

Chapter 2

Harry woke up in his dorm to find himself alone, the Marauders having already left, presumably for breakfast. He had yet to actually talk to his father, James, since arriving in the past. When he had gotten back from spending time with Lily, his four new dorm mates were already asleep. He had stayed up most of the night, arguing with himself over what he had done with Lily. After hours of lying awake in bed, he'd finally come to a decision. He was going to live his life how he wanted to and to hell with what anyone else thought. In a year, he would be going back to his time, which would be unaffected by anything he did here. Originally, he had come to this time to spend time with his parents and Sirius, to get to know them better. Now that he was here, he saw it as more of an opportunity to take a vacation, to do the things he was always too afraid to do in his world. The strange, intense attraction he felt for Lily was puzzling, but it wasn't anything he was concerned about.

With the resolution in mind to just enjoy life in a more peaceful time, he climbed out of bed and dressed for the day. Looking at the clock, he realized he didn't have much time left to eat before classes for the day started, and he still needed to get his schedule from Professor McGonagall. Rushing through the halls, he slipped behind tapestries and into hidden passages to make his way through the castle as fast as possible. Arriving at the Great Hall, Lily spotted him and waved him over. As he walked past the Marauders, James watched him narrowed eyes, a disgruntled expression on his face. Harry knew it wouldn't be long until they had a confrontation, he just hoped it didn't ruin any chance of them being friends. He knew James wasn't the great man he would become one day, and he hoped to be able to help him get there a little sooner this time. Lily smiled as he sat down, her bright green eyes sparkling while she took his hand in hers under the table.

"Morning, Harry." She said happily.

"Morning." Harry said, smiling back as he loaded his plate with one hand.

"Did you give her a love potion or something?" Marlene asked from across the table.

"Marlene!" Lily scolded her, blushing in embarrassment.

“What?” She asked with a faux innocent expression. “Guys have been begging you to go out with them since third year, especially Snape and Potter, and you always turn them down. Now, he shows up, hasn’t even been here a day, and you’re all over him.” Marlene turned to look at Harry with a teasing smile, ignoring her sputtering and blushing best friend. “So, what did you use? Amortentia?”

“I didn’t use a love potion on her...It was blackmail.” Harry dead panned.

Marlene broke into a fit of giggles and Lily slapped his arm, but there was a smile tugging at her lips. Harry smiled at her and winked just before some cleared their throat behind him. Looking over his shoulder, he saw Professor McGonagall behind him, trying not to look pleased.

“Mr. Peverell, it good to you fitting in so well with your classmates.” She said, handing him his class schedule. “Ms. Evans, I trust you can show him where his classes are?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Lily replied, her cheeks still pink.

McGonagall nodded and handed the girls their schedules, then moved off down the table. After a few more minutes eating and talking with Lily and Marlene about classes and Professors, the bell rang. Climbing off of the bench, the three of them made their way to their first class of the day, Defense Against the Dark Arts. Apparently, even in this time the curse over the defense post was in effect. This year, they had a new teacher that no one knew anything about. Given the teachers he had experienced, Harry wondered if his habit of being attacked by the Defense professor would follow him though time.

The class was mostly full by the time they arrived, and they were the last three to enter the room. The room was full of chatter as the students waited for the professor to arrive. Harry kept his hand on his wand inside his pocket, just in case. Fortunately, it turned out to be unnecessary as they found a table for the three of them at the back. A moment after the second bell rang, the door to the professor’s office opened and a stunningly beautiful woman that looked to be in her mid-thirties with long dark hair and a thick, curvaceous figure entered the class room. Her sharp, intelligent blue eyes took in every detail as she looked over the students.

“Good morning. I am Professor Desire Cauldwell and I will be your Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. This year, we’re going to be focusing on dueling. At this point in your education, I expect you to know all of the spell we will be working with. I will be teaching you how and when to use them to their greatest effect. For today, you’re going to pair up and mock duel with each other so I can get an idea of where you are at. Stand up, wands out, and find a partner.” Cauldwell said, moving the tables to the sides of the classroom with a wave of her wand.

