pleaded with him, moving to stare glassily into his eyes with a lecherous grin on her lips.

Then the braided girl shifted him closer to lick his ear languidly, and Harry shuddered at her action and the sheer dirtiness of her invitation, but he rallied himself and pressed her back against the wall firmly. “Draco?”

She snorted into his neck in a rather unladylike fashion at his question. “We’re not like you two.” She answered as she shivered hard again, and he idly wondered if she was getting off on her own desperation. “As long as you don’t do something that would bond me, he’ll never even know.”

He reached down and brushed aside her tabard to grope the crotch of her leggings. “And that would be?” He asked. Mindful of his own ignorance, while she moaned in response to his ministrations and her nails went raking down the back of his tunic.

“No penetration below the waist with your thing,” She blushed as she alluded to his penis, "or else you’ll form a mate bond.” She pressed him down by his shoulders and Harry allowed himself to kneel before her. “I think anything else should be fine though.”

“Didn’t you guys just warn me against this kind of thing like an hour ago?” He muttered up to her rhetorically, still not quite believing how far the situation had already escalated in such a short time.

Dior just slid the front of her tabard around his head, her slender fingers pulled him by his hair so he was buried nose deep in the sweaty crotch of her leggings, in response. The black silk there was slightly moist and smelled strongly of the aforementioned sweat and the blonde’s feminine musk; with a slight whiff of what he assumed was probably some sort of perfume. “Just do it please.” She pulled her leggings down to her knees and pressed his face into the gap between her legs. “Please Potter; I want it to be my turn so bad it hurts.” She begged, her core pulled at his excitedly, while she pulled his long hair and thrust his nose towards her puffy sex.

He took a moment to examine her with what little light he had, idly comparing her vagina to Violet’s. The blonde’s slit, he decided, was more of a mound. Unlike his sisters, it protruded like a tiny and adorable little peach that dripped its musky honey which ran in rivulets down the sides of her slender thighs. She pulled at his hair desperately again, trying hard to drag him forward but he held off, wanting to examine her sex further. He noted that she also lacked the little patch of fuzz on her pubis that Violet loved to run her fingers over when they were alone.

Then his internal musing was cut short as Dior began crying out. “Oh, shit! Oh, shit!” and he allowed her to jam his face against her mound. Opening his mouth quickly, remembering her strange deal only at the very last instant.

Harry obediently worked her entire peach, and he had decided on that name in his mind, into his mouth so he could run his tongue against it without losing anything. Squeezing the cheeks of her butt with his hands, pulling and kneading at them, while he braced for the first burst. He wasn’t disappointed in her. The hot splash of acrid flavor against his lapping tongue made him shiver, and Dior dropped back against the wall in relaxation. With her wet thighs and buttocks trembling in his hands while she whimpered and moaned, draining her bladder in desperate jets onto his sucking mouth.

He found himself licking at her mound in a relaxed pace. Forced to swallow down the bitter warm liquid as quickly as he could to avoid having it overflow from his mouth, or even worse, shoot out
his nose. And while he was as unused to the brackish flavor, as he was to the act itself, he was willing to go along with the drunk blonde’s suggestion for the moment.

The fact that his alcohol clouded mind and he was pretty sure she had promised to return the favor probably helped his willingness to perform this new action as aptly for her as he could.

Though he had done something similar on one occasion before, when Violet’s own impatience had let to her splattering his face while he was licking her out. He though idly about the incident as he gulped down another girl’s urine, how his normally selfish sister had been unusually embarrassed by her act of accidental incontinence, and how she had not asked for him to perform the act again for nearly a week afterwards.

Dior didn’t hadn’t seemed as selfish on the face of it, but in her drunken condition she had apparently left her own consciousness exposed, and the animal part of her mind decided it wanted to take all she could allow herself to take from him.

It was probably a display of her sober competence that she even had had the concentration to barter with him at all in her intoxicated state. Instead of just trying to pin him and leech at his core like Violet usually did. Instead the pretty blonde had made a deal, and would be able to say claim had been diplomatic, as opposed to pushy about it.

Not that he really minded either way. He thought to himself as the girls flow tapered off to nothing, and he let her vagina pop free from the suction of his mouth as she slumped down on the wall, collapsing into a shivering mess on the floor in front of him.

He swished the last bitter gulp around in his mouth, and then a wicked thought entered his head as he watched her mewl in pleasure against the wall. He grabbed her by the braids in her hair, and forced the last mouthful of her own urine past her lips.

The blonde for her part just gasped against his kiss, suddenly submissive in the face of his assertiveness, and she swallowed obediently while he pinned down her tongue her with his. He pulled back so they were nose to nose and Dior gasped again, licking at the thin strand of saliva still between them. “Is it my turn yet?” she gasped out lustily, her own core rubbing his as she gave him a blatantly glazed expression.

‘Really,’ Harry thought, feeling a lustful smile spread across his lips at her question, ‘Who am I to deny such a pretty face?”

He spun the taller girl around, switching places with her so he could sit back against the wall. Then he pulled her head down with her long yellow braids, pressing it against the front of his tunic. Feeling a thrill shoot down his spine and settle in his crotch as he rubbed her face against his hardness through the thin cloth.

She responded to his prodding in much the same way Pansy had done to Draco earlier, inhaling deeply on the patch of cloth his precum had made moist, nuzzling her face against the cloth with a desperate insistence.

Unlike Draco, however he had no intentions of stopping her. Instead he mumbled down encouragement and held her there more firmly, grinding his hips harder against her face while she moaned open-mouthed and licked at him through his tunic.

Salt stung his eyes, as the sweat that beaded his brow and dampened his hair went dripping down
his face. His flesh felt like he had a fever, and he knew he was probably about as red as he had been in a while.

Dior was red too, the flush standing out brilliantly against her pale skin, and she only got redder when she finally flipped his tunic up after a few minutes had passed.

She squeaked as his drooling penis slapped against her nose. He smirked as it left a shiny trail across her forehead, and she instinctively pressed her nose firmly against its base, licking his sack while she inhaled his scent hard and looked up at him pleadingly.

Harry knew he wasn’t the biggest in the world yet; his length only about four and a half inches long and maybe an inch wide at its max, but Draco’s sister seemed to be plenty impressed anyway. Her glazed eyes were wide, focusing on the skin covered bulb that sat on the end of his penis. The sight left him to idly wonder if she had even ever seen one before.

He reached a hand down and smacked her with it again, on the cheek this time, and she moaned up at him in response. “This part is going in your mouth.” He whispered down at her, trying to be quiet as he pulled the extra skin from the top, revealing the angry red helmet that topped his member.

The hand in her hair guided her firmly from his balls, until her hot breath washed over the tip of his drooling penis, sending tingles up from his crotch that he could feel in his fingertips. Her tongue flicked out at his penis, in defiance of his hand gripping her braids, and grazed the very tip.

The prickling feeling that had already been running down his spine burst into an even more powerful sensation, and he fought against the urge to jam her down until her nose ground his crotch, as he groaned in pleasure.

In the end he decided that her submission so far probably meant that she, like his twin Violet, probably wouldn’t mind a little roughness. His penis struck her forehead again, and he rubbed the sensitive head against it. Reveling in the sensation of it sliding in a moist trail over her sweaty brow, and the feeling of power over her that it gave him.

Then he slammed her head down hard as far as it would go, not stopping until he heard her choke as his bulb stabbed the very back of her throat and her lips reached nearly to the base of his penis.

Dior, for her part, merely made a “Gurk…” sound as she gagged on him. Slapping her hands onto his thighs as he pulled her head back slightly and slammed her face down again even further, grinding her nose into the little dusting of black hair that nested around above his penis.

The feeling was incredible, like a hot, wet, vibrating silk sliding down him, and he didn’t even bother to try and hold back. Instead he thrust his hips as hard as he could, against her mouth several times, and then settled for grinding his helmet along the inside of her throat. Holding her face down firmly, while she dug her nails into his thighs, and he listened to her gag.

The pleasurable tingles exploded, and his penis felt like it was on fire, he knew it was a pointless battle to try and fight. So he drew back just enough that the girl under him had started to inhale, and he slammed home and ejaculated.

This time she really did choke, while he held her down and exploded against the back of her throat. He moaned hoarsely as his hips bucked, his head flopped back against the wall, and his legs locked around her head in sync as his hands ground her violently into his pelvis.
He held that position for several seconds, cumming hard while she twitched and slapped his knees, and felt his sack tightened again and again with semen pulsing down the length of his penis. When he finished they both went limp, he released his hold on her braids and her head popped up slightly. She retched immediately onto his stomach, with what he found himself hoping was his cum, her face falling limply against his crotch as she coughed and heaved onto his softening penis.

Running his fingers affectionately down the back of her neck, he chanced a look down. Her face flipped over to look at him only a moment later.

She was a mess; her empty eyes glanced up in his general direction, with his semen running down her chin and out from her nose to pool with the mess in his belly button. He wiped a tear from the side of her face, and rubbed her nose into the puddle of cum there, wincing at the oversensitivity as her chin rubbed against his penis, using her face to mop up the mess she had made.

Dior just trembled at his actions, lapping the pool up weakly, the pretty girl moaning mindlessly at his actions. Wrapping her lips around his now softened length and suckling like a baby.

Together they lay like that, him against the wall and her limply on the floor with his penis in her mouth, sweat and semen drying slowly. And eventually he felt a familiar pressure building in his bladder.

Dior, who had been pretty out of it, seemed to come back to herself slightly, like she could sense his urge herself. He noticed as the pressure came to him, that her eyes were a little less empty than they had been a moment ago, a little more focused.

Her tongue flexed its way into the little sheath of skin that protected his head. Parting the little slit on the end just as he relaxed his own bladder into her mouth.

In an instant he knew she was taking in more than his pee. He could feel the cold sparks that came with a core latching on to his own as she started leeching at his magic, and he watched her come back to herself in real time. The look in her eyes was suddenly more sober than it had been in hours.

She didn’t release him though. But instead she continued to swallow as he finished peeing; now trying to smirk up at him arrogantly. Though her attempt at passing for composed was rather ruined by all of the semen and tears staining her face, the frazzled state of her once orderly braids, and fact that she had his penis stuck between her lips.

He didn’t really understand the appeal she found in the action. Though he did find that it was fairly relaxing and sensual to feel her tongue sliding around, he didn’t think it compared to the pleasure he had garnered moments earlier. In the end, he chopped it up to girls being different.

Dior popped his penis free from her mouth with a pant; no longer looking like his scent was holding her under compulsion, and looking relatively dignified for having her face absolutely smeared with sweat, saliva and still moist semen.

“You didn’t have to be that rough, you ass.” She growled up at him hoarsely. “I was choking to death on this shit.” She swallowed reflexively, and ran her finger through the cum still dripping from her nose, examining the fluid disapprovingly before sucking her finger clean.

Harry just snorted, and started helping the girl to her feet. “I don’t recall you complaining at the
time…”

She rolled her eyes at that, punching his shoulder weakly. “And I wonder why that would be?”

He placed his hands on her shoulders as she pulled her leggings back up, playfully pressing her against the wall to suck on her shoulder, before pulling back and watching her thin legs wobble precariously.

“So no repeat performances?” He smirked back at her impishly.

“Cheeky bastard.” She shot back, looking less annoyed as she gripping her arm around his shoulder to help steady herself and they worked their way back down the hallway and out into the rain.

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Well, if I can keep to the schedule of a chapter every week. I should have book one finished in only a few months.

And as for explanations… Well, as I said before, I wanted to try and do not just new things, but also do things that have need done in a new way.

Which is why Harry meets Draco first, but fear not gentle readers, Ronald will show up soon.

So as for the characterization for Harry, I went for a generally nice kid who wants to fit in with his peers, but who suffers from a lack of impulse control and a half worthless education.

Draco is as close to his canon personality as I could allow him to be. Being both proud of his heritage and ambitious, but also suffering from arrogance and incompetence, heaped atop of terrible luck.

Dior and Violet were meant to be sort of mirror exaggerations of some of their siblings traits. While Harry is impulsive but well meaning, Violet is aggressive and selfish. Dior is proud like Draco, less arrogant but with even less ambition.

Speaking of Draco’s sister, I thought it fitting to give her a suitably condescending name. Dior is French and according to my source it means gold or golden. Which I thought fit the Malfoy's pretty well, and I went with a French name because many of the stories I’ve read placed the Malfoy family as heralding from that nation.

As for the watersport lewd, I had one of my buddies helping me come up with ideas for this chapter and a few others, and while not exactly my normal cup of tea. I did say I would let him pick the subject for the first lemon in the story and I had fun writing it.

And as for me giving him a penis that was a more realistic length. Well there wasn’t a reason not to, and I am tired of people deciding that thirteen-year olds having dicks that would put most porn stars to shame.

So speaking of the porn, I hope I did that part competently.

Also, I just recently remembered that Harry’s birthday isn’t anywhere near Hermione’s, but
have decided to roll with it anyways as it's a little late to change that part of the story.

So as always, reviews, comments, ideas and death threats are welcome.
Of Rituals and Rabid Sisters

I just want to note that I find it increasingly odd how so many fics use things like “magical bonds” and other such terminology, with absolutely no attempt to portray how such things would logically change a society.

I mean it even makes a lot of sense that something like bonds would develop if you consider all of the terrifying, existentially horrifying, things wizards can do to each others minds with just the spells and stuff in canon.

Usually it’s just used to make whoever is the protagonist look extra special. Suffice to say, I will not be taking that route…

Violet was a person that could be described easily by many words. Words like irresponsible, lustful, belligerent, hedonistic, and selfish. And it was selfishness that was the emotion she was feeling now.

Well that plus a little horny, but she wasn’t happy about that.

And it was all her brother’s fault.

It had been more than an hour since Harry had wandered off with the blonde harlot, and she was only getting more annoyed with them by every minute that passed.

Draco hadn’t even noticed, simply spooning up to the black haired girl and throwing a blanket over them both. And as far as she could tell they had both been asleep the entire time.

But she wasn’t sleeping, initially because she had opted to continue drinking, but now because… well she wasn’t sure why she wasn’t asleep yet.

Maybe she wanted to catch the pair coming back from what she was sure was some sort of sexual escapade, if she was interpreting the pulses echoing back from her connection with Harry even slightly correctly.

Did she want to confront him though? What would she do if she was wrong? The thoughts brought a frown to her lips even though she didn't think she was gauging the pulses incorrectly.

There had been the usual drunken fumbling, the awkwardness and a moment of what felt like humor. This had been followed almost immediately by a sort of aroused heat that she had rarely ever felt directed at anyone else but herself.

It annoyed her to no end that someone else was getting her attention.

And so she sat, waiting in the tent and listing to the breathing of the other occupants, awake and waiting for a reason she really didn’t understand.

George hopped up from where he had been sleeping with only a moment’s notice, and she immediately flopped back onto the furs, pretending to be asleep. It wasn’t a ruse that would fool Harry if he was really paying attention, but she was pretty sure at this point that he would be distracted to notice.
The tent’s flap rustled as the pair stumbled inside, whispering secretively to each other. Dior chuckling hoarsely at something he said, as the two sat down, and her guts wriggled uncomfortably inside at it. Harry leaning back onto the furs she was pretending to sleep on with the blonde lolling out and relaxing between where Draco and his brunette were sleeping.

She chanced another peek, they were wiping the mud from their footwear with a rag, sharing it between the two of them, and Violet had to restrain herself to keep Harry unaware that she was still awake. The blondes face, she could see easily when her brother stood up to blow out the lantern, was smeared still in glistening white patches, and when he lay down behind her, and wrapped his arms around her waist, she could smell sex and sweat on his body.

Violet knew she wasn’t a genius, but it didn’t take a genius to figure out what had happened.

What was worse was that it was making her wetter, the reality of that made her even more frustrated. And now that she was lying down she found herself fighting a losing battle with the alcohol as well.

With Harry back, and wrapped around her, her body had decided that she had denied it the drunken slumber it wanted for long enough.

She frowned to herself, supposing there would be plenty of time for her to get back at him tomorrow.

§

The Roman's had begun singing.

Hermione hadn’t realized that she had fallen asleep until she heard the unfamiliar chanting, and realized she was lying flat in the straw, her stomach clenching in a ravenous hunger.

It seemed that there were at least a few people on the ship that spoke the same language. Verses of what must have been a popular hymn in the Holy Roman Empire were echoing across the inside of the ship as they sung to each other quietly.

She sat up, rubbing the sleep from her eyes. Melody was flopped in the hay nearby, snoring softly. Then someone started chanting in Arabic and all suddenly the singing was deafening as everyone tried to out-compete one another. There were a few moments when she imagined she could hear someone singing in Greek but she wasn’t so sure where it had come from over the cacophony.

Her sister had swung up at the noise and wrapped herself around her in fright. “Mione, what’s going on?” The smaller girl warbled, clawing at her like she was trying to hide somehow inside her older sister.

“Someone losing their mind to hunger induced insanity I would guess.” She winced as the girls nails dug sharply into her chest as the little girl clung to her from behind. “Ow, Melody get your hands off of me this instant.” She growled at the younger, trying to pry the girl’s fingers off her.

Then there was a tingling feeling that came across her skin, and Melody shot off her with a pained yelp.
And the all of the nearby singing died in an instant.

She had no idea what had happened, but they were staring at her… again. “What are you looking at you filthy heathen?” She hissed at the Germanic girl from earlier, who she had seen was staring at her with an absolutely horrified look on her rather roughly cut face.

Then she smelled the smoke, and looked down to realize she had somehow set the hay on fire, and that there were sparks of lightning rippling across her own naked body.

So she did what any reasonable person would do in her position, and absolutely panicked.

Hermione rarely swore, the priests had said it was a filthy habit and she had obeyed their authority, but the string of utter profanities she let loose while trying to pat down herself and the burning hay with her bare hands was about as good as anything the sailors that her father had in his employ had ever said.

Melody was likely going to be reminding her about it for years to come, provided they didn’t both roast to death here.

Then she realized that the patting was just making it worse, her hands still crackled with lines of tiny lightning, and every pat just spread the flames further. And her sister was screaming, which made the people around her start screaming, and Hermione just wanted to crawl into a hole and die.

Suddenly there was an earsplitting crack, but she still slapped at the growing flames desperately, she didn’t have time to care about random noises.

She didn’t even notice that the screaming had turned to whispering until she found herself patting down a pile of unburned straw. “Well Miss Granger, you can color me impressed.” The amused voice of the stern guard battered through the gates of her disbelieving mind.

Not just voice, as her head swung to look up her eyes deceived her. That was the only thing that made sense.

Standing before her was the old woman, now dressed in the finest red robe she had ever seen, and clutching what was clearly a magic staff in her hand.

“I leave you alone for not even a full day and you’re trying to burn yourself at the stake.” She gave Hermione a look of wry disapproval. “You’ve got some kind of dedication I’ll give you that.” The old woman said, running a hand over her steely hair with a sarcastic sigh.

She felt her jaw drop. “WHAT IS- If I…” She trailed off, her brain stuck between fury, confusion and a curiosity she wanted gone. Hermione inhaled, breathing deeply before replying. “What is the meaning of this?” She waved her hands at the hold for clarification, trying to sound angry instead of curious.

“Well the spell used to transport you here only takes one object, and I actually need your clothes to dress the dummies currently taking your places at the stakes.” The woman explained. "As for the sealing spells on the hexes… well we’ve tried going without them, and it ended in a full scale war breaking out in the hull so—"

Melody, perhaps having recovered from being electrocuted, cut the matron off. “Wah! You’re that
scary lady!” She jabbed her finger at the woman, and Hermione resisted a small grin as she noticed that her younger sister’s hair was still smoking slightly.

She gave Melody a tight lipped smile. “Yes little one, I am one and the same, but you can call me Minerva or Mrs. McGonagall here. As I take great care to distance myself from that messy part of my duties while at school.” The woman, now identified as Minerva, replied genially.

The sickening feeling was back, and it was stronger than ever, but she pressed on regardless. “Melody, it’s rude to point at people. And that still doesn’t explain why I’m here.” She butted her sister back, instantly realizing she had asked a question she really didn’t want answered.

The grey-haired woman gave her that same genial, almost pitying look. “It is quite simple; one of my many tasks is to scout for new students.” She replied evenly. “But you’re a smart girl, and I suspect that this latest little incident only proves what you already knew to be true.”

There wasn’t any malice in the woman’s words, but she felt like someone was twisting a knife into her stomach as she continued. “Hermione Granger, you are a witch.” She waved at the hold full of children. “You and most of the other children on this ship have enough magic to be applicable as student of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, and have so been rescued from the terrible fate that would have befallen you, had you stayed behind in your respective homelands.” Hermione’s world spun insanely at that declaration.

She figured that she must have blacked out at that point of the woman’s explanation, as that was the last of that conversation she had any memory of.

When she awoke, she saw that the ladder to the ship’s hold was down, and the hold itself was wide open, letting in brilliant daylight and illuminating the many older teens in colorful robes gathering the other children.

There also seemed to be a purple haired lunatic woman, in hideously bright yellow robes, grinding her fist onto her sister’s hair, while Melody squealed in panic. She found herself stuck between being angry, offended, frustrated and terrified. The worst part was that she wasn’t sure whether those emotions were directed at those around her, or at herself.

The other girl seemed not to notice her existential breakdown. “Wotcher Mione, I’m Tonks!” Tonks waved good-naturedly with arm not wrestling her sister. “You and this adorable little sock puppet get to be in my party this year, aren’t you lucky.” The yellow-robed teen grinned at her manically.

§

Harry was dreaming again, this time of some strange blasted landscape. His dreaming form scuttled across a rocky and ice frosted beach, the squat mountains that sat across the bay of thinly running liquid were completely barren, the whole landscape seemed devoid of any kind of life.

It was just a freezing desert on the edge of an ocean of liquid that did not move like water.

So he lay flat, resting his eight legs on the grit and letting the algae growing inside the clear shell on his back feel the warmth of the dim brown sun that took up half of the greenish sky.

There was no reason hurry, nothing seemed to be around, and the thick miasma flowed around him languidly, in a steady pattern.
But then he felt his gills fluttering uncomfortably in tune to a sensation on his antenna, there was something was making the very aether around him tremble.

‘Maybe it was time to return to the shallow bay after all…’ The thought flickered down the chain of ganglia that formed his nervous system.

And then an instant he was no longer dreaming. He was back in the tent with Violet roughly straddling his hips, trying to shove her tongue as far down his throat as she could, as violently as she could.

His head was throbbed with a hangover, and he found that he didn’t quite remember much of anything. So he decided to do what he normally did when he awoke to her angrily attacking him.

The attempt to flip her off of him went better than it normally would have, and it left him wondering if she was still drunk from whatever trouble they had been getting into last night.

Then there was a startled squawk from someone, who was defiantly not Violet, and the memories of yesterday rushing back at just the right time for him to be distracted for her second tackle.

Her core scraped against his in a kind of vulnerable anger, burning like acid, so he placed his hands into her shoulders and flipped them over, evicting another yelp from someone unseen beneath the blankets while he worked to pin down her core with his own.

He held her down, locking eyes as she squirmed and writhed in his grip, and lashed across their bond with jealous emotions. He waited like that until the moment her head fell to the side in submission, exposing her throat as she ceased struggling, glaring in impotent anger at the tents far wall.

“Bloody balls Potter! What was that about?” Pansy groaned out, and figured he had probably tossed his sister on top of the sleeping brunette.

He tried to shrug, loosening his grip on his Violet’s wrists cautiously, in case she got any more bright ideas. “Sorry about that.” He said, and Violet hissed at them in response. So he dropped his weight, this time on her shoulders, pressing her more firmly into the blankets.

“I’m still going to kill you!” She growled, not looking at him but sliding her nails down his back possessively, now that her arms were free.

He didn’t relent. “Vi, I want you to calm down.”

Someone else groaned, the kind of groan that people made when they had a bad hangover, and Draco butted in. “What time is it guys?”

“I don’t wanna!” Violet shouted up at him petulantly, shaking her head and making her already messy hair even scruffier, stray red frazzles sticking out at odd angles.

“Fucking swell guys, can we not do this first thing in the morning.” The blonde groaned in pain, clutching his head as his hangover hit him fully.

Their tent flap slid open and Dior sauntered in, looking freshly cleaned. She shot them an amused look, and he slid to sit next to Violet, who settled with glaring at the blonde girl and pouting at
everyone else from on her back.

Dior just waved it off. “Alright everyone we need to start getting ready to leave. The Esquires seem to be arriving, and there are several ships with the foreign-borne anchored nearby the island.”

His sister blinked, calming slightly in the face of a mess of terms she knew nothing about. Draco, maybe sensing their unease, preempted her question in a dazed voice. “Foreign-borne is a catchall for students coming as tribute like you guys, or those rescued from countries where magic is banned.” He slapped the top of a box open, and drained a jug of watered-down wine with a few quick gulps. “Esquire is a proper title granted to students of high standing for various purposes. In this case, it’s the honorific term used for those that have chosen to tutor groups of initiates through their first years at Hogwarts.”

“What the fuck is a Hufflepuff?” She ran a hand though her messy hair, still shooting Dior a glare. “Sounds like some kind of skin disease.”

Pansy burst out laughing at that, but immediately clutched her head and groaned in pain, while Draco and Dior fixed her with a mildly bemused glance.

“Hufflepuff, is the name of one of the four houses students get sorted into at the end of their first year.” The blonde girl explained. “Those who are very hardworking or friendly usually end up there, which is why they often end up as tutors or helping in various medical or labor jobs.”

Pansy muttered something about uselessness between groans. “The other three houses are Slytherin, Gryffindor, and Ravenclaw, which are characterized by cunning, bravery, and desire to learn respectively.” The girl continued quickly, waiving at the tent flap. “Your Tutor will explain things in greater detail.”

Harry felt mildly curious. “So were actually going to school today?”

Dior nodded coolly, flipping her braids back. “Tutors will be walking around the island, looking for the students assigned to them, so it would pay to collect your things so we can hurry it up.”

“It’s pretty much too late to wash off though.” She continued, shooting a smug grin at Pansy and Draco. “There was a huge crowd of people at the latrine when I left.”

His sister snorted in disdain, and sniffed the armpit of her tunic, her aura no longer feeling quite so hostile. “Why would we need to do that? We just bathed yesterday.”

Draco slapped his forehead and Pansy just kept groaning into the blankets.

Then the black haired girl shot up, swiped the empty jug from Draco, and instantly puked her guts out into it.

This time it was Violets turn to laugh. “Don’t you guys ever drink?” She mocked the brunette and her betrothed, who Harry noticed was looking a little green himself.

He could feel Dior make a slight tug on the other children’s cores. “Ok guys, get your shit together. We need to get back to our tent and get ready.”
There was a loud honk, and George’s scaly saurian head popped from a pile of blankets next to him. Harry decided that it was a sign to start packing.

§

“You keep that demon away from me!” Hemione hissed, as Tonks waved the finger long monstrosity she had pulled from her satchel at her.

The older girl just whined at her. “But you need it!” The fuzzy thing in her hands wiggled. “I went through so much trouble getting the cool looking ones.” Tonks complained, shooting her a look of mock sadness.

“It’s an abomination, and I refuse to have that thing anywhere near my head!” She had thought that she had been quite clear the first three times they had gone over this, but apparently the curvy teen was even thicker than she appeared.

The “thing” in question was a finger length tube of fuzz, with a little horizontal fin on its tail. It crawled over Tonk’s palm on six spidery legs, the claw ended proboscis that sprouted from its front end wiggled sinuously, as its stalked eyes focused on her unnervingly.

It was also hideously yellow, with bright purple stripes, and was apparently some sort of translating device.

“But the Tully just wants to love you!” The teen replied in her hideously accented Greek.

Melody shot back. “But it’s so weird looking. Like everything that could be wrong with an animal all bunched up into a fuzzy little package!” Her sister bemoaned, staring at the fuzzy thin unhappily from where she was peeking out from behind Hermione’s back.

Which left Hermione with a challenge, she could either agreeing with her little sister on something, or consent to letting Tully hang off her ear for the foreseeable future.

After a moment of internal struggling, she gave in, a decision due not in small part to her own curiosity. “Fine, I’ll take it.” She growled between clenched teeth.

The friendly teen’s hair flipped through a multitude of colors, and she grinned even wider. “Awesome!” She held out her hand and Hermione suddenly wondered if she had made some terrible mistake. “Believe me, this will make your time much easier, and if you keep it there long enough you should be able to learn English.”

The little creature scuttled up her arm when she raised it to Tonks’s. Her breath hitched and it stopped on her shoulder, seeming to sense her nervousness. The clawed tentacle rose to her ear and a tiny voice, it spoke to her. “Fear not, daughter of Heracles,” it said in perfect Greek, “I am quite harmless. And for only a small serving of your great power, oh mighty one, I will gladly offer to you my services as a translator.”

Her mind scrambled. The priests had told her only demons spoke to men in such manner and while wearing such hideous forms, but they had also been the ones who prescribed death to witches, and with all the evidence of that piling up she really didn't have much of a choice anyways.

And so while the manner of her “great power” was something she was willing to ignore for the moment, the fact that she needed an interpreter was not. The memory of the day she had spent
futilely trying to talk to those who only spoke in heathen tongues, still fresh in her mind.

So while she wondered exactly how the creature had managed to learn as much as it had in the few moments it had been displayed to her, she hesitantly brushed her frizzy mane back and exposed her ear in silent permission.

The Tully didn’t hesitate, and quickly went wandering the rest of the way to her head with light, ticklish steps.

The front pair of spiderlike legs hooked over the top of the corner of her ear, the clawed mouth looping over it’s legs to whisper into her head. “You may return your fur to its usual place, mighty one.” It spoke, bracing the rest of its legs and the flat of its tail against the back of her ear.

“Listen and you shall believe.” Tonks said, but not in the terribly accented Greek that she had used before. This time she spoke in an unfamiliar language that seemed to fit her accent better, and as she spoke, Tully whispered into Hermione’s ear in Tonks’s voice.

The other girl grinned and she felt a tiny tingling, like when she had set the straw ablaze, but infinitely less so. “See, I told you it works.”

Tonks slid another Tully onto Melody’s shoulder. Her sister flinched, but accepted it anyway, mirroring her own actions earlier.

“Oh, also put this on for now.” She tossed a necklace of wooden beads into Melody’s hands. “You’ll need to wear this for the next hour or so.” The girl said flippantly, waving for them to follow her.

“Now we just need to find Miriam.”

“That’s a Moorish name.” Her sister commented, staring at the necklace for several seconds before putting it on.

Tonks nodded absently, her eyes searching the rapidly emptying hold. “It’s a Muslim usually.”

Hermione followed her gaze nervously, still fully aware of Tully perched precariously behind her ear. “Well do you have more bright ideas?”

The older grinned, and waved her staff. “Accio Miriam Mohammed!” She shouted and the glass ball atop the staff sparked.

A brown shape shot screaming from beneath a nearby pile of hay, and the unhappy girl landed with a flop in a heap at Tonks’s feet. “Wotcher Miriam!” The older girl said in the same chipper tone from earlier, before slipping seamlessly into what Hermione assumed was Arabic. The teen’s speech to the terrified moor was much the same as it had been for Hermione, though she was forced to speak up when it came time to convince the waifish girl to accept her own Tully.

After the Arab girl had been corralled into their little group, Tonks palmed her chin and gave them all a look of deep thought. “You lot need something to wear.”

Hermione growled at her, feeling her teeth grind together and shaking her fists, making Miriam flinch away from her. “You’re just realizing that now!” She resisted the urge to pull her hair out in frustration.
“Well it’s not that big a deal, your gonna have em disappear later anyways” the teen said idly. Her hair turned tannish as she spun her staff absently, so that the glass beads on it clinked. “Alright, black for the firsties and red for the maid.” Her staff flashed again, and Hermione suddenly found herself wearing a thin black robe.

There was a yelp from behind her, and she turned to see that her sister had been garbed in a simple light red tabard, held in place by a black belt. “It’s so breezy!” Melody complained, groping the loose belt tighter, as her knees knocked nervously. “What if the boys see me like this?” She asked Tonks, in a slightly panicked voice.

Tonks seemed unperturbed. “So what about it? There’s been boys’ glancing at your bits all day already.”

Melody made a panicked chirp, hopping up and down apprehensively, and clutching her new tabard. “WHY?” She hissed out, running her hands through her hair.

Hermione decided that she could go back to ignoring the younger girl in that exact moment, as the events of the past several minutes caught up to her frazzled mind.

“Wait a minute, how in God’s name did you do that?”

Tonks looked unperturbed. “Gonna need you to be a little more specific there.” Her hair rapidly flashed through a variety of colors. “You mean this?” The tall teen asked with an amused grin.

She didn’t think the blatant violation of nature was funny. “I was going to ask about that second, but please explain both.”

The curvy teen shrugged, straightening her robes and motioning for them to follow her. “Well I just used a transfiguration spell to make your clothes from the straw. Which reminds me, we’ll go to buy you guys some real clothes later.”

She continued. “As for the color trick, stuff like that just sort of happens to people, especially those from older or more fay families. Usually it’s the result of a few too many botched rituals, or of prolonged exposure to certain magical artifacts or ingredients” Hermione found herself listening with interest, as the older girl shrugged, and they stepped up the stairs out of the ship’s hold. She shielded her eyes from the sunlight, and used her free arm to drag Melody along behind her.

“So the hair thing is hereditary?” She asked in curiosity, taking in the ship that had been her prison for the past day or so. It was a very wide galley, of a very uncertain quality, and she knew instantly that she would have never stepped foot on it willingly under normal circumstances.

Tonks nodded, shepherding Miriam out onto the ship’s deck. “In the sense that screwing up certain spells and potions or using certain magics carries the risk of leaving you and your descendants’ permanently screwed up.” She gave Hermione a knowing look. “That means don’t do anything without consulting either me or Penny first!” She finished unpersuasively. Hermione found she would have been more willing to believe her if she hadn’t been grinning quite so happily.

Melody chose that moment to reenter the conversation. “Who’s Penny, is she related to the scary lady?” She asked, gripping her chin in panic.

Momentarily confusion passed across the other girls face, her hair flashing colors again before
Hermione clarified. “She means Minerva.”

“Oh,” the other girl gave her a slightly shocked look, “You’ve already met Professor McGonagall?”

“That woman is a teacher?” Hermione found her mouth running before she had formulated a proper response. She blamed the memory of such an imposing matron dressed in the armor of the Varangian guard. Even though she had seen her in the ornate robes more recently, it still didn’t really mesh in her mind that the stern elder would turn out to be a teacher.

Tonks nodded gleefully, pulling them towards the rickety looking gangplank. “She’s the schools Transfiguration Mistress and the Head of the Gryffindor House.”

Her mood soured at the memory. “Did you know she moonlights as a guardsman in Constantinople?” She said with a bit more venom than she intended.

The attractive teen seemed to understand the source of her sour mood. “I’ll be honest, I didn’t. But it doesn’t surprise me, lots of older wizards do things like that.” She helped them down the gangplank, glancing at it suspiciously for a moment before continuing. “And Penny is my second in command. She’s the one you’ll supposed to be talking to about bonds and stuff like that.” She ruffled Melody’s hair affectionately as the little girl nearly fell into the water.

Then her eyes swept the crowd. “And she isn’t here.” Tonks grinned, putting her hands on her flared hips in annoyance.

“Hey Percy, where’s Penny?” The shape-shifter shouted at a nearby redheaded teen, herding a trio of Muslim girls.

He gave her a dismissive look, stiffly straightening his white and blue robes. “How should I know?” He shouted back, in what sounded like carefully practiced arrogance.

Hermione decided just to watch the shots fly. “Come on Percy, I know that you know where she is. Can’t you do me a single favor?” The teen whined at the shorted lad.

The redhead snorted at them smugly, and jabbed his finger at the sea of white tents that covered the landscape before them. “She’s probably off doing your job for you.”

Tonks grinned, using her superior height to literally look down on the other teen. “Thanks a bunch Weasley.”

Hermione felt a sensation, like a deep ocean tide swept with kelp and silt, as the older girl gave them a manic grin. “Alright, so the first order of business for our as yet unnamed party… is to locate the rest of the party!” She shouted at them, dragging their trio past the snobbish boy and towards the tents.

§

Thirty minutes later and Violet was still pouting childishly.

Harry had decided that it was a problem that was best solved after they were no longer in public. It wasn’t really a pressing issue anymore anyway, as Draco, Pansy, and Dior seemed content to ignore his sister frowning at everyone as they tramped the path down the hill towards their tent.
“Just listen for someone calling our names.” Pansy informed him, while Draco slipped in a patch of mud from the night before, nearly pulling Dior down with him as he narrowly avoided face planting down the hill.

Harry nodded in acceptance, while the girl started fawning over the blonde boy again, Dior just rolling her eyes at their antics. “So… Any more information we need to know in a timely manner?” He probed the blonde.

Dior just glanced at him with wryly grin, miming massaging her throat with her free hand when her sibling wasn't looking. Draco spoke up in her place though. “Just don’t do anything stupid and you should be fine.”

The muscular boys from earlier emerged from a nearby tent, complete with already packed sacks slung over their backs. The first one, Goyle if Harry remembered correctly, gave Draco a salute. “We’ve already got everything packed boss.” The heavyset boy said.

Harry thought to comment, but was distracted by a burst of emotions from nearby. They all turned to see Violet on her butt, with another redheaded girl in the same position on the ground opposite of her.

The taller, thinner redhead stood up uncertainly, rubbing her forehead and leaning on a plain-looking glaive. “YOU BITCH!” Violet leapt from the ground already angry, her hair crackling with flames of accidental magic. She ripped her falcata from the sheath she had earlier switched to her hip, jabbing its' bronze curve menacingly at the taller girl. “Try using your eyes when you walk!” His sister growled out, her temper flaring even larger.

“Oh, shit.” Draco and Dior said under their breath in sync. While Pansy literally hissed like a snake.

Dior grabbed his arm, as Harry drew his own sword, and Goyle and Crabbe pulled a pair of daggers seemingly from thin air. “Watch your back, Weasley’s travel in packs.” Goyle whispered down to him, eyes shifting cautiously.

Draco chuckled hysterically as the other girl flipped her single, long, red braid across her bony shoulder, and lazily flipped her glaive into an overhanded grip, spitting on Violet's feet in challenge. “How many times a day does this happen to you on average Potter.” He ground out sarcastically as another redhead, a gawky, rough-faced boy this time, ran around the edge of a nearby tent and started shouting at them.

“What’s calling my sister a bitch?” He yelled at them, suddenly his eyes locked with Draco’s and Harry could feel that warm fuzzy feeling that came with mutual hate sparking though the air. “Malfoy!” He jabbed his finger at the blonde pair.

“Well, is it isn’t the weasels.” Draco sneered, calmly waving Goyle out of his way. “You’ll have to forgive me Ronald, I was doubtful your family would even be able to afford send you.” The effeminate young blonde mocked the newcomer.

Harry gave Draco a raised eyebrow, ignoring Violet and the other Weasley circling each other as they sized each other up. “Money issues?”

Dior snorted. “The Weasleys and Prewets are both dirt poor, and without a real noteworthy
accomplishment for longer than my family’s been in existence.” She replied to him quietly, motioning subtly for him to pull Pansy behind him.

“Arrgg!” The tall redhead screamed, taking a wild swing with her glaive, which Violet blocked, only for the other girl to slide the length of her spear down her sword, breaking the weapon lock in a messy tackle that left them both rolling in the mud and exchanging sloppy punches.

Ronald looked absolutely furious at that. But as the redhead glanced at Violet and the other girl locked wrestling in even combat, then to the other five of them, he seemed to realize he was totally unarmed, and in a hopeless situation.

A small crowd of onlookers had gathered around them, and they cheered the boy on to what probably would have been an embarrassingly one-sided loss, at the very least. Fortunately for Ron’s health, they were interrupted before anyone could escalate the situation further.

Violet’s body actually leapt into the air, hovering in place for a moment as she struggled in confusion. “Hey, what gives?” She asked wiggling in the air for a moment before a bolt of light hit her, and her sword went flipping from her grip. “Put me down!” His twin shouted.

A bored voice replied. “Not likely, squirt.” The tallish brown-haired speaker, dressed in crisp blue robes, walked from around the same tent Ron had popped from behind. She rubbed the bridge of her nose in annoyance, and flicked the wand she held, making the mud go shooting off of Violet and her opponent.

Draco eyed the older girl, in mock submissiveness, his core slithering as oily as Harry had ever felt. “Are we breaking any rules, ma’am?” He asked, sucking up hard.

She gave him a tightlipped look, clearly not buying the blondes acting. “Not yet, but I’m sure you lot would have managed, given enough time.” She flicked her wand again, this time depositing the struggling Violet Harry’s feet. “At any rate, I will not have you buggering up my first year of chaperoning.” Her eyebrow rose at the nine of them still in the clearing, the crowd having fled at the first sign of trouble. “You two are Malfoys I take it?”

Draco strutted at her recognition. “I see our family’s reputation precedes us.” He answered, grinning at her.

The primly dressed brunette snorted at that. “It’s mostly the hair. That would make the three of you Goyle, Crabbe, and… Pansy if I’m remembering the briefing correctly.”

Then she turned and glared at the assembled redheads, confusion spreading across her slender face. “It is odd though, I was only told about two from the Arthur’s family.”

Violet snot up in indignation, colorful sparks of flame shooting from her frazzled hair. “Oi, I’m not a bloody weasel!” his sister objected loudly, sounding offended, and mimicking Draco’s earlier insult. “My hair is clearly a much brighter red, and curls are nicer than straight anyway, and I have more freckl-”

“You take that back you curly little shit.” The glaive wielding girl shouted in inturrupption of her rant, nimbly hopping back up.

“Who you calling little, you skinny fu-!” Harry felt her magic flash, and suddenly there was a meaty smack, and his twin dropped like a rock with her sword clattering onto the ground beside her
There was a flash of light, and the Glaive wielder slumped down as well. “That would be why you don’t try to summon something you can’t see.” The prim teen commented, her wand pointing at the unconscious Weasley, while she clapped Ron on the shoulder warningly.

The redhead just gulped in reaction. “I’m Penny Clearwater, by the way.” She said, casually. “And you would be?” She gave Harry a meaningful look, and her felt her caressing his core with hers, gently testing at his connection to Violet.

“I’m Harry Potter, and this is my twin sister Violet.” He put his arms underneath her shoulders, as he tried lifting her up.

Penny just chuckled, waving her hand, and Harry felt his sister's form lighten until she floated free from his grasp. “Ok, that’s the Potters, Weasleys, and Malfoys and company. I’m already like a third of the way done…” Harry quickly gathered up their stuff as she finished talking.

“I’m already a third of the way done.” She repeated, suddenly frowning. “Provided Tonks is doing her job.”

§

Less than thirty minutes of freedom and the novelty had already begun to wear thin. Hermione found the soft, muddy ground was an unpleasant sensation on her bare feet, it had clearly been raining recently and the softness left her steps uncertain. It didn’t help that she was unsure if Tonks would be able to provide her with any help, the young woman had been so focused on dragging them from one end of the miserable island to the other, growing there little group by plucking children from the crowded every so often.

They still hadn’t found Penny though.

It wasn’t that she was jealous of the other youths, which streamed between the little white tents. The island was literally swarming with them, and the other brightly robed chaperones.

But they all had the shoes she lacked, well most of them did. Every so often she would see one of the children from the ships hold, and they were usually barefoot.

Actually, she decided that the fact that some of them did have shoes annoyed her.

“Where are we going?” She asked Tonks finally, trying to keep the frustration from her voice, as she nearly slipped into the mud for the fifth time in as many minutes.

The older teen seemed blind to her irritation, and the emotions of the fifteen odd followers that had accumulated. “I figure since we haven’t seen Penny yet, and were missing about twelve other kids, that she’s probably somewhere nearby the bridge.” The teen stated in a cheerful certainty, her hair turning a brilliant shade of blue.

“Why bridge to where?” Melody chose to interrupt them with another one of her worthless questions.

The girl grinned over at her little sister mysteriously, her hair turning as yellow as her robes. “You’ll know it when you see it, trust me.”
And with that unclear non-answer, they reached what Hermione figured was the islands southern edge, where a small wooden glen sat close to the sea.

“PENNY!” The teen shouted happily at the crowd, prompting another, younger brown-haired teen with a very straight-laced appearance to turn back towards her.

The brown haired girl’s hands shot to her thinner hips. “And where in Astarte’s name have you been?” She growled at Tonks, looking appropriately annoyed.

Tonks just laughed good-naturedly, scratching bashfully at her shoulder length hair as it flashed through several colors. “I was looking for you of course.”

Hermione zoned the rest of the younger teens sniping out. Choosing instead to take in the other children that had been clustered around the blue robed teen, mostly to see if they looked as worthless as the ones Tonks had already collected.

They didn’t look like much either, just another random collection of barbarians, though she did notice to her interest that several were armed and eyeing each other rather warily.

“Melody, at least try to keep up.” She chided her sister, as she noticed that the smaller girl had been trailing behind, and the teens lead their two groups to merge under a massive pair trees of a variety she didn’t recognize.

When she thought about it, Hermione actually found the fact that she couldn’t recognize it mildly disturbing in itself.

Tonks stood tall above everyone, waving her staff, and making it shoot colorful pricks of light. “All right everyone, gather in a circle. It’s time to learn your first lesson.” Her eager voice broke over the whispering children.

She grinned down at them, her hair settling on an intense purple color. “That’s right folks; your first assignment will be before you even get to set a single foot in Hogwarts.” The curvy teen continued by pointing at them happily, her voice taking the tone of a merchant selling something.

Penny sat cross-legged in the grass, motioning firmly for everyone else to do the same. “Your first lesson will be on the single most important aspect of being a wizard.”

She waved her hand at them and it emitted several tiny, human shaped, smoke wisps. “Listen to me kids, and I want you mark my words well. For now that now that you are mages, your word will become your bond.” She said loudly, her face a mask of seriousness. “If you make a poorly spoken statement or perform an action without thinking, it can easily bind you for the rest of your life.” There were gasps from the circle of children, but Hermione noticed that many of them seemed unsurprised by the revelation, probably those from wizarding families.

But Penny continued, unperturbed by the gasping. “But it is these very bonds that are what holds our civilization together. Because without them, you could trust no one, not even yourself.” She gave them a rather dark look. “For as we’ll soon demonstrate, it is a simple matter for mages to ensnare the senses, or to assume forms that are not their own.”

“So the act you all will need perform before you are allowed to cross the bridge will be exactly that, a bond!” The smoky figures that hovered above her palm stretched in the breeze, until there
were trails of smoke connecting them. “It will be a bond for your own safety.” She gestured to herself and Tonks. “You all will create an apprentice bond… with just Tonks for today.” A thousand questions exploded in Hermione’s mind and she opened her mouth to speak, but was immediately silenced by what happened next.

The younger of the two teens glanced at Melody, and those questions died on her lips, “But first, we have another bond that needs to be performed.” She felt a grassy sort of sensation burst in her chest, which seemed to almost be emanating from the older girl. “You two come sit over here.” Penny waved at her, and Tonks nodded down at her to comply.

Hermione’s body flushed at the sudden attention, and the brown-haired teen smiled, she felt like she was going to pass out from embarrassment. Everyone was watching them, their eyes on them, as she and her little sister stumbled over to the older brunette.

“What’s your name?” Penny questioned her coolly.

“Hermione…” She replied, her brain reacting without her input, “from the merchant family of Granger, from the city of Constantinople.” The grassy sensation receded as she finished the statement.

The older girl gave her an amused look, threading her fingers into Melody’s brown hair as she pulled the girl down to lay in the grass between them. “You’re far from home, aren’t you Christian? And this one, she is your younger sister correct?”

Hermione swallowed thickly, still keenly aware of everyone’s eyes on her, as she nodded in affirmation. “Yes ma’am, her name is Melody.”

“You remember a little flattery will get you far. Too many forget that.” She smirked at her. “Alright, now I want you to hold her down like this.” She guided Hermione’s arm closer, and slid her hand into her younger sisters thin neck. “More firmly Hermione, don’t be afraid to hurt her, this will only take a moment.”

She stared into her little sister’s wide, panicked eyes as she pressed down her weight on her slender throat, feeling the muscles working frantically for air as the eight-year old's face bloomed with intimidation. “Alright, I want you to press into her with your core, very gently as you repeat after me.”

Penny uttered a string of nonsense words, and she found herself repeating it almost unconsciously, slightly fearful of what might happen if she refused. There was a buzzing sensation in her arm, similar to what she had felt in the ships hold, and her hand crackled visibly. Melody began to struggle immediately as the runes carved into the wooden beaded necklace began to smoke, and her hand shot back from her sisters neck. Fearful, despite the teen’s instruction, that she had hurt her.

The older girl merely smiled at her knowingly, and gently stroked Melody’s neck in a manner that left Hermione suddenly feeling irrationally territorial, while her younger sister took in deep shuddering breaths of air.

She trailed her nail down and drew Hermione's eyes to a small black mark that had appeared in the very center of her younger sister’s throat. Nothing more than a thin triangle, with five dots of unmarked skin that ran down its length.
Penny shared a pleased smile with Hermione. “That was very good for your first attempt.” She ran her finger down the black glyph again. “Congrats, you’ve claimed what’s yours Hermione... this mark on her neck, this is your sigil, and it shows to the entire world that this child is now your servant.”

The words blasted the thoughts from her mind.

But the teen turned back to the crowded, seemingly unconcerned by her numbness. “I hope you all were paying close attention! This is a ritual that you will likely not have another chance to learn again until your second year.” She chided them, but it seemed unnecessary, they were all still watching with rapt attention.

Tonks clapped. “Alright, everyone join hands, everyone in a circle!” She shouted excitedly, while Hermione was still busy trying to digest the events of the last thirty seconds. Penny slid her hands under Melody’s shoulders, pulling her into the teen’s lap.

“Join the circle Hermione; she’ll still be waiting when you’re done.” The older brunette directed gently, and she felt the grassy sensation again.

She found herself sliding back, taking the hands of a boy with a round face and black hair, and a pig-tailed blonde with a very wide smile. Tonks joined the circle last, and when she did there was instantly a crackle of energy down both of her arms. The entire circle jerked their hands apart in shock, but somehow she sensed that there wasn’t a total loss of connection.

She could feel what she could only describe as, Tonks’s essence, a deep warm dampness that didn’t fade, but directed her to the older girl unfailingly.

“Good, I think I have everyone connected.” There was a light pulse of that wet sensation, and she dully realized the older girl was probing them with her magic. Her mind fizzled with uncertain emotions, as she realized that she now had a magical connection to the curvy teen too. She examined her hands apprehensively, but found that they were curiously unblemished.

“There won’t be any visible marks; this bond wasn’t nearly that powerful. It’s just an apprentice bond after all.” The older teen smiled at them, while Penny lay a still stunned Melody down and stood up.

“Now everyone close your eyes, and don’t open them until I say so.” The brunette instructed them sternly.

Hermione found herself following the instructions, again without prompting. Her mind felt beyond exhausted, her nerves fraying further with every second. Then she heard Penny tell her to open her eyes.

She could hear people gasping in shock, but the sight barely even registered. That there was somehow now two Penny’s wasn’t even worth her concerns, because she could easily feel which was really Tonks.

How the other girl had managed to change her entire appearance so rapidly was beyond her ability to care about at that moment. She just wanted to pull Melody into a tight hug beneath the shade of one of the nearby trees and sleep forever.

But the world conspired against her as their group stood up, and started towards an odd pair of
nearby trees, whose branches intertwined unusually in a sort of natural arch. The grassy sensation returned again as she stood, and this time it brought a curious moisture with it, and she found herself dragging a barely responsive Melody by the arm. Jabbing her younger sister with that strange electric sensation from earlier, whenever the eight-year old needed a little extra prompting.

A voice in her head spoke out dimly that the sight of it wasn’t right, that air between the trees was wrong, because it was rippled and bent strangely and was filled with odd bubbles and curious motes of colored light.

That voice in the back of her head cried out in fear as those passing between the trees vanished from her sight in a burst of tiny bubbles. It clawed at her exhausted psyche, telling her that if she passed through the trees there would be no going back, that she would be betraying her principles as a God fearing Christian if she went through those trees.

But wasn’t that the point? It wasn’t like she could go back to Byzantium, and she had somehow just been unwittingly walked through the enslavement of her eight-year old sister.

She was already in too deep to go back.

And hadn’t she decided earlier that she was going to beat this, that she would overcome the challenges that were being placed in her way?

“Besides,” she thought to herself as her curiously lit up, “this will probably be a great learning opportunity.”

The idea sparked something deep inside her, something that had always haunted her. It was the familiar need to learn all that she didn’t know, the endless search for understanding of that which was currently beyond her grasp.

A smile graced her tired lips as she passed through the threshold, dragging Melody behind her. An effervescent froth ran over her skin and obscured her vision for a second as she passed the thin film of stretched space, and suddenly they were gone from that place.

And they were all standing behind Penny, and a returned to normal Tonks, in a different wooded clearing. The two teens said nothing, simply smiling knowingly and gesturing for them to follow the pair up a small inclined hill with a dual look that was both mysterious and amused.

The path up the hill was steep, but well kept, and in only a moment they had arrived at the very top. To where a ring of marble columns sat, crowning the crest of the wooded hill.

Her eyes traced out instinctively between the trees as they walked to the far end of the ring. Looking down across the distinctive pattern of the well-maintained fields and orchards that blanketed the nearby landscape, separated by their stone walls and little dirt paths, and still Hermione found her gaze drawn further out.

And there, looming imposing and impossibly…in the far away distance was all that Hermione Jean Granger did not know.

And that’s chapter 4 finished.

Chapter 5 will probably be finished sometime in the next week of two, so I hope you all are
looking forward to it.

Sorry there wasn’t much action in this one, but they need to actually reach Hogwarts at some point right?

As always, reviews, hate-mail or just ramblings are welcome. I’ll gladly take on all challengers.
Everyone gets Naked

So begins chapter 5.

I just want to remind everyone that this is an AU fic. I’m trying to envisage a mostly plausible state for the world to be in, if magic and such things actually existed.

That means that first and foremost, technology will be very stunted and history will likely be altered rather severely.

So yes, this story does take place in the modern era, just not in our modern era.

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It had begun only a few days ago. The stars had begun to shine in an eerie manner, a way that Itzamatul was sure he had never seen before.

He had just taken the long and dangerous expedition to the land of the Tawantinsuyu.

It was a brutally long walk from his beloved city of Chichen Itza, to the lofty capitol of the Incan people at Cuzco, and getting up there involved far more stairs than his old bones had ever needed to see again, but the importance of his work had ailed him whenever weariness had started to feel as though it would crush his soul.

King Aapo had ordered him and the others of his order to perform an astrological survey, in accordance with a variety of omens that had been observed across their city, and in many of the neighboring city states.

And as much as it irked them all, the best place to observe the stars was in the mountain homes of the Incans.

As such, he and several other astrologers of their city had been forced to undertake a very long, and not to mention very uphill, journey to the mountains.

And while the people of the Incan Federation had greeted them as warmly as their bureaucracy loving hearts would allow, perhaps as interested in the results of his scrying as King Aapo was himself, the mountain peak where the observatory was located was still as cold a place as he had
ever been.

But now it was not the frost or snow that chilled his old bones. No, it was the patterns woven in the stars themselves which had sent icy fingers to clench at his heart, through even the warmth of clothes that the natives had gifted them with.

The stars spoke of nothing but evil. They told of a coming shadow that would try to swallow the lands, and devour all that inhabited them.

But worst of all was the resemblance in their patterns, to certain stellar charts he had glimpsed on the tablets his people had taken so long ago, when they had emigrated from the now sunken continent of Mu.

“Tzacol, have we heard anything from the men of Tibet?” He asked one of the messengers that had come with them, feeling suddenly curious about the land that those across the seas that had once been called Leng before the cataclysms that had ended the Hyperborian age.

The young man grimaced at the question. “I heard whispers in the courts before we left. The Ming ambassadors spoke of ill omens that they themselves had heard from the monks living on the plateau of the great mountains.” The young messenger shrugged, making the feathers on his cape dance, while giving Itzamatul an interested look.

“Why do you ask, have you corroborated those reports?” Tzacol asked him, the bold you man ever intrusive. Itzamatul breathed deeply of the icy air, wishing internally that he was forty years younger; he wasn’t going to last much longer at this rate. “The stars speak of nothing but darkness Tzacol, of the coming of a plague like no other.”

Tzacol’s ran a hand over his forehead in disbelief, is normally cocoa skin turning as pale like the men from across the oceans from the shock. “Should we sound the alarm?” He asked, his voice hushed with shock.

He nodded in consent, waving to the younger man. “Go, return to the king as fast as your legs can carry you, and spread the word to every messenger you meet along the way.” He fingered the cocoa leaves he had brought. “And when you’re done with that, travel north and warn the Seven Cities of Cibola and tell the messengers there to alert the Mound Builders in the north.”

The young man saluted and ran down the stairs of the observatory pyramid. Another sigh from his
left brought his attention to his colleague Yaotl, who was still squinting at the stars. “I wonder how far reaching this omen has already traveled.” He stroked his chin thoughtfully, and the wrinkles on his brow deepened. “Do you think the Valusians could be wrangled from their holes in K’n-yan, I would bet my left leg that they know more of this matter.” His gnarled old friend gestured to the stars.

Itzamatul frowned, feeling old again at the mention of mankind’s enemies of old. “Do you really think it wise to involve the Lizard-Men in this matter Yaotl?”

His friend shrugged. “I’d almost prefer them; in the end they have more excuses for their cruelty than the Nahua.”

That was their old argument, which his colleague would never let die. “The Mexica will be warned regardless Yaotl, our treaties demand it.” He blew a cloud of air, fogged by the cold. “We should head inside though; we can discuss this in length once we are in front of a nice warm fire.”

The other man grinned at him, rubbing his cold hands together and he followed Itzamatul towards the pyramids steps. “I can certainly agree to that.”

§

Minerva was back in his office and not for the first time that day either. It was expected, this was the first day of the new term after all, but the routine still made Dumbledore wonder if he had offended a deity at some earlier point in his long life.

“Albus I know it’s been ten years, but I still can’t help myself but worry.” The stern matron said, as she sat down on the chair and wrung her hands in worry. “I mean, what if we did the wrong thing? This could easily turn into an absolute disaster!” She waved at him in agitation.

He gave her his best calming smile, subtly gesturing to his newest batch of lemon cakes. The fruits having been a gift from one of the faraway kingdoms across the seas “And I’ll say it again Minerva. Every report I’ve gotten from Hagrid over the years has been nothing but exemplary.”

She frowned at him. “That’s exactly what I’m worried about!” One of his office’s many knickknacks chose that moment to start whistling quietly. “I know we all trust him, but was he really the best to handle this? Remus, or Arthur would have been happy to help check up on the twins, even Lucius offered.” She said in an exasperated tone.
“So did Sirius, if I recall…” He countered casually, letting the sentence trail off.

Minerva growled. “And I respectfully pointed out that he would make a terrible father figure, and so did Lily for that matter, he has far too little responsibility for such a task.”

There was a knocking at his offices door. “Come in!” She shouted instinctively.

A blonde boy, in the long, red and green tabard of an on-duty castle servant, walked in carrying a tray of tea. “Ah, thank you Herman, right on time as always.” Albus smiled at the lad’s good timing.

The young man smirked back him knowingly, and nodded politely to a scowling Minerva as he set down the tray. “Of course my Lord, will you be in need of anything else?”

Minerva gave him an annoyed look, and Dumbledore figured he would skip the biscuits today. “That will be all for now Herman, thank you.” He gave the lad a wink.

The cherry-blonde nodded again, then boy bowed and swiftly made his exit.

McGonagall grabbed her cup, clearly annoyed at being interrupted. “Must you order tea every time I come to speak to you about something?” She questioned him.

“Why not Minerva, you always seem to have a cup.” He gave her a small smile and she rolled her eyes.

“I’m still worried Albus.” She started back down that well-trodden road.

So he cut her off. “As you have noted many, many times, but let’s talk about something more relevant. How does our next crop of students look?” He asked, using a burst of magic to subtly swipe a lemon cake from his tray.

She sipped her tea before replying. “From what I have seen and heard, there are a good number of
rather promising individuals this year.”

“So… if you’ve been checking then why haven’t you assuaged your own conscious and checked on the twins? Hargid brought them to the Gateway Island late yesterday…” He asked her.

She swore into her tea, and gave him a rather severe glare. “And I wasn’t informed of this why?” She set her cup down, waiving her hands in emphasis. “For the love of… I was there just a few hours ago Albus!”

He just shrugged in response, sipping his own mint tea. “News travels fast; I would have thought that you knew already.” He said, and they both ignored a series of thunderous roars echo from the balcony as a pair of dragons flew past his tower. He pinged the wards, identifying the culprits as the oldest set of Weasley twins. He would have to chastise them later.

She ground her teeth at him, her magic crackling. “I’ve spent the past week hopping across the Mediterranean.”

“Speaking of which, how was the voyage from Biscay?” He asked, noting the way some of the knickknacks on his shelves had started to vibrate, and trying to rein in her temper before something exploded.

Minerva harrumphed at him. “Aside from one of the girls nearly setting the ship on fire, it was entirely uneventful.”

“And the French know nothing?” He asked, always wary of the nation that had been fierce enemies of his own for more than nine centuries.

“I hardly think they care right now Albus, they’ve been too busy trying to secure an alliance with Kiev to be monitoring the seas.” The tablet on his desk let out a series of clicking sounds.

He flipped it open, and carefully read the message that wrote itself in the wax. “It appears that we are needed in the Great Hall.”

“Peeves?”
He sighed, and stood from the welcoming comfort of his throne-like chair. “Apparently he’s harassing the cooks, and he set Lucius’s hair ablaze yet again…”

Minerva snorted, as she made to follow him out of the office. “Maybe if he had paid more attention to his classes than he did to his hair when he was a student, he wouldn’t find himself in these positions so often.”

§

Hermione fell to her knees as her world swam. The very sight was like a spike being driven into her head. Everything about what she saw had to be a lie, and she needed it to be a lie, because there was absolutely no way that what she could be seeing could be real.

Past the hill she was kneeling on, past the miles of walled roads and checkerboard fields, was a wall.

Actually it was six walls, each taller than the last, and large enough to be covered in windows and flowered trellises. Topped with gardens and buildings in every style she had ever seen.

And in the center of it all was a citadel unlike anything she had ever imagined possible. It towered towards the sky, reaching up to brush at the clouds.

“How…” She heard herself ask, sounding like she was speaking into a tunnel, and she noticed she was waving her arms at it without any conscious thought.

Tonks’s voice was the one to reply, coming from somewhere unseen. “How…” The older teen echoed, her voice tinged by no small amount of amusement.

Rage burst back into her weary mind, “How is that even practical?” She found herself back on her feet, furiously jabbing her finger in the teens general direction, while hers still vision swam. “That citadel must be almost a mile tall!” She waved at the abomination of wood and stone. “Forget practical, how is that even possible.”
“Magic!” The older girl grinned. “And the exact height varies depending on the castle’s mood.”

Melody’s dazed voice piped in from somewhere behind them. “That still doesn’t explain anything!”

“Why would you even need a building this-” Her sentence was cutoff midway, as the architecture in the distance seemed to blend together, the arrangement of the buildings and their features swirling, and her legs gave out due to the sudden vertigo.

Strong arms pulled her up from the ground, and her head lolled back into a pair of generous breasts. “Well Hogwarts was built to be the center of Avalon, the heart of the wizarding civilization for the Anglo-Saxons, Picts, Celts, Fins and the Nords. “The other girl’s hands slid, sensually under her armpits and down her waist, and Hermione shivered as her fingers toying with her clothed bellybutton. “Besides, it needs to be big; nearly twenty thousand people live here from all across the world. There are the students, retainers and servants, on top of the staff and their affiliates. So it’s a very big place, and it’s all very complicated.”

She pulled Hermione to her feet, and disengaged her arms. “That’s why you guys have me and Penny to help you out.” The wet feeling came back, pressuring her somewhere inside her chest, as the purple-haired teen grinned down at her affectionately. “If you ever need something, we’re the two people you can always ask.”

Then the teen yawned, and pulled her towards the stone stairway which led down from the hill they were stood on, out across the fields and towards the castle. “And speaking of people, we need to get off this hill. The next group of students will be here any minute, and it’s a long walk to the castle.” The bubbly young woman gave Hermione a teasing look, waving for her group to follow.

“If you’re having balance issues, try not staring directly at the castle.” Penny shouted from the back of the group, as started down the stone stairway on the front of the hill.

As it turned out, the walk to the castle took a lot less time than she had thought it would. It even managed to be relatively pleasant, provided she kept her eyes on the immediate surroundings. She couldn’t seem to shake the vertigo that seemed to hit her every time she tried to look at the ever-shifting façade of the castle proper.

Though she was spared the humiliation of being the only one affected. As a nearby scraggly redhead in a cheap tunic spent an inordinate amount of time leaning on a nearby black-haired boy, in identical dress, and vomiting into the roads cobblestone.
Though, like Hermione herself, once the redhead had emptied her stomach and she got used to not looking up the girl seemed to get into their pleasant walk as well.

The sun was warm, but not hot. The breeze was cool and gentle, blowing the tall wheat into shimmering golden waves, which they could see rippling every time they crested a hill on the rolling landscape.

Even the people they met on the way were no more annoying than those a person might meet alongside any road in Byzantium.

Most of them were young, dressed in robes or tunics of several different colors and styles, and they seemed to be finishing whatever idle tasks they had been doing before they had arrived. A handful of the youngest ones were dressed as Melody was, in simple red tabards, and they seemed to be aiding what she assumed were other students by their more ornate robes, who seemed to be busy overseeing the cleanup of the fields.

A few of the people they passed even waved at them, but most seemed distracted with their hurried tasks. It made an odd sight, but it was one she was relatively comfortable with. She could easily pretend they were on a road in some weird part of Hellas.

It was an illusion of normality that she found was increasingly hard to keep up as their walk to the outer wall went on thought, as every few minutes something fantastic happened. A griffon would swoop from the sky or a sliver of queer light would dart at someone across the fields, it constantly broke her immersion.

And of course she couldn’t look up in the direction they were walking either.

So she simply decided to look at the other *students* in her group instead. Keeping her vision far away from Tonks’s swaying butt. The older teen was walking almost right in front of her, and though she ,aking an effort to appear as though she was acting professionally, the shapely teen was clearly still teasing her. Hermione hadn’t forgotten how she had pulled her up from the fall on the hill either, at the way the older girl’s hands had casually roamed across the front of her robe, groping the entire way.

The thought made her shiver in a manner she wasn’t entirely sure she was comfortable with. So she turned her gaze away, but she found that focusing on the other children wasn’t all that much better. While she watched, the previously vomiting red-head whistled and tannish thin shape leapt from
the wheat over the stone dividing wall. It had nearly put her back into shock when the speedy shape slid to a stop, revealing it to be a dragon of some sort, a sleek but wingless creature with a runners build. It eyed the collective children warily as it slid to a stop and gave the redhead a musical hoot.

Hermione had pressed her face across her eyes at that, deciding to zone the rest of the walk out. Merely reviewing what she already knew about the situation in her head, and dragging Melody behind her with little sparking prompts across their newly formed connection.

A connection that was just another thing she planned to add to the growing list of subjects she had settled on ignoring for as long as was humanly possible.

Then before she realized what had happened, she had idly walked herself face first into the small of Tonk’s back, and they were at the base of the outer wall.

The older teen smirked down at her, before casting her gaze across the other children. “Listen up you little shits!” She jibed them in a playful tone. “We have just two hours to get you all ready for the welcoming feast!”

“Which means we'll acquiring the goods you will need for you tenure here as students here in a timely manner.” Penny snapped, in a more professional tenor than her companion. ”That means no horsing around until at least after the feast!” Then the chestnut-haired teen drew a slender metal wand from her robe, and tapped a simple pattern on the wall. This caused the stones to go sliding out of the way in an instant, receding until a smallish doorway had been revealed in the massive wall.

“There are a number of ways to get past the sixth tier wall, and this is one we will be reviewing later tonight, so I hope you were paying attention.” She waved her arm, her robe billowing towards the new doorway, and they streamed inside.

Or not, as it turned out. For as soon as she was past the doorway she realized that they had not been let inside, but instead they had somehow had been transported to the top of the huge wall.

Her vertigo returned immediately as she was forced to look at her surroundings for a moment. But she relaxed slightly as closer up the effect was not nearly as pronounced, the castles architecture and other features seemed to stay in proper order when they were up-close. With her nausea fading with every breath, Hermione took a look at the top of the outer wall. The first thing she noticed was that it was far wider than she thought practical, at least five hundred feet thick, and she saw that was covered in lavish gardens, pavilions and bubbling fountains. Other children and teens,
in various states of dress, or undress, were wandering everywhere. Some lolling around and reading beneath the shade of blooming trees, or smoking from hookahs in small groups beneath the pavilions. Most of them however, seemed to have been infected by the same hectic verve that had been present in the fields, and they went dashing back and forth preforming a variety of barely guessable tasks.

Then the warm summer breeze swept past them and the leaves of the trees roared, Tonks and Penny lead them across the gardens grinning at the wonder-filled gazes that were on clear on their charges young faces, and Hermione had a surprising moment when she inhaled the fragrance of the flowers and realized that she had suddenly actually become quite comfortable for a moment.

It was an unexpected feeling. One that had been prompted by an odd sensation of what she could almost describe as safety, but not quite. Belonging maybe?

She didn’t know.

So Hermione did what she always did when she didn’t know something. She brushed her long frizzy mane out of her eyes, and sought answers.

She decided to ask one of the students around her instead of Tonks or Penny, and a pair of redheads walking in idle conversation nearby looked promising.

“Excuse me,” she asked quietly, in the unfamiliar language that her Tully whispered into her ear, to the young lad, “would either of you know where we are going?” She gestured to the pair of conversing teens leading their group across the span of the garden topped wall.

They both scowled at her question, looking annoyed. “To a shop…” the tall girl hissed, “to buy our things.” She spun a cheap looking glaive in a threatening manner, and shot a dirty look at Hermione and her little sister.

’Rude,’ she thought to herself privately, and Hermione broke off the attempted conversation by giving an arrogant snort, pulling Melody behind her in the same motion. She wasn’t all that good at dealing with people, but even she knew better than to antagonize a person with a weapon to their face. That didn’t mean she was going to let the other girl think she had won this though.

She spun on her heel, turning to a round faced boy who seemed to be looking curiously at a pretty teen, arguing with herself or with something Hermione couldn't see. “Excuse me,” she asked, loud
enough that she knew that the pair now trailing behind her would be able to hear clearly, “you wouldn’t happen to know what it is specifically we are going to buy would you, or how we will need to pay for said specifics?”

The slightly pudgy boy blushed, glancing past her shoulder to the pair who were now obviously glaring at him. “W-well,” he stammered nervously, “I know we’ll be buying clothes and staffs and maybe other stuff today.” He shrugged helplessly. “I don’t think we have to pay for it right now though.”

He gave her a tentatively inquisitive look as they continued to follow the other children past a wooden pavilion. “You'r accent... you aren't from around here are you?” He stated obviously. “Would you be a... Helen perhaps?”

She felt her lips quirk up, at both his question and the firm attention to detail that it implied. “We were born in Constantinople,” She gestured grandly to herself and Melody, “the capitol of the Byzantine Empire.” She said proudly.

“I’m Melody!” Her little sister shouted, popping into the conversation happily. “And that’s my big sis Hermione!”

Hermione felt her eyes roll at the interruption, though more in amusement this time than anything else.

The boy nodded back shyly. “I’m-

“Hey Neville!” The redheaded boy from before cut in. “Weren’t you supposed to be looking for Trevor?” The muscled lad asked in an annoyed fashion.

Neville, for his part smiled shyly, reaching into his robe to pull out a large and oddly colored frog. “I found him earlier Ron.” The amphibian croaked in annoyance, struggling to escape its master’s grasp. “I had to wander around a bit, but I found someone who knew the summoning spell.” He finished happily.

She turned to see the redheads blinking owlishly in shock at Neville’s sudden cheerfulness. “If you two think you’re so important as to butt into our conversation, why don’t you demonstrate some of your magic for us?” She challenged the redheads. “Show us why you think you’re so eminent, because it can’t be your wealth.” She nosed at their rather cheap looking clothes, feeling her lips
quirk in amusement as they both sputtered in indignation.

“You don’t look so wealthy yourself Greek.” The other girl growled back at her. “Just because you-”

“Everyone please keep moving.” Penny interrupted them from the front of their group, as they reached a drawbridge crossing the cavernous ravine between the wall they were on and the slightly taller next one.

The redheaded boy gave her a defiant look. “Tell her we are great at magic Neville!” He ordered the other boy petulantly.

The brown-haired boy’s eyes shot between them nervously, unsure of whom to side with. “Ron, I don’t think we need to have this argument, we’re all friends here right?” He stammered out, looking embarrassed and clearly trying to diffuse the situation.

But Hermione wasn’t ready to leave it at that, still annoyed at how rude they had been before. “Clearly they need to prove themselves Neville. I mean what if they can’t find it in themselves to perform when the time comes.” She let the words slip out teasingly, while trying to walk farther from the edge of the bridge and ignore her sister clutching at her.

The other girl hissed. “You think you’re so much better than us, don’t you Greek?” She spat back, shifting her spear into what Hermione assumed was supposed to be a threatening gesture.

So she shrugged and decided to redirect, ignoring Melody’s incessant tugging of her robe. “Not really, he for instance,” she jabbed her finger at Neville, who blushed furiously, “has been very polite and obviously has manners. You two on the other hand…” She let the sentence trail off, as their group reached the end of the bridge and entered what appeared to be a shopping district.

“Alright everyone, first stop is getting you all new outfits!” Tonks shouted excitedly. “With someone else’s money!” Hermione caught Penny rolling her eyes and muttering something unintelligible, as they herded them towards a large building with a variety of colorful clothes painted above the door.

The inside of the shop was a large and spacious mess, a huge array of fabrics and materials were scattered all around, dozens of students with tall pointy yellow hats running to and fro grabbing cloth, dye, needles and various other things.
“Jerome!” Penny said sternly, catching the arm of a wiry boy as he ran past them. “This lot needs proper clothes, and you and your lot are going to provide for them, right?” She threatened the slightly younger boy sternly.

The twiggy redhead, for his part just nodded. Clearly used to being strong-armed by people in a hurry. “Alright then, the first step is to get all of these rags off.” He snapped his fingers at their group.

“No not you Tonks!” His shouted, his voice cracking, snapping Hermione and several other students out of their initial shock. The shapeshifting teen had already doffed her robes, revealing a body most fully grown women would have murdered their children for trying to burst from her straining bodice.

The oldest teen sighed in disappointment, as a gaggle of other students in their tall yellow hats pulled the group all apart and started stripping them of their clothes.

“Stop struggling.” The willowy black haired girl, who had grabbed Hermione rather roughly, said sternly.

Hermione felt like she didn’t need patronizing, and was about to tell the girl that, when her clothes simply vanished. Leaving her naked as the day she had been born. “What… why in God’s name?” She squeaked out in confusion, trying desperately to cover her modesty from peering eyes while the sleepy looking teen simply smirked and shrugged at her, immediately starting to take her measurements. She heard Melody’s distinctive squeak, and vaguely recalled Tonks saying something about needing to get them being taken later.

If she had known that they were going to disappear her clothes, she would have forced the teen to fix the situation earlier.

Speaking of the temptress, who had decided to focus her skills on her, Tonks was swaggering her way around the room. Still without her hideous yellow robe, and the lusty teen had begun making suggestive comments at everything with a body under thirty.

When it was her turn for teasing Hermione was already flushed with embarrassment and humiliation at the situation. “Tonks, what in God’s name have you done!” She hissed at the older teen, who just smirked back down at her nude body lecherously.
“Not my fault they vanished all your guys's stuff,” she responded unconvincingly, “and they were just going to strip you anyway.” The young woman trailed off.

"Besides Hermione, why would you want to hide such a pretty body. If you just acted as cute as you look, you’d be fighting the lads off with a stick.” The teen ruffled her fingers thought Hermione’s frizzy hair affectionately.

The mention of the boys brought a flash of fresh panic into her mind, and she found herself sneaking panicked glances around the room. Most of the boys were gawking, but not necessarily at her. Neville had been peeking at her for a moment, but at least had the decency to look embarrassed about it when she met his eyes. Unlike Ron, who was gawking around the room with his mouth open and his freshly exposed banner raised high, or at least he was until his sister untangled herself from her tailor long enough to club him for it.

Tonks, seeming realizing that she wasn’t actually enjoying being naked in front of a bunch of other people, seemed to take pity on her. The older teen knelt down in front of her, shielding her from prying eyes. “Ok tailor, hurry this up could you?” She bugged the black haired teen, a small smile still on her lips.

“This isn’t a short process Esquire Tonks.” The girl answered in a clearly irritated tone, rubbing her bloodshot eyes. “I’m thinking maroon and blue for this one.” The girl said to a rather round woman who had been observing the work the tailors were doing.

The stumpy old ladies friendly face bloomed. “I think that'll be a fine choice Daisy!” She exclaimed, clearly pleased by the older girls choice. “How does that sound to you child?” The woman asked Hermione, fiddling with some needles stuck into what looked like it woud one way be a dress without looking down.

“I think it would be fine…” Hermione trailed off, not sure what was expected of her in this circumstance.

“Very good, make it so!” The woman snapped her fingers, and she bustled over to where the redheads from earlier stood frowning. “And for the love of Freyr Tonks, stop trying to rob the cradle and do your job!” The old witch stopped and cackled back to them, and miraculously the cheerful teen had it in her to blush at the comment.

Then there was a flash of color, of a deep red on black, and Hermione was presented with a simple
black hooded cloak with a maroon pattern.

“This should tide you over for now. The rest of your stuff will be delivered later tomorrow or the day after.” Daisy said tiredly as she slid the cloak around Hermione’s shoulders, securing the metal clasp it loosely around her neck. “Depending on how much drinking we do tonight.”

Hermione fingered her clasp, and suddenly she felt her mouth go completely dry. “Is this clasp solid gold?” She choked out to the tailor, who just nodded tiredly.

“We have nice things here.” The tired teen said with a shrug, and Hermione realized she had let her cloak fall apart in incredulity.

Tonks just chuckled, while she clutched the surprisingly well made robe closed tightly to cover her nakedness. “If it makes you feel any better, everyone else will be in pretty much the same outfit as you. Except your little servant of course, but she’s special.” The teen teased, her hair turning a bright pink.

She spun at the mention of her sister, instantly feeling worried, but it was unwarranted. Melody was standing only a few feet behind her, her tailor evidently finished. She was dressed in a black-belted tabard identical to the one she had been wearing before, looking as frazzled as Hermione felt.

“Not a lot of creativity there.” She growled, reaching out to protectively pull her sisters smaller frame closer.

Tonks stood back to her full height, more than a head and half taller that Hermione. “It’s actually sort of a uniform.” She waved her hand in an unconcerned gesture. “Mostly so people know not to try and bond her without your permission.”

Penny started shouting something over a commotion of several tailors in the background, but the older teen continued undaunted. “There are actually quite a large number of retainers and the like here at Hogwarts, and each type gets their own way of identifying them. I guess it just makes the whole mess a whole lot less complicated for everyone involved, when you know where people stand.” She shrugged, her re-dawned and still hideously yellow robes flapping in a nonexistent wind.

Hermione found herself nodding hesitantly at the pink-haired teen’s attempt at logic. It actually
sort of made sense, a first so far for this particular experience. “So people could bond her?” She questioned the teen idly.

Tonks nodded, as a nearby girl let out a squawk. “They could try, but it would be substantially harder than normal because your bond would block them. It’s also deeply frowned upon to court a retainer without getting their master’s permission first.” She grinned again. “Which would be you, in case you’ve forgotten already…” The teen twirled her staff in the air, clearly showing off.

“Don’t even remind me.” Hermione groaned into her hands, as the least pleasant development in their glorious war of sisterhood reared its ugly head again. “Does my sister need anything else Tonks?” She asked the older teen cautiously.

“That’s Esquire Tonks to you little Initiate.” The shapeshifter teased in mock sternness, giving her a sly smile while she thought to herself. “I suppose we could always get her a collar.” She said while raising an eyebrow, then she seemed to make up her mind an instant later, clapping her hands in a pleased manner. “One with your initials on it perhaps?”

