Spoils of War

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/8059636).

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Spoils of War

by [GryffindorTom](http://archiveofourown.org/users/GryffindorTom)

Summary

Harry Potter, upon the advice of his ancestor's portrait, casts a spell which claims the spoils of war from those who he had defeated. But after casting the spell, he didn't expect to gain several women as concubines…including his best friend, Hermione…

Notes

Spoils of War – Rating M
Chapter 01 – Tiredness of War
Summary – Harry Potter, upon the advice of his ancestor's portrait, casts a spell which claims the spoils of war from those who he had defeated. But after casting the spell, he didn't expect
to gain several women as concubines…including his best friend, Hermione…
Pairings – Harry/Daphne/Ginny/Hannah/Hermione/Millicent/Padma/Pansy, Molly/Arthur, George/Angelina, Neville/Luna, Terry/Sophie, Vernon/Petunia, Dudley/Cho
Warnings – Contains Swearing, Scenes of a Sexual Nature, Violence
Inspired by and uses text from After The Battle: The Summer of Romance

See the end of the work for more notes.
The result of battle ripped through the whole of Wizarding Britain like a dagger to a body. In all corners of the country, people were full of joy over the defeat of Lord Voldemort. Owls started flying from every corner of the country, letting the news flow freely. Fireworks were being set off as though it were Bonfire Night. At Hogwarts, the scenes of the final battle showed the scars which needed healing, healing that takes time.

Having hunted Lord Voldemort's Horcruxes for nearly a year, it felt like an eternity for Harry, Ron and Hermione. The final part of the quest had kept them going for over 36 hours, wearing out all three, not just physically but mentally.

For Harry, having took a Killing Curse, and surviving, having found out that a Horcrux was in his scar, a soul piece of Tom Riddle, the birth name of Lord Voldemort, made him completely and totally spent.

"That wand's more trouble than it's worth," said Harry. "And quite honestly," he turned away from the painted portraits, thinking now only of the four-poster bed lying waiting for him in Gryffindor Tower, and wondering whether Kreacher might bring him a sandwich there, "I've had enough trouble for a lifetime."

Hearing what Harry had said, one of the portraits winked at its wall-mate and coughed. Harry looked at the portrait and saw that the person depicted within it was named Kingston Potter, one of the former heads of Hogwarts.

"You know young Harry; your antics make your fathers time here at Hogwarts look tame." The portrait said, smiling. "He attracted trouble like there was no tomorrow, but not as bad as you! It is, I regret to say, a Potter family trait!"

"Erm…what do you mean?" Harry asked, confused about why the former headmaster's portrait was singling him out.

"You see young Harry, the problems with the Potter family at Hogwarts started when I was Headmaster." The portrait said. "My grandson, who is your Merlin knows how many times great-grandfather, was a student here, and I admit I gave him a little bit more leeway than I was supposed to. Anyway, he created a spell which, if used following combat, would claim the spoils."

"Kingston, surely you should not interfere with young Harry. He needs to forgive those who trespassed against him." The portrait of Albus Dumbledore, the former Headmaster, said. "It is for the Greater Good!"

"Who's Greater Good?" Kingston Potter said, getting annoyed with Dumbledore. "You are interfering in Potter family business!"

The portrait turned to Harry and smiled. "Anyway my dear great-great-so many greats-grandson, you need to cast the spell I am about to give you in a public place, such as the Great Hall, but silently, to make it work. The spell is dicunt spolia."

"Dicunt Spolia?" Harry said, confirming it with his ancestor. "I shall remember that to do once I get
Harry left the Headmasters office, intent on having a rest before casting the spell, leaving the portrait of his ancestor and his former mentor to argue.

**Gryffindor Tower, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry**

**02 May 1998**

Harry took a few steps into the Common Room and, upon seeing his favourite chair available, he collapsed into it.

Harry woke up with a start, finding himself in a chair by the fire. His mind terrorised by Tom Riddle. "People were dead, friends, people I respected. It's all my fault! I could have prevented this earlier."

Harry thought, "Ginny almost died. Fred was dead. Remus, Tonks, Colin. I should have prevented this!"

Harry turned around, sensing someone was behind him. His eyes still groggy tried to focus on the face, but couldn't. All that he could see was red. He pulled his wand out instinctively.

"Harry James Potter!" the person said, pulling Harry's glasses off the table, passing them to him. Harry put them on to find that the person was Ginny. He tried to stand up, failing, falling back into the chair. Ginny grabbed his arms and helped him up.

"Harry James Potter!" she said, her hands still holding his arms, trying to support him, "Firstly, put that wand down! Secondly, never do that to me again! You are too damn noble, too noble for your own good at times. I needed you and you weren't even here!"

"Ginny. First things first, I'm sorry." Harry said, trying his hardest not to fall backwards. He placed his wand in his pocket. "It's all my fault. Fred. Remus. Tonks. All my fault."

"Harry, there's no need to be sorry about Fred, Remus, Tonks or anyone else." Ginny said, pulling him closer to her. "I'm just still in shock from when they said you were dead. I couldn't imagine my life without you!"

"Ginny. When I heard you scream, I just wanted to run to you." Harry said, tears forming in his eyes. "I had to do it. In me was a piece of Riddle. I had to get that destroyed so I could destroy him. I had to let him murder me."

"Ginny. When I heard you scream, I just wanted to run to you." Harry said, tears forming in his eyes. "I had to do it. In me was a piece of Riddle. I had to get that destroyed so I could destroy him. I had to let him kill me."

"You mean...you mean you were dead?" Ginny asked, crying. She let go of Harry, making him fall back onto the chair. "You let him kill you, without telling me! You should have told me!"

"Ginny. I wanted to tell you but I couldn't." Harry said, crying, trying to get back up. "You were comforting someone when I was by you, but you couldn't see me as I was under my cloak."

"I knew I felt you pass me." Ginny said, helping him back up, pulling him towards her. "Why didn't you tell me then?"

"I knew that if I did, then I would never be able to do it." Harry said, holding her tight for support. "I would have made it into the forest, and Riddle would have still been alive. Riddle needed to die, to do that meant I had to die. I couldn't let him get away with his...his evil...he needed to be stopped."
"Yes, I would have stopped you," Ginny said, stroking his back, "And do you know why? It's because I love you Harry James Potter. I love you with all of my heart." Ginny sat Harry down, sitting in his knee. "Luna told me that she heard that you were at her house. Why is that?"

"I had heard about a thing called the Elder Wand when I was in Riddles mind. He tortured Ollivander, and unbeknown to Hermione and I, and eventually when Ron came back, Luna and Ollivander had been snatched by Death Eaters, held hostage in the cellar of Malfoy Manor." Harry explained. He took a moment to breath.

"It turns out the three items in Beedle the Bard's story, The Three Brothers, is real. The cloak of Invisibility is mine, Dumbledore had acquired the Elder Wand from Gwindlewald when he duelled him, and there was a Resurrection Stone." Harry continued. "That git, however, tried to turn us into the Death Eaters because they had kidnapped Luna. Anyway, at the time, I remarked to Ron and Hermione that I hoped you were at the Burrow, safe and sound."

"I wasn't safe however." Ginny said, "The Slytherins and the Carrow twins saw to that." She stopped, moving closer to him so she could whisper to him. Suddenly the portrait opened and there stood Ron and Hermione. They stepped in to the common room.