Lily looked between Harry and Marlene, clearly torn with who to pair up with. Before Harry could offer to find someone else, Marlene beat him to it.

“You and Harry can pair up. I’ll go work with Amelia.” She said, nodding over to a red-headed Hufflepuff with massive breasts. Harry recognized her as Amelia Bones, more because of her resemblance to Susan Bones than anything else. “I know how much you want to check out his wand.”

“Marlene!” Lily yelled, scandalized.

With a jaunty smile, Marlene skipped over to Amelia, her huge breasts bouncing under her thick robes. Looking at the two girls, he briefly wondered which had the bigger breasts, they both looked quite close in size. Mentally shaking himself from his perverted thoughts, Harry and Lily took their places and began trading spell. While they worked, Professor Cauldwell made her way around the room, asking students their names and getting them to perform spells for her. It was about halfway through class before she got around to examining Harry and Lily.

“Can I get your names please?” Professor Cauldwell asked as she approached.

“Lily Evans.”

“Harry Peverell.”

“Right. Mr. Peverell, could you please cast a few basic incapacitation spells at Ms. Evans?” She asked.

Nodding, Harry verbally cast several spells at Lily, all of which she was able to block, though his binding hex, Incarcerous, nearly got through. Cauldwell made a few notes on her clipboard and then signaled for him to stop.

“Good. Now, Ms. Evans, if you could do the same to Mr. Peverell?” She instructed.

Lily sent several spells at Harry, all of which he was able to easily block non-verbally. She had only cast about half the spells that Harry had before Cauldwell stopped them.

“Stop. Ms. Evans, are you able to cast any of those spells silently?” The professor asked.

“No, ma’am.” Lily answered, looking almost exactly like Hermione did when she didn’t have an answer to a professor’s question.

“That’s alright. This isn’t a test. I’m just trying to figure out what we need to work on.” Professor Cauldwell assured her. “Please continue.”

Harry easily defended against the rest of the spells Lily sent at him. Giving them a nod, Professor Cauldwell left, moving on to the next pair of students. Harry and Lily continued their mock dueling for a while longer, with Harry giving her a few small pieces of advice. He was glad she wasn’t offended and was actually eager to learn from him. He knew from his time teaching the DA that some people didn’t like to be given advice from their peers. Near the end of class, Professor Cauldwell called for everyone’s attention.

“Class, if I can have everyone’s attention.” She called out loudly. “Most of you seem to have a good grasp of the necessary spells, however, I suggest all of you go over everything I had you cast today. We’ll be using them a lot. One thing all of you need to learn, with the exception of Mr. Peverell, is how to cast spells non-verbally.”

Harry did his best not to react as everyone turned to look at him. Lily took his hand in hers and gave it a squeeze. When he turned to look at her, the proud smile on her face made it worth it.

“Learning how to cast non-verbally isn’t something that you can learn quickly. In fact, it will probably take most of you several months to really get the hang of it.” Professor Cauldwell continued. “We’ll go over it in class next week, but after that, it will be up to you to continue to practice it along with your other homework. Speaking of homework, for tonight, I want a two-foot essay on the most common defensive spells and how they are used.”

Most of the class groaned at being given homework in their very first class of the year. A moment later, the bell rang and everyone began grabbing their bags to leave.

“Mr. Peverell, can I see you for a moment.” Professor Cauldwell called out of the din.

“I’ll wait for you outside.” Lily said as she grabbed her bag.

Harry nodded and walked to the front of the classroom to stand in front of the teacher’s desk. Professor Cauldwell looked up at him, her bright blue eyes staring at him intently.

“I’m quite impressed, Mr. Potter. Not many students your age can cast non-verbally, let alone as effortlessly as you do. Who taught you how to duel before you came to Hogwarts.” She asked.