“Jesus Christ, what have I ever done wrong lord…” Melody pleaded to the ceiling, massaging the spot on her neck where the little black sigil sat. “Can we please skip that part of my punishment?” She begged Hermione futilely as they watched Tonks run off towards the shelves of cloth.

“Maybe you were evil in a past life?” A brown-skinned girl of clearly Indian stock cut in, dragging her almost identical sister and another girl who was slightly paler over to them. “Bad Karma can cause all sorts of trouble.”

“And Romans have lots of bad Karma.” The paler Indian added, grinning at them wryly.

Melody growled, while Tonks’s hideous robes disappeared behind the shelving. “We are BYZANTINES, NOT ROMANS!” She waved her hands and started swearing in Greek, and a minty scent washed across Hermione’s senses. “Is it really that hard to grasp the difference?” The tiny brunette stomped her feet cutely and gestured sharply with her arms. “Latium, and Hellas.” The little brunnette grumbled.

The Indians seemed to find the display adorable. Which she doubted was what her sister had been going for. “Oh, aren’t you a lively one.” The slightly shorter twin said, her eyes widening with glee.
“How absolutely Lovable!” Their paler companion agreed.

“You are both too easily gullible.” The taller twin said, rolling her eyes in amused exasperation. “Anyways my good Christians, I am Padma Patil, this is my twin Parvati Patil, and the Sikh is our mutual friend Nimmi Jun. And as you’ve probably already guessed, we’re exchange students from India.” The exotic girl gestured to each of them in turn.

Hermione nodded. “You’re well met Ms. Patil.” She quickly introduced herself and her sister, after Melody had calmed down from her little fit.

“So how did you three end up here?” She asked them curiously.

Padma gestured for them to walk while Penny, finally noticing that they were all as properly dressed as they were going to get, started shouting for everyone to move out. “We are here as exchange students, as part of the mutual treaties between our empires a portion of students that would go to our schools back in India must go to Hogwarts and the schools of the other allied nations, and in turn a portion of the students that would go here are divided up amongst those other nations as well.” She shrugged, adjusting the clasp on her robe. “It was Dumbledore’s idea apparently; he wanted to foster a feeling of cooperation and good faith between the various mage lead empires.” The girl splurged information, and Hermione attention was instantly hooked by the thought of having found a kindred spirit. “I think it holds much to resemblance to the hostage taking between warring kingdoms forced into unwanted peace.” The girl finished, looking like she didn't really expect Hermione to have understood.

“I think you're literally the first person I have talked to in almost two days that wasn’t a babbling idiot.” She replied back, nearly in shock at someone who seemed to actually know something about their current situation. “And to answer your unasked question Padma, we were essentially kidnapped from our home in Constantinople.”

Padma nodded in understanding. “I had assumed as much, I know the Orthodox tend to be less stringent that the other branches of Abrahams tree due to their running a trade empire, but I doubted they would allow people of their nation to join in such an endeavor as this willingly.” The girl answered her intelligently.

“Could you say that again in simpler terms for the rest of us?” Parvati asked, Nimmi and Melody nodding in turn in confusion.

She shared a look of mutual suffering with the Indian girl and they both proceeded to try their hand at explaining things to their siblings.
Violet was still acting up when they arrived at the place beyond the strange twisted trees. To be fair, Draco and his group were not in the best moods either. The encounter with the Weasley’s had obviously left a bad taste in his new compatriot’s mouths. One Harry wasn’t all that interested in making them explain, at least not while he was the only one still in anything resembling a good mood.

Well that might have been something of a stretch.

He wasn’t in a great mood, but unlike everyone else, he was still more distracted by the ritual Penny had made the pair of brunettes preform in front of everyone.

The ritual had made the feeling he was getting from the pair of siblings change dramatically, like the younger of the two had begun siphoning magic from her elder. And the older of the two seemed to have plenty of magic to spare, not that he had been able to get that great of a feeling of her core, as he hadn’t actually wanted the frizzy brunette to realize that he had been feeling her out.

She hadn’t noticed his probe though, or at least the girl hadn’t seemed to have noticed it. Seemingly too distracted by her vaguely coerced bonding to pay attention to the tendrils of magic he had brushed against the outer layers of her thundering core.

Then there was the fact that they had all been forced to bond to the crazy older teen, with her color changing hair, not even a minute later. It had been even very distracting in his opinion, and even the small feeling of oppressive wetness that wouldn’t fade was irritating, but it wasn’t anything he couldn’t handle.

The fact that she could apparently change her appearance to imitate another person's form entirely was infinitely more disturbing in his opinion.

It suddenly made the warnings Hagrid and the others had given him feel much more relevant.

His thinking had been made harder by the fact that the his usually cheerful sister had still been sulking, her foul mood echoing across their bond and distracting him. She was ignoring every subtle attempt he had made to try and feel her out. It was made worse because he wasn’t sure exactly why she was still so mad anymore. Whether her mood was still leftover from his encounter
with Dior the night before, or whether she had gotten over that and was now pissed at her own prematurely aborted battle with the redheads, he couldn’t tell.

Their bond told him nothing more than that his mate was annoyed at something. Harry had figured that he could have tried to pulling her out of her funk in his usual way, but he wasn’t quite sure how everyone else would take it if she jumped him on the roadside, and so he stayed his own hand and resigned to let her stew for at least the immediate future.

Fortunately for him, her annoyance was replaced rather quickly. Unfortunately it was being replaced with a sickness that came with an even fouler mood. As soon as they had passed through the bubbling air between the trees, he could feel her queasiness swelling up through their bond and she swayed visibly.

He was bad at magical travel, that much had already been made apparent to everyone that had been present to watch, but it seemed that his sister was so much worse that it was almost sad.

His twin rubbed at her freckled face, trying to clear the bout of nausea while they were walking up the path to the top of the hill. The friction turned her cheeks and nose red enough to hide her freckles, and he couldn't help but think that she looked adorable.

He felt his core stirring as his the corners of his mouth twinge upward at the sight of her flush, the familiar heat coming back when he didn’t really need it to.

He had always loved how flushed his twin would get, her entire body could turn a brilliant red at a moment’s notice when embarrassed or aroused, either way usually followed with her turning into a stammering mess.

But when they crested the hill, she went from red to green in a flash. Harry only needed to follow her gaze to find out why.

There in the distance was a massive castle... a fortress of such scale that it must have defied both gravity and the very will of the gods themselves.

It stood, shifting shape while he watched it, and while he stared he heard a short gasp come from next to him. He spun to see that Violet had fainted outright, falling unconscious into Dior’s arms, and the slender blonde groped her frame apologetically as she searched for a better grip.
Draco and the rest of his company seemed to be less impressed than a lot of the other students around them. Which in this case meant that they didn’t have their jaws slacked in outright awe at the sight of the mirage-like fortress. They still stood wide eyed though, except for Dior, who was busy trying to wake his sister, and Pansy who was quietly complaining to Draco about something he couldn’t quite make out.

“If you’re having balance issues, try not staring directly at the castle.” Penny shouted from the front of the group, as the buxom shape-shifter gestured for them to follow her from the hilltop.

Violet awoke with a sudden start, flinging herself out of the taller blonde’s hands in an unbalanced manner. “Bloody-….“ She cursed unhappily, swaying long enough for Harry to wrap her arm around her shoulder to help her stand.

He helped her as they descended into the fields of tall wheat, and they began walking as swiftly as could be managed towards the tremendous castle.

Though he did have to stop twice after she had made the mistake of looking up, and Violet ended up puking her guts out, and then he ran-half dragged her so they could catch up to the rest of their group.

But eventually she seemed to recover enough to stand on her own and whistle for her dragon, which leapt from the wheat over the stone wall which separated the field from the dusty road they were walking down.

Harry hadn’t noticed George follow them through the bubbling trees, but he supposed the drake must simply be stealthier than he had thought.

He wrapped his arm behind her, ruffling her crimson tangles while the walked. “Are you feeling better?” He asked unnecessarily, as he could sense her physical improvement across their bond, and through the way she shifted closer to him.

She shot a mildly annoyed glance at the redheads, still clearly unhappy with that outcome as she pulled him closer. “I’m feeling fine…” She sighed and fingered the grip of her sword.

“I’m sure there will be plenty of time to finish that fight later Vi.” He assured his twin, pulling her forwards as their group reached the wall.
Harry didn’t hear what was said by the Esquires, as he had been distracted for an instant by George rushing past his legs, and they were too far back in the group to see how the doorway had been created on the wall. But a moment later he found Penny was suddenly behind him, pushing his and Draco’s little band which had been falling behind, hurriedly forwards.

Then they were suddenly among gigantic, lavash gardens, that hurriedly flashed him by as they were rushed through them, to a large drawbridge and onto the second wall. The second fortification has topped by a market that felt simply huge, but also open and well-spaced so as to leave everything easily visible.

Then they were dragged into what he assumed was a tailor shop of some sort, by the hundreds of rolls of fabric lying around and the dozens of people that grabbed them, then an instant later some form of magic stripped them so the tailors could take measurements more easily.

Everyone had been unhappy when their clothes and possessions had vanished. Harry felt he handled it the best, though maybe was because he was used to going as such when he and his sister had managed to capture some time alone back home.

Dior and Draco had been less pleased. “What! Where did our stuff go?” The slender blonde boy had squeaked out in surprise, covering his manhood in shock.

His twin was less restrained, “My sword!” She shouted, her face flashing in rage, completely indifferent to the state of her nakedness, as she started struggling against the yellow hatted tailors.

“Alright, everyone calm down!” Penny’s voice cracked sternly over the roar. “Your possessions should be in our quarters when we arrive.” She waved her wand, sparks flashing brilliantly near some rolls of cloth.

A brilliant decision that was immediately followed by no less than three different tailors tackling her to the ground.

They struggled for a moment, and he could feel his party’s mood lifting in amusement as the younger of their Esquires shouted. “Tonks help, I’m down!”

“Girls look at the size of ears on this one…” One of the younger tailors cooed. She gripped Ron’s ears, making him yelp, and distracting him from suddenly from his gawking.
His own tailor’s hands wandered down his abdomen. “I think I’ve got the best catch here Sam.” The teen chuckled, her measuring tape closer to his manhood than he would have liked.

Violet huffed at the teen behavior, and turned back to her own tailor. “Finish up or pay up.” She groused down at the twiggy blonde as the ruler measuring the width of the gap between her thighs got just a little too close.

There was an annoyed hiss, like an aggravated cat. “Just hurry up will you?” Dior griped out in impatience, the willowy girl trying to cover her important bits from prying eyes.

His sister’s tailor snorted at her while Dior’s chuckled. “Hardly much to show lass, nothing but skin and bones…” The teen trailed off as she measured Violets nose, then she shouted at another teen for emerald cloth.

Violet and Dior both huffed, their skin flushing pleasingly in shared embarrassment and anger. He just grinned over at the pair, who glared back for a second, before being interrupted.

“Alright, now on to the rest if this shit.” A frazzled looking Penny reappeared nearby, as his tailor clasped a simple black cloak around Harry’s shoulders.

They were an odd bunch that was shepherded out from the tailor shop, thirty some eleven-year olds, clutching shapeless black tunics tight as they were marched down the road.

And the fact that the wall was broad enough to have a road running along it was not lost in him either.

The next shop they were dragged to turned out to be a large and dingy shop, filled with shelves and shelves of unidentifiable objects. “Alright come out Ollivander, we need a bunch of focuses for their practice .” Tonks shouted into the seemingly endless shelves.

“Not here for anything nefarious I would hope Esquire?” A voice came from between where they were standing and the door, ignoring the teens question with a dry accusation.

The teen’s pink hair turned white as she spun around. “Of course not Ollivander.” She growled disapprovingly as Harry turned to see a tall, gaunt man with huge luminous eyes. “Have I ever lied to you?” She asked him. The man didn’t even blink as he responded with a, “Yes.”
“Oh come on, it was just the one time.” The curvy teen flushed. “And it’s not like anyone got hurt.” She pouted at Ollivander.

“Three thousand pounds of silver in lost merchandise Tonks.” He replied flatly, his milky gaze passing over them all with a discerning look.

“And I said I was sorry…” The teen grumbled out, hair turning purple again.

He ignored her complaining, luminous eyes searching each in their group, and Harry felt they were fixed on him a moment longer than the rest. “Nevertheless, I have sworn to aid you in your duty and so I will.” He waved at them. “Everyone please line up single file. No, not you Tonks, you go sit outside where my stock will be safe from your clumsiness…”

The strange thin man seemed to have some actual authority, Harry noted idly, as the bubbly teen merely groaned and complied with the demand.

“How about you?” Ollivander asked himself as Tonks went outside to pout. “How about you?” He gestured to a round faced boy nearby, who squeaked in protest.

Then a wall of magic slammed into Harry, as the tall man circled the boy once. The gaunt old mage was ancient; Harry could taste it on his tongue, ancient and powerful.

“Waxwood, with scale from an Amazonian Naga.” He flicked his hand and a three foot pole shot from the shelves. “Your staff…” He handed the brown haired boy the length of wood. “This staff is to be your first focus…I expect that you take better care of it than your Esquire showed her's.”

“I still have my first…” Penny said idly, pushing one of the girls back into line. “Not my fault Tonks is such a klutz.”

And so an hour went by. Ollivander would randomly select a student, blast them with enough magic to knock over a horse, and then summon their chosen staff from the gloomy depths of his shop. It was an almost perfectly quiet experience, and Harry found both the silence and the routine blasts of powerful magic unnerving.
Even his twin had been cowed into submission by the time her turn came, the wandmaker’s magic being simply too powerful for Violet to even think about voicing complaint. Even their bond was silent as the gaunt man chose an Ironwood and Warg tooth staff for her. Presenting the serpentine rod to her with the tenderness one would use to give a newborn baby to its mother.

Dior, Goyle, Crabbe, and Pansy’s turns went by quickly. Only Draco had the audacity to try and complain about his staff having a flake from a unicorn’s horn as a core.

Despite Harry’s expectation, Ollivander did not melt the boy into goo with merely a mean look, but simply chuckled at his complaining. “One cannot judge a craft by its components but by the quality of its performance.” He answered cryptically, sweeping over to his next victim, a dark skinned girl, without another word.

Finally, Harry was the only one left. He had the distinct feeling that his exclusion hadn’t been an accident either, and while the moon eyed man stalked over to him, he noticed Penny stiffen visibly in the corner of his vision.

Then magic blasted across him, it felt like he had dove from one of the islands cliffs and slammed into the water. It didn’t really hurt, but there was the sense that it could crush him like a bug if desired.

And like the light from a candle being blown out, it suddenly vanished. “Isn’t that… most curious.” He gave Harry an odd look, one that said that knew much more than he was going to tell.

The man frowned as he straightened and he glanced at Penny, sharing a look who’s meaning Harry couldn’t discern. “Elderwood for you young Lord Potter…Elderwood and Well-Man skin.”

The staff shot like an arrow from the shelves. “Luck is not with you this day.” He said cryptically as he handed the cream-colored staff to Harry, who felt a powerful tingle shoot up his arms the moment his hands made contact with the smooth wooden rod. “For this focus will be cursed.” The man’s face was gravely serious, and he felt a bead of sweat drip down his back in actual intimidation. “Know that this staff will betray you when you need it most Harry.” He warned with a nod to Penny, who immediately set about her task of getting everyone out of the shop.

“Thank Mr. Ollivander everyone, and then everyone out! We have a feast to get to!” She shouted, her professional tone sounding strained by the most recent events.
The mysterious and powerful man nodded down at him, placing a hand on Harry’s shoulder for a moment. “If you are ever having problems with it, I want you to come to me immediately.” He warned, and then the moon-eyed old man turned, and with a billow of his dark robes he disappeared into the shelves.

Fresh annoyance flickered across his bond, and he turned to see his twin scowling as they walked from the shop and back into the street. “Of course we get screwed.” She grumbled quietly.

Harry looked around, but Draco and his party seemed to have been lost in the growing crowd on the road. “Only my staff is cursed Violet.”

“Yeah but they stole our weapons!” She whispered loudly, her cloak falling open carelessly.

“I think that someone mentioned us getting them bac-”

Penny cut him off as their group stopped under a small tree growing from the road. “Ok, now we go to the great hall!” She shouted over the murmuring. Tonks stood tall, waving her arms around to get everyone’s attention. “I want everyone hold hands, and whatever you do… don’t let go until I tell you to!” She grinned out at them wickedly.

So Harry reached out, clasping the hand of one of several dark skinned girls nearby. He couldn’t tell if the girl blushed or not, but his twin did subtly kick his shin as he grabbed her hand.

As soon as everyone had linked up, the older teen’s hair flashed through several different colors. “Remember, it is important that you don’t let go until we come to a complete stop I don’t want to be jumping across half the castle trying to track you down while there is beer to be drunk.” She said sarcastically, and Penny groaned in exasperation at her companions smile.

“Why do I get the feeling that I’m going to be tracking them down if we lose any?” She questioned the other teen in an annoyed tone.

“Regardless, It is time to go!” Tonks ignored her with an excited shout, as she clasped hands with the group and grinned again.

Then the world was ripped out from under him and they were blurring through space.
Ok, so chapter five is finished, which means I can finally move on to the feast and beyond.

As you might have noticed, I slightly upped the size and eldritchness of Hogwarts. That will be explained in more depth in the future. Probably in chapter seven or eight if I can keep to the schedule, but it will have an explanation.

And for those of you who are worried about Ron being a total prat in this story, I assure you that he is just in an understandably bad mood and that their are good reasons for peoples behaviors.

Also, bonus points to anyone who knows who the Valusians are without needing to Google it first.
I would like to start chapter six by thanking everyone who has provided comments so far. I love hearing from people, even if they don’t always agree with me.

Hermione resisted the urge to vomit, as gripped Melody and Padma’s hands clenched her own desperately, and the world swirled and it's colors blurred and mixed as Tonks slid through the air and dragged them all with.

To say that the past couple of days had been stressful for her would have been a massive understatement. She had been arrested for being a witch, was thrown in a dungeon, then kidnapped from certain death by a real witch, and then she had spent countless hours trapped naked in the hold of a rickety galley. Then just to make her stress worse, she had been dragged around an island by a bubbly teen with horrible sense in fashion, was forced to unwittingly enslave her younger sister, and then been made to bond to the same aforementioned teen. At which point she had been coerced through a portal to a school of indescribable size and complexity, magically stripped naked by her tailors, and given only a cloak to dress with.

And now they were all being dragged through the air to some sort of initiation feast.

So it wouldn’t exactly be a stretch to say that she wasn’t happy with the way things had been going, though that was probably a given considering her background.

That was probably due largely to the teachings of the church, as though the Orthodox branch was considered the most liberal of the Abrahamic faiths, that still wasn’t saying very much. And their position on the practice of witchcraft was still quite clear.

And so Hermione herself, being an obedient though not particularly faithful child, had never held any love for the concept, which she was rapidly realizing was probably ironic because the mounting evidence that she was a witch herself was quickly becoming overwhelming. It certainly was an unwelcome realization, but at the same time she couldn't help but see it as rather amusing... that she would have been singled out by the Inquisition, a young girl that spent most of her time studying and reading in the cities library, was almost too big of a coincidence to be true.

Though, considering that the captain of the guard was apparently a witch herself, Hermione had quietly figured that she shouldn't have really been that surprised.

She also wasn’t nearly as stressed about the whole thing as she had been earlier that day in the hold, or especially the day before when she and her sister had been dragged from their home. She internally figured the change in mental behavior was probably the result of some sort of satanic magic affecting her mind, not yet willing to acknowledge that she might have actually accepted her new lot in life yet, even if only internally.

Not that it was easy to contemplate such lofty ideas while being whisked through the air, over the castles towering walls, hurling across the chasms between them and down their crowded roads, she
actually found the experience quite terrifying.

Then she suddenly felt that there was an intense sensation of snapping back, and she was thrown out of control several feet forward across the pavement by her own excess momentum, her hands breaking their death grip on Padma and Melody’s.

Hermione’s mind went racing to the warning Penny had given them earlier, about releasing their joined hands too early. But her alarmed thoughts were interrupted before she could do anything more that startle herself.

“Well, well, well… You actually made it on time Nymphadora.” A stern and extremely familiar voice drawled out with faint amusement.

Hermione looked up, from where she had stumbled and saw that McGonagall stood before a massive arching doorway, decked out in voluminous scarlet robes, and with a golden tiara glinting in her greying hair.

“I suppose I should be impressed?” The older woman asked herself dryly, with an almost sarcastic wave of her hand. “Usually something would have gone horribly wrong by now…”

“Let’s not jinx it…” Penny responded from the rear of the group. “The night hasn’t even begun yet.”

Hermione tuned out Tonks's defense of her own competence, and instead took the moment regaining her balance to gawk at the massive citadel that towered over them. It was tall enough to give the impression that it was leaning over to fall on them.

She knew it was an illusion of perspective, her countless hours spent studying had taught her enough to know that, but it was still an incredibly alarming feeling being this close to the towering structure.

Amused laughter echoed from behind her, and she turned to see Parvati sitting on one of the marble paving stones, giggling helplessly to herself. “I want to do that again!” The caramel-skinned girl shouted excitedly to the others piled around her.

“Fuck you!” The redhead she had seen earlier cursed loudly from where she was dry-heaving on the ground, jabbing an accusing finger in the Patil twins general direction between her curses.

“I think it would be smart if we didn’t do that again…” Her male companion said, pulling himself up and scrabbling to help the redheaded, ignoring their drake pacing back and forth nearby, the slender reptile having somehow followed them all as they flew halfway across the castle.

But Parvati apparently didn’t know when to shut up. “We should do it again, it was awesome!” She grinned excitedly, letting her cloak fall open again carelessly, revealing a pair of little brown nipples as she turned to back compatriots. “You guys agree right?”

Padma grimaced, either at her sister’s nudity or her suggestion, but Nimmi nodded rapidly and began speaking in the barbarian tongue they had been unfortunate enough to have learned instead of Koine.

That reminded Hermione of her obligations, and she decided that she would need to teach her new acquaintances to speak properly when she had the time.
But before she could dwell on the Sisyphean task of culturally enlightening the barbarian masses further, a muffled groan came from behind her and she turned again in curiosity. It was pretty much what she had been expecting.

“Neville, what on earth are you doing down there?” She asked him rhetorically, raising an eyebrow as she saw the boy attempting to work himself out from under a tangled pile of several girls. A pile that included... to Hermione’s fresh amusement, Miriam. The Moorish girl squealed as the blushing boy accidentally elbowed her through her now open cloak, trying her hardest to cover her entire body with the tangled fabric and avoid touching anyone at the same time.

She couldn’t help her smirk in spite of herself, it was funny watching the dark-skinned girl flail and tangle herself further, and she was obligated to enjoy the sight of one of the heathens in peril after all. So the sight of the other girl floundering brought with an ingrained feeling of warmth to her heart.

“Sorry, sorry…” The dark-haired boy squawked out, as he worked to untangled himself from the pile of limbs and tangled cloaks.

“Nice…” She commented wryly, before helping to pull him back to his feet, and shooting an annoyed look at the pile of girls glaring in their direction. “You all should show more decency…” she rebuked them, "Touching a boy like that in your state of dress is shameful!” She let the disapproving lecture flow from her lips, pointedly ignoring how most of the other girls continued to glare at her as she went on. "Your not even engaged to poor Neville!"

Miriam’s face flushed further, and the Muslim girl nodded rapidly in agreement with her, presumably too embarrassed to actually speak in support while so close to so many angry girls.

“There's no need to be so uptight Hermione. After all, I've heard we’re supposed to be in for a fun night!” The smartest of her three Indian companions responded, the trio close behind Melody as the Eight-year old rushed over to where she was standing.

“But what do we have here?” Padma asked curiously, her face flashing full of amusement as she stalked up to the disentangling pile. Her sister and close friend following in her footsteps, grinning as she circled him. “You didn’t tell us about any boys Hermione…”

Neville blushed instantly under the looks the trio of Indian girls were giving him, or maybe it was the clear view he was getting through Parvati's unashamedly open cloak, Hermione wasn't going to assume. “I met him on the bridge, just a little while before I met you three. He’s polite, and acts decently.” She replied honestly, impressed by the boy's attempt at honorable behavior.

Padma gave him a fascinated look. “Well then I suppose he must be, I mean if he impresses the Christian…” She trailed off sarcastically, as their group was slowly crowded into the archway by another group 's arrival.

Hermione ignored the Indian girls friendly jab, and grabbed her sisters hand, as their group was led into a large hallway filled with hundreds of other children their age.

“Now listen up everyone!” Minerva spoke clearly from halfway up a staircase at the other end of the hall. The stern woman silenced the entire hall of children with nothing more than the command in her tone “The Great Hall beyond these doors is where we will be having the welcoming feast, but before you will be allowed to take your places and eat you will be initiated!”
“This will be done by a short ritual, wherein you will write your name on a scroll with your own blood.” She waved at the massive crowd of students and their mostly bored looking tutors. “By doing this you will be inducted into the Hogwarts student registry, and you will be marked as a Magi from that moment forward!” The old woman finished grandly, a proud look coming across her lightly-wrinkled face.

There was a burst of hushed whispering all around her, as McGonagall spun around and lead them down a darkened corridor, everyone was excited by what the elder woman had told them and there were all kinds of wild whispering as they walked.

Hermione pushed her way aggressively forward, dragging Melody behind her as she reached the front of the crowd just in time for the old woman to open a massive wooden door at the end of the hallway, which swung open soundlessly, on well-oiled hinges.

The hall that lay beyond the door did not fail to live up to its name. It was unmistakably the Great Hall.

It was the kind of sight she would have expected to see in mythic Olympus, the kind of grand hall that was meant for the enjoyment of the pagan gods, and not something to be found in the realm of mortal men. It was a truly massive room, held up by thick pillars of white marble and strange greenish stone that seemed to fade seamlessly into the brilliant oranges and reds of the sky above them, and making it appear as though the room had no true ceiling.

And the hall itself was absolutely packed full with people of all sorts. Dressed in every kind of clothes she had ever dreamed of, singing, dancing and talking so quickly that she could barely make out any individual words.

All that stopped the moment the great oak doors opened and the initiates were herded though. The entire crowd, as massive and lively as it was, falling silent as the grave and turning to stare in the direction of the opened doors.

Hermione was struck with the same vertigo as before as she looked out across the hall, though it was not nearly intense as it had been atop the hill. The immense room’s size seemed to change before her eyes, with the distances to people far away shifting suddenly closer, as the space of the hall somehow contracted itself without losing any volume.

The raised podium at the far end of the hall suddenly snapped into focus, from what seemed like a mile away. A huge platform with tables curved to face the rest of the hall, and judging by the ages of the people who seemed to be seated there, Hermione decided that it must have been where the teachers sat.

An idea that seemed to be confirmed by the one of the large wooden thrones that still sat empty, with the symbols MM carved into the upper portion in the letters of the Latin alphabet, being taken by the Transfiguration Mistress who had crossed the room somehow while she hadn't been paying the woman any attention.

"I wonder if Dumbledore is going to give a speech.” Hermione heard a tallish and rather aristocratic looking blonde whispered to a frowning dark-haired girl nearby. The dark-haired girl scowled deeper, and turned to a rather androgynous blonde boy, who might have been the first girl’s brother.
“Do you really think we’ll have to sit through that Draco? I’m too hungry to be made to wait.” She whined in protest.

“I’ll agree to that sentiment.” The frizzy redhead from before said, pipping up from where she had slid in nearby.

Padma took that moment to reappear, dragging Neville and with her sister and friend trailing along. “Of course he’s going to give a speech!” The Indian girl said haughtily. “What kind of Liege doesn’t give a speech before a feast?” She asked the complaining pair incredulously.

Hermione opened her mouth to agree with her, but the old bearded man in his dazzling blue robes stood up from his golden throne in the center of the raised dais, he walked with an air of calmly measured authority. A liege, confident in his own power and in the power and loyalty of his vassals.

The bearded old ruler made his way swiftly to the podium, sunlight glinting off of the golden laurel that sat nestled in his long white hair, as he beamed down at them as though he was pleased by their mere presence. The stretching of space making it seem like he was very close, and she briefly imagined she could see the individual wrinkles on his face if she squinted, before the vertigo hit again and she drew her gaze back.

“Welcome to Hogwarts!” His voice thundered across the room, as he swung his arms wide, like he was going to try and embrace all of them. “First of all, I would like to congratulate all of the students and alumni who are returning,” There was a number of enthusiastic shouts from the assembly, “and to the staff and servants, without whom tonight’s delicious feast wouldn’t have been possible!” The crowd absolutely roared at the mention of food, loud enough that her younger sister slapped her hands over her ears.

“And we mustn’t forget to welcome our First-Years and their Esquires!” The crowd again shouted in celebration, and Tonks and Penny slipped up towards the front of the group with about a hundred other teenagers. Raising their wands and staffs into the air and basking in the waves of adulation.

“Alright, thank you, thank you!” The powerful old man, who Hermione internally figured must have been Dumbledore shouted to them, and the room calmed quickly at his request.

He snapped his fingers, and a short pillar of marble appeared before them, startling Hermione and a number of other students near the front of the crowed of first-years at it's sudden appearance. Atop it was a thick scroll of parchment and there was a black feather pen placed gingerly on top. “All prospective students will need to sign their names before we can all be seated for the feast.” Dumbledore said, and in an instant, Hermione knew the meaning of contradiction. It felt like a glowing fog had settled tenderly across her senses, and she felt compelled to write in the scroll.

The signing after that went past in a blur of emotion for Hermione. So quickly in fact, that she didn’t actually remember what she had put down or the pain of drawing blood. But before she knew what was happening, she found herself seated on a bench, with Melody to her right and the boy from earlier with his long black hair sitting to her left.

“Have you ever had northerner food Hermione?” Pavrati asked her from across the table after they all seemed to come back from under the influence of the golden fog.

She shrugged in reply. “I can’t say I have.” It was an honest reply, as most of the dishes her mother
or their house servant had made for her and her sister had been classical Greek or Roman food, with her mother occasionally dipping her finger into the ocean of cuisine and harassing a local busybody from Persia for a recipe or two in exchange for a few hours of gossip.

The caramel-skinned girl grinned in a manner she wasn’t entirely sure wasn’t sarcastic. “Then trust me, you’re in for a real treat.” She informed, wiggling her eyebrows in emphasis.

Then there was a loud popping sound, and in an instant the entire table was absolutely stuffed with golden plates and bowels piled with more food than she had ever seen in one place.

“Jesus Christ!” Melody squeaked, nearly leaping from her skin from shock at the sudden appearance of all the fine cuisine the castles cooks could provide.

The table was coated in food, more than Hermione thought they would be able to eat, and all of the other tables were coated similarly. The hall roared at the sudden blessing, and at once everything that had been started before started back up again at an even greater pitch.

She reached cautiously into the platter of sliced meat, trying to glimpse Padma from behind the pile as she stacked her plate, but their were multiple piles of food between them.

“Make sure you try the stuffing!” Hermione thought she heard Pavrati shout past the food, as a few students nearby started singing about the exploits of a talking whale and a Nordic maiden and her Tully decided that translating that was more important.

“Here squirt, try some mead.” A jolly little brunette shouted happily, passing a pitcher of thick golden fluid down the table, which Melody accepted with a happy little gasp.

Hermione poured herself half of a goblet of what she assumed was some kind of wine. “Remember to eat something before you have any alcohol Melody.” She chided her younger sister warning, "Or you'll get sick again..." But despite her misgivings, Hermione kneeled to the massive puppy eyes Melody unsealed on her, and she ended up pouring the liquor for her sibling anyways.

§

Harry was enjoying himself immensely, because the night had certainly taken a turn for the better.

Here he was, in the grandest hall he had ever imagined possible. Everywhere there were wonderfully decorated pillars and walls, reaching up to meld into the very fabric of the sky itself.

There was food of all sorts piled tall on huge golden platters, cauldrons broiling with soups and pitchers and pitchers of every drink imaginable.

And to top it all off, he had even gotten a seat next to the two girls he had been interested in before. The oldest of the pair sat with an almost tense poise next to him, slowly nibbling her way through a pile of sliced lamb and some chicken stuffing.

She made quite the contrast with his own sister, who was working her way through an entire glazed ham on his other side in a competition with Ron and his sister Rachel.

He supposed that it was good that the three could get whatever it had been it out of their systems without beating each other into a pulp, but their shrapnel was finding itself into his soup and he was getting annoyed by it.
“Violet you should try something else,” he pleaded with her finally, “there is more here than just ham.” He said convincingly, motioning to a plate of honey-coated biscuits that glimmered in the light.

His twin gave the redheads across from her an untrusting look, and swiped a stuffed bun from a nearby basket, fingering the hunk of bread possessively, like she was afraid someone would take the one she had grabbed instead of one of the thirty still on the platter.

As he contemplated his sisters various neurosis, someone nearby started playing music.

Harp notes floated over the sound of thousands in idle chatter or dining. Harry turned back to the frizzy hared brunette who pulled her cloak a little closer together as he shifted to face her on his chair. “Hello, I’m Harry Potter.” He greeted her as clearly as he could, noticing earlier that tone of speaking was very poor, and not wanting to get dragged into yet another misunderstanding.

The girl started, turned to him and gave him an almost incredulous look as she swept the brown locks from her eyes, like he had just declared to her that he had secretly been a fish this whole time.

But before the brunette could comment, someone else butted into their burgeoning conversation. “Harry Potter! We’ve heard of you!” A dark-skinned girl from across the table interrupted in thickly accented English, her magic flickering against his curiously as she slid a plate of potatoes over so she could see them more easily.

“We’ve heard you killed Tom Riddle!” The slightly shorter of the two girls said, letting her cloak fall open casually to reveal the caramel colored skin it had hid.

He shrugged uncertainly. “I’ve heard that too. Don’t remember it though.”

“Tom Riddle?” The frizzy-haired girl seemed to ask herself, her brows furrowing deeply in concentration. “I think I’ve heard that name before.” She seemed to return to herself after a moment of thought. “I’m Hermione Granger, by the way…” She replied slowly in her curious accent.

Harry nodded back politely, still not entirely sure how he was supposed to be handling himself in situations like this but pleased at his success so far. Hagrid had been a decent teacher when he had been around, but the man's expertise had been closer to Vernon’s, and so the amount of time expended teaching them how to interact with other people their age had been rather limited.

And his interactions with Dudley were unlikely to help him here. He doubted any of the girls would appreciate a head-butt.

Which meant he was working mostly with what he had learned the past few days and his gut.

He figured that was ok though, it was usually enough.

The fact that he and his sister had terrified most of the other children of the village because they had chosen to act on their wits, instead of asking Petunia or Trude for instructions, was something he didn’t even bother considering.

“That’s my sister” He gestured with a thumb over his shoulder, promptly introducing Violet. “The one inhaling a ham.”
“Murgle…” His twin trailed off eloquently in greeting, before she traded off what was left of the ham to start working on disemboweling a melon.

Draco seemed to notice their interaction and he quickly leaned across the table, interjecting himself into the conversation as well. “Draco Malfoy!” He introduced himself rather grandly, especially for someone who had just slid their elbow was into the butter leaning over.

The brunette gave them both a rather unimpressed once over, while the dark skinned girls giggled from across the table. “Your elbow…” The giggling girl pointed out.

His friend blinked owlishly, before jolting back with a startled squawk. Then he settled for leaning back against Pansy and blushing, sulking in his faux-pas while ignoring the light chuckling from the other students around them.

Harry took a second from the conversation to try another scoop of the most delicious mashed potatoes that he had ever had, ignoring the way they practically melted in his mouth, he quickly returned to the engagement.

“So, does you sister have a name?” He asked, noticing the tinier version of the frizzy-haired brunette working her way through a bottle of scotch while her older sibling was focused on him.

Hermione rolled her eyes, and moved to grab the smaller girl away from the whiskey. “Melody, I told you to eat something first!” She said, before switching to lecturing her sibling in a different language.

The smaller girl’s face was already pretty pink, so he wasn’t quite sure why the girl bothered with it, seeing as at this point getting her to eat was likely to just make it worse later.

After snatching the half-empty bottle she turned back. “The Easterners are Padma, Parvati and Nimmi.” She said in a rather matter-a-fact voice, jabbing a thumb at the trio of girls across the table that had gone back to eating from a bowl of grapes and talking in another language he didn’t speak.

Harry brushed his newly shortened, and consequently now more messy, black hair from over his eyes and tucked it back past his ears, wishing internally that Trude had at least had the presence of mind to trim his bangs. However they were interrupted before he could ask any questions. “Awe, aren’t they cute,” a bubbly and familiar voice asked, “Already getting along and everything!”

Tonks’s voice came from behind him. “We'll see how long they can keep that up, won't we Penny?” He heard the curvy shape-shifter mutter to her companion much more quietly.

He spun in response, in time with a suddenly quite disgruntled looking Hermione, to see Tonks standing tall behind close them. Now dressed in a set of less obvious, but still glaringly butter toned robes.

The teen fondled a wedge of cheese on the table idly, while Penny swooped up behind the curvier teen with her hands on her hips. “Not giving them any ideas I should hope?” The younger of the pair asked through gritted teeth.

Tonks didn't respond verbally, and just gave her a lazy grin in reply.

Harry thought the older of their Esquires was going to leave it at that, but he was thankfully disappointed.
Penny gave the grinning older teen a distinctly distrustful stare. Then the slender teen turned back and started yelling at a pair of boys at a nearby table, who might have been Ron and Rachel’s older brothers by the look of them, who had been readying some sort fireworks a little too obviously for their own good.

The color changing teen just held a finger to her lips, grinning like a loon, and winking at all the prying eyes at their table who had stopped their feasting to watch the attractive teen’s antics.

Tonks carefully slid a hand onto her companions shoulder, then she quickly spun Penny around and proceeded to use her tongue to clean the back of the other girl’s mouth out. The taller teen held the squirming younger girl in a deep kiss for nearly a full five seconds, before detaching their connected mouths with an audible pop.

Penny shuddered as they detached, moaning and stared glassy eyed for a moment, her gaze focusing on the string of saliva still connecting her open mouth with her companions grinning lips.

Then she seemed to remember where they where and who was watching. “Tonks you ass!” The brunette hissed in displeasure, her brown eyes flicking nervously to the tables around them while her skin flushed hot with embarrassment.

Harry noticed that no one around them seemed at all unperturbed by the sudden display, or to even have noticed at all. Other than Hermione and a few first-years, who he assumed must have been from the Abrahamic nations, or other lands where such displays were more taboo.

Tonks turned back to them with a flourish, wrapping her arm around the waist of a still sputtering Penny. “First thing you kids get to learn tonight, is that that kind of stuff is to be expected for the likes of us.” She gave their table a rather hungry grin. “But we’ll tell you guys that don’t know about that stuff the important details after the feast.” She finished and licked Penny's ear, before leading the blushing younger teen away with a declaration about getting herself another pint of ale.

It turned out that after that display, the rest of the feast wasn’t actually all that interesting. With Draco pouting in embarrassment, Hermione still in wide-eyed in shock and muttering to herself, he was more or less left with a slightly pudgy boy named Neville to talk to.

While the other boy certainly tried to add something to the conversation, the Patil twins seemed to be content to heckle the other boy with innuendos, interrupting them playfully between quick bites of theirn food. Something made easier for them by the fact that there was two of them and only one Neville.

Ultimately he spent most of the feast... well feasting, the food had been even better than he expected, and he could listen to the various bards around them singing relaxing tales of magic and adventure while he enjoyed his second plate of various cheeses and meats.

The ham turned out to be simply unbelievable. As juicy as it looked, it tasted both smoky and salty, and was generously drizzled in honey. He wouldn’t soon forget that particular combination of flavors.

After he finally couldn't eat any more, even with the help of his own notoriously huge appetite, he leaned back slightly on the bench to relax. An action, he noted idly, which seemed oddly in time with the rest of the people in the gigantic hall.
Dumbledore stood again at that, probably to give everyone another speech, and Harry found himself musing over his thoughts on the man who he had been training all his life to fight for.

He knew already, that if he had never been impressed before, this would be the time to be awed. The castle itself, the feast that had had been absolutely massive, they all were part of a display of power and opulence that even he could recognize easily despite being mostly untrained in such things.

His magic felt to Harry almost like the sun itself when he focused on it. With a brilliant power washing off of his massive core in waves, that seemed to bend reality itself, giving his visage an actual sort-of glow that was almost off-putting in its strength as it haloed around his form.

The physical man himself was almost equally impressive.

To the naked eyes he gave the impression of an old power. His electric blue robes dazzled the eyes, as did the golden laurel on his head as it sparkled in the light. His staff, a smooth flowing design which looked to be made of solid gold, was gripped firmly in hand but it was not leaned against.

It was a tool and a symbol of his power and authority, not some mere crutch for an ailing old man.

He still stood tall despite the fact that he was wrinkled and grayed, stroking his long thin beard as he smiled contemplatively. Dumbledore did not seem weak in the slightest, and his voice boomed easily across the strange room. “Now I know you all must be eager to continue the night,” he said quietly, despite the echoes that resounded across the hall, “but if you’ll allow me just a moment to get some formalities out of the way first we can all be on our way.”

“First off, I would like to remind everyone that the forests beyond the outer walls are, as their name suggests, forbidden to all students or staff without proper permissions.” His glasses swept the room, and the two boys Penny had been yelling at earlier gave him a wave as his gaze passed them by.

Dumbledore chuckled at their antics. “As for the second point, I cannot stress enough that fights and duels should be confined inside the areas of the castle actually reinforced against such things. That goes double for any magical shenanigans.” His bushy eyebrows wiggled as he spoke. "I know everyone is excited for the new term, but Filch has already been piling my desk with reports of chaos.”

“The third and final message I feel important enough to impart to you all tonight, is that the third floor library on the third tier is strictly forbidden.” His voice was suddenly much more serious. “Terrible danger awaits any who would venture there, and I would advise everyone to wait for the staff to clear it out before making any attempts to enter, whether through subterfuge or other means…”

His visage brightened immediately after finishing that part of the statement, and so too did the whole room. “Now that that dreary business is over I would like to wish everyone a good night, and a grand new term here at Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry!”

It seemed like that was the call for everyone to leave, or at least the new students, as Tonks and Penny were suddenly somehow at their table again. “Alright you brats,” Penny growled out while shooting a glare at Tonks, who just smiled at the ceiling in false obliviousness, “it’s time to head to the dormitory.”
“Yeah, you lot need a bath!” Tonks grinned, holding her nose and waving away imaginary scents to giggles of most of the nearby students.

“But they get to stay.” Pansy whined in protest as everyone started standing, pointing to the older students who had taken to lounging and idle conversation as the staff and new students trickled out out.

Penny just raised an eyebrow at that. “Don’t even remind me…” The younger of the two teens growled in an annoyed tone, motioning for the students who formed their party to clump up so that they could exit the hall.

What followed was quite a long walk to the dormitory. A large portion of which Harry spent trying to reign in twin, as Violet had decided to go looking for their suddenly absent dragon, using only the barest hints of his magic.

It was a difficult task, made all the harder by his urge to stop and gawk at literally everything around them. The castle was unspeakably opulent, with thick carpets and endlessly shifting tapestries that glowed in the light of oil fixtures that lit up as their group passed by, even the quality of the stonework was noticeable.

But as they passed out onto an open aired bridge, he suddenly found himself inexplicably lost in the sky. It was powerfully colored, with deep reds and purples mixing wildly across the endless expanse of Asgard's canvass.

It reminded him of the skies above the seas, and of his home on their shores in Shetland.

Harry forced his limbs into motion again, his core warning him of his twin’s wanderings, but as he moved he found himself bumping into a slightly taller frame and a thick barrier made of bushy brown hair.

The feeling of contact was powerfully intense. Almost like his first few unions with Violet, or his convergence with Dior had been the night before. He nearly recoiled at the sensation, nearly at a loss for breath, and it made him suddenly wonder why he hadn’t tried to touch more girls than he had so far.

“ω Θεέ μου!” Hermione squeaked in shock at his contact, clearly having been caught up in a similar sort of emotion at the sight of the sky that he had been.

And now she was standing there blushing fiercely, looking at him like she had no idea what had just happened to them. Not that Harry really knew either. “Sorry…” She trailed off awkwardly in her accented English, pulling her younger sister close, and closing her cloak further.

Harry nodded back to her and hoped his own flush wasn't to obvious, suddenly wishing inside that she would open her cloak instead of closing it. He could feel his blood shifting to other parts of his body, reacting to his magic as as the frizzy-haired girl's core gusted and swirled around at the stimulus their accidental contact had provided.

There was an actual flash of light as their cores connected again, completely involuntarily of both of their wills, and then suddenly Tonks was there between the two of them with her staff crackling. “Well aren’t you two little love birds eager.” She teased them salaciously, a tremendously amused grin on her face, as Harry realized he no longer could feel Hermione's core past the wall of invisible magic the teen had erected between them.
“And we haven’t even gotten to the dorms yet, can you believe it Penny!” She teased the shorter brunette teen in a loud whisper. “These two are already getting started, and we haven’t even had time to explain the basic techniques.” She continued to whisper loudly, grinning as both of her charges blushed fantastically at her innuendo.

Hermione blushed fantastically, the reddening skin hiding the dusting of freckles across her nose. “You can’t be serious!” She gasped in shock, and Harry thought she looked scandalized.

“She isn’t…” Penny trailed off in reply, giving the girl a nervous look, “least not yet.”

“YE-urk” Whatever Hermione was about to say was cut off as their changeling “mentor” put her into a headlock.

“Now, now good Christian,” She grinned down in a tone that was more amused that apologetic, “No one’s gonna make you do something you don’t want… with a few possible exceptions of course.”

Penny grumbled. “Which we will go over, once we get to the dorm… though, I suppose it’s more of an ‘if we ever get there’ at this rate.”

Tonks just laughed at the teen’s complaining, and released Hermione, who growled up at her traitorously. “I swear to God! Why are you people all are so indecent?” The brunette whined as they began walking again.

“It’s really not that bad Hermione.” Neville interjected, trying to calm the frizzy girl down. “You’ll get used to it.”

The Indian trio just giggled at him. “I’ve never met a person who’s embarrassed to be naked before.” Nimmi chirped out happily.

“You guys are all so weird.” Melody groaned, with more than a slight slur noticeable in her high-pitched voice, which seemed to remind Hermione of her own obligations.

“And you with your drinking!” She grabbed the smaller girl by the ear and dragged her after their teenage guides. “I ought to spank you’re butt till you can’t sit down.”

He felt a presence nearby, and he turned to see Draco and Ron standing side by side, not arguing or threatening each other, just staring after the angry brunette.

“Well Potter old chap, I leave that one to you…” Draco said haughtily, wiggling his eyebrows in amusement as Harry shot him a glare, and making Pansy and Dior both roll their eyes at them.

Ron, on the other hand, gulped audibly as the pair walked away. “You don’t think she really means that do you Malfoy?” The redhead questioned apprehensively, gripping the hand of his staff and eyeing his surroundings cautiously.

Not cautiously enough to see his own twin right behind him. “Oh for the love of… She isn’t mom you mope.” The wiry girl soothed, rolling her eyes at her brother's question none the less.

The two traded a look of shared suffering, and Harry was suddenly reminded that he hadn’t seen is own twin in almost five minutes of walking… which was undoubtedly a bad sign.
“Shit!” He turned to Dior. “Have you seen Violet?”

The aristocratic blonde shrugged. “She said she was going to look for your guys’ drake.”

She clearly didn’t understand. They didn’t understand that Violet without supervision was bound to get up to all sorts of trouble. And that was before she had gained access to a city-sized magic castle and an acid spitting drake.

He knew he needed to go look for her, so he pushed his way up to the front of the group. Just as he was about to ask them, Tonks and Penny turned around and pointed to an old looking fountain.

“This, my dear protégées is the entrance to Dormitory Cricket! This is where most of you will be spending most of this year!”

“It looks like a fountain?” One of the girls nearby said, crossing her arms and giving the stonework an unimpressed look.

Indeed, as far as Harry could tell it was just an empty fountain, sitting in the center of a small atrium where several hallways came together, and it wasn't an even a very elaborately decorated one at that.

Penny grinned at that. A small and secret grin, but it was there none the less. She tapped the fountain with her wand and it slid off to the side, revealing a closely twisting staircase in the floor.

“Tonks listen-” He tried to warn the teen as they were led down, but she just brushed him onto the staircase with the rest of the students.

“Come on in everyone.” He heard Penny say over the sound of the fountain grinding closed above them. “Now we can-” There was an awkward pause. “How on earth did you get in here?” He heard the younger teen ask in shock as he reached the bottom of the staircase.

When he brushed through the crowd he saw his sister was stroking George’s scutes, lazing on a pillow and glaring at them. “How did you guys find this place?” She shot back, pouting angrily with her hands on her skinny little hips. “This was gonna be my secret hideout.”

Harry had no real idea how to think about that idea, he was still annoyed by her wandering off after he had told her specifically not to. So he decided to stay quiet, simply giving her a warning look, which she ignored with a feral grin that she pretended to shoot at their group.

He could feel an almost haughtiness to her magic, as he reached out to her with his own in quiet in disapproval. She merely continued grinning at them wickedly, while Tonks and Penny shared a look asking each other how on earth she had managed to arrive before them.

“Ok whatever!” Penny shouted, giving up as Tonks shrugged nonchalantly, “Everyone take a good look around, because this is your new home for the foreseeable future.”

“This doesn’t make sense.” He heard Hermione groaning in confusion from nearby, as they all started to take in their surroundings. “We didn’t even go that far down! How can this room possibly have a vaulted ceiling?” She pleaded with no one in particular.

It did have a rather impressive ceiling, made of thousand of little clear glass triangles, that let in the last light of the dying sun and threw a strange pattern of light on the whole room.
The chamber was dominated by the fifty-foot tall, wooden tower that took up most of the room’s center. It was vaguely tree-shaped, with a thin spiral of guard-less flying stairs leading to a hatch in the the top platform, which looked to be about thirty feet across, and was speckled with fake fabric leaves attached to the guardrail of the platform.

“This,” Tonks said, leaning against one of the staircase slats sticking from the wooden tower, “is where the boys and any twins will sleep.”

She gestured grandly to the large rest of the seventy foot wide room, and all of the piles of pillows and blankets strewn across the uneven floor. “The girls will sleep down here.” She winked at everyone. “So the lads can get a good look at you. They have to see the goods in action—” Penny cut off whatever suggestive thing the older teen was about to say when she slapped it over the shape changers mouth.

Penny gave her fellow Esquire an annoyed look, before turning back to their group. “My friend’s idiotic ramblings reminded me about what we were actually supposed to finish explaining earlier, so everyone gather around so I can finish tonight’s education.”

“Save all your questions for later. And if you already know this stuff, please stay quiet so that others can hear me.” She instructed as Tonks flopped down across the first five slats in the staircase.

Penny sat down next to her on the steps of the tower, motioning to the floor before her. So Harry grabbed his sister by the wrist, and forced her to follow the other children to the spot on the thickly, carpeted and padded floor that the younger teen had indicated.

As everyone got themselves more comfortable, they started. “Alright, as you probably already noticed. There are a lot more witches than there are wizards. That trend has a lot to do with both ancient and more recent history and so I’ll try not to bore you with the gritty details, that’s Binns’ job.”

Tonks picked up for her. “Suffice to say that the standard family structure for us is different than that of the mundane. We call it the Coven and there is a decent amount different from the polygamous practices of the muggles. It could be best described a collection of females, bonded to a single wizard. There are a large number of different bonds that a witch or wizard can form that can help constitute a Coven,” She grinned again, “but the most obvious is the mating bond which is formed when you have sex with a boy for the first time.” She finished in a blatantly suggestive manner.

“But it is entirely possible to form one of the other so-called "Coven Bonds", and those can easily form a coven even if you don’t actually want it to. That means be careful of what you stick your dicks into, and what you do around here, if you don’t know how to control your magic.” Penny finished exasperatedly, shifting slightly and punching Tonks in the shoulder.

He glanced at Hermione, and realized that she was eyeing him in the same breath. Had they almost bonded earlier, did Tonks save them from an accident like that?

The brunette continued as they glanced at each other. “You will actually have a class about this tomorrow, so we don’t need to go into too much depth now. But there are a few things we need to cover besides the obvious sex one.”
“But for tonight’s purposes, I should only really only need to go over two other bonds. The first is what is called the Life Bond, it certainly shouldn’t be an issue for any of you guys anytime soon, as it forms when you save someone’s life from certain death outside of an actual battlefield.” The younger teen explained, a uncertain look flashing quickly across her soft features.

Penny sighed explosively as she continued. “This is possibly the most serious bond you can end up in, as it can only be broken by returning the favor, and because it makes you and everything in your possession a possession of the one who saved your life.”

Tonks slid up from laying back beside her, and wrapped her arms around the younger teen's waist, pulling Penny into her lap and nuzzling her brown hair affectionately. “It’s how I ended up stuck with doofus here.” She jabbed her finger back at Tonks, who turned her hair crimson, and laid her chin on top of the shorter girls head.

“Admit it, I’ve grown on you Penelope.” The shape-changer challenged.

Penny rolled her eyes, but he could see that she was fighting back a pleased little smile, as the older teen squeezed her possessively. “Like mold on cheese maybe.”

Tonks squeezed her harder, in a big hug that rapidly shifted as the older teen's hands started wandering. “Awe, someone’s in love!”

“Tonks not now!” She growled up warning, flushing again as the older teen started groping her breasts playfully through her robe.

But they were interrupted before either could go further. “So wait, if you’re both girls how does that work out?” An southern-looking girl asked the question everyone else in the group was thinking.

The changeling grinned down at them lecherously. “You lot will get to find out in just a couple of minutes.” She said, wiggling her eyebrows and flashing her hair through several different colors.

Penny, having managed to untangle herself from Tonks’s affection, answered them. “She is a metamorphagus. It means that she can change her shape, and yes, that's including that shape.” She blushed a little at that, but then continued undaunted. “The other bond that were required to tell you about tonight is the conquest bond.”

“This bond is one that is formed by a girl losing a fight against a suitor. It doesn’t form under all circumstances, he has to actually challenge your core to start the ritual and you have to lose for the bond to form.”

Both Penny and Tonks gave them slightly more serious looks. “It is important that you remember that no one can force you to accept this kind of fight, but if you lose it, you lose your freedom in essentially the same manner as the Life Bond.” Penny finished, wagging a finger at them in a warning manner. "Which is why it's called the Conquest Bond.”

The two shared a look, then Tonks gave her an amused grin. “Alright, let’s get this show on the road..” The thin brunette said, with an almost resigned sigh, despite the smile that still lingered on her face.

Tonks whooped, and jumped up. “Listen up you little hellions!” She shouted excitedly. “It’s time for my favorite part of the first day.” Her face split into the widest grin he had seen her wear yet.
“Bath time…”

The way she said it was absolutely ominous, and Harry felt a sudden lump forming in his gut. The kind he usually got right before something incredibly embarrassing happened.

“Bath…” Neville gulped out, looking nervous.

Tonks giggled at the reaction of the group, then raised her arm and gave the pit of her robe a deep smell, which made her grimaced slightly despite herself. “Ok, we should get going.”

Ok so fuck… day one is still rolling.

But I wanted to get this baby out for you guys sooner than later, so the rest of the day will be finished in the next chapter. Mostly because the time I will have to write in the next few months will be limited.

Also and more importantly, next chapter is where I get to write the real lewd.
Baths that make you Dirtier

I will start chapter 7 by thanking everyone has read or reviewed the previous chapters. I love knowing that people actually find my stuff interesting.

Also, I do apologies for this taking longer than I wanted, this chapter is pretty dense with details that will probably be important later and a Lemon.

And besides, I live in America, and our past few months have been fucking insane regardless of which side of the political spectrum you fall on.

But America doesn’t exist in this version of the world of Harry Potter, and you are all probably as sick of politics as I am after the past couple of months... ok maybe not all of you, but regardless.

Here is the next chapter of Harry Potter and the Energumen of the Elchee!

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There were a thousand things Harry could have said about their bath, but the chief thought in his mind was that they, like almost everything at Hogwarts so far, were almost unbelievably opulent.

Little cubes of glowing glass imbedded in the frescos in the walls, like sparks of captured sunlight, illuminated a massive pool of foamy water at least a hundred feet long and half as wide flanked by a dozen thick pillars of marble that held up the ceiling, ending with a waterfall that poured from a slot in the curved back wall..

It was a luxurious room, not as overwhelming or alien as the Great Hall or the castle as a whole, which Harry had still not fully processed. But considering that he had spent most of his life bathing in rivers or the tub Vernon kept in the keep, it was beyond what he had imagined he would ever need to be available.

“It’s a bit much, I know the feeling....” Penny clapped him on the shoulder, having taken a break from yelling at everyone about proper bathing techniques to smile down at him warmly. “But you’ll have to share it with everyone else, so there is that.”
His twin, Violet gave the teen a blank stare. “I’ve never seen a bath so big!” The blank stare turned into something devious. “Not even the bathhouse in Shetland was half this size.”

Penny nodded in affirmation. “Dumbledore likes to keep his servants comfortable…” She trailed off contentedly. Slipping her robes off as Harry and his twin doffed their cloaks with the rest of the students.

It was a nice bit of assurance, and Harry decided that it was the crux of the matter, that final piece that made the last few days make sense. Harry’s liege doing what a wise king did, providing reasons for those who he wanted to be loyal to remain close.

The thought filled him with a renewed confidence in his purpose, and Harry found a tension he hadn’t even known had been there melting out of him as he wandered over to the shelf of baskets where towels and soaps were kept.

He couldn’t complain about the view either, as Penny started stripping her undergarments.

Harry figured that it would be almost refreshing to be able to relax for a good long while. Uncle Vernon had spent almost the entirety of his niece and nephew’s lives training them for their service, every moment of training he could squeeze out of them without them running off to the woods or cliffs at any rate, and it seemed that for the moment that the training would continue. He would just have more luxuries in his more substantial down time.

Not that spending his free time with Violet wasn’t fun in itself, and the extra benefits had certainly had proved their worth over the past few months, but he had a good feeling that meeting other people and doing new things would be at least as fun.

And so far it had interesting, to say the very least.

Speaking of his twin, he still needed to figure out what specifically she had been so mad about earlier, or maybe see if she could be talked into some more private location where he could get the information out of her in a more interesting manner…

For now though, he just wanted to have a nice relaxing bath.
As his tension continued melting, his core sent a spark at him. It hit him an instant too late for him to avoid Violet’s vengeful tackle.

Thankfully, it did give him enough time to twist, and so they didn’t tumble into the foamy water like his twin likely intended.

On the other hand, her tackle came at just the right moment for Harry to end up knocking over Tonks and planting himself face-first into the cheeks of her very well shaped, and now very naked bum…

It was quite musty he decided, having knocked the older teen onto her stomach. A second or so later he realized that her butt wasn’t the only large, sweaty, and well-rounded thing his nose was buried in.

Tonks flipped over onto her back, swinging her leg over his head and Harry felt something very hot, slightly moist, and quite long, flop itself on top of his head with a weighty smack.

His first thought, was back to the encounter with Dior the night before, and the now faded mark he had left on her cheek.

Then there came was a throaty chuckle from above him, and the member that had been lying across the crown of his head was shifted.

A now naked Violet planted herself into a sitting position on the small of his back and grasped the older teen’s member, which Harry decided had to be nearly eight inches long, holding it off his head with her slightly callused hand.

He would have said that he found the fact that he could feel his twin’s slit starting to drool onto the bare part of his back a little less than reassuring to his sense of personal masculinity. But that was probably one of those things that went without needing words.

“Well you can count me impressed sis.” His twin said to Tonk’s in an awed and increasingly lecherous voice.

Harry lifted his head so his nose was no longer nestled in the pouch of her sweaty testicles, hoping he wasn’t as red as he felt. Draco was staring over at them with his jaw nearly resting on the
Ron, on the other hand, grinned at them and took the opportunity to get a shot in, having already slipped into the water. “I'll admit that I didn't take you for a poofter Harry.” The leggy redhead boy mocked in a lazy drawl, amusement oozing from his lips and with a smirk on his face.

Harry was about to shoot back, but his newly formed apprentice bond with Tonks flickered, and a sense of amusement seemed to grow as the teen slid her hands up, and presumably under his sister’s arms.

Harry looked up to see the older teen with an almost loving smile on her face, which turned into a victorious grin as Tonks chucked his sister through the air and into the foamy pool.

Ron squawked and dove out of the way, Violet was so taken by surprise that she didn’t even make a sound, until she burst through foam a second later and screamed dramatically to the gods. “Why does that keep happening to me?”

Tonks chucked and stood swiftly in her victory, a sarcastic reply to his twin’s melodramatic display on her lips… but she rose too quickly, and Harry got the chance to see the ball of her foot start to slip in real time while he knelt on the tile.

It was moments like this, that Harry actually appreciated all the training that his uncle had given him. The increased reflexes in particular were the part he was feeling the most appreciation for in that instant.

Because when the teen flipped back into the water, he dodged her, and her foot merely missed his face by a few inches instead of knocking all of his teeth out.

“Oh, good grief…” Penny started shouting at the large hole in the suds.” Be more careful you klutz.” The younger, and now very naked teen growled under her breath as marched over.

As Harry rushed to stand, fresh annoyance sparked across his bond with Violet, while the newer one with Tonks shimmered in amusement and it drew his gaze from the bush at the junction of the
A shimmering flower burst from the water in the form of Tonks’s hair, which flashed through several colors as the shapely and athletic teen stood in the shallow water and ground her fist into Violet tangled hair, while his twin struggled to free her head which was trapped by the teen’s headlock.

“Rarg!” His sister tried to shout, kicking hard enough that her legs burst above the surface before Tonks dunked her back underneath the water.

Tonks just grinned again as she yanked the redhead back up. “You need to learn a lesson; we can’t have you just running around grabbing bits that don’t belong to you.” Her grin widened as his sister managed to extract herself and turned to glare, sliding into a fighting stance.

“Oh, for the love of…” Penny rubbed the bridge of her nose as most of the other students started slipping into the water. Then her shoulders loosened and she waded into the water. “To Hell with it… I’m going to relax tonight if it’s the last thing I do.”

Harry, deciding that Violet would eventually tire herself out, turned to see who else had been gawking. Draco was standing nearby, blinking owlishly. “Suddenly I have an inexplicable urge to buy an unreasonably large galley…” The blonde boy trailed off, still blinking.

“Welcome to my world Malfoy.” Neville grumbled out sarcastically, barely paying the chaos any attention as he pulled a brick-sized bar of soap from a bin.

“Really Draco, the difference isn’t that much.” Harry heard Pansy whisper to her betrothed in reassurance.

His twin, on the other hand, didn’t seem to give a damn about her brother’s sudden crisis of virility. “Pansy, it was at least seven inches long, as thick as my wrist, and it was only at half-mast… I don’t know whether I pity Esquire Penny or if I’m jealous.” Dior said aloud, with a hungry smirk on her face.

Hermione, now undressed but still trying to shepherd her intoxicated younger sister, piped in from behind them. “We’ll I for one think its grotesque!” The girl commented briskly, and Harry could feel her using little bursts of magic in an attempt to get Melody to pay attention and undress.
Melody on the other hand was still staring at where Tonks and Violet were still wrestling in the foam with glazed eyes and a massive flush across the entirety of her exposed skin.

She looked absolutely adorable in Harry’s opinion; clearly her proper first look at a masculine organ had been quite the shock.

Not that he really blamed her, but Harry had also remembered that Tonks was a woman in actuality, and had presumably used her shape-shifting to make an organ of such unnecessarily impressive size.

At least that was what he told himself… No reason to feel intimidated by someone who was only a man part of the time anyway.

“Admitting to liking little boys isn’t something I would have done, but I guess they do things different in Greece.” Ron’s sister snipped lazily, with an almost playful grin on her face, breaking Harry out of his thoughts.

Hermione brushed her now nude servant behind her. “Say that again you- you…!” The brunette hissed out, stamping her feet on the tile, and Harry could feel her core flicker and crackle in anger.

It was strong enough for Draco and his sister to seemingly involuntarily step closer to where Gregory and Goyle were already lounging in the pool of water.

Then the feeling came back to him at once, the inexplicable urge to experience the sensation he had felt with the frizzy haired Greek earlier on the bridge again.

If they had been alone, Harry was unsure what he would have done... it was probably fortunate that there were plenty of other people the buildup had caught the attention of. This included Tonks, who had stopped wrestling to stare with Violet, and Penny who was openly glaring at the two girls standing off by the pool.

Then there was an instant, where from Penny he felt the same sort of power he had when she had tossed Violet and Rachel into the air earlier that day. This time however, instead of a flicker, it was like being seized by a wave. Before he knew what was happening, he had been ripped from his feet and was flying through the air. He went over the student filled foam and then he slammed into hot water.
There was the instant where he felt like he was burning, before his skin adapted to the temperature. He could feel the stress and anxiety drain from his body like a physical thing, so he relaxed in the water for a moment, mentally figuring that a rinse was probably in order anyway.

Harry sat like that for a few more seconds, enjoying the warmth before he righted himself beneath the water, feeling the bottom glance on the very tips of his toes as he pushed off, bursting through what felt like a foot of foam to the surface.

“-ust yanking people like that Penny! What would Minnie say?” He could hear Tonks asking sarcastically from somewhere nearby.

“I am going to relax tonight if it kills someone.” There was a silence as Harry worked his way towards their voices, and presumably shallower water. “And I said everyone was getting a bath tonight earlier, didn’t I?”

Finally he reached a point where his feet were planted firmly on the bottom, and a moment later a very haggard looking Draco pushed the foam from between them apart and started looking around in a confused manner. His oily core flickering to his twin, and Harry followed the connection to only a few feet to his left.

“Dior,” Draco called out into the wall of foam, “do you see Pansy?” He asked, running a hand though his wet hair in exasperation.

The girl in question burst from the water between them with a grin on her face. “Nope, I think she hit the water somewhere near Goyle and Gregory though.” She said, pointing a slender arm back towards the deeper water.

Draco lunged into the suds in a breaststroke, swimming off into deeper water. Harry brushed his hair off of his face and took a deep breath of the lavender-scented air, raising an eyebrow while Dior gave him a silly grin. “You look a little out of place Potter. You ever been in a bath this nice before?”

Harry shrugged, too relaxed to really feel out of place. “No, I can’t say that I have.”

“You should visit our father’s castle some time.” She said with a casual wave towards where Draco had rushed off. “The baths there are actually nicer than this one.”
That peaked Harry’s interest a little. “Really?”

She nodded, swiping her long wet hair behind her head. “Our father takes hygiene quite seriously.”

Harry nodded. He had garnered that fact just from the very first look he had gotten at the two of them. The two seemed like the kind of people who took a great amount of pride in their appearance, the kind of people Vernon had told him were normally diplomats. And he remembered it being mentioned at one point that Mr. Malfoy had quite an important job, though the exact details escaped him at the moment.

Then he noticed Dior giving the foam around them suspicious looks. Harry felt her core pulse, not enough that anyone who wasn’t paying close attention would notice, but enough to give her a decent idea of who was around.

She took another step closer to him and grasped his arm, pulling him into slightly deeper water, until just their heads were above the steaming surface. The Dior gave him a devious grin and stepped closer, intertwining their legs so that they were nearly flush together and she could whisper in his ear. “Did you get a good look at the esquires… member?” She drew the last word out in a manner that made it impossible for her to be talking about anything else.

It was a remarkably dumb question, he had literally had his nose in it, but of course he wasn’t going to say that. “Of course I saw it Dior. What do you think I was doing down there? Planting roses?” He whispered back half-jokingly, as he wrapped his arms around her slender waist.

He couldn’t see her face but she gave a quiet chuckle. “Most boys would have closed their eyes?” She said in an obviously questioning manner.

Now it was Harry’s turn to chuckle. “I see no reason to be intimidated by a female shape-shifter’s penis.” He put emphasis where he figured it needed to be and was rewarded with another chuckle and a more lusty pulse from Dior’s core.

“I won’t lie, it made me hot.” Her legs intertwined closer with his and Harry could feel himself starting to stand to attention as her sex started grinding at his. “Hot and needy…”

Harry had gotten the feeling that she liked a little roughhousing from earlier, and that made him curious. “Tonks, or Penny?” He asked, in only a slightly teasing manner, distinctly aware that Draco could return with Pansy any moment but not wanting to give up the new physical contact
“Both!” The aristocratic blond moaned quietly into his ear and Harry moved to cup her butt and pull her closer, but a splash nearby caused her to untangle from him in a smooth motion, and she slid beneath the steamy water with a secretive grin.

Out from one of the piles of suds emerged Hermione, her younger sister/servant wrapped around her neck to stay afloat.

“Oh, it’s you!” The girl said, giving him a frustrated look. “You wouldn’t happen to know where Tonks or Penny are would you?” She asked as she went slashing at the mounds of fragrant bubbles, which seemed to just pile up higher as if to mock her efforts.

Harry shrugged and gestured in the general direction he had heard them conversing earlier. “That way I think, why?”

Hermione harrumphed, clearly annoyed. “She forgot that my sister was drunk when she decided to throw us all in the bath, and I am going to give her a piece of my mind!”

The way she had growled out the sentence would have made him nervous, if it wasn’t for Penny’s casual defeat of both his own sister and Hermione already. “You might want to reconsider that, she didn’t sound in the mood for an argument.” Hermione was powerful, but not much stronger than Violet. She was also at least three full years younger than Penny, which meant that she had at least three years of education less.

The girl seemed to pause at that, maybe remembering how easy the teen had been able to toss her into the water in the first place. Her brow furrowed as she shifted her stance and readjusted Melody, who groaned as she was shifted and gave Harry a drunken, almost conspiratorial grin.

“You might want to reconsider that, she didn’t sound in the mood for an argument.” Hermione was powerful, but not much stronger than Violet. She was also at least three full years younger than Penny, which meant that she had at least three years of education less.

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“Maybe get her out of the water before the alcohol catches up to her.” He advised as they slowly walked towards the shallower water, where he had heard Tonks and Penny earlier.

The Byzantine girl snorted. “You mean to a bucket right?” She asked sarcastically, stopping to turn to face them now that they were in shallower water.

Harry just shrugged, while her little sister giggled. Melody reached out to adjust her grip around
her sister’s shoulders, but ending up groping at her older sisters chest instead.

Hermione’s brain seemed to stop working for a moment. Her core sending out helpless little flickers as Melody used her, barely developing breasts as handholds.

For Harry’s part, much the same was true. There was a split second when his thoughts went back to the grin the younger girl had given him earlier, but the thoughts were quickly banished as the preteen continued groping under the pretext of readjusting her grip.

Embarrassment, anger, helplessness, shame and a tiny hit of something she wouldn’t have been able to identify but Harry knew was arousal, rippled through Hermione’s magic.

She worked her jaw, as Melody went back to relaxing around her neck. Grinning at him smugly and Harry realized a moment too late that he should have looked away.

“Did you get a good look?” The frizzy-haired brunette hissed as him, coming as close as she dared and making both their cores crackle like some magical form of lodestone attraction. “Do my breasts amuse you?”

Harry thought fast… looking for a way out of the situation that wouldn’t get him in trouble. He noticed Melody suddenly turning a little less red, and a little greener, and it hit him. “They were both quite lovely Hermione, but your sister looks a little nauseous at the moment, why don’t we ask Tonks where the bathroom is before she pukes in your hair?”

Hermione blinked owlishly, confused at the boldness of his reply for an instant before shooting him a suspicious glance. “Then lead the way…” She growled out, gesturing to the foam with a free arm. “But don’t be trying any funny business.”

Finding Penny, at the very least, turned out to be easier than expected. The brown haired teen was lolling in the shallow end, watching Padma and Parvati mess around in the little artificial waterfall.

“This better be good.” The younger Esquire said irritably as they approached.

It was actually interesting to watch the way Hermione reacted to the Esquire. The girl seemed suddenly empty of all the embarrassment and anger from before, her face the very picture of respect for authority.
Her core had changed as well, instead of the barely restrained lashing; it flickered and curled back on itself submissively.

That was certainly interesting, and he mentally filed that tidbit in the back of his mind for later, while Penny explained how to get to the toilets.

Getting to where the bathroom was proved to be easy as well, as they were located merely halfway back to the main room. Getting them open however, was proving to be more difficult.

The main issue was that, like the entrance to their dorm or the mysterious doorway on the outer-wall, the bathroom wasn’t simply a door.

“Why doesn’t this stupid thing work!” The brunette growled in frustration, trying to hold up her sibling, dry herself with her towel, and work her new short-staff at once.

As soon as they had left Penny’s presence, the girl’s annoyance had returned in full force, though thankfully without the accompanying anger.

Harry was glad of that, as he warily glanced up and down the hallway, he could talk his way around her frustration easily enough. That didn’t mean he was going to ignore the opportunity to take the occasional peek, but he tried to make it as unobvious as possible.

She was certainly well developed for her age, not as willowy as Dior or as lithe and muscular as Violet, but with the barest hint of pleasing curves that drew his wandering eyes. Something Melody seemed to notice, and found as amusing as a girl looking like she was seconds away from puking could. If the sickly grin she shot him was anything to go by.

If he didn’t know better, Harry would have thought the little minx was trying to bait him with some silent form of permission.

Hermione however, had finally calmed down from earlier. And he told himself that he felt no desire to make her angry again. It was a decision he made despite the familiar flickering at the edge of his mind that he knew came from his core.
It was the desire to challenge her if she wouldn’t submit.

Of course Harry had a very good general idea where the sensation came from. There were only a couple people in their group that could honestly say that they had cores as large as the one he and Violet sported. Hermione was definitely one of them.

That didn’t mean that now was the time for that though, Uncle Vernon didn’t consider him the responsible one for no reason after all. “You have to flick it.” Melody garbled, breaking her grin with him to lean her naked frame heavily against the wall. “Like the lady said.”

Hermione didn’t seem to appreciate the advice. “Just please be quiet Melody!” She hissed, finally tossing her towel onto the floor in frustration and simply slamming her fist into the wall.

There was a burst of crackling magic. A flash that was invisible to the eye, but easily felt across the skin and Harry felt the fine hairs rise across his flesh.

It wasn’t the only thing that rose at the display of untrained power, and he was suddenly immensely thankful that he was standing behind Hermione as the slot in the wall seemed to shimmer into view.

The doorway was thin, and not set in at a straight angle, but cocked in a manner that was slightly annoying to try and look at directly. It seemed to make the wall appear to be angled impossibly.

It seemed to put Hermione off by that for a moment, and she stood glaring at the threshold. “You go in first.” She turned to him and commanded, her magical core crackling with a powerful, though probably subconscious, form of compulsion.

Harry hadn’t been doing what Uncle Vernon had often called “Acting Out” recently, but it had more to do with his desire to be cautious in an unfamiliar place than anything else at the moment. On the other hand, that was pretty clearly a challenge in his mind, and from someone strong enough for his magic to see as a sort of equal.

He grinned and opened his mouth to reply, sliding his feet into a better stance and feeling his magic begin to respond to his mixed excitement and ire automatically. Before he could say anything however, the hallway back to the dorms seemed to open up, a second group of students arriving led by a teen who looked fourteen, and Harry figured that she was about Penny’s age maybe even from the same former group.
She certainly didn’t look like Penny though. The teen was taller, thinner, and completely shaven to reveal the full extent of her dark caramelized skin. The older girl took one look at the three of them, standing naked outside the bathroom, as her group stopped behind her and she grimaced. Her eyes closing in frustration and revealing a pair of painted eyes on the lids. The teen’s core roled as she gave an irritated sigh, sliding a hand over her shaven head and gritting her teeth in frustration.

Hermione’s core suddenly roared beside him, enough that Harry almost startled, but he merely switched his stance so he was facing the newcomer.

His… acquaintance was less restrained. Growling at the apparent Esquire angrily in a language he presumed was Greek or maybe Latin.

Harry had no idea who or what Hannibal was, or why the word seemed to be coming up in her rant so much, but watching the girl work herself into a complete fury over it was certainly interesting.

‘Maybe a little dangerous,’ he thought to himself, as her core seemed to expand and Harry would have sworn the outline of her naked body briefly flickered, ‘but certainly interesting.’

They stood there for a moment, and he wondered of Hermione was going to attack the girl with only her staff. But suddenly she seemed to deflate. Grabbing Melody, who giggled drunkenly at the sensation of her sisters magically charged touch, and dragged her through the threshold and into the toilets.

Harry waited a moment, watching the dark skinned teen roll her eyes at the display. “So, any idea was that about?” He asked, not really expecting an answer.

His question seemed to startle the bald teen out of her annoyance, and she quickly snapped back to reality and fixed him with a haughty look. “Some people just don’t know proper respect for their elders.” She said in a voice that was as smooth as silk, grinning down at him with an challenging sort of look Harry didn’t like in the least, before waving for her charges to keep walking.

He wasn’t really sure how to respond to that though, so after a moment he nodded enough to acknowledge the teen’s status as presumable Esquire, and slid in after Hermione. The other girl had seemed extremely agitated by the teen for some inexplicable reason, and he was actually slightly worried about why.
She also had a fairly nice body for their age, but he reminded himself that he was merely concerned for her emotional state as he went in after her.

The bathroom as it turned out, was much nicer than the toilets on the island had been. A series of little rooms with unclosed doors, Hogwarts had plumbing apparently.

Which he realized should have already been obvious, considering the baths and the lavishness and sheer size of the castle in general. Dumbledore certainly didn’t seem like the kind of person who would restrain himself in generosity when he didn’t have to.

At least not at his own holding…

He found Hermione in the very last stall, holding Melody’s hair back while the younger girl retched into the toilet.

She wasn’t vomiting naturally, he realized as soon as he slid up to the little stall. Hermione’s core was periodically lashing through their bond and the younger girl would retch again.

“If you had listened to me at dinner this wouldn’t be necessary,” Hermione growled, in the same tone a caring but frustrated teacher might use. He wondered if she even realized that she was the one causing the girl to vomit.

Harry was about to interject, though he wasn’t exactly sure what he was going to say, when a needy pulse at his core commanded that he turn around and slide away to give them some privacy.

‘Besides,’ he figured internally, ‘Hermione seems to have that in hand anyways…’

He slid quietly back down the row of stalls, not really wanting to interrupt the pair, and with the hope that he could get the drop on his sibling. However, as he passed the first stall at the room’s end, a hand shot out and dragged him inside.

He knew the instant the hand connected with his, that Violet had finally found him alone. After a full day of their attentions elsewhere there was a physical effect on contact, a kind of tingling numbness as her core sucked at his ravenously.
Violet, however seemed to be making an effort to appear less desperate than her magic implied, shooting him a heated stare as she quietly closed and latched the door shut. “Not again!” She hissed throatily.

“Tonight you belong to me.”

“Vi-” She cut him off.

There was a heat in her voice, the kind that only came when she was feeling selfish and possessive. “You slept with her.” She growled, there was no question in his mind which her she was referencing.

Harry felt the magic rolling through him crackle angrily; reacting to an accusation that they both knew was untrue, and would have been unwarranted even if it had been. It made his reply colder and more forceful than he would have wanted if he was thinking clearly.

“No I didn’t, and you know it!” He growled back at her, frustrated by her reaction. This was what she had been mad about he realized internally, it was a conclusion he probably should have come to sooner considering her reaction that morning.

But it was too late now. Violet slid into a tackle and launched herself at him, and they tumbled as she pressed him back against the wall. Both of them grappled at each other’s naked bodies, sliding down the smooth stone until he overpowered her again and she was pinned beside the wall.

“Maybe you shouldn’t have spent so much energy with Tonks …” He huffed mockingly, slightly out of breath.

That was the wrong thing to say to deescalate the situation, and he knew it before the words had passed his lips, but that didn’t change the fact that it felt amazing to say.

His twin snapped at his throat, her teeth clicking hard against air as his head jerked back. Their magic flared, spreading a tingling sensation across his skin. Her legs bucked against the wall and Harry went flying, his grip on her arms pulling her with him.

And suddenly he was the one pinned, and his twin was free to unleash the full brunt of her core against his. Suddenly her grip, her very presence was like touching the flame of a candle. It was the
kind of sensation that was too intense, but Harry pressed on anyway, driven forward by his sense of competition and the melody his first bond with her. He hooked his legs around her back, grinding their naked pelvises together as he swung his upper body at her in a head-butt.

Violet dodged it with practiced ease, but the momentum still flung her back, flat on her back and he swiftly switched to claim the spot on her stomach so he was sitting on her pelvis.