"So that's where you're hiding, you swine!" Ron shouted to Harry, grasping his wand tightly. "DON'T TOUCH MY FUCKING SISTER!"

"Ron, I love Harry." Ginny said, standing up, helping Harry to stand at the same time, "Who you think-"

"WHO DO I THINK I AM?" Ron interrupted, edging closer to Harry and Ginny, "HE SPLITS UP WITH YOU, MAKING YOU UPSET, THEN HE TOYS WITH YOUR EMOTIONS IN THE SUMMER. NEXT THING I SEE I COME IN TO FIND YOU TWO CANOODLING IN A CHAIR IN THE GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM!"

"Ron, mate, listen to me. Ginny has been more help in the last five minutes than you were during the whole of September and October." Harry said, pulling his wand out of his pocket, "After the Ministry saga, you were as much use as one of Professor McGonagall's pin cushions!"

"That was you?" Ginny asked, turning to Harry and Hermione, laughing, "You were the ones who broke into the Ministry in September and made Umbridge upset? Neville owes me 10 Galleons!"

"Yeah, we did that." Hermione said to Ginny, surprised at her making bets, "Afterwards Ronald was as useless as Harry described. He even decided to leave us as he was fed up that we were not doing as well as we hoped, even with some really Dark Magic affecting him."

"Anyway Harry, Ginny, it's great to see you two are happy. When we were camping, Harry would take out the Marauders Map to see where in the school you were, hoping you were ok. He would even talk to it." Hermione said, smiling at the pair of them. "He was upset when we suddenly left the wedding, worried sick about how bad the Death Eaters would treat you."

"You see Ron?" Ginny said, turning to her brother, "Unlike you, Harry cared about me. You, on the other hand, left Hermione and Harry, in a strop, as per usual, because you couldn't understand that patience was needed."

"SHUT UP GINNY! I WILL NOT HAVE THAT…THAT GIT TOUCH YOU AGAIN," Ron shouted, pushing Ginny away from Harry. Harry fell back into the chair, his body still weak from the battle. "HE MAY HAVE SAVED THE WIZARDING WORLD BUT DON'T FORGET HE HAD WORMED HIS WAY INTO YOUR HEART AND BROKEN IT ONCE."
"Ron. You're tired. Hermione is worn out." Ginny said, helping Harry back up into his feet. "It doesn't help that you're emotional because of Fred dying. I need Harry, just as much as he needs me." Ginny started to cry, struggling to support her emotions much longer. "Fred wasn't the only one Harry has lost. He's lost his parents, Sirius, Remus, his family basically."

"She's right." Harry said, wiping her tears from her eyes. "I can't go on like this, being on my own. I need her now, more than ever. That why I died in the forest, not just because of the Horcrux that was in me, but because I wanted Ginny to have a life where she wasn't under the rule of Riddle.

"I need more than a friend right now," Harry continued explaining to Ron and Hermione, "More than you or Hermione. I need stability and a life, and that person who I need to be with is Ginny. Ginny is the one that I always wanted, even when I was with Cho, I was just too stupid to see it then. I was-"

"I SAID DON'T TOUCH MY SISTER," Ron shouted. Harry saw that Ron had pulled his wand out and was aiming at him, so Harry pulled the Elder Wand from his sleeve.

Ron cast a stunner at Harry, who dodged it, returning fire with a disarming spell.

Ron made sure, by gripping extra tight on his wand, that his wand would not leave his grip. He then cast the first spell that came to his mind towards his friend.

"Crucio!"

The spell connected with Harry, who felt it was bad as Voldemort's Cruciatus Curse. Tightening his wand, Harry remembered the spell that was marked as "for enemies" in the book of the Half Blood Prince.

"Sectrumsempra" Harry intoned, the dark cutting curse hitting Ron, killing him. Suddenly Harry fell to the floor, exhausted both mentally and physically from the days ahead.

Ginny levitated the exhausted Harry off the ground. She went through the portrait hole, Harry floating behind her, with Hermione behind them, to head to the Hospital Wing.

Harry's Mindscape

2nd May 1998

Harry and Ginny walked down to the lake, the sun gleaming into it. Suddenly a shadow appeared, one of someone Harry couldn't recognise. Suddenly a green light aimed towards the couple, only just missing them.

"We meet again, Potter." the shadow said, using the voice of Voldemort. "This time, you and your Blood Traitor girlfriend will die"

Suddenly Harry felt himself pushed backwards in the direction of the tree, the one he and Ginny lay next to before the funeral. He stood up, seeing Ginny being held by a Death Eater. Next thing he knew, he was up against the tree, bound.

"I'm going to kill your Blood Traitor girlfriend, then I'm going to kill you." Voldemort said, his eyes going red. "Then I will be in power, forever!"

Harry was tied against the tree. Voldemort had Ginny bound, his wand against her neck. Harry tried to get away from the bonds that prohibited his escape, but every time he tried, he couldn't. He was trapped, unable to protect Ginny from Voldemort.
"Leave her alone!" Harry shouted, worrying about Ginny. "Let her go Riddle!" He felt the side of his pocket and remembered that his wand was there. He tried to get it out, but the top of his pocket was covered with the ropes bonding him.

"Avada Kedavra" Voldemort aimed at Ginny, killing her instantly. "You lose again Potter." He laughed maniacally, dropping Ginny to the floor.

"You killed her!" Harry shouted, summoning every ounce of strength that he had, reaching into his pocket for his wand. Eventually he managed to reach it, muttering a spell to release him from the ropes that Voldemort had created. He ran to Voldemort, aiming to get a good shot. "You killed her Riddle, and now it's your turn!"

"Harry," he heard. It sounded like Ginny. "Harry, you can beat him." Next thing Harry knew, everything was black.
Ginny looked at Harry, noticing the feeling of terror coming from him. Little did she realise what he was suffering from. She turned around in her chair to see Harry shaking. He looked as white as a sheet. Blood was pouring out of several cuts.

"Leave her alone!" Harry shouted, the shakes getting more violent. "Let her go Riddle."

Ginny leaned forward, placing her hands in his. "You killed her!" Harry shouted, fighting against Ginny. "You killed her Riddle, and now it's your turn!"

"Harry," Ginny said, putting her head next to his. "Harry, you can beat him." She took his hand and held it in hers, hoping he would wake up soon. She felt him sit up, gasping for air. Harry turned to Ginny, his eyes opening, taking in her eyes.

"Harry, I'm here, and Riddle is dead. You've had a nightmare, I helped you get out of it." Ginny said, standing up. "I need to get Madam Pomfrey. She needs to look at you again as you're bleeding."

"I'm bleeding?" Harry said, reaching for the source of the bleeding. Suddenly a pain rocketed to his chest. Ginny sat down, noting his face, scared at what was happening. He moved his hand from the source of the blood to his chest.

"Yes, your head is bleeding from where that git of a brother used the Cruciatus on you," she said, wrapping a new bandage around his head.

"I dreamt that we were near the lake, by the tree, but he had you, and he killed you." Harry said, crying, "Why does it feel that every time that I sleep, I end up back against Riddle? I am getting fed up of these nightmares."

"Harry, remember that you had part of him in you." Ginny said, her hands showing no release from his, "When I got possessed by him in my first year, I ended up getting haunted by nightmares of him. I still do, but I've learnt to think of you and me, by the lake."

She turned around, reaching for a goblet that was left by Madam Pomfrey, handing it to Harry, urging him to drink a Dreamless Sleep potion. She lifted her wand and muttered a few spells, making sure that all the cuts wouldn't bleed any further.