“No one really, I pretty much taught myself.” He told her.

It was actually a mostly true statement. While his teachers and friends had given him some good advice, he had really taught himself, along with the experience he got from the numerous life-threatening encounters he’d survived.

“Really?” She asked, raising an eyebrow in surprise. “My, that is very impressive. Perhaps we should duel some time and you can show me what you’re really capable of.” Her tone boarding on flirtatious.

“I’d be happy to, Professor.” Harry said, giving her a crooked smile.

Her sexy smile in return was enough to send his pulse racing as she leaned forward with her hands flat on the desk. Her arms pushed her large breasts together, enhancing their size even through her bulky black robes.

“Best get to your next class, Mr. Potter.” She said in a quiet, purring voice. “I would *hate* to see you end up in detention.”

Harry’s hardening cock twitched in his pants as he smiled at her and turned to leave the room. For once, there was a Defense Professor he wouldn’t mind attacking him. When he met Lily outside, they quickly made their way to their next class. All of his other classes were exactly the same as he remembered them from his time, with all of the same teachers, leaving him pretty bored throughout the day. During his last class of the day, Charms with Professor Flitwick, Harry found a fun way to entertain himself. While he listened to the tiny professor talk about all of the spells they were going to learn that year, all of which he already knew, Harry rested his hand on Lily’s knee, under her skirt. Again, they had arrived a little late to class and ended up taking a table at the back with Marlene.

Harry was sitting between the two girls with Marlene on his left and Lily on his right. As he rested his hand on her knee, she didn’t move to pull away from him or stop him. Sliding his hand up and down her thigh over her skirt, he glanced out of the corner of his eye to see her blush lightly and her breath hitch as his hand brushed the crook of her thigh. Running his hand back up to her knee, he slid his hand under her skirt. Slowly, he traced his fingers lightly up her smooth, toned thigh. Lily bit her lip as his hand moved closer to her panties. When his pushed his fingers between her closed legs, she parted them slightly to give him room. He could feel the heat of her core warm his hand the closer he got to her center.

For a couple of minutes, he traced his fingers lightly over the delicate, sensitive skin of her inner thigh. Lily squirmed in her seat, biting her lip and panting lightly as she tried to at least look like

she was paying attention to Professor Flitwick. Hearing a sharp intake of breath to his left, he looked over to see Marlene staring at his hand under the table with wide eyes. When she looked up at Harry, he smiled and winked at her as he moved his hand further up Lily thigh until his pinky rubbed against the damp gusset of her silky panties. Lily let out a quiet whimper as Harry looked forward again, pretending to pay attention as he teased her with his pinky. For the last few minutes of class, Harry continued to tease her slit through her increasingly wet panties with his fingers.

When the bell rang, it amused him to see it took Lily several seconds for her to realize he had stopped touching her and that class was over. Marlene looked like she was about to break a rib trying to keep herself from laughing as they gathered their things to leave, Lily still blushing heavily.

“Lily, Mr. Peverell, could I see you for a moment?” Professor Flitwick asked in his squeaky voice.

Lily’s eyes widened in terror as she hesitantly made her way up to the desk. Harry walked normally, completely unconcerned. Given the way Flitwick was smiling jauntily, there was no way he had noticed them.

“Lily, would you mind helping Mr. Peverell catch up with anything in class he might need help with?” The tiny professor asked.

“Oh, yes, of course, sir.” Lily stuttered in relief.

“Excellent. Mr. Peverell, Lily is my best student, I’m sure she’ll be able to answer any questions about class. If you need any help catching up, or if you just have any questions about charms in general, my door is always open.” He told him, an excited smile on his face as he bounced on the balls of his feet.

“Thank you, Professor.” Harry said.

Lily waved to Professor Flitwick and grabbed Harry's hand, pulling him quickly out of the classroom, her cheeks flaming red.

"Oh, Merlin. I thought for sure he caught us." She said the moment they were outside the classroom.