From this position, he was back in familiar territory. He could use his weight and slight advantage in upper body strength to keep her body pinned. “Damn it Vi!” He gasped out breathlessly, blasting his magic into her hard, much harder than he had done that morning in the tent. Watching as her thin body seize and flush brilliantly at the sensation forced upon it, her breath catching in her throat and her green eyes going crossed for a moment, before his twin finally went limp with a confused whine.

A quick feel of their bond told them that he had essentially blasted the thoughts from her mind, which meant that he had a moment. Then suddenly her lower stomach seemed to deflate beneath him, and there was a hissing sound from behind him. Harry didn’t risk the turn to look, and was just thankful that there was a drain set into the floor of the stall and that he hadn’t hit her harder.

He sat there, listing to both of their labored breathing and the hissing of his twin urinating from magical overstimulation and his weight, as he gasped for air. The empty seconds made him suddenly aware of his erection, burning hot as it lay lazily across her taut stomach, its purple head having emerged from the foreskin to drool a pool of precum into the indent of her bellybutton.

The sensation was almost like their first time all over again. His magic crackled angrily in the background of his mind, demanding that he break her, giving him an urge to pound her until she couldn’t walk far enough to exit the bathroom without his aid.

It was the deep instinctual desire that wanted to remind her just who she had submitted to, and upon who she was dependent.

While Harry wasn’t going to go that far, not while he was still mostly in control of his higher mental faculties, at least at the moment. But he was still going to make sure she remembered who their bond proved was the more powerful.

Violet, for her part seemed to have deflated. Harry had been in situations similar to this enough times with her to know that was never a guarantee of anything. But he internally figured that after her tussle with Tonks earlier, that she might actually be exhausted. It was that, or trying to resist the blast of magic he had just hit her with had actually taken that much out of her.
Whatever the case, it would just make this easier for him.

She offered him no resistance as he slowly loosened his grip on her wrists, slowly reaching down under her armpits. Violet simply continued to stare at the ceiling through her sweat-matted hair with a glazed and half-lidded look on her face, taking in rapid little open-mouthed gasps that would hitch as her body periodically trembled in shock.

It was an extremely arousing sight to watch, but he knew better than to take too much time sightseeing. Even as frazzled as she was Harry knew from experience that Violet would recover her stamina eventually, and that when she did, she would be extremely agitated and would almost certainly try to gain the dominant position again.

He flipped her on her back so that she was lying on her stomach with her thin legs tightly together as he knelt over her upper thighs, sliding his penis between her cheeks, grimacing only slightly as his feet settled in the warm, draining pool of urine behind them.

After what he had done with Dior, he figured he really couldn’t be embarrassed by a little pee on his feet.

So he settled in to one of his favorite positions, one that allowed him almost total control over the situation. As long as he kept her legs squeezed together between his own and one hand on the back of her neck, she would have almost no chance to escape or switch positions on him.

As he relaxed himself Violet seemed to slowly become aware of her new position, and as her breathing became a little more normal, she turned her head to growl up at him. “Harry!” His name came out in a breathy gasp and she squirmed under him.

He paid her no mind, now having secured the superior position for himself. He clenched his penis in his free hand, sliding the head between her muscular butt-cheeks. Reveling quietly in the sensation of them despite her squeezing against him, and the way she would growl and pound her fists whenever he teased some pressure onto the tightly closed star that sat between them.

He snickered quietly as she scowled back up at him, hunching her pelvis up unconsciously whenever he dipped down into the crevice that lay between her legs. It was probably as good a permission as he was going to get.
So Harry decided to give her what she wanted, and he lined up and hilted against her deepest part in a single swift motion. Violet moaned loudly and tried to arched her back up towards him, clearly not expecting the speed or force of the sudden penetration. “Shit, shit, shit!” She swore up at him as he started into a harsh rhythm, while she bucked her body in an attempt to gain the leverage necessary to pull him out, as her core traitorously curled down in on itself in submission.

Their magic intertwined, his passing cleanly down the pathway their bond created, allowing him to hit her again with another burst of blinding sensation with even less effort than before.

His twin jerked back against him, moaning in defeat as the walls of her drooling sex started rippling rapidly and she arched hard enough to lift her shoulders off the tile. Far enough that he could see her eyes rolling back as she tried her best to glare at him despite his weight on her neck.

So he fell back on her gasping body, pinning her fully with his weight while his hands reached out to press her wrists into the tile. He ignored the intense sensation of her walls fluttering rapidly and the burning of her magic as she struggled against him. He bucked down into her until she was flush on the floor and his upper-body was flush on top of hers. Her core was finally lashing back at him again and his body burned where her own pressed into it.

Harry knew the best way to end her struggling though, and while he kept his hips pumping so quickly and so hard he might have been afraid he was going to bruise her, he bit into the scruff on the back of her neck.

This time Violet did scream, loud enough that he was thankful that the stalls went to the floor and ceiling for fear that the people in the baths hear her. The pleasure went shooting back at him across their bond while his twin came like a bolt of lightning; it was enough for stars to burst across his vision.

His release exploded, and he was pressing his hips down as tightly as he could in to the seizing length of her slick tunnel before he even realized it. Instinctually pleased at the depth that this position provided, he switched from releasing directly into her cervix to splattering the rest of his seed and grinding the helmet of his penis into the little spot above that inner entrance that always made her eyes roll when he touched it.

After several minutes of breathless gasping from the both of them, he leaned over to nuzzle at her neck through her frizzy red hair. “All better?” He asked playfully.

Violet bucked back again, trembling for a moment. “Fu-fuck you…” She replied with a hitching breath, before her aftershocks cut her off.
“You want it again, already?” He replied as their bond started settling itself, punctuating his point with a hard thrust.

She gasped as his helmet tapped against her drooling cervix. “Shit…” She exclaimed, and his twin seemed to almost melt into the tile. “Fine…” She huffed quietly in submission. “I’ll forgive you this time.”

“That’s good, cause we’ve already been gone at least twenty minutes….” Harry said, rolling his eyes at her mocking obedience as he sat back on her thighs, his penis sliding free and slapping up against his stomach with a wet smack as he stood up gingerly. “And the way I see it… if we aren’t already in trouble, we certainly would be after another session.”

Violet chuckled, pulling herself up and wiping tears and hair away from eyes. “Fuck those guys then!” She proclaimed proudly, probably a little too proudly for a person that was kneeling in a sticky puddle of sex fluid and urine.

And with that in mind, Harry realized as his brain finally came fully out of the mental fog that sex created, it was quickly apparent that they both reeked.

Sweat, urine and male and female sexual fluids caked various parts of both of their bodies, and while the scents had been arousing while they were actually in the process of intercourse, he now recognized that it would be impossible to even try and hide what they had been going.

And with several thick strings of cum slowly making their way down his sister’s legs, combined with the immensely satisfied look she was giving to them, Harry decided to just give up on even caring if anyone saw anything.

The bathroom was empty by the time they finally cracked the door, Hermione and her sister probably already back in the common room.

Violet seemed to feel like that was some sort of new victory, and as they walked slowly down the hallway, Harry did his best to ignore her self-satisfied humming.

A fully dressed Penny was waiting for them at the entrance to the dimmed common room, Tonks standing behind her. The older teen gave them both a discrete thumbs-up while Harry’s mind flew to try and excuse their absence.
“And just where do you two think you’re going?” The younger teen asked, the look on her face making it clear that this was likely the kind of question Trude or Aunt Petunia might have asked… the kind with no right answer.

He was ready to apologize, he was ready to deflect. What Harry wasn’t ready for was for Violet to answer before he could.

“What kind of question is that? We took our bath already Esquire.” His twin answered, idly bringing a semen-coated finger from between her legs up to her lips.

While Tonks slapped her hands up and made a visible effort to not burst out laughing, Penny’s face flashed through several emotions in quick succession, finally settling on some mixture of incredulity and annoyance before she crossed her arms at them and huffed. “Fine, you can sleep like that for all I care. Tonks you deal with the rest of this shit, I’m going to get our report set up.” Then the prim brunette spun on her heel and made her way towards the dorm’s exiting staircase.

They stayed quiet until Penny had left, then Tonks snorted. “Nice response Squirt, but maybe go with something a little less confrontational next time, or she might just take the bait.”

Harry’s brain was still stuck where Penny had left off. “Report…? Wait, we have to sleep like this?”

The question made the older teen’s grin grow. “I believe the phrase would be something like ‘You’ve made your bed, now you have to sleep in it.’ or something similar…”

Violet’s grin didn’t even falter slightly at that news. “Suddenly, I love school.”

Tonks rolled her eyes as she led them away from the wall and towards the piles of pillows and blankets that littered the base of the “tree” and Harry noted that several black fabric teepees had been erected amongst the pile. “Let’s see if you still say that to me again after tomorrow.” She said to Violet before turning to look back at him. “And yes Harry, we have to file weekly reports on you guys. Mostly just the basic stuff, like if you’re getting along, and developing properly, it’s all pretty boring really.”

There were lots of stares, now that they were closer to the pillows. He could see girls that had been in his group, plus girls that he assumed were part of that other girls group peeking at them from
under blankets or piles of pillows. He even spotted that odd girl, Hanna if he remembered correctly; she stuck an arm out of her blanket and waved at them through the blush on her cheeks.

His twin seemed to revel in all the wide-eyed looks she was receiving, shaking her hips and walking in a way that accented the cum-trails that were running down her legs… Even Tonks looked impressed at the amount of attention they were receiving. Yeah he was going to hear about this tomorrow, no doubt about that.

Might as well stall that conversation as long as possible, Harry internally figured, the last thing he needed was the Esquire giving him pointers. “Hey Tonks?” He preempted the conversation, as they started ascending the spiral staircase. “Who was that bald girl from earlier?”


This time his Tonks snorted loudly. “Why Hermione wouldn’t like her? You’re kidding right?” She asked, scratching her suddenly white hair. Harry continued to stare at her, and she broke almost instantly. “She’s Egyptian, and they helped the Carthaginians beat the Romans out of the majority of North Libya.”

Violet butted in, crossing her arms and almost falling over the railing. “Her little sister said, rather loudly, that they were Greeks and not Romans.”

Tonks nodded. “They’re Byzantine, previously the eastern half of the Roman Empire, and while they have made strides to distance themselves from the old empire and return to their roots… some disputes just die hard.” She finished.

His twin nodded, still looking confused, and Harry heard George’s musical honking from somewhere nearby. “I always thought that when people said Romans, that they meant the Holy Romans.” Violet said.

Tonks nodded again. “The western half became the Holy Roman Empire, and the eastern half the Byzantines.” She sighed as they got to the top of the stairway, and flipped her cape in a dramatic gesture, that was ruined as she almost toppled over. “But enough history tonight, we have teachers for that, and I ain’t one of them.” She recovered, jabbing a finger at both of them.
“Anyways, you guys get some sleep.” She swung her hand to indicate the large platform that, like the area at the trees base, was covered in pillows and blankets and several little teepees.

Harry nodded back; spying what he figured might be Draco’s blonde mop peaking around one of the nearby teepees. “You’re not staying to monitor?”

That got a chuckle from the older teen. “Harry… giving you guys having private time to go messing around with each other is kinda the entire point.” Tonks waggled her eyebrows pointedly at him as she turned back to the staircase. “And since you weren’t here before, I figured I ought to let you know you’re stuff is in the locker with Potter on it on the far wall, and the hallway next to the one that leads to the washrooms leads to a study area.”

And with that she vanished, not walked down the stairway, just disappeared without a trace.

“Yes, that I don’t like.” Violet grumbled at the spot where Tonks had just stood, hands on her hips in displeasure. “Explain to me exactly how would we ever know that she isn’t about to ambush us?” She asked, waiving an arm where the Esquire had just been standing.

He raised an eye to his twin and started walking, and she followed him quietly. “That’s probably the entire point.”

At this point he was more worried about whether he would be able to get some sleep tonight… baring no nocturnal visits of course.

§

Dumbledore opened his tabled for what felt like the hundredth time that night. It was actually the forty-fifth, but who other than him was counting?

Actually, he thought to himself with a slight grin. Tonight there was probably at least a few other people that actually cared about the initial reports, and he was hardly alone in his office.

Minerva was still glaring at him from her seat in one of his most overstuffed chairs, seemingly still upset that he hadn’t thought to inform her about the twin’s arrival. Thankfully for his health, the
rest of the Heads were less annoyed.

Lucius and Snape had even arrived from the feast early, maybe hoping to get it over with early. Flitwick had strode in only a few moments later than them, seemingly still energetic despite the late hour.

Then there was Remus and Sirius, who sat next to Hagrid and Arthur and had spent most of the past few hours cracking jokes, while Pomfrey and Sprout had given little looks of disapproval.

The others had trickled in as the hours past. After all, there was rarely anything noteworthy that was learned the first night.

Of course, to say hours in this case, was a little bit misleading. As they were currently using one of the inventions Albus had found most useful.

It was a time dilation field that, thanks to the eldritch geometries in time and space that had been exploited when the castle had been updated, could be used to create a bubble that allowed them to see and interact with all of the reports from the Esquires one after another, despite the fact that from the other prospective they were giving all of the reports simultaneously. It had saved him so much time and headache it was a miracle.

But when he cracked open the newest little wooden tablet and gazed into the wax, the last name he had wanted to see came up.

≤Tonks here≥

“Mrs. Potter… I believe you will find some interest in this particular report.” He had said it quietly, and immediately all conversation had died like a candle going out in a monsoon.

All eyes turned to the chair that, for this exercise at least, sat closest to his own throne. “We’ll, I suppose we get to see if our little plan worked…” The woman answered quietly.

He tapped the tablet and new words scrawled across the wax. ≤Initial report, everything seems fine… Who’s all there?≥
Everyone of relevance Esquire wrote back.

There was a pause, and you could cut the tension in his little office with a butter knife. Draco’s fine… bit of a pansy… no pun intended. His physical state could use some work. I think you might have spoiled him Lord Malfoy.

Lucius blinked, ignoring Sirius’s grin, and waived his hand for it to be continued.

Tonks didn’t waste a second. Pansy and Dior are similar… and have small cores of the leaching type… interestingly, Dior had a large amount of Harry’s magic in her when I met them on the island, but she had no bonds to him… Kinky.

That got a chuckle out of half the people present, while Lucius simply rubbed the bridge of his nose in response.

Speaking of the Potters… they have a Mating Bond in addition to their twin bond… and it’s at level 2.

This time people turned to stare at Hagrid, who blushed. “Oy, don’t look at me! I told Dumbledore about that!” The giant man gave him a look that a man who was surrounded my wolves might.

Minerva grit her teeth audibly, but it was Pomfrey who spoke. “Let me guess? You completely forgot even the most basic of Sex Ed while you took them moseying through the woods looking for dragons to wrestle?” She accused, crossing her arms and giving Hagrid a stare.

Dumbledore took that as his sign to intervene. “Now, now Pomfrey. It is still well within the boundaries of the scenario,” and he lowered his half-moon glasses, “and such relationships are hardly unheard of in twins and close siblings.” He said pointedly.

The old woman blustered for a moment, glared at Arthur who shrank under the look, and continued blushing and sputtering at him for a second before finally sitting down, saving the argument for later.

Dumbledore was thankful, and tapped the board for Tonks to continue. Yeah, and it gets better… both of them have the Tyrant core type, and they aren’t small cores either… I’m talking late second year average size.
Snape gave Lilly a look. “They must fight constantly,” he turned to look back at Hagrid with an incredulously eyebrow raised, “I assume you and Vernon figured out how to funnel that into something constructive?”

Now it was the half-giant’s turn to smile. “I tell you what! Those two are going to be the best fighters you ever seen at their age.” He said proudly, slapping his hips onto his waist and making the knickknacks on his belt jingle.

“Let’s hope so…” Sirius answered with one of his typical rugged grins. “I’ve got a whole new curriculum lined up this year, and I think it’ll be my best yet.”

A silence passed over the room. “And what are your thoughts Lily?” Snape asked the woman who had once been the love of his life in deference.

The shapely redhead rolled her eyed at them, leaning back in her chair. “I suppose it’s every mother’s dream to have children that get along… though I suppose I’ll need some pointers on how exactly to guide this particular type of getting along… Arthur, you ought to know a lot about that subject?”

The man in question had his jaw click so fast it was audible across the room. “My wife would be the one to ask about that…” He trailed off.

That got another round of chuckles.

≤Anyone else of note Ms. Nymphadora≥ He asked, confidant that the teen couldn’t try and pull a Caesar on him through the wax.

There was several seconds that passed before the writing continued, this time in a more precise pen. ≤Tonks threw the tablet at the wall, so this is Penny filling in until she learns to grow up… The only other thing that needs to be stated now is that there are two other students in our group with similar power levels≥

That caught attentions across the room, and Dumbledore found himself nearly pushing a curious Flitwick out of the way so that he could tap for her to continue. ≤The first and least noteworthy is Longbottom, his core is only a little smaller than the twins… but it’s a Relaxed sub-type and his ability to use his magic is hampered by a small control limit… so he’ll have great endurance but not a lot of hitting power≥
The other person Esquire Clearwater

Ask Minerva Was all that wrote itself.

And now everyone was staring at McGonagall, who harrumphed in response.

As she currently is not speaking with me… I’ll have to ask that you continue

There was another, almost minute long pause, and suddenly Tonks’s handwriting returned. I would ask what you did… but I know better

Snape growled at the tablet. “Can we get on with this already?” The potions master asked.

There’s this Byzantine girl named Hermione Granger…

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And that is chapter 7 folks.

As I said, I want to do more original twists on things that come up a lot in the fics of varying qualities, which means doing the whole magic thing a little differently.

For one thing I refuse to believe that magic in general, and accidental magic in particular, wouldn’t be deeply connected to or guided by instinctual behavior. I find the very idea, that the only difference that comes by being what is essentially a different species that can interbreed with humans, should have no greater reaching repercussions than gaining superpowers and being allowed into a secret school to be frankly absurd.

This is compounded when people add in things like “bonds” and similar sorts of stuff to the mix, the kind of thing that a species and especially a society derived from that species, would have all kinds of guidelines and rules, as well as and handicaps and allowances for.
Just like all cultures made by humans all share a set of similar foundations, the things that absolutely everyone does because we as a species behaving at our most basic have a need to do those things that way to survive.

I also wanted to give a little detail into magical cores and their complexity. Usually when they show up in a story it's just to create another way for the author to show how unbelievably powerful a protagonist is. Which ignores one of the rules of fanfiction: That if you give Frodo a lightsaber, you must give Sauron his Deathstar. The point is to scale gadgets, powers, and abilities to the story to keep it interesting, which I hope I've been doing properly.

Anyway... I'll probably complain about things like this a little more in the next chapter.
Hermione's First Night

I’m going to start by thanking all of the people who have read and reviewed this story so far, knowing other people are interested in my ideas is just awesome.

I mean I have seven chapters and a shit-ton of views and reviews already, all when I honestly thought no one was going to be interested in this and that I would just be here talking to myself.

It's just awesome.

But to be honest with you folks, this wasn’t supposed to be chapter eight. The entirety of the chapter that follows was supposed to be summed up in three pages, mostly of Hermione yelling at Dior at the breakfast table at the very beginning of chapter eight about the events portrayed here as follows.

Suffice to say, the lemon and its aftermath sort of came out of left field for me, but it was just flowing and I found I just couldn’t stop writing.

And so about eighty pages in to what was supposed to be chapter eight, and with only about two-thirds of the content I wanted to have, and most of the last half still rough as shit, I decided to break the chapter into two parts and give you what is essentially a very large lemon… with a good bit of fluff and exposition at the end.

Anyways, I hope what follows is enough to tide you guys over for now, Chapter 9 should be along relatively shortly… I hope.

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Violet awoke from a light nap feeling fantastic.

Well, that might have been a bit of an exaggeration; she smirked to herself as she stretched back against her spooning twin’s sleeping form. She was still sore pretty much everywhere from their earlier rough coupling, and her legs were coated in a flaking layer of sex fluids, but the dozens of eyes that had been staring at her in intimidation and awe had made it all worth it.

She reveled in the power she had asserted over the other girls, and the pleasure that had preceded it had been just as sweet. Their animalistic sides, the beast inside them her brother didn’t show very often was always worth the effort of drawing to the surface, even if it was only for the fierce sex that always resulted. But when she added the fact that she had been able to finally draw his attention back away from the other girls… well that simply made her later swaggering all the more rewarding.

Hermione on the other hand was feeling significantly less self-satisfied. She was exhausted, mentally and physically, but there was simply so much to learn that she patently refused to allow herself the sweet mercy of sleep.

Of course, that meant that she hadn’t even bothered to try and get any rest, instead she had stormed into the study room with eyes scanning for books the second she had felt that the Esquires had left them alone for the night.
And she had found them; she contemplated idly, already halfway through a wrist-thick text on magical botany. An entire wall of the lushly furnished den had been thoughtfully layered with books of various sizes and shapes.

To her mounting frustration though, there seemed to be no books written in Greek, just a couple dozen textbooks on seemingly randomly chosen subjects which were instead written in Latin.

Almost everything else was a wall of cuneiform, hieroglyphics, runes or a variety of other forms of incomprehensible gibberish or chaotic squiggles splashed across stiff pages. Which was really too bad, in Hermione’s opinion, as a good number of the books she had been thumbing through earlier had been filled with beautifully illustrated diagrams and pictures of various things she knew absolutely nothing about.

And to be so obviously surrounded by so much obvious knowledge and being totally unable to access it left her in a state that resembled an almost physical discomfort, the need to fulfill her id driving her ever further from any thoughts of sleep, and only adding to her ever mounting sense of frustration.

Fortunately for her, one of the books that she had been able to find was a Greek to Latin dictionary that had been proving itself to be amazingly useful for cross referencing with her less than brilliant understanding of the old imperial script.

It was so useful in fact, that she already had sixteen pages of various notes. Scribbled precisely onto several loose leaves of parchment she had found stacked, along with a large number of inkwells and several handfuls of dip pens, laying in a row of bins on the far wall.

As her hand attempted to rise from her current page on some kind of predatory strangler vine, to the inkwell on the desk for another note, she sighed to herself quietly as her arm simply refused to respond to her demand. Making a point to tune out the light breathing coming from her younger sibling, who was wrapped snuggly in a woolen blanket on one of the overstuffed couches against the wall, she let her body relax back into her wooden chair for a moment.

Hermione sighed and rubbed her face, she was so tired she physically ached, her eyes struggled to open after every blink and she felt like she could feel the bags forming beneath them.

The candles behind her dimmed again as she fought to rub the sleep out of her eyes. She brushed her frizzy hair out of the way and turned up to glare at the flickering lights, only for them to be as bright as they had been when she came in the room.

That had been happening for at least the past half-hour, as though there was some malevolent power controlling the brightness of the candle’s flames in an attempt to sabotage her study.

Though, considering where she was, she wouldn’t put it beyond the realm of possibility.

Hermione huffed up at the traitorous lights, and turned her attention back to the diagram on the page in defiance, trying to figure out where exactly the author had pulled the Latin terminology that he was using to describe the plants various vascular systems from, as she certainly had never heard of it before.

“How exactly do you expect to survive in class tomorrow if you’re up all night?” A silky smooth whispered from nearby, startling Hermione out of her exhausted attempt at concentration, the nearly forgotten Tully hung on her ear whispering its quiet translation to her.

That the two other girls had entered the room and managed to cross it almost to her desk without
her noticing was a testament to her current exhaustion more than her focus. The one closest to her was a tall and aristocratic blonde… “Dor”, or something similar if she was correctly remembering the flurry of greetings that had been passed around table during the earlier feast.

Trailing behind her was a frowning girl with a short bob of black hair. Hermione didn’t remember her introducing herself, but she did remember that the girl had spent an inordinate amount of time fawning at Draco earlier, which likely meant…

“How’s your Draco’s sister, aren’t you?” She whispered back at the blonde quietly, mindful of Melody still sleeping on the couch, and making a pointed effort at ignoring the taller girl’s question.

That response however, seemed to please the other girl, whose lips quirked up in amusement at the connection. The focused gaze and manipulative expression the aristocratic blonde landed on her made Hermione decide that she didn’t quite like it when the pretty girl was amused. “Indeed, you have a minute?” The tall blonde probed with a calculating smirk, a little more breathily than Hermione thought was decent.

Not that anyone other than her seemed to be making any effort at all towards decency in this madhouse, but that wasn’t the point.

The black-haired girl huffed in impatience at her companion’s behavior, taking several steps closer until she was flanking close to the right side of Hermione’s desk. Suddenly Hermione was lashed, by that same type of disembodied sensation that she had begun to associate with whatever phenomena people actually meant when they went and used the term “Magical Core”.

The closest thing she could compare this new sensation to was being struck by pieces of shattered glass, something that was smooth as silk, but would cut you to ribbons if you weren’t careful with it.

It was such an unexpected feeling that her exhausted mind simply reacted on instinct, pressing back with that wet crackling, sensation that seemed to be her immaterial “self” with a gust of power.

There was a moment when that power pressed out normally, or at least as normally as she had experienced so far, like it had done before in the hold and after the feast. But then she was struck with a powerful cooling sensation and Hermione instantly knew somehow that she couldn’t even try and pull that power back.

The impatient girl reacted to the cooling instantly, her thin frame suddenly snapping tight, her breath chirping with a cutoff yelp and all of her muscles seemed to lock tight simultaneously as her skin flushed a brilliant crimson in reaction to whatever the girl was doing.

“Fuck!” She moaned the curse as her body went slack, taking deep gasping breaths through a shaky, giggling smirk as the previously scowling girl made a visible effort to calm her trembling thighs and remain standing. “Dior you bitch, why didn’t you warn she was gonna bloody zap me!” The smaller of the duo groaned happily, finally dropping to her knees and the cooling sensation slowed to a stop, leaving Hermione with her body almost melting into the chair. Suddenly she was even more exhausted than she had only a moment before.

“You should refine your attention to detail Pansy.” Dior said, rolling her cold blue eyes at her trembling companion in amusement. There was massive grin on the haughty girl’s face that Hermione did not like at all, that bloomed further as her shivering friend tumbled further forward onto her hands and knees. Then Dior, grinning greedily, moved swiftly closer to Hermione’s desk and unlatched her own cloak so that it fell off her body and pooled at her feet, revealing the blonde’s slender body for all to see. The indecent display was enough that Hermione stood
instantly in shock and discomfort.

That proved to be the wrong thing to do in her position, both because she stumbled out of exhaustion, and because Dior took that opportunity to slide her nude form right up flush against her cloak covered body. Grinding that place at the junction of her thin hips firmly against Hermione’s thighs, forcing her to back up until her butt was pinned back against the chair she had just stood from. “What in God’s name do you two think you’re going to get away with?” She hissed at the blonde quietly in reaction, her total astonishment at the sheer brazenness of the display, leaving her indignant and in disbelieving shock.

The other girl merely leered down at her outrage, sliding her hands along her arms to pin Hermione’s wrists against her thighs “Heh, well Pansy was just a little hungry… but I’ll tell you what I want tonight Hermione.” Dior drew her face close enough that their noses touched and she could smell the other girl’s hot breath. “I’ll tell you that boys can be fun.” She gave that none-answer, drawing back slightly with a sultry smile on her lips, which grew wider and more self-satisfied as the damnable lights dimmed themselves again. “But I’ve found that if you want consistent satisfaction, you need a woman’s touch.” The reedy girl wiggled her eyebrows meaningfully, a slender hand slipping between the opening of Hermione’s robe to banish any doubts she might have had. “So what do you think I want?” She teased, licking her lips at the sight of Hermione’s struggling.

Then the blonde kissed her… really hard.

Hermione’s brain slammed to a halt as the dainty girl’s tongue burst into her mouth mid-gasp, and she swirled it around for a moment, letting the implications and obvious outcomes go flashing across Hermione’s mind as the blonde girl locked her up with a messy kiss. Then Dior’s sucking mouth pulled free from her shocked lips with an audible pop, leaving her gasping for air in stunned disbelief, and then the tall blonde leaned down and started nuzzling her clavicle, licking and kissing up past her trembling shoulder to whisper into her ear. “And you know what? I think if you’re cooperative, we can both get what we want tonight.” The aristocratic girl whispered in a tone that left absolutely no illusions as to what exactly she wanted to get out of this tonight.

This was simply unacceptable. “You let me go this instant!” Hermione hissed her outraged demand at the other girl loudly as she dared, trying to ignore how she herself was already so drained that she was trembling in the other girls grip instead of even struggling properly. “You put your clothes on and let me go!” She growled out in outrage and growing dread, flushing with mortification as her brain finally caught up to reality around her. She spared a panicked glance back to the couch where her younger sister Melody was still sleeping quietly with her thumb in her mouth, sparing her that humiliation at least. “Please, be reasonable.” She begged a grinning Dior in frustration as it hit her that she couldn’t force the girl to free her, she was left so struggle weakly against the slender girls aggressive touches, now suddenly wishing desperately that she had gotten some sleep.

Dior just chuckled down to her haughtily at the sudden change of her tone. “Why?” The well-bred blonde asked, as she used her knee to force apart Hermione’s legs. “You can’t stop me… so why shouldn’t I do whatever I want to you?” She finished, pressing her knee further past the junction between Hermione’s legs until its cap touched the wood of the chair behind her.

Dior released her left wrist, which went straight down to try and protect her sanctity, and the taller girl pinched Hermione’s nose tight and held it closed. Waiting patiently until she was forced to open her mouth for air, then the thin faced girl was forcing another unwanted kiss onto her. The girl’s slender tongue pillaging her captive mouth as Hermione’s sleep-deprived muscles simply failed to free her, or even force the blonde to cease her unwanted ministrations. She was simply no match, even for the more slender girl’s strength, as exhausted as she was.
Dior broke the kiss again, glancing past her head, and she was again left panting for the lack of air. “Please stop this, let me go!” Hermione moaned as her skin tingled with goose-bumps, shaking her body desperately trying to free herself from the braided blonde’s grip in sudden fear, her stomach clenching tightly in dread as she noticed that Pansy had finally stumbled from up her knees and was slowly making her way behind her. Suddenly it hit her that she was already helplessly pinned and getting desperate, and that she was about to be outflanked.

Not that this unhappy turn of events should have seemed to be anything really unusual, given how things had been going for her as of late.

In fact, if anyone had asked her if there had been any defining factor that had stood out over her past few days, Hermione would have said it was the simple fact that she had been constantly shuffled from humiliating experience to humiliating experience. Almost all of which were things she had been explicitly told never to do by either her parents or the priests.

This would most definitely be one of the things in that broad category…

Dior seemed to realize that as well, pressing her thin frame even closer against her brunette captive, headless of her desperate struggles and the whispered begs for release. Chuckling as her thin face again drew close to Hermione’s neck, nuzzling along the nape her saliva had earlier coated affectionately. Ignoring Hermione’s whispered pleading for mercy into the braids near the blonde’s ear. “You should have gotten some sleep Hermione.” The elfin girl teased her haughtily as Hermione’s abdomen clenched again, but to her own shame it was not just in fear this time, as the attractive blonde went wetly sucking in a trail down her neck that left Hermione trembling at the feelings it caused to surge through her body. “But it’s too late for that now isn’t it?” The blonde crooned smugly as her captive resisted the urge to break down in tears, emphasizing her point by slapping the free hand Hermione had protecting her sacred place from the other girls wandering fingers, sliding a greedy digit over the creased little mound she found there as the frizzy brunette started sobbing in quietly into her own neck.

“She didn’t need any sleep to fry me.” The Pansy grumbled happily, sounding much more relaxed than she had before as she came slinking up, sandwiching Hermione’s body between the two of them, and forcing Hermione to resist the growing urge choke in fear. “I’m actually a little impressed.”

The dark haired girl’s smug voice crawled across the back of Hermione’s shivering neck, and she felt herself instantly pinned in place on a different level, the earlier sensation of shards now behind her and with an oily slick sort of feeling in front.

Then the pair pressed in for real, Pansy’s hot breaths and little kisses, rapidly transforming into long languid licks trailing across the back of her neck and shoulders. Dior’s mouth attacked her own again with another sloppy kiss as their combined power lashed down against their captive. The greedy blonde moving on to kissing the rest of her face when Hermione pressed her lips tightly shut and shook her head in outright refusal. Both girls wrestled her free from where she was pinned bodily against the chair, and as Pansy snapped the clasp of her cloak open with a lazy flick, their naked pelvises suddenly not just pinning her hips, but both grinding at her body between them.

She simply couldn’t handle it anymore. “No, no, no, no…” She repeated quietly as three sets of sweat-slicked naked skin ground together, Hermione sobbed the mantra quietly to herself while her nerves flashed with a new kind of fire. Her own body readily betraying her to the new and unfamiliar sensations, even as unwanted as they were. The pair seemed to be reveling in her misery, and their groping hands roamed across the flesh that was now exposed to the air, pinching,
squeezing and caressing in time to her pleading. Pansy purred mockingly against her shoulder as her body shook particularly hard, and the black haired girl forcefully bent her arms until they were pinned up against her back, allowing Dior to slide her frame onto Hermione’s struggling body in an embrace until they were almost flush together. The sweat in her hair dripping into her eyes as the skin of their front sides went sliding against one another, leaving her with a tingling sensation.

The oily feeling intensified instantly as their bodies went flush, and she was forced to allow herself to be pressed against the thinner girl fully. And with a hint of that same sort of coolness that had come from Pansy earlier, Hermione cried out as she found her magic responding to Dior’s pull. Her own power being drawn out from her center and into another foreign vessel against her will. Dior shuddered at the same time, gasping loudly and closing her mouth firmly onto Hermione’s neck like some kind of parasite to quiet her own voice, and into her neck the other girl moaned whorishly as she trembled in satisfaction.

Then, in an instant the sensation of chilling vanished again as both girls grew back their powers, and Hermione was left with the sort of deep throbbing heat across her body that she knew from her studies must have come from sexual arousal. To her shame and fear, the other girls obviously noticed that too. Dior, who was now looking much more awake in the same manner as Pansy, shot her a gloating smirk that told her that she knew exactly the state Hermione was in. The blonde leered lecherously and Pansy twisted her arms behind her so she could hold them with one hand, the black haired girl reaching a hand down and sliding a finger between the squeezed tight cheeks of her butt as Dior started pinching the erect nubs of her nipples.

“Well, isn’t this cute?” Another voice interrupted them, nearly stopping Hermione’s heart in sheer terror at being found in this position, but she still noted a sort of ire mixing with smugness clear in the speakers tone.

Pansy and Dior jumped at the voice, releasing Hermione to slide boneless to her knees in exhaustion. Unable to even raise her head, which simply ended up laid back against Dior’s thigh, as she tried desperately not to curl up into a ball or look as out of sorts as she really was. She could see the redhead from earlier out of the corner of her vision; Violet was standing unashamedly nude in the doorway. The lean little redhead’s face held an unusual mixture of smug self-satisfaction and irritation, and her arrival carried with it the smell of stale sex, the scent-cue reinforced by the flaky white trails along the other girl’s tanned thighs.

It seemed she had guessed the origin of the muffled sounds earlier in the bathroom correctly, not that such knowledge made Hermione feel any better about anything, instead it just made her stomach clench harder as even more ideas about what might happen now started flashing past her mind’s eye.

But it was the sharp, fearful intake of breath behind her told her more about the situation than any explanation would have. She didn’t even have to ask to know that Dior had previously done something to anger the other girl, something that was worth a fight if the fuming, rolling heat pulsing off the angry redhead’s core was any indication.

Violet chuckled condescendingly at them as she swept a frizzy lock of red hair out of her eyes, a sly victorious look crossing her face as she paced calmly forward, catlike and haughty. “Oh, isn’t this scene just rich.” The short girl sneered cruelly, first at Dior and Pansy, then down at Hermione herself. “I’ve been waiting all day for this.” She growled back up at the girls behind Hermione with a smirk, her fiery aura flashing even more violently at the words, and Hermione imagined that she could smell smoke as it expanded to press in against her.

Unexpectedly, she was hit by a sudden flash of irrational anger as she finally managed to catch her
breath, and in a sudden instant, every single facet of the newcomer simply rubbed her the exact wrong way.

Her fingernails dug into her palms as she was suddenly absolutely furious with everyone in the room. The hot embarrassment, humiliation, violation, all came crashing together and they filled her soul with a sort of numb fury that made her grind her teeth as she stared down into the carpet and tried to find the strength to stand.

The worst part was that she couldn’t even place where this new feeling came from, except maybe as some massive subconscious overreaction to the humiliation of both being molested against her will by a pair of other girls and then being caught naked and in mid act. It was even more confusing in her frazzled, exhausted mind because most of the new feelings of spite and anger seemed to be directed at Violet, and not at her would be rapists. But as she sat there in the plush carpet she realized that she simply didn’t have the willpower or place of mind left to fight it. The heat the other girl was throwing off was simply infuriating her too much for her exhausted psyche to bear.

She slid her arm up to grab Dior’s wrist hard, letting her fingernails dig venomously into the other girls flawlessly pale skin, the act of marring it as she pulled herself unsteadily to her feet left her mind flushed with sick pleasure. It was a silent warning that no matter what happened next, she was not finished with the pair. She ignored the blonde’s pained hiss and shot what she hoped was an unimpressed, and not overly embarrassed or exhausted glare at the redheaded newcomer.

Violet grinned wolfishly at her as Dior hissed in pain and pulled her arm away in pain, and at Pansy moving subtly behind her and out of Hermione’s line of sight in reaction. “Look Hermione, I know you’re probably mad but you need to calm down!” The dark-haired little serpent hissed quietly in an attempt to calm her, and edge of panic creeping into her voice. “We’ll get in a lot of trouble if we-”

Whatever warning the other girl was about to give was lost as Violet took several long aggressive strides towards them, closing the dozen feet between them rapidly to give them all another cruel smirk. “If we what you little slut? You two pixies ain’t gonna beat me in a fistfight,” the athletic redhead spat at Pansy, “and curly here looks like she needs a nap more than a scrap.” The nude girl rhymed in English mockingly, with a smug sneer on her lips. “I suppose I could provide both though.” She finished by flexing her muscled arms and hands, letting her knuckles crack audibly.

Dior slid close behind Hermione as she clenched her fists in anger at the newcomer’s jabs. “Do you even understand why she makes you so angry Hermione?” The blonde attempted to whisper soothingly into her ear, making the fuzzy little Tully hidden behind her hair wiggle, but she barley registered it past the bubbling anger and humiliation that was rapidly reaching towards its boiling point. “Or why your heart is suddenly set against someone who has nothing to do with this, rather than me or Pansy?”

Hermione didn’t really know the answer to either question, and in that moment she only knew that she didn’t care. Violet was registering in some deep seated part of her, the part that she couldn’t really see that well but which had been dredged to the surface by the blonde’s earlier actions. She was a competitor of equal strength, that type of urgent threat that needed to be dealt with before she could move on to less important things… like paying back her would-be molesters. It must have been some instinct; there was simply no rationalization to be had.

Hermione ignored the blonde’s attempt to calm her, and drew up that part of her that she was beginning to learn to hate, the part that could compel both Melody and herself and reacted like a wild storm to the slightest provocation. As she did a tiny voice in her head cried out in terror and
humiliation, begging with the savage, angry pressure that this was all a terrible idea and pleading that they flee and find an authority figure to beg for sanctuary. But it was snuffed out by that rising power as she allowed it to flash, subjugated by the primitive demands it brought with it.

She idly noted, that she could feel Dior and Pansy slinking back away from her as the power rose, there cores echoing with something that felt slippery to the touch and smelled like fear and sudden panic. The smell made her smile at that little victory, and it only reinforced the current direction of action that had been decided on deep in her mind.

The redhead had seen her vulnerable, and so the smaller girl had to be put in her place if she was to ever be able to recover from this, it was as simple as that.

She allowed that power to call to her, allowed the anger and giddiness it brought with it to flow through her. Hermione was no longer even trying to fight it, and instead she reveled in the intense sensations that ran down her degraded and still aroused body. She wasn’t humiliated by that arousal anymore though, and she was giggling happily as the little lines of flashing light went skittering across her bare skin and left it tingling in pleasure, flashing in stronger pulses in rebellion against the waves of heat that came blasting off the redhead as Violet’s brow furrowed.

She let her magic take the reins, and it flared outward in defiance with a power that Hermione almost felt she could hear as it thundered against Violet’s. Out of the corner of her eye she saw her little sister leap awake on the couch with a sudden, panicked jerk, her expressive eyes widening in fright as she saw the state that the room and its occupants had fallen into during her slumber.

She cracked her neck at Violet, listing to the bones pop. “I think you barbarians need a lesson in etiquette.” Hermione spat in Greek, ignoring the little embers that had begun dancing around her reddened challenger and readying the crackling in her fists for a fight she really only knew that she desperately needed to win.

Violet herself closed a second later, she felt Pansy and Dior both throw themselves to the ground behind her, as sparks of flame and bolts of lightning burst into being and went leaping between them like iron fillings drawn to a lodestone.

Then suddenly, and without warning, their two opposing strengths were snuffed out like candle flames, as an oppressive weight crashed down on them and nearly brought Hermione to her knees with its power. A massive watery pressure that ground down onto them with a heart-stopping intensity, and came with the smells of seaweed and ancient ocean slime, and it was a deep power that they all instantly recognized.

“Just go to bed on your first night,” Tonks’s voice echoed tiredly from somewhere out of sight, as all of the magically induced hate and bravado drained out of Hermione’s body, “was that really so much to ask?” The pretty teen grumbled irritably; from somewhere out of sight nearby.

The wet, gusty, sort of cracking in her body was completely gone now, as was the enraging heat that had been emanating from Violet. Without those pressures Hermione’s thoughts were left bare again, and suddenly she realized that there had to have been a bevy of mistakes made at some point between ignoring that order and nearly getting into some sort of savage, mindlessly driven conflict with another girl in the middle of their dorm’s study hall.

“Oh, shit!” Pansy and Dior both gasped in quiet unison behind her, as they too seemed to have felt the crashing dampness that told Esquire had returned, almost certainly summoned by the impending conflict, and they had clearly noticed that the teen’s tone of voice implied she was far less than pleased with the behavior on display.
Dior whimpered like a struck puppy, as Hermione heard the meaty smack of a punch behind her, followed by Pansy whispering angrily to the blonde. “I damn well told you that this was a terrible idea Dior,” the black-haired girl hissed, her voice filled with fear. “but nooo, we just had to go haze the Greek cause you were feeling peckish!” The angry girl spat in a shouted whispered behind her. “If we had just stayed in the bloody tent we wouldn’t be in this mess!” Pansy finished angrily, realizing that the time when they could bow out of this gracefully had probably passed, and audibly intimidated by their Esquires powerful display of magic.

The light’s dimmed further, throwing shadows and darkness over most of the room. Tonks stalked impossibly out of the murky gloom of a corner that had been empty and illuminated only seconds before, and any hope of escaping this mess that Hermione might have had died with a whimper. There was a mostly empty glass jug, which she presumed had been once filled with alcohol of some sort, was pretty much empty but held loosely in the teen’s hand. A tired, annoyed look and the significantly drunk flush across the shapely teen’s visibly exasperated features and that spoke clearly enough.

“Three in the bloody morning… I was drinking and getting head at the same time.” The pretty shape-shifter chided them irritably. “Then I have to rush down here to keep you dingbats from burning your own dorm down.” Tonks grumbled, her hands sliding to rest on the flare of her bare hips. An action that forced her loose night robe wide open, revealing to Hermione and the others that she hadn’t been lying about getting head either, if the obvious wetness that shined off her half-hard penis in the dim candlelight was any indication.

“That’s alright though,” the irresponsible teen said, grumbling sternly down at them, causing the oceanic pressure to suddenly intensify. An action which brought the entire room, except Tonks herself and Melody who was on the couch, hard onto their hands and knees, “just means I get to punish yah!” She said, her face flashing with an amused looking smile, the tall, curvy teen swaying slightly as she gave a drunken hiccup.

“I just want it known that me and Dior weren’t fighting or getting ready to fight…” Pansy whispered quietly in cowardice, as she and Dior slinked up to kneel next to Hermione, the girl seemingly trying to plead to save herself whatever new humiliation Hermione was sure was about to land in her lap next.

The statement seemed to cause Tonks some pause for a moment though. The teen studying each of them in turn, with an intensity to her gaze that belayed her obviously drunken state, before she finally broke out in a smirk that left Hermione suddenly trembling again. And feeling like she needed an adult… a more responsible adult than the clumsy teen fate had allocated her.

“Alright then,” Tonks shot back with a lazy wave, her short hair flashing through several colors and finally settling on a deep brown, “you two can leave.” The shapely teen said, pointing over Hermione to where Dior and Pansy were kneeling. “You two on the other hand…” She made a tisk tisk sound at them, and chuckled as Hermione flushed with abject shame and Violet growl up at her in defiance. “Fighting in the study room, and on the very first night too, that’s very naughty of you two.” Tonks wagged a finger at them, her face relaxing into a look of mild disapproval, and the teen flopped herself down on the couch next to Melody hard enough that Hermione’s wide-eyed little sister was launched a few inches into the air, coming back down with an unhappy squeak. “Luckily for you two, I’ve got a right proper punishment in mind.”

That statement got her stomach clenching again and as Tonks’s slid a hand to grasp the base of her shaft, which started inflating again, Hermione was instantly sure she knew what the older teen had in mind by punishment.
“I think I’ll stick around actually.” Dior said suddenly as she crawled closer to their Esquire. Hermione doing a shocked double-take as she took in the blonde’s sultry grin, the braided girl waiving Pansy away, and trailing up close behind as Hermione and Violet were compelled to crawl closer to the couch by the teen’s powerful pressure, “I think I know where this is going, and I was getting hungry again anyways…” She giggled to herself, as Pansy hastily stumbled to her feet and rushed out of the room.

Dior’s reaction made Tonks snort in amusement. “You’re a greedy little slut, aren’t you?” The older girl teased haughtily, tossing a free arm across Melody’s blanked covered shoulders and spreading her long legs as all three of them drew closer. It was a rather rhetorical statement Hermione thought to herself spitefully, especially in light of how the other girl had behaved already tonight.

Thinking about that behavior brought the shivering back into her frame. “Can I- can I opt out of this?” Hermione pleaded quietly as Dior crawled up beside her, rubbing their naked flanks together affectionately, and nuzzling her forward. The sudden severity of what she was about to be coerced into hit her all at once, but the lanky blonde kept pushing her gently into crawling up between the teen’s spread legs before she could freeze up.

Hermione whimpered unhappily, confused by the sudden change in the blonde’s behavior, but didn’t resist the other girls pull.

Tonks leaned back into the cushions, shooting Dior a warning glance and and gave her an almost pitying look, one that was ruined only slightly by the flush of intoxication and arousal that was spread across her bared flesh. “Well I suppose could just do my job the way I’m actually supposed to, and let you guys take your lashes tomorrow instead.” The attractive teen answered quietly, shooting Hermione a curious look.

That seemed rather…severe. She swallowed unhappily, as they knelt between the teen’s legs; spit going down hard enough that there was a moment where she was certain that the others must have heard it. Then Hermione sighed explosively leaning her head lightly onto Tonk’s thigh nervously, keenly aware of where the other two girls were settling in beside her.

It was actually a little interesting to her though, because as repulsed as she was by the action she was about to commit, Hermione still felt that ever-present flicker of curiosity that had guided her all her life tingle somewhere in the back of her mind. It was there, tugging her along even if she felt exhausted, defiled and desperately didn’t want to follow its command.

“So tired aren’t you.” Tonks cooed at her, the beautiful teen murmuring in pity, her free hand petting at Hermione’s frizzy locks like she was a puppy. “Dior’s such a meany isn’t she? Taking everything she can get and giving nothing in return.” Tonks teased Hermione softly, flicking Dior on the nose as Hermione sleepily allowed her face to nuzzle up into the hot curvy flesh that sat past the teen’s knee.

Once there, she had to resist the urge to simply fall asleep against the warmth of Tonks’s thigh. There was something about the older teen’s pressure that suddenly felt good to her, not necessarily on a physical level; more like the teen had made her core somehow in tune. It made her wish she understood the subject better, and she wished she had the strength left in her to ask, but at the moment all she could do was simply gave in to the feelings of hot water and mud that seemed to have overcome her entire body. Allowing herself to be suspended in it, finally feeling safe enough to relax as the warmth engulfed her.

Violet broke the peace, yelping in annoyance as Tonks used a burst of magic to drag the unenthusiastic redhead the rest of the way over, plopping the small girl down on her knees on the
other side of Dior. Hermione gave the girl a tired glare as Dior leaned in past her view and Tonks
let out a pleased groan of approval. This was all the athletic girls fault Hermione decided. If Violet
hadn’t arrived, she wouldn’t be about to debase herself, and so she decided internally that it was
completely reasonable to place the blame for everything that was about to follow on the other girl.

The fact that if Violet hadn’t arrived, she would have been molested by Dior and Pansy at the very
best was something her sleepy mind barely remembered, and Hermione groggily decided that she
would deal with her punishment now. Then she could defeat the other girl later, and then she
would never be forced into this situation again, she could sort her feelings out on the punishment
itself afterwards.

That drew her back to the task at hand, and as she broke her sideling glare at Violet, she turned
back to see Dior shamelessly nuzzling the older teens oversized member, one hand on the ground to
prop herself up, the other buried somewhere between her legs. That alone was nearly enough shock
to return Hermione to her previously state of alertness, as she realized the blonde must have been
furiously masturbating herself with her free hand. The thin wrist disappearing between the moaning
girls own legs could simply be doing nothing else, especially if the slick sounds emanating from
the junction of those slender thighs were telling her truthfully what her gaze at its current angle
simply couldn’t.

Tonks moaned loudly as the masturbating blonde slid her tongue up and did her best to take the
purple helmet at the top of the throbbing shaft between her lips. Dior managed the helmet and
nothing else for a moment, and then the crazy blonde slammed her head down hard using her own
body weight as leverage. It was a sight that widened Hermione’s eyes, as the girls braided head slid
another inch and a half down, and the Esquire’s penis must have filled the entire length of the other
girl’s mouth. Dior reacted to successfully getting a full mouthful by gagging hard, her chest
immediately heaving and her back and legs arched and trembled wildly as the choking blonde tried
to force herself down even deeper.

That sight alone made Hermione realize that there was simply no way she would be able to do
anything like that with Tonks’s member. Dior might be able to wrap her lips over the helmet and
and take it down, but the other girl was almost a head taller than Hermione was, and she knew from
recent experience that the girl’s lips and mouth were bigger that her own was.

Dior slid herself down again a little deeper the second time, heedless of her own trembling body’s
reaction as her entire frame jerked and seized. If anything, the blonde seemed to be enjoying it, and
when her bony hips flared open as she shook from lack of air, Hermione could finally see the
slender girl’s fingers were still frantically massaging against the dripping mound between her legs.

As Hermione watched in stunned shock, long fingers intertwined in her hair and Hermione found
her head pulled gently towards the angrily pulsing shaft that Dior was busy choking herself on. “T-Tonks…” She hiccupped up to the teen, eyes wide with the intimidation flashing through her body,
and she started shivering again very slightly in fear as she realized what the teen wanted from her.

Unfortunately, Tonks seemed to read her reaction in exactly the opposite way Hermione had
intended. “Dior, for fuck’s sake, this isn’t even supposed to be your punishment.” The teen joked,
raising her eyebrow at the blonde between throaty groans, pleasure flashing across her features as
Dior slammed herself down hard again, and for a second the buxom teen’s free hand twitched like
she was fighting simply the urge to grab the blonde by the hair and seeing how far down she could
force the eager young girl to go. “You need learn how to share you greedy little harlot.”

The fingers in Hermione’s hair were transferred to Dior’s, and in a sharp motion Tonks pulled her
cock out of the girl’s throat with a loud pop. The blonde seemed to convulse for a moment, face
falling hidden back into the sizable sack beneath Tonks’s shaft. What wasn’t hidden was Dior’s quivering legs slapping together around her furiously jerking hand and Hermione heard the girl choke on a moan as her freshly cleared throat gagged on thin air, and the blonde seemed to find some sort of frame-shaking pleasure in the actions.

After her trembling slowed, the blonde pulled her face away and the taller girl’s crotch and slowly turned to Hermione… and the brunette didn’t even need to ask to know the other girl was completely gone. The look on Dior’s elfin face was one of complete, mindless, lust. Empty blue eyes stared back at Hermione wildly, and her own gaze was drawn to the thick trails of spit that were dripping down the girls chin and neck, drool sliding down her heaving chest as the thin girl took her breaths in deep greedy gasps. Her own hands came up instinctively as the blonde suddenly giggled at her drunkenly and closed in. Her mind flushed with sudden fear, probably irrational now that Tonks was present, but still the fear that her treatment from earlier that night might be repeated shot through as the other girl’s panting mouth closed in.

Then Dior’s arms were wrapped around Hermione’s shoulders and she was kissing her face, and Hermione knew what the aristocratic blonde’s sudden frenzy was about instantly.

There was something about the musty sort of scent that clung to the other girls face, the taste of it on her tongue… it simply drew her mind and body in a manner that her inner voice of sanity found terrifying, an instinctual pull that was simply unyielding and irresistible. She had enough time to realize that other girl was kissing her, and that she was kissing back for some reason she couldn’t explain, and then the haze of lust that seemed to have consumed the blonde’s mind slammed into her own head and she knew only that she needed more.

Hermione was instantly addicted to it, to the sheer strength of that power that had captured her and blasted the thoughts from her mind. It blinded her so fully that the next time she opened her eyes; she found that she was somehow nose deep in the hot flesh that joined Tonks’s oversized member with her weighty sack, cheek to jowl with an angrily scowling, but also frantically licking Violet. And that she was taking deep, quick, desperate breaths that made her lungs feel heavy and her head foggy, like she was drowning in the older teen’s powerful essence.

She watched blankly as the shape-changer sternly grabbed a growling Violet with a fist in her orange tangles, noticing idly out of the corner of her eyes how Melody was red-faced and nearly hyperventilating into her hands in the crook of Tonks’s arm, while the teen pulled her sudden rival up and presented her with the head of the shaft that had been recently freed from Dior’s throat. She stopped thinking about her little sister as Violet’s eyes clouded. The smaller girl seemed to be overcome by the sight before her, moving swiftly to try her turn at the top, blocking both the younger image of herself and the visibly panting Tonks from her view, and as they faded her brain refocused on collecting as much of the power, with its musty smell and taste, as she possibly could.

While the shape-changer gasped and moaned, Violet lapping up and down her throbbing shaft, Hermione noticed a grinning Dior pressing herself into the redhead’s former place to slobber her drunkenly lower and lower down the young woman’s plump thigh.

Tonks seemed to understand the affect she had caused on them, Hermione’s inner voice observed quietly, but the teen was hardly apologetic if her moaned, “Whoops, guess I laid it on a little thick…” was any indication. Hermione didn’t know it, but Tonks was actually getting exactly what she had drunkenly intended to, and she grinned down at them like a wolf as she gave the cutie situated in the crook of her arm a fat kiss on the cheek, chuckling in amusement as the wide-eyed little girl squeaked and hid her blushing face in the armpit of her robe.

And so far, and probably against the odds, her hastily put together plan was working perfectly.
Hermione seemed to have forgotten about her earlier trauma, Dior had been literally punishing herself, and Violet was even tolerating the presence of other girl’s long enough for all three of them to combine their efforts. And to top the night off, she was even getting halfway decent head as a reward for her drunken “genius”.

“You girls are gonna have to do better than that if you want to get me over the edge.” She teased throatily down at the three of them as she held back a muscle spasm that would have forced herself deeper into Violet’s mouth than would have been safe for the diminutive redhead. Still she reveled in the feelings of the three enthralled young girls desperately licking, and sucking all over her cock and groin, dragging her swiftly to the edge, and she had to fight against the urge to simply let go, no matter how hard she wanted to lay into them and enjoy the sensations.

She chuckled to herself as the three kneeling between her legs didn’t even react to her teasing. She had known that she had laid the compulsion on pretty thick, but her words didn’t even seem register with any of the trio between her legs, and Tonks found herself grinning down at them nostalgically as they continued their semi-focused worship of the powerful magical signature that had snared them in its web. Working in unison and building towards that moment of release that would grant them the fulfillment they were so desperate to gain.

Tonks grinned to herself as she made a realization. The entire situation reminded her an awful lot of her own first year as a student. She had come in as a right little hellion, determined to make trouble and cause chaos. She had been good bit like Violet was actually…

It had taken only until her third day before her own Esquire had finally had enough. The fifth year had dragged her by the ear into an alcove in the Astrology Spire, then proceeded to give her a hands on lesson on how to properly please a woman right then and there. Determined to show her how she was going to make up for being such a tremendous pain in the ass, and working her over until Tonks’s tongue had gone numb from the effort.

The fact that the three of them had managed to beat her best effort by two whole days wasn’t lost on the shape-shifter, and neither were their concerted efforts to bring her to climax.

They were even pretty good, all things considered. Even Hermione, who Tonks had expected to have little to no experience whatsoever, was only a little below average in her frantic attempt at technique. The frizzy brunette was laying into her shaft with lots of desperate sucking and long fast licks, the magically intoxicated Greek seemed to be trying to be as sloppy as possible to make up for her total lack of experience.

Tonks could have made her penis smaller of course, easier for the trio of cock-drunk little Firsties to handle, but there was a certain dark thrill that went through the seventeen-year old at seeing Dior and Hermione’s little heads bobbing up and down as they went kissing and slobbering all over her proportionally huge thighs, balls and the sides of her oversized shaft. She leaned back slightly into the couch as she drank it in. From there she could better enjoy the sight of Violet, the angry tiny hellion that she was, trying her best to wedge more than the first inch past her obscenely stretched little lips.

Suffice to say that the young woman was quite enjoying herself as she let them bathe her in pleasure. Then, before she could even react, Dior decided to take a risky gamble, and Tonks found herself in a sudden desperate battle to keep from exploding down Violet’s throat. The braided blonde mop had bobbed out of sight for a moment, and Tonks thought nothing of it as the girl continued licking at her inner thighs, but then she felt the sexually aggressive tween’s nose press in hard to part her plump cheeks, and a long slender tongue forced it’s way past her unprepared rosebud and it shot as deep inside as the blonde could get it.
“HOLY FUCK!” Tonks groaned in shock and pleasure, caught completely unprepared as her entire body seized up as that final irresistible wave of hot pleasure burst from her groin, she yanked a suddenly gagging Violet swiftly off her cockhead before the bucking of her hips could force it even deeper than it had already gone, and with a swift hand she was mindlessly aiming her helmet head straight at Hermione’s wide-eyed face.

The teens shout shocked Hermione back from her worship, she had noticed Dior going lower but had barely registered it as the blonde’s head nestled below her chin, but Tonks’s sudden violent jerking popped her mouth free from where she had been sucking at the side of the shaft. Before she could react the first blast caught her in mid-pant, the thick streak of glimmering silver shooting straight down into the back of her throat. Her brain misfired as she choked on the string of thick cum suddenly covering her airway, dark instincts dragged up by the older teen’s enthrallment forcing her blindly down onto the exploding cock just fast enough to catch the third blast in her mouth, the second having burst itself across her face, leaving her blinded as she shot forward and started swallowing desperately in reflex.

It was instantly more of everything she had needed during the entire session, even the first stream that she had almost inhaled had been like a splash of water to her intoxicated and overwhelmed senses, but unlike the cold slap of water this felt hot and tasted like salt and ocean. Her face burned and tingled with embers of pleasure where the spurt of semen had splashed a thick layer across it, and simply the feeling of it resting there made her senses feel fuzz and caused her groin to throb with need. Her mind shot back into reality and her weariness blew past her. Tonks’s heady musk that had ensnared her mind before tore like a veil. Leaving her awake with a throat choked with cum, a mouth stuffed half with cockhead and half absolutely stuffed with growing contents the of the third and fourth salty streams, despite her suddenly panicked swallowing.

But before she could do anything to react with her newfound clarity of mind, all the space that had been left in her mouth was finally gone. And most of the fifth blast went shooting back out her nose. She yanked herself back, snapping her mouth closed instinctively, only to be sprayed in the face again, and then again. Finally the bucking, moaning teen above her seemed to find it in herself to change her aim, and she could hear the spurts splashing against Violet’s face, if the shocked growling was anything to go by.

She sat back on her haunches and shivered hard in sheer pleasure, the sticky stuff coating her face and chest was thick, not runny like she had read it would be in the anatomy books back home. It felt hot, burning the skin it clung to with pleasure. It was the magic in it that caused the carnal heat Hermione realized, as she resisted the urge to cough out her mouthful as she gagged again, trying to swallow it all dutifully, mindful that this was still a punishment from an authority figure. She could taste the teens power in it, a flavor that she could only described as “Tonks” as it slid thickly over her tongue.

As the hot slime slid down her throat and pooled into her stomach, it suddenly came to her to connect the feeling of magical heat spreading through her abdomen with that draining, chilling feeling that had been forced onto her earlier that night.

There was a sort of slurping noise, which made her center clench hard as she realized what the sound must have come from. Someone pressed her back gently… Dior, obviously done with her dirty work had come and embraced her, the soft hands had to belong to the blonde, and she allowed herself to be laid down onto here side without a struggle.

“Sorry about this…” The other girl whispered cheekily into her ear, and she felt the other girl laying herself down alongside her. Hermione was about to ask what for, when she felt something that was absolutely not a finger slide across her tightly closed eyelid.
“Oh, for the love of God!” She groaned out loud, realizing that the other girl was licking the cum off her eyes, and then shivering hard as she remembered exactly where that tongue had been buried only a short time ago.

The blonde just chuckled in amusement at her obvious disgust, quickly moving on to the rest of her face and allowing Hermione to open her eyes and glare at her. “Did you REALLY have to use your mouth for that?” She ground out in fresh annoyance after the taller girl had finished, no longer tired anymore, but not willing to actually do anything that might encourage Tonks to have her give a repeat performance.

Dior just swallowed the collected slime and chuckled nervously at her glare, embracing her again. She slid a finger though the thick strands of cum that had landed in her freshly messy braids, offering a bit of the pale gunk to Hermione as she flipped them both over so that she lay on top of the blonde.

That wasn’t going to cut it now. Not now that Hermione was back in her right state of mind. She remembered how the blonde had treated her when she had been alone and exhausted, and by the extremely nervous look the other girl was giving her, so did she…

And now the sandal was on the other foot, wasn’t it?

Hermione snarled angrily down at the blonde, enjoying the way the other girl’s throat worked as she swallowed hard in response, Dior’s body going limp in submission beneath her glare. “Come on, don’t be mad, I said I’d do you too-” Her pleads for mercy, and any possible retribution was cut off by Tonks.

“Alright, come on now you two, enough fighting in the bloody study hall, or didn’t you lot learn your lesson?” The teen asked teasingly, observing them coolly.

She slid herself off of the blonde and looked over at the rest of the room. Tonks was still sitting lazily on the couch; Melody sitting bunched up in the crook of the teens arm, her younger sibling was shooting everyone in the room a look that was absolutely scandalized. Violet was quietly kneeling nearby, slowly and methodically running a finger through the semen that was splattered all over her upper body and hair, suckling the digit clean and trembling every so often.

Their Esquire lorded over her handiwork for a minute, motioning for Hermione and Dior to slide back over into kneeling positions next to Violet. “Alright, you and you,” she pointed the hand over Melody’s shoulders at Dior and Violet, after they had waited for the latter to mostly cleaned herself off, “are both are going to go back to wherever it was that you were set up to sleep tonight and, you are both going to bed!” The teen huffed out warningly, standing slowly and letting her robe slide closed again, hiding her nudity.

Violet and Dior sat and stared uncertainly for a moment. “Now!” The teen snapped, flashing that deep, heavy magic again, and making both girls scramble up for the door in shock.

When they had rushed out the door, Tonks fixed her with a tired look. The buxom teen pinching the bridge of her nose either in irritation or thought, before she seemed to reach some conclusion and swung her jug up to drain the last cup or so of alcohol in a single gulp.

“You just can’t keep yourself out of trouble can you?” The young woman asked Hermione rhetorically. “Alright, fuck it… follow me squirts.”

The pet name would normally have been humiliating, but after Dior and Violet scrambled out, she found it reassuring to be labeled something so innocent. She had been humiliated for real tonight,
Pansy and Dior had seen to that already. Even just the memory of what had happened earlier made her feel so vulnerable caused the trembles to start up again, and her nails dug hard into her palms in shame, frustrated at her bodies own weakness. Tonks noticed her start to shake and raised an eyebrow, but said nothing as Hermione followed her dutifully out of the study and down the winding hallway towards the dorm.

Melody, having not been awakened before Violet had entered, blinked in confusion at her sister’s unusual behavior, before chalking it up as some-side effect of the madness that had just concluded. The nine-year old stopped and wondered about it for a moment, before taking the time to pick up her older sisters robe at some unnoticed compulsion before she rushed down the hall to catch up with them.

As she was lead down the hall, Hermione abruptly felt a swell of bile rise in her throat. It hit her that no matter how strong she felt compared to most of her peers, that even if it was just the level of power the teen had already displayed, Tonks could hurt her easily if the older girl wanted to… even with physical might alone. She was alone again, totally at the older and stringer girl’s mercy, and there was nothing she could do to stop her if the lusty teen decided that she wanted to take something more from her.

As she was realizing this, they stopped about halfway to the dorms and the teen ran a finger in a simple pattern down the stone wall. It bent, as the bathroom doorway had bent in the hallway to the baths, but revealed a small winding staircase instead of a series of stalls.

Her heart stopped as she realized they were clearly not going back to the dorms, and every terrible scenario she had thought of so far tonight came crashing back. She stood there paralyzed as Melody came around the corner with her forgotten robe; the smaller girl stopped a good ways back, peering at the scene uncertainly.

“T…” She stopped and took a deep breath, trying to stop the hitches in her breathing and calm the fear insides as the question hit her, she didn’t even want to ask for fear of the answer. “Tonks, what are you going to…” Hermione flushed with fear and shame and together they made her body tremble harder, she couldn’t even bring herself to finish the sentence.

She didn’t have to, long slender arms wrapped down around her shoulders and she felt the teen nuzzle her hair gently, the warm sticky wetness from earlier returning and causing her body to relax into the embrace. “Listen to me Hermione; I’m not taking you here to rape you, or your little sister.” The teen let her own core open and she pulled Hermione’s smaller one inside, trying to express her honesty as she pleaded with the obviously panicking girl.

“I’ll even promise you both that.” The teen reassured her frankly, with the answer to question she hadn’t even the courage to actually ask, and Hermione could feel both the promise’s affect as it took hold of them both, and its sincerity caressed her somewhere deep inside her chest.

Her legs gave out as the sudden relief shattered her as readily as any cannonball would, and Tonks grabbed hold of her before she could even start to collapse, catching her trembling body easily with only a single arm. Then the normally bubbly Esquire picked her up effortlessly, like Hermione was a pillow in her arms and not a young girl, and she motioned silently for Melody to follow her as the climbed up the short winding staircase.

“First of all, I would definitely get in a shit-ton of trouble…” the teen told her, a in an almost disbeliefing tone, “even if it wasn’t school sanctioned trouble; I very much doubt the rest of the upperclassmen would look on that level of misbehavior very kindly.” The teen griped down into her sweaty frizzes soothingly as they reached the top of the staircase.
Tonks chuckled lightly and kissed at the corner of her eye as she looked up at the teen. “I asked my Esquire something similar when I was your age, and I think what she told me went something like, “you don’t snatch the younger years when you’re in your senior years, because your seniors didn’t do it to you, and that way everyone gets a fair shot at putting together fair, socially functional covens.” It would be too unfair otherwise.” She finished softly, but with a happy lilt to her voice, clearly casting herself back to the pleasant memory.

They reached the top of the stairs and Hermione peered out into a little octagonal room with a low ceiling, dimly moonlit by a single large multi-paned window of clear glass on the far wall. The rest of the chamber’s walls were draped in dark red and purple blankets, and there seemed to be some sort of huge cushion instead of any kind of proper flooring. Her head swiveled and she saw that the dim little rooms only real contents were a little wooden cabinet built into the junction of two of the walls, and a huge pile of blankets and pillows that took up nearly the whole floor. “So why did you have me…” Again she swallowed but couldn’t finish, looking away in humiliation even as the curvy teen laid her down into a thick cashmere blanket that smelled like heaven. The feel and smell left her body relaxing so hard it felt like it was melting, as she sunk down into the blankets and padding below her at least a full foot under nothing but her own body weight, and Hermione had to resist the urge to simply burrow down and never come back up.

The teen rolled her eyes as she saw the way the bookish firstie go limp in the blankets, and she leaned down and rubbed Hermione’s nose playfully with her thumb to keep the girl awake. Melody squeaking behind her as the door to the room disappeared now that it was no longer needed.

“There’s a big difference between having to blow an older student, who is authorized to give out punishments to underclassmen who are breaking rules, and between an upperclassmen or staff member doing something that is guaranteed to result in some level of sexual bond for you against your will.” The teen her lecture continued in relaxed exasperation. Sitting down herself and sinking deeply into a large pile of pillows next to where she had laid Hermione, Tonks slid her robe free and pulled the curly haired eleven-year old into her lap very gently and slowly, cautiously observing the reaction of her charge.

Immediately the Hermione stiffened at Tonks’s actions, but then she noticed a big difference in the older teen as her naked butt slid down into the junction between the older girl’s legs.

Tonks raised an eyebrow in exasperation, wrapping her arms around the bookish girls waist as Hermione twisted back to give her a questioning look. “Relax a little kid, I’m trying not to make you panic again, so of course I’m not going to have that out.” She grumbled, smirking as at the girls gasp as Melody plopped herself into Hermione’s lap totally uninvited.

Hermione let herself relax against the teen’s larger frame for what felt like hours, but she knew to be only a few minutes. She still felt safe as she let her head rest back between Tonks’s naked breasts, squeezing her little sister close in her arms. So even when the older girl withdrew the warm pressure from inside her body, Hermione felt secure in her cautious embrace. But that peaceful feeling was shattered seconds later, as they sunk deeply into the furrow made into the pile of pillows and Tonks tossed a thick blanket over all three of them. “Now Hermione,” she whispered into the frizzy brown mane cautiously, “I want you to tell me exactly what happened from the moment when I left the dorm, to when I was summoned back, and then I’m going to tell you what you did wrong tonight.” Her small frame stiffened in the teen’s arms as the older girl reached forwards to cup her chin, forcing her to turn and glance up into her deep brown eyes.

Hermione shook her head, hiding her eyes behind her frizzy brown hair. “I-I don’t want to talk…” She whimpered in protest, squeezing her little sister like she might a stuffed rabbit. “Please don’t.” The begging words tumbled out again before she could stop them, and they made her feel absolutely pathetic the moment she had finished saying them.
Tonks didn’t mock her, but also didn’t budge an inch. The stronger teen simply grabbed her, and twisted her body around further to lay spooned against her with her head in the crook of her arm, and then she forced her to look her in the eyes again. “Listen to me.” The older girl said, pulling her tight and rolling her eyes at Melody whining at being dislodged. “That’s not an option, because if you don’t let me help you with this, then you’ll never be rid of it, and you’ll have to live with this and it will gnaw at you inside. And trust me when I say that the other girls will be able to smell that, and what they did to you tonight is going to keep happen again and again because of it. And provided they don’t get sloppy and fuck it up like Dior and Pansy did, then I’m not allowed to stop what’s going to be happening to you…” The teen finished ominously, and Hermione’s hands clenched hard as she understood the teen already knew what had been done to her.

That shame made her stomach clench and she had to resist the urge to break down and start sobbing hysterically into the well-proportioned chest beneath her. “What is that even supposed to mean?” She begged into the girl’s breast, not even noticing that she was making her younger sister anxious with her constant stress. “Why can’t you help me? I thought that was your job.”

The warm pressure came back and this time she suddenly felt almost smothered between it and the older girl’s real body heat. “You’re a smart girl; didn’t you even wonder why the dorms bedding area is so small for forty-eight girls Hermione, why there are only fifteen little tents for all of you?” The teen spoke a little bitterly into her hair.

“It’s called the pecking order Hermione. That kind of shit is supposed to happen, and you’re supposed to fight each other for the top spot... for dominance. It’s just one of the consequences of having magic kid.” She ruffled Hermione’s fluffy hair soothingly. “Your core... your magic sticks you with a whole different set of rules and instincts, and those are there because we’ve always lived differently from the way the mundane live.”

The young woman sighed tiredly and leaned further back in thought. “Most of those this shit goes way deep Hermione, back further than Leng or even Atlantis, back far enough that it’s imbedded into the very Ley lines themselves, into the fabric of what gives Human’s magic.”

“Think about it. The non-magical people, they’ve always to struggle together to survive. But even a moderately powerful wizard can do that easily all on his own, and so on that base sort of level we don’t need each other or anyone else... for anything really, except making babies, and wizards don’t normally don’t form real societies.” The girl continued as something small and ray-like flew by outside the window, flapping slowly. “You hear about the wizard in his tower, or the hermit in his swamp, and sure they might get together at a summit every once and awhile, but the point is that they would never stay together because they have no reason to. Us witches have it a little easier in that regard, the covens keep us close so we can raise our kids and lure in powerful wizards to bind and make more kids with, but it’s still like putting cats in a bag Hermione.” The teen gave her a pitying look, rubbing her back calmingly. “Everyone has to fight to figure out where everyone stands.”

“The pecking order...” Hermione echoed the teen, taking in what Tonks had told her so far with a thick swallow.

The shape-shifter nodded. “That’s why Atlantis, and the other civilizations of the First Age of Men are held in such high esteem, they were led by wizards, and that’s why they’ve always been considered so historically groundbreaking. It’s why Dumbledore is so famous too, he helped figure out a system that would let us live together in the modern times... better than we’ve ever been able to before. And not just with each other but with the mundane too.” The teen finished, tilting her head meaningfully at Melody, before allowing Hermione and and her sister a moment to snuggle deeper into her embrace.
“Then why aren’t you like that? How is it that any of this works at all?” Hermione questioned softly, inhaling the scent of older girls sweat as Melody snuggled up to her, drowsiness taking over again as she gave in to the natural warmth of their shared body heat.

“It’s called your “Compulsion” Hermione, that savage voice in your head that echoes out from your magic, and its power over you gets weaker as you get older and your body and brain are less flooded with hormones. You learn to control it better too, as you fight, form bonds, make love, and practice your magic. You’ll learn to feel out what it wants and how to master it in class too.” The teen yawned, and Hermione felt the vibration in her head as much as she heard it. “Cores… their actually pretty complex things, and there are a bunch of different types and little variations, and each one wants something different.” She trailed off quietly as both of the girls in her arms seemed to enter a deep state of relaxation.

“Point is, at your age, you need to take peoples actions with a grain of salt… not let yourself get to bothered by things.” Tonks advised idly. “I mean, you were going to get in a fight with Violet before I broke it up. Your compulsion had you ready to go at a girl you didn’t even know before today, but it’s not like you were angry with her or anything like that.”

Hermione shook her head in reply, and Tonks continued. “Remember that, how it felt to be under that sway, and remember that a lot of people’s actions at your age aren’t necessarily what they would do normally.” She finished sagely.

“So, I think I’ve answered you’re questions… so can you answer mine now?” She whispered down to Hermione, her free hand rubbing a slow trail down Hermione’s back to the swell of her little butt and up again to try and keep the girl calm.

The question still made her shiver, but now after her curiosity had been answered; her body would let her speak. “I went to study because I didn’t want to be behind the others tomorrow, and I sort of… lost track of time.” She spoke into the tuft of fluff in the teen’s armpit, not wanting the compassionate older girl to see her face. “Dior and Pansy came in, and at first I didn’t realize they wanted anything untoward. But then Pansy… it was like cold glass pressing against me, and the cold feeling made me even more tired.” She looked up, past her own frizzy bangs, to see Tonks looking back down at her. She swallowed in nervousness. “She was shaking, and fell over panting and moaning… I didn’t understand what had happened.”

Tonks’s rubbing on her back became firmer, the hand suddenly feeling hot against her skin. “She was draining your core.” The teen answered. “Leeching out your magic to feed her own. Normally girls don’t do that to other girls unless they’re fighting, because boys naturally have more magic anyway… so that they can keep their coven fed.”

Hermione sighed at the explanation, breaking eye contact to nuzzle her head back onto the teen’s naked breast tiredly. “But I’m not like that am I?”

The plump mound her head was laying on hitched as Tonks snorted. “Considering your core is the third biggest out of a group of sixty students, behind only Harry’s and Neville’s, you’ve easily got most of the boys beat.” She chuckled again as Melody started snoring lightly into her breast. “But ok, then what?”

Hermione nodded at Tonks’s assessment, having pretty much felt that much out earlier and she steeled herself to continue. “Then Dior rushed up really close and she was mocking me, then she unhooked her robe. She was naked, and I didn’t understand why she would want to be naked with me, but then she pushed me back against the chair and then was pressing against me and grabbing at my body and she wouldn’t stop kissing me. I kept begging for her to stop but she wouldn’t let me go, and she kept going further and furt-.”
The heat from her hand on her back intensified, radiating though her chest and abdomen as her breath started hitching, in response to the tears that were starting to drip freely into the crook of Tonk’s shoulder. “Then Pansy got up, and they pulled my cloak off and she twisted my arms back and they started touching me down there, and I was so tired I couldn’t get away from them, and Dior then drained me too… and when she was done…” She had to stop for a second, and swallow before she could choke out the admission. “My body was still hot from it and I didn’t want it to be, I hated it. I still hate it.” She finally spat it out unhappily.

Tonks kissed the top of her head compassionately. “You understand the reason Dior and Pansy were doing that stuff to you right?” It was a question, but the attractive Esquire’s tone made it clear that she thought Hermione could piece together the answer by herself.

“Because I’m powerful?” She asked, though her quiet sobbing, not quite able to force herself to stop and state it clearly.

She could feel the teen’s nod of affirmation against her hair. “Exactly, even as a foreigner from a mundane family, you would make an excellent asset to anyone looking to add to a coven. And Dior and Pansy are both from old wizarding families, so you can believe me when I tell you that they were thinking of it from that perspective.” The teen paused. “I don’t actually know if they meant to hurt you in the manner that they did, I would tend to think they just thought you were being a baby about getting caught in the lurch, and they were meaner than they normally would have been.” She finished her explanation cautiously.

Hermione nodded, understanding starting to dawn on her despite the tears she couldn’t stop from continuing. “They just thought I was being a baby?” She hiccupped out, the incredulity almost enough to make her laugh in spite of herself as she suddenly remembered the forceful blonde’s repeated assurance of paying her back in pleasure later.

“I thinks so squirt.” The shapely teen, who had had easily become Hermione’s favorite person so far in this hell she was being dragged through, responded to her changing emotions by her prodding warmly. “But go on, I don’t think you’ve got much left.”

She nodded in submission to the verbal nudge. “Violet showed up… and when she did she scared Pansy and Dior. They dropped me, and I was on my knees and it just all hit me at once, you know? I was feeling so dirty and humiliated, then the compulsion…” she felt out the term for the unfamiliar sensation in her mouth, “it started… talking, and I was listing to it.” She looked back up at Tonks. “It told me to hurt them, and that I needed to put them in their places for humiliating me, and for even seeing me humiliated.”

Tonks nodded in understanding. “That it does, and will continue to do until there is a proper hierarchy established among all the girls in the dorm.” She said warningly before moving on to advice. “Look Hermione, Dior and Pansy have far weaker cores than you do, and to be honest the only girl even close to yours is Violet.” Tonks seemed to think to herself for a moment. “Dior and Pansy will be easy, just pick a fight with them in the dorm don’t hold back and you’ll have them desperately eating your kitten where everyone can see it in no time.” The teen chuckled at her bad metaphor. “Violet on the other hand, she’s likely to be trickier. She’s aggressive, in very good shape physically, and trained in various forms of combat… I would build your position up first, take advantage of the fact that already being bonded leaves her out of the normal hierarchy forming, and get a few girls under your belt before you tried to top her.” The teen finished, pulling her and her sister closer as she laid further back into the pillows.

Hermione mulled over the advice, then relaxed happily as Tonks started playfully cooing into her ear before the teen went leaning down and kissed her forehead. Then Tonks grinned at her and
reached her free arm out, and Hermione could hear the cabinet opening across the room.