-Spoils of War-

Molly and Arthur Weasley rushed into the Hospital Wing that morning to see Harry still laying on the bed, his hands entwined with Ginny, their hair tangled together. They looked at them, a glow on Arthur's face.

"Look at them," Arthur said, crying at the sight of his daughter. "Does that remind you of anyone Molly?"
Yes, they do." Molly said, pulling a tissue from her pocket. "Young James Potter had got engaged to Lily Evans and they were in St Mungo's. That was the night my brothers were killed. James had been injured by a cutting curse and Lily was with him all night, lying half on the bed, half in a chair. Harry is just like his father, loving redheads!"

"It still pains me to remember that night dear." Arthur said, crying, "You were in tears over it all. Charlie was only a couple of months old at the time. To think that out of all the people our age in the Order, me, you and Kingsley are the only ones left."

"I know. It's pretty sad really that Harry has lost so much of his family," Molly said, crying, "I made a promise to Lily that I would look after her son if I can, and I will do, even if he becomes a stubborn so and so like James was."

"I think we ought to let them rest dear." Arthur said to his wife, cuddling her.

"Indeed," Molly said, walking out of the Hospital Wing. "They're only young once."

-Spoils of War-

The sun rose through the Hospital Wing window, forcing itself through the blinds. Harry turned in his bed. Suddenly he felt an urge that something was going to happen. He sat up, turning towards the perceived threat. He grabbed his wand from the bedside table and without realising, stunned the threat.

'Amycus Carrow! I thought he had learnt his lesson when he threatened McGonagall? Obviously not as he has tried to attack me and Ginny.' Harry thought, his chest pumping quickly, scanning the area for other threats. He knew there wasn't any others, but didn't let his guard down. 'You'll never forgive yourself Potter if Ginny gets attacked. You love her. She looks like she's been through hell and back.'

One of the Aurors that was near him ran over to Carrow, grabbing his wand from him, pulling a circular tube from his pocket, placing the wand in the tube. He shouted for the other Aurors to restrain Carrow whilst he was revived. Madam Pomfrey ran from her office, shouting "What in the name of Merlin is going on?"

"Potter should be the one the Aurors should be arresting." Carrow said, spitting at Madam Pomfrey, "Potter used an Unforgivable on me, then killed my master! Minerva will back me up.

"I will not back up a piece of Death Eater scum" Professor McGonagall said, running into the Hospital Wing. "Even if Mr Potter did use an Unforgivable Curse, which I will never confirm nor deny, I have it on the word of the Minister for Magic that he would never be punished for it."

"You...you bitch! That filthy Half Blood killed my master. He used an Unforgivable on me and he deserves to die." Carrow said, rushing towards Harry. The Aurors grabbed hold of him, using a spell to bind him.

"You call me a "filthy Half Blood"? Have you stopped and worked out what Riddle was?" Harry said, standing up, pointing his wand menacingly at Carrow. "Your "master" was the son of a Squib and a Muggle. Or did you lot think he was a Pure Blood?"

"You dare talk about the Dark Lord like that? Your slut of a Blood Traitor girlfriend was very good as a target for the Cruciatius Curses!" Carrow shouted, reaching for his wand, discovering that it had been took away. "The Dark Lord will be avenged, and you Potter, you will die first!"

Suddenly Carrow felt himself being attacked by a non-verbal spell from Harry, his face incensed at
the thought of what his Ginny had undergone, tortured at the hands of a Death Eater.

"Harry! No, don't do it. It will make you as bad as them." Ginny shouted from behind him, upset that Harry was angry.

"It's all my fault," Harry thought, his head dropping when he saw Aurors dragging Amycus Carrow away from the Hospital Wing, obscenities being shouted throughout the corridors. "I should have been here, here to protect Ginny. Instead I go wondering around the country looking for Horcruxes while Ginny is being attacked. It's all my fault."

Suddenly Harry started clutching his chest, pains shooting from where Voldemort cast the Killing Curse. "Harry…help…Molly…Kingsley…collapse" was all he heard, then suddenly he fell down on the floor, and all went black for him.

Ginny noticed Harry clutching his chest, his eyes all bloodshot. "Quickly! It's Harry! He needs help!" Suddenly Harry collapsed on the floor, struggling to breath. She rushed to him, holding his hand. "Please don't die on me Harry. I can't cope with you dying too" she thought, tears coming to her eyes.

"Minerva, fetch Molly and Arthur, tell them to come here." Madam Pomfrey shouted to the new Headmistress, "Fetch Kingsley Shacklebolt too. Tell them Harry has collapsed."

Between Ginny and Madam Pomfrey, they managed to get Harry back on to the bed. Ginny put her head close to Harry's mouth, trying to see if he was breathing. She felt his breath, but it was irregular, almost as if he was giving up. "Come on Harry, I need you to stay with me. I just can't bare to even think about living without you" she thought, her eyes filling with tears. She moved her head so her lips were touching his, and kissed him with all of her might.

-Spoils of War-

After what felt the hardest few minutes of Ginny Weasley's life, she heard footsteps rushing in to the Hospital Wing. She turned instinctively, drawing her wand out of her pocket. She saw her parents and Kingsley Shacklebolt coming towards her. She pointed it at Shacklebolt, unsure if it was the real person.

"What was the last thing your Patronus said to us, and what form does it take?" Ginny shouted, her face looking at him menacingly.

"It's a lynx, and I told it, on the day of Bill and Fleurs wedding to say "The Ministry has fallen, Scrimgeour is dead. They are coming. Does that satisfy your questions Miss Weasley?" Kingsley said, shocked at the questioning, yet relieved at the fact that Ginny knew what she was doing.

"Sorry Kingsley, but I had to do that as we had Amycus Carrow come in here, looking like he was about to do something to the pair of us. Before I knew it, Harry stunned him, then sent another non-verbal spell when Carrow…Carrow…said something which made Harry look like he wanted to murder him." Ginny said, putting her wand back in her pocket. "I was scared that Harry was going to actually kill him given half a chance. His eyes, they went completely green with rage. Then he started getting pains in his chest and collapsed.

"I don't think I cope with Harry dying," she said, grabbing a tissue from the cabinet next to the bed where Harry was lying. She sat on the bed, right next to where Harry was. "When Hagrid brought him from the forest, when V-Voldemort said he was dead, I-I just wanted to die. I wanted to be with him. When Ron stunned him, making him hit the wall after I kissed him, I wanted to hit Ron so bad that if it wasn't for Hermione I would have. And now, the stress his body has endured after what
happened with Carrow, I-I'm scared that he won't pull through. I love him too much to see him die again."

"What do you mean, die again?" Arthur said, heading to hug his daughter. "Do you know something we don't?"

Ginny nodded, tears coming fast and furious. "Harry told me that he had a piece of Riddle inside him. That's why he went into the forest, because he had to get rid of it."

Kingsley gasped, remembering an earlier conversation he had with Hermione. "Ginny, Molly, Arthur. What I'm about to tell you does not leave this room. As an Auror, I've seen this type of magic once before, so I know what I am saying. That piece of Voldemort Ginny has just mentioned was what is known as a Horcrux. It is a piece of dark magic which is part of a soul, splintered off. It takes a murder to create a Horcrux."

"That is what Hermione told me. I spoke to the portrait of Albus Dumbledore and he said…"

Kingsley started. "…He said that Harry had destroyed the first Horcrux when he saved Ginny from the Basilisk."