Seeing Harry smile at her, she smacked him lightly on the arm, but there was a smile twitching at the corner of her lips.

Grabbing her by the hand, he led her down the hall towards a less used staircase.

"Where are we going?" Lily asked curiously.

"One of the ghosts told me about a room on the seventh floor I want to show you." He told her.

Thankfully, she didn't ask any more questions as they walked through the halls hand in hand. Neither of them noticed a pair of eyes glaring at them from behind. When they reached the seventh floor, Lily watched him curiously as he paced back and forth in front of a bare stretch of wall across from a painting of a grey-haired wizard teaching trolls to dance. Her eyebrows shot up when she saw a door materialize out of a seemingly solid stone wall.

"Ta-da." He said, gesturing grandly as he opened the door.

Lily walked in to the Room of Requirement, which currently looked like a smaller version of the Gryffindor common room with a bed against the right-hand wall.

"What is this place?" Lily asked as Harry closed the door behind him.

"It's the Room of Requirement, I heard a couple of ghosts talking about it when I was leaving Dumbledore's office yesterday." Harry told her.

He felt bad for lying to her, but he really didn't have another choice. There was no way she would believe the truth. Leading her over to the couch, he sat down and pulled her down onto his lap, making her squeal in surprise and giggle as she leaned wrapped her arms around his neck. Leaning down, he kissed her on the lips. As the kiss grew more heated, Lily moved around to straddle his legs. Harry pushed her robe off of her and tossed it on the ground, rubbing his hands up and down her back. After a couple of minutes of kissing heatedly, Lily pulled back, breathing heavier than normal as she looked down at him.

"I've never done anything like this before, you know. Besides yesterday, I mean. I just-I'm really attracted to you and I feel safe with you. I feel like I've known you my whole life. I-I just don't want you to think I'm that kind of girl." She rambled nervously.

"I don't think you're that kind of girl, Lily." He assured her before smiling. "You're just that kind of girl for me."

Lily made an offended noise with her mouth open and smacked his chest playfully.

"Did you just call me a slut?" She asked him with a raised eyebrow.

"No, of course not." He said.

Suddenly, Harry grabbed her tightly and laid her down on the couch, getting a startled squeak from her. Harry settled himself between her legs and hovered over her, supporting his weight on his arms.

"I called you my slut." He whispered to her.

Lily gasped as he pressed his groin against hers and kissed her deeply. Lily moaned into his mouth and wrapped her arms around his neck as his tongue invaded her mouth. Reaching back with one hand, Harry ran his hand up her bare thigh until his hand rested on her hip. As he grew hard against her, she bucked her hips up, grinding her panty covered slit onto his rising

erection. When he was fully erect, he ground down on her hard. Lily ripped her lips away from his, tilted her head back and gasped as she gripped his hair tightly.

“I want you.” She moaned out, biting her lips as she ground herself against the bulge in his pants.

Climbing off of her, Harry stood up and pulled her too her feet as he took out his wand. With a single wave, both of their clothes flew off of their bodies to land in a pile on the floor, leaving both of them naked. Lily’s eyes widened and she moved to cover herself out of reflex, but Harry gently stopped her. She stood still, biting her lip nervously as he placed his hands on her hips and moved them up until he cupped the bottom of her large breasts.

“You know, yesterday, when we had to stop, you said you’d make it up to me.” He reminded her, squeezing the soft, smooth mounds in his hands.

Swallowing nervously, Lily looked down at the raging erection brushing against her moist slit. She sat back down on the couch, positioning her face directly in front of his engorged head. Reaching up, she grabbed his shaft and stroked him lightly as she licked her lips. Opening her mouth, she leaned forward and wrapped her pillowy pink lips around the tip of his cock, enveloping him in her hot, wet mouth. Harry groaned as her tongue rubbed the underside of his shaft as she bobbed up and down on his length. She stared up at him with her bright green eyes as she took him deeper until his head bumped the back of her mouth. Harry ran his hands through her bright red hair as she bobbed up and down on him, massaging her scalp.