The teen gently prodded her chin up and planted a sweet kiss across Hermione’s lips, she imagined she could taste the alluring older teens pride in her for allowing the teen to see her so vulnerable in it. “How about a little drink before bed?” The shape-shifter asked her as Hermione lay back down across the teen’s body, her taller form shifting into something distinctly less muscular and a bit plusher and even better-rounded beneath her, and her eyes fluttered in shock as the teens breasts expanded right beneath her head.

She gulped hard, knowing for certain that the older girl could hear it this time, and gave the smirking teen a modernly shocked look, not initially making the obvious connection and assuming Tonks was going to breastfeed her.

Tonks seemed to see the misjudgment in her eyes, and she shot Hermione a tired but amused grin and wagged the little glass bottle in her free hand. “A drink of mead Hermione…” She trailed off smugly, popping the cork with a hand motion and taking a big gulp. “Unless of course, you wanted to try the tap?” She probed teasingly, the arm wrapped around Hermione’s side moving up to run a finger over the erect nipple next to her head.

That made her swallow hard again, and she shook her head in refusal of the offer, though not with nearly as much certainty as she would have liked. “What kind of stuff’s that?” Hermione asked the teen, pointedly looking at Tonks’s grinning face and not her currently massive chest.

“It’s honey wine,” the teen replied, “trust me you’ll like it.”

Her arm reached up for the bottle from where she had cast it around Melody’s slumbering waist, but Tonks gave her a mischievous smile in response, she squeezed Hermione tighter and wiggled her eyebrows. Then bottle came up to the supportive teens plump lips again, and she took a deep draught, then she pulled Hermione’s upper body up and slightly forward so she could kiss her properly on the lips again.

“Open” Came the compulsion echoing across their apprentice bond, and she let her lips fall agape, the beautiful teen’s tongue following slowly as she passed Hermione several mouthful of sweet fluid and the other girl kissed her cautiously, nothing at all like the Dior’s desperate, aggressive ministrations from earlier.

‘She’s a better kisser too.’ Hermione found herself idly thinking as her body quickly melted atop Tonks’s, the alcohol in the wine and the slow sensual kiss doing the work of leaving her slumped limply across the young woman’s plush warm figure as the teen separated their mouths as gently as she had kissed her.

If she had the strength left in her to laugh she would have, having never thought she would ever be comparing the kissing talents of two girls. In that moment, she found it was a comical thought for some reason, as Tonks broke the kiss and muttered in amusement something about her being a lightweight. Then readjusted her boneless form so she was tucked back in, wrapped around the teen and her younger sister… Hermione smiled.

It was seconds later that she was plunging into the dreamlands, and for her, the night had finally ended.

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Ok, this part of the story clearly escaped its holding pen… what was supposed to be three or four pages of flashback turned into almost fifty, the longest chapter yet.
And despite the fact that the plot chapter is going to have to wait for a while longer while I hack it apart and re-write major parts of it, I’m not actually displeased by the way this turned out.

The chapter actually fits a lot of information on various things that I wanted to cover; in a manner I think even feels pretty natural. And I do like the sort of tone and feeling I managed to get with this one, so I’m not actually that annoyed by it in that sense.

As for the wait on this one, it the stuff I have already covered, plus me trying to fully flesh out the backstory of the world and the way magic fits into everything else fully. A good bit the results of that are even on display in this chapter.

Side note: I also just figured out what the "Rich Text" Button does in the Post New Chapter page... and boy do I feel stupid. So I'll probably go back and do some minor editing of previous chapters later, when I fix the formatting on the ones that need it.

And as always, any reviews, comments or flames are welcome.
Mornings can be a pain in the Ass...

Alright! Finally we get to the first morning… and it only took 8 chapters.

The next chapter will be the first day's classes, as I keep writing bloody massive chapters that take forever to go through and proofread and I wanted to get this out for you guys sooner than later... this is exactly what happened last chapter.

Part of which was me being uncertain on how I wanted to handle some things, I had a few funny ideas given to me by a friend and I thought they fit well enough to be included in some measure. Trying to figure out how to handle that properly was one of the reasons this has been taking so long.

On a related note, I’ve been blown away by the amount of people who seem to be interested in the details of my little alternate history scenario… Oh who am I kidding, right? We’re all here for the smut. ;)

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Arael swept across the smoke choked skies of the holy city, dodging through the towering marble buildings and gigantic temples. Her white wings beating lazily from exhaustion as she alighted on a conveniently placed granite statue that jutted out from one of Rome’s more massive cathedrals.

Perched kneeling and breathing heavily on the massive carven head of some saint, whose name she wasn’t in the mood to bother remembering. She flexed her wings idly for a moment trying to relax her burning flesh as she caught her breath, purposefully ignoring the stiffness pulsing up from their muscles and the little popping sounds that came from the delicate wing bones. Then she stood and quickly rushed into the candlelit depths of the cathedral.

There were a host of other stretches that she was supposed to be doing after such a long flight, and she knew she was ignoring them even though they were meant to keep her body in the religiously held shape of perfection that it was, despite all that she understood that now was not the time for such luxuries.

After all, there was a message to be delivered…

The waifish, immortal, teenager had been fulfilling the task she had been assigned for most of the past hundred years. Having long ago lost count of the number of days she had spent floating high above various groups of heathens and blasphemers listing to them gossiping to one another about various inanities. However, never in all that time had she heard of a matter as urgent as this one, so serious that had just sent her fleeing back to the capitol like the Beast himself was nipping at her wingtips.

In fact, she probably would have admitted that her job was usually quite boring if asked, it was certainly not as illustrious when compared to leading a battalion of knights or one of the centuries of a legion into a glorious battle. The thought of that incongruity usually brought a smile across her ethereal features; there were a lot of tasks the members of the Host preformed that the common citizen of Rome probably wouldn’t have considered to be worthy of their station. Despite all that though, Arael had always done her job loyally and she believed that she did it well.

Most recently she had been trailing across the darkened skies of the most famous and ancient trade
route, the Silk Road. The cold desert steppes of the region had been empty for nearly a whole
week, and as she had begun to run low on her supplies and she had been preparing to return to her
Choir and report the failure of her latest mission.

But then as she had been readying herself to leave she had struck gold. The virtuous angel had
spotted in the faraway distance, the plume of dust kicked up by a massive caravan. At least a
thousand camels strong, and with hundreds of donkeys and oxen pulling huge wagons laden with
finery and spices from the lands in the east. Led along their way by their swarthy, bearded, Arab
keepers, who urged the huge procession urgently back across the parched Mongolian landscape.

The Muslim men and their beasts were even being escorted by the horsemen of the Great Kahn
himself, the almond -eyed archers ready to protect the convoy from bandit attacks on their way
back to the Arabian Peninsula.

That in itself was hardly unusual or alarming. Instead it had been the specifics of the conversation
that had been going on between the two groups of men, which had echoed up to her while she
floated silently across the cloudy Mongolian sky above them, that had filled her wings with the
terrible urgency that had compelled her to fly back to Rome so quickly.

The Arabs, who stroked at their bushy beards in thought as they recounted their tales, had spoken
to their guards about a great panic that was breaking out in the Far East. Saying that it had been
told to them that the Emperor of the Ming had sent his own envoy to the Buddhist monks, living in
their lofty palaces high in the Himalayas on the request of his councilors, and that the news that
had come down the mountains had stunned them all into such a state of alarm that the Forbidden
City itself had been shut down entirely while the monks portents were hotly debated by the
scholars and all of the learned men of Sinae alike.

Arael had immediately recognized that this news was to be of great importance to the Roman
Empire. For while the Ming were not formally allied with any of the Abrahamic nations, they were
all together in a sort of unofficial agreement in that they all frowned on the chaos bringing rule of
wizards in unison, that was one of the principle things that had made them worthy trading partners
for the peoples of Latium in the first place.

So to hear that the ruler of the land of the lands of Sinae had been rattled was newsworthy enough,
but then the bearded men of the caravan had continued. Debating with their guards in great length
about what the implications of the decision that the mighty ruler had finally decided on might be.
His plan was apparently to send his huge treasure fleets to support the barbarous Aztecs and the
Templar traitors, bypassing the various Polynesian Leagues which would doubtlessly abstain from
the conflict until they could decide on a unified course of action, with his intent to make war with
the Mayans and their other allies in the lands of the Far Continent.

And the stories had gotten even better, though only in a manner that chilled her heart. Speaking
conspiratorially in hushed tones to their Mongol guards, they recounted at great length the
whispered accounts that they had heard for a price in certain eastern markets. Specifically of the
omens that had been seen in the skies, and that the monks had interpreted them as telling of a
plague that would blot out the sun and devour all the nations it fell upon.

That had been more than enough news for her, and as soon as the conversations of the caravan had
turned back to more mundane matters, Arael had slipped seamlessly from hovering overhead of the
massive procession and beat a hasty retreat across the skies straight to Rome.

Now, nearly a full fortnight later, Arael burst into the entrance to their “roost” with visible urgency
on her face. The lowly nickname given to the cathedrals themselves was something that normally
brought a smile to her face, as there had certainly been a proper title for the immense towers of
caravan marble and granite where the Angels dwelled. But at some point over the centuries the idle but apt moniker, probably spread originally in jest, had been adopted by all that called the towering monasteries home, including young Arael herself.

But she wasn’t smiling now, too distracted by the weight of her message to pay such idle thoughts any attention.

A choir of young Hopefuls practicing at a healing hymnal scattered before her flustered entrance, the normal children were mostly orphans that the priesthood had sent to serve the Choir in preparation for their own initiation into various clerical or knightly orders, and their crowd of tiny cloaked frames broke apart into respectful bowing as she burst through the glass-less alcove window that the Angels used as an entryway.

Her head swiveled, loose white-hair finding its way into her eyes as she scanned for people more than half her height in the small and currently dimly-lit tower atrium, three white-winged forms stuck out to her immediately. Turel was standing near the back of the atrium, leaning casually with his golden spear set against the marble wall, speaking quietly to a grey-haired knight from the order of the Hospitallers. Colopatiron and Kutiel, on the other hand, were sitting and whispering quietly to each other over an unraveled scroll in a nearby corner.

Aside from them, there were no other members of the either the Host in general or the rest of her own Choir in the large tower’s entrance chamber. More worrying was that the specific person she was looking for was missing.

She pursed her lips in indecision before finally rushing over towards where Colopatiron and Kutiel were seated. “Do either of you know where Camael could be found?” She blurted out, before being embarrassed by both her own abruptness and obvious state of exhaustion.

Her two siblings blinked at her interruption of their studies. “Well good morning to you as well Arael…” Kutiel grumbled coolly, turning away from their younger sister to regard Arael’s disheveled appearance in a kind of palpable amusement that didn’t quite reach his face, save for the briefest hints of a smile at the edge of his lips.

Colopatiron frowned over at their brother’s reaction. Internally understanding that, despite Arael’s reputation as a clueless airhead, she wouldn’t have interrupted them in the manner she had unless she had finally overheard something urgent. “We haven’t seen him all week, although I heard from Sariel earlier that he was sent to lead a patrol somewhere north in the Black Forest… apparently some of the villages there reported being harassed by a large and aggressive pack of Wargs, and he went with a full flight of Powers to flush the beasts out.”

That wasn’t good, he at the very least needed to know about the news immediately, but there were other people she would need to tell anyways. “Do you know where the Cornelius or Quintus would be then?” She half-begged them in hurried aggravation, wiping the sweaty white locks that had come loose from the long braid at the crown of her head.

The two sets of snow-haired heads nodded at her question. “They should be together; last I heard Papa Cornelius was helping Caesar Quintus deal with some more exceptional judicial cases with the rest of the Senate.” Her younger sister answered, frowning at Arael’s lack of proper honorifics but after a few moments of thought she continued. “So I’d assume they’re either at the Senate Curia or the Imperial Palace…” The white-haired girl trailed off as Areal abruptly turned to leave.

“Why all the stress though, what news has come to our attention Arael?” Kutiel probed her, suddenly inquisitive as he realized the potential weight of her mission if it was important enough to need to inform both the Chief of the Powers and the leadership of the Western half of the Empire
together.

The question stunned her, as she hadn’t really taken the time to think out the implications, being so caught up in her own urgency to deliver her message. She swallowed and resisted the urge to grin as it hit her. “I think the balance is finally tipping brother… I think we’re going to war.”

Morning broke in the cozy little chamber, the light from the window streaking through the panes of clear glass and illuminating the room in an unusually crisp detail.

Hermione stirred in her sleep. The sense of sudden awareness drawing her up from her dreams, where formless wisps had slid sinuously through an ever-changing maze of shimmering, crystalized, colors, and her soul slid up into the waking world at its unquestionable command.

The curly-haired brunette was initially a little putout, as her sleepy mind was suddenly thrust back into her body. The dream she had been having was one she only remembered as being exceptionally informative and pleasant, and as with any dream of such sort, she found herself suddenly missing that which she could no longer even remember.

But the waking world was filled with pleasantry all of its own. Her smaller frame was wrapped warmly against a large plush figure, ‘Tonks,’ she remembered happily as she lay nuzzling into the crook of one of her Esquire’s currently massive breasts, her smaller body wrapped loosely across the side of the tall teenagers softly breathing form.

It was quiet, the blankets were soft, and the person beneath her was supple and warm. She didn’t want to ever get up, but Tonks seemed to come to awareness only moments after she did, and the shape-changing teen had other ideas. “Ready for school yet sleepyhead?” The bubbly older girl whispered softly down into the chaotic puff of chestnut bed-hair at the crown of her young charges head, and Hermione felt the teen’s plush form shifting back into the more ‘reserved’ curves that the she normally displayed.

“You’ve two all got a long day ahead of you after all, and after last night you’ll probably be wanting a bath.” She teased the brunette in her arm softly, catching a familiar whiff of her own salty musk still lingering in the younger girl’s chestnut hair.

Hermione snuggled deeper against her in response, still wanting to recapture her dreams, and preferring the pleasantry of her current place in the world. “I don’t want to go.” She whined quietly, sliding herself across so she was lying over Tonks’s stomach wand hiding her head in the dip between Tonks’s breasts, wrapping her limbs tightly around the tall teen’s nude body. “I wanna stay with you forever.” She grumbled, already knowing how childish it sounded the moment it came out of her own mouth but still found herself wishing it could be true nonetheless.

Tonks stiffened slightly underneath her at that declaration, and she could feel the uncertain wetness rolling off the teen’s comparatively vast core, then Tonks’s arms wrapped comfortably around her back. “You shouldn’t say things like that kid.” The bright-eyed shape-shifter chided her lightly, kissing the top of her head. “You know I’ve already said I can’t bond you like that Hermione, and besides…”” Tonks ran a hand back up through Hermione’s curls, twirling one playfully. “You’d be wasted with me; a lass like you ought to be out there helping a lad to build a powerful coven, putting Dior back in her place, that sort of stuff…” She teased her again, rubbing the fingers of her free hand down the bumps of Hermione spine, as she snuggled the First-Year closer.
Hermione frowned at that, her stomach rolling uncertainly at the potential prospect of getting beaten again. “I’m not really much of a fighter you know…”

Tonks snorted in amusement, and Hermione felt the vibration in her own chest. “And you think the Malfoys are? Trust me, it’s still mostly about raw power and presentation with the girls your age, and I’m sure you’ll do fine in both accounts.” She was forced to slide down into her Esquire’s heart-shaped lap as the tall teen slid them into a seated position. “Besides that kid, aren’t you even a little curious at what your little sister is doing?” She prodded Hermione, her voice carrying a heaping helping of knowing smugness.

She released the teen’s waspish waist from her embrace, pulling her head away from the pair of unarguably prefect breasts she had been distractedly nuzzling, so that she could stare up incredulously into Tonks’s grinning face.

Melody was behind her at the window, she could feel that much easily. The eight-year old felt distracted, her mind was completely engrossed in something.

Hermione huffed quietly in response, turning towards the window slowly, taking the time to brush the wild stands of chestnut bedhead from her face and another moment to squint into the brightness of the light… but when her eyes finally adjusted she saw a wonder.

There was simply no other word she could have used that would have accurately described what lay beyond the crystal panes; it could be revealing to her no scene on Earth, for that she was instantly and completely certain.

For beyond the glass barrier was an almost dream-like landscape. Lit by a shining pinprick that must have been a brilliantly violet star, hung high and glimmering in the vault of an impossibly vivid blue sky, and which illuminated the strangest scene that she could have imagined.

The first things that her eyes were drawn to below the immensity of the sky were the trees… if the apparitions could even be called that.

Their fleshy, white, trunks looked to be about a foot thick, each standing maybe ten or fifteen feet tall, and each perfectly pillar-like in that they did not taper even slightly as they rose to their zenith. One thing that stood out obviously was that the trunks of the “trees” closest to their vantage point were swaying oddly back and forth in a serpentine manner, and certain regularly-spaced swellings in the flawless white flesh would slowly inflate after each twist was complete, like they were taking deep gasps of the shimmering air.

They were breathing!

And instead of leaves, each “plant” was capped with a large orchid-like crown of fleshly blue growths. Each one was shaped like an odd combination of a flower and a sea-anemone, with huge azure petals and long thin cilia, each cilium dancing slowly in worship of the brilliance of the heavens under its own power.

Then she noticed that pale trunks were ringed by a whirl of holes, and suddenly a set of colorful appendages that resembled Christmas tree worms, of all things, burst forth to playfully taste at the radiant light of the violet star.

Her hands came up and they rubbed at her eyes of their own accord, in total disbelief as she slid from her Esquires lap. Tonks chuckling at her slack-jawed reaction, and she crawled to the window in rapt attention to kneel where little sister sat glued to the scene laid out before them.
It was absolutely impossible sight, of a loose sort of savanna-forest of things which simply could not be trees, sitting beneath a vividly cerulean-colored sky.

And now that Hermione had drawn herself closer she could see that there was no obvious mid-sized undergrowth beneath the lip of the window, which might have been hidden by her previous vantage point, but instead that the ground between the “trees” was heavily blanketed by a thick layer of dazzlingly scarlet “fern-moss”.

Then several colorful flying animals went flitting their way between the trunks of the “trees” and Hermione’s gaze snapped to them immediately. Finding them to be a group of flamboyant little mantas, each only as big as her hand, which flapped butterfly-like closer and closer to their little window into the unfamiliar world.

There was simply nothing like it that she had ever seen. “What in God’s name…?” She found herself choking out in absolute astonishment, the sight of the alien beauty laid before her simply stunning her beyond thought.

The older teen chuckled down at their wide-eyed awe, and she prowled her way over to where they were kneeling by the glass portal. “It’s pretty, isn’t it?” She asked them, her smooth voice oozing with obvious pleasure at their wonderment.

After a moment of staring, watching the little mantas chase each other between the trees, Hermione finally found it in her to speak again. “What is this? Where is this?” She begged the teenager for answers in absolute amazement. Trying to understand what was before her, but knowing only that the sight couldn’t possibly be real, that it simply had to be an illusion.

Tonks crawled up closer across the pillows and stopped between them, giving her a wide grin. “I’ve got absolutely no idea,” she laughed in response, “I was trying to make a window that showed the outside of the castle… and I obviously failed at that, but I’ve always figured that it was just too awesome to fix it.” The shape-shifter clarified, her puffed up hair turning the same impossibly brilliant blue as the “anemone/flowers” that crowned the “trees” outside. “I’ve got a journal in the cabinet with everything I’ve seen in it. Professor Trelawney put me up to doing that, thinks this might have to do with my “aural presence” or something like that.” She finished, quoting the words aural presence with her fingers in amused sarcasm.

“It’s so beautiful…” Melody whispered slowly, completely dumbstruck at the sheer beauty of the landscape laid out before them.

Tonks chuckled again, ruffling the younger girl’s hair in response. As a strange animal that Hermione thought looked a bit like a very odd little theropod dragon, but with a ducks beak and without arms or scales, stalked its way nervously across their view.

“So… Hermione,” the teen probed her in that incredibly smug voice, “are you ready to go to school now?”

Harry awoke abruptly in the little teepee he and his twin had split with Draco the night before.

He had actually been a little shocked to realize that Dior had been the effeminate blonde’s half-sister and not the other boy’s twin like he had initially assumed.

That had of course meant that while the willowy blonde had been resigned to sleeping with Pansy somewhere down below, Harry and his twin had ended up deciding to bunk with Draco. Who as it
turned out, though Harry quickly realized it should have been obvious with the other boy’s wizarding background, was an extremely unobtrusive bed partner. The blonde was quick to take a place on the other side of the tiny space inside the little black tent, across from where Violet had flopped down, and after a few catlike stretches the blonde boy had been out cold.

The night had been peaceful though, and even when Violet had snuck from the tent claiming that she needed to use the restroom and returned glowering almost an hour later, he had decided to just let it go.

It seemed now however, that the things he had ignored were yet again coming to a head.

Case in point was Draco’s current predicament. “Pansy!” The blonde squawked, instantly waking the other two of the tent’s sleeping occupants up at the same moment. “What on earth has gotten into you?” Harry and Violet heard the boy plead with his black-haired betrothed, rising sleepily from the nested blankets to see what the sudden commotion was about.

As he sat up, Harry could see that a naked Pansy had flipped the sleeping blonde’s slender frame over her own gangly little body. Her slim hands gripped his waist fiercely as she fought to pull his hips down against her pelvis. Her face was visibly anxious and coated in a shiny layer of perspiration, the same perspiration that visibly matted her short locks of her dark hair together. The normally snide girl stunk thickly of fear and nervous sweat, the kind of way that Harry imagined someone who had been having a quiet breakdown for an hour or two might smell.

It was a guess that was easily confirmed, because the girl was taking rapid panicked breaths and staring up at Draco with wide blood-shot eyes, her gaze snapping back to the tent’s flap in anxiety every few seconds. Like she was afraid someone was going to burst through the flap and stab her. Harry, still barely awake, noted that her flaring magic was soaking the entire tent in the reek of distilled fear. “She fucked it up Draco, and I can’t afford to wait any longer.” The dark-haired girl growled up to him, answering the blonde’s question while also explaining nothing, distress and anxiety thick in her voice as she began tugging his cloak open.

“Pansy who-” Draco begged her in discomfort before cutting himself off as the visibly rattled girl lying nude beneath him glared across the tent.

“Ask Violet who.” The black-haired girl snarled in response, flicking her head to indicate the other side of the tent, and to where Harry and Violet had sat up from their blankets. “She’s the one that screwed our plan up!”

His twin stretched her arms above her head lazily, grinning at the twiggy girl in unveiled amusement. “Her and your sis bit off a lot more than they could chew.” Violet responded, arrogance dripping from her lips like honey from a beehive. “They decided that it would be a smart decision to wait until that brunette… the one with the curly hair that Harry was talking to at dinner last night, was all exhausted so that they could have a little… private fun with her.” The redhead snickered at Pansy’s misery as she finished, having wiggled her eyebrows at her them knowingly when she said “private”.

Pansy whimpered unhappily at Violet’s account of the events, but still used Draco’s momentary distraction at the redhead’s explanation as an opportunity to peel off his cloak completely. Stripping him and revealing the other boy’s slender frame for all three sets of eyes to see.

Harry noted idly, as he ignored his twin’s much more obvious leering, that Draco’s rather effeminate look didn’t just extend to his face but also his build. He hadn’t really had the opportunity to notice last night in the baths, having had other more pressing things to distract him at the time, but now he could clearly see that the blonde’s shoulders were far from broad and his
waist and limbs were thin and slender in a way that added an almost waspish look to his figure upon examination.

‘Waspish…’

He blinked; slightly stunned as his eyes dropped to the only part of Draco that wasn’t almost as slender as the boy’s sisters… the blonde’s very obviously well-rounded rear end.

“Jeez, you’re such a girly boy Draco,” His twin mocked the other lad, her amusement now so thick one could almost taste it in the air, having obviously noticed the blonde’s rear as well. “Really, I think your ass might even be fuller than mine…more cushion too.” She continued haughtily, teasing the now fantastically blushing blonde by miming a squeezing motion, while Draco honestly looked like he would rather be anywhere else at the moment. His arrogant sibling clearly too amused to even be annoyed by her own little admission.

“Let the God’s damn you Violet, could you not take bloody annotations while my betrothed bonds me!” Pansy whimpered at his twin, the sweaty girl flushing brilliantly red as she shared her boyfriend’s humiliation via proxy, but the redhead merely burst into more self-satisfied giggles in response.

“But it’s true!” She continued to add unhelpfully, twirling a finger through a stray crimson frizzle as Harry resisted the urge to palm his face at their antics. “I couldn’t ignore it even if I wanted to!” She finished, miming a round shape with her hands.

Finally, after enduring several more jokes Draco was finally able to meet Harry’s gaze, giving him a look of abject humiliation, and Harry sighed in irritation and rolled his eyes. Then he grabbed Violet by the shoulder with his left arm, and he swiftly pinning his twin down into the blankets, pressing her into the mattress with his weight. “Vi…” He leaned down close over-top of her to growl into her ear warningly. “When you go and see a play, you keep your mouth shut for the performance.” Harry snapped at her irritably, annoyed by her constant heckling.

His twin just turned her head and grinned up to him, still far too pleased at her discovery to care about being manhandled in front of other people, and just gestured back to the burgeoning display with her eyes in reply.

Draco yelped, as his visibly unhappy betrothed flipped herself over between his legs, raising her skinny butt up and pressing it back into his freshly nude pelvis, presenting herself to him. “For over a year I’ve been trying to get this Draco, and that’s bloody-well long enough!” The black-haired little witch demanded with a frustrated huff, ignoring Violet’s whistle. “And your older sisters aren’t going to get in our way this time.” She growled, spitting the term “older sisters” in anger and disgust. “You’re bonding me, right here, right now.” Pansy asserted forcefully.

Draco for his part blushed even more fantastically at her declarations, looking just as embarrassed as he did aroused. The blonde boy quickly becoming even more so, when after several seconds of fumbling with each other, the smell of his partner’s distinct mixture of panic and submission began to play its way through their tent. At that, the other boy finally seemed to finally understand that he was kneeling over a pretty girl who reeked of fear and desperation, and that he had unconsciously slid his knees apart so his four-inch hard-on was cushioned in the crease of her butt cheeks.

The blonde’s face flashed with a brief mixture of pleasure and aversion as the skin of his penis slid up and down the little valley formed by his partner’s cheeks, and it didn’t exactly take a genius to figure out why. Harry knew that the Malfoy’s were a family that as far as he knew, with the exception of Dior in certain situations, all seemed to take extreme care to remain as clean and well groomed as possible.
Pansy was currently soaked in sweat, both old from stewing in her fear of retribution, and new from her own sexually submissive heat. The secretion’s very sensation left the slender blonde trembling uncomfortably for several more seconds as he prepared to do his duty. “Where-” effeminate lad swallowed thickly, and he braced for action despite his obvious misgivings, as it really seemed to hit him exactly what he was about to do, “should I stick it?” He questioned his presenting mate in a hushed, hesitant little whisper, eyeing Harry and Violet self-consciously.

Pansy was less restrained than her partner. “Any hole below the waist!” She whined back loudly, sparing another fearful glance to the tent’s entrance before she started whimpering into the velvet pillow between her arms in some imagined threat. “I don’t even care anymore, just pick one and stick it in already!” The eleven-year old glanced back up at Draco in freshly burgeoning panic. “I’m not getting my brain fried by a bloody Helen because your stupid sister picked a fight we couldn’t win!”

Luckily for the both of them, Harry’s twin was there to interrupt before any sort of falling-out could occur.

“Fucking amateurs!” Violet finally spat, and Harry felt her core flash in annoyance and disgust, unable to keep waiting for the show or put up with their friend’s awkward fumbling for any longer. She snapped her arms from bent to straight fast enough that Harry was thrown off her, as she slammed her back up into his chest with the entire weight of her compact form, and then she was across the tiny space of the tent in an instant.

By the time Harry had recovered his wits enough to even pull himself back up onto his arms a seconds later, Violet was already across the little space with a fist of Pansy’s sweat-matted hair, and with her core raging like an irritated inferno. “First of all, you’re thighs need to be spread, you dumbass.” The frizzy redhead growled out in an annoyed huff, slapping Pansy once lightly across the face to assert her control over the situation, then again much harder on the butt to remind the girl of her submissive role as a stunned Pansy opened her mouth and made to backtalk her.

Ignoring the black-haired girl’s pained yelp, she grabbed a wide-eyed Draco deftly by his pointed chin and forced his shocked blue eyes to stare into her visibly irritated green ones. “Now lower your girly ass or I’ll lower it for you.” His twin demanded in a light voice, command present despite the mildly amused sneer on her face, still taking the time to get a jab in despite her obvious frustration at the lack of entertainment going on.

She didn’t slap him when he opened his mouth to object, but she cut him off before Draco could even get a word in. “Or, are you going to tell me you woke me up early to watch you both fumble around like a couple of idiots?” She demanded of the prissy blonde, raising an irate eyebrow at him threateningly.

Draco’s hips dropped in sync with Pansy’s thighs finally sliding open. It was perfectly timed, but the way the two were both positioned was still angled off for anything but anal. Harry blinked at the thought, as he rapidly understood that his twin had absolutely no intention of correcting that. “Pansy relax… are you dense? I said relax!” The muscular redhead snarled down at the trembling girl below her, as Pansy’s thin frame tensed at the request instead of relaxing, and visible sparks shot into the air as his twin’s core crushed down onto the poor dark-haired girls like a ton of bricks in response.

Pansy gave a wide-eyed, scream into the pillow as his twin’s raging flame engulfed the little shards of crystal glass that made up the gangly girl’s core, burning at them with a seething firestorm that left her pale, skinny, body scrabbling hard beneath the scorching magical pressure. The black-haired girl immediately pressed her entire face hard into the pillow she was clutching, desperate to
try and muffle her own cries and spare whatever was left of the ego Violet was currently beating the stuffing out of, but the at least the sweaty girl seemed to know better than to even try and resist.

Harry rolled his eyes at the three-way display, but interjected none the less. “Violet, you’re about to become a fire hazard!” He chastised his twin sternly, both because the embers of her magic fire had started dropping from her body and onto the blankets, and because Harry really could sympathize with the weaker girl under her mercy.

He had wrestled magically with Violet often enough to know how painful his sisters magic could be, even when the scraggly little redhead wasn’t angry. Understanding instinctively that it must have felt even more intense to Pansy, who had a significantly less powerful core than either he or Violet did, and so he tried to warn her off before she could do the weaker girl any permanent damage… magically or otherwise, while he resisted the growing pull as his own power reacted to the display before him and tried to draw him in.

But if Violet wasn’t pissed off now, either at Pansy’s disobedience or his interruption, she was doing a damn good job of pretending. “I told you to RELAX!” She barked out her order with a snarl but then did finally let up on the pressure, with one final blast that left Pansy lightly sobbing into her pillow but completely limp beneath Draco. Who for his part was simply sitting wide-eyed, but still ready on the freshly defeated girl’s skinny thighs, with his penis still erect and his skin visibly flushed with arousal. Still obedient, but also in open-mouthed shock at Violet’s little display of dominance.

The blonde swallowed hard for at least the third time in as many minutes, visibly intimidated as Violet turned her emerald gaze back on him. “Now,” She growled at him, an amused look on her lips. First taking his hands and placing them on Pansy’s trembling hips, and then quickly grasping his slender member in her own hand and lining it up with the wrinkled star hidden between the lanky girls little butt cheeks, “you’re going to stab your hips as hard forward as you can, all of this in one thrust.” Violet commanded him, her voice suddenly turning sensual as she slid her slender fingers down his swollen length for indication. Leaning in until they were almost nose to nose and smiling, in a manner Harry intimately knew to mean nothing but cruelty, at the effeminate blonde. “Then you’re going to keep driving it back into her, again and again, until I tell you that you can stop… got it?”

Draco said nothing, but nodded sharply in submission, and Violet backed off slightly to lounge against a large pile of pillows she had stolen from the other girls outside earlier, waving for him to ready himself. The redhead spared an unimpressed glance down to Pansy’s limp form, giving him a haughty snort at the sight of the still whimpering girl, before slipping a hand between her own thighs to massage their apex. Rubbing lazily at the reddened lips of her sex, Harry immediately noticed the distinct smell of his sister’s arousal wafting up from the tight little hole that nestled there as Pansy gave a particularly pitiful whimper. “Now fuck er till she can’t walk.” She commanded, after taking a moment to just enjoy what she already knew was about to happen.

It was at this moment Harry realized, only far too late, exactly how broken-down the barriers of Pansy’s mind and body had been by his sister’s magical thrashing. He had been expecting Draco’s penis to glance off a tight ring of clenched muscle. That he would have a movement to ward Violet off, physically if need be, and point out to his more effeminate friend that he ought to readjust his aim a bit for Pansy’s first sexual experience.

He really should have known better than to expect that sort of opportunity from his twin… because when the blonde’s slender hips slammed hard forward, when the other boy’s slender length hilted itself all the way into Pansy’s forcibly relaxed bowls in a single violent thrust, Harry was left as open-mouthed in shock as Draco had been only moments before.
Pansy was open-mouthed too… but that was because she was screaming into her little black pillow like her life depended on it at the dry penetration of her little rosebud, with her arms scrabbling desperately at the blankets for some sort of purchase that she could use to pull herself away, despite the fact that her lower body was already locking itself into position for the painful battering that her instincts already knew would be coming next.

Harry could feel the light connections between their two cores begin hardening at the moment of penetration, spinning thin filaments of loose magic together into something more concrete. He could see it the change that came over their bodies too. Pansy suddenly stopped sobbing and flailing her arms across the blankets, and instead buried her sniveling face into the pillow as she glared at Violet and bit down miserably, bracing her upper body with her arms in defeat. Draco’s reaction was even easier for him to understand, though it also would have been easier to miss if he hadn’t been looking for it.

The blonde’s breath had caught in his throat the moment he forced himself all the way into Pansy for the first time. The slender boy gasping in unfamiliar pleasure as his partner’s entire body tensed at the sudden penetration, whimpering even louder than even Pansy as she bit her pillow to muffle her cries of pain and shock. Then his flushed face seemed to be covered by a sort of furtive, shy, lust as his oily core expanded out and filled his mind with its instinctive demands.

‘Timid.’ Harry decided with a small smile, was a world that described the newly joined pair quite well. Their shared body language was both nervous and uncomfortable with the other pair of presences in the tent, and Pansy in particular was shooting him fearful glances through teary brown eyes. They both were visibly flushed as much with embarrassment as lust. It seemed to suddenly hit them both at the same moment that they were currently freshly bonded in front of a pair they had known only a few days, a pair that they knew were more powerful than either of them.

Harry smiled as his body relaxed, and he pulled himself back up onto his hands and knees, feeling the sight before him stirring his core unquestionably and it washed over his mind with a familiar heady sort of feeling.

“What are you waitin-” He cut Violet off, swiping her shoulder with a hand that yanked her back onto her piled pillows with a shocked yelp.

Draco and Pansy tensed at that, stock still like a pair of deer in shock, both frozen as his power washed across the inside of the tent without his control, subtly waiting to see what his next action would be.

S

After allowing them a few more minutes to gawk at the landscape outside the window, Tonks had finally pulled Hermione and her sister away from the wonderful glass portal to another world, and then back out of her little hidden room. The bubbly teen citing that it was her duty to see to it that they both got a good bath in before the school day actually started.

The moment they reached the bottom of the little winding staircase though, Hermione was immediately stunned. “Tonks… why is it still so dark in here?” She asked, noticing that the hallway was still as dim as it had been when they had entered the Esquires hidden sanctuary.

The teen grinned down at her as she placed a guiding hand on the back of Melody’s fluffy head and directed them both to follow her. “It’s really complicated, and I don’t understand like half of it, but I can tell you that it involves the land you might know as Terra Australis and the discipline of time dilation.”
“Land of the south wind?” Suddenly stopped Hermione short, and the teen had to prod her with her core to get her walking in pace with them. “Time… dilation?” The brunette exhaled breathily, blinking rapidly and feeling like she had been slapped by the sheer absurdity of the shape-shifters answer.

Tonks grinned like a cat with a caged canary. “Before I went to sleep I slowed the speed of the room’s passage through local time, so we got a full night’s sleep in only a couple of Hogwarts hours.” She explained, still smiling down at Hermione and her sibling cheerfully. “It’s actually only around six in the morning, so you’ll still have a couple of hours before classes start to get ready.”

This time it was Melody who felt the need to pipe in. “And people are just allowed to do that here?” The eight-year old demanded her answer, waving her arms with wide-eyed confusion, disbelief spread clearly across her adorable features.

“Heh, well not exactly…” Tonks admitted with a blush. “It’s actually really dangerous, and can sort of drive people insane, so you have to qualify to even get into the classes that involve that sort of stuff…” She trailed off as they exited the hallway.

Reaching the end of the hall as Tonks half-finished her answer, they quickly passed the side wall of the darkened common room that was still full of mostly sleeping eleven-year olds. Hermione spotted Pansy, who was one of the few girls that seemed to have woken early, and she shot the thin girl a disapproving glare as they made their way swiftly to the second hallway that led to the baths.

She pressed on after they had gone a short distance. “And I’m sure you’re qualified to… wait, you mentioned something about going insane?” Hermione choked out as she finally took the time to digest the teen’s entire statement.

If anything, Tonks’s grin grew even wider at that. “Yep, I told you that messing with magic can do all sorts of stuff to your mind and body…” She tapped at her temple meaningfully, her hair color flashing back to that too bright blue from the “trees” earlier. “It’s why the Purebloods get so uptight about that stuff.” She explained, waving her hand frivolously at the word Purebloods.

They passed the still open doorway to the bathrooms, and Hermione decided to redirect the conversation to what she hoped would be more easily palatable matters. “Who are the Purebloods?” She questioned the older girl, looking up into the beautiful teen’s still-smiling face. “I think I heard someone using that term yesterday.’

Tonks nodded, in a manner that was far to chipper for Hermione’s still slightly sleepy mood. “The simplest way to describe them would be as a large political movement that is opposed to the sorts of magical experimentation and twisting’s of baser behaviors that could lead us to becoming too deeply corrupted by magic. The sort of stuff that if mishandled on too wide of a scale, could easily end up with Avalon imploding back into warring Fey courts and isolated conclaves, or worse… becoming another Dark civilization like the one that used to exist on plateau of Leng.”

The teenager shrugged, her brilliant yellow cloak flapping behind her, as she continued. “They’re mostly a reactionary movement, hoping to buy brownie points with the non-magical peoples in the lands we govern by limiting the chaos that comes out of places like Hogwarts.” Tonks explained helpfully, thumbing towards the wall, where a pack of a dozen colorful little Tully’s scrambled their way up towards the ceiling chasing a hand-sized vaguely Opilione-like creature that looked to be somehow made out of a dimly glowing gel.

Melody’s eyes widened the instant Tonks had named Leng. “I member that! Daddy used to tell me about a warrior from Cimmeria, and how he destroyed the evil men in the mountains.” The eight-
year old interjected happily, hopping on the balls of her feet in excitement at a conversation about something she could actually understand.

Tonks nodded down to the comparatively tiny girl. “That actually happened… or at least something similar to it was supposed to have happened.” She shrugged again as they entered the darkened bathing area, with its massive pool of foamy, fragrant, water glimmering beneath the dimmed lights. “I know that Binns says that old historical records do recount that war. That towards the end of the Second Age of Men the mortal king of Hyperboria… I think his name was Conan or something like that… Point is that he led all the armies of the free world into the plateau to make war with the deeply corrupted traitor wizards of Leng after people learned about what had been taking place there in the mountains.” The teenager finished a little ominously.

“Other than that though, I don’t know much about it… fell asleep about halfway through that lesson actually.” The curvy shape-shifter admitted sheepishly as they stopped at the room’s far wall.

Tonks couldn’t help but chuckle as Hermione’s face flashed with indignation. “You fell asleep in class!” The eleven-year old cried loudly, stomping a foot and running her hands through her bed-tangled mane, looking scandalized by the mere notion.

The younger girl’s reaction filled the teenager with nothing but expectant glee. “Hah! You give me that now, but wait until after you’re finished with your first defense lesson, and then come talk to me about falling asleep in class.” She shot back, grinning knowingly as she wiped a hand across a section of the far wall, which melted away like wax to reveal another queerly shaped doorway.

The curvy shape-shifter gestured to the newly formed entrance. “This is where the showers are, they’re for when you’re too dirty or don’t have time for a soak in the baths.” Tonks announced grandly. Guiding them both around a few strange bends in the passageway, which finally opened up and revealed a long tiled room with lots of thin little doorways cut into the walls, gleaming metal hooks for clothes embedded in the walls next to each one.

They followed the Esquire to a little wooden door at the back of the hallway. Tonks pulled it open and it slid ajar on well-oiled hinges. Inside was an absolutely tiny space, maybe five by four feet large, covered in interlocking black insets and lit by a single glass cube that glowed quite dimly on the ceiling.

“Alright you two, everything off.” Their Esquire ordered, snapping her fingers in command before slipping her yellow robe off and hanging it on a nearby hook. Tonks turned back to the girls, raising an eyebrow as she realized that they were both staring unashamedly at the contours of her nude body, drinking in her sharply form with wide brown eyes and red faces. “Come on you overeager little poppets, we can play in the shower.” She ribbed them lightly as an amused grin broke across her face, she was certainly not failing to notice how both sets of brown eyes had been drawn to her freshly restored member the moment she turned to face them.

Melody practically tossed her little red tabard off, with Hermione removing her cloak at a more sedate pace while Tonk’s turned the knob for the water. Smiling as both of them immediately started adoringly as the black tiles burst into wild pastel colors on contact with the steamy water, which was now pouring freely from a grid of little holes in the stalls tiled ceiling. “How do they do that?” Melody squealed in happy surprise, the naked eight-year old immediately darting into the water to get a closer look at the shifting colors.

Tonks reached inside and reeled the excited girl back before she could get too wet. “Hold on one minute squirt, you should put your Tully on the hook, you wouldn’t want your humble little translator to melt in the water would you?” She ribbed the cute little thing in her arms.
“But we had them in the bath yesterday?” Melody’s wide brown eyes blinked in question the moment she finished. “And we can barely understand you without them, how’ll we know what you’re saying?” The eight-year old asked in confusion, her brows furrowing as the obvious realization hit her.

“The showers are different…” Tonks explained, with a wave of her hand. “The walls in these aren’t enchanted to protect stuff from the water, or to clean to themselves like the tiles of the baths are.” She pointed to the drain at the bottom of the stall. “The enchantments on the castles baths will take any impurities to the sewage tunnels below the castle proper, but the showers just have a drain instead, mostly because it’s easier and cheaper to just get a servant or two to clean them instead.” She finished, gesturing a little helplessly.

Hermione gave the older girl an uncertain look as well, but sighed and brushed her hair aside in submission. “Well if we can’t have them in the shower, then how can we sleep with them on our ears?” She questioned the teen more than a little disbelievingly, but being able to guess at about how much work it must take to clean out a pool of that size by the fact that the bathhouses would be closed for days at a time back in Constantinople.

“They have legs remember? And they can walk on their own…” Tonks shot back at her question with a wiggle of her eyebrows. “Who’s to say that they stayed on you head while you slept?” The teen finished with a frustratingly mysterious smirk, plucking the strangely colored little creature from behind Hermione’s ear, and allowing it to scurry gingerly onto her hooked up cloak before doing the same for her own Tully and Melody’s.

Then she grinned at them hugely, and said something Hermione couldn’t understand in the least, before placing a hand on both of their backs and guiding them forward towards the pouring water.

Hermione allowed the teenager to lead her into the little stall at a sedate pace, inhaling sharply at the touch of the hot water, before allowing herself to relax under the warm flowing liquid.

The three of them in the little stall was a cramped fit, with Tonks alone taking up almost an entire half of the space by herself, and forcing Hermione to hug Melody close or lean against the colorfully water-warmed tiles behind her.

This close to her… little sister, the very thought suddenly forcing her swallow thickly as she denied to herself what she had been about to designate the adorable little girl. She felt a return of that same sort of possessiveness she had felt dimly earlier the day before. It was kind of feeling that made her want to do things to Melody she was distinctly uncomfortable with doing to her sweet eight-year old sibling. Now she knew the word for those urges though, Tonks had seen to tell them that much. So Hermione understood that the Compulsion was back, and that it had come back hard.

Without even thinking she pulled her sisters smaller frame tight against her own, struck by a sense of irrational jealousy at the way that the younger girls eyes were giving Tonks’s well-rounded body all of her attention in the tight, steamy, space.

She had begun breathing heavily without even realizing it, nuzzling the shorter girl’s wet brown hair with her nose as she squeezed Melody tightly. “Mione?” The little Helen chirped to her sibling in embarrassment, responding to her jealous embrace by flushing a brilliant red and staring at the down at the nape of Hermione’s neck.

Hermione spared Tonks a glance out of the corner of her eye that lasted less than a second, and in that briefest instant the smirking teen nodded to her in support.

That was all Hermione needed at that moment, as the sparks surged through her head and burst out
from her chest, she gently pushed the smaller brunette back against the stalls opposite wall by her thin shoulders and she let her magic free into the steamy air.

It didn’t flash visibly this time, unlike that brief instant night before, the little stall stayed dimly lit only by the glowing chunk of glass on the ceiling. The effect on the eight-year old in her arms was immediate and easily visible, even if the magic itself was not.

Melody jumped in her grip, tensing instantly, and then broke into a sort of mewling sob as her skinny frame trembled beneath her older sister’s power. The smaller girl’s face snapped up to look at her with wide-eyes brown, wet hair falling over her wide eyes as she voicelessly begged her for mercy, her flawless skin flushing a brilliant red for reasons other than the hot water.

There was no compassion for her in Hermione’s heart in that moment though; no time to even contemplate the idea of regret as thoroughly under the command of her own freed Compulsion as the older girl was. Her magic demanded that she break in her servant…and Hermione could do nothing but obey its command.

The next gust of power that burst down her arms and into her sister’s body left Melody groaning openly from where she was pressed back against the wall, gripping at her stronger arms desperately, her little nails digging into her flesh in pleasure or pain. Hermione couldn’t even feel the difference in that moment, but her grip swiftly changed from pinning the smaller girl against the wall by the shoulders to wrapping around her in a tight hug in response.

She pulled her trembling little sister closer with an arm hooked around her back, sliding a free hand up slowly over her washboard chest and around her slender neck, thumbing that little black triangle possessively as she pushed Melody’s upper body back and pulled their waists tight together.

“Mine, mine, mine…” Melody trembled as her entranced sister whispered that mantra to her, even over the shocks of pleasure and numbness that were torturing her totally unprepared nervous system, her older sibling’s possessive chant still echoed round in her fried mind as clearly as the ringing of a cathedrals bell.

Before she had realized what was happening she caught herself silently mouthing the opposite of Hermione’s mantra back to her. ‘Yours, yours, yours…’ She cut it off, fighting just to try and start an old hymnal going inside her head instead, but the next surge of magic coming off of her sister’s touch raged against her like a hurricane’s wind and blew the song from her head while flashing her tender nerves alight.

It really hurt to be under this much power, the eight-year old dimly realized as her muscles twitched uncontrollably against her sisters skin, it was simply too intense for her even though the massive pleasure it provided. So even though her older sibling was being physically gentle with her, if very insistent in that there was absolutely no give in her grip, there was still no mercy to the electrum sensation that rippled into her everywhere that Hermione’s flesh touched hers. With her older sister’s wet body wrapped around her, gripping her smaller and slighter form like an octopus, it was all she could do to just avoid wetting herself and having to face that humiliation.

As she trembled in aftershocks from the last pulse of power, Hermione’s right hand wandered on a pathway slowly up and down the length of her back. Slender fingers touched lightly to the knobs of her spine, the other still massaging her throat. Both sent sparks into her head, making fireworks burst behind her tightly closed eyes with each pitiless surge of power.

Then Hermione hugged her so her taller body was pressed completely flush, with their flat chest rubbing together and their legs intertwined, and then she lifted her up from her feet and pushed her roughly down so that her slick thigh was pressed firmly between Melody’s slender legs.
She writhed in her sister’s grip as the wet skin of her center was forcibly ground down onto Hermione’s leg, and unfamiliar heat washed from there to pool somewhere deep inside her pelvis despite her misgivings.

The worst part of the whole ordeal was that she couldn’t even begin to push herself away from whatever madness that had taken over her older sister. There was an impression inside her flesh that was like there were bronze cables leading from that accursed mark on her neck out across her body, and every time she would even begin to move with anything resembling escape or disobedience, they would tense in her mind and lock her limbs in place. Or worse, force her entire body to twist itself into an even more open and vulnerable position.

Finally she could take no more, the agony of pleasure was simply too intense, the pulses of heat coming from her sudden molestation too much for her mind to bear. She lifted her nose from the crook of her sisters neck, open mouthed to beg her for mercy. Her thin chest hitching hard, as her tears were washed away by the warm water raining from the ceiling.

But she froze, unable to speak because the face she found herself looking into was almost foreign in its visage. Hermione’s pupils had dilated until they covered her entire eyes, peering into her soul with a gaze as wide and dark as the night sky, and like the heavenly vault they glimmered dimly with some strange internal lights as her sister panted heavily into her opened mouth.

Then the intelligence that hid behind those massive pupils seemed to reach a decision, and she could see the little lights getting brighter as Hermione swiftly joined their open mouths, kissing her firmly on the lips. Finally… mercifully, the magical attack stopped, but when it was gone it seemed to have left the wires in her flesh more real, and they forced her to keep her mouth open wide despite her sudden urge to close it. Demanding Melody allow her taller sibling to dominate her tongue as long as Hermione’s heart desired.

That was easy though, because now that the pulling and the shocks were gone, Hermione’s mouth tasted so sweet and her strange eyes were so inviting that she was helpless to do anything else but kiss back clumsily anyway. Then she was suddenly struck by the unfamiliar thought that she had been born to be here, to have her hips ground down in the shower while her older sister cleaned her tonsils for her. Like there was another voice in her head telling her that this was her place and that it was going to be her master, and that she was to serve it and that in exchange it would snuggle her and keep her warm and safe and….

Only a moment later she realized dimly that she must have somehow been hearing her sister’s thoughts... she simply knew that the frantic, almost raving whisperings that were echoing across her mind so demandingly could belong to no one else other than her Hermione.

‘My master…’

A chuckle came off to her side it and snapped her from her private realization. It jerked Hermione half-way from out of her strange trance as well as, as she watched her sibling’s eyes suddenly snapped halfway closer to normal, and Hermione released her with a start. Both brunettes having forgotten that perverted shape-shifter was even still with them as locked in their own little world as they had been!

She nearly fell onto her butt as the arms holding her up released her, her knees were knocking so hard that she could barely stand and the place between her legs was still pulsing with an angry heat, but the warm polished tiles of the wall were right behind her and she fell back on them heavily. Leaning against the colorful insets and gasping out a quick prayer to whoever was willing to listen. “Ἄγιος ὁ Θεός, Ἄγιος Ἰσχυρός, Ἁγιος ἀθάνατος, ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς.”
She understood more now, as she trembled and tried not to fall while praying quietly, she realized that she was going to need all the help she could get. Then Melody gulped hard on her saliva, hit by another pulse of that same alien warmth she had felt in the baths and on the couch, as her eyes were drawn to the massive organ that sat at the junction of the shapely hips of the young woman sharing the tiny space with them. It had swollen to hardness again at their unashamed display, and thanks to her own shortness and the teenager’s excessive height and long legs it was staring her almost in the face, close enough that she imagined she could smell something like the salt of the ocean even through the falling water.

Tonks, for her part had watched the familiar dance of dominance and submission in silence so far, trying to not even move in any manner that would be obvious to the pair. Waiting patiently with bated breath until their bond had successfully been reinforced, and just observing the girls in silence before deciding on her final judgment.

And again, she had to resist the urge to grin as everything had gone how she had hoped it would. Hermione had confirmed her suspicions, the girl had fallen so deep into her own frothing magic that she had actually undergone the very beginning stages of a Fey metamorphosis. Which all by itself meant that she would have to deal with the brunette much more carefully from now on…

Adorable little Melody on the other hand, having been forced to absorb until she was glutted on her sisters magic, was beginning to show the early signs of a developing proto-core. It was a tiny little thing, shimmering glossily like a messy ball of glass twine that sat glimmering in the center of her washboard chest, but it was undeniably there.

The eight-year old had reacted to the deepening of the bond better than expected as well, considering the strength of the power Hermione had been giving off would have normally been enough to collapse another first-year for at least a few minutes. But the tiny brunette was still standing determinedly, even if she was leaning heavily against the wall and taking deep shuddering breaths of the steamy air.

She chuckled and grinned as they both turned to observe her in kind, kneeling down beside the pair and watching intently as the waves of power Hermione had pumped into her younger sibling started congealing around the little tangle of iridescent light below her sternum. Some magic falling to form a stormy little atmosphere around the chaotic knot, while the rest froze into a thin ring of tiny crystal flecks in orbit.

The side of her lips quirked up as she gazed at the incandescent little speck in the shape of Saturn, as viewed through a spyglass. It was a pity that wouldn’t stay like that for too long, it would only a few days before the little girls own burgeoning core refined and absorbed it, but it was certainly pretty to look at while it was around.

Speaking of magical cores, she could now see that Hermione’s had developed a crisper aspect. It was still raging like an angry thunderstorm though, with flashes of lightning illuminating roaring wind and lashing rain, and it felt oddly intense at the moment…

The older of the two brunettes blinked slowly as the shapely teen slowly squatted down close to observe her slave, nearly having to fold her legs around them to even crouch in the tight space. Hermione’s normal state of being was still subsumed by her magic, but she could think well enough to remember that the young woman beside her now was not just very attractive, but had both been kind to her in the past and had proven herself more than powerful enough for her core to urge her to submit willingly or to force or trick the teen into a bond.

There was a tiny voice in the back of her head that echoed out faintly, demanding that it be
released. Commanding the power whose control it had intentionally allowed to swell even greater than it had the night before to subside, as Hermione’s magic felt its way around the little showers space with intentionally fine tendrils of power.

There was a massive core extremely close nearby, and an extremely compatible core at that, one that would allow them to grow in power immensely in a short amount of time. With waves rolling slowly over deep water, concealing nameless things in the weeds and among the sunken stones, it waxed and waned calmly and deliberately at the behest of its master.

‘But that can be changed easily enough.’ Hermione thought to herself hazily, her magic still clouding her finer reason powerfully. ‘After all,’ the thoughts rumbled logically from the thunderhead in her mind, ‘even a tiny storm can easily rage the calmest of seas, whipping them both up further in a self-feeding cycle.’

Hermione’s magic weighted the costs and benefits of several prospective actions for her, ignoring the repeated demands of her normal cognizance to relinquish the control it currently had over their mind and body, before finally making a few quick judgments in their head and coming to a decision.

It had been a mistake to allow herself to become as caught up in gloating over her success as she had done, as Tonks had been busy internally patting herself on the back at her little victory, invested so totally in the sensations of the immaterial that she had forgotten the still present danger of the physical world.

She had forgotten that Hermione was still quite deep beneath the control of her raging core and still half in the beginning throes of a metamorphosis…

There was barely any time to react as the eleven-year old lunged at her, closing across the tiny the space between them in well less than a second, and before she even knew what was going on the brunette had latched onto her waist with a full body death grip. The girls very touch instantly infecting every inch of skin that it contacted with a spreading numbness that made her body sluggish and resistant to her own commands as she fell back against the wall from the impact.

"Herm-” There wasn’t even enough time to finish her charges name, to cry out and try and wake the brunette from her Compulsion, at least not before the eleven-year olds teeth sank deep into her shoulder.

Pain exploded as the teen resisted the dominating little flood of magic that was being funneled into her torso, the bite allowing the much younger girl an almost unhindered access to her own watery core. ‘Hermione! You need to stop!’” She groaned out, internally approaching panic despite the sudden unresponsiveness of her flesh, but the brunette simply snarled at her resistance and ground her teeth down harder into the half-yielding flesh it had found at the base of her neck.

The younger girl’s magic lashed her way into her core with bolts of lightning, bursting over her seas with a wild wind that quickly thrashed Tonks’s magic out of control as the bookish little Helen attempted to form a temporary bond instinctively.

Tonks hissed in pain, as the girl grappling her sunk her teeth down hard enough that she was absolutely sure her shoulder was bleeding, and she found herself digging her nails into the other girls back and pulling her smaller form closer despite the fact that her body was no longer responsive to the commands of her mind.

It was temptation, pure and simple, magic presenting her again with what the mind had the night before, as their flesh rippled in unison with the temptation of metamorphosis.
However, it was when the younger girl hunched her drooling little honeypot over Tonks’s engorged shaft, and forcibly nestled its helmet between her own tightly resisting lips, that the teen understood that this had just become the absolute worst case scenario for both of them.

In the space of less than a second, everything Tonks knew about magic came back to her. The single piece of knowledge that hit her the hardest was a lesson from her own first-year, which had been about how cores almost always bonded in the states they were most compatible in, and it would be in that most harmonic state that they would feed into each other.

Hermione’s core was like a storm and hers was an ocean, there was only one state that they even could synchronize in properly, and together they would form a hurricane that would drag them both deeper into the metamorphosis.

Drag them both kicking and screaming into becoming Fey, unavoidably into the manner of the Unseelie, and then to the familiar forms that lay beyond even that chaotic and wild state…

Twelve whole years of corruption came back in that instant, the first twelve years of the teenager’s life, followed by the last six years of her schooling and her own fear at being dragged uncontrollably down that dark road again. They slammed together in her mind, synergizing with the Compulsion sealed onto her core by her Esquire’s oath, in the moment that her charge tensed her swollen little hips for that final, catastrophic, drop and it was only that tensing saved them.

As her body’s flesh shimmered out of her control, Tonks’s magic reacted accidentally for the first time in years at the command of her Esquire Compulsion. Hitting them both with a full blast, using the path of least resistance to get around the howling of their combining magic, and bring the situation back under control. An icy slap of stormy water materialized out of the aether, and promptly exploded between their pressed together flesh, knocking the smaller girl off of her and across the shower into the door and her smaller sibling who sat slumped already sleepily unconscious beside it.

Both of them were still physically still stuck in the midst of a transformation. Tonks grinned ironically to herself as the fog on her senses cleared, as it seemed like they had been mentally and magically snapped out of it completely, she had resisted the darkness yet again.

But she needed a minute… actually the trembling shape-shifter felt like she needed a few hours to calm herself and gather her thoughts, but she understood that she didn’t have that. Hermione was spitting blood and alternating between giving horrified glances at her own fingers, which had been transformed into a set of clear claws that were viciously hooked, and back to Tonks who already knew exactly how bad she would look to the girl in her present form.

There was a metallic taste in her mouth… Hermione realized as she flew back to bounce off of something solid, ice exploding across her body and knocking the breath from her lungs at the shock of the temperature difference.

Everything was hazy despite the cold. She had been standing with Melody in her arms and now somehow she was on the tiled floor, suddenly shivering so hard she couldn’t open her eyes, as the warm water drained the cold from the parts of her flesh it touched.

She decided that something must have gone terribly wrong, that was the only explanation that made sense to her as she recognized the coppery taste on her tongue as blood.

But opening her eyes accomplished nothing more than to fill her heart with more fear. The figure across the shower her was Tonks; she could tell that much with magic alone, but the form before her was nearly alien and terrifying.
A dark-haired teen with goat legs sat breathing heavily against the back of the shower, with four furry arms laying limply at her side, and ibex-like horns sprouting from the top of her head.

‘Horns!’ She realized in horror, slapping her hands up to her head and yelping in fear as she felt a set of hooks digging into the skin around a quartet of small bumps spaced evenly across her forehead.

Bumps that reacted to a change in the light inside her head when her hands had covered them…

She was turning onto a monster! It was the only conclusion she could come to as she gaped at the crystalline hooks that sprouted from her fingers, then back up to Tonks who was standing back up on unsteady legs, still not sure who she was even directing the thought even as she spat out blood into the running water.

Her entire chest was still sort of numb, including all four of her arms, which made standing rather hard. Somehow she managed though, trying to will the half-finished metamorphosis to undue itself faster as she watched Hermione enter the beginnings of another breakdown.

The shaggy hair on her arms and legs disappeared first, though the horns were inclined to stay even after her arms fused back. Then finally a second later, her magic righted itself and she undid the rest of the effects in a second, returning to the form she had occupied previously.

“Hermione listen to me!” She said, and then suddenly felt stupid as her brain caught up to current events and she realized that she had spoken to the little Helen in plain English.

Not that Hermione seemed to have heard her, babbling to herself in a mixture of sobbing and Greek while still spitting blood into the showers drain, as the eleven-year old slammed full sprint into another panic attack.

She berated herself internally as she slapped the knob and turned the water off, cursing the fact that she had allowed herself to become so distracted that she had missed what had to have been obvious signs growing in her young charge.

Everything had been going so well up until this point too, and now she would have to put the broken pieces together again.

She didn’t hesitate when the older brunette curled into a ball, and started rocking next to her limp and lightly snoring sister, knowing that allowing her to dive into her own conclusions would cause her more harm than good. “Hermione!” Tonks shouted at her, trying to channel as much of ‘Stern Penelope’ into her voice as she could.

The young girl across the shower leapt into the air, a look of absolute fear exploding across her features, and then the soaked little Greek turned to try and bolt.

But Tonks was faster now that the girl’s magic had been purged from her system, and she had a much longer reach too. So when Hermione moved, she moved faster. Snatching the brunette around the waist and pulling her back so she could pin the girls slender wrists against the tiles above her head, holding her tightly against the wall with a knee pressed between her legs to pin her completely in place while the eleven-year old hyperventilated into her breasts.

“Her-Hermione calm down.” She pleaded quickly to the crying girl, only to have the young brunette reply in a babble of panicked, sobbing; Greek that went by too fast for her to understand.

Tonks was good at many things, but planning ahead wasn’t one of them. So she hadn’t thought through what she would do if things turned as far south as they had. Luckily, she was good at
acting on her feet.

So it was without any warning at all that she swept the bawling brunette up into her arms and kissed her as hard as she could, looking deep into Hermione’s tear-filled eyes while she utterly dominated the girls smaller mouth with years of practice.

No hesitation, no regret, she kept her eyes full of nothing but stern determination as she topped the squirming girl easily, wrapping her up even more tightly in her arms as the girl tried to slide free from her grasp. Giving the trembling Helen a commanding look that declared nothing but, ‘You will obey me!’ while she ignored the taste of her own blood on the younger girl’s lips.

After nearly a full minute she pulled back, letting their mouths pop apart as they both gasped for breath. “N-Not your fault.” She whispered intently to the girl in her arms in her poorly practiced Greek, trying to calm her breathing enough to say each word slowly and carefully enough that it wouldn’t confuse the young Hermione further.

She needed that bossy but inquisitive girl that had bantered with her before the shower back, not the whimpering shell wrapped in her arms at the moment. “Not your fault, but mine. I wasn’t paying attention when I should have, and I should never have let that happen to you like that.” She whispered to the girl soothingly, noting how her charges’ breathing was finally beginning to returning normal as they started to air-dry in the damp stall.

“I-” She cut the girl off before she could continue, using a small burst of magic to awaken the younger girls exhausted sibling and compel her to take up the other side of the hug as she sat down with Hermione on her lap. “No!” She snapped intently as Melody sleepily wrapped Hermione in a hug from behind, pinning the trembling girl between the two of them. “It. Was. Not. Your. fault!” Tonks repeated each word sternly, before Hermione finally dropped her eyes in unhappy submission.

Over Hermione’s shoulder she smiled down at Melody, who was again wide-eyed in uncomprehending shock, nodding reassuringly to the little brunette as she slowly stood up with Hermione in her arms, cupping the first-year’s butt so she could get the door open with her free arm.

The first thing she did when she stepped out of the shower was to set the brunette down in the corner just past where their cloaks were hanging, not necessarily trusting the girl not to do something rash yet, and then she beckoned the Tully’s down from where they were nested in a crevice on the wall.

Melody made an unhappy mewling sound as the colorful magical constructs made their rapid way into her palm, and she swiftly dropped the appropriate tube of fuzz onto the youngest girl’s moist shoulder.

Then she swiftly picked the shocked Hermione up again, allowing the Tully’s to take their places perched on their shoulders, as she carried her back to the bathing room with Melody hopping up and down anxiously beside them. Noting in relief that someone had left a stool sitting before the big mirror on the waterfall-side wall, instead of under the cubbies lining the side of that wall where they were supposed to be put back when not in use.

Tonks sighed to herself explosively after she set Hermione down on the wooden seat, taking a moment to wonder exactly how she was going to explain her way out of this, noting that Hermione had started staring blankly off onto space. The glass-like claws had faded from the girls fingers though, so that was probably positive, and she peeked subtly to see if there was anything left of the budding mounds under her eyes but if there was it was obscured by the girl’s damp hair.
“Hermione look at me.” She kept her voice low and calm as she commanded the First-Year. “You’re not a monster, and I’m not even remotely angry at you, do you understand me?” She asked the Greek, who refused to either meet her gaze or answer her.

The pitter patter of tiny feet echoed to her as Melody returned from the nearby cubbies, helpfully with an armful of towels in her hands and a brush stuck in her own half-dried hair. Tonks took a towel from her and swiftly dried herself off with it, then turned back to the oldest Granger and stood her up, drying the stiff first-year off with a cautious hand.

“Why?” Hermione begged her in English as she placed the Tully back behind her hair, almost too quietly to hear. “I bit you; you’re even bleeding, so why aren’t you mad at me?”

Even if she had been mad at the girl, the desperate look the brunette gave her would have melted her heart, as it was Tonks nearly swooned at how adorable the look the little Firstie was giving her was. “Oh, kid, I wasn’t kidding when I said it wasn’t your fault.” She responded kindly, pulling the shivering girl into her arms. “Trust me; I know from personal experience exactly what you were going through.” She said, nuzzling down onto the top of her charge’s head.

She paused, holding Hermione close while she mulled possible explanations and their outcomes over in her mind, finally deciding on one which no one else would have approved of if she had bothered to ask them due to the possible outcomes.

But Tonks, though bad at planning that far ahead, was really was good at dealing with first-years.

“Maybe I can explain easier if I do this…” The nude teenager muttered to herself mysteriously, slowly moving behind her charge and wrapping her in another hug. Hermione felt Tonks’s form shrink behind her, Melody’s eyes widened and she yelped in shock at what she saw, as the teen behind her receded rapidly in size until the she must have stood only as tall as Hermione did herself!

Hermione allowed herself to be turned around slowly, and the visage of the girl behind her was somehow more frightening than even the apparition that had been shown to her in the shower had been.

Tonks… that beautiful, bubbly, perverted, older girl that Hermione had found herself becoming so attached to so quickly, had been twisted into a tortured and sickly looking child that was currently giving her a mildly amused smirk.

Scarification, a hundred pale, twisted, little sigils covered the other girl’s emaciated flesh, emanating in loose spiraling patterns that Hermione understood must have had some sinister purpose. There were brand marks too, the biggest of which were on the back of her hands, raised red marks with a reddish coloration depicting an infinity symbol whose lines sprung past the nexus and formed a strange sort of shape that seemed to move across the flesh when she wasn’t looking directly at them.

She just looked tortured, like she had been starved and beaten. A feeling that was reinforced by a number of bruises on the expanses of flesh that hadn’t already been marked, with dark bags under watery black eyes and ratty unwashed hair that was trimmed unevenly to fall just above her shoulders.

At least the bite mark on her shoulder was gone though…

“Jesus Christ Tonks!” She shouted in shock, her own actions completely forgotten, as her stomach turned as she took in the teenager’s glaringly contradictory new appearance. “What in God’s name
happened to you?!”

The teenager, now a twisted facsimile of a normal child, just chuckled darkly. “This is exactly how I looked when I first arrived at Hogwarts…I suppose I should explain.” She trailed off, clearly amused by Hermione’s reaction.

“The Purebloods like to make themselves out as a force of balance and of high civilization and in many ways they are, but there are many other aspects and facets to both politics and general life in Avalon, the ones that are important in this instance are the group who are known as the Shade.” The teen said flippantly, scratching her hairline and revealing a pair of budding little horns. “The Purebloods and the Shade are each the other’s polar opposites in every manner, what with the end goal of the Shade being the total collapse of Avalon, into warring Unseelie courts at best…” She smiled happily and pulled Hermione into a loose hug, wrapping her bony arms around her waist. “My mother’s family was the Blacks, a House that has been part of the Purebloods for literally centuries.” She explained.

“My mother resented them for it. Despised everything they stood for, whether it was the restrictions and control or something else, I never did figure out why.” The girl shrugged her bony shoulders causally. “Point is, when I got here I was about as magically corrupt as a mage can get without becoming a literal monster, and I was more than a little feral in the head due to being raised by a crazy cultist who was living in a bog.” The teen tapped her temple meaningfully, wiggling her eyebrows in amusement at how stunned her charge looked by her explanation. “I was already pretty messed up, more twisted than most wicked Unseelie. So you could say that my expectations about proper behavior and all of that stuff were a little… let’s say, misinformed.”

“Your mother sounds like an absolute monster!” Hermione spat in shock, disgusted both by the teenager’s description and the apparent results.

To her surprise, however, Tonks burst out into light giggles at her declaration. “No, that would have been my Pa.” She grinned even wider at the confusion on Hermione’s face. “I mean don’t get me wrong my mum treated me like shit, but it wasn’t because she hated or even disliked me, it was because she wanted me to grow up to be as powerful and dangerous as possible. Give me all the advantages so when I went to Hogwarts I would have an edge even the other Second-Years couldn’t compete with…” The teen, now a sickly looking little girl, grinned lecherously, giving Hermione a pretty good idea of what “Edge” might have meant.

“An advantage?” Melody piped in, looking as shocked and scandalized by Tonks’s new appearance as Hermione figured she did herself.

“I think I’ve mentioned a couple of times now that certain spells and potions can change your appearance and behavior.” Tonks explained with a nod, gesturing for Melody to come closer. “But how you act will also do the same thing. This is especially true in relation to other mages both in the pecking order and later in your coven.”

“For instance,” Tonks stated, “you might have noticed in the baths last night that Draco isn’t just effeminate in the face.” She wiggled her eyebrows again, chuckling as Hermione flushed fantastically in her loose embrace.

“Ye-yeah, I did notice that, thank you very much.” She stammered out, feeling embarrassed that the teen had even forced her to admit her observation.

“Do you think you can figure out why?” The shape-shifter asked her, releasing her from her embrace and turned to pluck the brush from Melody’s hair.
Hermione hadn’t the slightest idea. “He abused a potion or something… but you did just say that how you act can also change you, so maybe he just likes acting like a girl?” She took a shot in the dark as Tonks released her and sat her younger sister down on the nearby tiles to brush her moist curls.

Tonks grinned back lecherously at that answer. “Nope it wasn’t a potions addiction or anything like that, besides Uncle Lucy would never let any real harm come to his only heir if he could help it, and I can assure you that Draco is quite self-conscious about how he looks.”

“Uncle Loosy?” Melody said in a confused tone, wincing as Tonks’ took a particularly firm tug with the brush.

The black-haired girl nodded to Hermione sagely, wiping her unevenly cut tangles from her eyes. “My mum’s sister is part of his coven… which does in fact mean that Dior and Draco are actually my cousins.” The teen chuckled. “So I know from experience exactly why he looks the way he does.” She continued, licking her lips in obvious hunger.

Tonks had to resist the urge to reminisce. “It’s partly because he had so many older sisters… whenever I would go over to their castle, they’d always be playing with him.”

Hermione raised an eyebrow at the girl’s randy look. “If I am to fancy a guess, this involved something typically barbarous and hedonistic?” She raised the obvious answer to the teen sans girl.

Tonks blushed, suddenly realizing she must have been being quite transparent. “Aside from doing things like forcing him wear dresses and put on makeup, that’s putting it lightly.”

That only served to make Hermione more confused. “But shouldn’t he be bonded to them then?” she questioned the scraggly girl as she finished brushing Melody’s shoulder-length hair, having successfully turned to from a tangled mess into a splay of much more restrained curls.

She slowly sat relaxed on the stool, as the shape-shifter moved behind her with the brush. “No, as long as Draco didn’t perform any vaginal or anal sex himself, a sex bond wouldn’t form,” Hermione heard the girl chuckle darkly, “anything else you can imagine though, that was all still on the table.”

“So…” Hermione trailed off, not even being able to get the questions out past the sudden flare of embarrassment at the teen’s implications.

“Let’s just say that his butt is bubbly for good a reason.” The Esquire teased into her ear, with another firm brush at her mane of frizzy hair. “Both it and his lips are pretty sensitive to both pain and pleasure, so I’d keep that in mind if you ever find yourself at odds with him that way.”

“But why would Loosy let them do that?” Melody interrupted them, mispronouncing the name yet again.

Tonks just snorted. “Same reason my mum did what she did to me… It gives him a set of distinct advantages compared to some of the other boys.”

“I fail to see how that might be an advantage for a boy.” Hermione shot back, eyebrows raised in question despite the fact that Tonks couldn’t see them. “I mean really, shouldn’t looking like a girl get him beat up?”

“He doesn’t look like a girl Hermione, he looks like what he is… an Incubus.” Tonks replied, and Hermione could feel the grin at her confusion even though the other girl was behind her.
That was an interesting bit of news to her, but again Melody seemed clueless. “You keep using these weird words!” The eight-year old whined at them, not bothering or not able to try and probe her Tully for an explanation, her confusion clear on her pouting features.

Hermione rolled her eyes. “The word ‘Incubus’ means a type of male demon Melody.” She ground out in fresh exasperation at her eight-year old sibling’s cluelessness.

“That’s not a demon… well not really to anyone outside of the Abrahamic world.” Tonks cut in. “You should understand that a lot of things have been; mythologized over the centuries, I guess would be the right way to put it. An Incubus, in real life at least, is just a term for a young male wizard that has been brought up to fit a certain role in wizarding society. The modern and more technically accurate term would be Subversive Male.”

Tonks resisted the urge to sigh in relief as she felt Hermione finally get fully caught up in learning yet again. She was still going to have to deal with the fallout of this later, she was certain of that, but for now the little Helen was fully engrossed in their conversation. “Traditionally, their role would be to help powerful wizards regulate their large covens with Tantric magic.”

She could feel the frustrated confusion rolling off the girl’s core. “And that means what exactly?”

“It’s a bastardized term for weaving which now is used to describe Sex magic.” She answered the first-years question, grinning at the poleaxed look that plastered itself across Melody’s face. “In nature, it’s believed that they wouldn’t have even have kept their own covens, and instead they would have simply hidden their true gender to bypass the suspicions of the coven’s wizard, allowing them to mate-and-bolt with females that normally would have been out of their league.”

Tonks clarified.

“More historically, they attach themselves to covens who accepted them. In exchange for helping the powerful mage control his powerful and valuable witches with their magic, and for a bit of bottoming themselves, they would be allowed to mate with the females of that coven on occasion.” The teen sighed thoughtfully. “In modern times it usually doesn’t work that way anymore.”

“So they don’t attach themselves to covens?” Hermione questioned, ignoring Melody’s helplessly confused look.

“Yes and no.” Tonk replied quickly. “Nowadays the laws require that all males either have their own covens or they turn themselves permanently into girls, legally you have to be a productive member of society either way, but finding covens that are willing to share nowadays usually requires a good bit of diplomacy on their part as only a certain number of wizards are able to snatch up powerful girls anyways. Which means that for most males, having an Incubus in their coven isn’t worth it to them.”

“Draco’s father is a diplomat of some sort.” Hermione responded, her mind instantly reaching the proper conclusion. “So he is probably an Incubus as well…”

“His father had him to become an Incubus, just like Draco is, for the skills in diplomacy it forces one to learn.” She clarified, nodding at Hermione correct guess. “But he isn’t one anymore, as the physical and magic differences usually don’t last past fourth-year. At least unless they are diving deep into Tantric magic, or are actively trying to stay that way, in which case they usually use rituals or potions to keep themselves as young and as girly as they can be while still able to produce semen.” The teen turned child explained while continuing to brush Hermione’s frazzled hair.

“Draco, for instance probably will start to lose his looks by the end of his second year, midway into his third at the latest.”
“If you want an example of a lad likely to stay that way though… if you were paying real close attention you might have also noticed Blaise,” Tonks continued, “he’s extremely good at being subversive so I wouldn’t judge you for not noticing him though…”

“To be honest, I’m not actually sure if I even remembered to put him up with the rest of the boys…” Tonks admitted, trailing off in slight embarrassment.

“Aren’t you much better at magic than me?” Hermione questioned instantly. “Shouldn’t you have been able to tell the difference?” Her brow furrowed as soon as the words had left her lips.

This time Tonks couldn’t help but chuckle. “The fact that powerful magic welders struggle to tell the difference is the entire point Hermione.” Tonks giggled behind her at her question. “If telling them apart was easy they wouldn’t have been able to exist.”

“So what does this have to do with you?” Hermione probed, wanting to get the conversation back on track no matter how disturbing and fascinating their current topic was.

Tonks put the brush down and focused her magic for a moment, conjuring a hair tie from the dust in the air. “It’s simple; sort of… what you need to understand now is that there are three different levels of base magic that are accepted in classical definitions. Each level is divided into several different parts based on how many aspects have been found in each, what those aspects do, and what can be done in turn with those aspects.” She explained, as she tied the lion’s share of Hermione’s hair back into a high ponytail, leaving only bit free on the sides to frame the girls face.

Hermione frowned at the complicated explanation, feeling distinctly like the teenager was leaving a massive amount of important information out of her explanation. “The point is that you never have access to just one level or aspect, it’s literally impossible to do magic with only one aspect of one level, as the Purebloods were forced to admit long ago.”

“Incubi, for example can be explained as the result of mixing aspects of the “Green” and “Red” magic’s of the highest tier with what is termed “Fairest” aspect of magic from the middle tier.”

It seemed to be a none-explanation hidden in an explanation, and Tonks seemed to realize that. “Don’t worry Hermione; it will all make a lot more sense after you’ve had a few classes on the subject.”

“The point is, what my mother did to me was to give me power over as many aspects as possible before first year.” The teen grinned. “As well as warp my preferences a little…”

That seemed to carry a bit of deeper meaning to Hermione. “Preferences?” She asked the bubbly girl curiously.

Tonks just chuckled. “Let’s just say that I was already the Sovereign over a coven of ten witches by the end of my first year, and that not all of them joined entirely willingly.” The teen explained, taking the time to give Hermione’s ear a mischievously meaningful lick.

“I was having such an impact that Dumbledore himself ended up sealing my markings, and binding me from taking any more witches on purpose, because it was so unfair to everyone else.”

She spun Hermione around before the girl could connect the dots any further, enjoying the wide-eyed look that came over her charge as she saw herself in the mirror.

She had done nothing but give the girl’s hair a firm brushing, but that plus the way she had arranged it seemed to give the bookish brunette pause. If anything, Tonks thought she looked even cuter this way, with her bushy mane combed into a shoulder length burst of curly chestnut hair.
pulled up behind her head by the new ponytail.

“So don’t feel bad about going a little *Fey* on me.” The teen chuckled, ruffling her hair playfully. “Cos I’m the best at that.”

Harry could feel the rivers of magic pouring across his body, spreading and smothering and drawing his senses into its grasp.

He took a deep breath instinctively, the mixed scents of sweat and arousal adding fuel to the fires of his swelling magic, filling his lungs with the distinct odors of sex, submission, and fear.

He didn’t need to look in a mirror to know his pupils would already be filled with fog and indistinct green shapes, as they often were whenever he ended up having to really *deal* with his twin sister. He understood his own magic and how it affected him well enough though, experienced simply from the frequent necessity of keeping his chaos loving twin from going on her rampages. So he knew a decent bit about how his magic normally affected him.

Speaking of his sister, she was growling defiantly from beneath his arm, and she snarled loudly as he pressed down on her again with his magic.

He wasn’t sure what he was going to do though, as he had never been in this state with anyone other than Violet present. It was the sort of thing that normally led to an hour or two of frantic, and sometimes violent, sexual play.

But with Draco and Pansy in the room he was sort of hesitant to do anything on an internal level, not that his magic cared about that, but he didn’t think that wasn’t the point.

However, after a second of thinking about it the raven-haired boy finally just decided that he would have to wing it.

“That was mean of you Vi…” He growled down into the puff of red-frizzles that topped his twin's head, letting his throat catch as he spoke to make his voice as guttural as he could get it at his age.

Violet just huffed from her place beneath him. “Did I tell you to stop?” She snarled at Pansy and Draco, defiant of his sudden interference, and annoyed by their disobedience of her earlier command.