"That diary was a Horcrux!" Molly shouted. "If Albus had told us I would have got a Mind Healer to help Ginny!"

Molly hugged her daughter, noticing her wince because her bones were being crushed. Suddenly Harry lifted his head up and looked at Molly.

"Where's Hermione and Ron?" he asked, confused as to why his best friends was not around.

"Hermione is helping Professor Flitwick." Ginny said, holding her boyfriend's hand. "And as for Ron, he…he is…he is dead. He used the Cruciatus on you, then you got him with a cutting curse."

Harry looked down at the bed and, from Ginny's view, started silently crying. "I…I killed Ron. I...I don't deserve to be around anyone. I should be thrown in Azkaban."

"It's not your fault Harry. He used an Unforgivable on you," Kingsley said, getting to his knees and looking at the young man who was going to be the next Order of Merlin holder. He passed a vial of Dreamless Sleep potion to Harry who drank it, forcing him into a sleep.

Chapter End Notes

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This story uses themes and characters from the Harry Potter series by JK Rowling, whose rights as author are respected.
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Chapter Written Date - 19/09/2016
03 – Discussions of War

Chapter Notes

Spoils of War – Rating M
Chapter 03 – Discussions of War
Warnings – Contains Swearing, Scenes of a Sexual Nature, Violence
Inspired by and uses text from After The Battle: The Summer of Romance

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry’s Mindscape

"Your friends died for a weakling like you!" the shadow said, coming closer to Harry. When Harry looked, the shadow turned into the form of Professor Snape. "You're just like your father Potter, arrogant and weak."

"I'm nothing like my father." Harry shouted back, his anger seething.

"It's your fault my brother died." Another shadow said, pointing its wand at Harry. It stepped closer to reveal itself to be Ginny Weasley. "If you surrendered when you were told, Fred would still be with us! I will never love a murderer!"

"I'm sorry Ginny." Harry said, looking into her chocolate brown eyes. He wanted to hug her but she refused to allow him.

"I was happy with Dean, and with Michael too," she said, laughing her head off. "Michael was twice the man you'll ever be! My brother is dead and it's all your fault!" Suddenly, a second shadow appeared, taking the form of Michael Corner. He held Ginny's hand's in his, connecting their lips, forming a kiss.

"You're nothing but a freak Potter." Another shadow said, walking up to Harry. "I wished you were dead. In fact, I wished that you had died instead of your mother and father. I wished that Ronald had killed you after he used the Cruciatus on you!"

Harry looked and noticed that the shadow turned into the form of Hermione Granger. He looked at her and saw that she was angry, angrier than she had been in his sixth year!

"It's all my fault. It's all my fault." Harry said, crying. He fell to his knees, upset about what he saw. How could Ginny love him after everything he's done. He doesn't deserve her. "I should have been the one that died."

"It's not your fault Harry. You need to fight it," he heard. It sounded like Ginny, but Ginny was accusing him. Looking at the Ginny who was snogging Corner, he noticed that she did not utter a word. "I love you!"

Suddenly everything went black as the darkness caved into him once more. A light suddenly appeared and then everything went foggy.

Hospital Wing, Hogwarts School
Ginny woke up suddenly. She could see Harry but he was shaking violently, his face was as white as a sheet.

"I'm sorry Ginny." Harry said, the shakes getting worse. Ginny felt waves of worry falling into her. She needed to act fast otherwise Harry would fall victim to another nightmare. She moved closer to him, trying to hug him.

"It's all my fault. It's all my fault." Harry shouted. "I should have been the one that died."

"It's not your fault Harry. You need to fight it," she said soothingly. She knew she had her work cut out but Harry was the only one who deserved it. "I love you."

Suddenly Harry stopped shaking. After a few minutes, his breathing became regular again. His face regained colour and his head lifted. "Ginny?" he croaked, his throat dry from the lack of liquid passing through him. "Do you really love me?"

"I love you with all of my heart and soul" Ginny said, weeping into a tissue. "You had me worried. You collapsed the first time and looked like you had pains in your chest."

"I don't deserve your worry. Especially when you know the whole truth about what happened during the lead up to the battle, the Cruciatius I inflicted on Carrow, t-t-the deaths of people during it too." Harry said, trying to shuffle away from her. "In that nightmare, you were in it, you and Corner. You said that he was twice the man that I'll ever be. Then...then you kissed him passionately. Then...then Hermione...she told me that she wished that I was dead!"

"Harry. You are the only one I love. Even when I was with them, you were the only thing on my mind." Ginny said, trying to pull him towards her. "I don't care about what you did to Carrow. I know you had good reasons, and Professor McGonagall said that Kingsley had told her you wouldn't be punished for it. Hermione is your best friend, Harry, and that she would never wish you dead either!"

"McGonagall said it was the Minister who said I wouldn't be punished, not Kingsley. Unless he's the new Minister?" Harry asked, responding to her touch.

"Yes, Kingsley is the new Minister." Ginny said, "McGonagall is now Headmistress too. It's all thanks to you."

Harry turned to Ginny, who was smiling at him. "Gin, I'm sorry," he said, crying, "I'm sorry about Fred. It's all my fault. I don't deserve to be thanked, I don't deserve to be thanked at all. I should have given myself up earlier, quicker to Voldemort. At least then Fred would still be alive. Teddy is going to end up living without his mom or dad. If I had given myself up earlier, Remus and Tonks would still be alive."

"Harry, nobody blames you. If you had given yourself up, Voldemort would have won." Ginny said, pulling a handkerchief from her pocket. "You said it yourself when I woke you in the common room, you fought so we didn't live under the rule of Riddle." Suddenly Harry grabbed Ginny's hand.

"Ginny. I-I need to know something, something important." Harry said, bracing himself in case he was to offend her. "After all this time, after all the upset I put you through, would you ever take me back?"

"Harry, even after Dumbledore's funeral, the Order knew that you still loved me." Ginny said, taking Harry's hands in hers, "Even though the Slytherins kept targeting me because they knew we had
been together. I knew that we couldn't really be together until Voldemort was finished, so what I used to do was when I was sad and wanted you, I'd head to the Room of Requirement, the DA Headquarters, and look at that photo of us two kissing.

"Before Easter, me and Neville raided the Gryffindor dressing room down at the Quidditch Pitch, and we took your flying robes. When we were stuck at Aunt Muriel's, I would hug them as if I was hugging you." she said, pulling him closer to her. "I will always love you Harry James Potter, now and forever." She put her lips firmly on his, sending feelings of love and emotions to him.

After what seemed like forever, Ginny lowered her head to his chest, keeping him in her arms.

"Ginny Molly Weasley, I know that I upset you by allowing Voldemort to kill me, but I was given a choice of moving on or coming back." Harry said, his fingers rubbing the side of her face, "I chose to come back because of one certain red haired, Bat Bogey Hex loving, Holyhead Harpies supporting Weasley named Ginny. I know I owe you a full explanation of everything, and I will give it to you in time, but this last year proved one thing. It proved that I need you."

"Kingsley and Hermione filled in the blanks. Even Professor McGonagall said what you did, helping those Ravenclaw students, and herself, was very noble. Just promise me that you will never die." Ginny said, a smile forming on her, "At least not without my express permission."

Suddenly Harry turned as he saw Ginny look towards the doorway where he saw his female best friend, Hermione Granger, walk in.