The joined pair started at her snap, both jerking so hard that they nearly separated, and Pansy gave a groaning moan as Draco’s penis half-withdrew from her butt sharply in shock.

Violet rolled her eyes at that. “Nobody ever fucking liste-” She exhaled sharply as he cut her off in annoyance, smashing his magic down onto her like a millstone, feeling pleased with the way it seemed to knock the breath from her lungs.

“I know right?” Harry ground down at her in teasing agreement, finally beginning to become annoyed at her constant insubordination. “I mean you tell someone to be on their best behavior and they just don’t listen…” He taunted his sister, flipping her athletic little form over onto her back, noting how she was completely pinned and taking quick shallow breaths under the weight of his power.

Violet’s eyes were unaffected by the pressure though, and as the redhead gazed up into her brothers face with lust despite the strength pinning her into the blankets, she couldn’t help but to grin weakly. Noticing easily how strong the hold his own magic now had on her black-haired twin, the
redhead now believed solidly that she was in for a fun time regardless of how this all panned out.

Harry on the other hand was feeling a set of entirely new reactions, having never been this deep into this state in front of anyone but Violet, and it left him a little unprepared for when his magic compelled him quite strongly to leave her pinned to the blankets where she was laying.

He apparently had other business to attend to.

Pansy had felt the others in the little tent give deeply into their Compulsions. Despite the pain that had flared from Draco’s sudden and rather dry penetration, and the reflections emanating back at her from her shattered cores, she was still barely able to hold on to her full higher reasoning abilities.

She understood that this was a situation that could go a lot of different ways very easily, many of them poor for her and the tightness of her various orifices. So when the black-haired Tyrant left his twin pinned down against the pillows absentmindedly, and started stalking cautiously in their direction, she couldn’t help her sharp inhalation as she probed his magic. Harry was using a large fraction of his strength to keep the fuzz-headed little slut pinned, but not as much as he probably would have if the other girl was fighting against his power at all.

That told Pansy something very important… and that was that Violet expected to get what she wanted out of the situation regardless of her twin’s actions…

So considering that the redhead was almost solely responsible for the current and quite literal pain in her ass, Pansy internally figured that the other girl’s cooperation was as bad a sign for her as any she had seen so far.

But all said and done there wasn’t much she could do at the moment. She was still pinned beneath Draco, who was still grinding painfully into her bowels with sharp little thrusts, and the athletic boy stalking across the blankets towards them still had about as much free magical power as she and her mate did combined.

Harry noted dimly through the mental fog, that Draco had fallen on top of Pansy after she had met his own eyes and gasped quietly, lying himself flush across the top of her slightly bonier body protectively and meeting his gaze with his own blue eyes that were almost consumed by the strange patterns dancing in his pupils. It was as close to a gesture of defiance as the aristocratic boy was probably comfortable with, but deep inside beneath his thundering magic, Harry still respected him for it.

He chuckled quietly to himself in his mind, as he pawed his way until he was next to them, coming face to face with the nearly motionless pair, taking a deep breath through his nose that started at the side of Pansy’s chin and ended in Draco’s short white locks. They reeked of submission, and Draco couldn’t even meet his eyes after the action, though Pansy managed to give him something like a glare through her own embarrassment. He grinned at her, with the magic clouding the little tent leaving his flesh feeling hot and sensitive, at how the air stifled them all in a distinctly sexual manner.

Draco really was pretty girly looking when he was lying atop Pansy like this, and if Harry hadn’t known better he could have almost pretended that it was a pair of girls waiting for him one on top of the other, and that thought confused the higher parts of his mind even further. He still didn’t understand what was to be expected from him at Hogwarts in far too many circumstances for him to be completely comfortable yet, and though some details had been filled in over the past couple of days, he was still mostly left with his own intuition.
And right now, to his own half-annoyance, his intuition was being deeply clouded by his magic.

But before anything could be said or done, the sound of the tent flap being brushed aside broke the trance that had fallen over its young occupants.

Harry snapped abruptly back into normal awareness as his magic’s sway over his mind was withdrawn by the noise of sliding silk, as did the other occupants of the tent, agitated instantly by the notion of someone new entering their shared space during such an intimate moment.

The tan-skinned girl that had brushed aside their tent flap, however just shot them all with a positively lusty grin. “I figured I’d find you with him Draco…” She cooed in a pleased tone as a delicate hand emerged from her robe to brush her long wavy black hair away from her heart-shaped face as she crawled inside the dim and steamy space. “Just like I’ve always said, we’re not that different after all.”

Harry leaned back slowly into a kneeling position, seeing the looks of the pair in front of him turn almost murderous. “Wuotan help me …” Pansy whimpered, flopping her face into her pillow. “This is bad enough as it is, can I not just have this in peace!” She growled into the fabric from her place beneath Draco’s lithe body.

Draco for his part flushed an even deep red that he had already been at the attractive girl’s sudden appearance. “Blaise, I swear to the Gods!” The blonde hissed out, looking somewhere between angry and embarrassed by her sudden appearance. “My father will hear about this!” He growled as the girl looked between him and Harry and grinned at some unshared victory.

The newly christened “Blaise” ignored Draco’s whining threats. Instead she sauntered her way up to Harry on all fours, waving her delightfully round butt slowly in the air as she did so, obviously trying her hardest to tempt him with it. “I suppose that it’s just a total coincidence that I find your buttering up to the most powerful male in our entire party then?” She shot back at Draco thoughtlessly, crawling up to where Harry was kneeling and shamelessly nuzzling his half-hard member with her flushed cheek. “Even letting him sit in on your first bonding?” She prodded the joined pair with a chuckle, dusky half-lidded eyes full of bemusement as she gazed up at Harry from behind his re-hardening penis.

His twin snarled at the new girl’s bold intrusion, lunging up from where he had pinned her to the floor previously and launching herself across the little tent at Blaise, her magic flaring with territorial rage.

There was no real time for Harry to really react, but he watched as the robed girl’s expression bust into self-satisfied delight, and she snapped back upright from his crotch just in time to catch Violet’s snarling tackle.

But instead of being pushed back into vicious wrestling with his twin, the tan girl somehow stopped the redhead’s attack flat, scooping a roaring Violet flush against her robed form and into a kiss. His twin’s green eyes widened in dumbstruck shock, and as Blaise’s hands slid sensuously up and down her muscular back, she immediately began struggling.

But then something completely unexpected happened.

Blaise’s robed form seemed to almost glow for an instant, flashing with a smoky purple aura, and her thick, steamy core seemed to engulf Violet’s fire with a blanketing smother. His twin melted slack against her in limp submission immediately, falling loosely backwards from the kiss breathing hard and with a confused and dazed look on her freckled face, which transformed into a sort of feverish lust only a moment later.
“Ooooh!” She moaned breathily as she sunk into the blankets, her hands immediately sliding up and down the front of her nude body sensually, stopping only to toy with her own hardened nipples. “Can… can I do that again Harry?” She asked him a little deliriously, not even glancing in Blaise’s direction now, the other girl’s presence and misdeeds seemingly forgotten.

Harry, for his part, had to resist the urge to let his mouth fall flat open in astonishment. He had never in his life seen Violet, his lusty, violent, easily jealous twin sister be subdued in such a swift and easy manner.

Blaise seemed to sense his shock, and she gave a disapproving giggle. “Shame on you Draco,” she rebuked the gaping blonde with a contemptuous flip of her wavy black hair, “you’ve were monopolizing him all of yesterday, and yet you obviously never informed him you were an incubus. What else have you been hiding from him?”

Draco suddenly seemed more annoyed by her question than anything else. “It’s not like I asked for this!” The fuming blonde shot back, swiftly shifting his knees to as he kneeled up and leveling an accusing finger at the sultry girl, before having his temper reined in by Pansy yelping unhappily in pain beneath him.

“Be careful you dolt!” The dark-haired girl growled unhappily. “You can’t just jump up like that your bloody prick up my ass!” She half-whimpered half-snarled up at her partner in pain and displeasure.

Blaise giggled again at the amateur pair, a fresh coat of amusement mixing with the look of lust on her pretty face. “You should know better Draco; you’ve always had trouble handling more than one partner at a time.” She teased back at them, wiggling her eyebrows at Harry meaningfully. Then leaning down and giving Violet’s toned thigh a long languid lick, asking Harry for permission with her dark eyes the entire time.

It was a timid, hesitant sort of look, one that immediately told Harry something was up.

His power flared again as he pressed forward, pinning Blaise to the cushions with a smooth motion. The dark-haired first-year didn’t put a single ounce of resistance as she allowed herself to be slid back into a submissive position beneath his body.

Instead her eyes filled with a glimmer of hopeful expectation as she licked her lips in obvious arousal.

Though as Harry slowly brushed the silky black cloak away, the designation of ‘her” swiftly became anachronistic…

Blaise was a boy?… or an incubus?… whatever that word was supposed to mean, Harry wasn’t sure yet, but as he gazed incredulously on the thin little sex organ laying half-erect against the Incubus’s thigh he internally figured there must have been some difference.

There was one thing he could tell for absolutely certain though, and that was that Blaise was a girl in every other respect that he could see or sense.

Long tanned legs widening up into a heart shaped pelvis, and that was followed by a thin and waspish waist, flaring slightly again up to a chest that was somehow even topped by a pair of freshly budding breasts.

The Incubus was certainly very pretty… with his tan-skinned face drawn up into a heavy-eyed pout, which brightened as Blaise seemed to have an idea, and he swiftly unraveled a long tongue
out between his lips and hooked a slender finger to pull his cheek wide. Drooling onto his own chin and throat as the dusky-skinned boy moaned girlishly at the very good view he was giving Harry into the pink wetness of his mouth.

That set Harry’s magic off, and it roared to him at such an indecent invitation. Not even his lusty sister Violet had ever preformed such a lewd gesture for him, an unmistakable invitation to drive his cock as far down into that pretty pink passage as he could force it.

Harry held off, but barely, trying to feel out the boy with his magic. Blaise’s core was just as mysterious as his form, and it seemed to leak outward from his feminine form with all the subtly of a screaming kettle, a burning hot blast of steam that actively tried to blanket Harry’s own probing tendrils of magic in a sort of infectious sexual heat and refused to tell him anything about the person beneath him.

Other than that the person lying so lewdly beneath him was a girl…?

And Harry did think that Blaise looked like a girl, and not just a bit in certain ways or from certain directions like Draco did, but as an extremely attractive and convincing apparition of the feminine form which lay in abject and excited submission beneath him. Staring up with wide lusty eyes filled with hope and promises that he could not discern. “So now you have me here…” Blaise cooed huskily up at him as she unhooked her manicured finger from her cheek and ran the moist digit up Harry’s chest. “Now what do you plan on doing to me?”

There was a thousand things that Harry could have done, a thousand things his magic was demanding that he should do to, but in the end he settled for sliding a calloused hand slowly up Blaise’s chest. He marveled for a moment at the fact that the boy had actual breasts, tiny things to be sure but enough for him to give a little squeeze, before sliding his palm up around her slender throat.

“Ooooh, yes…” Blaise hissed as his held closed around her windpipe, his steamy magic flaring into the tent and leaving Harry’s skin tingling. “Choke me like a cheap fucking whor-” The lusty look in her eyes and the pleased little moan that Blaise made as he slowly closed his grip around her neck making Harry have to resist a chuckle.

Somewhere in the background, Pansy and Draco were slyly grinding back and forth into each other again, whispering and whimpering quietly to one another back in their own little world, while Violet frantically mashed the little button hidden at the top of her slit. Jerking her bony hips in pleasure while taking deep gasps of the sex filled air and moaning happily.

It was a wonderfully accurate picture of the effect of sexual arousal could have on magic, and Harry had absolutely no idea how far all of them would have ended up going… of not for the deafening toll of what must have been a huge bell echoing from somewhere above them.

Violet yelped, Draco yelped too and almost literally leapt from his position atop Pansy in a startled motion that left the bony girl snarling into her pillow in pained rage, Harry for his part tensed hard. Hard enough that he knew that his hand mark was going to leave a good mark on Blaise’s neck.

“MOTHERFUCKER!” Pansy roared in anger an instant later, her arms going tight hard enough to lift her front half from the floor as the black-haired girl screamed loudly in pain and indignation.

Violet, fitting her normal temper, was the next to start shouting. “What in Hel’s name was that?!” His sister demanded, even angrier for having her fun interrupted for the third time.

Draco groaned after picking himself back up, laid a comforting hand on Pansy’s abused butt and
ignored her irate glare. “I think,” he answered cautiously, “at least if what Amarante told me is true. Then that should be the wakeup bell, and it means we need to start getting ready for our classes.” He paused and after a disappointed sigh, sniffed himself. “After a good bath I think.

Pansy… did not take the news well. “Can. I. Never. Have. Anything. Go. My. Way.?” The dark-haired girl snarled, before flipping herself over gingerly taking obvious care to try and keep her legs spread. “Just once was all I asked.” The witch implored the sky for whichever gods or goddesses might have been listing.

Blaise took the moment to look disappointed at the interruption as Harry freed her neck, swallowing thickly and grinning up at him, as their magic tangled into what he immediately recognized from his first few sexual experiences with Violet as a temporary bond. “A fine mark, from a fine partner.” She grinned lustily and sat up close to him, leaning so her little budding breasts were flush with the wiry muscles of his chest as Harry leaned back into a kneeling position above her, fingering the rapidly reddening hand mark lovingly even as Violet growled at her.

“If you think for one fucking second that I’ll let some Helen imitating boy-slut have any stake in my mate I’ll rip your dick off and feed it to your cock-loving mouth!” She snarled territorially, Draco and Pansy rolling their eyes in the background as the blonde tried to help his former partner into a kneeling position.

Before Harry could interject to try and stop another agreement, a fresh flash of dusky heat came across the newly formed temporary bond with the tan-skinned Incubus, and Blaise chuckled merrily at her. “Like you tore me a new one last time?” She teased an angrily hesitant Violet, with a confident swish of her wavy black hair. “Don’t you get it Red? I’m a full Incubus and you’re a female. There is literally no power you hold over me, you literally don’t even have the ability to touch me if I don’t let you.”

“That’s the point of being an Incubus; I can steal the thoughts from your head and the strength from your body, replace them and leave you a frantically masturbating harlot with nothing more than my close proximity.” She finished, giggling a little tauntingly.

Violet snarled viciously, blistering waves of white-hot rage boiling off of her core and setting little sparks dropping from her hair and beading down her body, but she stayed crouched on the pillows. Choosing instead to glare hatefully, but impotently through her sweaty red frizzles at Blaise from several feet away, still visibly reluctant to allow the Incubus anywhere near her body despite her bottled wrath.

Blaise turned from his fuming sister to give Draco a look that was halfway between disappointed and pitying. “An opportunity my longtime playmate squandered until his gift finally vanished.”

“Gift?” Harry questioned them, finally managing to get a word in.

Draco snorted at that, seemingly not having heard Harry, he shot back at Blaise. “Getting used as my older sisters plaything is hardly what I would call a gift…” He trailed off, slightly spitefully.

Blaise rolled her eyes at the blonde’s response. “Like almost unlimited power over the fairer sex, and sex in general, isn’t worth having girls put you in dresses and letting them sex the absolute shit out of you from a ripe young age.” She chuckled, smiling and revealing row of perfect white teeth. “Most boys would give their right hand for an opportunity like that…”

Draco shot back a frown as he lifted his new mate to stand gingerly. “Believe it or not, I don’t actually like having things stuck up my butt.” He answered her sarcastically. “And I definitely don’t plan to let anyone’s “spear” anywhere near it.”
Blaise giggled, as Pansy gave Draco a glare for his irony, and the black-haired Incubus leaned back against Harry’s chest, looking over her shoulder at him as she twirled a stray black lock. “He might not, but I sure do!” She finished with a wink and a pulse of her steamy core that washed across the tent and left both Draco and Harry almost painfully erect again.

“I’m already going to have blue-balls Blaise, can you please not make things worse than they already are?” Draco groaned in irritation, pitching at his sharp nose with his free hand.

Violet blinked owlishly, seemingly having made an observation as the three of them stood up to follow Draco and Pansy. “Wait a second? You guys know each other?”

“Your just realizing that now?” Pansy answered, giving Violet an unimpressed look, as they all fumbled around for their cloaks.

Blaise giggled as they slid them around their shoulders, leaning back close to Violet and allowing her own cloak to slide closed again. “Oh yes, are families have been allies for a long time. The Zabini’s were the first family to take the Malfoy’s into an alliance when they came over from Gallia.”

That perked Harry’s interest. “You’re family has been here longer?”

“Oh yes, we came over with Aulus Plautius during the first Roman invasion.” She sighed nostalgically. “The Romans never liked Magi much, even back then, but they still studied them and even accepted limited numbers of witches and wizards into the auxiliaries. So… a very long story short one of my ancestors, a witch by the name of Titia Zabini came over to help the legions combat the Celtic Magi, and when the rest of the Romans left we decided to stay behind.”

“And the whole “Incubus” thing?” He asked her as they left the tent just behind Draco and a still limping Pansy.

She gave him a lusty look. “My families been doing it for centuries, we’re as close as you can get to a matriarchal family of Magi as you can get, as all of our boys are made into Incubi. But the basic idea behind it is that I help you keep your girls in line with sex magic, and in exchange you would occasionally allow me to have sex with a girl in your coven who I wouldn’t normally be able to attract with my small core… not that I’m actually all that interested in girls, to be honest.” She admitted to the obvious, smiling in amusement as a number of boys emerged from their tents with varying levels of bellyaching and complaining.

Harry thought back to Blaise licking Violet’s thigh and raised an eyebrow in question. “Only boys?”

Blaise groaned in frustration, and leaned in to whisper. “Ok, some girls but not often, I done even like being top, so your sis being aggressive does get me riled up… and to be honest, if it was up to me I would live entirely like my ancestors and just rely on your graces.” She leaned back a little unhappily. “But unfortunately I have to form a coven with at least one girl.” She added, a little unhappily, as she pulled back from his ear. “I’d much rather just be your plaything though…” She declared more loudly, leaning against him and ignoring Violet’s snarl.

His twin, finally having enough, quickly shoved the Incubus from his side. Attaching herself to his arm possessively as Gregory and Goyle emerged from around a tent and saluted Draco tiredly, both of the muscular boys grinning proudly at the slender blonde as they noticed Pansy’s obvious limp.

Blaise seemed to take his twin’s territorial behavior in easy stride. Merely grinning at Harry, sliding a slender finger up her own throat onto the bruise there and pulsing their core’s temporary
connection hotly, as she sauntered backwards towards the “tree-tower’s” staircase with a pronounced wagging of her cloaked hips. “I suppose I should give you two some space…” She giggled. “After all, I wouldn’t want to invade on someone else’s mark.” She said while looking directly at Violet, with sarcasm so thick it seemed to drip from her lips.

His sister hissed like an angry adder, gripping his arm so tight that her nails probably came close to drawing blood. “I get the feeling that you’re a little jealous Vi…” He commented dryly to her, raising an eyebrow cautiously.

His twin gave him a look, pulsing how blindingly obvious she thought his comment was through their bond, and snarling again as she felt the temporary connection he still had to Blaise. “I want to kill her.” She hissed beneath her breath as he freed his arm from her death grip and slid it around her shoulder reassuringly. “I want to cut her throat and eat her heart and….”

They made their way quickly down the flying staircase to the base of the “tree-tower” as Violet continued muttering darkly to herself, and Harry allowed himself a second to marvel at the large number of scantily clad girls in various states of undress awaiting them at the bottom while she was distracted, all sleepily making their way to the baths.

Violet hissed again as she took in all of the half-naked girls turning back to throw him shy or flirty smiles, immediately pushing him towards the front of the loose band stumbling towards the bathing room.

It was with some surprise then, that as he was about to enter the bath room, that Tonks emerged sharply from around the corner. Wearing a loose yellow robe draped over her shoulders and giving their group a mildly impressed look as a similarly robed Hermione and her tabard wearing little sister came stumbling around the corner after the tall teen, all three of them obviously freshly bathed.

Hermione looked even more tempting than she had been the night before, with her hair now up in a loose ponytail that unveiled the sides of her face and neck that her fluffy mane had hidden, and there was a halfway sort of vulnerability about her mannerisms that had definitely not been present the night before.

That changed the instant she saw the crowd, and her entire form instantly wound up into something half-resembling indignation. “We’ll…” her eyes narrowed slightly as they fell upon his twin, “It’s about time you got a bath in Violet.” He sensed it easily as the aurora around the brunette Greek’s core flashed, expanding rapidly as she stared his sister down.

Violet gave a pleased snarl and pulled away from him, allowing her magic to expand and match Hermione’s as she closed. Then she seemed to remember something, and the both spared a glance up to Tonks, who had pulled Melody back out of range and was leaning casually against the wall with a bemused grin on her attractive face.

“You’re only allowed to fight in the Dorm room at the moment girls…” She answered the unasked question more than a little smugly. “That means reel it back or I’ll have to get involved… again.”

The teenager did sound slightly apologetic about that last bit, as cryptic as it was. Giving the pair a shrug as a wiry little blonde emerged from behind them and slipped past the glaring pair nervously while they were focused on Tonks.

Harry rolled his eyes at both of them. “Violet… we will eventually have to go to classes; we might as well get a bath in beforehand.” He commented, throwing a comforting hand casually around her shoulder again, trying to massage her core with tendrils of his magic.
His twin exhaled slowly as her magic caved to his ministrations, closing her eyes and calming slightly. “Fine.” She gave in as the rest of the students began trickling past them, and he shot something like an amused glare at Hermione as she dragged him towards into the bathroom.

Hermione watched the redhead drag her brother into the baths, the larger part of the crowd of other First-Years shambling in after them.

She spared a grateful look up at Tonks for saving her from her own big mouth, as the tall teen gave her a friendly grin. “I’m gonna go and get Penny, and then we’ll take you all to get some breakfast… try not to start a riot before I get back.” The shape-shifter pleaded with her jokingly as she gently guided Melody back into Hermione’s embrace. “No doubt she’ll be gnawing my ear off the entire time it takes me to get back here anyway, though.” The teen admitted to her in a theatrically exhausted tone as she simply vanished into thin air without a sound.

It was almost thirty minutes later that the Esquire returned, in which time Hermione had explored her wooden locker nestled on the end of the dorm’s far wall.

Impossibly, they were larger on the inside than on the outside. Her locker hiding an entire little room inside, containing an empty shelf for books, a chest with a lock presumably for valuables, a dresser with six drawers, as well as an armoire.

Everything but the dresser and the armoire were completely empty. The wardrobe contained several pairs of black tunics silk with familiar red trim, three red leather belts for her tunics, an extra cloak identical to the one she was already wearing, and a heavy cotton winter-cloak with a fur-lined hood.

There was also a spare red tabard for Melody with another black belt.

And blessedly, there was also a pair of sandals for each of them at the bottom of the wardrobe, and they even fit them well enough.

The dresser contained only two things in the top left drawer, a leather waist-holster for her staff, with her own misplaced staff from yesterday somehow already inside its sheath… and a black silk collar with her initials engraved in the silver golden buckle sitting next to it.

It seemed that the perverted shape-shifter hadn’t forgotten about the idea after all…

Melody had taken one look at the thing, and then given her the most adorable pout she had seen from her sister in a long while, complete with shiny little tears beading at the corners of her wide brown eyes and a quivering lip.

She had rolled her eyes at that… as though the eight-year old even needed to pout about it. She certainly wasn’t going to dress her eight-year old sister up even more like a slave, regardless of how much of a pain in the ass she could be some times.

After dressing herself, internally bemoaning the fact that the heights of Byzantine fashion had not reached this far into Europa, she had wandered back out into the common room.

Dressed now in a black and red tunic, and cloaked by the replacement cape left in her wardrobe. Hermione finally felt a small bit of the sensation of vulnerability leave her. Not that the cloak gifted to her earlier hadn’t been nice or well made… but being essentially nude did tend to leave one feeling open.
It was not five minutes later, that Tonks returned with Penny in tow. Penelope announcing to the gathering crowd of First-Years, that they needed to be dressed and ready for breakfast in five minutes or less.

That had sent the rest of her peers scrambling, which made her happy she had decided to get dressed already, so Hermione along stood watch with her sister and listened in amused silence as Penny sniped at Tonks sarcastically for not coming back the night before while everyone else rushed to toss their clothes on.

When they were all dressed, Tai arrived in a flourish of white cotton robes, the Egyptian teen revealing her presence by seemingly stepping out from behind thin air as though she had stepped into the room from behind an invisible wall.

That was something she had seen a lot, and it posed some disturbing implications for Hermione… it was more or less identical to how Tonks had disappeared earlier, but in reverse. Despite her own nerves, the bushy-haired Helen couldn’t help herself from feeling the little twinge in her stomach, admitting to herself inside that she was genuinely excited by the prospect of their classes.

And, though she would never admit it to Melody, the prospect of learning something, which for the longest time in her life had been forbidden knowledge, was frankly a mouthwatering temptation.

It was a powerful craving, one that she already knew she would be unable to resist, and wouldn’t want to even if she could.

She pulled Melody close to herself as the passageway to the staircase opened back up, and after that far too short ascent, they arrived back at the sliding fountain that covered the portal to their dorm.

The foyer was unchanged, except for a couple of large wooden crate that sat in the center. Tai marched up and slid the lid off one of them, reaching in and pulling out a small satchel. “These are for carrying your things, do not lose them…” The tan-skinned teenager ground out.

Sliding the top off of then next crate, she pulled out a ball of yarn. “Alright you brats.” The bald girl sniped at them, plainly angry about something. “You all are going to take one, put them in your satchels, and keep them with you at all times, got it?

Tonks swooped up next to the shorter Esquire. “I am going to emphasis that it is extremely easy to get lost in Hogwarts, for reasons that will be explained in one of your classes later today.” The shape-shifter added, motioning with her hands for emphasis. “Later in the year, when we’re not guiding you all to classes every day, you’ll be able to use these to find your way around.” She explained, holding up a ball of colorful string. “You pump a little magic in them, and the twine will automatically unwind in the direction of our dorm.”

“Also, the balls are tuned to our magic and our specific dorm, that means don’t trade with people who aren’t in our parties or you will get yourself hopelessly lost.” Penny cut in, throwing a stern look at Tonks who grinned in response. “And I hope that it goes without saying that you’ll be punished if I have to tract you down.”

“Anyways!” Tonks cut back in, bursting with a pleased energy that made Tai scowl up at her. “Let’s get you all to breakfast!”

When they didn’t turn to go down the hallway back to the Great Hall, but instead slipped down another passageway, Hermione made a point to walk a little faster than most of her peers. Swiftly catching up to a flirty Tonks, who was trying to grope Penny in a vaguely subtle manner, and was
receiving half-irate glares in return. “**Excuse me?**” She cut in as Tonks gave Penny’s butt a pinch and the brown-haired teen flushed fantastically. “Aren’t we going to the Great Hall for breakfast?”

Penny gave her a thankful glance as she interrupted Tonks’s well-meaning but overly flirtatious attempts at getting back into the younger teen’s good graces. “**Nope,**” The shape-shifter replied, distracted from her earlier flirting, “the Great Hall is only used for feasts, because it requires so much more work and coordination by the various kitchens to use. There are minor dining rooms in the First Wall, which is the wall we’re in currently by the way… We will still have feasts on the weekends and holidays though, so we’ll be back in only a couple of days.” The shapely teen explained, noting in amusement the flashes of both relief and disappointment that slid across the faces of the various First-Years who were listening.

“Our dining room isn’t too far from the dorms, thankfully. Just down these stairs here.” Penny continued, gesturing as the hallway widened into a chamber illuminated by a number of tall, stained-glass windows, and as they got closer the room revealed itself to be the top of a large spiraling staircase carved out of marble. “This staircase leads to our dorm’s dining room, our laundry room, and our library.” She continued to explain, pointing to the various landings as they reached the stairs.

“How on Earth can you people afford all of this!” Melody interjected, flailing her arms wildly as they came to the top of the stairs, hopping up and making her tabard flap lightly to reveal her butt to Hermione and everyone else behind her.

Tai snorted, rubbing her hairless head. “Dumbledore is a genius kid, it’s pretty much literally that simple.” She answered, throwing Melody a dismissive glance. “Through his machinations, Hogwarts is the single most important holding in the entirety of Avalon and the lands that bow to its will.” She continued haughtily, ignoring the sound of faraway trumpets that seemed to echo from somewhere beyond the stairs.

As they started down the marble steps, Tonks made a point to clarify the younger Esquire’s explanation. “**Think about it,**” she added as Padma and a few other interested students began crowding the front of their descending group, “a lot of the students here come from rich families, some very rich families, and they come from all over the world, so it’s not usually too hard to persuade many parents to donate to the school. Hogwarts itself is also a powerhouse, economically speaking, because we produce a large number of magical and mundane goods here… and we put our students to work in various fields after their first few years to help them gain experience doing things like leading troops and medicine and stuff.” She finished as they arrived on the staircases first landing, where a largish room with a pair of long twin tables sat. Much more modest, and looking to be the perfect size to seat their two parties.

Each table was long enough for about thirty people each, and they were already set ahead of time with plates, cups and silverware. There was no food though, which Hermione thought was a little odd, but since the food had seemingly teleported in the Great Hall; she figured something similar would be done here.

She had not figured on the wooden door at the end of the little hall swinging open, to reveal half-a-dozen other children dressed in nothing other than white loincloths to march in carrying trays coated in food and pitchers of drink, the very moment they had all seated themselves.

Tonks had to resist the urge to laugh, at the looks that came across the faces their gaggle of Firsties, she could even see Mirriam’s blush even through the Muslim girl’s darkened skin. “**How’s it going guys?**” She teased the servants with an amused giggle.

Tomas, the oldest of them at nine, gave her a pleased grin and a lazy salute. “**Swell, hot as the pit**
in the kitchens though, Nia’s trying to bake some blasted mixture of bread and flesh…” He trailed off with a light giggle, setting down a platter coated in various fruits and berries near a gaping Padma and running a hand through his long blonde hair while his compatriots nodded in agreement. “I like cleaning better.” The boy admitted to her with a confidant smirk, sauntering up closer to her and giving her body a long cocky look he didn’t even try to hide.

She nodded, allowing her hair to flow through a variety of colors, taking in the questioning looks from the various kids in her group. “These guys are called lautus,” she explained to those that weren’t from Avalon, “they’re potion castrated servants bound to the castle, tasked with the serving of food and more menial tasks like cleaning things…”

“We also can’t be bound to any one person.” Another Lautus admitted with a friendly waggle of her eyebrows. “So feel free to take advantage of that, if it pricks your fancy.” And she giggled at the reaction of some of the students as she followed her companions back through the door they had emerged from.

Melody gave the room a relieved look, pleased that the Lautus had given her no more attention than anyone else, while fingerling her red tabard in a much more pleased manner than she had previously. “At least I don’t have to wear one of those.” She muttered quietly to herself as she scarfed down a plate of cheesy eggs, washing it down with honeyed milk, her Tully translating the complaints of the French girl down the table into her ears for her without prompting.

Apparently the food in England was “heavy”, whatever that was supposed to mean. The eight-year old tuned out most of the rest of the meal, instead trying to decipher the meanings of the scenes in the stain-glass windows while occasionally popping grapes into her mouth, listening only periodically when her sister said something that sounded important.

She even managed to swipe a little wedge of cheese as the same group of Lautus from earlier returned to take the leftover food back, hiding it in her armpit as they all stood up to leave.

As they began filing up the stairway again, Tonks and Penny pulled her aside, gesturing for Hermione. “Yes?” her sister asked for both of them, raising an eyebrow questioningly as Melody followed her closely.

Penny pulled a leaf of parchment from a pocket in her white and blue robe, and handed it to her older sister. “You’ll have to decide what you want your serv-” Tonks kicked her in the shin, though only Melody could see it from her angle beside Hermione. “Sister is to do while you’re in classes.” The teenager explained in a slightly flustered no-nonsense tone. “She can stay in the dorms and guard your stuff if you want, or you can take her to class and have her help you carry things and the like… I would recommend you have her take some of the classes we have for non-magi at some point though, there are a bunch of options in the list. But you can always decide to have her take classes later if you want to keep her around for now.” The brunette finished, looking down at Hermione expectantly.

Hermione for her part, was sort of dumbstruck, and frowned and folded the partchment. “I think that I’ll bring her with me today.” She replied cautiously, wrapping her free arm around her little sister’s shoulders. This was not something she had wanted to think about now, and so she decided to put it off until later. “Could I keep this and decide later, after I’ve had time to read it through and contemplate things a little more thoroughly?” She asked, receiving an approving look from both Penny and Tonks.

“Of course,” the oldest Esquire replied. “I certainly wouldn’t shame you for wanting to think things through.” She replied, making just a little dash of shame flash through Hermione at her half-deception.
“Ye-yeah…” She trailed off, as the two Esquires led her and her younger sister quickly up the stairs to catch up with their group.

Well that took way too long...

I do hope the wait was worth it. I was unsure how exactly I wanted to mesh magic with biology, as to my knowledge no one else has ever really done a more in depth look at how magic might effect something like evolution.

Which started me thinking about how sex magic might effect a person, and well it's pretty common knowledge that the fandom has no real consensus on Blaise's gender and I decided to go with something i thought was both cool and funny.

Speaking of which, "Subversive Males" are a real thing that occurs in nature, the Incubus idea in specific came to me after I watched a video on cuttlefish, as it is a real strategy those critters use in real life.

I suppose I will leave you all now with the question, do you want Harry to top Blaise or not, it's not a poll and I have plans for either option, but I'm curious about you guy's opinion on it.

Until next time, cheers mates!
And now we finally arrive at the classes themselves. As usual, I decided to do something completely different with the classes, instead of just redoing the same days we have all read a thousand times before in a thousand different fics. I hope your all excited to read about sexual dimorphism!

After breakfast was finished, their first class as it turned out to Harry’s surprise, was called “Magical Society, Sex-Ed, Society and Etiquette” and the black-haired boy almost had to sigh in relief at the practicality. Instead he internally thanked whoever had had the foresight to make that subject their first class as they were shepherded into the rather smallish round room.

It was in a modestly sized stone chamber lit by high set stain-glass windows, with five rows of benches that wrapped in a half-circle around the room, each row being about two feet up higher than the row before it so that everyone got a clear view of the raised dais with its squat little podium on the room’s far side.

Aside from the podium and the blackboards behind it though, the room was relatively sparsely decorated, though the oak benches they were herded into had decent enough cushions even if they were rather thinly padded.

He also noted quietly to himself that Ron and Rachel both shared a glance and flushed fantastically to each other when the teacher walked up to the podium. Moments later he understood why, as their Esquires asked a “Mrs. Weasley” for dismissal.

That meant that their first class was most likely being taught by a woman who was probably either their mother or a very close relation… which had to be embarrassing for them.

Mrs. Weasley herself was a plumpish, jolly looking woman of about forty years if he Harry to guess, who carried with her all of the trappings of the motherly-matron sort of stereotype and seemed to radiate a kind of doting but henpecking kindness. With a big, broad-brimmed witch hat and some of the reddest robes he had seen on anyone yet, she stood boldly before the two large chalkboards set against the back wall and grinned widely at them as the Esquires saw themselves out.

“Well, I suppose it is my honor to welcome you all to your very first class at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry!” The rounded matron addressed them enthusiastically. “I’ll just have to ask you all a few questions, and then we can get right to your first lesson.” She stated with brimming excitement as she bustled around the wooden podium, plucking a curled up chart from inside and spreading it out before her.

Mrs. Weasley paused for a moment, her bright eyes scanning as she smoothed what looked to be a curled up leaf of parchment resting at the top of the podium from where Harry was sitting. “Alright, the chart looks to have all of your names…” She trailed off to herself a little quietly.

His core tingled, and he turned his head to where Violet was sitting on the bench next to him. She gestured with her eyes to where Draco and his half of their group were sitting on another bench nearby; the blonde in question was still getting looks from his former betrothed, which alternated between pained annoyances and bubbly happiness every few minutes.
Pansy it seemed, was finding their new bond to be too enjoyable to stay consistently mad about the way that morning had turned out.

He grinned at the snub-nosed girl’s cute behavior; it was unbelievably similar to the manner his twin had behaved in after he first bonded her, a mix of irritation and pain from the initial sex, and pleasure and ingrained satisfaction from the magical bond itself.

“Oh, there we go!” Mrs. Weasley announced from the front, startling him back into focus. “Everyone is here so… Alright, I just want you all to raise your hands honestly if you answer to one of these question is no. Remember, there is no need to be embarrassed, this is information that will be necessary for your further education.” She assured them with another kind smile. “Ok, who here cannot read more than a hundred words or less in any language?” She asked them, and Harry chuckled quietly at the scowling face his twin made when she raised her hand… along with about fifteen other students from their group of sixty.

Mrs. Weasley nodded, swiftly making a tic by the names on her chart of the students who raised their hands. “Good, now who here would say they know very little about how Avalon functions as a high society?” This time he had to raise his hand along with his sister, and around half of the other children in the room who were not native to the main island region or who were probably from peasant or lower-class families.

“Oh dear, I suppose I’ll have my work cut out for me.” The redheaded matron responded at all the raised hands, looking mildly pleased with the notion despite the extra work it must have meant for her.

There were a couple more questions, along the lines of the first two, and Harry ended up raising his hand twice again before they stopped. Once when asked if they had any in depth understanding of physical or magical combat, and again when asked if they had any leadership skills.

Combat was something he was quite proficient at, and he figured leading Violet counted as skill in leadership. After all, leading troops would probably be easy compared to keeping his sister under heel all the time.

“Alright, I think I have a general idea of what I’m working with here.” The woman finally announced after twenty minutes or so of questioning, clicking her tongue and tapping the parchment with her slender wooden wand and causing the treated skin to vanish into thin air.

“Now then, today’s first lesson…some introductory sexual biology and some basic etiquette. We’ll start with things from the boy’s perspective today, as they are the simplest and the most relevant to you all right now, and we’ll work our way across the girl’s table over the next few days.” The redheaded matron announced with an idle flourishing spin of her wand.

“The first concept you need to grasp is that your magic will inevitably alter you to suit your role in the hierarchy, and the girls will change more subtly for your role in your coven.” The woman continued. “Boys have three natural varieties of dimorphism that are determined by their general behavior, during the next few years the differences will become even more obvious as you fight, your magic strengthens and you acquire girls for your own covens. It is important to note however, that if the differences are not maintained by your behaviors they will eventually fade as you exit the Ignition phase of your core growth and enter the Ember phase.” Mrs. Weasley pursed her lips. “Both the terms Ignition and Ember, in this instance, refer directly to the speed of core growth, and don’t worry if you don’t understand it right now. We’ll get to your lesson on the mechanics of magical core’s in due time.”

Then she continued. “Now all three of the dimorphic types behave and interact differently, both
with girls and their counterparts.” She paused and grinned at them, waiting for a moment for the looks of understanding in her students before starting off again. “The first type is referred to in modern Avalonian entomology as “Iacebatin”. The meaning of the term itself is roughly drawn from the Latin phrase, “lay with”, as they are what most would consider classically masculine in both appearance and to a greater extent behavior.” The witch continued off, allowing several pieces of chalk to begin writing bullet points on the board behind her in several different languages for the benefit of the student’s that could not read simplified Latin script.

Harry was distracted from the explanation for a moment by Draco throwing a dirty look at a grinning Ron, who had whispered something to his sister loudly enough for the blonde to hear it from behind them, but he brought his attention back as Mrs. Weasley continued. “The second type of male is the “Poneiuxta” whose Latin name means roughly to “lay near.”” Mrs. Weasley went on to clarify, as another piece of chalk beginning to draw diagrams comparing various facial and physical features on her second blackboard. “They tend to be less overly masculine in behavior, and are more physically androgynous to varying degrees.” As she finished Violet elbowed Harry’s ribs, shooting him an overly cheerful grin with the implication being obvious, and he glowered at her in annoyance. Not needing yet another distraction, especially if he was going to be the only one of the two of them to actually pay any attention.

“The last and least common type of male Magi is the Incubus, a much older term for an older form of dimorphism which comes from before the physical and magical distinction existed between the former two types I previously mentioned, meaning quite loosely “to lay or to weight upon”. The terms are a bit bastardized from their root meanings, but more or less indicate how close their physical appearance, and to some degree their magical signature and their typical instinct level behavior is to what would be expected out of a basic magical female in both behavior and appearance.” The Red-headed matron continued unabated, noting internally that a modest number of the students were now paying her closer attention as she got into the meat and potatoes of the lesson. Even just the twenty or so who were visibly engrossed in the lesson… for the first day that was quite a large number all things considered.

Though a large of the children raised in Wizarding families were visibly tuning her lecture out, that was to be expected, and she had no doubt that most of them already understood this subject quite intimately.

“These differences are predicated by your behavior, which itself is based in your personality.” She gave the class a wink as she continued on. “It is your personality, your desires and motivations that determine your core type as well, but as I said earlier we will cover that and go into more detail about specific core types at another time.”

She moved her focus to the Tithe students, the reaction of three children in particular was what she was putting the most focus on. “Iacebatin,” she continued evenly, making a point to not maker her observations of them obvious, “are the most confrontational with other boys. This has the interesting side effect of making them tend to be the most pleasant in their relations to girls as a result, as they have less of a need to coerce girls into their laps, especially if they can combine physical fighting strength with an impressive magical core.” She gestured to the youngest Longbottom who was sat in the middle row directly in the middle of the half-ring of benches, and he blinked widely at being pointed out. “Neville, if you don’t mind me putting you on the spot here lad, is a fine example of a Iacebatin with a particularly large core.” The boy flushed deep red as a number of predatory gazes fell on him from his flanks, and female eyebrows rose all around the chamber. “Notice girls, if your magic is developed enough that you can reach him from where you’re sitting, that Neville’s core is a Relaxed sub-type, and his small control limit makes it what we would call a Support-Core.”
She continued swiftly as the boy blushed further, and she didn’t need the second sight to know that he was being probed all around. “His core is typical of Iacebatin, as they generally do not bother to overpower females and typically they attract a coven with acts of physical strength against each other. Gregory, Goyle and Ronald, though not quite as powerful magically, are still also fine examples of this variety of male for any of you girls who might be interested.” She jibed them lightly, a grin on her lips as her wand alighted in the direction of each boy in turn, and she allowed herself a chuckle as half the girls in attendance blushed at the implication in sync with the boys mentioned.

She switched her wand so it was pointed at Harry. “Mr. Potter on the other hand is more-or-less a classic example of a Poneiuxtia.” Harry held her gaze, and then the boy seemed to make a point to meet the eyes of the girls that had turned their attention to him with a relaxed glance that lasted until they blushed and looked away, and she smiled at young Magi’s predictable antics. “They are the most aggressive type of male in relation to their behavior towards our fairer sex, and they are the ones who are most often to make involuntary temporary bonds with females they decide are worthy to pursue for their own.” She grinned again as a number of girls blushed fantastically, and sat lower in their seats, as the boy gave the room another calm look, his core grinding with minor annoyance at being put on the spot, but his control of his emotions willing him to simply relax at the attention even as his twin’s core started to boil. “The reason for this aggression is for reasons that are not well understood, Poneiuxtia are the most likely variety of the three types of male to have Tyrant cores or other dominating core types, especially if they are powerful.” She emphasized the power aspect with a wave of her hand.

Noting quietly, his rather controlled reaction so far, and remembering the adjustments that had been made to the plan for this group the night before, Molly decided that she would test the boy a bit more and so she pressed on further. “For instance by the fact that your sister also happens to have a Tyrant core type, I would guess that I would be correct at assuming the first sexual experience you two shared was involuntary on her part?”

He didn’t even blink, despite the alarmed look that crossed the faces of several of his female classmates, reflected by the excited squirming of an equal number of other girls. “In all fairness, she deserved it….” Harry explained to her calmly, crossing his arms and lobbing her with a very mild look of annoyance as a couple of girls gave scandalized gasps, their cores pulsing either in shock or surprised arousal.

He scowled lightly at the over-dramatic gasps from a few of the girls, Dior’s being the most obviously fake, and at his twin’s haughty grin. Violet throwing out her arms onto the backrest of the bench behind her and stretching out like a cat beside him. “She was pissy because Trude washed her mouth out with soap for assaulting one of the peasant girls....” He clarified, as the athletic little redhead wiggled happily in her seat as he recounted the tale.

His twin crossed her arms. “He was being a baby, cause I kicked him in the jewels.” Violet grinned widely as she interrupted her brother, a number of boys not-so-subtly shifted away from her at her declaration. “He decks me in the stomach and things get fuzzy but the next thing I know I’m lying with my face in the dirt, barely conscious, with cream leaking from my kitty like there’s a bloody broken dam inside me.” She finished with a feral grin. “And I couldn’t just let it go after all of that….”

Harry rolled his eyes at his sister. “And it got you absolutely nowhere, didn’t it?” The boy mocked lightly.

A number of hands went up to cover their owner’s mouths for a variety of reasons, as half the room flushed, Dior even subtly waving to Harry and licking her lips at him when he turned to her
direction for a moment. “Yes, thank you Ms. Potter, for your rather graphic retelling of the event in question.” Molly cut in on the pair’s recounting as Violet started to visibly notice the reaction some of the other girls were having to their tale, so she interrupted the now scowling girl before the redhead could start threatening the other students in the middle of class, having already having been well briefed on Violet’s behavior ahead of time. “As I am sure Esquire Tonks has already explained, starting a fight with a boy and loosing can easily initiate a Conquest Bond.” The sudden excited looks on a couple of the girls faces making her chuckle again. “If you don’t think that would be for you, don’t go picking fights with lads outside of Defense, especially if you don’t think you have a very good chance of winning.”

She returned her focus to Violet’s freckled face, the young girl shooting metaphorical lightning bolts at both Dior and Blaise. “That you challenged and lost to your brother again as you have stated, and at least a few more times after your initial sexual encounter. Which I can assume because your core tells me that you lost at least most of those later incidents Ms. Potter, is how you ended up with a second level conquest bond.”

The girl in question blinked out at her at the statement, visibly confused at terminology she knew nothing about. “In the instance of this bond type, it means that your core submits to his magic entirely, and it partially prevents you from being compatible with other males. Naturally this makes it less likely that another boy will even want to challenge your brother for you, as you would never be able to accept them unless they were able to be even more dominating as him.”

She continued with a gesture at the chalk continuing to scrawl more bullet points in half a dozen different languages, fixing scraggly redhead with a pointed look. “It’s also one of the primary reasons why you find yourself being so aggressive towards other girls, as the depth of the bond subconsciously makes you behave in an irrationally territorial manner to perceived threats, so as to better monopolize your worthy partner.” She clarified, to the now gaping, wide-eyed redhead.

Violet blinked repeatedly, looking almost visibly annoyed now that Molly had explained the girl’s own condition to her. The girl gaping in a sort of disbelieving resentment, as though she had awoken the girl suddenly from a very deep sleep with a bucket of ice water, and not simply explained her reality to her. “Again Ms. Potter, the basis of the Magi family unit is naturally the coven. So being as territorial, as I have been informed you are by your Esquires, goes strongly against what would be your normal set of instincts.”

They were both blushing now, Harry lightly, but Violet was flushed, frowning and shooting suspicious and uncertain glances around the room with only her eyes. The explanation seemed to be bothering the girl, probably having shaken her sense of self a bit.

Considering what she had been told was the girl’s normal behavior though… that was an unfortunate evil that someone had to perform. The school would see how she developed from having this part of her personality agitated, and if was deemed necessary, someone would have to continue to intervene.

Violet couldn’t be allowed to monopolize her brother; it would be an unacceptable waste of potential that couldn’t be allowed.

Molly sighed quietly, noting the reaction of the room as a number of brows furrowed or rose depending on the nature of the students they were attached to. “But moving on, the third type of male is the Incubus, which comes in two varieties, the non-functional and functional varieties, exemplified by Mr. Malfoy and Ms. Zabini respectively. Incubus tend to be less consistently interested in the fairer sex and are typically very effeminate themselves, often to the point that functional Incubi can be easily mistaken for girls even under relatively close scrutiny. It is because
of that that functional Incubi are usually referred to by females prefixes for the sake of simplicity, especially as many of them have little interest in behaving as boy’s do anyway…” Molly pursed her lips, raising an eyebrow annoyed question as a pair of two foot tall fairies slid into the room through a pattern that painted itself high up on the wall near the vaulted ceiling, alighted on iridescent butterfly wings with a shared musical giggle for an instant as they set about sprinkling the room with sparkling scales before popping out of sight with a small flash of violet light.

She resisted the urge to roll her eyes as half the class raised their heads to look for the source of the sound or the glittering dust that rained from the ceiling, only to wrinkle their brows when they saw that the vaulted ceiling was already empty. Hagrid and Xenophilius would have to be told about that, having the creatures harass the students out of class was a necessary evil, but having them disrupt lessons was simply unacceptable.

Tonks would be scorned as well… the ward set on new students at the signing was meant to last them most of the first week at least, the fact that theirs seemed to be failing before even noon of their very first real day at Hogwarts was an issue worth raising to the clumsy teen.

In the meantime, she would have to get Bill to update her classroom’s wards, as the pests had clearly found a way through them yet again.

But for now the matron had more pressing issues, such as the number of faces turning fantastically red which told her immediately that it hadn’t just been scales the mischievous little creatures had been sprinkling off of their wings… which wasn’t good news.

“Everyone focus back up her please…” She pleaded to her students, all of whom were now flushing fantastically, and most of them were showing obvious signs of unnatural arousal. Several edging themselves closer to the students closest to them, Padma and Parvati even kissing each other unashamedly in front of their peers, with a skill and passion that implied that it was not the first time the pair had done so.

This seemed to start a sort of chain reaction, and not a moment later half of the class was groping or kissing at their nearest neighbor, and a number of the girls were masturbating and staring past their surroundings with blank, empty gazes.

Fortunately for her lesson, there was one thing that the Weasley’s were very well known for, and that was their mastery of Fertility magic’s, and intimate knowledge of sex magic was just part of that package.

It certainly was no mistake that Molly had had as many children as she did.

The scene did give her a bit of information on which of her students were sexually active though, as a number of them were mostly unaffected by the fairies’ attempt at drugging. Her daughter Rachel even gave her peers a disdainful snort, before smacking Ron over the head for sneaking in a grope on a pair of little blondes who were sitting next to them and were quite distracted trying to see who could kiss the other harder.

She raised her wand, silently casting a spell. There was a loud popping noise, and all of the dust in the air vanished, switched with the air in another part of the castle.

Her arm waved and her wand flashed a spell across the room, immaterial webbing shot from its tip and wrapped through her students, bringing the ones who hadn’t already realized that their lusts were unnatural gently back to reality as she wound them back down.

“Your attention please!” She demanded calmly before any of them had time to really process what
had just happened “Attention, everyone calm down, eyes up here.” She spoke more loudly, in a
voice that she knew was both motherly and commanding. It worked on Fred and George; it would
work on eleven-year olds.

“Now, that class was the effect of fairy magic.” She addressed them slowly; careful in her
explanation as they gave her confused looks and many of them pointedly ignored their partners of
only a few seconds ago. “Hagrid and Xenophilius will be teaching you more about them
tomorrow.” Molly continued, with a wave of her hand to bring their focus fully back onto herself.

She already knew that that hadn’t been part of their lesson from tomorrow, but she knew the two
men would be easy enough to convince. And really, there were more dangerous things in the castle
for them to teach the children about than Tullies and Tirids.

There was still a lot of blushing faces, though most were now in embarrassment instead of arousal,
and a number of them slid subtly away from their peers as they eyed each other more warily.

“Everyone please focus, so we can get back into the lesson.” She added, speaking loudly again to
further focus their attention back to the podium, making a silent flash of light with her wand to add
emphasis.

“Now back to the subject at hand…” She continued as though she had never been interrupted.
“Incubi have powerful magic at their disposal, specifically when used against females, but they
tend to have the weakest cores of the three varieties. This means that the focus of their power is
usually siphoning magic, drawing up sexual arousal, clouding their own presence from scrutiny or
some combination of the three.”

Padma raised her hand from where she was sitting. “Yes Ms. Patil?” She asked the caramel-
skinned girl warmly, always pleased at children showing initiative.

“There are two other’s that fall into that category, aren’t their?” The girl responded a little smugly,
the Hindu’s obvious foreknowledge of the subject coming in clear even through her accent.

She nodded to the bright little Indian. “Here in Avalon, we do not consider them part of the
category of “Male”. “ She explained to Padma, who nodded in understanding. “But yes, as some of
you might have already realized, there is another group, usually just referred to in England as
“Mixed” instead of male or female. Your Esquire Tonks falls into the first one of the two varieties,
hers being called “Metamorphmagus”, which are noted for their ability to change their appearance.
Around, fifteen to twenty percent of Magi are able to learn some level of the metamorphmagus
ability usually just minor things like changing their skin color, or the length or color of their hair at
will, minor things like that. Ms. Nymphadora is on the other end of this spectrum, and she can
change her form to almost any shape or appearance she could imagine.”

“As you can imagine, this allows her to take any sex, or any combination of sexes, that she desires
for any length of time.” She waved her wand and cleared the blackboard, allowing the chalk to
begin drawing rapid diagrams related to Metamorphmagus shape-shifting abilities.

“The second type is related to the ability of your magic to adapt your physical and metal landscape
to your environment and your behavior.” She gave a quick once over of the girls in class. “This
category is referred to as “Hermaphroditus”, and it is the rarest of all the categories as getting
into it is mostly luck based. It specifically requires girls to intentionally displaying more masculine
behaviors before you first bond to a male. Then if you are lucky, after a period of a few weeks or
months your genitals may undergo a partial transformation that will create a set of testicles and a
penis out of the clitoris and part of the inner skin of the vaginal lips.” The new information
scrawled itself across the blackboard quickly. “If any of you girls are interested in this, it is
important to note that if you bond to a male or metamorphagus you would completely lose any 
chance you might have to be able to do this. It should also be noted however, that you can still 
bond with boys and even reproduce with them after the fact, as your vagina will still be present 
behind your new testicles, though it will be partially atrophied.” She finished, having intentionally 
used the medical terminology to reduce the number of giggles from the children.

“The wide varieties of dimorphism are believed to be the long-term effect of centuries of fertility 
potions and rituals of various types used to offset various purges and genocides against Wizarding 
kind by various historical empires, as well as the naturally lower birth rates that tended to be quite 
typical in ancestral mages according to our historical records.” She continued primly, setting them 
up for their future lesson with Binns.

“It may also have more than a little bit to do with various religious rituals practiced in days of yore, 
but we’ll not be speaking of such things here…” She trailed off as she planted the seed of inquiry in 
at least a few students, if they wanted to learn more about that they would have to look into it 
themselves.

She smiled at the thought as her eyes slid for an instant to the clock; she still had twenty minutes 
left to give them a few pointers on basic etiquette. “I think it’s about time to switch tracks here a 
bit, as we’re getting a little late on time.” Molly added, smiling ironically as a number of children 
from Wizarding families turned their attention back to her for a moment. “Let’s get into some of 
the more general, non sex related subjects; we can continue with coven and female dimorphism 
ext time…”

Hermione was hoping there was a little more meat in the next class.

Because while learning about the sexual dimorphism possible in Magi had been embarrassing 
though certainly fascinating, it had been followed by almost twenty minutes of little more than the 
more basic kind of Etiquette lessons that she had been pretty much expecting from the get go…

Don’t be unkind to the castle servants regardless of what kind of servant they were, don’t hassle 
slaves and servants that are not your own, respect older students and other authority figures, don’t 
tentionally destroy things, no fighting outside of areas reinforced to withstand potential damages, 
etc. etc. etc…

As far as she was concerned, the only thing of any real substance after the explanation on the 
various types of wizard had been when Professor Weasley had described the point system at the 
very end. And while points were something she was certainly interested in earning as many of as 
possible, there seemed to be little much more to it than that they were used to determine which 
house a First-Year would end up in, and who got the house cup at the end of the year.

At least she had been spared the humiliation doing any more than squeezing her sister tight when 
the fairies had attacked them. Not that the rest of the class had any decency, and she was fairly 
certain that Padma and Parvati had been merely pretending to be under the magic’s effects…

Fortunately, the next class seemed like it would have a bit more… grit to it, at least if the almost 
total change of scenery that had taken place between their first class and this one.

After Professor Weasley had finished her lecture Tonks and the other Esquires had returned. The 
professor had immediately pulled Tonks off to the side to have a whispered conversation, which
left Penny and Tai to lead them away to their next class.

It had taken almost twenty minutes of walking through a labyrinth of decorated hallways crowded with students and servants before they had come to the final staircase, which itself had taken at least five minutes of tightly winding descent before it had opened up to what was obviously their next classroom.

It was the polar opposite of Mrs. Weasley’s classroom, a dark and dimly lit stone chamber, lorded over by the presence of the glowering elderly man seated on a stool. He was sat just behind a circular indentation in the floor, which appeared to be filled with something like multi-colored sand, ringed by a half-circle of pillows set on the bare stone floor.

The man himself was definitely old and of a wild appearance, with withered grey skin and a huge wild burst of white hair atop his head, only matched by an untamed white beard sprouting from his face that curled madly in every direction. Perched cross-legged as he was on his wooden stool, what looked to be a bear-fur wrapped around his brilliantly colored and patterned tunic, he gave off the feeling of someone halfway between madness and brilliance.

Both Penny and Tai brushed past them straight to the front of the group and bowed at the waist, that their manner didn’t seem to contain even a hint of disingenuousness certainly seemed to speak volumes about the importance of the person before them.

“Go out Esquires, my lesson is about to begin.” He commanded in an unexpectedly strong and deep voice as the pair rose from their bows, beckoning them both with a sweep of a gnarled arm.

Hermione, positioned near the front of the group as she was, thought for an instant that she might have seen a smirk flash across Tai’s Egyptian face as the bald teen spun in place and vanished from view with Penny.

But before she had time to think about it the professor turned his attention to them. “Well… are you going to all just stand there like a bunch of grotesques, or are you going to take your seats so I can begin?” He demanded of them sternly, raising a thickly bushy eyebrow high and revealing pure whiteness in his gaze, showing his eyes to be without pupils of any sort.

Dior was actually the first to move out of their group, the willowy blonde strutting out with a confidence that cloaked any intimidation or uncertainty the taller girl might have been experiencing, taking a cross-legged seat on one of the middle pillows directly in front of one of the tall candelabra’s scattered about the stone chamber.

Well she certainly wasn’t going to let the blonde show her up, and she grabbed Melody’s hand with a small frown, marching forward to the front row as everyone else trickled to the pillows slightly behind her.

Hermione spared Melody a quick glance as her sister sat down on the stone next to her pillow idly, wondering for a brief instant where her younger sister might have gotten a cheese wedge from before Padma sat down onto the cushion next to her with an excited grin and the thought was banished from her mind.

“Hmmmm…” The professor grumbled down at them. Glaring down with eyes that had no right to be able to see anything, none the less the crowd of students before him, and yet he stopped and looked at each student in their turn taking what had to be almost a full minute before he finally spoke. “I am Lord Kexy Roomthily, and I will be your instructor for Magical Studies this year.” He explained more quietly than he had addressed them earlier, his face and voice softening as he spoke. “The subject of my class is the minutiae of magic, how it works, why it works, where it
comes from, and why it does as it does.” He explained coolly. “We will not be learning any spells or
curses in this class, nothing as crude as simple wand waving, but that does not mean that you
will not learn magic in my class. Indeed we will be opening up your whole to a wide variety of new
experiences; experiences that will be more useful to you as any spell or potion should you master
them.”

He paused for a moment, studying them calmly. “Now tell me children; have any of you any great
depth of understanding in higher mathematics?”

Hermione swiftly raised her hand, noting immediately that she and Padma seemed to be the only
ones easily visible from their places front and center who were doing so.

Lord Roomthily sighed loudly. “Well there go my hopes for an easy year.” He muttered quietly to
himself, then more loudly addressed them all again. “We’ll I hope you are all ready for a quick
lesson, because if you want to understand today’s topic, you’ll need to understand a bit of
geometry.”

His bony arm waved at the large sand filled indent in the stone floor, making patterns swirl as
though moved by an unfelt wind. “Tell me Hellen, what you know of the work of Euclid…” he
asked suddenly, prompting Hermione with a pointed look.

Hermione swallowed thickly at the question, but answered with confidence. “He is renowned as the
Father of Elements and as the inventor of the logically coherent mathematical framework that
allowed mathematics to be easy to use and easy to reference, including the system of rigorous
mathematical proofs that remains the basis of mathematics in the present day, despite the fact that
over twenty-two centuries have passed since his original works were penned.” She finished
nervously in one breath, drawing a deep breath in what she hoped was a subtle manner.

“Good, very good, now Euclid has been renowned as the inventor of practical mathematics, and
today we are going to dabble into a little bit of his work so that I might begin to explain to you all
at a later date how cores function in relation to magic and the world as whole, which in turn relates
to how Hogwarts can do the things it can do architecturally, and where you’re Esquires keep going
when they disappear.” He spoke quickly, a small grin blooming below his white mustache. “Allow
me to demonstrate.”

Hermione blinked, not quite understanding how those subjects could possibly be related, but as
Lord Roomthily waved his hand again things began to take shape in her mind.

The colorful sand swirled, until only a red line was left in a pale white bowl. “Behold the line, the
first dimension of space in which all existence is only left and right motions, nothing but forward
and backwards along its length.” The sand shifted again, shortening and bending the red line until
it snapped into a red arrow, which spawned a blue arrow at a ninety degree angle from the red one.
“Now if we want to move in another direction we must insert back and forth, by adjoining a
dimension that is at a ninety degree angle from left and right.”

Lord Roomthily reached into a fold in his clothing, withdrawing a pipe and a small sack. He
swiftly withdrew a pinch of something grey and fleshy and stuffed it into the pipe, snapping his
fingers after replacing the sack to create a lit flame above his index finger that he used to light
whatever he had packed the bowl with. “Now,” he said as he took a deep draw, exhaling a large
cloud of impossibly geometric purple smoke through his nose, “this is the world closest to the
basic mathematics of Euclid. A flat-land of two dimensional shapes, squares circles, hexagons,
whatever else have you, all existing on a flat two dimensional plain.” Alongside the arrows, there
now appeared a bevy of two-dimensional colored shapes of various types as he spoke, scurrying
back and forth across the white sands frantically as he took another draw from the pipe.
“We however, cannot exist in only two dimensions…” He paused for a moment, visibly gauging the class with his sightless eyes. “Ms. Li, how shall we rectify this most vexing conundrum and explain our own apparent existence?” He probed, snapping Hermione out of her information absorbing trance to crane her neck looking for the person called upon.

A tiny pale little girl, obviously from Sinae or somewhere of close kindred, answered him after sweeping her coal-black hair from her ever-squinted eyes. “Add another D-” she frowned and cut her thickly accented answer off, whispering heatedly to what Hermione assumed must have been the girl’s own Tully before resuming. “Add a dimension at ninety degrees to the first two…?” She replied again, with a hint of uncertainty in her voice.

Their bearded instructor hummed in approval. “Indeed.” He grumbled deeply, motioning again to the sands, as the colored arrows squirmed and writhed in defiance, before a third green arrow snapped up out of the sand. Not as a flat two dimensional shape, but a thin cylinder of dust with a sharp geometrical arrowhead atop it, pointing towards the low stone ceiling.

Then in an instant half of the shapes in the ‘pool’ of sand seemed to ripple before suddenly popping up out of the dust as fully formed three-dimensional versions of their previous shapes.

“Now children, take a deep breath and allow me show to you something greater…” He added cryptically, reaching out an arm, and summoning an organically smooth crystalline staff from the dark recesses of the room.

He simply tapped the edge of the sandpit with the butt of the staff and a razor thin plane of white sand rose into the air, a loose half-transparent circle of glimmering motes inhabited by the still flat half of the shapes that had appeared earlier. Colorful shapes which were still carrying about their scurrying heedless of the fact that they were now floating above the ground on a plain tilted at about thirty degrees.

“Now to the humble denizens of the two dimensional world, nothing from their perspective has changed despite my action of lifting their plane of existence, as they can only sense back and forth and left and right and only see their entire world as a single flat line in any direction they turn to infinity. Only the colors of the other shapes allow them to distinguish each other from the flat expanse of the plane itself.”

He reached out another gnarled hand, puffing the pipe clenched between his teeth, and a blue ball of sand rose from the pit and into the air. “Now imagine what the modest little square near the edge here must see as I pass the sphere I have here through the plane.” His hand moved slowly, edging the sphere through the sand at a sedate pace until it had passed through entirely to the other side. “From the square’s perspective he has just seen a blue point appear in unoccupied space from nowhere, expand into a large circle and then contract back into a point then vanish from his view entirely, this applies to any three-dimensional shape that we might pass through the plane.” He said with a grin, and something snapped together inside Hermione’s brain.

“That’s it!” She found herself shouting indignantly to herself in Greek before she even knew what she was doing. Lord Roomthily raised an inquisitive eyebrow at her, a look of cool questioning on
his wrinkled face, most likely with much less worrying about her sanity than the looks most of the rest of the rooms occupants were most certainly throwing her way.

She didn’t care about them right now. Hermione finally had the answer to what in God’s name was wrong with everything around her, and that was all the succor she needed at the moment.

“There is an extra spatial dimension parallel to the third!” She said, distracted entirely from the room around her now, still speaking to herself in swift Greek. “That’s why there’s all this abominable shape-changing architecture!” It showed how distracted the revelation had gotten her that she didn’t realize she was being so loud until after Lord Roomthily’s magic pulled her back down into reality with a crisp but amused feeling grasp.

She had been literally sparking, she realized as she saw the glow reflected in the sand before she slammed it down, caught uncertain as to whether that or her interruption filled her with more mortification.

Her gaze snapped past the sand-pit, expecting to see the old man glowering down at her with the intensity he had displayed earlier.

Instead he was grinning slightly, a sort of ironic look on his wrinkled visage. “Well, aren’t you the excitable one, hmm?” He chuckled, taking another deep draw from his pipe and blowing yet another cloud of purple smoke. “At attention lads, now you know one of the things that makes this lass tick.” He joked lightheartedly, bringing a few light chuckles and a spring of blushes from half the boys in the room. Which was embarrassing, but at least it wasn’t the shocked and disbelieving looks of only a second ago.

She would have kept thinking about how she had probably just humiliated herself in front of the entire class, with her thoughts swirling wildly. Fortunately for her standing, the purple smoke clouds their teacher had been blowing out had finally slid sinuously into their space and she was breathing quite quickly already from her little rant, which only meant that the half-panic she had been experiencing helped draw the vapor into her lungs even more swiftly.

Sparks immediately blinked into existence in the edges of her vision, little glimmering motes of unlight that flickered and popped in and out of view as though emerging and then hiding themselves behind an invisible veil.

It was the smoke, she realized as her vision began to tunnel, the edges darkening and expanding into something new at once. Whatever he had put into the pipe was more than just common tobacco, it was something deeper. The connection came swiftly after that thought, his lesson clicking solidly with the unnatural twisting of reality around her.

“So I see children, the fungus is finally having its effect. “ He spoke in a pleased whisper, which seemed to distort strangely as her mind registered the words. “Breathe deeply, so we can continue out lesson.”

Hermione’s lungs worked in the smoke with deep breaths without her prompting, and she was suddenly aware of shimmering things, shapes and things that were more than shapes seemingly becoming barely visible just beyond the edge of her vision, like she was seeing all around herself.

“Left and right, back and forth, up and down… tell me children, what comes next?” Roomthily’s voice echoed playfully from the void.

The whole room was fuzzy, indistinct, and glimmering with strange half-hidden things, but Hermione noticed that her magic felt firm, unbothered by the changes in her other senses. No… that wasn’t right, it was simply becoming more clear to her what was out there… what existed on
the other side of… in and out… Ana and Kata.

Then, she felt a tremendous wave of insight hit her and the urge to shout “Eureka!” became almost overwhelming as the veil passed her by with the force of a gale wind, and she understood what the Lord had meant when he had told Tai and Penny to go out.

It was like a dam had burst in her mind with a variety of hidden colors, suddenly she could see it all. Tai and Penny were ‘out’, but they hadn’t even left the room, merely gone to a part of it she had been unable to sense properly before. Now they stood tall, safely protected by shimmering bubbles of protective magic which distorted the hyperspace around them, both flanking the dense and smoky geometric thunderhead of flat blinking eyes that she quickly realized could be none other than Lord Roomthily’s magic core visible to her new senses thanks to whatever sorcery was to be found in the mushroom smoke.

She could see other things now too, like the insides of the castles walls and the organs of people near her, but they were dim and half-real compared to the new sight she had found.

Magic was the substance of this place, the new dimension she had poked her vision into through the effect of whatever Roomthily had been smoking, and in this place she could see it, and see it clearly.

There were the cores of her varying classmates, the glowing little presences of the Tully’s flickering by a few of them from foreign lands, each and all of them appearing distinctly different from one another, but there were other things too… the sorts of things that had doubtlessly been the subject of some fiery sermon she had heard in her life back in Constantinople, even if she didn’t remember the details now.

Undulating wisps of half-clouds of magic rippled through the aether, hurriedly chasing congeries of bubbles through no longer solid walls, or past the event horizons of swirling whirlpools of crackling colors she had never seen before.

Cubes, which exploded into impossible shapes on vertices the would have never dreamed of shape-shifted past her as their many faces rippled like light cast on the surface of a soap bubble. Crowding around stranger things which seemed only half-real that she could never hope to identify.

Then in an instant her greedy eye opened itself too wide, and the strain on her untested mind was simply too much, and her vision slipped into shadow and the darkness flung her into its gentle embrace.

Tonks had sent Penny and Tai to take the First-Years to lunch, while again she had more pressing issues to attend to.

So as she stared slightly down into the cataract eyes of Lord Roomthily, the bearded archmage smiling a slightly cheekily smile beneath his wild white beard as he puffed his mind-opening mushrooms. “Fifteen mostly unaffected, thirty experiencing mild symptoms of pineal awakening, with-”

“Twenty passed out entirely from sensorial overload.” She finished for him, more than a little put out that he would choose this as his first lesson. The First-Years were proving to be enough trouble without being drugged up on hallucinogens this early in the day.

“Indeed, they show a great deal of promise.” He opined calmly, if not a little smugly. “But I feel it
is of greater importance to note that the signing ward around your half of the party seems to have almost entirely fallen Nymphadora, and that is degrading the ward of the second party’s at an alarming rate.”

That got a sigh out of her, and she resisted the urge to correct him on her name. “Yeah I’ve been informed; Mrs. Weasley already had an incident with a couple of fairies during their first class.” She gave the old Lord a scrutinizing eye, recalling easily the second sight the man was so famous for. “Do you have any idea what might be causing it?”

He nodded sharply. “It seems that the little Helen is infected with a mana parasite.” He informed her. “Nothing that would be too dangerous, but its leeching affect seems to have drained the ward down, it isn’t that important as the signing ward is only supposed to last for a week or so anyways but it is still an issue that will need to be resolved at some point.”

Her brow crinkled at his wording. “It’s on Melody?” She asked quickly, more perplexed than anything else. “She doesn’t even have a proper core; she’s just her sisters bonded serva-” Tonks cut herself off. “It’s been feeding on Hermione’s magic since before she even left Byzantium, hasn’t it.”

Kexy blew a geometric burst of smoke from his nostrils. “Indeed I would not doubt it, I was surprised you hadn’t noticed it earlier though, but I suppose your own proclivities had you sufficiently distracted… Three on the first night, I think that must be a new record for you, isn’t it Nymphadora?” He revealed smugly, wiggling his bushy eyebrows at her.

“I- that’s-” But he cut her off before she could continue stuttering.

“Three girls who were obviously bloated with your magic, for reasons I trust were at least tangentially related to your actual job?” He chuckled at her, raising a thick and bushy white eyebrow up and gazing above the stairway up’s threshold. “One of whom is currently waiting on you for what I would assume to be a second helping.”

She blinked, blushing very lightly at the conversations sudden change in direction. “Dior?” She probed him, unable to see through that much warding and stone without delving far deeper into her own magic, but already strongly suspecting that she had the right guess.

And she was spot on. “I should think the latest Malfoy girl might be a tad spoiled if you ask me.” The old lord lectured to no one in particular as the candles across the room went out with a gust of unfelt wind, leaving only the lanterns by the stairway behind her lit.

Lord Kexy Roomthily grinned and spun on his heels, wandering confidently into the darkness, needing nothing as quaint as mortal light to see his path. “Monitor the infected child Tonks,” he commanded her from the shadows, “a parasite such as that should have had no place to exist in Byzantium… I believe that there is more to this story than we yet know.”

Tonks blinked at the wall of darkness as he faded from view entirely. He hadn’t dismissed her, at least not properly, but she supposed that she had orders… and a blonde energy leech waiting for her at the top of the stairs.

She could have taken the stairs slowly, going over the various possible reasons the still half-drugged little blonde might have been waiting for her.

That would have been the responsible thing to do, and unfortunately Tonks had used all her responsibility up dealing with Hermione earlier.
Launching herself up the winding staircase with a burst of magic and a gust of displaced air, stopping just in time to narrowly avoid tripping over the last stair which raised itself to prevent students from just bursting into the hallway at full speed, she was alerted to Dior’s location the instant she exited the threshold by the coltish waif’s startled yelp as the rush of air followed her up the stairs and out into the hallway.

“Look what we have here…” She teased down to her fallen cousin as she stepped out of the staircase, the blonde having obviously been standing too close to the passageway for her own good.

The First-Year was less amused, shooting her a half-glassy glare as she pulled herself up from the ground. “Co- could have stopped earlier.” Dior admonished her drunkenly still swaying a little unsteadily as she stood to her, slightly above average for her age, height, still presumably a good bit doped up from Kexy’s mushrooms.

Tonk’s let a catty grin cross her lips as she looked down at the shorter girl. “But if I had stopped earlier it wouldn’t have been a surprise.” She teased the little Malfoy playfully.

The glare coming her way doubled and she just grinned wider in response. “Anyways, I presume that you had a reason to skip your meal waiting for me?” She probed the scowling girl bluntly. “Or did you just miss hanging out with your big sissy Tonks?” She asked, giving Dior’s cheeks a squeeze.

Dior pulled back in annoyance and swayed a little, and then abruptly her face softened heavily as she fell into Tonks’s surprised arms. “Hungry…” Was her young cousins muffled response, which emanated up from between the teenagers breasts as the girl nuzzled at them in a sudden but obvious daze.

“I would have suggested actually going to lunch then.” She shot down a little smugly, amused by the normally arrogant younger girl’s abnormally subdued behavior and already understanding that she wanted something other than material food.

“No-I…” The blonde responded obliviously to her own obliviousness, Tonks feeling her quiet voice in her breasts as much as she heard it with her ears. “I need a secret.” She finally whispered, wrapping her arms around Tonks’s waist affectionately as she limped against her taller body.

That connected the dots immediately for the teen. “You nervous that Hermione might give you a shock down the road, a little payback maybe?” She responded shrewdly to the blonde, idly fingering one of the girl’s braids. “If you’re looking for something to tide her over, it’ll have to be pretty juicy, she was not pleased after the embarrassment you two put her through.”

She felt the change in the girl’s demeanor though her magic before anything had changed visibly. “Aaaarrrrg!” Dior snarled into her chest, pulling slightly back in abrupt frustration. “It was fucking perfect Tonks!” She bemoaned dazedly. “We HAD her!” The blonde explained, stomping a slender leg petulantly as she ran a free hand over her crinkled brow. “Shes was drained, her defenses were down, and if I had gotten one more bloody minute I could have gotten a temporary bond on her. Just one nip and I would have had my position secured… we would have had her melting in our hands in seconds.”

It was then, exactly as Tonks had suspected of her. The aristocratic girl had been looking to fill the holes in her weaker parasitic core type by snatching up a powerful rival early on. “I suppose that’s was true until Violet let herself in to the equation… speaking of which I would think you would be more worried about sating her than Hermione, she has a much harsher temper for things like this from what I’ve seen so far.”
And alarm bells started ringing in the teen’s head as soon as she finished that sentence, a sly grin crossing Dior’s punch-drunk features. “Firecrotch was almost too easy to deal with,” the eleven-year old admitted in a quietly pleased tone of voice, “too obsessed with her brother for her own good.” She whispered up the front of Tonks’s yellow robe conspiratorially. “You left Blaise down with us girls and I just happened to let slip which tent my brother was sleeping in…” the blonde elaborated with a wicked little grin.

“I figure that’ll keep her distracted long enough to forget I was ever involved.” She finished, pressing her face back into Tonks’s stomach a little tiredly.

It was quite a devious strategy, though Tonks wasn’t about to just out and admit that to the preteen. On the other hand though, there were quite a few ways that it could backfire spectacularly if things didn’t go just so.

But before she could voice any possible advice, Dior escalated the situation by sliding her slender little hand between the folds of Tonks’s robe to clasp at her half-hard member.

Clearly she wanted to earn herself something worthy of satisfying her Helen rival, and she wanted it now.

“Shit, impatient much?” She hissed down to Dior, grabbing the girl by the shoulders and drawing them both back into a fold that opened up in the wall behind her with a pulse of her magic, folding it as far over them as she could before casting a small glamour with a flick of her free hand to further obscure them. It wouldn’t fool a determined observer, but they would be hidden well enough from passing glances. Not that there was likely to be too many people out and about this far into the citadel during lunch time, but it never hurt to hedge your bets.

With that accomplished, she moved to grip Dior’s braids as the girl fell into a kneeling position at her feet. “Oh my little speck of gold, you must be famished…” She ribbed her cousin with a tone that was only slightly mocking, enjoying the way the girl groaned lustily into her robe despite any former pretenses the blonde might have had in more public settings.

Whoever bonded Dior was in for a treat as far as Tonks was concerned, provided they could keep up with the her libido behind closed doors…

As she pulled the blonde’s head back, the look in the younger girl’s eyes betrayed her mental state easily. Dior had fallen into a compulsion all on her own, and the second Tonks pulled her face away from the warm crotch of her robe the girl’s magic flashed forward, drawing against her own with an icy chill as she greedily drew power off her larger core.

“You know if you wanted to trade for information, I’m supposed to get something out of this too, right?” Tonks asked the younger girl rhetorically, already knowing that in the state she was in at the moment, drugged up on mushrooms and magic, that the eleven-year old wouldn’t hear her.

Instead Dior’s slender face shot beneath the gap her hand had opened in her now disordered robe, making her gasp as the girl took the front of her hardening shaft into her mouth of her own volition. Her breath hissed between her clenched teeth as her cousin slathered her slender little tongue along the underside of her hardening length, licking and sucking lightly as magic flowed quickly between them.

It was much the same treatment that she had demanded last night, but deep inside the teen knew she could get more.

Her hands reached down and gripped at both of the girl’s twin braids on impulse, a positively
wicked idea forming in her head as she struggled slightly to keep her own thoughts ordered enough to do what she was about to do properly.

It was with a whimper of confusion that found Dior with a much slimmer length of “manhood” grasped between her lips, the underside of the hard shaft between her lips literally shrinking until her parted lips were easily able to fit halfway around it. A voice deep inside her head instantly jumped to alert, maybe realizing just what was about to happen before her magic or subconscious did. However, it was far too late to do anything about it, and only her conscious mind was even slightly worried about what might have been about to transpire.

The slender fingers clenched themselves around her twin braids and pulled her back for what felt like the umpteenth time, the voice of her compulsion only reflecting waves on unsatisfied and frustrated greed back into her mind. Barely aware of Tonks’s throaty voice above her giving her the order to “open wide”, except to obey the wellspring of magic currently in a position of power and control above her.

Her lips parted numbly, and her brain paused as Tonks’s robe slid fully open and she found herself starring down the full length of the teen’s spear as the fat head was rested on the tip of her limply outstretched tongue.

It was at this point that even her ever greedy magic seemed to understand just what was about to happen to them, as the helmeted head of the much thinned battering ram slipped just barely between her lips.

There was a whisper above her, echoing from someplace that in that instant felt very far away as sparks from before danced anew in the corners of her vision. The words “I hope she doesn’t puke…” whispered in an under the breath mutter, sliding quiet and sinuous across her mind’s eye.

Then the well rounded hips that seemed miles away from where the helmet rested just past her stretched lips rammed forward with a harsh jerk, and in the space of a time she couldn’t even measure as drugged up as she was, the head slammed hard into the opening of her throat and came crashing hard against her tonsils in a single smooth motion.

She gagged immediately of course, despite the burst of sick pleasure that had one of her hands sliding instinctively under her own robe to grind against her legging coated sex, instantly choking on the tip of the head as it was suddenly forced into her unprepared throat.

Her mind seemed to click as sick pleasure mixed with the urge to gag, her vision flashing as her magic hissed and cracked icily beneath the oceanic weight of the core enveloping her in its power. Like the night before, it came with the urge to service and to feed, but now she was the sole recipient of the entirety of the power and it simply overwhelmed her like a wisp of smoke in a hurricane.

Her magic soared as the musky scents of iron and salt enveloped her sense of smell and heightened the pleasure bursting in rolling waves up from between her slender thighs, elated with each fresh wave of foreign power that splashed down from on high, and grappling out with frenzied tendrils to absorb at everything it could. Her body on the other hand, other than her actual free hand, was still mid retch when the tip of the helmet freed itself from the entrance to her throat with a pop that echoed audibly through the inside of her skull.

Tonks moaned loudly somewhere high above her, and the shaft which had slid back to her lips in the space of less than a second slammed back into her mouth even harder than before, and a subtly smaller helmet managed to lodge itself fully halfway into the entrance of her throat with the second thrust.
This time her entire body shook with the force of her gagging, as orgasmic stars burst up from her crotch to cloud her vision a hazy red, her arms lashed out to instinctively to push against the knees in front of her, and she had to physically will her body back under control with the moment of clarity bought by the magic her core had stolen so voraciously to prevent herself from pushing the teens knees away a second time.

All at once she was suddenly close to herself again, still held powerfully under the powerful compulsion that had her hand rubbing furiously between her legs, but at long last the influence of the drug was completely banished from her mind.

Now she was wholly back in the physical, her magic’s obsession with gluttoning itself notwithstanding, and now she was able to fully reciprocate the teenager’s intentions as she masturbated her own swollen sex. The corners of her stretched lips quirked as far upwards as they could get as she increased her suction, slathering her tongue along the head of the Tonks’s shaft, making the teenager moan whorishly and curse a variety of deities.

“That’s it; I ain’t going easy on you from her on out cuz!” The shape-shifter warned her sternly, glaring down into her upturned eyes with an absolutely wicked grin that Dior didn’t quite comprehend. “You’re gonna earn a secret today alright.”

And with that warning Tonks gripped her braids tighter, pulling at her golden hair and straightening her head out level as she violently rammed her shaft forward for the third time, and this time the now perfectly adjusted helmet slid entirely past the opening of her throat with the rest of the eight-inch shaft following quickly behind.

Dior didn’t’ gag this time when the shaft stopped a good bit over halfway into the vice of her throat, with its flared helmet lodged in the very base of her neck, drooling precum that sent bursts of hot warmth emanating from just above the bones of her clavicle and fresh wetness dripping down her legs. She did choke though, and had to resist the urge to add her piss to the slickness that drooled freely from the wedge of flesh nestled between her slender legs, trembling uncontrollably at the stretched sensation of the inside of her neck. Her body jerking hard enough that she felt her knees scrape themselves harshly against the stone floor.

“Alright slut, here it comes!” Was the harshly whispered warning from Tonks as the teenager withdrew the shaft from her slender neck, a wave of saliva following it out and exploding out from around where the helmet had stopped at the back of her lips, wetting the front of her silk tunic as her spit dripped rapidly down her chin.

This was followed immediately with another powerful thrust, and she felt her throat distend even further as Tonks’s helmet came to rest somewhere that felt like it was below her clavicle but just above her sternum, but this time there was not time to process what was happening as the teenager’s grip on her hair tightened and she began slamming herself into Dior’s throat with all of her strength as fast as she could go.

Tonks could have lasted longer if she had tried, she could have easily drawn this little session out, but seeing how good she was at popping throats wasn’t the point of this little transaction. So it was with little hesitance that she decided to simply rut into the First-Years face, she had gone through the trouble to adjust herself to safely fit for just that purpose anyways, and she figured she would just enjoy herself for the moment.

Besides, was going to get chewed out for this by Penny later regardless of how long she lasted.

So it was with a throaty moan only about a minute later that she gave in to the rising tide of her orgasm, feeling her sack draw up close to the junction of her thighs as she slammed home
completely in her little cousin’s deliciously tight throat for the first time in the entire session.

Dior’s suction on her shaft stopped abruptly as the end of her cock slid somewhere deep inside the girl she had not touched before. Her slender frame shaking again as she gagged hard enough that Tonks would have normally been worried, but instead it only prompted her to grab the back of the blonde’s head fully and pull her lips flush with her pubic mound, nuzzling the girls nose into the wild patch of tangled purple hairs that lay just above the base of her shaft.

The she came.

It was like a volt of lightning bursting from her groin, spreading a sort of painful pleasure steadily until her entire frame was shivering wildly and she was biting her lip bloody to keep from moaning like a cheap whore. Semen surged down her shaft, exploding somewhere in Dior’s chest and prompting another round of desperate gagging from the girl as the blonde drooled out helplessly from where her lips were sealed against Tonks’s groin, and the waves of cum kept coming and coming because she kept coming and coming…

By the time she had finally recovered her wits she was leaning hard against the wall behind her, Dior’s limp form flopped helplessly in front of her only held on to her groin by the intense grip she had in the back of the blonde’s head, the girl obviously having been dragged along several feet by her head during her orgasm. There was no suction on her penis now that her orgasm was finished, just the languid working of the eleven-year olds throat; the waifish blonde’s blue eyes rolled more than half up into their sockets in oxygen depleted delirium.

Having finished cumming after what had to have been nearly thirty or forty seconds, the pleasure burned against her sensitive flesh so deliciously that she was loath to lose it, already feeling another peak building as she ground Dior’s face against her pelvis.

However, the effect of the lack of oxygen was undeniable on her younger cousin, and as Tonks watched her eyes rolled back completely into her head. The blonde was red-faced, and drooling uncontrollably as her slender little body twitched every few seconds.

She gently released her grip on the smaller girls head but she got no reaction besides a particularly hard twitch in the girl’s slender legs as the girl started peeing herself, so with a bit of hesitation she gripped Dior by the sides of her head and withdrew herself in a slow smooth motion.

The instant the head of her cock popped free from the back of the girls throat, a literal explosion of silvery semen followed it, the first of it bursting in twin streams from her aristocratically upturned nose before she was halfway out of the girls mouth, which prompted enough life back into the blonde for her to pull back off of Tonks’s member all on her own to vomit at least a cup’s worth of the stuff into the puddle of saliva, girl cum, and pee on the stone flagstones.

Tonks ran a hand over her sweaty purple bangs, resisting the dark urge to take the girl’s throat again as her shivering younger cousin tried to figure out how to stop pissing all over herself, stop vomiting up her cum and breathe all at the same time. Then Dior trembled so hard that she fell backwards and succeeded in splattering the entire front of her black tunic with the second great splash of milky vomited semen.

Fortunately the rest of her gift stayed in the girl’s stomach, though she was still bent over cramping with a hand gripping her belly, allowing the blonde to take a series of great heaving breaths desperate for air after nearly two full minutes of having her mouth and throat abused like she was a sex slave.

By the time Dior was done gasping for breath Tonks was almost painfully hard again, but she had
already taken what she had been promised, so she simply righted her own clothes with a quick flick of her hand, cocooning away her erection behind her robe and cloak.

She could always find Penny or one of her other girl’s later anyways.

Dior righted herself slightly upright as Tonks’s cloak slid shut, drawing herself up on scuffed knees to gaze up at her a little heatedly, though it was visibly obvious the look on her face that the girl had cum herself, probably more than once. Her cute cousin was still red-faced and breathing heavily, but not as desperately as before.

Before the blonde could say anything she leaned down to the girl, nuzzling her nose against the blonde’s wet cheek so she could whisper into her ear. “You wanted a secret, I’ll give you a secret worthy of Granger’s attention…” She murmured slyly, taking a second to allow tension to build.

“The Chamber of Secrets is real.” She hissed quietly, noting how Dior’s breath hitched at the revelation, before she spun swiftly and banished magic she had placed down earlier.

“And I believe you are very late for lunch…” She finished as though nothing at all had happened, cleaning the floor and the girl with a single cleaning spell, and noting with another grin how Dior blushed fantastically and gripped at her stomach again at the mere mention of putting anything else inside it.

\S

Considering how alternately boring or annoying today had been so far, Violet was considering their next class a major improvement over the first two.

It had taken them a long walk from the main citadel where their first two classes had been, deep in the center of the castle, out past the innermost wall where their dorms were located and onto the second wall.

Now she sat next to her brother, her freckled legs dangling freely over the edge of the climbing wall they were currently at the summit of. A sheer hundred feet of wooden boards angled various ways, with fittings of caoutchouc handholds arranged at every few feet to make climbing the thing possible at all.

She and her twin by the gift of their slight but muscular frames, had managed to climb to the top in under a minute, which had prompted her to ask the rather roguish looking man who stood grinning at the very top what would happen to anyone who fell off.

That a cushioning charm was in place to break any falls had prompted her to jump over the edge, intentionally missing where Blaise and Draco were struggling up by only about a foot.

Draco, having not noticed her jump, had let go of his handholds in shock when the wind-shear of her fall had passed so close behind him. By the time he had hit the invisible cushion at the bottom and rearranged himself to yell at her she had already been nearly halfway back up, cackling to herself the entire climb.

Reaching the top for the second time, to Harry rolling his eyes at her, she had again asked the now rakishly grinning man who introduced himself as Sirius, if she was allowed to knock the other students off the wall.

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He had informed her with the same shit-eating grin that was plastered across her lips, that she while she was not allowed to hit them herself, that close misses didn’t count as they would have to be the ones to let go themselves.
The twenty minutes of harassing her classmates that had followed had left her coated in a sheen of sweat thick enough to plaster her normally puffy mane of hair to her head and beaming from ear to ear, though she never did manage to knock Blaise off the wall. By the time she had gotten bored with the activity she found herself mostly over her annoyance of that morning and even her boredom at their first classes anyways.

She still wasn’t sure what they had been trying to accomplish in the bearded man’s class, but she only knew that it had left her confused and obnoxiously dizzy.

This was how she had come to her present situation, watching most of her peers fail.

“You can do it Suzan!” The weird ember toting blonde from two days earlier cheered on a slightly pudgy girl with long but straight red hair.

The tan skinned boy just slightly above them was less enthusiastic of Suzan’s chances. “Maybe if you didn’t eat so many pastries at breakfast you could climb easier!” He shouted slightly down to the pair in annoyance, sweat visible on his brow even from as far above them as she was.

Personally, with the violent way his gangly arms were shaking, Violet didn’t think he had a lot of room to talk about physical fitness. Suzan however, took another interpretation to the comment. “They were worth it!” She shouted shrilly, lunging upwards and barely catching onto the handhold above her.

“Maybe,” a calm male voice spoke behind her, “starting them on the wall was just a bit much for their first day.”

Violet turned, along with the dozen other students who had managed to make it to the top of the wall despite her best efforts.

Another more mousy looking man had arrived from the hallway behind them, he was thin and much more clean-shaven unlike Sirius who sported a goatee, and was wearing very plain and simple grey robes unlike Sirius’s black and gold.

“Come on Moony…” Sirius answered with a carefree grin. “If we don’t start their physical training somewhere I’ll be left with nothing to do later.” He shot back.

The aforementioned Moony gave the other man a withering look. “As much fun as I am sure you’re having here, we did have a lesson planned for today, one that can only happen if they actually reach the classroom before the period ends.”

Sirius, who at this time Violet was decently sure was a professor, merely gave a laugh. “I suppose you’re right about that one. Harold will skin us both if he doesn’t get to show off his axe, the bloody maniac.” He finished good naturedly, walking up to the edge of the wall and drawing a thin wooden wand from his robe.

“Accio!” He shouted to the tune of several dozen shouts from below him. The students on the wall suddenly found themselves hurtling up into the top of the hallway, wide eyed and still screaming as Moony muttered something behind her.

The remainder of the group hit just above the surface of the floor, bouncing up slightly on the cushioning charm cast by the second man.

Once all the panicked squawking and blustering had been finished they were formally introduced to the pair. Sirius Black, with his shaggy black hair and roguish goatee, was to be their athletics and practical magical combat instructor for the semester. While “Moony” who was actually named...
Remus Lupin, had been assigned their instructor in defense theory.

It was only after they were led down the hallway that they met their third teacher, a rather stout, though obviously Nordic man, by the name of Harold of Den.

The fact that Harold was polishing a very visible Norman axe as they were introduced to him spoke volumes about what he would be teaching them even before they were told that he was to be their arms instructor.

A thrill ran through her as she took in the new classroom, the entire far wall was absolutely crusted with hundreds and hundreds of weapons. Swords in every style, maces and axes of a variety of designs and spears and glaives in varieties she didn’t even recognize, and seemingly everything in between.

“This is it?” Harold asked Sirius a little derisively, raising an eyebrow at the black-haired man questioningly as he took in the flushed, gasping, and sweat soaked forms of their group. “All exhausted after that little climb?”

Lupin cut in before Sirius could reply. “In fairness, Violet spent most of the past twenty minutes making it harder for the rest of them.”

Harold frowned, shooting the roguish Black a glare, which he switched to her for a second before setting down the axe on a nearby table. “Sounds like someone wants to run laps?”

Violet gave the man nothing, snapping into a sharp roman salute with a grin while her brother groaned behind her.

Harold rolled his eyes at her as Sirius snickered.

“Right, first thing on the agenda today is to get you all practicing the three basic spells for magical combat.” Professor Lupin cut in, waving them to follow him as their three teachers made towards a large wooden door on the far side of the room.

The room beyond the door had no weapons… but it did have a Colosseum styled amphitheatre.

Passing through the threshold revealed six rows of currently empty wooden benches wrapped around a large room lit by a large domed skylight made of many large geometric glass panels, overlooking an area of sand about three hundred square feet across.

It was… like almost everything at Hogwarts, absurdly large by a variety of standards, though this was certainly easier for her to handle than the great hall had been. In the center of the sandy arena area stood four older students, about Penny’s age, looking expectedly up at their teachers.

Sirius spun back around and instructed them to take a seat on the bleachers for a moment. Violet sat next to her brother, unable to keep the eagerness from her face, as it looked like they were finally going to learn something useful.

“These four eager volunteers,” Lupin addressed them all calmly with only a wisp of a grin, “are here to demonstrate the three magical skills you will be expected to have memorized by the week’s end.”

Sirius continued for him, waving to the students down in the sand. “The first of these is smoke spell. “The roguish man explained. “You can cast it wandlessly, and it is too simple to need any incantation, you simply focus magic into your hand and concentrate on the concept of smoke as either a large globule or as several smaller spheres. Observe.”
At his prompting, the older students each cupped a hand for a moment before flinging them out. The first girl throwing a large pink ball at her own feet which completely obscured her in a noiseless explosion of pink vapor the instant it hit the ground with the other three casting a number of much smaller projectiles of various colors at varying further distances with the boy farthest from the first girl managing to toss his many marble sized smoke bombs in a ring around himself.

“Note that the smoke is not dangerous in any manner, and though it is scentless it may be flavored like something that shares its color.” Their roguish instructor grinned at them playfully. “Tactically, the use of this spell is obviously to conceal yourself or blind your enemies for a few moments. And note I said a few, as you can see, the spell is already fading out and in a few more seconds it will be gone totally.”

Indeed, the smoke had only lasted about ten seconds, only being dense for the first five, and after about another second it had vanished entirely. “This is because the smoke itself is not actually real, just a half-illusion created by a small amount of magic.”

Black continued to explain. “There are as in many cases, a few different versions of this spell that are more effective, either creating real smoke or a much longer lasting illusion, but honestly there are maybe six of you who have enough spare stuffing to try and learn them yet.”

“The second skill is more of an actual spell, and requires a wand or some other focus to perform. The incantation is *scintillam*, and it works as follows.” Again he gestured to the student instructors, who spoke the spell clearly and with an odd inflection. Instantly Violet was in love, as from the tips of their wands launched several streamers of sparkling light which flew varying distances across the arena’s length to burst with a loud bang and a flurry of glittering motes on the other side of the arena.

“*Scintillam* is not terribly dangerous except maybe to your hearing, the worst injury this spell is likely to give you is very minor burns or possibly temporary blindness if it strikes the eyes. The important part about this spell is that in the off chance you end up in combat, most of the people you are likely to be fighting against may not know that. Angels will, Knights might, and experienced soldiery may recognize it for the nearly harmless distraction that it is, but much of what you are likely to face will not. After all, no yearling hastati or page is likely to be recognizing spells of any type.” The man finished with a wry grin.

He nodded to the students for the third time, and they cast a new spell, *unda repellens*. Creating from the tips of their wands a shimmering half-oval just large enough to cover their frames from the front, which glimmered like a half of an iridescent soap bubble about three feet in front of their wands.

This time it was Lupin who addressed them. “This is a shield spell, and to be more specific, it is the single weakest shield spell it is possible to cast. Arrows, javelins, sling bullets, crossbow bolts, arquebus shot, and all but the most minor of spells will go right through it like it isn’t even there.” He turned back to Sirius. “But if you angle it right and you have the luck of this bastard here you can sometimes deflect rockets. I would certainly not be counting on that though.” He finished quietly, hooking his arm at his companion, who grinned widely and laughed.

“Yeah, take it from experience, that’s not a situation you want to put yourself in to start with.” Black shot back at Lupin casually, but with a sort of manic gleam in his eyes.

“Bloody impossible the both of you!” Harold cut in with an irritated groan, the irritated Dane putting a hand on his hips and using the other to point at his two colleagues. “Every time you tell that story, you always conveniently forget to mention that it bounced right at my raiding party.” The man griped in what was clearly year’s old exasperation while their students watched the
byplay with interest, crossing his arms and pretending their volunteers were not smirking at the familiar story behind his back.

Lupin shot Sirius a cool but friendly grin, which had the other man glaring at him. “Some friends I have. And it isn’t like I sent it at you intentionally, besides it was a dud anyways…” Sirius griped in his own defense.

“Not that you knew that at the time, unless you pulled some skill as a seer firmly out of your-”

“Sir, we should start their practical lesson, should we not?” One of volunteers spoke up from pit behind the three men.

Their three spun and nodded in tune with each other at the girl, which prompted Harold to palm his face as the four older students snickered.

“Alright knuckleheads, it’s time to get to work!” Sirius demanded, his earlier half-serious defensiveness rolling away from him to be replaced by a good natured smirk as he waved their group down from the seats and to the small wooden scaffold staircase then into the pit itself.

Violet allowed herself to be coerced into the sandpit, where somehow she found herself standing next to the coffee-skinned pair who had been following Granger around yesterday. Their lighter skinned companion was halfway across the pit near her brother, but the Greek herself was standing far too close to her twin for Violet’s liking.

Before she could do anything about it though, the nearest student instructor snapped at the group she had somehow found herself a part of. “Alright you lot, I can guarantee one thing about today, and that is that you are going to be far from mastering at least one of these spells by the end of practice.” The teen ground out at them, an expectant smirk on her face. “Start with the smoke spell.” She ordered them with a pulse of her feeling verdant magic at their group to help draw them in line.

“Remember to focus on smoke in your hand, don’t bother trying to create multiple balls yet, just see if you can get one.” The teen instructed as they each closed their fingers over their palms.

This was their first ever actual lesson as far as Violet was concerned, and so it was with a good amount of frustration that despite feeling something emerge from the skin at her palm, only a smallish burst of red smoke popped at her feet when she flung the magic into the dust. Barely enough smoke to cover up to her knobby little knees, and it faded into nothing in less than two seconds.

Her sense of frustration was exacerbated by the fact that Draco, Dior, Blaise, and worst of all in this case the frizzy-haired Greek girl by her brother had all been able to produce a decent cloud of magical vapor, they weren’t the only ones but she didn’t care about the others at the moment.

It was slightly comforting that neither of the dark-skinned girls around her did any better than she had done though. Both twins producing nothing more than a smallish burst of colored smoke which lasted even less time than hers had done, gone so quickly that it might have never been.

Violet’s second try was a little better, but it still paled in comparison to a number of her other classmates.

The lesson on casting smoke lasted almost a full five minutes, but by the end she was still preforming far less than adequately by both her own opinion and the opinion of the student instructor.
“Jesus Red!” The Fourth Year groused at her in annoyance, the explicative making it immediately obvious that she was a foreigner. “More smoke less heat! It should not be this hard for you to get this one!” The older girl growled, looking as frustrated as she felt.

Violet glared back up at the taller girl, but before she could say anything Sirius interrupted everyone. “Alright, let’s move in to Scintillam, don’t worry if you haven’t got the smoke spell mastered, we’ll be going over all of these again tomorrow.” The man instructed with a carefree grin. Waving his wand and casting the spell wordlessly to demonstrate the intended effect and creating a much larger trail of sparks than the student instructors had done, which burst with a loud bang and a large flash of sparks.

Violet was frustrated, Violet was mad, Violet was angry about being shown up by Blaise and Hermione. Violet drew her staff pressed her fiery core to launch a ball of sparks with her first swing.

It worked, the emotions surged out of her staff and a ball of sparks darted across the room, bouncing widely into the air after crossing the room and striking the far wall to exploding well above their heads in the room’s center.

“We’ll no surprises there…” The teen grumbled with a barely raised eyebrow, ignoring the shocked looks of both of the Hindu girls nearby.

They both slid closer to her at her display. “Color me impressed.” One of the two identical girls commented, her own spell having flown a much shorter distance and popped with a much smaller bang.

The second twin giggled queerly. “Maybe there is more to be interested in around here than we thought Padma.” She opined with an eager grin, edging closer to where Violet stood.

She blinked at the pair’s odd behavior, taken aback for a moment before their instructor refocused their group again. “Settle that shit in the common room girls, right now I want you practicing!”

And practice they did, for the next five minute period of repetition before it was time to switch again

Unda repellens, frustratingly enough, did not work for Violet no matter how clearly she spoke the incantation or how hard she pressed her magic out though her staff. By the end of the spell practicing session the best she had been able to produce was a small burst of sparkling mist which hung in the air in front of her shimmering before airflow blew it away.

Failing was not something Violet enjoyed, not like this at least, not in front of everyone, and the shield spell was something that absolutely refused to work for her. So she was filled with a mixture of anger and elation when Professor Black finally called off the spell training for the day… she had mastered one spell, and was on the road to being proficient with the other.

That was a lot less than she had hoped, and it left her feeling irritated again, and so when Lupin summoned a large number of brilliant blue rods into the sand with one before each student, she was confused.

But joy burst into her heart when they were given the go ahead to pick the short rods up though, as all the rods immediately morphed in their hands. Flowing like a bright blue wax beneath the flame until she was holding a comically blue glaive-guisarme in her hand. The polearm was even sized to her height and reach.
“Alright, split into two groups and make yourselves ready.” Harold’s voice boomed over the pit of sand, having retired with Black and Lupin, as well as the student teachers up to the sides of the arena where they could sort the students into two even sides.

She couldn’t contain her grin, the savage feelings flowing through her as she finally found her way back to Harry’s side again. His blue rod having become a rather nasty looking bill-hook, and he grinned at her as she slotted up into her familiar position at her twin’s side.

Then the sand shifted between the two freshly balanced groups, the other side’s weapons having turned a deep red the moment the dust began shifting, as thick wooden poles rose above their heads and sprouted nailed on branches with fake paper leaves.

The sunlight coming through the skylight dimmed as their arms instructor clarified what was about to happen for the few students who hadn’t realized already. “As many of you will doubtlessly have already noticed, the rods you have been given are in fact specially made practice weapons which can be made to take the proper shape and weight of any weapon demanded. For today they will be a variety of glaives and bill-hooks, and they are imbued with both cushioning and dulling charms to make injury with them nearly impossible.” He glared down between the leaves at them as the sand continued to shift until the ground was uneven and there were enough trees to make seeing the other side difficult, and Violet imagined that his deep blue eyes stopped on her for a moment longer than her peers.

“That being said, that was not a challenge, and I do not want to see any of you abusing the fact that they are charmed in such a way to beat on each other unnecessarily, as the purpose of this exercise is simply to gauge you’re general aptitude at combat with arms not gauge your pain tolerance.”

Now she was sure had looked at her for an extra moment after that little extra tidbit he had put on at the end.

As the leaves finally began blocking her view he continued. “We are simulating a meeting between two groups of skirmisher scouts in woodland environment, lethal weapons strikes will release a sleeping spell into the combatant receiving them, the side that loses all of its fighters or routes first will run ten laps before we leave today.”

She could barely see his outline through the paper leaves now, but she still heard the shouted “Begin!” as clearly as the reverb from a bombard shot.

Immediately the other side gave a collective shout from across the sandy space and she could feel the tension burst in the students around her as they prepared to follow suit.

It was Harry; however who held them back, clearly recounting the various raiding and leadership drills their uncle had taught him. Instead of rushing forward he shouted at their group to close ranks.

Technically, there was no one in charge of the thirty or so odd students that made up their side, but with no one else giving any attempt at leadership it was only a second later that she found herself shoulder to shoulder with her brother and a visibly agitated Hermione Granger.

It was obvious to her immediately that her twin’s order to close ranks was one of the most important factors in their side’s decisive victory. There were still a few “trees” breaking their half-circle line up, but for the most part the other side streamed into their position in a rush, reaching their compacted line in several separated clumps instead of anything cohesive.

They paid dearly for their disunity, and were pulled apart in seconds as groups of two’s and three’s
arrived to meet half-a-dozen false polearms at once before the next group could push their way into combat.

She grinned ferally as she locked arms with the tan boy from the wall earlier; catching his halberd for long enough that Hermione could take a swipe at his neck with her glaive that would have had his head if the fight had been real. She laughed as the boy crumpled to the ground and easily ducked a clumsy jab by Pansy that had been aimed at her face, giving another barking laugh as the girl overextended herself and allowed Harry to stab her in the stomach.

They had no idea what hit them, even the handful of students on the other side who understood what all of the spikes and hooks on their weapons were there for could only catch one other person’s arm at a time, and without the help of their fellows fighting with anything resembling cohesion it was hopeless. By the end even Violet herself, who had practiced far less with various pole weapons than her brother, had still easily managed to garner three “kills”, and even locked weapons with two additional students for Hermione to finish off.

Total, the battle lasted a minute to a minute and a half at most; including the time the other side had taken to reach them, with the Red’s having skewered themselves recklessly against their wall of half-coordinated polearms.

Then the “trees” sunk back into the sand and she was able to see just how badly the other side had done.

Six of the students on her team lay crumpled unconscious in the dust, for the cost of the entire enemy side but Hannah and Susan who stood about twenty feet away with wide fearful eyes.

“All right, so it wasn’t as balanced as I thought it was.” Harold admitted to the other two instructors above them, catching her attention in time to see the man passing Lupin a handful of something shiny with an annoyed look on his face, before Sirius raised his wand and the sleeping students awoke with a collective start.

“Abysmal job red team, five half-trained hastati could have undone you as easily as this lot.” The Dane growled down at the waking side sternly. “But I suppose this’ll give you all a good example of how leadership, teamwork, and coordinated effort are essential to winning battles.”

He waved a hand at her brother as the previously sleeping students pulled and untangled themselves from their weapons and each other with a mixture of groans and half-hostile glares to the students who had done them in. “A single order was given and followed in this entire skirmish and it made the difference between victory and defeat.” Harold continued sternly, his axe now somehow in his hands again as he waved it towards them all.

“All right, how about double or nothing?” Sirius added, wiping his long black hair back with a savage grin. “What say you red team, you think you can do bett-”

A cacophonous clanging cut him off, the same bells that had interrupted them this morning from the sounds of it.

Their arms instructors’ expression soured at the noise. “Never mind, it seems you are dismissed for dinner.” He finished as Lupin swished his wand at the side of the arena, and a doorway bent itself into the wall.

“All actors bow and exit stage left.” Sirius added as the doorway opened, causing their other two teachers to shoot the playful man a look.
She had nothing to prepare her for the light smack to the back of her head. “Bow and go to dinner shorty.” The same instructor from before said with a grin as Violet spun to assault whoever had the gall to hit her, stunned slightly as the teenage girl from earlier let her magic slam down into her core.

When she next knew what was happening, she was in the dining room they had had breakfast and lunch in, shooting Blaise a glare as she draped herself across the table towards her twin.

“WhatFuck!” She growled as she snapped back to her senses with an abrupt feeling.

“ Took you long enough, maybe next time don’t try punching people you’re not even facing.” Dior’s arrogant tone flowed from behind her, and she spun on the bench to see the girl looking down at her with a raised eyebrow.

A snort she recognized as Pansy came from behind the blonde, and the other girl’s black-mopped head emerged from behind Dior’s thin frame. “She stupefied you, you dumbass.” The bony little snake informed her with a grin. “You’ve been stumbling around like you downed an entire flask of rum for the past twenty minutes.”

Violet instinctively did the only thing she could think of in that moment. “I’ll show you stupefied you snub-nosed little shit!” She snarled, leaping across Dior’s lap to grab at Pansy’s hair.

The other girl jerked back just in time, and she ended up sprawled in Dior’s lap instead, as Pansy slid into the space of the girl next to her to avoid Violet’s frustratingly short grasp. “You’re hardly the person to be commenting on someone’s height…” The black-haired girl shot back snidely from her safe position.

“Calm down, both of you.” Her brother responded in an exasperated tone, hooking an arm around her waist and pulling her up off of Dior’s legs before she could do anything more than attempt a lunge across the blonde’s lap. “Honestly, we just were told this this morning.” Her twin griped at them as he slid her over closer to where he was sitting, looping the arm not holding a cup of wine around her neck to keep her in place.

She would have objected to being brought to heel, but the flash of his magic across their bond quelled her complaints for the moment, as she had to focus on not moaning aloud as her thighs squeezed together instinctively.

It seemed that Pansy would need another lesson about who was in charge, but that could easily wait until they returned to the dorms for bedtime. As while she had no great love of patience, she also didn’t fancy having to be punished again for misbehavior.

Plus, the caressing tentacles of her twin’s magic were simply too pleasant for her to willingly break the close contact.

Harry obviously knew what he was doing, displaying his power over her as he hit her with another burst of magic and she felt her slit drooling lubrication, before a short squirt of wetness burst out from deep within her tight crease in a little splash out across the insides of her tightly clenched thighs before sliding down her butt-crack, her eyes closing in pleasure against her own will as she inhaled sharply.

She wondered idly, as she bit down on her lower lip, if the old lady in their first class hadn’t been telling the truth after all, if their bond had indeed broken her a little bit inside… if it had made her dependent and docile towards him. She certainly couldn’t even raise a finger to resist him as it was at the moment.
As she slowly relaxed, slumping against his frame as she allowed her senses to dull in pleasure, and then she felt something that made her tense up even more than she had been before.

There was a single finger sliding between her freshly relaxed thighs, up from her rosebud along the length of her slit, pausing at her entrance for a moment and stopping to circle her tiny hooded clit before pulling back out from between the folds of her robe.

Her eyes snapped open as she turned her head, and she gave Dior an irate glare which simply caused the elvin blonde’s catty grin to grow even bigger. “Decided to go feeding the fairies Red?” The girl asked teasingly. “If you’re not careful, you’re going to end up stuck to the bench.”

“At least I won’t be sticking because of sweat.” She shot back idly as she continued to bask in her brother’s magic, knowing by now which buttons to push to get the uptight girl annoyed. “Maybe if you had been any good at fighting you wouldn’t have had to run laps, even Pansy lasted longer.” The jab clearly hit home, as Dior’s smug expression soured instantly.

Being taken out as the third casualty in a fight tended to cause harsh feelings.

The blonde snorted at her imperiously, wiping the sheen of sweat off of her brow with an irritated huff before turning back to focusing pointedly at demolishing her slice of roast, taking a deep swig of wine after each bite.

It was a tiny victory, but a victory none the less, and she took the time to grin lethargically as she reached for her own cup. It turned to a grimace as she took a swig and realized it was nothing so sweet as wine.

She turned her head and looked up at her brother; Harry shrugged idly making his half-tamed shoulder length hair dance. “You wanted whiskey…” He explained and trailed off for a moment, before fixing her with a small smirk. “And far be it from me to tell a pretty girl not to go for the hard stuff.” He said, wiggling his eyebrows.

His magic pulsed with each word as he spoke, and she had to resist the urge to purr under the attention. “Y-” Her voice hitched. “You keep that up and I might have to give you a reward.”

He would get that either way, but there was always fun in playing it out.

By the end of their meal, she had put down a little bit more of the Gaelic “water of life” and a plate of honeyed biscuits as Tonks returned. The eldest of their Esquires looking a bit frazzled as she led the other two Esquires into the dining hall, Tai was frowning, and Penny’s bun was half-undone. Violet didn’t even want to know.

“Alright, your last class is in the Astronomy spire, which means you lucky bunch get to see the moving staircases on your very first day. The shape-shifting teenager exclaimed with a sort of weary cheerfulness.

“And we need to go soon if we mean to be on time. That means finish eating already Ronald.” Penny scolded as the redhead playfully swiped another cake from a bowl.

Getting to the moving staircase, like a lot of things in the castle as it turned out, required a lot of walking. And while Penny explained that they would eventually be able to use the various shortcuts, at the moment there was a ward preventing them from getting themselves getting even more lost than they would get just sticking to the main hallways.

“Hey Tonks?” She finally asked after they crossed the drawbridge into the keep proper after about
ten minutes of walking, slotting up next to the shape-shifter’s side a bit drunkenly but mostly stable on her feet. “Where is my dragon?”

Tonks blinked tiredly, seeming to take a moment to realize she had been asked a question before she ran a hand through her own hair brilliantly purple and gave Violet a grin. “I’d wager he’s out catching pests and stuff around the castle. He was born here after all.” The teen shrugged. “I’ll teach you to call him later; we’re just about to the staircase.”

The moving staircase was even more headache inducing than she had been expecting. It was massively tall but relatively thin chamber lit by hundreds of stain glass windows and thousands of candles and oil lamps, reaching well more than half of the citadel’s height and filled with literally moving staircases that would swing this way and that depending on what part of the building the stairs decided needed to be accessed.

The part they needed to reach was predictably almost at the rooms ceiling.

Because of course it was…

“Does absolutely everything have to be as far apart as possible in this castle.” A strange looking girl with coal black hair and squinting eyes, whose name she hadn’t bothered to remember noted in an annoyed though thickly accented tone.

It was a statement she agreed with wholeheartedly, and she knew that there would be blisters’ forming under her uniform’s sandals as it was already.

“As you can obviously tell,” Penny said, her voice cutting though the din of their group’s exhausted chatter as well as the babble of the hundreds of other people in the room, “that’s a lot of stairs…” The teen added obviously. “Fortunately, you don’t have to master them tonight.

“Yeah that’s where-”

“We come in!” Exclaimed a pair of identical voices.

It was interesting, watching Ron and Ratchel visibly stiffen in real time, as a pair of identical redheads who were obviously their older siblings by appearance alone, emerged from a by now familiar type of distortion in the air in front of their group. With Ron and Rachel standing near enough to her that she could feel the echoes of annoyance pulse off their cores.

She decided that whoever these two teens were that she liked them more than the other two Weasley’s she had met before, simply for annoying the other pair.

It seemed to perk up Tonks at the sight of the pair. “I was wondering when you two troublemakers were going to get here. Finished your detention already?” She teased them with her hair rapidly flashing though different colors.

They laughed in prefect tune. “You wouldn’t believe how easy it is to fool Binns.” One of the two identical people remarked with a wry grin. “All we had to do was leave a bit of magic behind and he doesn’t know the difference.” The other exclaimed with a short laugh.

She could see Penny roll her eyes as she turned from the pair to address the group. “Normally you would have your first broomstick lesson right now, but Madam Hooch decided to live up to her name tonight, so we’ll have to make do with Fred and George’s questionable guidance.” The mousy teen remarked sarcastically, with the pair taking a bow as she said their names.

“We are the masters of the maze!” Fred exclaimed with his twin nodding excitedly in agreement.
“If you ever need to get somewhere, we can show you the way.” George added. “For a certain price.” They finished the last part the same time, flashing playful grins and wiggling their eyebrows.

“We also run a shop on the second wall.” George continued as the pair led their group away towards the chamber’s wall. “We sell everything from rock candy and fairy repellents to love potions and all sorts of stuff in between.”

As he was explaining this to them, his twin was busy arranging flat colored hexes inset on the fireplace they had approached, tapping them in a sequence to change the pattern of the colors.

Finally, after a second of shifting patterns with rapid wand taps, the entire grid glowed lightly purple and there was a clunking sound. The side of the fireplace swung open, and revealed a truly tiny wooden staircase, one that was small and low enough that she was immediately sure they would have to move on their hands and knees to have any hope of climbing up.

“I’m out.” Tai snapped quickly as the tan teen eyed the tiny doorway. “I leave Tonks in charge.” She finished sharply, turning and vanishing on the spot in that strange manner older students seemed to be able to do.

Tonks simply snorted. “Someone’s not wearing any britches under her robes.” The shape-shifter assumed smugly, while the Weasley twins just snorted as the Egyptian teen disappeared.

“Now up the lot of you, follow the Weasley!” Their clumsy leader commanded, swinging her staff at George, who snapped sharply to attention and launched himself up the bolt-hole of a stairway.

Harry pushed her forward as the Indian trio chased the first half-dozen students after redhead who had shot straight up the way. She quickly realized just how low the staircase was as it’s “roof” was less than a foot above her back as she crawled up, finding herself directly behind one of the two darker twins from the Indian trio. Getting a good long feeling at the cloth coated bum of the twin in front of her as they crawled up the unlit staircase. It was a pitch-black ascent, and she found her face constantly bumping into the fabric crease in front of her as the students in front of them stumbled and started to stop at the steep and tight ascent and seemingly random stair height.

“You know if you were curious, you just could have asked.” Whichever of the identical Indians she was constantly finding her face shoved into the rear of whispered down at her with a tone that was somehow both submissive and teasing as her arms tripped over yet another stair that seemed to have an entirely randomly chosen height.

Padma, she decided based on the feeling of the girl’s magic from earlier, finally began pushing herself back onto Violet’s nose each time she tripped forward again, pressing back hard enough that she could smell the other girl’s musky fragrance through the thin cloth as the cloth pressed in.

They finally stopped after what had to have been at least two minutes of climbing and bumping into the Indian in front of her, she knew just by the fact that she was no longer hearing movement from the students in front of Padma that they must have stopped as well. “I think George is trying to open up the next pathway.” The girl whispered back huskily, herself clearly affected by Violet’s frequent accidental contact, finally spreading her legs open now that they were stopped and lowering her butt slightly so her belly mist have been pressed flush against the stairs below them. The dark-skinned girl wordlessly inviting her to choose to press her nose against the soaked damp crease of her sex or into the rounded rear crack which Violet’s nose had been frequently buried in seconds earlier.

Normally she would have been furious to be placed into a sexual position by another girl, that was
for Violet to do and not them, but it was pitch-black in the cramped stairway, which meant that no one would see this, and besides that the other girl’s magic was both submissive and simply intoxicating.

Nothing like Blaise’s had been, there was no attempt to control or coerce her, it was simply an aspect of the girl’s core echoing innocently in tune with her own. Padma had an exotic and foreign flame inside her, her magic full of incense and scented smokes, and her own blazing core roared to fiery life in approval as it pulled free of her grasp and swelled forward.

She felt a string of wetness slid down her skinny inner thigh, then another and another. as she nosed down and breathed in the scent of the tan-skinned girl’s musky arousal with the dampness of the soiled seat of the other girl’s robe moistening her nose and face, and finally Violet gripped the stair hard in her hands as her twin’s core probed her own curiously causing another pulse of pleasure. It was an innocent touch, he obviously couldn’t see what was happening, but she was sure he could smell her freshly dripping heat, as he was nearly as close to her rear as she was to Padma’s though not in direct contact.

After nearly ten seconds Violet had finally had enough and she lunged forward with her hands, not actually moving herself forward any as there was literally no room, but changing her death-grip from the wooden stair to reach under Padma’s tunic and grip her thighs viciously. Feeling as the Indian’s breath hitched through the dark flesh in her palms.

Immediately Padma hissed out something she didn’t understand, but it sounded like a swearword and that made her grin. Shifting her weight, she freed her arms from the yielding flesh to violently pull the lower half of the other girl’s robe up over her waist, ignoring what dimly sounded like Pansy’s bitching from much lower down the stairway, before sinking her fingers blindly into the globes of the girls butt.

The other girl inhaled sharply in front of her as she spread Padma’s cheeks wide open as far as she could, and then she felt a hand grip into her curly mane, and she allowed herself to be gently guided forward into the girl’s dripping sex.

She felt the other girl swoon as she pressed her head forward in the darkness, swiping her tongue blindly across the girl’s slot with a broad lick, and bumping accidently at the still half-spread rosebud above the other girl’s slit with her nose which made Padma’s core flare in submissive pleasure.

Violet understood what was happening, on some deep instinctual level, if not in her actual conscious mind. Padma was letting her know where she would sit in relation to Violet in the magical hierarchy females created for themselves when in large numbers. The tan-skinned girl was telling her ‘Use me as you wish, I am not a threat’ without actually using any words, veiling her meaning in submissive actions of her body and magic in the darkened stairway.

It was punctuated, reinforced, when Pandma pulled forward slightly and lay completely flat on the carpeted stairway. Allowing Violet to crawl partially forward into a dominant position, forward enough that she could reach up and run a finger down the back of the dark-skinned Indians neck.

It was so obviously a subservient move that even Violet couldn’t miss the meaning of the gesture, and she snorted as she reached back down with her hand and slid it back over the compact globes of the other girl’s butt, groping each cheek in turn before forcing her middle finger violently through the puckered star nestled between them. She reveled in the pained yelp that escaped the other girl’s lips as the body beneath her trembled, then finally choosing to initiate her new rank as she pulled the neck of the other girl’s robe to the side with her other hand, trying to leak as little magic as possible and keep this whole deal a secret in the dark, as even though Harry and Padma’s twin
would know instantly, she had no desire to give the other’s a heads up on their new positions.

Her teeth dug harshly into Padma’s shoulder as she bit down, hard enough that she was guaranteed to leave a very obvious mark if not a bruise, and the Indian girl suppressed a pained whimper. Their cores flared briefly in tune, tendrils of magic reaching out and intertwining subtly. It was a strange feeling, one that tickled the inside of Violet’s chest like the one time she had tried smoking Yorik’s pipe, almost like the buildup to a cough or sneeze but at a more visceral level.

Magic was at work inside them, its crafty hand binding some infinitesimal part of their cores together temporarily. Violet hoped quietly that she might be able to do something more permanent to the other girl in the future, but there was no time at the moment, as the noise of the student in front of Padma beginning to move forward again reached her ears a second before the girls pleading voice called her name. “Violet!”

It was a hissed whisper, one that no one else was meant to hear but she knew they would have to end for now, and so she released the other girl's shoulder from between her teeth and drew her finger free, forcing Padma to suck it clean before quietly sliding back towards her brother as the Indian moved forward. Reveling in the smug feelings that surged into her heart at the way the girl stumbled on the first few steps. They began slowly advancing again, the Weasley having apparently opened the pathway forward.

Padma was now a known element, though that the girl had chosen to submit to her instead of Hermione who she had been hanging around earlier was a little confusing, but for now Violet went forward past into the new pathway with a new layer of confidence even as her twin shot her a mildly questioning look which she ignored with a practiced ease.

The new area was clearly a library of some sort, but it was empty and dark. Long shafts of moonlight shot in beams down from high thin windows far above them, catching on motes of dust and providing a meager amount of light as they emerged from a shifted bookcase.

That in itself was not interesting in the least, row upon row of musty tomes held no interest to her, but the reaction of their Esquires upon emerging from the stairway certainly did.

Penny in particular had her eyebrows shoot up almost to her hairline as she burst forward between the other First-Years towards where Fred and George were standing. “Fred, George!” The teen hissed. “This is the third floor library! You know, the one that’s strictly off limits!” The teen ground out as the twin redheads rolled their eyes.

“Relax Pen, the traps and stuff aren’t even set up yet.” One of the identical twins responded. The other piped up casually as soon as his other stopped speaking. “Besides, if we really weren’t meant to get in here why wouldn’t they just ward the entrances off and not bother with the announcement anyways?”

Penny blinked at him angrily in response as Tonks slunk up behind her quietly. “They’ve actually got a pretty good point Penny.” The tall teen whispered. “Besides, I doubt we’ll need to be here long anyways.” She added to quell her younger partner’s incoming ire.

Both Weasley’s nodded at that, gesturing to the base of a staircase which opened with a wand flick to reveal a strange shimmering mirror that hung in the air and released strange bubble-like distortions of the air from its edges.

“Alright everyone, I give you our destination, the Astronomy Spire.” One of the two identical teens added with a smirk, before he fell backwards though the silvery veil and vanished with a flash of
The journey through the looking glass had been nauseating for Hermione, falling rapidly though a sort of cylinder that seemed to twirl and blend around her while lights of all colors blinked in and out of existence on the tunnel’s metallic surface and giving her the impression that the entire thing was spinning around her.

The fact that it ended with her being deposited in a tangled heap with her sister was also slightly infuriating even if they did land on a large pillow.

They were in a smoky room, the air thick with a variety of cloying incenses, decorated by fragrant Potpourri and lit by large candles of varying colors on stands in a ring around where they had landed.

Her pillow was large and white, with a huge number of tassels, and as she blearily resisted the urge to vomit and willed the world to stop spinning she recognized that they were many other similar pillows arranged in a sort of ring on the floor with the arrangement obviously patterned on the zodiac.

As her attention turned to the people in the room, she automatically zoned out the other students who by this point had all arrived, landing on the pillows around her, as well as the Esquires who arrived moments later with the second of the pair of redheaded twins. Instead she chose to focus on the pair of women standing in the center of the arrangement.

One was old, her hair silvered and her face wrinkled with age, but her eyes behind her huge thick glasses were kind enough, even if her clothing was garishly decorated. All deep purples, Violets and blues, and coated with strange symbols that were etched into the fabric or hanging off little tassels as talismans.

The second was much younger, and couldn’t be older than twenty-five, with dark skin and a sort of cool amusement in her eyes as she surveyed them. She was dressed in robes the color of the night sky, and they twinkled merrily with little stars embossed on them.

“I trust that everyone has arrived Esquires?” The elder of the two asked in a light and slightly raspy voice.

Tonks nodded, before she and Penny bowed at the waist while the Weasley twins kneeled and bowed with glowing grins.

Tonks’s gaze swept the room as she rose, mentally taking stock of her charges before giving the pair of teachers a grin. “All here and accounted for Lady Trelawney.” The oldest of the teens responded with a flourish. “What shall the whippersnappers be learning tonight?” The teen pried eagerly.

The newly named Trelawney smiled kindly. “Tonight they shall be preforming a dream quest, to figure out what their animagus forms are Esquire.”

Tonks snorted loudly at that, a knowing grin spreading across her lips as she turned and gave the assembled First-Years a wink. “I will tell you lot what!” She said loudly to them, her tone more than a bit smug as the Weasley twins snickered from their place beside her. “You lot are in for a Hel of a time tonight!”

“I assume you’ve arranged their transportation back to the dorm Professor Sinistra?” Penny asked
after rolling her eyes at her companions.

The dark-skinned woman nodded. “It has been dealt with Esquire Penelope.” She said, making Hermione blink as she realized that Penny had not actually been the older girl’s name.

Penelope nodded sharply at the woman before spinning halfway around to glare up at Tonks. “We have classes to get to…” She demanded of the taller girl coolly, making Hermione’s stomach clench for reasons she didn’t even want to guess at.

“Like Snape is going to miss me.” Tonks shot down smugly.

“That you’re a total menace in Potions doesn’t mean you can just skip the class Tonks.” She hissed back, ignoring the amused looks passing across the faces of the two professors.

Fred and George took the opportunity to flank her from both sides, shit-eating grins on both of their faces. “Come on Penny.” The Twin on the girl’s right cut in. “It’s not like our honorable Professors-”

“-couldn’t use some help distributing Mushroom Tea.” The one on the left finished for his brother, wiggling his eyebrows in tune with his twin.

The manner the twin had said “Mushroom Tea” made her stomach clench even further as she remembered the last mushroom encounter she had had today as she adjusted herself on the pillow, pulling Melody into her lap as Penny turned with a scowl to shoot a pleading look at their Professors.

Trelawney shrugged while Sinistra hid a smile behind her hand. “I don’t think Severus would mind not having a batch of ingredients ruined, and seeing as the twins have obviously slipped by Binns, that just leaves you dear.” The elder of the two responded. “I could write you a slip of you wanted to stay and help instead of attending Study Hall tonight.”

Penelope deflated slightly, casting Tonks a quick glare. “No that’s fine; I was planning to skip anyways… Castor and Pollux have been acting up again and Melly and the others are busy in the Forbidden Forest or on duty.” The younger teen answered with a sigh.

Tonks wrapped the shorter teen up in a tight hug from behind, burying her nose in Penelope’s half-undone bun. “Oh luv, yer taken such good care of the pups.” The teen crooned happily before her partner freed herself.

“Alright dearies.” Lady Trelawney cut in, drawing Hermione’s attention away from the pair as Penny pulled herself into the higher plane. “Suffice to say we have quite the treat planned for you all tonight.” She said, gesturing to a series of large bronzed kettles Hermione had not noticed before, which had begun to whistle quietly. Then down to a series of oddly shaped glass objects which she immediately recognized. The glassware was the type used to smoke Scythian Flower, a powerful plant used as medicine and an intoxicant.

Her trio of Indian friends seemed to realize this as well, and she could see Sue Lee visibly perk up as her dark eyes caught the glassware as well. She had never partaken in the leaf before, and she could only imagine what the mages might have done with it to change and strengthen its effects.

The teenagers worked swiftly, placing a large cup of steaming tea before each pillow with the help of their teachers. She was confused for only a moment when two cups were placed in front of her by Sinistra herself.

The woman smiled as she blinked in shock and Melody wiggled in her lap. “Might as well get it
out of the way for both of you in one go, eh?”

Hermione didn’t think that, she didn’t think that the twin pairs of glasswork were needed either, and she didn’t need to look to know Melody’s eyes were bugged out in shock and nervousness because she kept wiggling her little butt around in Hermione’s lap in obvious nervousness.

“Start by drinking your tea everyone, while I get the Runic arrangement set up.” Trelawney instructed their group and Hermione hesitantly picked her cup up, swallowing a lump of saliva as the witch swiftly wove complex and colorful circular patterns which hung in the air even after her wand had switched to the next one.

They did not fade like she had expected them to and instead the runes floated around the room, weaving in and out with each other and forming an interlocking sort of dome around the circle of pillows.

The tea was bitter, an earthy flavor of shredded mushrooms mixed with some other mysterious ingredients that added unpleasantly to the aftertaste, and she downed the entire cup’s contents in a single go to avoid the flavor. This caused both Weasley twins who had been glancing in her direction raised their eyebrows in shock.

“We got a live one Fred!” George shouted as Melody finished downing her tea in the same manner, turning back in her lap to look up at her with her cute little face scrunched up at the flavor.

The pair rushed up to her, suddenly seeming to blur in their motion even though she felt no wind from faster than normal movement. “Way to go you two!” A twin she thought was George, though she might have been wrong, congratulated them. “I’ve never seen anyone take an entire cup of psilocybin in one swig.”

“A word of advice…” The other of the pair said in a bit more of a soothing tone as his skin shifted in color to a magenta hue. “Just relax and go with the flow, inhale the smoke deep and then don’t even try and move, stay as still as possible after this. Just let your magic handle it and enjoy the trip.” The now green/purple teen added, moving the mouthpiece of the glassware close to her lips, close enough now that she could see the bulge at the bottom was filled with water as he placed a strangely shaped smaller piece of glass into a hole at the top of the bulge. Summoning a tiny flame to the tip of his finger as his twin imitated his every move for her sister. “This’ll help you keep nice and calm. Now inhale.”

There was a new smell in the air as he pressed the mouthpiece to her lips and she inhaled deeply as he lit the flower, the scent of something musky and damp, it mingled in her senses with the similar taste of the smoke filling her lungs. “Alright now smoothly exhale all of it in one go.” Maybe Fred continued to guide her. She managed it well enough, but Melody couldn’t, and maybe George had to fill her cup back up and give her another sip to prevent her coughing fit.

“She is going to be so lost.” The twin who was helping her spoke to his brother as she inhaled another lungful, she had forgotten his name, but colors splashed across her senses as his words impacted her deep inside her body.

Her mind felt scattered as the second identical twin turned to the closer one. “She’s gone Fred.” The thunderhead of color responded as it indicated Hermione with a rippling sensation that shook the foundations of her tesseract.

“You think Snape added cactus juice or something to this batch?” The closer thunderhead responded as it rose away from her and transformed into a swirling mass of smoky metal flowers. “This whole lot conked out fast…”
She was melting away from the world, her magic was melting with her as they went to another place, but something about the experience made it impossible to care. The music had begun to sound ever so faintly as it called to her from high beyond the vault of the sky, a deep bass of frantically pounding drums coupled with whining flutes, gently caressing her form and dragging her onward into the sky by a congeries of iridescent globes.

The old world was melting away, but a new one was taking shape…

And Jesus Christ it’s finally done!

At EIGHTY TWO PAGES LONG!

Anyways, there was a good number of things I wanted to do in this chapter, the first of which was to give Violet a bit of spotlight… which conveniently let me demonstrate a tiny bit more of how the hierarchy forms, as well as allow me to show a bit more of the story from her perspective.

The second thing I wanted to do was explore the idea of different classes than the ones we usually see, I am absolutely sure that literally everyone reading this has read through the scene where Snape gives his little speech and asks his questions a hundred times or more, I’d say it’s a little tired at this point in my humble opinion.

This option also let me take a bit of time to come up with some unique classes and unique lessons, and on a side note, why isn’t there some sort of introductory class taught at Hogwarts for First-Year muggleborns?

That’s actually one of the few reasons I’ve seen people give for why the Pureblood ideology exists, in the tiny number of fics that bother to address it at all that is.

I mean really, how hard would it be to hire some random and moderately unbiased wizard, like for example let’s say Amos Diggory, to explain to the muggleborns how they do things in the Wizarding world, and more importantly why?

But I digress, I hope you all enjoyed this chapter. It might be a bit until the next one comes out, which will be all about what happens to our brave protagonists on their drug induced dreamquests and their aftermath!

Anyways, if you liked it, hated it, or just what to stop by and let me know you exist, feel free to leave a comment.

Until next time, this has been The Oddest Exclamation
After evening had come, she knew that this would finally be the day she would be free. It was dark, but the shadow held no spell over her eyes as she hung suspended high in the atmosphere, her fluid-filled prison's transparent outer wall allowing her six eyes to easily penetrate the shadows on starlight alone.

Her egg was, along with all of those of her siblings, strung cluster-like below the proportionally gigantic form of their parent.

She was tiny, a speck of dust hung down on one of the two trailing vines of eggs emerging from slits beneath her mother's eyes, one of a brood of hundreds. Something that would be provided the base necessity before being abandoned to live or die on her own merits.

Life was a dance of death, one she was about to become intimately familiar with.

Her mother soared through the icy sky, ducking in and out of the cover of a tremendous arctic storm-head, and as her mind slowly sharpened and her gaze began to grow inquisitive, she could see that her parent was not alone but one of a pack of six familiar shapes.

Their forms were long, pale and tubular with a pair of thin fins on the end of their heads giving the tip of the body a diamond shape and allowing easy control in maneuvering high in the sky.

The wisps of clouds on the outside of the storm gave them cover, but still allowed them to see clearly the frozen continent at the bottom of this world, with it’s terrible mountains which rose higher into the sky than any others. This was their ideal breeding grounds, though hunting here was normally very sparse, but this time of year was special, there was a special type of prey here now.

For a second she glimpsed it out of the corner of one of her eye clusters, a pale greenish cloud hung loosely around the peak of one of those faraway mountains, out of the cloud shot a tiny shape which turned back around and dove back into the cloud.

Her mother and the others sprung to life at the movement, lights along their pale flanks flashing complex patterns as they surged forward gleefully, fast enough that she found her clear prison pressed firmly against the underside of her parent as she surged forward.

Prey, she understood the term without needing context, prey had been spotted and now they only needed to subdue it.
They closed the distance quickly, tiny pores in their skin shedding a tiny bit of lifting gas to allow them to move more swiftly through the air. It was a small sacrifice, one that they could easily afford as desperate as their mission was.

Their eggs were almost ready to hatch, and it they couldn’t provide soon they themselves would become sustenance to their own brood, which would turn parasitic without something else to eat.

She watched inquisitively as they closed on the oddly colored cloud formation. The creaturesducking in and out of the clouds, she now guessed to number around ten in strength growing larger and larger as they surged forward against the frigid howling of the wind.

By the time they were close enough for her to make out clear distinctions, the largest of the beasts was already more than three times larger than her mother and the rest of her pack.

Her hearing was not especially good through the fluid that filled her egg but she could hear the moans of the beasts as they realized the pack was swiftly drawing closer, a pitiful almost mournful sound as they made to try and close the great distances between them in the greenish cloud.

Now that they were closer and flying into the cloud itself, her keen eyes could make out that it was not a simple cloud of water they were flying though, but a dusting of tiny and strangely thin green things with a little bubble in the center to hold them suspended and a ring of branching green lines emerging from them.

There were other things in the cloud as well, strange featureless things that were little more than gaping mouths protruding from short wings and guided by a stumpy wing-like tail. Creatures which might have reminded one who dwelt on the surface to hollow, nearly transparent stalks of ultra-thin bamboo, which basked upright unafraid of the small false-mantas.

If they had nervous systems though, they were afraid of the prey. Huge creatures, whose massive mouths opened and whose bottom jaw split greedily as they propelled themselves forward with their diamond shaped tails, guided to congregations of aerial-plankton by three sets of fins emerging just beneath their eye clusters.

The great beasts had by now clumped up, all but the smallest of their number which had been on the clouds very outskirts when they had initially spotted the closing hunting pack. Now that individual, still more than twice the six of the largest of her mother's pack, was cut off by three of the adults including her mother, it rose for the skies and ejected a small cloud of liquid which instantly turned to frozen steam as it left the creature's body.

It tried to rise faster, doing in essence the opposite of that the pack had done before, but it was in vain as the closest adult was already upon it. She watched curiously as the side closing on the great beast sprung open, a pair of long thin arm springing forward and anchoring the vicious hooks that tipped them into the prey’s hide and reeling the adult in, the half-dozen shorter arms snapping tight around the creatures pale flank as it closed.

The weightless leviathan moaned again, and now that she was so much closer she could hear the long mournful call distinctly, and she could easily pick out the clicks and whistles that had blended together before.

The adults skin flashed red suddenly as the outer layer of the prey’s skin broke free into a cloud of immaterial little needles, she knew instinctively that they were poisonous but the adults were large enough that they only proved to be a mild irritant.

This instinctive knowledge proved true as her mother and the third closest female launched their
attacks, their longest tentacles darting forward to give them an initial anchor point as the prey inhaled a gulp of air through it’s mouth and exhaling it through slots lower down towards its tail to propel itself rapidly forward in a futile attempt to escape.

Her cluster jerked hard at the impact, far enough behind her mother’s eyes that they avoided slamming into the base of her tentacles, and she could see the shadows of the other three adults moving swiftly into position to grapple with the prey.

It moaned and flailed, flexing it’s soft and malleable form bonelessly in the adults grasp but it was pointless, the largest hooks on the twin longest tentacles had dug into the yielding flesh and the smaller hooks lining the shorter grasping tentacles had dug in as well.

With its defenses spent, the beast could do nothing but slowly become numb to the paralyzing toxin on the slimy outer layer of the adults bodies, helplessly squirming in an attempt to free its doomed self as they bored into it’s flesh with saw-like mouth-parts and wrestled it slowly and inexorably towards a nearby outcropping high up on the mountainside.

The combatants were so light that the touchdown must have taken a quarter of the night, much longer than the few moments the actual battle itself had taken, and it seemed to go in slow motion as the great prey slowly became too exhausted too poisoned and too injured to resist the final crash into the icy cliff face.

They didn’t hit the base earth with the beast, the adults detaching themselves in the final seconds before the creature slammed into the ice and stone with a much softer crash than an outside observer would have expected for such a large creature. Its impact blew a small amount of snow out from beneath it, and it bounced back into the air slowly for a moment before coming to a rolling stop against the side of the mountain.

The prey was silent now, motionlessly bleeding a thick viscous green fluid from the deep slashes the adults had carved into its yielding flesh during the long struggling decent.

It was dead now, or so thoroughly paralyzed by the poison from the mucus coating the adults skin that its nervous system would never work properly again, that was easily apparent. So as the adults slowly hovered over the motionless body, with their tentacles hanging down loosely and their upper bodies parallel to the ground, she was filled with a sort of nameless feeling, of joy mixed with ravenous hunger.

The feeling only increased as her mother reached up with two of her six tentacles and touched the twin clusters of eggs that were strung from behind her eyes on either side of her flanks, relaxing the strongly muscled skin folds that had kept them hanging there while they slowly developed over the past few months, as the organic glue that helped keep them attached suddenly dissolved.

She and her many siblings were lowered gingerly onto one of the deep gashes in the almost fluffy flesh, touching down with nary a jostle to her inside her egg.

Immediately she understood what came next, and she frantically twisted her own form to face the flesh beneath her through the transparent membrane of her prison, attacking the thin layer of moist tissue in a bid to free herself directly into the nutritious flesh beneath her.

Finally after what felt like far to long she sliced a tiny hole in the casing with her radula, and she slithered through the new opening bonelessly, eager to get a taste of real flesh. As she burrowed into the carcass, she began tunneling, she wanted to get as close to the center as possible.

Their parents would defend the area for a short while, but it would be imperative to be as far away
from the outside of the body as possible. While it was not terribly likely that something would stumble upon them here, on a high frozen mountain peak at the very bottom of the world, it was also far from impossible.

You didn’t want to be in the outside flesh if something did come along, at least until you were ready to take off yourself…

S

Mother was close, and she knew it, though she couldn’t see it. She could feel it in the motions of the icy pitch-black water, feel the unspeakable size of her proctor’s body, so large that it had once convinced the bipeds of the surface world that their was but one of their kind which wrapped itself around the circumference of the world’s oceans.

Of course mother was not that large and not even close, but it was the difference between impossibly large and merely soiling one’s self at the very sight large.

She was tiny compared to mother having just emerged from the silt that her egg case had been buried in. Then as the row of bio-luminescent patches that lined her mother’s jaws banished the darkness at the feeling of her child emerging from the silt of the far deep trench, she understood just how great the size difference was as the lights stretched off into the darkness as far as the shadow’s would allow her to see.

She was simply titanic and as the rest of the patches flashed alight on her mother’s tremendously long body, with the brightest light on the bulbed end of the lure that sprouted from just behind her parent’s massive black eyes it further reinforced their size difference.

She swam up toward that massive toothy grin as the senses on the flanks of her elongated form felt her siblings emerging from the silt behind her, and saw that she was not even a third the length of one of the smaller teeth between her mother’s massive thin clear fangs.

The fin that ran the length of both her upper and lower body slid free from the slime that had still coated it, as she stared into the massive pools of darkness that were her parent’s eyes.

Her mother’s gaze promised her things, that she could become another goddess of the seas if only she was worthy enough, that she would answer to none but two if she could reach the full majesty of her birthright.

The Father of Serpents who had fashioned them in his favor, and of the Kings that distant God had designated to rule all of serpent kind while he himself slumbered beneath the faraway water-less hills.

There were other stories as well, like how the foolish deep creatures, lead by the two greatest of their number had once attempted to storm their trenches, and the feast that ensued, of the injury she had left on the father of that diminutive race and the frantic flight from the deepest places that their kind had wrought in kind with the other terrible inhabitants of the darkest chasms. Of the great battles fought with Krakens, and with the terrible shapeless things of times long past in the inky depths of the great oceans.

She and her siblings watched the stories play out in those lightless eyes, watching the bio-luminescent patches on their mother’s colossal length illuminating her red scales and making them shimmer all of the colors she had never seen but now knew well.

They ruled the seas of the north alongside their equally massive counterparts the terrible Krake,
and though they fought each other bitterly, no leviathans swam these waters and even the mightiest of those deep ones dared not venture here

For though Dagon and Hydra might wrestle the Humpback, her mother could swallow the whale whole!

S

It was dark in the cavern, dark and lonely. That was alright though as a king needed no one else to survive, after all their favor came from their God himself and he protected those few were lucky enough to be born as a King of Serpents.

He did think it was rather a bit damp though, and that the tunnels were of a distinctly odd shape, the pitch-black passageways had flat bottoms and straight wall until they arched at the very top.

That was alright as the strangeness seldom entered his thoughts, as there were plenty of mice here to eat. He didn’t even need his sight to see the scurrying vermin anyways, as the pits on the sides of his mouth made them stand out as though they glowed against the dimness of the stone background.

Oddly shaped for stones too when he thought about them… not smooth or flowing like the stones in the tunnels and caverns he had emerged from his solitary egg down much deeper beneath where he was now, not that he had any real idea how far he had gone up as he had no way to judge the passage of time and he was constantly slithering up and down various rat-tunnels and little passageways further in either direction.

His forked tongue darted out, tasting only the musty air as he entered the next chamber, nothing but fungus and mildew were alive in the rounded new place he had found. Not as though that was a complete guarantee he would be alone to molt, as the last time he had done so he had found himself in the presence of something that had no scent or heat and didn’t seem to be quite real to his senses though it had clearly been there by the noise it made.

Either way it was too late to be picky now, and he swiftly found a large stone near the far wall that seemed to have fallen free from the ceiling, and he quickly began the process of shedding his chafing tight scales.

It was slow work even though he was now a great deal more experienced than he had been the first few times, having done this almost a dozen times by now, but the pale white skin still only sloughed off with a great deal of scraping and frustration on his part.

In fact it took so long and consumed so much of his attention that he completely missed the fact that something that had never happened to him before was occurring.

From beyond his chamber, the tunnel he had come from slowly began to illuminate for the first time in his entire life, and an unfamiliar muttering noise could be heard.

He was so focused in fact, that only the loud shout alerted him to the fact that he was no longer alone in the little room.

Freshly freed from his old scales he reared up at the large warm shape which stood before him, mindful that he was not tall enough to quite achieve half of this new figures height, letting out a hiss that had always sent even the largest rats fleeing before him at the noise and instinctively rolled back the blackened second eyelid to gaze in terrible emerald upon the being that had disturbed him.
There was a choking sound just before his eyes opened for the first time, and he smelled fear on his tongue as he gazed at the cowering thing.

It had four limbs like a rat, but had only moments before been standing completely erect on only two of them, and though it had fallen and was scrambling back through the passage with the legs it had been astride moments earlier. Racing backwards on it’s rear with the upper limb not holding a small light emitting object curiously shielding its head from him, hiding its eyes from his gaze.

He hissed again, resisting the urge to even bother wasting to spit venom at the retreating form as the figure vanished back into the darkness only a moment later anyways.

At any rate he needed to find a place to hide for a while as his scales hardened anyways. So he slid across the strange chamber and back into the stranger tunnels, swiftly slithering down into a tunnel he knew would quickly lead him deeper into the darkened maze.

\[S\]

It waited singing, eternally patent, eternally potent, in the dark under depths beneath the mouth of the holy river. His siblings were with him and sung the same tune, as well as their All-Father, dwelling in the darkness on their mission here.

They would wait past the end of the world it that was what it took to finish their song, they were blessed beyond such calamities anyways, not as terribly mighty as the wide-jaws of the far northern oceans, or destined to rule like their younger favored brother’s who slid through and across the base earth.

No, they had a greater mission, a greater song to sing. It was a task that they would patiently wait until the stars died if that was how long it took to prepare for, though only their All-Father knew the tune and words to this new song that they were to someday sing, only he knew the rhythmic motions that would set the dance into motion.

While He rested in the silty deep, they sang the old song that had been gifted to them before any memory could recall.

So it would wait in the silt and the shadows beneath the mouth of the river, dancing and singing with it’s siblings until such a time as their terrible progenitor sought fit to awaken and coil forwards again and begin a new song. A new harmony to set a new dream into motion.

It would wait, patient, and potent…

\[S\]

To gaze in every direction would be disorientating for most creatures, there were few beings to be blessed such a form birth with such perfect hexagonal symmetry, but he managed it as easily as returning to the water to wet his book lungs.

Not that their was any shortage of water here, beneath the great red sun, where Bone Trees reached up many dozens of times his height with their moss encrusted branches.

He scuttled over a mound of blue fern-moss, gazing cautiously in all directions for a moment at the apex, before darting back into the sand patches beneath the branching undergrowth mindful of his still pale coloration possibly standing out on the brightly colored ground-cover plants.

The sand in various depressions would blend better anyways, and made it easier to track water as he was quickly led to a small ravine whose course he was forced to follow for some time before he
found a slope gentle enough for him to descend without risking toppling over. Small of course being relative for a being only on its third ever molt, but it was far deeper than would have been needed to cover him five or six times over.

Unfortunately the ravine was completely dry, but that was of no great concern to him, he could simply follow the down-slope as fast as his six legs could carry him and he knew he would be upon his objective in due time.

He was proven right, as after only a short period of time he came across a much wider ravine with a small stream of water trickling down the center of it.

The water was not cool, but it was nice to be able to splay his legs and lower his underside into the wetness. Letting the mouth-parts at his very center take small sips of liquid from the stream to wet his lungs.

He also directed a smaller amount to his stomach. He didn't need to drink much thanks to his tough exoskeleton, but it was nice to have a sip every now and then.

Then, three of his six eyes caught a glimpse of motion in the canopy of Bone Trees. Something was moving among the branches, hiding cleverly behind the long drooping streamers of blue moss.

He froze, slowly and slightly angling his body to see further above than his normal vision range would allow.

The creature in the tree was easily identified now that it was more than a blur of motion, simply a trilateral branch swinger... not dangerous but curious nonetheless.

Those were slightly rare, at least based on the small amount of time he had been alive, as he had only ever seen five of them. It was of course still possible that he had simply never been in an area they frequented, but he was confident in his assessment.

It wasn't to say that he was haughty about that assumption, his ganglion nervous system wasn't programed for such a complex emotion, but he could easily review his past experiences and unerringly return to his conclusion.

That it could be based on inconclusive data never occurred to him.

This observation was followed by a great gust of wind, which whistled eerily through the holes in the branches of the Bone Trees. It carried on it the scent of unknown predators and made his book lungs shiver where the rest of his form could not.

Something was coming, something he had never encountered before but which instinctively sent him scrambling from the warm shallow little stream as fast as his six legs could carry him. Moving into a "run" which allowed his form to skitter across the ground in a straight line as opposed to the spinning movement he would normally use to maneuver more nimbly through the dense undergrowth.

As he reached the wall of the ravine there was a clamoring in the loose forests under-story plants, the sort that didn't match the wind and could have only been caused by something at least many times his size moving through the branching plant life.

A shadow passed over the fat red sun, blotting out the light as a terrible predator approached the ravine and he sunk rapidly into the sandy soil in response, flexing the muscles that controlled his ring of eyes to point them straight up, hoping quietly that he would be overlooked by the towering creature as some sort of odd little plant.
Four long and flexible limbs stretched down to pad the loamy soil, each dividing into four toes just before the end of each limb. The boneless legs stretched up, and up, and up, many times his height, to the point where he was forced to wonder if the monster was actually as tall as the trees.

It was a terrible visage with a great bag-like head of mottled flesh that had four many-lobed eyes evenly spaced around its circumference, and a set of four brutally barbed tentacles hanging down from just beneath where its legs connected to its terrible form.

He could see between the lashing tentacles and the chitinous beak snapping aimlessly in mindless hunger, as it strode over the part of the gully he was planted into the sand in, towering almost directly above him as its long legs easily allowed it to stand astride both sides of the embankment at once.

He did not move, did not dare to even breathe while the titan stood above him, as he could see a ring of four minor eyes surrounding the mouth. The were obviously not nearly as developed as the ones around the head's equator, but it didn't take much to see movement.

It stood there for a moment and for a terrible second he imagined that it had spotted him and was about to see fit to devour him, never mind that something as small as he was wasn't even worth a morsel to a creature so much larger, but then it sinuously strode into motion again. Rapidly leaving his little canyon behind as it went away in search of a worthy meal.

His heart's still pounded long after the monster had gone, in his head it had been his closest call yet as he had sat motionless and partially buried beneath the sand directly beneath the Lashing Strider.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the shaking of the ground finally stopped. He waited for a moment, trying to stay as still as he could as he slowly readjusted his eyes back to their normal horizontal positions, before finally slowly unburing himself from the sand.

Another breeze blew down the length of the crevasse as he slowly wound his way back up the side of the ravine, nearly a thousand body lengths from where he had first descended into the riverbed.

As he reached the lip of the ravine and again scrambled across a thick crusting of blueish moss he scrambled for the undergrowth, finding real or imagined safety beneath the branching ground-cover.

He had had enough surprises for one day, and he nearly rolled forward in his haste to reach the safety of a Bone Trees branching roots.

A meal would have been nice, but seeing as he had nearly been one himself he decided to let self-preservation have the greater say today.

For now he would dig himself a little cup in the sand and sleep among the massive roots.

S

They were as one, though they shared numerous forms, they knew only one mind and only one will.

Besides the desert was a dangerous place at the best of times, and there was safety in numbers.

Fifty eyes covered more than a single pair ever could alone, watching for owls, eagles and snakes as they hopped across the shifting sands in search of sprouts, loose grain, or exposed insects.

They had been searching for most of the morning, nearby a rocky outcropping which had yielded
them nothing but a very close call with a large snake, which was thankfully avoided if just barely.

Now they were passing through an area coated in small bushels of very dry grass, nothing which would provided any real food value but the cover was nice.

Then a squeak echoed up from a member on the outskirts of their host, as something large and worm-like shifted beneath the shifting sands.

The scaleless serpent rose from the sand with a ferocious lunge and they scattered in response, two-dozen furry forms leaping into the air on long slender legs as the nearest member of their host nimbly dodged the worm's trap-like jaws.

The sound of a failed ambush echoed across the desert with a loud snap, the bladed mouth-parts slashing at air and only connecting with each other.

The worm hissed and slid quickly towards a clump of their host, rising up and spitting a jet of acid at the little group which caught the tail of one the slower members. It squeaked in pain as the harsh fluid corroded the puff of fur from the end of its tail, so distracted that another member was forced to push it out of harm's way as the predator darted forward with its scythe-like mouth-parts which came close enough to shear off a clump of fur.

Then a gust of wind blew across the sands and a burst of loose dust and silt temporarily hid them from the predator's sight, and they immediately raced away at the opportunity, collectively pleased to be able to escape while the creature's sense of vision was blocked.

Darting rapidly up the side of a nearby rocky ridge knowing that they now needed to get to higher ground as swiftly as possible, or barring that possibility to firmer ground at the very least. The predator was a swift swimmer of the sands but it couldn't slither through solid stone, and if they could get far enough away from it they could lose its tracking ability.

The host split into three groups at the top of the ridge for extra caution, ducking and leaping quickly through a patch of dry scrub a the hilltop as they rushed down the other side of the rocky mound

A flightless owl of some sort darted out of cover and across the sand towards their third column as they reached the bottom of the hill, its long legs sending it sprinting rapidly towards them.

The group scattered again while cursing the bad luck, now towards each other as they broke into loose formations, the columns dashing between hopping rapidly towards each other's path as the owl slid to a stop in confusion. The target rich environment giving it pause long enough that they could dart back into the relative safety of the undergrowth.

There would be food here, once they lost the owl of course, they could start gathering extra food for the icy desert night.

Even if pickings were thin though, it wouldn't be long now before the giants passed through this part of the desert again, with their strange unfamiliar beasts carrying their cargo across the desert, perhaps they would stop and set up their tents nearby. Now that would be a feast when they were all asleep!

That was not the now though, and now they were still ducking the unusually persistent owl, as the bird simply refused to give up like it would have normally. Screeching loudly as it chased them, calling to others of its kind that might have been nearby to join in the hunt.

The bird had been had though, as they had been darting ever closer to the network of tunnels their
host had dug out earlier. Into the cool darkness of the burrows, and away from potential death.

A chorus of screeching calls from the direction they had been heading dashed that hope, as it became apparent that the birds had been setting a trap between here and home, as three more owls darted from the scrubby grass patch ahead of them and onto the hot sand.

Sand flew into the air as they darted around desperately, ducking and dodging when the birds leapt into the air on their long legs, using their wings to guide them down towards singled out members of the host.

A mental shock-wave hit them as the first of their group went down without even a squeak, claws slicing through its flesh like butter as the bird that had been following them made a successful pounce.

One of the downsides to a collective mind was the collective pain, the fact that it would be shared was balm but not much. Several of the host tripped slightly as the aftershock hit them, with one of that branch nearly being pounced himself.

Now though there was blood on the sand, and that would attract even more problems, this needed to end quickly. There were four owls and now twenty four of them, the group could survive as long as a single member remained to perpetuate it, but another three losses was not exactly an ideal solution to their current problem.

They were replaceable at the end of the day though, not that it was anywhere near nightfall, and so a sacrifice would have to be made and made smartly.

The single member of the group that had been injured by the acid earlier darted between two of the remaining owls and promptly pretended to trip on the sand as it landed its hop, both birds noticed and darted towards each other and the sacrificial lamb between them.

The host raced to escape while the four birds turned to squabbling over their unfortunate victims, darting into dark holes and into the tunnels beyond.

It was dark and finally safe, today’s gathering had gone fantastically poorly, with the loss of two members while their number was still small enough that such things might end in disaster. They could not afford to go extinct, not now, not after they had finally awoken to the concept of higher thoughts than just mating, eating, and fleeing from predators, to what they could potentially be if they could last long enough.

They had looked upon the mighty giants with gleaming eyes when they had first had the veil torn from before their vision, seen the wealth and splendor the giants had made for themselves, the loyalty they commanded in the massive beasts and the swift guard-dogs, and for the first time in an unbroken line back to the primitive creatures that crawled out from the mud that connected them to the giants themselves they knew envy… and admiration.

They wanted to be like that, to assemble themselves into a great host and build something mighty, something to impress the upright walkers who had mastered the lands as far as they knew them in every direction.

Already they were practicing, scribbling imitations of their symbols onto the tunnel walls and weaving patterns in the dry grass, it was a small start but it was something and that was all they needed now.

Soon the host would grow, they would bounce back from today’s defeat and maybe someday even
learn to master the owls and the terrible sand-worms.

“Grow fruitful and multiply, then go forth and subdue the earth.” Had been the message giving to their freshly awoken minds by whatever being had seen fit to give such lowly creatures as they such an amazing gift.

They would not let their mysterious benefactor be disappointed.

The time had finally come, now she would ascend into the sky and begin her journey to less desolate skies.

Or at least that is what she would do if she could ever manage to get out of her own chrysalis!

She was squishy and light, and the outer layer of the chrysalis was tough and rock-like to help her blend in from predators, or her own murderous siblings if they had happened to come by when they crawled worm-like from the stripped and desiccated corpse that had served as their food and shelter for the past several months.

She scraped and scraped against the shell with her radula, slowly making headway as the barrier was slowly worn down, until finally there was a tiny cracking sound and part of the shell broke open.

She used her newly formed tentacles to grip at the edges with the tiny hooks that lined them, she slowly and laboriously pried her shelter open, and after a few moments there was another crackling sound as several large sections broke free or bent out of the way.

Free now as she slid bonelessly to splat wetly on the cold stone, but she understood that she was still extremely vulnerable as she crawled slowly away from the chrysalis and out onto the rocky ground. Her six eyes, clumped in sets of three on either side of her head, extended on their eye-stalks to take in her surroundings as her tentacles dragged her away from the now empty case.

The area of stone was littered with small clumps of boulders, but thankfully seemed empty. This was a good thing, as she would be even more vulnerable as she went through what was coming next.

She would need to wait until the small amount of bacteria in her gut produced enough lifting gas to take off of the ground. A process she instinctively knew would take a few hours of time, and which would leave her essentially helpless for the processes duration.

Fortunately for her the sun was down, which would help her hide her nearly helpless form a bit better, not that there would have been all that much to see even if it was up as her body was still nearly entirely clear due to her youth.

However even if something did stumble along, she had a few tricks to play should anything venture too near.