"Oh Harry, you have to stop getting yourself magically exhausted!" Hermione said. Looking at her best friend, she frowned. "Have you seen today's Daily Prophet?" Harry shook his head, obviously having been unconscious for most of last week.

"Most I've seen is nightmares or Ginny." Harry said, waiting for Ginny to get back on the bed with him. "What does it say?"

Hermione pulled the paper from her bag. Ginny saw the front page and grimaced at the headline.

"The Chosen One Dead?"

**By Rita Skeeter**

*For the past week, neither hide nor hare has been seen of the one they call The Chosen One, or nowadays, The Slayer of You-Know-Who. Since the battle which happened on May 2nd, Harry Potter, The Chosen One, has disappeared. Rumours have since started since his disappearance that, following the alleged cry by You-Know-Who that he was dead, he has since died. These rumours seem to be added credence due to the disappearance of Miss Ginevra Weasley, the last in a long string of partners of the late Mr Potter. Speculation is rife on the cause of death, but for some, the sight of seeing their Saviour passing will prove crushing for their cause. Ministry officials declined to comment, as well as staff at Hogwarts."

"Bloody Skeeter!" Ginny said, fuming. "I'm going to kill her myself, saying my Harry is dead. I don't care if I get thrown into Azkaban or not, she better run for the hills sharpish or I will get the cow!"

"Pipe down Ginny," Harry said, wincing at the sight of her temper. "I doubt even Kingsley will be able to keep you out of Azkaban. I need you, you and that amazing Weasley salinity, to stay with me. Just let your mother sort her out, or Kingsley."
"Harry, thanks. I would have killed the cow you know." Ginny said, slowly calming down. "By the way, I know you wanted to attend the memorial, unfortunately it was today."

"What do you mean, was?" Harry said, his face turning into one of guilt and upset. "Don't tell me I've missed it?"

"Harry, I'm sorry." Ginny said, looking at his face, stroking his arm, trying to get him calm again.

"Mom wanted me to go, she wanted me to sit with the family, but I insisted…” she moved her head to Harry's shoulder, starting to cry on it. "I insisted on staying with you. She said she understood, but I don't think she forgives me. I miss Fred."

"Ginny, your mother is one of the most forgiving people I've ever met." Harry said, stroking her hair. "I miss Fred too. He made me laugh. When I was in my first year here, I ended up in the Hospital Wing having fought off Riddle from getting the Philosophers Stone, him and George sent a toilet seat to me. Professor Dumbledore kind of objected to it slightly, but even he saw the funny side. Fred would understand everything."

"Even Professor Snape got a mention at the funeral." Hermione asked, confused. "Why?"

"Because he didn't do it for Riddle." Harry said, looking at the bushy haired woman. He hoped to tell a condensed version of the truth. "Professor Snape was following Dumbledore's orders. Dumbledore was cursed by one of the Horcruxes, and asked Professor Snape to kill him. That's why Dumbledore had an injured hand, it was all because of a Horcrux. He was on our side ever since the prophecy was released. Dumbledore knew all along what the reason why Professor Snape turned. It was all because of a thing called love. Love with Riddle didn't have."

Suddenly they heard footsteps coming towards them, heavily at first, Hermione and Ginny turned to see who had arrived, hoping it was friend, not foe.

Chapter End Notes

A/N – Coming Up in Chapter 4 - Shocks of War
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Chapter Publish Date - 22/09/2016
04 – Shocks of War

Hospital Wing, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

7th May 1998

"Because he didn't do it for Riddle." Harry said, looking at the bushy haired woman. He hoped to tell a condensed version of the truth. "Professor Snape was following Dumbledore's orders. Dumbledore was cursed by one of the Horcruxes, and asked Professor Snape to kill him. That's why Dumbledore had an injured hand, it was all because of a Horcrux. He was on our side ever since the prophecy was released. Dumbledore knew all along what the reason why Professor Snape turned. It was all because of a thing called love. Love with Riddle didn't have."

Suddenly they heard footsteps coming towards them, heavily at first. Hermione and Ginny turned to see who had arrived, hoping it was friend, not foe.

"Good to see you are up Mr Potter. We've been really worried about you." Professor McGonagall said, a smile forming at the sight of her brave, loyal Gryffindor's. "First the fight against V-v-Voldemort, then Carrow trying to attack you, we were worried you would be exhausted!"

"It wasn't just me who fought it all. Ron and Hermione helped work it all out, where we needed to go and everything." Harry said, holding onto Ginny. "Neville helped by getting rid of the snake. And Ginny, well, she has helped me in her own way too."

"Yeah, but Harry, if it wasn't for you, it would never have ended. We would still be fighting it all even now." Hermione said, looking at her friend. "You were the one who took that killing curse from Riddle, you were the one who duelled him at the end and you were the one who defeated him."

"Yes, but-" Harry started

"Buts are for ashtrays Harry." Ginny said, looking at Harry with a serious face. "You were the one who did all of this. You were the only one who could finish him off finally, once and for all."

Professor McGonagall turned to Harry and Ginny, passing them two scrolls. "Anyway, as you four are here, I've spoke to the Minister and we have decided that between you, Neville and Luna, you won't need to return to Hogwarts as students in September. However, we need you Harry, Hermione and Ginny. We need you badly.

"I know you wanted to be an Auror Harry, but Hogwarts needs you too. That's why I've awarded all of you your NEWTs now, to enable that." McGonagall said, smiling, "Harry, I need you to teach Defence Against the Dark Arts, but Kingsley needs you as an Auror, that's why we have decided
between us, consulting with Gawain Robards, that you will complete your training here, as part of your teaching position."

"But why? I'm barely qualified to teach!" Harry said, his face looking confused, "Why ask me to teach?"

"Because nobody else has had the same experience as you have fighting the Dark Arts." Ginny said, stroking Harry's hair, "You've survived the Killing Curse, twice. You've defeated the evillest wizard that's ever lived, bar none, and I love you."

"Listen to your girlfriend Mr Potter, listen to her or I will take your NEWT awards and rip them all up." Professor McGonagall said, reaching to take the scroll away from Harry. "You taught the DA in your fifth year when that old toad face was here to learn properly, to defend themselves. It's your teaching that caused them to lose only 3 people from there. You taught them how to do the right thing, to always be true to themselves and to help others."

"Do I have any choice in the matter?" Harry asked, looking at Ginny's face. Ginny shook her head with a playful smile. "Alright, I'll take the role on, but only for one year."

"That's all I ask for Harry. Anyway, Ginny, I know you're good at flying and Quidditch, and I know you wanted to play professionally, I've decided I need to put you in charge of the flying lessons and Quidditch matches. Madam Hooch has decided that she needs take a break for a year so I've had to find a replacement for her. Now I know you're not of age yet, so I can't officially let you accept it until then, but do let me know as I plan the timetable for the first years, and have a Quidditch Season." McGonagall concluded. "I want Gryffindor to win the Quidditch Cup again next year. It was dreadful with no Quidditch this last year."

She walked around to Harry and whispered to his ear. "And Harry, don't end up in here again, you seem to be in here once a year!"

"I guess I will try not to Professor." Harry said, trying hard not to laugh. Professor McGonagall left the room, laughing at the response. Harry looked at Hermione, questioning her face. "Has McGonagall asked you already?" He looked, noticing a change from ordinary to a knowing look. "She's got you doing Muggle Studies hasn't she?"

"How did you guess?" Hermione asked, her face looking confused at how Harry knew. "The only people that know are Minerva, Kingsley, Ginny and Mr and Mrs Weasley."

"Well, Alecto Carrow was the previous one wasn't she?" Harry replied, smiling, "Plus who else would be expert enough to be able to do it properly?"

The quartet kept chatting until Madam Pomfrey tried to bustle the visitors out, however Ginny, with her temperament and stubbornness refused to go.

**Harrys Mindscape**

"I love you Harry," Ginny said, holding his hand, running out of the Great Hall. "I love you with all of my heart."

"I love you too Ginny." Harry said, pulling her to a halt. He pulled her closer when suddenly a feeling of coldness came across him. Ginny pulled away from him, her face scared. Suddenly his scar burnt badly, crippling him with pain.
Ginny looked at him, reaching down to him when she felt a pull from someone behind her. She looked to find it was Amycus Carrow.

"You will die; you blood traitor whore." Carrow said, pulling her away from Harry. He pointed at Harry. "And then he will be killed by the Dark Lord."

"Get off her you scum!" Harry shouted, trying desperately to recover from the shock. He desperately tried to get up, but failed.

"Still protecting her Potter?" Carrow said, pointing his wand at Harry "INCARCEROUS."

Suddenly Harry found himself bound, unable to move. Carrow dragged Ginny away from Harry. Harry reached for his wand, fighting against the bindings. Eventually he found it. "Reslisho" Harry whispered, managing to get away. He ran towards where Carrow was dragging Ginny but stopped when he saw Voldemort aiming his wand at Ginny. Suddenly he turned to find the lifeless forms of Hermione, Ron, Neville and Luna.

"We meet again Potter." Voldemort said, coming closer to Harry. "Your blood traitor girlfriend will die right next to your friends."

"Leave her alone!" Harry said, taking a run at him. Suddenly he rebounded off what was a shield that surrounded Voldemort. "Leave Ginny alone."

"A fighter eh?" Voldemort laughed, "Well, I shall just have to torture her first. "CRUCIO!"

Suddenly Ginny started screaming, louder that she had ever screamed before. The feeling of white-hot knives was piercing every inch of his skin came upon her, her head feeling like it was going to burst with pain.

"Stop it" Harry snarled, pointing his wand at Voldemort. "It's me you are after. She doesn't deserve it. Kill me instead."

"Harry, I love you with all of my heart" he heard. Harry looked at her, but couldn't see her lips moving. "You can do this. You can beat him."

"Oh I will. Once I've killed her," Voldemort said, pointing his wand at Ginny, "I will kill you. AVADA KEDAVRA"

"You bastard. You killed her and I'm going to make you pay!" Harry shouted, running towards Ginny's lifeless body. Suddenly he felt a pain in his back and then everything went black.

**Hospital Wing, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry**

7 th May 1998

Harry started shaking, forcing Ginny to wake up from her slumber. "He's having another nightmare again. I need to help him." She thought, turning to hold him close.

"Get off her you scum!" Harry shouted, fighting against Ginny's hold. His face was white as a sheet, his hands gripping the bed sheets. Ginny rubbed her hand against his face, hoping to calm him down.

"Leave her alone!" he shouted, shaking more violently. His legs kicked out, getting stuck in the blanket. "Leave Ginny alone!"

Suddenly Harry started jumping and shaking, as though he had been hit by the Cruciatius Curse. "Stop it" he snarled, his jumping stopping. "It's me you are after. She doesn't deserve it. Kill me
"Harry, I love you with all of my heart." Ginny whispered. She kissed him on the lips then held his face. "You can do this. You can beat him."

Suddenly Harry started shaking more violently, "You bastard. You killed her and I'm going to make you pay!" he shouted, making Ginny jump. 

"He thinks Riddle killed me. He thinks Riddle needs to pay." she thought, stroking his face. Suddenly Harry gasped for hair, sitting up, surprising Ginny.

"Harry, I'm here. I'm here to look after you." she said, hugging him, hoping she could feel the love she had for him flow. She looked into his emerald eyes, taking them in. When she looked into them, she could tell he looked scared "I'm here to talk."

"It was Carrow. Carrow dragged you off and then Voldemort hit you with a Cruciatus." Harry said, his face regaining some colour. He looked into her chocolate brown eyes, noticing the sadness in them. "There were bodies there, bodies of our friends. Hermione, Luna and Neville. Neville had the sword but the snake was still alive. And then…then he killed you."

"Harry, I'm alive and you beat him." Ginny said, holding him closer. "I still have nightmares after… after that night. The key is to focus on the one you love. For me that focus was you, and only you."

"You're right." Harry said, kissing her on the cheek. "I think I need to focus on you more."

"And to do that, the first thing you need to do is sleep my love." Ginny said, laying down, snuggling up next to him. "I love you."

\textbf{Hospital Wing, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry} \newline \textbf{8th May 1998}

Madam Pomfrey came up to Harry and Ginny. She woke them up and levitated a tray of breakfast over to each of them. "Eat this, then you can go. But please don't use too much magic as you need to recover. And Ginny, keep an eye on him, don't over exert him too much!"

The duo laughed at that statement, with Harry's face going as red as Ginny's hair. "Thank you Madam Pomfrey, and don't worry, I'll try not to give you too much business next year when I come to teach!" Harry said, trying to cut a sausage up.

"You may notice Mr Potter, or now as you will be staff from September, Professor Potter, I've actually put a permanent name plate above your bed as you seem to be in it regularly!" Madam Pomfrey said, laughing, "I know you too much, you'll be in here at least once! Don't make promises you can't keep!"

"I'll try my best!" Harry said, laughing. "I'll try my best!"

While Harry and Ginny were eating, Hermione, Neville and Luna came in, accompanied by Molly Weasley, Neville and Luna carrying a package each.

"We're glad to see you're back with us Harry." Neville said, placing the packet on the bed. "The Minster is going ape over that report in the Prophet that Skeeter put in there. He's put a Warrant out for her arrest!"

"We've brought you some robes that Kingsley has ordered for everyone who's in the DA," Molly said, giving Harry one of her bone crushing hugs. "Kingsley said he wants everyone who was a member to wear them today."
"Kingsley didn't have to do this you know," Harry said, looking down. "None of you had to. People died and here I am getting treated like a hero."

"Harry, I know you too well," Ginny said, looking into the emerald eyes she adored, "It was a young, good looking, honest man that ended it all. If it wasn't for him, it would still be going on now. That man who ended it all was you. You deserve this, you've sacrificed too much of your own life to help others, now it's time to let others help you."

"But-"

"But nothing. We all fought for one thing." Luna said, smiling at Harry. "We all fought because we wanted to do the right thing, to defeat Tom Riddle."

Defeated, Harry got up, motioning for everyone to leave him to get dressed. Ginny just stood there, looking at him.

"I'm going to help you Harry, then you can help me," she said, unbuttoning his trousers. "You've got me for the long haul."

Chapter End Notes

Coming Up in Chapter 05 - Honours of War
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Chapter Publish Date - 22/09/2016
Great Hall, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Scotland

8th May 1998

Defeated, Harry got up, motioning for everyone to leave him to get dressed. Ginny just stood there, looking at him.

"I'm going to help you Harry, then you can help me," she said, unbuttoning his trousers. "You've got me for the long haul."

"Little Harry eh?" Harry would remember saying later on when Ginny would describe his member. He had just given his girlfriend his virginity and now his face going as red as Ginny's hair.