So she waited, under the moonless sky. Staring up into the heavens and dreaming of worlds she had never visited. She knew from a sort of species memory that there were several good hunting grounds relatively close by to this world, the most dangerous of the two was a hot wet world closer to the star with a thick atmosphere blanketing dense jungles and steamy seas and all three mediums were filled all manner of fearsome things.

It had a mirror in orbit as well, a leftover gift from the long vanished race that had made both it and
the other world nearest to this one habitable.

The other world had no glimmering ring, and was frigid and cold, with a thin air that was so difficult to fly in, that her kind were forced to rely mostly on the currents of the aether which allowed them to travel the stars in the first place to reach it and stay aloft there.

It was thin hunting as well seeing as it was mostly just vast desert with a number of great canals crisscrossing the rusty red sands of the surface, their banks littered indiscriminately with stumpy unyielding plants and jungles of trees that were more spine than leafs.

Further out their were the gas titans of the system, and hunting there was far too dangerous for any but the most elderly and massive of their kind. Those who could brave the planet sized storms and the intense radiation to clash with the massive beasts that swam those tumultuous skies.

Then, beyond even the cloud of comets the encircled the entire system there was the final stop before leaving the solar system, a small indigo titan even smaller than any other of the gas giants, lay a dark and brooding gas world that they could inhabit. It was cold, it’s clouds only filled with smaller creatures and a few silver thread-like “plants” that fed on the relatively scarce radiation which boiled up from deep beneath the clouds.

This world was not their home planet, but it had been the first outpost their species had found when the long hibernating ancestors had drifted quietly from the the vastness of space and...

A sound broke her from her revery, something skittering nearby, and her eyes swung all around her in search of the culprit.

A smallish crab-like creature emerged from behind a nearby rock, it’s tough exoskeleton a mottled white and black, and it’s pair of pincers opened and closed nervously in tune with the workings of its complex mouth-parts.

It didn’t seem to have spotted her as it slowly skittered forward on its pointy legs, its short eye-stalks slowly scanning the snow and stone. She was still very glad she had dragged herself away from the chrysalis though as it approached the empty shell curiously, or at least as curiously as something of its probable intelligence level could ever achieve, gingerly picking up the discarded case with a single claw before waving it around pointlessly.

If she had been capable of signing in irritation she would have, but instead the twin tubes which ran from the tip of her head to their openings between her tentacles merely rippled tickling the oxygen absorbing cilia lining them.

The sound that emerged was more of a hiss which was not nearly as loud as she would have liked, but she would have to take what she could get at this point.

If the little crab had noticed the noise, it certainly made a good showing of hiding it.

It was not a huge threat to her anyways, only being a relatively small crab maybe a third her bodies new size, but that was hardly the important part. Her form was soft, and getting softer as she slowly inflated the hundreds of tiny sacks and false veins which littered her form to make it lighter.

It was however still getting closer to her, having discarded the empty shell it had been waving and now slowly moving in her direction. She hissed again, moving to catch its attention by waving the outer eight of her tentacles half-limply.

The creatures eye-stalks retracted for a moment as it stared at her mostly transparent form, clicking it’s claws, perhaps in some deep ingrained fear of things with tentacles.
She gave another hiss, dragging deeply into her instincts and creating a few skittering lines if illusionary lightning to shoot across the gaps between her ever lightening tentacles.

The detritivore did not appear impressed by the trick, and actually moved a few paces closer at her display. This was sort of a problem, as her slime would do nothing against the armored carapace, leaving her with only two options and she did not really have the spare energy reserves at the moment to afford to use the one guaranteed to succeed.

Which left her at a crossroads, not that she knew or understood what a crossroad was, but she really didn’t want the creature to come any closer.

She waited as it slowly crept forward in curiosity or hunger, spreading her limbs out and preparing her last real shot at defense, and then as it closed within four of her body lengths she struck.

A thin stream of glowing mist shot from the little nozzle situated between her twin breathing tubes, darting between the spread flower of her arms and striking the crab dead in the center of it’s body.

The creature immediately scrabbled back, falling onto its backside in shock as the sticky half-liquid, half-mist, half-webbing splattered it in the face. It was unlikely that it would hurt the creature unless it decided to try and eat the stuff, despite the fantastic toxicity of the glowing chemicals she had coated it with, but it was proving to be a perfectly adequate distraction as she continued to lighten even more.

The timing was perfect as a huge gust of wind hit the cliff-side as she approached the critical state on neutral buoyancy, and she was immediately blown clear off of the mountainside.

This was both good and bad, good because she was away from the possible danger, and bad because she wasn’t quite light enough to fly adequately yet. When these factors combined with her complete inexperience in controlling herself, meant that she was having a few minor difficulties as she tumbled helplessly through the sky.

She focused on flattening herself instinctively, noting with curiosity the sensation of the minuscule fibers which crisscrossed every inch of the inside of her body and contracted at her command and reshaped the tiny tubules filled with lifting gas, and felt a pleased sensation as her body widened and flattened accordingly.

The arrow-like fins on her mantle became rounded and flap-like, her tentacles flattened as did her body. She extended her eyes again in all directions, trying to gauge whether or not she was about to pancake into a cliff or spire but nothing materialized as she was sucked between the massive chasm between two of the the mountains.

Something gigantic revealed itself to her as she passed through the high up canyon, an alien maze sprawled out beneath her, something left by someone long gone. The entire scene frozen and silent but the howling of the wind and a distant sound of unidentified whistling.

At any rate, she was high enough now that the risk of hitting anything before she was fully buoyant was minimal, safe in the clouds above an abandoned labyrinth she could not hope to understand. She wasn’t going in the direction she wanted, but she had all the time in the world to get there.

Lily Potter stood beyond the barrier of the runic array perpetuated by Trelawney, watching with a cool interest as the various children slumbered deep in the dreamlands while the Tonks and the Weasley twins fretted back and forth between their many heavily intoxicated students.
In particular she was watching Harry and Violet the most closely, raising a single red eyebrow as the patterns around her twins spun and locked before flashing, noting with a not so small amount of amusement what their animagus forms had turned out to be.

It seemed Albus owed her a stiff drink after all…

Her attention began to drift to the other children, passing over Draco and Dior still undecided forms and then onto the Indian twins, then to Neville, to Pansy, and the newest two Weasley’s, and then curiously onto the little Helen who had captured Minerva's interest.

It seemed the eldest Matriarch’s intuition had been spot on, as Lilly could not recall off of the top of her head having ever seen that particular rune pattern before, and neither had Trelawney if the surprised look on the other woman’s face had meant anything, that the girls bound younger sister had a frankly alarmingly dense pattern was not lost on anyone in the room either.

If what she was seeing was to be believed, then this batch of students was going to contain quite a few unexpected twists this year after all…

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Awesome, another chapter out that didn’t take months to write.

As I mentioned earlier this one might have some errors, and maybe the next couple depending on how long all of that takes to get fixed so please bear with me if you can, hopefully my endless well of insanity makes up for some of it.

Aside from that stuff, the animagus is another thing in the Harry Potter fandom I’ve always sort of felt has been badly under-explored. Like most things it is almost always an excuse to make a character special, instead of doing anything unique or interesting with it.

For instance, I see no reason why an animagus form should only be limited to, say, only animals which are on earth at the present moment and are completely mundane. Why wouldn’t you end up with say, an animagus that’s been extinct for millions of years, or is from another planet or even dimension.

I say branching out is much more interesting than not doing so.

Anyways I’d love to see if anyone can guess who’s getting what forms based on what I’ve written here, or barring that some ideas or inspiration for some of the characters I haven’t written about here and decided upon yet.

As always, if you want to leave a review or like that’s always awesome, but until next time I’ll see you all then!
And we are back again, to Harry Potter and the Energumen of the Elchee, now with the second day of classes and a new lemon!

Finally we cover the second day of classes (and an unexpected bit of fun stuff) and again a big thanks to all my readers and reviewers, you guys are awesome!

She awoke in an instant and panic and confusion set in immediately, everything was wrong. Her vision was hundreds of times less vivid, missing entire color spectrums, and everything was far closer to black than she had remembered it being only a short time before.

Gone were the mountains, those blasted volcanic peaks of the cursed and monstrous island which rose from the icy seas not far from the antarctic coast.

‘Literally nothing is wrong.’ The thought, more almost like a sensation really, crawled across the surface of her mind as she tried to move limbs she no longer possessed. The noises in her head should have been meaningless to her, and yet their baser ideas were somehow clear as it echoed inside her.

“I-…? I… I am? Who am I?” The conclusion didn’t come, she the question was one that forced her to close her eyes. An action which brought fresh confusion as they immediately snapped back open, she hadn’t been able to do that before… had she?

She looked back, and slowly the memories of the battle at the bottom of the world, of months of feasting and hibernating, the weeks spent hunting small flying things above the volcanic island off the icy coasts were fading and being replaced.

Replaced by memories of towering temples of marble, of hymnals and incense and an endless procession of musty tomes passing before her much more limited gaze.

Cities filled with strange upright beings she had never witnessed before, four of which flickered across her mind’s eye almost as often as the books and scrolls did.

“Howe.” One of the taller of the four figures made the strange noise and pulled her focus from a text on abdominal surgery to return the moderately impatient gaze.

And for some inexplicable reason the word stuck, repeating inside of her again and again until the thoughts from earlier returned. “We’re Hermione! God in Heaven are we normally this dense!” The thoughts impacted her in annoyance.

It didn’t even take a second later before everything came pouring back like liquid bronze filling a cast, leaving Hermione feeling like she had lived at least twice her age.

She could feel her magic crackling through her head, working diligently to sort out which memories were actually her’s and which were from the impossibly long and detailed dream.

She tried to sit up and immediately fell back flat into the bedding. Her second attempt fared not a mote better as she tried to support herself with a pair of arms which she did not possess anymore.

Her body it seemed, was not nearly as well adjusted as she had hoped it would be after such an
affair. Whenever she tried something complex as she lay there in the dark it would respond, but not properly and never in the manner she had intended it to.

It was frustrating to say the very least, so she took to observing her surroundings in place of trying to perform any motions more complex than moving her eyes.

The first thing she could tell was that she was laying on a padded surface, one deep enough that she could not feel whatever might have been under it. Above her was what felt like a weighted blanket, laying heavy but loosely over her previously sleeping form.

That might have contributed to how difficult she had been finding it to move and the analytical part of her brain appreciated the foresight, she almost certainly could have hurt herself if she had just flopped up and tried to stand right away.

The next thing she observed was the luminous eye of the full moon beaming down through the large multifaceted skylight of the dorms main room, she had been placed just past where the shadow of the boy’s platform had fallen with the moon at its zenith in the vault of the sky.

The moon gave her some measure of comfort, it was something that both of the twin sets of memories she was currently trying to disentangle had experienced, something shared that she could count on to level herself if one side was getting too much focus and reality started to twist again.

As she stared at the moon she could hear breathing, the other girls had obviously been brought back as well and seemed to be all around her. Hermione chanced out impulsively, following the threads of magic flowing from her core.

The first connection was the fastest by far and was also the most expected, as she could clearly recognize the way Melody was breathing from the younger girl’s position next to her.

It was her other connection that took far longer than it seemed like it should have, the thread seeming to twist this way and that through the impossible maze of geometry that made up Hogwarts, finally seeming to stop somewhere in what was probably one of the towers of the citadel.

A feeling of surprise echoed back to her, followed by a pleased sensation of dampness which seemed to take much longer than she thought it would to reach her. With Tonks seemingly having to stop at several points before resuming in her rapid movement through the castle.

Then, as she felt the teenager close the final gap, she say the shadows in the room darkened significantly. The darkness below the boy’s platform deepening until she could no longer see the trunk or anything behind it.

Then the clumsy and perverted shape-shifter emerged from the shadows, nearly tripped over the body of a slumbering girl, immediately causing the gloom to recede back to its natural level.

Unlike the last time she had disturbed the teen late at night, Tonks was grinning in a pleased manner down at her. She took a moment to examine the rest of the sleeping students with a pulse of magic Hermione felt in her chest before kneeling down next to her.

“Wotcher Mione!” The teen whispered down to her excitedly, copying the nickname Melody had used yesterday.

She didn’t trust herself to be able to give anything more than slurs at the moment, so she settled for trying to express her annoyance at being drugged for the second time in a twelve hour period through eye contact alone.
This just made Tonks grin wider. “Did I not tell you that you were in for a wild ride?” The teen asked her rhetorically, before moving to brush a stray frizzle from Hermione’s face.

“Think of it this way, you and Draco both have been causing a heck of an uproar tonight.” She informed Hermione with a smug look. “Took us hours to find the reference to your runic array, and we still haven’t found anything on his animagus form. By the way, way to pick a hell of a strange one.” She finished with a snort. “Your sis too.”

“And yeah, I’d advise you get some rest.” Tonks’s face softened as she said that. “Your going to be pretty dissociated for an hour or two longer.”

The oldest of her Esquires stood back up to her full height. “Your better off just going back to sleep rather than trying to studying now.” She poked her in the ribs with her foot. “And if you insist on being stubborn then just review the dreamquest you had until you pass back out, but don’t say I didn’t warn you.” She finished with a mysterious little grin, before fading back into the swiftly pooling darkness.

S

Tonks returned the raised eyebrow Minerva shot her with a grin, taking in the sheer volume of power in the room with her normal level of carelessness. “An early riser Minnie.” She explained to the woman, who scowled slightly at the nickname before grinning widely.

“I had surmised as much Nymphadora.” The elder witch let her hated first name ooze from between her lips as she took a sip of her tea.

“I walked right into that one didn’t I?” She muttered as her teachers lips quirked subtly.

Then Hagrid gave her a friendly pat on the back that nearly sent her sprawling. “Turnabout is fair play lassy.” He says with a singsong note in his voice as she followed the half-giant into the main area of the hall where everyone was gathered.

Technically, she was supposed to be doing other things right now, but as Penny was looking after the kids and with everyone else busy she knew she had the time.

It was the little things like this that kept her sane anyways, just the little get-togethers where she could relax and watch people older than her make poor financial decisions.

Case in point was the Lord of hair care, uncle Malfoy betting a hundred gallons that Harry’s animagus would be something very useful but weak.

It took all of her composure and shape-shifting abilities not to make it unbelievably obvious that the man was about to owe Sirius a large sum of money.

She couldn’t entirely keep her core at bay though, and she noted Mrs. Weasley smile into her tea and quietly bet in the opposite of the silver haired elder Malfoy before giving her a wink.

Well the betting was fare as it was likely to get at any rate…

The antics of the adults in the room distracted her just enough that she had no time to dodge the missile bearing down on her, and she turned just in time to have her head caught in Charlie’s headlock.

As her classmate moved in to knuckle her scalp she deftly foiled him, her head flowing like liquid from between the other teen’s muscular arms.
The red-headed boy blinked at her, ignoring a groan from one of the bystanders. “I had honestly can’t understand how I keep forgetting you can do that.” The second oldest of the Weasley’s sons responded. “I must be spending too much time with the dragons…”

“Yeah, can you not do that again when I’m here…” One of the girls in the other teens coven asks quietly. “It’s so weird to watch.”

Tonks snorted back in response, taking the mug of ale the girl offered and downing a big swig. “Can’t help it, I just have skills.” She deftly lied and flipped her hair through a cycle of colors. She deftly avoided colliding with a servant girl carrying a tray of the accursed lemon pastries their liege was always trying to foist on everyone around him as she spun to examine the crowd, and her eyes tracked the girl straight to the man himself.

Dumbledore stood tall, idly conversing with one of the younger teachers. His rouge robes glittering merrily as they walked slowly through the carousing gamblers. She turned back as she felt Charlie’s magic swirl and his brother arrive.

Bill passed out from behind the veil and narrowly dodges a friendly punch from his brother and giving her his best rakish grin. “Wotcher Tonks!” He grinned as he addressed her, you just get back from an early waker too?”

She snorted at him and took a deep swig of ale. “Little bastards are definitely more trouble this year than last.”

Now it was his turn to snort. “I’d heard you got the special bunch this year too, anything I should know about when they start doing party adjustments?” He probed her curiously.

As if she needed another headache. “Gods damn you ya bastard!” She groaned at him and resisted the urge to massage her forehead by taking another long draw from her mug. “The last thing I want to think about tonight is work that doesn’t need to be done for weeks.”

“Besides, we all know Tonks is going to be getting all of the good prospects anyways.” Flint’s rough tone grumbled out from behind her. “What with her having our Liege’s little pet project and all…”

This was not the conversation she wanted to be having, and she turned and gave him a glare that told him exactly that.

He grinned back at her, that particular subject had been the topic of conversation in the upper years nearly the entirety of the previous day. “At least you won’t be getting the rejects and the castaways.” He grumbled out, tipping a leather flask of something that was probably whiskey back and taking a swig.

Then Charlie and Bill swept up behind her, providing the reinforcements. “Tonks likes the charity cases if you hadn’t forgotten. It’s kinda her specialty.” Bill interjected as another servant girl ducked past there little group. “I mean, after first year that is…” He trailed off awkwardly at Tonks’s raised eyebrow, and she ignored Flint’s new blush.

They hadn’t been in her group, Flint a year younger than her and Charlie and Bill to old, but they had heard stories about her first year. Lots of stories about her first year.

Unfortunately she had no time to stew in her emotions…. Explosions tended to prevent that.

Fred and George ran past her freshly prone form as glitter and paper streamers descended from the
skies, and she took the moment to take a sip of her defiantly unspilled mug of ale and shoot them a
death glare. Not that she needed to, as they weren’t looking at her and Molly had come around one
of the room’s pillars with fire in her eyes and a bar of soap somehow in her hand. “Fred! George!
You two are in so much trouble!”

Flint stood up first, rolling his eyes at the familiar antics of the pranksters and brushing the confetti
and glitter from his robes. “You’d think they’d have learned about trying shit while their mother’s
around after they got through the first bar of soap.” He griped, shooting Bill and Charlie a look.
“So which one of you was that aimed at?”

Bill groaned and combed glitter from his hair as he stood back up, having caught the worst of it
with the magical bomb going off essentially in his chest. “I’d say that one was for me, bloody Hel
if I know what I did to have that coming but at least I’m all the same proportions.” He blinked
owlishly. “I’m all still normal right?” He asked, taking a moment to look down at his personage.

Then his entire body flashes blue. “Fear not, your Jonson is still right where you left it Mr.
Weasley.” Came the coolly displeased tone of Madam Pomfrey as the woman closed in on them
after ending her diagnostic spell. “At least it wasn’t a potion this time, it took me hours to get your
brother’s head back to its normal color.”

The teenager snorted at that. “I warned Ron that something like that would happen, if he and
Rachel kept bugging them. He should just be happy about the fact that it was only a color changing
potion this time.”

That was a blessing if only a tiny one that he had been hit by something so tame. As even while the
twins were not liked by Snape, due to passing with high marks they were allowed to create
experimental potions. They were not supposed to be testing them on people… but as long as the
bat-like potions Master didn’t catch them in the process they usually got away unscathed.

And as the man himself entered her field of view she connected the dots quite quickly.

Snape closed on their blasted apart pow-wow with his cape billowing, eyebrow raised as he held
out a hand and pulled a servant girl from the ground with a nod to Pomfrey. “Unusual amount of
scatter, usually they are at the very least precise with their nonsense.” He grumbled as Tonks
pulled herself up from the ground. “At any rate it is time to begin the revealing of forms and the
exchanging of gold Esquire Tonks, and as you have the results and the twins are currently being
harried by their mother the duty now falls to you.”

Sinistra and Trelawney having retired exhausted for the evening already meant that the only person
to have seen the arrays, who were not currently in full retreat, would be her.

She sighed and downed the rest of her mug in several large gulps, then took in Snapes visage.
“Alright, let’s just get this over with.” She finished, resisting the urge to flick his hooked nose as
Charlie and Bill wandered off arguing with Flint.

The she laughed to herself. “I’ll not say much but I’ll say this, your godson has got the be one of
the weirdest I’ve seen yet.” She informed the man as they started moving towards where
Dumbledore had taken his seat as the hall prepared for the news.

Her lords wrinkled face brightened with a smile when he saw her, blue eyes twinkling merrily in
the mood of the night. “Lovely to see you this evening Esquire Tonks.” He spoke warmly as she
approached and bowed at the waist, Tonks noting irritably as a brightly colored streamer feel free
from her head at the gesture of deference.
“I see you’ve been caught in Fred and Georges latest attempt to convince their mother to skin them alive.” The smooth Contralto of the oldest surviving Potter catching her ear as she stood back to full height.

Lily was, as always a sight to behold. Dressed in a vibrantly crimson robe that hugged her naturally Aphrodite level body, and with a purple fringed cloak to let everyone who didn’t already know it how important the youngest of the matriarchs was.

Another bow which was waved off amicably. “I figured you’d be getting here soon.” She said, a grin spreading across her heart shaped lips. “I’ve been meaning to talk to you in person about Harry and Violet.”

Another conversation she didn’t need or desire at the moment. “I can tell you they were apparently going at it like bunnies in the bathroom yesterday, I can say that provided I don’t figure out a solution soon either Hermione or your daughter is going to murder each other…” She blinked. “That second sentence was totally deformed wasn’t it?”

Lily smirked at her, snatching a glass of wine from the tray of a passing servant. “I go the picture, Tyrant cores tend to not get along very well.”

She chuckled at that. “That’s putting it mildly, otherwise I’d say she’s a perfect pick to be the head of Harry’s coven. That said, I don’t even want to try and think of how much trouble we would have to go through to stabilize that bond.”

That got a chuckle out of Lily as well as the woman took a sip of wine.

“IT can be done Nymphadora, you yourself are proof of that.” Came yet another voice from behind her, refined and cool, but the woman’s tone was welcoming.

She turned halfway. “Cissy.” She shot back in the same direction Minerva had used before.

Her aunt gave her a small smile, sipping her own wine to match Lily’s. “I don’t think I would want to put them through that kind of crap, just the physical stuff alone can be Hel, to say nothing of how that would affect them emotionally.”

Her aunt closed in on the conversation, throwing a free arm around her supportively. “You got through it just fine and you know it.” She stated with knowing authority.

Now it was her turn to snark. “I am almost entirely indestructible. Hermione is about as far from that as possible… emotionally or otherwise.”

Both of the older women nodded understandingly, there were some things better left unsaid around potentially prying ears. ‘The walls have eyes after all, sometimes not so metaphorically in this particular castle...’

S

It was with a good deal of trepidation that Harry awoke that morning, he had known Violet had done something very obviously hypocritical last night, not that such behavior was terribly unusual for her… He idly wondered if it was punishment for his no longer so new temporary bond Blaise, but dismissed the notion. She would have done something far more bold if it had been that simple.

There was also some confusion, cloudy distant memories fogged his mind which he couldn’t quite remember, like a dream which was already being forgotten as he awoke.
It left him with a vague feeling of limblessness, but was completely devoid of the helplessness such a feeling should have instilled. Instead he felt empowered, a vague notion of having been blessed in fact, though he could no longer remember why.

He opened his eyes slowly to see the black fabric of the tent he had occupied previously was not there which added more confusion, instead he was looking up at the glass panes of the dorm’s skylight with a dim sunrise tinting the black of the sky in dark purples and indigos.

That might have explained why his twin was not currently trying to shove her tongue down his throat in jealousy, but he had no idea whatsoever why he would have ended up sleeping here, and he pulsed his core instinctively to gave his surroundings further form.

Violet and Pansy were on either side of him and both felt like they were sleeping, Draco was on the other side of Pansy and was dimly taking in his bearings as well.

“Potter…” The other boy hissed to him sleepily. “What the Hel happened to us?” He asked vaguely. “It feels like my brain wants to look through my bloody head!” The last part was said in an increasingly indignant tone.

“Honestly, your guess is as good as mine.” He replied quietly. “I remember the Esquires being vague about what we were supposed to be doing with all of that stuff and then everything goes fuzzy.” He chanced moving his head and was pleased to note it did not fall off like it felt it might.

Draco looked to be trying to sit up, and was failing repeatedly. “Bastards weighted the bloody blanket too! Probably to add insult to injury!” His friend rambled quietly, only to receive a limp smack in his face from Pansy’s pale hand.

“Will you kindly shut the fuck up.” The bony black-haired girl grumbled in irritation.

“Ow, damnit Pansy!” He cried. “I need that!”

“I’d say the other end has your best feature.” Came the tired shot from Violet.

Draco responded with a groan of irritation. “Forget it, I’m going to take a bath, who’s with me!”

Harry allowed himself a sigh. “We’ll have to get the blanket off first… On three?”

The countdown went better than expected, and the blanket sloughed off despite the little sown in packets of sand weighing it down.

He stood, on extremely uncertain legs and watched as Draco promptly spun and flopped back down. “Did you two forget how to walk?” Pansy asked, staring in confused irritation behind where he was standing, which was followed by Violet letting out a squawk as she fell into the blanket as well.

“Something’s off with my ballance.” Came Draco’s reply as he helped his twin stand back up, noting curiously how her legs were fumbling even worse than his as he felt us arms go half-numb for a moment.

Almost like the weren’t there…

They barely made it to the stairway, having to avoid falling back down or tripping on their other sleeping classmates, but in the end they did manage to get there if only barely.

“You guys can barely walk without falling over, how on earth do you plan to get down the stairs?”
Pansy asked unhelpfully, her raised eyebrow shifting her bangs and casting half of her face into shadow in the low light.

Draco ran a hand through his birds nest of bedhead in response, grumbling quietly beneath his breath about his hair.

“You are such a girly boy.” Violet commented with a smirk.

The blonde glared at her in response. “I ought to trip you.” He shot back as they started cautiously down the floating staircase.

“But you won’t cause my brother’d kick your ass.” She responded far too cheerfully for the early hour of the morning.

“It occurs to me suddenly that these stairs are dangerous as heck.” Pansy cut in with her comment. “You’d think they’d at least have the courtesy to put in a guard rail.”

This time Draco raised his eyebrow. “I’m sure there's some charm or something on the stairway to keep people from falling off.”

Harry didn’t even have to turn and look at her face, didn’t need their bond to feel the smile on his sister’s face. “I say we test it!”

He killed the idea swiftly and without mercy. “No Vi. No pushing are burgining allies off of high places.”

She scowled and punched his arm as Draco edged closer to the inside of the stairwell. “Your a fun killer you know that.”

“I also know we will be in trouble if you kill our classmates.

His sister sighed dramatically as they reached the landing, where rows and rows of girls were ringed around the “tree”. Thankfully their feet seemed to be working properly, and Draco’s balance issue had faded to the point where he no longer needed to lean on Pansy every thirty seconds, which made navigating this maze of bodies even easier.

He noted subtly that several of the places in the girls blankets were obviously empty, and pulsed his magic to distract Violet. She could make a scene when they were at the baths, if that was where the missing girls had gone, but he didn’t want to be responsible for waking the entire dorm up at such a visibly early hour.

Violet for her part huffed loudly at the magic coming across their bond, obviously suppressing a moan, and began to breath a bit more deeply as they crossed the room to the hallway where the baths were located.

Pansy also stifled a squeak, before turning back to shoot him a glare he could barely make out in the gloom, letting him know that he hadn’t quite used as much control as he had thought he had done.

Fortunately, none of the other girls woke up, and none of them moaned in their sleep though he noticed several sighs and a few with increased breath and flushed faces.

Violet would not have taken that well, he knew that for a fact, and as he slipped down the hallway he suppressed a slight smirk.
He didn’t know it yet but his magic echoed with the desire to ensnare new mates, whether he had to do it by force or not. The urge was subtle, and still very young, as he had been isolated with his twin for so long that it was used to simply reinforcing his power over her regardless of if she was being stubborn or not.

He knew none of this consciously though, only barely noticing that the door to the bathrooms opened as they passed, revealing its wrongly shaped black maw.

“Ok, either of you two even know how to turn the lights on?” He whispered to Draco and Pansy, less loudly than before as they were away from most of the sleeping ears.

Draco shrugged as the hallway twisted again. “There should be night time lights on I’d imagine, they come on in the bathrooms if they aren’t already on…” He trailed off as they reached the entrance to the bathing area and noticed the portal to the showers was open and dimly emitting light.

“Looks like someone beat us here.” Pansy said in a low whisper as they all sort of clumped up, her and Draco backing towards Violet and himself unconsciously.

Draco gave him a look before shooting the shower room a suspicious glance. “A better question is why they decided to use the showers instead of the bath?”

His sister snorted. “Who cares, I can kick their ass either way.” Then she marched up to the waterfall at the mirror end of the hall and tossed her robe onto the floor uncaringly. The she turned back to Draco and Pansy, unashamedly nude with her hands on her freckled hips and an imperious look on her face. “Well?”

Draco and Pansy both blinked at her display, as though they should still be surprised by her brash behavior after all of the time they had spent with the pair over the past few days.

Harry for his part was unfazed by her boldness, being so completely used to it by now that it didn’t even surprise him. “I think I’ll check out the showers, I’ll be back in a minute.”

His trio of companions barely paid his departure any mind, with his twin simply sitting herself down under the waterfall at the far end and moaning indecently as the hot water splashed across her back and shoulders, and Draco and Pansy slowly undressing and folding their robes to place them in the section of cubbies for storage.

He didn’t hear anything as he slunk into the hallway that lead to the shower rooms, only a faint and constant noise which might simply have been the sound of a running shower, the nighttime lighting casting his path into strange gloomy shadows which occasionally seemed to writhe strangely when in the corners of his eyesight.

He ignored his apprehension as he continued towards the end of the hallway, the noise of a shower now distinctly audible.

Then as he entered the shower room he heard something new. A distinctive sharp snapping sound, clearly from someone being slapped.

“Lick it.” A female voice hissed icely.

This order was followed by a girly snort. “My, my, what would your sister think of this sinful behavior?” An imperious and increasingly familiar voice responded.

Another louder slap echoed in the thin room as means of reply.
As he moved closer, quiet as a the grave, he recognized Dior’s voice. “Harder.” She demanded smugly, unfazed by the probable abuse of her face.

“I didn’t ask you a question.” Came the reasserted demand.

The room was still very dark, but he could see a bit of light coming from beneath the door furthest from the entrance, obviously the pair were looking to avoid detection. Idly as he stood there he wondered who might have the braided blonde in their grasp, his twin was still outside and that erased her from the list, and as to what Dior had done to her current assailant to warrant such treatment was also beyond him.

Though it was certainly possible that Dior had just asked for it…

As he was contemplating, the second voice spoke again and he finally recognized it. “Maybe that will teach you not to take advantage of other people you harlot.” Hermione growled, obviously speaking about some incident he had not been witness to.

Again Dior snorted. “I didn’t make the rules to the game we must play.”

A third slap. “Then get to work or I swear to god I will drag you back to the common room by the hair and scalp you like a Red-Skin!” The bossy Greek hissed back in obvious anger.

He didn’t need to be a mind-reader to know this was not a situation he wanted to interrupt, that they hadn’t sensed his presence yet was miracle enough and he put it down to them both being distracted with each other.

Dior giggled, which was followed immediately by a loud messy slurping sound almost like someone was french-kissing. Hermione moaned loudly. “Oooh, fuck me you bitch! That’s the wrong fucking whole!”

Harry’s flush felt luminous, his skin turned burning hot, and he could feel his member harden instantly. He certainly couldn’t go back to the baths like this, Violet could be dense, but the large and very visible bulge in his robe would make it as obvious as a lighthouse on a moonless night.

He reached out, fine tendrils of magic instead of the much faster and more descriptive pulse, slowly winding sensors into the other shower stalls in search of something… not quite sure what.

In the stall across from Dior and Hermione, he felt a presence. A small ball of compacted magic, obviously trying very hard to hide itself.

He couldn’t tell if it had felt his probe or not, as he garnered no reaction, and so he stepped closer as quietly as he could manage.

The stall was dead silent and had no light on inside, and if that meant what he thought then whoever was inside had been very still for a very long time.

He brushed his hair behind his ear and placed his ear near the crack of the door, then as quietly as possible he tested the handle.

There was an almost inaudible gasp as he turned the handle all the way down, and ever so slowly he opened the door.

The light inside flicked on dimly as he swung the door open, moving out of the way as it swung open. Immediately the stench of sweat and stale piss hit his nose, followed by a pathetic whimpering which drew his eyes down.
Curled up in the fetal position in the far corner was a small girl with matted dirty blonde hair. In the dim light he could see bruises, scrapes, and bite marks littered across her skin. She also reeked of stale pee, and stiffened as he opened the door, making another pathetic whimper and trying to curl herself further into a ball.

She also didn’t feel familiar at all, and he idly wondered as he carefully moved into the stall if she was part of another party and had hidden here to hide from other girls… He would have to talk to Tonks or Penny, as while he knew they were allowed to fight each other, the treatment she had obviously been receiving seemed excessive for someone so visibly weak and submissive.

He found himself frowning to himself and kneeling down closer to her, allowing the door to swing shut idly as he moved closer to see her better, pressing out with his core to feel her out.

It was clear instantly that she had had some kind of mental breakdown, the amount of stress and fear rolling off of her fizzy little core made that undeniable, as did the way she would occasionally twitch or shiver at the quiet noises he made as he moved closer to her.

Harry slowly stalked even closer to her curled up form, trying to judge if what he was about to do was stupid or not before finally deciding to listen to his conscience. “Hey, look at me.” He whispered to her in what he hoped was a soothing tone.

The girl flinched and starting to sob quietly in a scratchy sort of way, she had clearly been crying for a long time before. As she had not done as he had asked, he shifted forward and pressed down on her with his magic.

Her breath hitched hard and she trembled before letting out a quiet moan of pleasure and he tried again, this time physically grabbing her arms and using his strength to pull them apart while keeping up the magical pleasure he was feeding her. It worked, and he was able to pry them free easily, her small body essentially limp in his arms.

The first thing he noticed was that she had a tremendous flush across her cute little face, through the skin around her eyes was black instead where someone had punched her in both sockets. The sight of it made him feel angry.

“Hey, can you come back to me for a minute?” He asked her as he slowly stopped feeding her magic, watching as focus slowly returned to her previously blank gaze.

He had to slap his hand over her mouth to stop her yelping and alerting Hermione and Dior, gripping her struggling naked body with one arm around her slender waist and pulling her close heedless of the fact that she was smelled like she had been used as somebody’s outhouse.

It was also heedless of the fact that his robe had come undone at some point, something he quickly noticed as his little friend poked her in the belly-button and made her gasp into his hand. “Ok, I’m going to move my hand and ask you some questions, and whatever you do do not scream.” He commanded her in a quiet whisper while staring directly into her pale blue eyes and focusing his magic to bridge the gap between her blue windows and his green. The unknown girl swallowed thickly after a second had passed, and then slowly nodded, so he gently took his hand off of her mouth, weary about her making a commotion.

“Now, who in Midgard are you, and how did you find this place?” As the battered girl opened her mouth to speak he put a finger to her lips. “Quietly, mind you we are not alone and you are obviously not supposed to be here.”
This made her whimper and tremble again, which had the effect of freeing little Harry’s head and allowed him to pull her closer.

“S-sss-Sally…” She trailed off, squirming against him and blushing further. “I’m Sally-Anne Perks.” Sally stammered out finally. “I’m from another dorm, but the entrance to this one was left open during the night.” She admitted guilty, now avoiding eye contact.

“I was hiding, b-but I suppose that must have been pretty obvious…” She trailed off again, still not looking him in the eyes. “The girls in my dorm were fighting all the time, to many cores with close power levels is what the Esquire told us, and I was trying to avoid it… But Daphne caught me in the bathrooms after we were sent back for bed, I was too weak to get away and she attacked me. The rest of the girls who had been nearby joined in, and started calling me awful names, spitting on me and hitting me too, and then they held me down and after they made me eat them when they… well I’m sure you can smell it, cause I reek.”

He didn’t really know how to respond to her, as dealing with traumatized girls wasn’t something he had to do very often… or ever really. Violet was far from delicate, and neither Trude or Aunt Petunia were very emotionally vulnerable either.

Before he could think up a response she continued. “Finally when they got bored they left, and I just couldn’t stay there and I ran away.” She admitted, trembling against him again and forcing him to ignore the pleasurable feeling of her stomach against his spear.

“I’m guessing you don’t want to go back?” He whispered to her quietly, taking a moment to brush the matted blonde hair away from her eyes. She jumped against him, completely tense again in an instant. “NO!” She replied in a far too loud of tone, making him wince and send a prayer to Odin that the pair in the opposing stall where to engaged with each other to notice.

She then proceeded to squeak as she remembered his earlier warning. He just rolled his eyes at her. “I’ll do anything…” She pleaded at him in a whisper, her face turning in dismay. “Just don’t make me go back there!” It might have been the urgency on her tone or her visibly abused body which finally made the decision for him, he didn’t know, but ultimately he had known somewhere deep down the moment he had seen her what was inevitably going to happen.

“Stand up against the wall.” He ordered her quietly, knowing the best way to insure she could stay here.

Sally gulped hard, her eyes widening as she blinked at him in alarm. “Oh-Ok.” He could feel her fear pulse as she slowly disentangled herself from him and stood up on her shaking legs.

To his surprise, she presented herself to him by bracing her arms on the wall instead of merely leaning back against it as he had expected... Not that he was complaining obviously.

Very gently he placed his hands on her hips, shrugging off his opened robe the moment before. He wasn’t going to need it anyways.

Leaning over her, he squeezed her sides making her gasp, and very studiously ignored the scent in her hair as he lined her hips up. Then, giving the gods a silent prayer that Violet wouldn’t kill him over this, he pressed his tip against the entrance of her passage and slowly parted her tiny lips, finding that she was bone dry as she trembled in his hands.

“This is going to hurt like Hel, just so you know.” He whispered a warning to her, not wanting her to be unprepared and end up accidentally even more traumatized.
Her breath hitched before she responded with a whimper. “Then hurt me as hard as you can, just
don’t let them take me back.” She half-sobbed.

That was certainly enough to get his core roaring, demanding he treat her like he did his twin, and
he had to fight to quash the urges coming to him to break her.

Instead he took a breath to settle himself, then swung his hips forward with all his might to get the
most painful part over the fastest, slapping a hand over Sally’s mouth to stop her from screaming
out loud as he deflowered her.

Short, hot, and unbelievably tight, were his first thoughts as he crashed through the smaller girls
gates. Exploding past her defending maidenhead like it wasn’t even there, then smashing into her
cervix with almost an inch of his dick still outside of her body.

Her entire form tensed as he did this, and he could feel her struggling to resist a scream that would
wake the entire dorm up as he pressed himself even harder against her wombs doorway in an
instinctive bid to get the rest of his member inside her as she tensed her tunnel painfully tight
around him.

Her magic rippled like water in a pond, and he could feel her violently squirm against his chest as
he wrapped himself flush against her, then there was a pop as something gave and he slid the final
inch inside as the helmet of his penis popped inside her deepest place to crash up against the very
back of that final chamber.

Instantly he had to wrap an arm around her waist, pulling her up from behind convenience as he felt
her go limp in pain and shock, only his grip around her waist and his penis keeping the girl
standing as painful aftershocks shot across their rapidly forming bond.

That had hurt her a lot apparently, as her magic desperately modified her battered and frail body to
give in to his raving cores demands, to do something that it had not been made to allow naturally.

Moments passed as he waited, allowing her to become used to the feeling of him fully inside her
deepest parts while he waited for her to stop hyperventilating.

Unfortunately when she stopped breathing so rapidly she started quietly crying into his hand as he
slowly started moving again, her breath hitching in pain with each harsh thrust.

He stoically ignored the drool and snot running onto his hand and focused on working himself up
to the finale, not something he did easily as she was so tight it was actually quite difficult to move
and he was certain that what little lubrication he had to work with was probably all blood and
precum.

It took a few minutes of harsh and forceful jerking and sharp slapping together of hips, but finally
he managed to work a rhythm out with his thrusting as she loosened up just the barest amount. He
didn’t bottom out with every thrust though, as her pain would echo back to him whenever he
crashed all of the way inside her and make his magic rage to rut into her even more violently.

A few minutes of sex later and she was full on sobbing into his hand and his arm was getting sore
from having to hold her limp body up but the tingling feeling was starting in his sack.

An echo inside her head, begging with him to just cum was what finally caused his balls to twitch
for the final time. Then they jolted up and he buried his sword to the hilt and exploded inside her
womb.

His orgasm made Sally groan loudly in relief, she felt his hot cum splash across the back of her
deepest once, twice, thrice, again and again until she felt bloated and full and she knew he was still cumming.

Harry’s magic wanted his partner to know who she belonged to, and it was determined to fill his smaller partner to the bursting point, and maybe even plant a seed or two at the same time.

“Can you stand?” He finally asked her in a breathy gasp after about thirty seconds of solid ejaculation, cumming hard enough it was almost painful. His balls and prostate certainly throbbed with deep seated tingling that kept him twitching and hard inside her.

Sally said nothing, instead she sniffed and nodded and then unsteadily adjusted her stance and allowed him to unwrap his arm. She nearly lost it again when it came time for him to pull out, as he was still rock hard inside her as he tried to uncouple their joined organs.

The finally, and with a pop, her cervix released its pained death-grip on the head of his penis that had her pressing her full upper arms against the tiled wall. There was another audible pop when he pulled out of her tunnel, she was so tight he had been forced to jerk his hips back sharply to free himself from her grasp.

“Thank you…” She finally whispered after a few seconds, her voice hoarse from the nights events. As she turned to smile at him, her eyes twinkling in genuine relief past the bruises around them as she nearly flopped over his shoulders trying to give him a hug.

The tiny blonde’s response nearly had him snort. “You can’t lie to me anymore, I know for a fact that I just pummeled the shit out of your body.” He looked down, expecting to see a gigantic mess leaking down her legs, and what he saw instead left him barely able to resist throwing her against the wall and breed her into delirium and unconsciousness.

There were a few lines of red streaked down her legs, but that wasn’t what kept him hard as a rock, no that would have been the small but very noticeable bulge which had appeared just above her mons.

He blinked once, twice in shock… there was absolutely no way in the world she was not pregnant.

“I have to pee.” She said in a tiny voice drawing his gaze back to her face, she was heavily flushed and staring at the same swelling he had been.

“It’s probably putting pressure on your bladder…” He said awkwardly.

She let out a tiny laugh. “All of the seed you put in my belly…” She trailed off, just as awkwardly.

Harry nodded at her. “I suppose we should get you to the bathroom then.” He answered what she had left unsaid, dreading having to walk across the bathing area. “Unless you just want to go here.”

Unfortunately, her answer was not the one he had hoped. “I think I want to use the toilet, something more normal after the night I’ve had.” She replied, and he nodded in understanding. He would deal with Violet’s inevitable childishness when he had to cross that bridge.

Idly, he wondered where she was, normally she would have probably interrupted him by now in a fit of magically induced jealousy.

He got his answer in the worst way possible the second he swung open the door. Standing imperiously just past the doorway was Penny, looking quite irritable and frazzled. “Just so you know, I had to stun your sister to keep her from just barging in here and interrupting your little party.” She informed him coolly, giving shooting an annoyed look at both of them. “I’m sure you’ll
both have fun dealing with that when she wakes up.” The cool grin turned ever so slightly arrogant, then the brunette did a swift about face and walked away.

So Harry said the only thing he had available to him. “Fuck!”

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Hermione was glaring at a very amused looking Tonks as they stood in the greenhouse, which of course only made the teen become more amused. “So, tell me again-” She hissed at the teenager. “Why exactly am I wearing naught but a loincloth and soaked in oil?”

Tonks opened her mouth to respond, but was cut off as Professor Sprout whacked the back of Hermione’s head with her crystal-tipped wand and cut her off. “Safety first deary.” Came the reply from the plump old witch, followed by a very stereotypical cackle.

She turned and shot the woman a glare as she rubbed the top of her head irritably. The two druggings had left her in a foul mood even after she paid the blonde bitch back earlier, and she was angry enough that she wanted to do it again which only made her even more angry with herself and the world.

“Well to start with, your room and board isn’t actually free, you pay for it by working for the school during certain lessons or during free time.” Tonks explained as Sprout strolled away to help other students. “Hogwarts does all sorts of things actually, we have a full sized hospital, a winery and distillery, a potions factory, we even make soap!” She exclaimed cheerfully.

This did nothing to cheer up Hermione though. “And that explains this how?” She asked, gesturing to her exposed and generously oiled body.

“Well this is Herbology, which mostly involves learning about various magical and mundane plants, how to care for them, what they're used for and stuff like that.” She explained, her hair turning a bright green. “The plant you guys are supposed to be harvesting is pretty dangerous and sticky, hence the oil.”

“I think the plant you are supposed to be harvesting today is some kind of giant man eating sundew…” Penny added idly as she strolled past with a bucket of oil and a sponge.

Hermione had a vague idea of what kind of plant the younger of her two Esquires might have been talking about, recalling a passing mention of it in the book she had been reading before she had been so rudely interrupted.

“Now class.” Sprout interrupted her thoughts before they could turn dark again, the light in her mind flickering on as the prospect of new information made itself apparent. “Today we will be harvesting the secretions of one of my favorite plants!” The woman exclaimed as they proceed to follow her onto the metal catwalk. “Droseraceae horribilis!”

Then she had some student teachers hand out long wooden poles with scrapers on one end and hooks on the other, which Hermione quietly didn’t think boded well for pretty much of anything, followed by blunt tridents and empty buckets to the other half of the class.

“Now class,” the woman continued as they began descending down the spiraling catwalk to a lower level of the greenhouse where the shade loving plants and undergrowth were grown, fungi were kept in the shadowy glass chambers below this one. “Droseraceae horribilis has many useful excretions, and today you will be harvesting the sticky fluid used to entrap prey items so the main tentacles can ensnare them and drag them into the digestion chamber at the center of the leaves!”
The greenhouses, like everything at Hogwarts seemed to be, were massively over-sized and over-complicated structures forming an entire middle wall of the castle with the potions chambers and ingredients storage in the dungeons beneath them. Divided into hundreds of chambers by glass walls, while sprawling catwalks laced the entire thing, allowing easy transit from the different rooms and layers.

“This is going to horribly wrong, and there’s nothing I can do to stop it.” Hermione muttered under her breath as they reached the proper glass room. Ferns liberally accented the huge dimmer glass chamber, sphagnum moss coated the dirt in large patches, and her magic sensed that it had been magically expanded.

Sprout made her way to the front of their group and addressed them. “Now you will have to work together in teams to fill the buckets you received with the plants sweet mucilage, which we will use to make a powerful pain killer in your potions class whenever Professor Snape decided you are ready for it. There are quite a number of plants in this room so you should spread out so you don’t get in each other's way.” The elderly woman instructed them.

It was at that moment that it hit her, a wave crashed over her senses and left her mind dim and her world fuzzy and fogged, the best scent she had ever smelled filled her nose.

It was terrifying, and she felt trapped in her own body as she stumbled forward with the rest of the class, then there was a massive pulse of dampness and her ensnared mind was abruptly freed.

“Thank you Esquire.” Sprout said. “Now class, as I am sure you have been informed Droseraceae horribilis, or the Giant Sundew, is a man-eater created long ago to guard vaults and crypts. What you have just experienced is the plants preferred method of luring in humans to devour, a pheromone packed scent emitted from the slime which coats the feeding tentacles robs a man of his senses and compels him to the plants large leaves where he will be ensnared and devoured. It makes a great libido enhancing potion, but we will not be harvesting or making that until next year.”

The pheromones left her head foggy even as their effect passed. She very much did not like the increasing frequency of her agency being robbed from her over the past few days, and fought to suppress the growl building in the back of her throat.

Hermione also quietly noted her sisters look of complete confusion at the older woman’s word, and filed that bit of information away quietly for later thought.

The thoughts were punctuated by Rachel spinning around and promptly clobbering Neville in the back of the head with her pole. “Well I’m sure this is about to go well…” Draco added snidely as he helped the other boy up from the loam.

Neville grumbled and rubbed his head, wiping dirt from his robes. “We’re gonna die aren’t we?”

She gave the gloomy boy a raised eyebrow. “You might, but I’m not about to let some overgrown weed give me such an inglorious death.” She said, wiping at the mixed sweat and oil on her forehead with the back of her arm.

Sprout started, pulling a tablet from the folds of her robe, then grinned ear-to-ear. “Oh dear, it seems the fungi have begun their bid to topple mankind’s dominance over the Earth. I suppose you’ll just have to stick around and monitor the situation here while I go hold down the fort.” She exclaimed to Tonks.

Tonks responded inelegantly as the older woman popped out of existence. “Shit!” This earned her a
glare from Penelope and an eye roll from the thrice cursed Egyptian.

In the end she ended up paired with Neville, the Patil twins and the two Malfoys plus Pansy—maybe she would be lucky and Dior would get eaten.

No, she had never been that lucky.

Melody grumbled from beside her, having been relegated to holding their groups bucket as they moved into the fern infested room in search of a plant to harvest from. Moments after her sister spoke, a number of purplish tentacles rose from the ground with an angry hiss before them.

“Ok everyone, find a plant and begin your harvesting, no time to dawdle.” Penny commanded, her voice loud in the steamy room.

It was with a total lack of grace that they approached the nest of writhing tentacles, Draco nearly tripping over a root and falling flat on his face as they neared the voracious plant.

The leaves were at least ten feet long each, coiling things held swaying just above the ground, pale green and coated in little fleshy spikes which oozed large balls of a brilliant purple fluid.

“We are so going to die.” Neville spoke without prompting as they closed on the squirming plant through the underbrush.

“Isn’t there a way to calm that thing down while we do this?” She asked no one in particular.

Draco responded with a frown in the plants direction. “They were bred to guard things, wouldn’t be very secure if they were easy to subdue with magic or something else like that.” He explained quietly. “You go in on the left Neville, pin a frond down so Hermione can scrape it safely, we’ll get the left side, Padma you and your sister keep those tentacles off us.” The effeminate blonde commanded in a soft tone, wholly focused on the task at hand.

Padma and her sister responded with a pair of mock salutes, and moved themselves onto either side of the huge plant to try and intercept any strikes. Hermione shot a sideways glance at Neville, who was visibly sweating with his trident in his hands.

Melody humphed as she came up besides them, still clearly miffed at having to carry the bucket. “All I wanted was to make muffins and instead I have to be here with you people.” She complained futilely.

“If you hadn’t started a fire trying to help cook breakfast this morning you wouldn’t have to be here.” She shot back at her younger sister with a roll of her eyes. The fact that their kitchen’s head lautus had declared her sister’s attempt at cooking to be a threat to the castle’s continued existence had barely fazed her at this point.

It took only seconds for things to start going wrong, as Neville immediately tripped on a root and face-planted into one of the plant’s sticky leaves and then started panicking.

“Oh, good God!” She swore down at the round-faced boy, who squealed and dropped his pole onto the plant which rumbled and began thrashing as the frond wrapped around his head.

Draco added his contribution a moment later. “Longbottom you klutz!” At which point one of the purple tentacles emanating in a ring around the now opened and gurgling digestion chamber extended and slapped the blonde across the face as they whipped around wildly, throwing him flat onto his back with a pained and slightly girly yelp.
This triggered Pansy, who immediately began striking the offending lentacle with her pole, which only seemed to make the plant angerier, forcing Hermione to grab Neville’s waist as the sap coated leaf tried to retract and pull him in.

Padma jumped to her side at some unspoken signal, her twin moving to help free Draco from the vines suffocating embrace, while Melody grabbed Hermione’s hips and tried to pull her back with Neville and Parvati.

This entire affair had the effect of distracting the other students, and the chaos rapidly began spiraling out of control as more and more students became entrapped in the very plants they were supposed to be harvesting from.

Penny, Tonks and Tai rushed around the room in a series of blurs, desperate to try and regain order for the lesson. This continued for several minutes, at which point Penelope just started casting cutting curses out of pure frustration.

It was a very confused, and slightly singed, looking Sprout who returned about five minutes later with a distinct pop. “Oh, my!” The woman exclaimed. “Is everyone alright?”

Hermione was breathing heavily and the bond she shared with Tonks pulsed as the frazzled teenager turned to the Herbology teacher. “Well no one’s dead, so I’m counting this as a win.”

She received several death-glares at that, but Sprout simply smiled at her. “Good news I suppose, and the little fungus rebellion has been dealt with. I’m thinking maybe we move on to something simpler for the rest of today’s lesson.”

The rest of the hour was spent back in one of the upper glass chambers, studying a large amount of information about the plants that had just utterly routed their attempts at harvesting them. All in all a rather uneventful way to spend the last bit of class, especially when compared to the first part.

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Unexpectedly, Violet had not been enraged the moment they left the shower room. This was mostly because she was still out cold, with Draco and Pansy sitting in her previous seat by the waterfall. Draco gave him a curious look after he and Sally returned from the bathroom.

Pansy’s magic pulsed at them, obviously feeling out Sally. “I see you’ve managed to collect something typically useless Potter.” The black-haired girl commented snidely, her eyebrow raised in question. “She’s got so little magic she might as well be a Neophyte.”

“Granted with her new Patron, that ought not be a problem for much longer.” Draco commented idly, pulling Pansy into his lap and wrapping his arms around her waist and resting his hands inside the cup of her crotch which made Pansy squirm. “And by Freyr you certainly filled her right up, you trying for a heir already?” He commented, blushing as red as Pansy was at the slight bulge which still occupied Sally’s lower stomach.

He felt Sally’s blush through the bond, followed by pulses of pleasure, pride and hopefulness. The little blonde pulsed her small core, letting him know she was fully willing to carry his child even if she was slightly afraid of being a mother so early.

They were interrupted by Dior emerging from the shower area, large red handprints on both cheeks, and her face shiny with fluid from an obvious source. She was grinning ear-to-ear and expertly re-braiding her long blonde hair as she entered the room.

Draco’s eyebrows neared his hairline at his sisters sudden appearance. “I see you’ve been busy
sis.” He commented quietly, either shocked by her sudden appearance or the very obvious nature of the liquid coating her face.

Dior’s laugh jingled like a bell and she stalked over to where he and Pansy were sitting. “O come now, I was simply swayed to pay a bit back.” She said cryptically.

“Hermione had you tonguing her cunny didn’t she?” Came Pansy’s dry response, her face set so blank it might as well have been stone.

This only made Dior laugh again. “Don’t worry Pansy, I’m sure she’s figuring out how to get you alone as we speak.” She commented, her features becoming slightly cruel as Pansy paled even whiter than normal at the thought.

It was at this point, which his twin who had been lying next to the pool woke up. She lunged up from her prone position with a snarl and promptly slipped on the wet tile into the pool sideways.

Dior snorted, unconcerned as water splashed her. “Very elegant dismount I’d say.” She said sarcastically as his twin surfaced moments later.

“Fuck you!” Violet shot back, her unintended dip in the pool seemingly having mellowed her temper somewhat but not completely soothed it.

Sally stealthily slipped behind where he was standing, sensing the growing hostility in the room as Violet shot Dior a snarl, swiftly Violet’s orange eyebrows furrowed as her anger and jealousy renewed.

“Vi, calm down now!” He demanded of her as she climbed from the pool, his hand lashing out and wrapping around the back of his sisters neck to hold her in place.

She clawed at his arm with her nails and he pulsed a wave of magic down back at her, her muscles locked up and she dropped to a knee, glaring up at him defiantly. “Down.” His voice echoed across the aether, and Sally and Dior dropped fully to their knees behind him with a pair of loud moans.

Pansy and Draco would have likely have fallen also if not for the fact that they were already sitting down.

His twin snarled at his second command, visibly trying to resist the powerful compulsion he had cast with his accidental magic, her core a writhing ball of heat and flames burned back at him but he ignored the small amount of pain she was able to send back at him. He was in the dominant position, and his core was her magic’s master even more so than his newest bond-mate, she would submit or else.

It must have been a minute or more before she finally buckled, slumping down onto her side limply as he pushed her down and baring her throat to him in resentful submission.

He leaned over so he was atop of her and whispered into her ear loud enough for Dior and Sally to still hear. “Mine.” Violet shuddered beneath him at the word, and the two girls behind him both gasped, he shot another compulsion flashing across their bond.

His twin mewled in displeasure as he moved off of her and allowed her to obey his magically delivered instructions. She crawled slowly towards where Sally sat kneeling with wide open eyes, her body low to the ground in submission as she crawled.

When Harry decided she was taking to long he leaned over and gave her a hard swat on her tight little ass, making her yelp loudly. She turned back and shot him a resentful glare through her still
She arrived at Sally’s spot on the floor and practically oozed her way up the slightly smaller girl’s frame, then she did the exactly last thing anyone in the room but Harry himself expected.

Violet then pulled Sally close by her short blonde hair and kissed her harshly full on the lips, muffling the other girls shocked squawk by forcing her tongue through the gasping blonde’s lips.

He allowed them to kiss for several minutes, watching as Sally fell back submissively and allowing his twin access to her throat before he took the time to grin at Dior. The tall blonde gave him an impressed look before going back to observing the show he had made, a nimble hand slipping between her legs at the sight.

He strolled casually over to where Draco was sitting, Pansy still sitting in his lap. Both blushed furiously as they tore their gaze from the display. In the same instant he stopped walking he became aware that Hermione had entered the room, and he turned to face her.

“Unbelievable,” she muttered to herself, “such sapphism, why does everyone here have to be living in sin.” The frizzy haired girl’s tirade dissolved into mutterings as she slowly slid into the thick foam of the bath, intently ignoring the display on the poolside.

He turned back to a questioning Draco. “I believe the term kiss and make up was meant to be an analogy.” The blonde boy stated with a flush.

Harry shrugged at him. “Whatever works.” He replied with a cheeky grin.

Potions was their second class that day and they walked back to the fourth wall sedately, Tonks and the other Esquires having been disheartened and bored by the rest of their lesson in Herbology and consequently were not in the mood to rush.

Getting down to Potions proved to be the hard part, as the stone walls deep beneath the greenhouses were eerie and the sconces were placed far apart and only cast a cool and dim green light on the passageways.

It was colder down here too, Hermione could see her breath in the air and she shot an inquisitive look at Tonks as the busty teen narrowly avoided tripping on a loose cobblestone. “Any reason it’s so cold down her Tonks?”

Tonks steadied herself and replied. “Many of the potions and their ingredients are sensitive to heat, and besides things last longer when they are kept cold anyways, makes it easier to keep everything fresh.” She explained quietly as they passed a section of wall with strange black beads popping in and out of existence as they bubbled up from the stone for seemingly no discernible reason.

A few minutes later they entered a large curving chamber with rows of desks, a set of three wrist thick books placed on each one. Tonks sighed and turned to Penny as they poured into the chamber and began taking seats. “Three, two, one.” She said, at which point a door on the far wall bust open, revealing a greasy-haired man with a sharply hooked nose. “And Snape is here, right on time.” Penny said beneath her breath, sounding like she was trying not to roll her eyes in condescension. His cape fluttered like the wings of a bat as he marched into the room, casting an unimpressed look at the students as Hermione took her seat.

"You are here to learn the subtle science and exact art of potion-making,” the man immediately began as they were seated. Speaking in little more than a whisper, but Hermione’s rapt
attention caught each word. "You will find that there is little foolish wand-waving in my class, and
I know from experience that many of you may doubt this is actually magic. I don't expect you
children to comprehend the beauty of the softly simmering cauldron with shimmering fumes rolling
across the broil, or the delicate power of liquids that creep through the veins, bewitching the mind,
ensnaring the senses... I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, even stopper death—if you
aren't as big a bunch of dunderheads as I usually have to teach." He finished his speech with a
scowl which seemed to have a familiar place on his narrow face.

“Padma’s hand shot up and he rolled his eyes. “Yes, Ms, Patil?” He responded in a long suffering
voice.

“When do we get to the potion making?” She asked in an eager and quite chipper, if badly
accented tone.

His eyebrow raised imperiously. “If you are very lucky, we will be brewing your first potions by
the end of the month.” He answered in the same tone as before. “After you memorize the safety
books, ingredient manifests, your first year potions textbooks and any other instructions I see fit to
give you between then and now.” He swept over, his cape flapping in an unfelt breeze. “As for
today, we will be going over some of the safety equipment, then my student teachers will give you
a tour of some of the ingredients shelves.” He finished as he moved over to her desk.

“You will all place the books on your desks go into you satchels, then follow me to the equipment
room.” He instructed, turning in place and moving towards another nearby door without waiting to
see if his instructions were being followed.

She shoved the three big musty tomes into her younger sisters hands, as Melody had been relegated
to carrying her satchel, and immediately hurried after the bat-like man.

The room they entered was coated in shelving across all four of the walls and several shelves
inside the room itself. Snape stood holding a bone-white beaked mask about a foot long made of
leather.

The mask’s underside was cloth, also white, and it had blank circular black glass eyes sewn onto it.
As she was observing the head strap on the back Snape spoke. “This, as some of you might
already be familiar with, is a respirator, or plague mask for the melodramatic. It is used primarily
in the fields of medicine, chemistry, alchemy, and potions making to protect the wearer from
miasma and other noxious fumes.”

He turned it around so they could see the back, then pulled out a beak-like insert from the nose.
“This is the filter bag for various herbs and spices, which you may find in the jars on the far left
shelf,” he added, pointing to the many rows of glass jars there, “the herbs should be replaced
regularly for peak effectiveness, and note that different mixtures can be used to counteract certain
things more effectively. A list of which is provided on the chart by the jars, as well as in your
textbooks.”

He replaced the insert and then placed the mask in Pansy’s hands. “Each of you take a mask from
the bins and put them on, you will be getting used to them over the course of the next few weeks
and I have no patience for dawdling."

The mask was a little claustrophobic to strap on, but once on Hermione thought it fit quite snugly,
and the glass was surprisingly clear as well.

“The next item is a waxed fabric overcoat, to prevent spills and spray from hitting clothing or the
skin, you will need to remove your robes and cloaks for to put them on, as their is an inner liner in
them that pulls up over the head around your masks.” Snape continued, gesturing to a rack where a number of black coats were hanging.

The coat was surprisingly complex to put on while wearing the mask, as the inner layer was a tight bodysuit mostly unconnected to the outer coat, but after some struggle she managed. Next came loose leather pants, then a set of boots, and a set of gloves both treated with caoutchouc, and it was all topped off with a wide-brimmed leather hat.

Dressing now finished, they hung their clothes on the rack from which they took their jackets while Snape continued to explain the locations and uses of other various pieces of safety equipment littered around the room, including things like fire extinguishing powder as well as a variety of neutralizing agents.

When they finally emerged from the storage room Hermione was practically buzzing in excitement at all they had learned and what they were about to do.

There was a collection of Third thought Fourth-Years already dressed in doctor suits, waiting for them to arrive when they re-entered the classroom, standing at attention as soldiers might when in formation.

Snape it seemed, ran a tight ship here in the potions lab.

The older students divided them all into groups of four, she was sorted into a group with Harry, Violet and a small rail thin blonde girl who she had only just seen earlier in the baths who had been covered in bruises and seemed slavishly dependent on Harry to an almost pathetic degree.

Their leader was a girl who was oddly enough not dressed in a full suit, lacking a mask and the underlining, with messy black hair only a bit longer than Harry’s who seemed very eager to see them. The girls resemblance to their potions master was not lost on Hermione either.

“Alright, are your masks secure? I’m going to guide you five pretty deep into the labyrinth.” She asked them eagerly, taking note of Melody’s shivering and barely clothed form with a mild interest before casting a warming charm on the younger girl.

They nodded in agreement, Hermione more eager than her companions as they climbed down yet another twisting stone stairway deeper into the castles underbelly. “Awesome,” The young teenager continued as they passed a landing and kept going, “I’m Surah Snape!” She exclaimed to them, proving what Hermione already suspected.

Harry, for his part tilted his head in a rather confused manner at her statement. “I suppose I’m sort of famous from what people tell me, but why are you so eager?” He asked her.

Hermione chose that moment to cut in. “And for that matter, where is your protective equipment?” She flushed. “It’s kinda a long story… and both are pretty solidly connected.”

Surah ran a hand through her greasy black hair and sighed, looking visibly embarrassed. “My father and yours were unusual… in the sense of typical male behavior… your mother is different from others of our kind, to start with no one but maybe Dumbledore seems to know where precisely where your mom was born. That’s not the odd part though, as whatever difference there is are not obvious visible or even magical, as though she is very powerful for her still pretty young age it’s something other than that.”
They past yet another landing, barely noticing it as the older girl talked. “It manifested itself pretty much from the moment they were placed in the same party, both of our fathers were enamored with her, to the point of ignoring all of the other available girls, even the older or more well off girls were ignored completely… like they weren’t even there in the magic or biological sense.” She waved her hand as they reached the bottom of the staircase, motioning for them to follow her into the shadowy gloom of the potions ingredients storage area.

“Normally you would only be allowed to see the shelves with safe potions ingredients, but I’m allowed down here, and there is less of a chance we’ll be interrupted here.” She explained as they passed a warning sign written in several different languages.

“Point I was getting to earlier was that it was extremely anomalous behavior for any male wizards so young regardless of core type or temperament. Dumbledore made a game out of it of sorts, and both of our fathers agreed that whoever could win Lily’s hand would be declared the ultimate victor, they agreed that there would be no challenges to the victors claim from the loser.” She paused at that and motioned to a rune inscribed into the wood of a frost coated shelf, with jars of glowing rocks and strange and unidentifiable withered husks suspended in an unknown fluid. “Bit of safety info, just pump magic into this if any ingredients are spilled or escape, just put a bit of magic into one of these runes and a cleanup team will be dispatched to your location. It should glow when you do so, and their are runes on either end of every shelf and the middle of each.”

“So wait, what on earth does that kind of behavior mean?” Hermione asked the older girl, Surah shrugged in response.

“No one knows, as far as anyone can tell she isn’t overtly Fey nor some kind of mutant, and it didn’t affect anyone else other than our fathers at the time…” She trailed off, and Hermione’s sharp mind caught the ‘at the time’ and filed it away to ask about later.

They passed a dimly glowing green sconce, and turned down another isle between to massive shelves of potions ingredients which soared up into the misty gloom and darkness, a few rolling ladders on either side of them. “At any rate, my father was winning the… I guess it was a contest, for most of their time at school here, until the beginning of fourth year when he, in his own words “Made a royal ass of myself.” Over the earlier summer, your dad had made a great effort to change himself, and finally managed to gain your mom’s attention, at which point my dad lost the contest. Your parents bonded to each other, your dad even swearing off other bond-mates in exchange for her hand, it worked.”

“My dad was already studying potions and was close to becoming a master, and after he had lost your mom’s hand he was pretty depressed. That was when he met my mother, Anna MacCòmhain who was a neophyte working in the potions labs at the time. She ended up assigned to the same potions project as him as an assistant, and somehow I ended being part of the deal. Which is to say my Da took my mom under his wing for a mastery, and she decided to give him an heir in thanks.” She explained, ending with a sort of helpless shrug.

“That’s why I don’t need a mask, because both of my parents have been potions masters since before I was born, which left me mostly immune to their effects, which is both good and bad as I’m sure you can imagine.” She continued, cutting Hermione off before she could ask further questions.

“Oh, I suppose I follow you, but why does that leave you so interested in me?” Harry asked her, ignoring Violet’s sharp look at the two of them as he stepped a pace closer.

She flushed at his question and immediately it clicked in Hermione’s mind. “Only you father and his were affected at the time.” She let the obvious flow off her tongue, her inflection making the meaning clear as day.
This only made the older girl blush harder. “For some reason I’m affected too, and I would bet my last gallon the two of you are as well.” She added, giving Violet a pointed look.

“I was just six the first time my mom let me out of her sight long enough to meet her at a joint potions meeting, all of the masters in the region reviewing each others notes and going over what everyone had learned that year.” Surah gained a foggy faraway look in her eyes as she recounted the story. “I reacted abnormally powerfully for my age at the time, caught her in the bathroom and all but begged her aloud on my knees to claim me then and there. I was too young for her taste of course, and being the daughter of her best friends bond mate she refused me with a grace and tact most would have had a hard time using properly. It hasn’t gone away though, only been reinforced over the years, and to be honest I think I know better than anyone but my father how your mother’s pull feels…”

Hermione shot the girl a curious look. “Ok, so what does that have to do with Harry?”

"With your father dead, you are not the sole patriarch of the house of Potter." She said, a pleading tone entering her voice. "You could make me her official consort." This was followed by a full faced blush across her pallid skin.

Hermione cut Harry off. “What’s in it for him?” She asked, her tone just short of hostile. She had grown up in Byzantium and political maneuvering was accordingly practically second nature to her.

Surah blushed further and shot her an gave Harry a sidelong look before turning back to Hermione. "Whatever he want's I suppose, but I can't give you my firsts, I'm saving myself for Lily... You'll understand when you meet her."

"I doubt that." Violet shot back more than a little disdainfully. "I mean imagine how the Hel that would have to be to work out?"

Hermione opened her mouth to agree with the violent redhead, however much it irked her biology generally didn't work like that, but Surah replied before she could. "I don't have to imagine it, I know how it feels." She replied cryptically.

Then the older girl brightened slightly. “Tell you what,” she added, “if you agree to this I’ll take you to her tower this weekend.” She couldn’t see their faces, but both of the twins visibly stiffened at the offer. She didn’t even need magic to know the pair were silently communicating something across their bond, as the blonde from earlier stiffened only an instant later.

“This weekend.” Came Harry’s reply after a moment. “We have Saturdays and Sundays off from studying right?” He asked.

“Of course we do.” Hermione cut in, voicing the obvious. “Even if you barbarians don’t hold the Sabbath sacred, you need some time off or you’d go insane.” She added, remembering the schedule overview they had received while the present twins had been… otherwise engaged.

Surah nodded slowly as they passed beneath a massive moldering cobweb spanning the distance between two massive shelves. “I suppose I could swing by Saturday evening after my duties are finished.

The rest of the conversation was far less interesting as it turned away from such personal topics and flowed with ease into discussion on the locations of safety equipment in the shelving and other such topics, and while Hermione was still extremely engaged in the new topics, the subject they had started on still occasionally nagged her subconscious even as she absorbed the new information.
Finally they returned to the potions classroom, and they parted with the youngest Snape with the advice to begin reading through their books as soon as possible.

S

Harry had very much been looking forward to his next class, and he could even sense a similar level of anticipation in Violet.

It was another long walk to the outer wall where Hagrid waited for their group, inside a large series of stables and cages where Hogwarts kept both it’s calvary animals and the menagerie.

Hagrid was their to greet them and their Esquires with a huge grin on his giant face. The half-giant flanked by a pale slender man with white hair, from which emerged a pair of thin white antlers, who gazed placidly at them with a pair of large luminous blue eyes.

“It has been brought to our attention that your class had an incident with several Welsh Urban Fairies due to a specific ward on your group rapidly eroding.” The pale man spoke the instant their Esquires had left. “As such, today’s lesson plan has been accordingly altered to suit this.”

Hagrid gave the man a raised eyebrow, a good-natured look of bemusement on his face. “Come now Lovegood, not even an introduction for the wee ones?”

The man, now revealed to go by Lovegood blinked owlishly. “I suppose I’ve spent too much time among the fey for my own good my old friend.” The man admitted, to which Hagrid gave a friendly laugh.

“Any rate,“ the half-giant added, “I’m Rebeus Hagrid as many of you might already know,” he gave Harry a wink at that, “and this is my co-instructor Xenophilius Lovegood.”

Hagrid, aside from being the Keeper of the Keys and the Head Groundskeeper was also their Care of Magical Creatures teacher. Professor Lovegood was apparently their instructor in all things Fey, a category which apparently went quite a bit beyond the typical dragon or warg in scope.

Case in point, Lovegood guided them away from the various beast pens into a quieter series of chambers above the lower levels where stranger things were kept than trolls or gryphons.

The room they were led into was smaller than what many of the chambers they had passed through, a pair of large glass containers reached from floor to ceiling, reinforced with webs of rune coated cold iron woven to allow large hexagonal viewports into the glass cylinders.

It was what was flitting wildly inside the chambers that was what was interesting to him though.

He slowly crept up to the the glass at Lovegood’s prompting, second only to the inquisitive young Greek and her sister, Violet and Sally slowly following behind him.

He was immediately face to face with a little elfin face peering through the glass framed with bright pink hair, her blue multifaceted eyes stared back at him, the tiny female couldn’t have been more than two feet tall.

She had shamrock green skin across her entire nude body which looked slightly moist, holding herself in the air with a pair of large brightly colored butterfly wings. The fairy grinned at him, pressing against the glass with her tiny hands and undersized breasts before pushing off and alighting back into the cloud of fluttering little fey in the chambers center.

“These here in the chamber are fairies of a couple different types,” Hagrid explained as he marched
up next to where he was peering through the crystal glass, the ones in the far chamber are pixies.”

“The difference is most immediately noticeable unless one looks at the wings.” Lovegood explained as he carefully stalked along the outside of the clustered students. “But the primary difference is in temperament. Fairies are seelie and pixies are unseelie, seelie creatures generally mean no intentional harm, but unseelie creatures are far more likely to behave malevolently even if there is no reason to do so.”

“It should also be noted that neither fairies or pixies contain anything more than animal intelligence anymore, and are as such considered animals despite having once been Magi themselves many eons ago.” The pale man continued. “Both feed on sexual fluids as well as the magic released during such unions, and use their abilities to stimulate such behaviors, though pixies being capricious and often prone to wicked impulses generally use their powers in an attempt to cause rapes…” The man continued as the lesson went on.

“I see-” Dumbledore spoke first, “that your son has taken after his mother in more than just his peculiar shade of green eyes.

It was several hours after the party and both Tonks had been dragged into his private office for reasons Tonks could only barely speculate at, though knowing what she did she knew she understood a great deal better than anyone else that the animagus forms might have signified.

She tried not to think about the mural above the older woman’s throne in the chamber and instead focused on her leige’s words as he continued on.

“A Basilisk, a Jörmungandr, and an Ananta Shesha…” He finished with a tired looking sigh.

Tonks chose that moment of silence to speak even as her hair turned a dull purple. “It could possibly be coincidence, I mean it certainly isn’t unheard of for powerful students to influence the animagus forms of those they bond with before they are set in stone by the ritual.”

“And besides,” the teenager added as mostly an afterthought, “those three are far from the weirdest we’ve got in our group… between Draco, Hermione, and Melody…”

Dumbledore sighed and fixed her with a tired smile. “As I am already aware Nym- Esquire Tonks.” He corrected himself quickly at her rapidly souring expression.

But both he and Lily jolted as the wards on his chamber resonated with a presence demanding to be allowed in, the same presence causing Tonks to swear as she recognized both the presence and it’s message.

A second later Penelope Clearwater emerged from the doorway and tossed a report onto Tonk’s lap. “Your dealing with this.” She exclaimed. The younger teen then turned to Lily. “Tell me Mrs. Potter, just how randy is you son exactly?”

-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Baw Ha Ha Ha! Hermione was a red herring all along!

To anyone wondering about how that works out, remember Hermione is a not exactly what one would call an especially faithful child as has been mentioned in the story before, a bit too much of the typical Roman philosophy for her to take the non-moral guideline part of religion
all to seriously.

Something we’ll get into a bit later.

In the case of the Jerboa Hive mind… the person who’s getting that should be pretty obvious with Hermione now off the table. It’s something I have an amusing plan for at any rate.

As for Sally, I mean come on… she’s probably one of, if not the single most underused character in the series. That’s both in and out of canon, which helpfully allows her to be completely malleable as far as things like character is concerned.

At any rate, the story should be picking up pace here fairly soon as I plan to maybe have a short timeskip after this chapter, just enough to take us to the weekend after a short bit about the night about to follow.
I AM NOT DEAD!

Just to start with I know it has been far too long everyone, but I have returned to bring you the next chapter of Harry Potter and the Energumen of the Elchee!

I must say before I go on that I am still totally blown away by the responses to my story, and the sheer amount of feedback I have received has been more or less overwhelmingly positive. Believe me when I say it’s tremendously encouraging.

This time around we see a bit of the night of the previous chapter, with a bit of something Hermione has been ignoring catching up to her, a follow-up class from the next day to add a bit of much needed explanation, and part of Saturday as presented from several viewpoints but mostly focusing on Hermione and Harry’s.

I had planned to do Harry and Violet’s first meeting with their mother as the ending half of this chapter, but I simply ran out of time and patience to be entirely honest. And seeing as I have been away from writing at all for far too long, for a variety of reasons that I will not go into here, I wanted to get out this chapter as soon as possible for everyone.

So without further ado, I give you Chapter 13 of Harry Potter and the Energumen of the Elchee!

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Dior was in the shower tonight, as unlike what her brother believed she was not entirely without shame unlike some of their older sisters. At the moment she wanted a little privacy for herself, a place where she would actually be able to think about her current options with less chance of interruption and all things considered this was the best place to get it in their dorm.

The situation with Hermione was still pending, the girl had caught her earlier that morning on her way to use the bathroom and all but literally dragged her by the hair to the shower she was currently occupying. The Greek intent on privately getting her back for the embarrassment she had suffered under Dior’s attempts to get ahead. She hadn’t bothered to fight the brunette, the flares of power splashing out from Hermione’s core warned her about the possible consequences to trying that, and she knew if she needed to she had a well earned way to assuage the other girls wrath if it came to actual violence.

Violet was a different story though. As while the volatile redhead was far from what Dior would have called cunning, the shorter girl was far too emotional for that, the redhead was also far from stupid. Even with just her instincts to guide her, Violet would doubtlessly understand that Dior had made herself a threat to the more muscular girl the moment she had moved on a trapped and exhausted Hermione in their study room.

Dior also had no current trump card for the other girl besides baiting her using her infatuation with Harry. Even with all of the interactions she had had with the other girl, she still lacked a good understanding of what Violet might actually want to keep off of her back. She also understood that she wouldn’t stand a chance in a fair fight, magical or otherwise, which left her with a good bit of
scheming to do.

Blaise was a good distraction for the moment, but Violet would eventually realize that the Incubus posed no possible permanent threat to her position in Harry’s still small coven. And while Harry’s acquiring of the diminutive little blonde would keep the redhead distracted, it would only do so until Violet was again sure of her position in her brother’s coven. A situation which would likely only last another day or so at most considering the Perks girls almost nonexistent power in the realms of magic and physical might, and total lack of resistance or spine.

She sighed and relaxed beneath the shower’s spray as warm across her back, banishing the thoughts for the moment to relax in the steamy little shower, moaning quietly in pleasure as she felt her muscles unwind beneath the heat.

It was this state of relaxation, and the sound of rushing water which caused her to fail to hear the wooden doors latch open, and Dior was thus unaware of her visitor until a pair of familiar arms wrap themselves around her waist.

“Good evening sweetie.” Blaise’s sensual voice slid across her shoulder as the Incubus pulled Dior’s body flush back against her slightly more developed form.

She sighed in bemusement a the sensation of a half-hard penis sliding between her butt cheeks, small breasts pressing into her back. “What do you want Blaise?” She grumbled back huskily, an amused smile finding its way to her lips.

The incubus chuckled at the heat in her voice. “I am merely here inquire about a little bit of… payment.” The dark-haired girl trailed off mysteriously into Dior’s ear, voice flowing like honey across her senses and making her shiver in pleasure.

“I have no idea what your talking about.” She muttered back distracted, the penis between her cheeks began rubbing up and down playfully as one of Blaise’s hands moving up to pinch her left nipple, a wave of lust into her body that hit her hard enough to nearly bring her to her knees. Dior could easily feel many streams of tingling heat as they begin sliding their way out from the junction between her legs that had nothing to do with the warmth of the water as Blaise’s smoky magic engulfed the small space they were sharing.

“Don’t play coy Dior. I might like Harry but I have no desire to get laid out by his twin for nothing,” Blaise teased with a chuckle, “besides that Violet will figure out how to resist my powers eventually, or realize that I have to have a coven of my own, and when that happens she’ll be after you like a Catholic inquisitor after apocrypha for trying to poach a rank in the pecking order.” Blaise cooed smugly into her ear as means of answer.

“Besides,” she continued, “I have a plan we can both benefit from, and I think we can both get what we want if you agree to it.” Blaise finished answering her with a purr, licking the inside of her ear and making her shiver in the other girls arms.

A grin spread across her lips as Blaise spoke, her magic flowing back into her control as her longtime friend’s control slipped and she started showering the back of Dior’s neck in sloppy, wet kisses.

Then she spun around, pinning Blaise against the door of the stall as she stared into her friends smokey stare. A dark eyebrow raised and an expectant look on her smirking face as Dior gazed back, mindful of the heated pulses shooting up and down her body even as she smirked at her friend.
“What’s with you Dior?” Came the smug, teasing reply as the Incubus tenderly pulled her close again and ran a long, slender tongue up the side of her neck, making her groan. “Aren’t you worried about Violet?”