Eventually they both got their robes and accompanying clothing on when Harry looked at her. "You realize you are a little minx?"

"Yes, and I like it!" Ginny replied, smiling. They walked out of the Hospital Wing where everyone was waiting for them. They made their way through the corridors, smiling and laughing at each other.

Eventually they got to the Great Hall, Ginny holding Harry's hand with Hermione, Luna and Neville behind him. He barely got through the door when suddenly everyone who was sitting down stood up and started to applaud.

Kingsley walked over to them, shaking their hands warmly. He motioned for them to follow them over to a table that was placed in front of the staff table where they could sit. Kingsley stood next to Harry and smiled. "Well done my friend," he said, shaking his hand, "Well done."

"I did my best, you should know that Royal." Harry said, winking at Kingsley.

Kingsley went to the lectern and smiled at Harry. He turned to face everyone and raised his hands for quiet.

"Thank you everyone. I have an announcement to make before our Headmistress, Professor McGonagall allows everyone to get the train home. These past few years have been, for everyone, the most challenging ones. With the Dark Arts affecting everyone, everyone in Hogwarts, everyone in the Ministry and everyone everywhere else, be it Muggle, Squib or Wizard, there are a few people the Ministry would like to recognize proudly as the people who have made a contribution to defending our world.
"Firstly I would like to say that in the words of Albus Dumbledore, "Happiness can be found even in the darkest of times, if one only remembers to turn on the light." Those people who have provided us happiness, and hope, are present here today. That's why it gives me the greatest honour to award various Order of Merlin awards to some of the people who have provided us hope and happiness.

"The first award is the Order of Merlin, Second Class. This is awarded to those who have not just fought because of the call to battle, but those who have, for the past four years, since the death of Cedric Diggory, fought in some way against the Dart Arts. These people are members of the Order of the Phoenix, members of Dumbledore's Army. There are six members of the group known as the DA who will not be getting this medal, as we have a special award for them."

The members of the Order and the DA stood up from the various tables to explosive applause, making their way over to the lectern. Firstly, the posthumous awards were given out first, with George Weasley taking his brother, Fred, award, Dennis Creevey taking Colin's award and Andromeda Tonks taking the awards on behalf of Remus Lupin and her late daughter, Nymphadora. Then the DA came up to collect their awards, with the Order following behind them. They took their seats to allow Kingsley head back to the lectern. Applause continued until Kingsley raised his hands again.

"Now, the highest award Wizarding Britain can give, the Order of Merlin, First Class. This award is not given lightly, but for the six people that I am about to award them to, they deserve them. The first three people led the resistance within Hogwarts whilst Death Eaters ran the school, suffering harassment, torture and for one person, being kidnapped because their parents fought for what they believed in, I am proud, and honoured to call Neville Longbottom, Luna Lovegood, and, I know she will never forgive me for calling her this but for the sake of formality I must, Ginevra Weasley."

Ginny gave Kingsley a blazing glare when he called her Ginevra, pulling her hand to her wand when Harry put his hand on hers. "Don't hex him, yet," Harry whispered to her, kissing her on the cheek. "I shall talk to him when I get five minutes."

The three of them stood up from their table to thunderous applause and headed over to shake hands with Professor McGonagall and Kingsley, then collected their awards. They then headed back to their table whilst Kingsley motioned for quiet. Ginny leant close to Harry, kissing him on the cheek. "It's your turn in a bit Potter," she whispered, smiling at him. She winked then continued, "I'll make sure it's painless."

Kingsley looked at the pair of them and laughed. He then turned to everyone to speak. "Looks like she knows what she wants. It's good to see plenty of love in the world!" Harry and Ginny went red at that, whilst Kingsley continued.

"The next Order of Merlin, First Class, is to a young lady who, according to Albus Dumbledore, is "the brightest witch in her age". She showed outstanding knowledge in the fight against Lord Voldemort, working out the answer to riddles set by the late Headmaster. Furthermore, she helped form the organization known as the DA. Her other achievements include being one of three people willing to take on Bellatrix Lestrange, having suffered at her hands in a prior meeting and, indirectly, showing the Ministry its security procedures are lax, all whilst being persecuted because of that fact her parents were Muggles. I am proud to bestow this award on the person who has accepted the appointment of Hogwarts newest Muggle Studies Professor, Hermione Granger."

Hermione stood up, tears in her eyes to another bout of thunderous applause, and headed over to where Professor McGonagall and Kingsley were. Professor McGonagall hugged her and Kingsley shook her hand and handed her the medal. She took her seat back at the table whilst Kingsley motioned for silence again.
"And now for the award everyone has been waiting for, the final Order of Merlin, First Class. Suffering persecution by Voldemort since he was only one-year-old, he has fought him since his first year here at Hogwarts. From fighting the darkest magic in the Chamber of Secrets to witnessing the death of his mentor, Albus Dumbledore, this person has fought for our freedom a number of times. He is the only person to survive the Killing Curse, not once but twice, he never wavered from what was right. He is known as The Boy Who Lived, the Chosen One, The Saviour and even the New Dumbledore, I'm sure his girlfriend would even call him Desirable Number One." Everyone laughed as Harry went completely red at that.

Kingsley looked at him and smiled before continuing. "Yes Harry, I know you and Ginevra are together. Anyway, he was the one who was the leader of the original Dumbledore's Army, suffered persecution this last year by the Ministry and even had time to break into Gringotts to collect an object which had more Dark Magic in it. He has even been so kind as to accept the post of Defence Against the Dark Arts Professor here at Hogwarts next year, I am proud and extremely honoured to award the Order of Merlin, First Class to Mr. Harry Potter."

Harry didn't even get up before the applause belted out of the Great Hall. Ginny kissed him on the cheek, then allowed him to stand up. He walked over to Professor McGonagall who gave him a bone-crushing hug. He went over to Kingsley who shook his hand. "I'll get you for embarrassing me." Harry whispered, smiling.

Kingsley looked at Harry, and smiled back, "I know you will Harry, I know you will." He laughed and pinned the medal on Harry's chest. Harry smiled for the camera and walked back over to the table he was sitting at.

Professor McGonagall replaced Kingsley at the lectern, motioning for silence for one final time. "I would like to say a big well done to all of our staff, students and the people who helped us in the crusade against evil. Once luncheon has finished, the Hogwarts Express will be ready to take people back to London so they can get home. The school will be undergoing works until the 1st September, where we will reopen. Again, I would like to say thank you to everyone." Everyone applauded and then lunch appeared on the tables.

Chapter End Notes

Coming Up in Chapter 06 - Spoils of War.
The next chapter will be uploaded in the next couple of weeks (As I still need to write 90% of it, especially as I have mainly prewritten the first five chapters.
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Chapter Publish Date - 23/09/2016
Great Hall, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Scotland

8th May 1998

Professor McGonagall replaced Kingsley at the lectern, motioning for silence for one final time. "I would like to say a big well done to all of our staff, students and the people who helped us in the crusade against evil. Once luncheon has finished, the Hogwarts Express will be ready to take people back to London so they can get home. The school will be undergoing works until the 1st September, where we will reopen. Again, I would like to say thank you to everyone." Everyone applauded and then lunch appeared on the tables.

Harry knew that it was time to cast the spell that his ancestor had told him about. Standing up, he watched as everybody started dining as he headed to a corner within the Great Hall.

Pulling his wand from his robe, he cast the spell that was told to him non-verbally, making sure that nobody would hear him.

'Dicunt Spolia' he thought, the spell taking hold on the spoils of war. Little did he know that the spell would gain him more than the money that he was entitled to as victor, but as well he would gain several concubines.

-Spoils of War-

Hermione Granger had not been feeling well since the duel between her new boyfriend, Ron Weasley, and her best friend, Harry Potter, a duel in which Ron had died. She knew that Harry had hesitated before casting the modified cutting curse Sectumsempra, a spell invented by former Headmaster of Hogwarts Severus Snape, in conjunction with Lily Evans. She knew, however, that Ron should have known better than to have cast an Unforgivable curse on their friend.

'Harry was in the right.' Hermione thought as she sat down at the tables that were straining under the amount of food that was being placed on them. 'Ron had all but declared a Blood feud on Harry, all because Harry and Ginny were reconnecting after the hell that was the last nine months. If Ronald was not as dense as he looked, he would have realised that Harry was communicating with Ginny whilst we were on the Horcrux hunt, communicating via mirrors like the ones that Sirius had.'

Hermione watched Harry leave the table that the five members of the Dumbledore Army leadership was seated at and headed to a random corner within the Great Hall.

Suddenly Hermione felt her magic change, her magic becoming more subservient to the magic that someone else possessed, a strong magic.

The magic of Harry Potter.

Greengrass Manor, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, England

8th May 1998

Daphne Greengrass, second in line to the Ancient and Most Noble House of Greengrass because of her brother-in-law, Marcus Flint, and her sister Pomona, being first in line, was scared. She had just been taking a bath and getting dressed when, whilst putting on her dress, felt the application of a concubine collar.
She knew that she was betrothed to her friend at Hogwarts, Blaise Zabini, but unless he had died, or been captured, she should not have been forced to wear a collar, a collar coming from being the spoils of war.

Having avoided the Battle of Hogwarts by not going for her Seventh Year in the first place, she had been unaware that Harry had forced Blaise's death having cast a knockback jinx during the initial battle causing him to fall down the stairs in the Entrance Hall, Blaise later being found to have a Dark Mark.

She had been glad in a way at Hogwarts that, unlike her older sister, Pomona, her betrothal contract had a virginity clause, and unlike her younger sister Astoria, who had no betrothal in place, she had not become the 'House Whore' for her year group within Slytherin House.

Daphne knew that Astoria, on the other hand, had no such protection due to having no betrothal contract in place, was given the 'honour' of being the 'House Whore' ending up part of the 'Shag Club' that Draco Malfoy had formed, featuring four of their year's males, along with two females from her year and Astoria and three others from her year.

The aim of the club was for people that Malfoy to take his sexual frustrations out on, especially as according to Pansy that the contract specified that Malfoy was not allowed to use the Parkinson heiress, who was his betrothed, in a sexual manner until their wedding day.

Daphne knew that, in some ways, her life was now over, especially as she would be someone's sex slave, a toy that they could use whenever and wherever they wanted to. On the other hand, she could now have the chance to make a change, a change that being betrothed to Blaise Zabini had allowed as her new life had now begun!

*Seventh Year Girls Dorms, Slytherin House, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Scotland*

*8th May 1998*

Pansy Parkinson, the former betrothed of Draco Malfoy, was sitting in the dorms for the Seventh-Year girls of Slytherin with her best friend, and female founding member of the Malfoy 'shag club' Millicent Bullstrode, unaware of the spell that Harry Potter had cast.

"Bloody blood traitors killing and maiming purebloods like Vincent and Gregory, how dare they!" Millicent said, fingering her wand, using it as a dildo. "Then there is Saint Potter himself. He will be totally insufferable now!"

"I know Millie...if only Draco had not escaped during the Final Battle that the Dark Lord had won, maybe Potter would be permanently de- "

Before she could finish the sentence, Pansy felt a shock around her neck, same as Millicent who was nodding in agreement, one that had never happened before to them.

"What the fuck is happening to me?" Millicent asked, shocked at her friend's reaction. "Ever since Potter's victory party, every time I have even thought about insulting the twat, I get some kind of shock, or even pain in various places."

"I know Millie." Pansy replied, annoyed at what Potter had done. Feeling her neck, she felt some kind of concubine collar. "Millicent, do you think that maybe Potter has cast some kind of curse on us at his victory part, making us his concubines?"
Before Millicent even had a chance to reply to Pansy, she suddenly felt a compulsion for use her skills gained sucking off Vincent Crabbe to please someone, the person she could only describe as her worse nightmare. It was then that she was forcibly apparated out of the dorms, into a place she had never been to...

_Seventh Year Boys Dorms, Gryffindor Tower, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Scotland_

**8th May 1998**

Harry Potter was laying on his bed in the Seventh-Year boys dorms, feeling restless from the day he had. Following the awards ceremony and casting the spell to claim the spoils of war, he had asked Professor McGonagall for her permission to stay overnight at Hogwarts whilst the Weasleys had headed to The Burrow. He had also asked the new Headmistress if she would allow him to assist in the renovations, following the battle which had destroyed parts of the school.

The only problem that Harry had now was that he was suffering from a constant erection that had been in place since Ginny had sucked him off in the Hospital Wing.

As he considered masturbation as a way to sort his erection out, Harry mentally wished that someone was able to take care of it, knowing that Ginny was unable to as she had been taken back to The Burrow with her family for a family only funeral ceremony, following the death of both Fred and Ron, even though Ginny had protested about leaving Harry and Hermione alone during their time of loss.

As he dropped his trousers and boxers, wishing that Ginny was there so that she could have at least given him oral, or even "shagged him silly" as she had promised him during the meal when he returned to the table, he heard someone Apparating into the dormitory.

Looking up, Harry saw the person who had apparated into the dorm, a very angry Millicent Bullstrode, who was wearing a very unflattering piece of wizarding nightwear, showing off none of her figure that she had, especially her enormous breasts that stood out. Harry remembered how she had spent the previous two and half years dieting, she nearly having had a heart attack in her Forth Year.

"Potter!" Millicent said through gritted teeth, Harry unaware that she was in pain as she was going to insult him. He watched as she grew very irritable standing in front of his bed, unaware of the compulsion she was fighting to suck him off, a tingling in her pussy starting to burn with range.

Eventually Harry watched as Millicent dove to the floor, starting to suck him off, treating his member as expertly as she had done for Vincent Crabbe, Gregory Goyle, Draco Malfoy and Theodore Nott, the leaders of Malfoy's shag club.

After a while, Harry became dissatisfied with Millicent and the way she was giving him oral, so he grabbed her head and rammed his erection into her throat. This had the effect of her being forced to take him how Harry wanted her to.

Eventually he came in her mouth, Harry left his member to rest inside her. After a short while, Harry got off the sofa, forcing Millicent onto it. He vanished her undergarments, leaving her naked, and conjured ropes, intended to restrain her while he took her, placing his erect member in line with Millicent's pussy.

Pushing his 8-inch erection in to her pussy, he encountered no resistance from her body, except the resistance in her mind over him taking her without her consent, his actions almost automatic, as if he
was under a compulsion.

"You fucking slut." He whispered, enjoying what he was doing. He knew then that he would have to take her anal virginity but he was enjoying taking to Millicent's pussy with gusto, meaning anal could wait until he made his housemate fertilised as part of the concubine bond.

End Notes

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Story ID - 113

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