“I have a plan for dealing with that stunted little battleaxe.” she lie quietly, the barest hints of a frown passing across her face at the thought of a plan which still needed creating.

Blaise pulled back slightly, raising an eyebrow at that. “One that doesn’t require me getting punched in the face?” She asked sarcastically, taking a moment to run a manicured nail up the bumps of Dior’s spine as they conspired in the steamy little room.

And she grinned at the Incubus’s curious promoting, a wide and wild grin that stretched across her lips as she gave her longest friend a dangerous look as she realized something about what Blaise had said. “I think I can think of something more fitting to do with you…”

Hermione sighed in indignation, pulling Melody closer to her breast as they snuggled into the pile of blankets and pillows. She was still deep in thought about a great many things after the day she had just had… Between the strange and far too real dream, the mess that had been Herbology, Potions, Care of Magical Creatures, and their second Defense lesson wherein they repeated the same exercises from their first Defense lesson, Hermione had had a long and rather irritating day.

But as she sighed into her sisters mane of messy brown hair, pulling her diminutive frame even closer, her thoughts turned to an even less comfortable place than the mess that were their classes.

Now back in the common room, with Tonks and the other Esquires having left at least two hours ago, Hermione was half-sitting half-lying lazily against a pile of pillows at the edge of the darkened common room. Swathed in blankets and deep in thought, with Melody drowsing flush against her.

Melody… her younger sister…her only sister…her unwitting slave. The thoughts swirling this way and that through the halls of her mind were far from anything she wanted to contemplate. Unfortunately one of the downsides about the way her own mind worked was that she rarely if ever stopped thinking in some capacity, which meant that now the opinions and musings about the past two days of classes had run their courses, all of the thoughts she had been purposely ignoring were rearing their ugly heads.

She tried to focus something new. Coming instantly to the various classes she could send her sister to during her day, which ranged the gamut from cooking and sewing, to gardening classes, music classes, even classes on things like basic finances and medicine.

The last one made her shudder, back in Byzantium their tutor had declared her younger sister totally unable to learn all but the most basic mathematics, she had absolutely no inclination to see how the eight-year old would manage to financially break her household before it even existed.

Nonetheless see how Melody fared as a doctor...

No if she sent her sister to anything it would be something safe, the sewing class would doubtlessly be useful and maybe she could even be eventually trusted not to burn water after a few cooking lessons.

Unfortunately this brought Hermione back to the realization that her sister was hers to do with as
she pleased now, her property…

It wasn’t even the issue of slavery that bothered her, such was a ubiquitous fact of life the whole world over, more so that she had been all but tricked into enslaving kin without any real idea or explanation about what she was doing.

And displeased musing brought her mind back to the events in the shower on their first morning, the expanded understanding of the nature of her sisters slavery. That she could even physically compel her sister to do her bidding with the proper stimulus if she so desired scared Hermione far more than any dragon or fel beast could.

Even in Byzantium slavery was not something that could do that to a human being, neither slave or master held such unnatural mannerisms… No one was meant to have such power over another, power that could overwhelm free will with a casual ease, that sort of power was supposed to be reserved for the Almighty himself. It left her feeling cold to know that she now could wield something like that so thoughtlessly that she had used it that first morning without even realizing it.

And on her own flesh and blood no less!

Yet here she was half-lying with her slave in law and magic snuggled in her arms. The Patil twins wrapped around each other only two or three feet away, curled up in nearly thrice the blankets she was using as the pair were obviously not used to such mild weather as was found so far north, with Sue Li snoring lightly on the other side of her.

Focusing on their presence failed to distract her though.

She needed to speak to someone more responsible like Penny about this situation, or barring that at least Tonks…

S

It had only taken a moment to slip free from her younger sister, and how leaving her alone in the common room worried her, however she had not the slightest clue how to get into contact with either of her Esquires at this point in time which had led her to where she was now.

Hermione dared not leave the common room alone, never-mind alone this late into the night.

So she found herself standing in only her robe before the section of the wall that led to Tonks’s secret room after spending several minutes practically having to feel her way down the hallway to the study room in the relative darkness, cursing her lack of knowledge of where to find either a candle or oil lamp to light the way… not that she would have been able to light one even if she had known where to find one but she hardly cared about that right now.

Hermione grimaced to herself in the gloomy darkness, trying hard to remember how the young woman had opened the portal that first night. She hadn’t exactly been in a great mental state to make keen observations after the various events that had taken place in the study room and racking her brain was giving her absolutely nothing of substance.

So she did yet another thing she didn’t want to do, leaning forward and pressing her hands against the stone in the shadowy hallway, reaching out with the tendrils of magic which spread from her inner self and sent power from her core to try and sense the exact location doorway.

She could feel the patterns of magic swirling in the walls, a hundred different enchantments which swathed the stone emanating from all across the castle. She found the one which hid the entrance to the stairwell easily enough as it was the only bit of magic that was actually bound to anything
nearby where she was standing, but that really didn’t tell her a great deal about how to get the
damn thing open, and she spent several minutes fumbling with her magic pulsing against and
through the stonework in an attempt to open the doorway.

It must have taken at least five minutes if not more of clumsily groping about with a power she
didn’t really understand in the darkened hallway, before finally the wall’s brickwork melted away
like wax to reveal the familiar spiral of the hidden staircase. Hermione heaved a sigh in relief as
the barrier melted away, running her hand through her own messy hair before she began making
her way up to the little room.

As she exited the stairway into the unlit chamber she cursed internally, suddenly realizing exactly
how unlikely it would actually be for Tonks to be here and not with her coven in some other part of
the God-forsaken castle at this point at night.

That was okay, she decided with a sigh as she went about brushing the blankets closer to where she
had sat so she could curl up into her mound of blankets and comforters in the chambers center,
she didn’t need anyone else to see her moping to herself anyways.

Fate however, seemed as ready as ever to spoil whatever decision she had decided on...

Her first inclination that she had somehow inadvertently succeeded was when the barely lit rooms
shadows darkened out of the corner of her mostly buried eyes, swallowing up the small amounts of
dim starlight peeking through the sides of the windows now closed drapes and plunging the tiny
room into complete darkness.

“I should have known it would be you.” The shapeshifter’s voice echoed up from the all
encompassing shadows, Tonks’s form appearing from the fleeing darkness in front of where
Hermione had made a nest for herself and curled up to sulk. “Not like Melody could get in here yet
anyways.” The teen said breathlessly, more to herself than Hermione in an idle and half-
incredulous manner. Her newly blue eyebrow raised inquisitively as she looked down at Hermione,
arms crossed underneath a straining bodice. “So what’s got you all worked up tonight kid?”

Hermione exhaled explosively. “I just don’t understand it!” She breathed out after a moment had
passed, physically uncomfortable to have to use such a hated sentence, before finally some tiny
barrier inside her snapped. “My little sister is my slave for the love of God Tonks!” She clarified,
the last part coming out as nearly a shout in the nearly silent room. “Even among the royalty, you
don’t do that! Blind them, castrate them, send them into exile but you don’t do that sort of thing
publicly, especially if you haven’t caught them doing anything first!”

“Why did all of this have to happen to me…” She bemoaned to herself quietly before the shape-
shifter could respond, breaking the teenagers gaze to bury her head into her blankets in frustration
and embarrassment. “It was the day after my birthday for Christ’s sake!” Again the last part came
out significantly louder than the words that preceded it, the stress and confusion of the past few
days wearing heavily on her conscious.

From above her Tonks sighed as Hermione failed to continue, seeing it as an opportunity to
interject. “The witch part was inevitable squirt, there was nothing else anyone could have done
besides leaving you to your fate.” The teen started rather a matter-a-factly, sounding all at once
more tired than Hermione had ever heard the young woman, and she was forced to wonder if her
Esquire had had this conversation already.

Why was she even kidding herself? Tonks must have done been doing this at least a few years, so
of course Tonks would have...
“And before you even ask me about it; yes, there is every chance in the world that Melody would have become a witch as well. Even without being brought to Hogwarts, or feeding off of your magic, she is your blood Hermione, and blood has always been considered powerful for a very good reason…” Tonks trailed off cryptically, audibly uncomfortable adding on to that little bit of information.

“At any rate, with you already having been convicted for witchcraft she would have been under such scrutiny that saving her would have been pretty much impossible when she did start openly showing signs.” The teen continued to half-explain half-chastise her, finally moving into a sitting position across from where Hermione sat half-buried in the covers.

Tonks, for her part did nothing but chuckle as Hermione exposed the top half of her face to look above the edge of her fluffy nest to actually look the now sitting teen in the eyes “As for the slavery part, pretty much nobody is just allowed to be inside Hogwarts grounds for extended periods of time without providing something in return… in Melody’s case, that would be her service to you as your personal attendant.” Tonks went running a hand through her longish blue hair as Hermione sharpened her gaze, banishing whatever tiredness she felt to focus on what the teen was about to say next. “It’s policy try to keep families together when they come from lands like yours anyways... Makes it easier to adjust if you have someone you know already, usually a younger or older sister or a female cousin of friend if it can be helped.”

“All girls?” The words came spilling forth past her lips with a sort of choking laugh before she could even think about them.

Tonks snorted at that. “You’re a smart kid, basic math explains why that’s prefered. More girls means more little Magi faster, it’s than simple.” She said, waving her hand at Hermione, who wrinkled her brow in return.

“Anyways, her status as your attendant puts her as high up on the totem pole as someone who isn’t a free man can go… it’s actually the meaning of her uniforms color choice, black on red marks a slave as someone’s personal attendant and representative.” She continued to explain. "Why else do you think they let her into the kitchens this morning?"

“Besides the only other choice at her age would have been to make her a Lautus, in which case you would have only seen her maybe once every day or so depending on whether or not she was assigned to our group at all, or hope she could find someone else who would bind her for her service as a slave of some sort before she got cast out for freeloading… which I am quite certain you would have not appreciated.” She finished, her hair flipping through a variety of colors muted by the near darkness.

Hermione sighed at that. Understanding easily why something like Hogwarts would not be shared with just any random peasant who came wandering by without some measure of insurance, and internally thankful that she had had a bit more of the situation explained to her. “So slavery is as common here as it is in Byzantium.” She questioned the teenager quietly, feeling herself relax slightly at the idea of something held in common by the new culture she had been forced into and her old one.

At that Tonks gave her a slight wry sort of smirk. “Sort of, a moderate bit slavery in the United Kingdoms is voluntary, like the Lautus, or Volens. Peasants and villeins encourage their children to trade temporary freedom for a higher education at Hogwarts than they would otherwise get for free under the Common Charter. Helps that it also gives them a chance of becoming Neophyte, or even full blown Magi if they are quite lucky.” She shrugged as she continued, idly playing with a tassel on one of the blankets.
“Not all of them get into Hogwarts of course, but their are always Lords and such looking for housekeepers and stable boys and hiring a teacher or two is usually a good investment compared to the amount of free labor they can get out of it. My Uncle Lucius employs quite a few servants under contracts like that, as do the Blacks, and the most of the aristocracy who can afford a few extra mouths to feed…”

Hermione drew her head fully from the blankets as a thought hit her. “You said temporary freedom, so there is more than one kind of slavery bond.” She said as a statement more than a question.

Tonks nodded, disguising her pleasure that she had again managed to get Hermione out of her funk and engaged so easily. “Good catch, and yes and no. All slavery bonds are technically self-sustaining temporary bonds, but the important part when talking about bondage is that the legal aspect not the magical one. The bonds the Lautus have to the castle’s keystone for instance are contractual, and legally must be broken when their contracts run out. On the other hand, someone captured in a raid or who has committed a very serious crime or string of crimes will end up an involuntary slave, and their is no legal limit on how long they can be kept as such.”

“You’ll learn more about that though when you start joining in on the raids next year though…” Tonks trailed off, with a slight smirk breaking across her features before she turned her attention fully back onto Hermione. “Your little sister is somewhere in the middle despite being technically involuntary, and legally you could release her anytime you wanted or keep her as your retainer forever. I personally would say that it would be a very bad idea release her now though as her core isn’t developed enough for her to become a student obviously, and you have no plan for what she would do after you released her, but it is always an option.”

“At any rate the involuntary type is not legally temporary, and can only be released by another special ritual involving their direct master, they also have far less restrictions on what punishments can be used on them and what they can be made to do.”

Hermione swallowed thickly at the implications the teenager had just laid before her, all of her previous relaxation vanishing as her lips thinned and a sort of morbid curiosity bade her speak. “Elaborate… please…”

Tonks sighed in response, leaning back and supporting her upper-body with her arms. “Well you can order to do pretty much anything you want her to do, send her to classes, make her do chores for you in the future when you are part of a coven and have your own household, use her to gain favors with other students, or just parade her around as a status symbol.”

“Status symbol?” The words passed Hermione’s lips in a sort of half-confused whisper. She didn’t need her Esquire to elaborate on what “gaining favors” might have meant as the meaning was obvious enough as it was, but the idea that a slave might have been considered a status symbol was slightly confusing if they were as common as the teenager had seemed to be making them out to be here in barbarian lands.

At that Tonks just gave her a wry look. “Hermione I’m considered to be both one of the more moderately well-off important people out of all of my Yearmates, and I have a very substantially sized coven on top of that, and even I don’t have a personal attendant to just follow me around all of the time. Besides that most are contractual and come at quite the price…” She paused for a moment and a mildly sheepish look crossed her face. “And before you ask, no Penny doesn’t count, despite her tendency to follow me around most of the time. She just is under the mistaken impression that I would constantly be getting myself into trouble without her.”

She snorted as Hermione shot her a very dry and incredulous look, and they sat in silence for a
moment before Tonks finally rolled her eyes at the absurdity of the entire situation. “Hermione listen to me, no one is going to force you to treat her any different than you normally would. She is your’s after all.”

Hermione could see even in the dim light as Tonks checked a mental box in her head as she couldn’t help her relief being visible on her face, the older girl visibly pleased as she cheered up before another thought came to her. “What happens if I bond to a coven?”

It was a prudent question, one she had phrased very carefully to keep her cards close to her chest. She wasn’t sure she wanted to be bonded to a boy at all, or a girl for that matter, but Tonks didn’t need to know that to answer her question.

“I already told you Mione,” Tonks answered, ruffling Hermione’s hair playfully as she stood back up, pulling Hermione up to her feet by her arm in the same motion, “she is your’s and your’s alone. The only things that would be likely to change that would be a Life Bond or a Conquest Bond.”

She allowed her hair to ripple again through several different colors as she gently prodded Hermione towards the rooms doorway with a gentle pulse from her core. “Now come on, she’s waiting for you out there kid and we both need to get some sleep the proper way tonight….

S

Violet would have groaned in annoyance if she hadn’t been so exhausted, as it was she relaxed back into the small pile of pillows she had pilfered and stared balefully at Sally from across Harry’s chest. The tiny blonde wisely avoided eye contact and instead snuggled her face shyly into the crook of her twins arm on far side, submissiveness rolling off of her tiny core in flickering little waves.

Draco was in another tent nearby with Pansy tonight, having decided that it would be too crowded with the new girl’s addition for them all to sleep comfortably. Violet knew better though, understanding intuitively that the blonde boy either didn’t want to risk Pansy or himself getting caught in any possible crossfire.

It was a thoughtful decision on his part, though she would never admit it to him, as despite her brother’s command in the baths this morning, she was far from happy with his blonde new addition to her life. The mere fact that besides the color of their hair, Sally and Dior could hardly be any more different as far as people was not even slightly factored into her disliking the new girl even more for whatever Dior and Harry had done on the island a few nights ago.

Not that she would have been pleased with any other addition either. Nor had she had any opportunity to do anything about the blonde other than glare since they had left the baths that morning, as between meals and classes she had barely had any time to think today.

And it wasn’t like her twin wasn’t paying a close guard either, Harry’s eyes were closed as he lay sleepily on the bedding, but she could feel subtle tendrils of magic that certainly were not coming from Sally making their way across the inside of their tent to monitor the two other occupants. Subtle pulses down her bond with him carefully monitoring her emotional state to give her twin time to preempt anything she might have tried to do.

“Violet, go to sleep, you can whine to me in the morning.” Her twin cut off her thoughts with a tired reprimand, making her growl irritably in response as she pulled herself closer to him and took the opportunity to shoot a mild glare at Sally from across his chest.

Honestly, there wasn’t anything for her to really worry about, the other girl was hardly in a
position to challenge her in any field, in might or magic Violet was her unquestionable superior but it hardly mattered.

It irked her despite everything she could hold over Sally. She was used to getting her brother’s undivided attention, and Violet knew that short of the pathetic little blonde dying she would never be getting that back. Worse, Sally’s bonding reminded her that he would almost inevitably take more girls into his coven which would divide his attention even further, and that not all of them were likely to be as helpless as Perks was…

Another thought to foul her mood, then there was all of the stuff still to come.

The looming issue of her mother…

Violet had truthfully given the woman little thought over the years, not that she tended to give anything more thought than absolutely necessary, having long since given up asking Aunt Petunia when her mother would be coming visit her many years ago. Lily Potter was something conceptual at this point rather than anything she could grasp firmly, a distant idea in her head rather than anything that was really real, and Violet tended to hate things she couldn’t get a physical grasp of.

She did know though, that the woman she had never actually met would remain less than real as long as their paths never crossed, like something Trude had tried to get her to care about in a book or trying to do math on paper instead of with physical things to count, like an apparition which was lacking the substance which made things sincere and solid.

In a very real sense Violet had absolutely no desire to give that ghost a physical form, she certainly wouldn’t have accepted the older girls offer if it had been left up to her. After all what did it matter if they never met their mother again! It wasn’t like the woman had ever been there for either of them, she had never visited Shetland as far as Violet could remember, so why would she go through the bother.

Harry’s perspective on things was slightly easier for her to understand though… he was the Head of the Potter family, the last male available to even take the position. And despite that there was apparently only three Potters left, the fact that they even had an official Head spoke volumes, as even she knew the importance of that particular title.

Finally though she sighed, pulling herself flush against her twin while ignoring Sally’s arm which was also wrapped around his waist. Violet decided she would think about it all later. For tonight, she just wanted to go to sleep and forget today had ever happened.

Also wring the Perks girls neck, but she figured Harry would get in the way of that.

S

The first class of the morning was oddly enough the same as the last from their first night, being a continuation of their first lesson in the astronomy tower according to Tonks, Which made it rather easy to reach from their dorm as they simply had to walk across one of the bridges connecting the innermost wall where most of the dorms were, to the castle's massive central citadel.

Madam Hooch actually showed up to give them their first flying lesson this time, the hawk-eyed woman giving their class a thin smile, her entire visage reminding Harry strongly of a bird of prey eyeing down a fluffle of rabbits as she stared down at them with a gaze that spoke of some barely restrained annoyance.

“Good morning everyone,” she said in cool and rather no-nonsense tone, “today you shall be
learning what your Animagus forms actually are, but first your first…” the woman cleared her 
throat at Penelope's pointed glare from across the gathered students, “let’s make that your belated 
lesson on broomstick riding.”

With that statement the woman waved her hand, causing several rows of rather fancy looking 
broomsticks to appear on the ground in front of their group. Harry approached the one in front of 
him cautiously, slowly kneeling and picking it up to examine it more closely.

It was made of a dark wood with a shining reddish stain, about two and a half inches thick with the 
front end bulging slightly into an almost teardrop like sort of shape, with the back end crowned 
with burst of long black bristles held on by a ring of bronze. As he held it, he couldn’t help but 
smile to himself for a reason even he didn’t entirely understand, noting to himself in curiosity that 
the entire thing was much lighter than he expected and almost felt like it might float down to the 
ground like a feather if he allowed it to drop from his grasp.

“Alright class, when you are done familiarizing yourself with your brooms, mount them and 
prepare to follow me to the observatory towers main entrance.” The silver-haired professor 
instructed their group as he ran a hand along the wood of the broomstick, feeling a cool tingle run 
up his arm as the magic in the wood thrummed in response to his touch, hidden runes carved into 
the wood drawing magic out from his core and the very air around him and into the artifact.

It was about a second after he placed the broom between his legs and began to gently hover slightly 
off of the ground that Violet screwed the lesson up.

His twin gave a startled shriek from beside him as a huge spike of fear shot across their bond and 
straight into his chest, he jerked his head in her direction in time to see her form fly straight into the 
tower’s massive maze of moving staircases with a rapidly fading yell as she shot spinning into the 
air completely out of control.

“Oh, for the love of-” He missed the look on Madam Hooch’s face as she spoke, but he looked 
back in time to see her raise her wand and give it a twirl. A second later the broom his twin had 
been riding shot into her hand at an exceptionally violent speed and the professor caught it with a 
deftly practiced twirl that completely defied the force of the broom itself.

Violet returned to earth only a second later where stopped a few feet above the ground only to 
spring back into the air a full ten feet, bouncing half that again the second time before being 
dropped onto the floor with a groan after the third bounce.

“Oh…” Came his sister’s reply to her misfortune, as a slightly burst of pain echoed back across 
their shared bond while a few of the girls around them shared looks of amusement.

Ron floated up next to her prone form with a thoroughly entertained smirk on his freckled face. “I 
believe the right thing to say to this would be something along the lines of “Karma’s a bitch”, am I 
right Padma?” He asked, a slight look of nervous anticipation flashing across his face.

“Close enough.” Came the caramel skinned girl’s half-attentive reply, the Indian still sitting on her 
broom next to her sister, hovering about a foot above the ground and ignoring Pavarti’s amused 
giggling with a practiced ease.

Violet responded to them all with a rather rude gesture in the general direction of their classmates, 
and a flash of irritation which burst from her core and caused Sally to hover closer to him in an 
increasingly familiar display nervousness.

“Happens every time.” Tonks said dryly as she walked towards the front of their group, having not
left yet unlike Penny and Tai who had vanished moments before Violet had shot into the air.

Hooch rolled her eyes at the teenager’s comment, dragging Violet up from the ground with an idle wave of her wand. “That doesn’t mean you need to relish such things Esquire Tonks.” The woman shot back chidingly, adjusting the silvered belt around her blue robe with a careless air as Harry moved to catch his twin as she stumbled into his waiting arms out of dizziness.

Tonks gave a half-chuckle in response to the older woman, before shooting him with an approving glance at his quick dismount to keep Violet from falling back over onto the ground. “Might as well enjoy it, it’s not like ignoring it’ll keep it from happening.”

Their teacher rolled her eyes at Tonks’s relaxed attitude towards the seemingly expected trouble, taking a moment to wave her hand dismissively at the teen once he had helped his sister cautiously remount her broom. He could feel her newly formed distrust of the thing trickling off of her magic as she remounted the broom but nothing showed on her freckled face but a fierce annoyance mixed with her typical determination to conquer this newest trial, a testament to his twins nerves if he had ever seen it.

Thankfully she did not go careening out of control into the air again, and a moment later they were all gently floating into the air. Draco and Dior deftly weaving through the railways and banisters with a practiced ease along several others as their group ducked past support beams for the various landings with several other experienced students leading the way or showing off.

It was quite a different story, Harry noted as he glanced back, for Hermione and the Muslim girl who’s name he had yet to hear. Both girls were trailing behind the rest of the group and clutching the shafts of their brooms in an absolute death-grip as though afraid they would turn into live adders at any second or something equally ridiculous… although on second thought, Harry decided it might not be completely impossible for something like that to happen in this castle.

The younger of the two Grangers, he noted as Tonks passed him on her larger broom with the little girl held tight against her chest, seemed to be having a grand time in contrast to Hermione’s palpable fear. The eight-year old staring gleefully with wide brown eyes at the moving stairways and ever shifting support beams, heedless of the ever increasing distance opening up below their rising group.

As their group swooped like a flock of bizarre birds beneath a large bridge structure between two different subsections of the massive citadel Harry couldn’t keep the grin from blooming across his face. Even the slow, relaxed pace they were using to slowly curl upwards around the outer edge of the circular central chamber filled him with a strange sense of pleasure he was completely unused to.

Flight, it such a simple thing and yet something so unique and magnificent, he knew he was grinning like an idiot as he took in this newfound freedom. And he wasn’t alone, as when he turned to Sally she shared a wide smile right back, his second ever bondmate’s blue eyes sparkling happily even as a fresh pulse of determination and wild excitement flowed down his bond from where Violet was shooting ahead to try and catch up to Draco and Pansy.

It seemed the feeling of flight was something the three of them could all agree on, a liberation that was pure and simple, and Harry had to physically resist the urge to pour more magic into the broom and dart forward at a faster speed than would have been safe in the relatively crowded confines they were currently flying through.

Unfortunately it came to an end all too soon, as they reached a large, broad balcony nearly at the top of the moving staircases where Madam Hooch landed deftly, swinging her broom over her
shoulder as she spun around to monitor their group’s landing.

Other than Neville nearly crashing into the back of Pansy during his landing, and Hermione and the muslim girl’s near collision as they both set down rather hard on the thickly rugged landing, everything had gone off fairly well.

And while Harry felt a strong longing to remount his broom, a feeling that was echoed across his bonds by the two members of his as yet tiny coven, he was equally excited for what was about he knew was still to come.

It couldn’t have been even a full five seconds after the last of their group had landed before the large wooden doors leading into the astronomy tower proper, with their deep blue paint and constellation patterns, swung open to either side and revealed the starry-eyed gaze of Professor Xenophilius in a set of deep yellow robes.

“That will be all Instructor, Esquire.” He said quietly in the general direction of the room in general, to which Madam Hooch gave a sharp nod and launched herself skyward before darting past the balconies bannister in a steep dive as their brooms vanished back to wherever they had been before they had appeared, Tonks vanishing back into the aether herself with a quick salute and a grin.

The room they were led into was much the same as he remembered it from the last time Harry had been there. A large and mostly empty chamber with frescoes depicting the constellations and paths of various astral bodies decorating the ceiling, and several staircases on the walls leading both further up and down into the outcropped tower. The only major difference now was that the room was mostly empty and the air was much clearer without the oppressive fog of smoke from burning incense and candles.

Professor Xenophilius lead them back to the same arrangement of pillows at ringed around the room’s center at the sort of sedate pace Harry expected from the man after his class yesterday. The wide-eyed professor struck him as a rather odd man, his strange appearance aside, being almost abnormally calm and collected, yet extremely spacey. Always moving with a sense of entirely relaxed purpose and poise, as though he had all the time in eternity to accomplish whatever confusing task it was he was doing and was in no hurry to go any faster. The rather odd mannerism he displayed while teaching them about Fairies notwithstanding.

“Unfortunately, Hagrid will be unable to assist us in today’s lesson as he is busy on an assignment in the Forbidden Forest. However I shall do my best to make things as clear as possible for you all myself.” He said in the same quiet and almost breathless sort of tone that he had used in class yesterday as they sat down on the pillows, a small smile on his lips.

Xenophilius himself made his way to the center of the ring of pillows and drew out a rather large tome from the inside of his yellowish robe, which he held up with an unexpected ease considering he was only using a single hand. “Today, your Animagus form will be revealed to you and you will begin your study on the form itself to better prepare you for the actual transformation.” He added as he slowly began thumbing through the books wafer-thin pages while the entire class waited, some more patiently than others.

“But to start with, I will touch just a little bit on the history behind Animagus magic… The Animagus Form, also called the Wild Form, or Spirit Animal is one of the most ancient forms of transfiguration known to historians, with the earliest examples of it dating back to at least the First Age of Man. Numerous forms of evidence have been gleaned over the years from what little ruins and artifacts remain of both the Mu and Lemurian civilizations show that both civilizations definitely possessed the knowledge of what was referred to then as the “Wild Form”, which most
transfiguration experts agree based on examinations was likely a much more primitive variation of the rituals we still use today for the same purpose.” He paused for a moment, giving them all a rather mysterious glance. “It is indeed interesting to note however, that despite their venerated reputation in the West, no such records or forms of evidence have ever been recovered from the ruins of Atlantis or any of her daughter colonies.” The willowy Fey explained as he looked back away from the class, moving to continue his slowly thumbing through the tome he held.

Finally after several moments he seemed to find the page he was looking for, and he gazed up from the page to re-fix the class with his luminous gaze. “It is important to note that this is not actually the theft of a physical creature’s body, but rather merely molding a copy of it’s form and experiences by a limited method of telepathy. As such the aging or death of the being the form you may have is based on has no effect on your ability to use it, indeed it is far from unheard of for individuals to gain Animagus forms of creatures or beings which have long since passed from this or other worlds.” Professor Lovegood continued, a small smile spreading across his pale face even as Violet sighed from boredom.

He ignored her, while Harry shot his twin a short glare at her loud interruption. “Your actual form will age as you do, and so at present your Animagus will be a juvenile of whatever it happens to be.” He continued as though nothing had happened at all, before raising a silvered wand with his free hand and giving it a sort of short wave.

There was a sort of hissing sound and a series of papers appeared before almost everyone, which he noted quietly did not include Sally but did include Melody.

His newest partner’s core had actually been echoing with confusion the entire time they had been listening to the Professor talk, and after a moment Sally raised her hand nervously.

“Yes Ms. Perks?” Lovegood asked, before noting the lack of paper in front of where Sally kneeled on the ground on Harry’s other side from Violet. “Ah, yes. I had forgotten your group had not yet gotten to that particular lesson.” He spoke quietly. “I suppose it will have to be an experiment for this Saturn’s day.” He said while gliding towards where Harry sat with his two member coven, earning him a foul glare from Violet.

Sally failed to respond, merely giving the moon-eyed man a confused look as Harry picked up the sheath of papers from the ground before him.

One word stuck out to him, startling him nearly hard enough to bring him to his feet.

“BASILISK” was stamped in bold black letters at the very top of the paper, below which smaller and less bold set of unfamiliar words. “Venenum Rex”

A very detailed illustration was below the two words, showing a large hooded serpent with a crown of spines protruding from the back of it’s head preceded by a white marking. The snake’s eyes were uncolored, shining like twin spotlights from the crowned head of the legendary king of serpents as it stared balefully from the page at him.

“Yes, as you might have guessed Mr. Potter, you will not in fact be learning how to attempt the transformation at any point in the immediate future.” Came the voice of their strange Fey Professor from directly in front of him, startling Harry from his fascination with the illustration. “Both for your own safety and the safety of those around you.”

“Fret not though, Mr. Potter, you are not the only one who will likely need special accommodations for at least your first few changes.” He continued unabated, giving the room a misty-eyed look that stopped first at Draco, then Hermione, before finally settling on the girl Harry recognized as
Hannah from the Defense class. “Indeed, there are quite a few potentially fatal accidents waiting to happen if we do not proceed cautiously. Your own is the most concerning and dangerous to those around you, but I would not discount Ms. Granger or Ms. Abbotts destructive potential, especially once they have grown into their forms adulthood and mastered the abilities true potential.”

His sister chose that moment to butt into the conversation. “To Hel with the Greek and the blonde floozy,” Violet said in a positively savage tone, “there is no way anyone has anything on me!” She exclaimed in a pleased voice, prompting Harry to lean over to look at her papers.

And there in the same sort of big bold lettering was a single word he knew instantly. “JÖRMUNGANDR” underlined by the words, “orbis terrarum serpénte”

The World Serpent…

That could be a problem…

“Unfortunately Ms. Potter, as I mentioned before you only have access to the form of a juvenile of that particular species.” The professor said with what for him could probably pass for a mildly patronizing tone, though the same calm look remained on his face. “And based on dead examples of such creatures, your current form would be only about as long as I am tall, antlers included.” He exclaimed calmly with a gesture to the aforementioned features sprouting from the pale hair atop his head, causing Violet’s expression to become fouled as her core released a wave of emotional displeasure at her surroundings.

His twin huffed, running a hand through her scarlet tangles. “What’s the use of getting a powerful ability if it’s gonna take forever before I can use it anyways?” She questioned the man, but their professor was already past them and making his way towards where a wide-eyed Hannah Abbott sat next to a her grinning friend Susan.

Harry turned back to where Draco and Pansy were sitting with Dior nearby, pointedly ignoring Violet’s continued pouting, to find an inquisitive look on the faces of the two girls and a frowning Draco.

“So what did you three get?” He asked him, genuinely curious about his blonde friends luck.

Dior answered first, with a pleased look on her face. “Grey Crowned Crane”. Her expression letting everyone know she was obviously pleased to have gotten something that she could begin practicing on immediately.

“How on earth did I get a bloody legendary sea serpent, and you got a bird?” Violet asked loudly at Dior’s response, the new conversation temporarily snapping her from her own funk.

Draco rolled his eyes at her question. “It’s entirely random what you end up with,” he elaborated in an annoyed tone, “the fact that most people get things that live, will live or lived on earth doesn’t mean anything. For instance my Animagus is a C-Variant, which means it isn’t anything on records and is likely from another world or plane.”

“And that means in english?” Sally asked, seemingly able to get over some of her shyness out of sheer confusion.

“It means he’ll be put through the transformation under stasis, to make sure he doesn’t explode or asphyxiate or something like that.” Dior added idly, having returned to reading through her folder of papers as the conversation moved on.

Pansy grinned at them all. “Well at least one of us got something useful.” She added with a
arrogant flick of her black hair.

“And what did you get then?” Harry asked, noting his twin’s core swiftly turn in annoyance again, cutting Violet off before she could say anything.

“A kind of water Golem!” The black-haired girl stated proudly, grinning at Harry and the others. “Like a slime or ooze but better and more powerful because it was made artificially, it’s core should be much more durable than a normal slime’s would be. Might even be enchanted somehow.” She finished with an arrogant smirk in Violet’s direction. “It ought to also be pretty much indestructible to things like poison or crushing.”

That ending statement couldn’t have been made more weighted if the black-haired girl had just outright mocked his twin to her face, and Harry found himself wondering if Pansy had recently acquired a death-wish or if she had simply forgotten that she couldn’t actually use her Animagus form yet in her newfound arrogance.

Violet took the boast with about the same amount of calm and patience Harry had expected her to, launching up from her sitting position on her pillow to jab a finger in Pansy’s direction with a barely restrained snarl. “Which will do you absolutely no good if you don’t see me com-” she was cut off with a halo of grayish light, which wrapped around her body and forced her to stand rigid as a smell like pine needles filled the air.

It seemed their Professor had indeed noticed the burgeoning argument. “And that is why Ms. Potter, it is such to our vast fortune that your partner has acquired the Animagus that he has.” The tall man stated, returning his thin metal wand to a holster inside his robes sleeve as he spoke. “As the power of the King of Serpents will be invaluable in subduing you should your volatile temper be carried over so fully into your Animagus form.” He chided her softly before releasing his magical restraint, and Harry instantly felt the smell of the deep forest recede as Violet barely managed to keep standing with the power unexpectedly no longer focused on holding her body tight.

“And I shouldn’t have to explain to you Miss. Potter, that intentionally killing fellow students will land you in a no small amount of trouble from those with far more power and authority than would be possessed by merely your Esquires.” The Professor added idly as he continued walking past, moving in the direction Hermione and the Patil twins were.

The leaflet of paper did not change, no matter how often Hermione had gone back to reread it over the course of the rest of the week, it had remained constant, Even now almost two full days after she had first received it, the header still proudly proclaimed the same thing it had when she had first picked the papers up from the floor.

“STELLAR VAMPIRE/FEASTER FROM THE STARS”

“Monstruosus caelum”

There had been a feeling of potent numbness when she had first read the words pressed so boldly in black ink at the top of the first paper. What little she knew about those particular legendary monsters, as terrible as they were vitreous, which were rumored to hunt for blood in the eerie calmness of shifting fog-banks or after thunderheads had passed went flashing through her mind.

Accounts of Star or Stellar Vampires were to be found in some of the more obscure bestiaries she had read after all. Though the beasts themselves were not well described as they were seldom seen,
and more often were merely known by the desiccated corpses of lone pilgrims or wanderers which were sometimes to be found abandoned in lonely places after storms had passed. Bodies drained of fluid and covered with with strange markings on their flesh which could not quite be called bite marks.

But the Church considered those merely monsters like Dragons or Trolls, despite being them far less well understood or studied.

No what worried her was the fact that such beasts were apparently much more well known among Magi than they were by the men of the church, and the name that followed was the one that chilled her blood.

And that was because Feasters from the Stars were classified as Demons. Summonable abominations, blasphemies against God and the Divine order at who’s appendages it was rumored that the madman had been devoured in broad daylight so long ago!

It had been something she had been ignoring since waking earlier than her peers that night, from the dream which had been so awfully vivid, but to see the confirmation of her suspicion stamped so clearly on the paper left a cold feeling in her body.

To know that the one was merely the occasional pack hunting juvenile form of the much rarer and far more terrible greater monster was almost as sickening as was the knowledge that she had been inadvertently and irreversibly tied to both!

The professor had been almost amusingly calm about his approach to her, after she had digested what she had read. Offering her a calm smile and an admission that it was only through one of his own coven’s members fascination with what lived in the skies that they had recently come to understand that the two creatures were actually one and the same.

It had taken a force of will to avoid nausea long enough to even notice the pleased feeling radiating off of Melody,

Her sister, spared the indignity which had been laid at Hermione’s feet, apparently had gained the Animagus form of a whole pack of Jerboa. Small rodent’s which were to be found in certain deserts and steppes, which had apparently been given some kind of blessing if Professor Lovegood was to be believed.

How that made any sense he had neglected to explain, not that a great deal about magic ever made sense as Hermione was rapidly coming to learn.

There were rules, yes. Some things which were known to be as close to absolute as anyone could reasonably expect a law of nature to be, but a great deal of magic also seemed to be entirely beyond the ability of any one man to keep track of.

It simply was so multi-faceted even with just the tiny amount they had learned about so far. Probably the best example of that so far was in the very first chapter of their potions textbook, where it was explained that not only could a potion be affected by things like the ingredients and their preparation, the temperature during various stages of brewing, the direction and duration of stirring, and even the time taken to make it in total, but also by things which were much harder to track like the positions of the heavenly bodies and the states of the global Ley lines and constellations.

In actuality the more she read through the books the more she had been glad that they were taking their time to get to the actual potions preparation, as even some of the simpler potions could be
influenced by a dizzying array of factors even before one had to check things like whether it was one of the proper phases of the moon into the mix.

Thankfully for her sanity, Melody in actuality seemed to have been adjusting rather well compared to Hermione herself as the week went on, eternal confusion notwithstanding. The fact that Melody was able to comprehend very little of what was going on around her at any given time probably helped… her mother always did like to joke that Hermione had selfishly taken all of the brains to be found in her womb and left nothing for her younger sibling, but it had been an absolute blessing so far.

Hermione dreaded the very idea of what having to deal with a sobbing and inconsolable eight-year old would have been like, and that would have come on top of her own moral and existential issues.

Honestly though, it was the fact that Melody had been better adapting so well was how she had been convinced to up where she was now. Sitting in a candle lit bar, idly sipping ale from a pewter stein, while Padma and Parvati talked excitedly with a Third Year who was manning the bar about something she had zoned out entirely.

“Amd vat is vhy I mmvmm…” Melody trailed off as she tried to chew the half of the obnoxiously large pretzel shoved in her mouth while she attempted to speak, large flecks of salt falling onto both the bar and into the lap of her tunic.

Hermione sighed, banishing her half self-pitying reflections to admonish her newest responsibility. “Chew before you speak Melody!” She said sternly in Koine, placing the small bowl of marinated olives she had been picking though between sips back down onto the bar to flick her younger sister on the nose. “Just because we are not solely in polite company anymore doesn’t mean you don’t need to imitate the barbarians.” She added, throwing a glare to where Violet and Rachel were competing to see who could eat the most pickled eggs for breakfast on a Sabatton morning.

The fact that the various snacks were free for patrons as long as you kept buying the viciously overpriced alcohol was besides the point as far as Hermione was concerned. The pair were pushing it with yet another stupid contest, despite the fact that they both kept buying pints, especially if the somewhat nervous looks their respective brothers were giving their newly gifted coin purses was any indication.

“You wasted already Hermione?” Parvati’s teasing voice shocked her out of her disapproving glare at the pair, prompting Hermione to turn to where the ever so slightly younger Indian twin had leaned half-way across her rather annoyed sister’s lap to question her.

“I have had fifteen olives and half of one drink and you’re asking if I’m drunk?” She responded quickly, her tone slightly more impetuous than she had meant it to be.

The caramel-skinned girl seemed unfazed, only smiling wider at her response. “You’re stopped lecturing your sister to stare at them after all…” Her voice trailed off as she nodded her head meaningfully towards where the two redheads were still going at it, a tone in her voice Hermione wasn’t quite sure the nuance of.

“You don’t even know Koine.” She shot back with a small huff, forgetting all about Tully’s for the moment, crossing her arms as the expectant look on Parvatis’ face caught up with her stil slightly
sleepy brain and she realized the other girl’s teasing implication. “Right, the Tully’s, how could I forget…” She added to finish off, not dignifying the the obvious true meaning of the caramel-skinned girls questioning.

“No I agree,” the bar tending teen cut in to the conversation uninvited, grinning widely, “just your tone alone reminded me of professor Mcgonagall’s lectures.”

There was a half-laugh from behind her, and she turned to find a coal-skinned teen dressed in what Hermione assumed was some kind of sport or training armor by the look and design of it. “And I am sure that the Weasley twins and their little knock on Wood joke had nothing at all to do with her chewing us out, right Katie?”

The brunette bartender laughed in response. “Come on Angelina, like you didn’t want a good excuse to clobber him outside of the stadium at least once in your life?”

“Fair enough,” Angelina admitted with an easy grin, leaning her elbows onto the bar and bridging her fingers conspiratorially under her chin, “he does get a little into the matches doesn’t he?”

The two moved into their own conversation as the bartender poured her apparent friend a large mug of mead. Hermione’s attention turned back to Parvati, who had leaned back up from Padma’s lap and was smirking in a way that seemed positively malevolent. “I think, that we can all agree on what we should do after breakfast.” The Indian girl said to her lighter-skinned Sikh friend as she swung her arms around Nimmi and Padma.

Nimmi grinned back as Parvati pulled their three heads close, and Hermione felt a chill that had nothing to do with her earlier brooding run down her spine at the Sikh’s half-whispered reply of, “Shopping!”

What followed after they finished breakfast was a half-scramble after Parvati and Nimmi, Hermione rushing after the excited pair with Padma after the two ditched the tab to flee the bar in excitement. Sparing only enough time to drop a handful of the strange English coins which she had learned were called pennies onto the counter, while Melody hurried after all four of them with several half-pieces of candied bacon still hanging out between her pursed lip.

Three flights of stairs, and three levels of the second wall later, and they had arrived back onto the upper section of the wall. Their purpose to do what was in Nimmi’s opinion, the most important task of today.

Specifically buying everyone new clothes and jewelry with their new weekly allowance.

She shared a look of long suffering with an exasperated Padma as they emerged into the still early morning sunlight of their first ever full day off at Hogwarts. Padma giving her a small supportive grin as Melody came up behind them both, viciously tugging a tough piece of bacon still gripped between her teeth.

“We’ll it won’t be all bad,” the smarter of the two Patils said after a moment of enjoying the crisp morning air, “at least we can get some clothes to wear other than our school robes.”

Melody snorted, as the candied meat finally yielded to her struggle and snapped in half. “Be real, the only thing you two want is to buy your weight in books.” Her sister grumbled with with a dismissive look on her cherubic face, swallowing the piece she had bitten off as all three of them continued walking in the direction Parvati and Nimmi had dashed off in.

Hermione narrowed her eyes at her only sibling, nimbly dodging a pair of redheads, who looked
suspiciously like the two Weasley twins who had shown them all her least favorite method of moving through the castle so far, as they ran full sprint down the narrow cobblestone road sandwiched between shops.

Padma picked up on it as well, having spent enough time in Hermione’s presence to begin getting a read on her moods. “I wonder Hermione, do you think red or black leather would be better?”

She narrowly suppressed a smirk as she felt Melody’s lollygagging pace jerk to a stop behind them. “I’m more interested in what would look better, silver or bronze D-rings…”

“I’ll be good!” Her little sister squeaked out, her brown eyes widening as she clutched at the little black mark on the center of her neck with both hands and took off full sprint towards the shop Nimmi and Parvati had just ducked into.

It took nearly thirty full seconds before Hermione could stop giggling enough to shoot Padma a half-hearted disapproving look, but Padma just gave her a pleased smile between her own snickers.

“You’re evil, you know that?” Hermione asked the best friend she had made so far in the abject mess her life had become, as they made their way to the front of the dreaded clothing shop.

Padma smiled wider and pushed open the door, ignoring the dingle of the bell as they walked in. “How do you think I can put up with my two’s antics?” She said as they both tracked down their respective siblings. “You have to work harder on your Big Sister act.” The other girl teased as they passed a set of beautiful silk robes of a design from the far east, a playful smile on her tan lips.

“I must have been reading something else when they handed out the manual.” She shot back with a small grin of her own as they entered a small clearing among the shelves and racks, which thankfully revealed the three girls they had been looking for.

Parvati and Nimmi were looking at a number of brightly patterned sari’s, obviously trying to find something both in their price range and still following whatever was currently in fashion in the faraway Indus.

They had also somehow wrangled Melody into a slightly over-sized and glaringly green Sari, the young girls uniform held casually beneath Parvati’s free arm.

Melody’s eyes caught hers and her little sisters face flushed a brilliant crimson in embarrassment at the situation, which was probably ironic considering she was as modestly dressed as she had been since they had been whisked away from the cell beneath Constantinople.

They were both more used to familiar dress, stola’s and the paludamentum which were meant to wrapped around them, and Melody seemed pointedly unsure how to even move while wearing the unfamiliar garment.

Padma seemed to pick up on the fact that both her twin and close friend were visibly oblivious to. “For the love of the Gods Parvati, could you have at least gotten her something she knows how to walk in?” She said, marching up and giving her twin a swift flick directly on the dot on in the center of the other girls forehead as she turned to face her.

“Oh come on Pads! It looks great on her!” Nimmi interjected, spinning Melody around by the shoulders and framing her wide-eyed little sister to Hermione with arms only a shade or two paler than her twin companions.

Hermione merely ruffled Melody’s hair while Padma gave her sister and friend a lengthy harangue over playing dress up with other peoples attendants, making her little sister sigh in relief that the
two’s attention was no longer solely faced on her.

The Indians were some of the few people she had met so far who Hermione had no problem respecting. All three from an ancient and well developed civilization, and between the kinship she could find studying with Padma and the playful and well meaning antics of Nimmi and Parvati, it went far to help keep her sane.

It was also quite pleasant, as she had found out over the past week, to have friends her own age.

In Constantinople Hermione had never really spoken to anyone her own age at any great length, and with the exception of the ever changing procession of children brought to their house by other merchants while their prospective parents talked business, she could probably count the number on her hands that she actually had met more than two or three times and have fingers to spare.

Not that she had ever lacked the opportunity to interact with other children, but more simply she had never had any great interest in it. Knowledge had been the far sweeter temptation in her opinion and it was one her parents and tutors had encouraged.

That the less time she spent unobserved with children her own age, especially boys, was less time they had to worry if she could still be married off to secure some as of yet unrepresented opportunity probably helped…

The trio also came with a nice lump of experience as well, their father had bade the Indian twins to read extensively before they left for Britannia, and they all knew far more about what was to be going on than Hermione herself did.

For instance, they were actually only required to wear their uniforms during classes. Which was how Hermione found herself standing next to Melody while Padma begged her for help with wide brown eyes as her twin sister and oldest friend wrestled her into a bright blue sari.

Hermione gave her friend a tiny smile as she swiped Melody’s tunic from an inattentive Parvati, saluting affectionately at those about to die as Padma, begging Hermione with her eyes the entire time, was bodily dragged into a dressing room. She had known them only a week, but she definitely knew better than to get within arms reach of the less than brilliant two of her three friends when they were in a mood like that.

Instead she pulled Melody into a changing stall a few stalls down from the one Padma had just been sucked into and swiftly changed her back into her red tunic. “We’ll get you something actually appropriate Melody… and a less God-awful shade of green.”

Her sister gave her a slow blink, obviously mulling over the events of the past few minutes and Hermione’s own declaration, wide green eyes staring back up at her for what had to be at least a full second before Melody responded. “I want candy!”

Hermione sighed, internally rebuking herself for bothering to believe the younger girl would have such a complicated internal dialog, resisting the urge to scowl down disapprovingly at the simplicity of her little sisters desires. “Honestly Melody, it hasn’t even been ten minutes since we left the bar. If you wanted to gorge yourself you should have just asked me to buy you an actual breakfast” Not that it was anything like the meals they had been eating every morning the rest of the week, beer and snack foods were most of what was on the menu today thanks primarily to the fact that the servants were preparing the the Great Hall feast tonight.

“And besides,” she continued in a mildly scolding tone as she dragged Melody behind her with little pulses of magic, searching for something decent for the girl to wear which still fit the
restrictions placed in her, “I am hardly going to waste our stipend on sweets our first week here. We have more important things to buy.”

“Like what?” Came the questioning voice of someone Hermione really didn’t want to talk to at the moment.

She spun to find an inquisitive Pansy Parkinson staring half-incredulously at her from next to a rack of colorfully feathered capes, one black eyebrow nearly to her bangs and a nervous feeling echoing from her magic as Hermione turned to face her. Then the girl saw the small sari she was holding in her free arm and immediately frowned.

“You have better fashion sense than that right?” Pansy continued to question, now in a tone which was as mildly patronizing and disappointed as it was confused. “I mean don’t get me wrong, I have no idea what you Christians find good looking, but that is far from her color for starters…” The girl trailed off a little awkwardly as Hermione turned a frigid glare to the other girl in both sheer annoyance at Pansy’s interruption and her presumptuous boldness.

Pansy raised her hands in submission, eyeing a Fifth-Year girl wearing the yellow conical had they had all come to learn was a symbol of the Tailor’s Guild from the corner of her eye as the teen peeked disapprovingly around a shelf of patterned fabric pants.

“I ought to crucify you.” She finally hissed, pushing past Melody to grab the other black-haired girl by the front of her school robe, as the tailor went back to helping actual customers at the front of the shop.

They both ignored Melody’s muttering about how that would be heresy, as Hermione all but dragged the alarmed girl into the inside of a large rack of over-sized robes in a variety of color patterns, Pansy’s face growing more and more fearful by the second as she allowed herself to be manhandled into the cover of the fabric.

There was a moderate space between the twin rows of hanging robes, enough that Hermione’s shoulders didn’t quite do more than barely brush the fabric to either side and Pansy’s smaller more compact frame didn’t touch the robes at all. The black-haired girl was visibly afraid now, probably having arrived to peruse for clothes with Draco and Dior wondered to a different part of the store and finding herself having approached Hermione without backup on accident, and as she used her hand to twist Pansy’s wrist harshly while pulling the other girl close to further accent her modest height advantage the black-haired girl visibly flinched. “Give me one reason I shouldn't break your nose, you cowardly little wretch!” She hissed into the other girls pale face at barely above a whisper, mindful of possible nearby company.

Pansy made sort of choked whimper, her core curling into itself in what Mrs. Weasley had explained as an instinctive reaction to help her appear more submissive and less threatening. “I- it-it was all Dior’s idea, I swear it! You heard what I said when Tonks showed up, didn't you!” She protested through a trembling lip, desperately looking anywhere but at Hermione face.

That night was not something she had any desire to be reminded about further, not at all. But she also understood now that there was a certain order to how these things worked, how they were meant to be done.

An it was an order she had no choice but to follow, not if she didn’t want to be swept beneath the raging tide of clashing magic and budding hormones which was racing up and down their little dorm like a torrential flood.

The stringy girl hissed as one of Hermione’s grip switched from her twisted arm to grab a fist of
short black hair, her core flickering like a thunderhead as she forced the girl to look her in the eyes as she frowned into Pansy’s face with a fresh flash of irritation over how she knew this had to end.

She had been expecting the almost sardonic submission that she had received from Dior, she should have known better than to expect everyone would react so similarly. Pansy, far more of a coward when so badly isolated and outmatched, failed to live up to Hermione’s expectation and instead the other First-Year squealed as her body locked tight in fear and her core released a pulsing beacon of magic to wash invisibly through their surroundings.

The past week had shown Hermione that Pansy was a great many things, but the other girl was not exactly what most people would call a good example of a brave human being. Parkinson was a sycophant instead of a plotter, snide instead of bold, and overall she tended to avoid any and all conflicts unless she was sure she was already going to win or had absolutely no way out.

Hermione Granger was of the opinion that Pansy Parkinson was much more of a courtier than a praetorian or a patrician, not that the girl was likely to not take the opportunity to back-stab someone for a higher position if she thought she could get away with it, but overall Hermione was of the opinion that without clear guidance Pansy would flounder in the tide.

This opinion was reinforced in her mind now that she had Pansy both alone and in her grasp, other girl was obviously particularly bad at thinking on her feet, and it showed with her nearly instant attempt to summon help instead of simply submitting in private or trying to talk or fight her way out herself.

Pansy’s core pulsed weakly outward again as she pulled the shorter girl closer and distance between them shrunk to nothing. Magic splashing outward like shards of dusted glass thrown from the impact of a dropped dish on a stone floor, and Hermione felt herself involuntarily growling deep in her chest in response.

Hermione flashed her own magic outwards, intent to both to feel out the positions and intentions of those who might have been nearby them and as a deterrent to any would-be interruptions from their peers. However she sensed that no one, aside from her little sister who was waiting boredly and pretending to browse the robes they were hiding in, was paying either herself or Pansy the least bit of attention aside from a few mild sensations of irritation which were not particularly close.

Pansy shivered in her grip as she turned back to the black-haired girl in vastly increased irritation. Her cold glare causing the smaller girl to trying to turn her head away, despite the fingers knotted harshly into the short locks at the back of her head, desperate to look anywhere else as she realized with a small whimper that no one who cared about her was close enough to sense her weak cry for aid. As close as they were, Hermione could easily see the girl’s pupils widening as she swallowed, magic beginning to flow between them as Pansy’s resistance crumbled as she realized there was no help coming.

She released the grip from the front of Pansy’s robe and moved it to cup her chin harshly. “I wonder, what should I do to you?” Hermione hissed icily into the fringe of dark hair which sat between her own lips and her trembling captive’s ear, completely confident that the girl wouldn’t do anything so weak or mortal as try and cry out for attention verbally given her family’s position in Britannia’s political sphere.

Trapped like a bug pinned in a display Pansy shivered and pulsed her core again, this time thrice in rapid succession in a last desperate cry for help, as she found herself pushed back against the wooded stand on the far end of the inside of the rack with Hermione’s knee forcefully pushed between her legs poised to heap a return of previous abuse upon her.
She was answered by an annoyed surge of power that blasted around them, a sharp and colorful magic that burned at their cores like acid.

By the time the stars cleared from her senses enough for her start breathing again, Hermione had fallen onto one of her knees. Pansy was practically curled under her half-fallen form, shuddering in fear and pain, with her back pressed hard against the wood.

She wanted to smack the other girl for her stupidity, and promptly gave into the impulse and landing a harsh slap onto the crown of the unresponsive head of her formal abuser. Mrs. Weasley had told them at length about why such public outbursts were a bad idea. Spent an entire lesson actually, on why the First and Second-Year girls were kept separate from their middle-classmen, most of the time.

The basic for the lesson was one simple reason. Witches who were past a certain point in their physical and magical development were compelled to react in a very specific manner to younger blossoming witches fighting over their still forming embryonic covens and power structures in their presence.

In specific the moderately more mature witches were pressed by a compulsion to drive girls just entering the initial coven building phase of magical maturity away with acts of aggression, which wouldn't be followed though on but would be constant and disruptive, which Mrs. Weasley had explained to them was most likely rooted in an early instinct picked up to prevent excessive inbreeding due to the relatively static lifestyle of pre-civilization Magi.

Both Covens and Courts had, once upon a time long since immemorial now, set territories from which they seldom wandered without drastic and unusual pressures. It was a system which the resurfaced every time a Magi civilization had collapsed in the past, one which the Fey Courts with their baser natures still used in most cases, and would doubtlessly resurface if one collapsed again.

And if you were staying static getting access to new female blood was likely to be frustratingly difficult, doubly so if there was no good reason to leave whatever sheltered glen or hidden spring you and your sisters dwelled in, and so nature had provided them with a solution.

An almost childishly simple solution from an evolutionary perspective. As easy as the oldest daughters pushing out their younger siblings who were currently entering puberty, forcing them into making their own new budding covens separate from the one they were born into, while still leaving the first group of children to actually keep the stable coven going through to the next generation.

New covens would bud off, and if they were too weak they would dissolve and die, the strongest surviving and attracting the survivors from those which hadn’t made it themselves as well as wandering young wizards.

In practical modern terms though it only really meant that most middle-classmen, especially those who had not yet joined a wizards coven, had very little patience for antics of the younger students.

It was an impatience which could be learned to be resisted, and some girls like Penelope and Tai had a much larger tolerance than others, but as they had both just found out first hand there was a short limit to the patience of many of the various Third and Fourth-Years who they interacted with outside of the classroom setting.

“You little!” Hermione hissed at Pansy weakly, growling to herself in pain and frustration instead of finishing her insult, when she finally was able to steady breath. “Is there anything between your ears but empty space, or where you just too busy suckling Dior’s rosebud to pay attention when
Tonks was telling everyone the guideline for our off-days?"

Pansy didn’t respond, her frail form merely trembling in sensory overload even after the aftershocks of the unseen older student had washed past them.

“God…” She trailed off as she stood on uncertain legs, all of her ideas of putting the Parkinson girl in her place having been blown away from her mind like dust in the wind after the magical backlash.

Pansy for what it was worth, stopped sniffling as Hermione stood, obviously intending on following her from his hidden place among the clothes. The other girl might have been a cowardly suckup but she did have a decent semblance of pride, and she wouldn’t be caught emerging to long after Hermione did even if it was just to assuage her own newly battered ego.

Hermione, on the other hand, was far from worried about her reputation being affected by Pansy or whatever actions the other girl might be attempting. She had put together a plan over the past few days she was certain would put her solidly on top of the Pecking Order, a plan which required very little from her beyond continuing to excel in her classes and avoiding any public humiliation.

Even Violet would be dealt with without violence if she could pull her plan off, the redhead’s own substantial selfishness and envy could be twisted into greed easily enough, so that as long as Hermione made no move on Harry his ever territorial twin would be appeased into minding her own business.

So she left Pansy inside the rack, ignoring a number of colorful Tully’s and other less describable animate bits of cloth and thread scattering inside the robes as the pushed past them, the aborted encounter noted in her mind to be something to finish dealing with later as she emerged from the parting clothes directly in front of Melody.

“I still want candy!” Her sister exclaimed immediately while waving her arms around, probably having been focusing solely on that utterly pointless topic the entire time, pouting cutely and stomping on of her feet while she looked up at Hermione with a look of dissatisfaction.

Hermione brushed the hair from her eyes, straightening her freshly mussed robe, and fixed her sibling with a weary look. “There will be no candy until you earn it… actually now is as good a time as ever to hammer out the details for that.” She replied, a twinge of pleasure thrumming across her mind as ideas solidified, a deceptive smile to spreading across her face as she decided that she might as well start putting her plan into motion sooner rather than later.

The fact that it would mean she could shop in peace without having to keep track of Melody every thirty seconds only made it more convenient.

Melody, proving probably for the first time since this mess had started that she was indeed Hermione’s sister and not just a very small and inexperienced changeling, raised an inquisitive eyebrow at the “earned it” part of her statement. The other brow following its twin in their journey to her sister’s hairline as Hermione started smiling down at her.

Melody herself understood almost nothing about what was going on, not to any real depth besides that they had apparently been kidnapped by the Godless heathens… or whatever other interchangeable curse her older sister was using to express her displeasure at the majority of their present company at the moment. But she did understand that what her sister had just told her, combined with her new position in life, probably didn’t bode particularly well for her immediate future..
“My dear little Melody,” Hermione’s grin drew gleeful as a dazed Pansy stumbled from the robes behind them and staggered down the aisle in the opposite direction, “if you want to have me buy you candy, you are getting a job.”

“COOK-” Melody started loudly before Hermione cut her off sharply while the girls fists were in the process of shooting into the air in celebration.

‘NO,” Hermione cut her own shouting off before it could begin “I mean you will be getting an actual job Melody. Something which you can’t cost me money by messing up!” She added warningly, the incineration of breakfast their second morning not forgotten.

Her sister’s face pinched up, lips pressed together like she had bitten into a citron. “It wasn’t that bad!” She whined in protest as Padma rushed around the corner Pansy had stumbled past only a moment before, the Indian girl half redressed and looking both frightened and quite frankly disturbed.

“You burned eggs!” Hermione ground out back as the irritation of that morning resurfaced, she was going to reinforce this point before she addressed Padma’s problems, letting her sister have too much leeway would only end in problems she had neither the time or inclination to deal with at the moment.

Melody sighed explosively and stuck her tongue out at Hermione while they both ignored Padma’s still huffing form. “You burned eggs lots of times at home when momma was teaching you to cook!”

“You burned BOILED EGGS!”

“There was a really CUTE little mousey by the cauldron!”

Padma, having partially composed herself by this point chose that moment to interrupt. “Ok, that’s nice, but before you two start arguing again, can I please request we do this literally anywhere else but here!”

Hermione blinked at the girls uncharacteristic interruption, the wind leaving her sails for the second time that morning. “Fine, do you know where we can get this little ragamuffin a job?”

The haggard Indian girl gave her a grateful look at that before throwing a cautious look over her shoulder, presumably watching out for the missing two of their number doubtlessly still in the throes of a shopping spree, before replying. “No I don’t, or at least not off the top of my head, but we should ask around.” Padma flinched as a pulse of familiar magic echoed in search around them and quickly added. “Somewhere far from here!”

Severus Snape peered heavily into his wine, idle memories of years long since past spinning slightly sourly in his mind as he watched the fluid swirl slowly in his glass. It was a fine vintage, the freshly unsealed Amphorae sitting propped on the leg of the end-table beside him. At nearly thirty years old and with a deep brown color, a rich flavor, and a modestly heavy alcohol content, the wine doing well to help swell his half-morose mood into a sense of honest pride in his only child.

His drinking partner and longtime friend and associate Lucius Malfoy smiled warmly from the other side of the small table between their chairs as they lounged before the glowing fireplace, the bit of mutual good cheer and wonderful drink keeping the mood mostly light even if Severus had
Harry James Potter had had a trying week. Not that his classes were to blame, though Sally had proven useless at essentially everything, with Defense and their class on the slow going work on Animagus transformations taking up most of the week between Mrs. Weasley’s frequent morning lessons, Lord Roomthily’s confusing druggings/lectures, and Sprout attempting to teach everyone the basics of magical and non-magical Herbology after their rather eventful first lesson.

They had Potions twice again as well, and by the time he had gone to sleep yesterday evening, he could tell Surah was in the process of rubbing Violet’s patience raw without even seeming to notice his twins growing irritation.

Not even Sally had had as much of an effect on his twin, though thankfully his sister had learned through trial and error not to just try and attack older girls.
Though that might have been because Violet seemed to have decided to treat Sally as more like personal toy than anything approaching an equal, but honestly as long as she wasn't trying to strangle the already traumatized little waif to death Harry was mostly of the opinion to let their interactions slide. The fact that Sally seemed to actually be relieved that it was solely Violet who was heaping abuses onto her had even given him a bit of insight on girls in general.

Because after the first day, when he had been forced to intervene and bend Violet’s focus from blatant and likely unstopable physical abuse to something closer to mere semi-focused sexual abuse, Sally actually seemed to grow strangely attached to his jealous and compulsive twin in a rather odd but undoubtedly interesting manner. Often flinching and hiding low behind his sisters slightly larger and much more muscular form when other girls got too close to their strange newly formed trio.

Of course that didn't mean his twin was nice to Sally, in fact Violet seemed to relish being able to test the limits of how far Harry would allow her to physically degrade the smaller girl, but despite that she seemed to have developed a new sort of unconscious defensiveness or possessiveness towards the wayward blonde that Harry found both strange and yet somehow expected.

To put it most simply Violet had no interest in sharing Sally with other girl at all, to the point where the second night with the three of them together Harry could actually feel the confusion and frustration bleeding off of his sisters core due to her own unshared emotions on the subject.

Violet hadn’t wanted Sally sleeping with them, and at the same wanted to completely monopolize the blonde from anyone who might conceivably gain access to her.

It was actually a very simple thing as Draco had pointed out early Saturday morning before either of the girls had woken up…

Harry had started awake quite a bit early considering they had no scheduled classes that day, noticing first that neither Sally nor Violet were anywhere close to the waking world, and had decided to get grasp what little bit of time from having to monitor the pair as he could before they undoubtedly awoke in an hour or so.

He had hoped for a moment alone, time to think for himself while the early morning shadows were still deep under a purple dawn, and was so focused on not waking up his coven that he had completely missed Draco leaning half-over the railing of the “Tree” lost in his own thoughts.

“You’re either an idiot a genius or you have some bizarre kind of blessing in your Wyrd Potter…” The pale-haired boy had started distractedly and without any real bite to his odd comment, neatly shocking Harry out of the little peaceful trance he had been in as Draco continued in a quiet unabated tone. “And the worst part is that I am not sure which it is…”

He looked almost offended as he spoke, a frustration and sick amusement reflected in his cores presence, as if he was the one to be annoyed by anything to be found in that statement.

The other boy turned back to him, blue-eyes sparking with some unreleased thought or emotion, as he spoke again in a slightly louder tone.

“Yes, it must be one of the three, because you have in a manner beyond me managed to pick the perfect girl to get your menace of a twin adjusting to something close to normal coven dynamics without snapping and killing someone. All despite the fact that you know next to nothing about all of this you somehow end up managing to choose Sally, a student who only ended up in our dorm by complete random chance and Tonks’s negligence, who has so far done a huge deal to soothe the snarls in Violet’s bond to you.”
Draco paused to take a breath and try and stress the absurdity of the situation through hand gestures and body language alone. “Perks doing this, again as she explained being the unbelievably lucky daughter of dirt-poor thralls and thus not knowing anything about any of this, without your twin having to spend a week in a mana-well to calm her down and keep her from trying to block your bond to Sally from fully forming.” Draco almost spat out, though still quite calm in volume and magical leakage, looking annoyed by his own exclamation.

Harry had been listening to what Draco had been telling him quite intently and without feeling the need to interrupt, as he had quickly learned to do when Draco’s emotions got the better of him, as the other boy often said things which were worth listening to when in such a state. Now, Draco seemingly content to allow his statement to lay lying, he found one thing which stuck out above all else in what his slightly effeminate peer had said.

“What is wrong with my bond to Violet?” He asked plainly and more-or-less without thought, concern flashing inside his chest at the very idea, and Draco immediately fixed him with an incredulous and disappointed stare.

“Potter…” Draco trailed off slightly, the look on has face implying that Harry should have already known the answer to this question, “do you know how many sisters I have, how many girls I grew up with?”

And Harry responded immediately, wondering quietly inside how this was in any way at all connected to their previous topic. “Not really, I mean Dior’s obvious, and you’ve probably mentioned at least a couple more between the two of you but…” Now it was his turn to trail off a bit awkwardly.

Draco visibly held back an eye-roll and answered him. “Fifteen. I have fifteen sisters, seven of whom are younger than me and that includes two sets of twins. Pray tell, do you have any inkling why that might be important to all of this?”

Then there it was, staring him in the face something that in the freshness and excitement of the first day, a detail of both the first evening when they had been dropped off on Shetland and the first of class of their first full day at Hogwarts, one he had forgotten in the rush and eagerness to take everything in over the course of the week.

They had had no other children they really interacted with aside from Dudley, certainly none who were remotely magical at any rate, and that was obviously more important than he realized.

Draco sighed at his silence, likely realizing that regardless of whether his friend realised the cause of the problem or not Harry would have no idea how to go about fixing it if he did.

“It is very unusual for girls, witches I mean, to not interact with other witches when they grow up. Honestly, it makes me wonder what is actually up with your mom Harry,” he explained as he ran a hand through his short silver hair, “if the stuff Surah was talking about might affect the two of you as well. It might explain the two of you being kept away until they could figure out what was actually happening if it would.” Draco admitted, giving Harry a cautious look. “The fact you and Vi were kept isolated from any other witches all these years tells me something else is off as well…”

“You think Dumbledore is up to something, or behind that maybe?” Harry asked, knowing from his uncle that the ever mysterious warlock was behind their being placed in Shetland to begin with, filled with a growing curiosity towards the direction of the conversation on top of his previous concern.
At his question, Draco’s eyebrow rose up almost to his hairline. “If one thing in this world can be said to be certain, it is that that man is always up to something. Usually there is a good reason for it though, that’s how he got such a good reputation after all, he’s not known to do things just because he has the power to.” He gave a short barking laugh as they both started walking towards the stairs in the near deep reddish glow of the very early morning. “And thank the Gods for that small mercy, I’d imagine a malevolent Dumbledore would be an absolute terror.”

Harry nodded as they reached the flying-stairs. “Uncle Vernon has always said something along those lines, about how Dumbledore is a meddler and a very competent one at that.” He said fondly, recalling his uncle's exasperated half-rants whenever the newest scroll full of thinly veiled scheming arrived at the keep. Shrugging to his friend as they reached the halfway point down the stairs, taking in the slumbering forms of the dorm’s fairer population in the dim light. “But he also mentioned that he is very well liked, even abroad.”

“Back to the actual topic though, you said Sally is good for Violet… something with our bonds?” Harry continued in a whisper as he went tiptoeing around a sleeping Hannah, Susan draped across her in only a very loose silk slip that the redhead must have brought with her to school, who was nestled up near the bottom of the stairs.

“Witches are supposed to interact with each other too while growing up, and they aren’t just to interact with one wizard while they are young either.” Draco answered quietly as they moved slowly across the padded floor. “Just like Mrs. Weasley explained on Wednesday, it’s all about interacting dynamics, and it is better to be alone than in a pair. Violet is far too focused on you, and it’s probably ended up with some kind of warp in your bond with her.”

“So how does Sally fit into that, I thought you said she was the worst possible pick?”

“She is, under any other circumstance Perks would have been a complete waste of time, energy, and coven-space. But let’s be honest Potter, Violet would have had a conniption if the first girl who you picked was actually worthwhile at anything just based on envy alone.” Draco continued as they moved into the bathing room.

Harry noted idly that two girls had beaten them to the bath as they entered, the exotic and diminutive Sue Li and a blonde with a ponytail who Harry had not met yet, both of whom were as far apart from one another as possible as they entered and made no move to pay attention to them as they entered.

He also felt an urge to defend his new bondmate to his friend, even if it was just on principle alone. “I mean Sally isn’t useless at everything…”

Draco scoffed at his pitiful excuse. “Being a whimpering little cock-sleeve for you, and a punching bag for Violet is hardly a useful skill set. Face it Harry, she’s completely worthless in combat, has a barely mature core, and a tiny amount of usable magic, and to top it all off that’s literally the reason she was the best to choose in your position.”

Harry shrugged at his friends points, accepting the fact that most of what Draco had said was in fact true and moving on. “Honestly, I thought Vi was going to put up a far worse fight than she did about the whole thing.” He admitted back, moving the conversation into a slightly different direction yet again, a hint of accomplishment echoing out of his core at how well he had managed to keep things under control as they stripped down and placed their folded sleeping clothes into one of the bins.

At that Draco actually laughed, temporarily garnering Sue’s temporary attention. “Harry, your twin thinks you got her a sex slave.”
“As long as they aren’t at each other’s throats I think I’ll take what I can get.”

His response was met with an arrogant and amused eye-roll. “I would have personally waited a few weeks to feel things out before attempting anything in your position, why Uncle Black must be so proud of you.”

“What he by any chance related to our Defense professor?”

“Once and the same, and he and Professor Lupin were both best friends of your fathers. He’s your godfather actually… not that he is allowed to go on about that during class which is certainly the only reason he hasn’t already accosted you during a lesson, but if I were you, I’d see if I could find him later today before you meet with Surah. Ask his opinion on the whole thing, he and Professor Lupin will probably have some interesting things to say about Lily…”

Harry found a smile blooming, a rush of happiness spreading across his mind to know that the easygoing and visibly confident man had been one of his father’s friends. He had known Hagrid and Vernon had both mentioned that they he and Violet shared a set of godparents once, but their godmother had died when they were very young and his uncle had always mentioned that their godfather was a very busy man, and if Sirius worked for Dumbledore at Hogwarts it certainly went a long way to explain his absence. “Their opinions are worth it?” He finally asked rhetorically as he finished his own internal thought process, already planning to at least try and find the man later in the day. Both of them slipping into the suds near the pools middle so as not the disturb the two girls who obviously wanted to be left alone.

“My father likely would say “absolutely not”, but as I said, from what I know of the man he certainly would have something worthwhile to say.” Draco grinned widely at him. “He’d also likely treat you the entire bar to rounds just for you managing to score a witch on your second day here!” He exclaimed with an arrogant smirk and a wiggle of his eyebrows, leaning back into the minty smelling foam and letting out a long sigh of relaxation.

And Harry leaned back with him, groaning into the thick steam and relaxed his body, still a bit sore from yet another training exercise in Defence the night before.

Those had been leaving everyone sore, and not just because their professors were constantly figuring out new and even more strenuous ways to torture them beyond just formation combat training.

On of the things that had been mentioned to them, was that many abilities which could be extremely powerful in battle could not actually be relied upon in combat by the unskilled. Even the basics of summoning took considerable time and prep, and transmutation and enchantments were to clunky for the inexperienced to cast in the heat of battle even if one had the power to do so.

No in combat the best bet for young witches and wizard were illusions and evocations, most of the lower level spells of both branches of study were easy to learn how to cast and did not require tremendous amounts of magic to use.

But above all, all three men had stressed that in a dangerous situation a person’s physical condition and reaction speed were usually what decided who went home and who took the crossbow bolt to the chest.

A stressed statement that had lead Sirius to introduce the newest form of torture he had devised to inflict on them all.

The setup had been simple. The three professors had ahead of time converted the entire arena into a
maze of wooden scaffolding and netting, nearly three stories of wooden walls and dim light, then released a great number of fist-sized balls made of bright yellow caoutchouc set bouncing around the inside of the maze at speed.

His apparent Godfather had gone as far as to propose a prize to the first student to make it to the other size without being hit.

Not that anyone would be claiming that anytime soon, as the still stiff bruising on several different parts of his body reminded him with a fresh bout of throbbing from the contact with the hot mineral water as it relaxed his muscles and soothed the still discolored patches of skin.

The loud and very pleased moan Draco gave a moment later made it obvious that his friend was experiencing the same thing.

“I really wish we could skip the exercises…” The blonde groaned out to Harry with an aside glance, “I know it’s for our own good but I swear Harold and Uncle Sirius are being sadistic on purpose.”

Harry shrugged back lightly, well used to daily exercise even if it had had little resemblance to the much more chaotic regimens and varied testing they all were being put through at Hogwarts, sparing an idle glance back towards the rooms entrance where several other students had begun filtering in with the rising of the sun to nurse their own bruises.

“Doesn’t really matter now does it, at least for the next couple of days?”

“I guess not… by the way, doesn’t Violet have Remedial Runes later today?” Draco asked, a knowing grin spreading across his face.

Harry groaned at the mention, not at all looking forward to having to coerce his twin to go and actually learn how to read and write. “Let’s just pretend she doesn’t, at least until I have to remind her.”

And that was how he found himself where he was now. After allowing Violet to spend a quarter of their weekly stipend out-drinking Rachel at breakfast, essentially dragging his half-conscious twin to where Tonks had been napping in one of the gardens to let her sort the issue out when one of the two woke up. Sitting in a bar with Sally clinging shyly to his arm before she had to go off to learn her animagus form, as Sirius and a number of other people who had known his father celebrated his new bonding.

“I tell ya Harry, James would have been so proud!” His Godfather exclaimed, miming wiping a tear from his eyes as the Weasley Twins slammed to pitchers of ale together in a toast to his virulence.

Draco grinned next to him a few moments later in an ‘I told you so’ kind of manner, his arm wrapped protectively around an already thoroughly sloshed Pansy, as the adults handed out drinks and regaled them with tales of the anarchy that had been their own First-Years.

“So there in the potions stockrooms we were,” Sirius boasted, “Remus with a leech wrapped around his neck and both of us almost completely out of magic. I was expecting old Slughorn to come down on us like a stack of bricks, and then there he was!” He continued loudly, pointing to the side of the table where Harry was sat with a glimmer in his eye. “Your dad shows up out of thin air, bloody invisibility cloak nabbed in one hand and the biggest chaos mine I had ever seen in the other.”

Remus rolled his eyes at the recounted tale, doubtlessly embellished for the sake of the audience,
and chose the moment to cut in and clarify to Harry and the rest of the listening patrons.

“I was fine, and the “giant leech” was a worm-eater from across the sea, not some hideous face-eating fey.” He clarified with a small smile, nudging Sirius playfully as the other man laughed.

“Can never let me have my fun, can you!” His godfather responded, with mirth, a well worn smile on his face.

Suddenly, the entire bar grew silent, staring at him and Sally, several faces blooming with amusement or anticipation. Before Harry could say anything the back of his head exploded in pain as a familiar fist impacted it.

“You fed me right into the lion’s den you traitor! What part of I do not want to go to remedial did you not understand!” Violet growled with all the ferocity of a curse as Harry swore and his godfather and the surrounding patriots laughed at his plight.

Harry rubbed the back of his head as he turned and faced his irate sibling. “You need to be able to read Violet, it’s the curriculum!”

“I don’t want to! Just today I almost summoned an evil spirit while reading out loud for a demonstration, and if that is what happens when you read then I do not want to learn!”

Sally whimpered. “It is important!” She said, eyes slightly fearful, despite herself.

Violet merely groaned. “It’s boring!”

Harry sighed as the various adults and older students around him quietly laughed at his misery.

“I mean if you want to get to the tacks, it really is only staring at wood and ink and vividly hallucinating to yourself…” One of the Weasley twins added with a knowing smirk and a teasing voice, an input Harry did not need for this discussion.

Pansy snorted and gave older boy a drunk grin before adding. “I will pay you to tell that to Granger.”

That at least, got a sharp laugh out of Violet. “Pretty sure she would have an aneurysm if you told her that… I just might next time I see her anyways just to piss her off.”

Harry sighed as Sally motioned towards the doorway, where Surah stood in a very nice looking black dress, grinning in anticipation.

‘Why do I get the feeling that the next few hours are going to be a shitshow…?’ He asked himself more or less rhetorically, already having a pretty good guess as to why.

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Harry stood at the threshold, Violet trailing slightly behind him, an eager Surah giving him a warm look as he reached out and tapped the bronze knocker on the large oaken door before them.

This was it, a moment he had in fact been waiting his whole life to come to, her realized. Something which would undoubtedly go a long way into explaining the mysterious absence of a figure who by all rights should have been there from the very beginning.

“I wonder,” Harry thought to himself as a smooth voice echoed past the wood, bidding them enter, “if she will be happy to see me… to see us.”
“Or,” he though with a slight bit of dread as his twin stiffened at the voice as his hand moved to the handle to pull the door open and see what was beyond, “are we about to fail some elaborate test?”

But there was no point in standing outside debating, the only way to answer the question now stood before them.

Harry swung the door open.

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God damn, this took a long time coming!

But honestly, I have been having so much shit flung at me since Christmas time that have barely had time to think about this story, and have been writing it in patches.

Which is probably why this chapter goes through as many different perspectives and plot points as it does, and why I am not quite happy about how it turned out...

At any rate, congratulations to my commenters who guessed correctly on the Animagus forms I revealed in this chapter. One of the things I’ve rarely seen in fanfics is any though whatsoever put into how such forms might be used or impact characters.

Basilisks, for instance, show up quite often as Harry’s form. Despite the fact that having an Animagus as profoundly dangerous as the “King of Serpents” would be almost useless, or as I will go on to show later in the story, extremely hard get enough of a handle on to use without killing everyone you love and care about.

Anyways, sorry to all my poor reviewers who I haven’t replied to. As I mentioned I have been extremely busy, and I will honestly not have even read all of your comments until just before I post this. But rest assured I will do my best to reply to everyone, either just before or after I post this.

At any rate, the next chapter will be an introduction into Hermione’s plan though Melody’s perspective as she gets her first job, then the rest of the chapter will be about the meeting with Lily and her children.

I honestly wanted to get to it in this chapter, but honestly an update has been long overdue wanted to get something out for everyone who has been waiting so long.

Until next time! This has been The_Oddest_Exclamation!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!