“Use your tongue more.” He told her.

Lily followed his advice and snaked her tongue around his shaft while sucking as she pulled back. The pleasure of what she was doing, along with the fact that she kept eye contact the whole time was quickly driving him towards his climax. Gripping her head firmly, Harry held her in place as he thrust his hips, moving faster as he neared his peak.

“I’m close.” He warned her.

Lily jerked the part of his shaft that she couldn't fit in her mouth rapidly while bobbing her head rapidly on the head of his cock. With a grunt, Harry came, flooding her mouth as jets of hot cum shot from his tip. She continued to stroke his shaft and suck on his head as he pulsed against her tongue, her cheeks hollowing. He came so much she had to swallow twice before he was finished. Pulling his hyper sensitive cock out of her mouth, she licked the last drop weeping from his tip, making him hiss from the sensation. After taking a moment to recover, he pulled her to her feet and held her close.

"That was brilliant." He told her smiling.

Lily smiled back at him and kissed him on the lips. Wrapping his arms around the back of her thighs, under her ass, he lifted her up into his arms, her legs wrapping around him. Carrying her over to the bed, he sat her on the edge and gently guided her to scoot backwards until she was in the middle of the soft mattress. Kneeling on the bed, Harry grabbed the back of her knees and spread her legs wide with her feet dangling in the air, leaving her wet slit completely exposed. He wasted no time diving in, attacking her clit with his lips and tongue. Lily threw her head back and moaned loudly, gripping the sheets in a white knuckled grip. With his lips sealed around her sensitive nub, he sucked hard while flicking it hard back and forth with his tongue.

Letting go of one leg, he plunged two fingers into her dripping core, thrusting them in and out as he massaged her tight walls. Pressing against the top wall of her wet, smooth pussy, it took him a little time searching to find what he was looking for. When his fingertips hit a slightly rougher patch of skin, Lily gasped loudly, her hips bucking hard and her muscles tensing. Smirking against her slit, Harry pressed his arm down across her hips and rubbed his fingers against her most sensitive spot once again.

"Oh, fuck!" Lily yelled, writhing on the bed.

Using his arm to hold her still, Harry pulled his lips off of her clit and fingered her vigorously. Lily bucked wildly, a high-pitched keening leaving her throat as she soaked his hand and the bed, a wet sucking sound coming from his fingers moving rapidly in and out of her slit. In moments, she screamed as she reached a sudden, violent climax, spraying his arm in her arousal. Harry continued to rub her walls frantically, extending her colossal orgasm until she finally managed to reach down and push his arm away. She collapsed down onto the bed, panting heavily. The sight was so erotic that he was completely hard again, his rigid shaft desperate for relief.

Lily moaned as he spread her legs and placed the swollen end of his cock at her entrance. Before he could ask to make sure she wanted to continue, she wrapped her muscular legs around his waist and pulled him in, his fat head stretching her tight lips. Leaning over her, Harry kissed her fiercely as inch after inch of his length sank into her tight heat. When he bottomed out, he paused, giving her a moment to adjust to his size.

“Please, fuck me. I need you, Harry.” Lily whispered against his lips.

Claiming her lips again, he grabbed one of her large, soft breasts, rubbing the hard nipple between his fingers as he pulled half way out and then slid back in.

“Harder.” She panted.

Pushing himself up on his arms, Harry pulled half way out again then, this time, slammed back in. Lily moaned wantonly, her nails digging into his back as he fucked her hard and fast. A loud, wet slapping sound came from between their bodies as her arousal continued to leak over his shaft. Lily’s big tits bounced and jiggled on her chest in time with his thrusts. Grabbing her hip, Harry rolled over so he was on his back and she was on top of him. They had barely settled before she threw herself down on him, her perky tits bouncing wildly with her frantic movements. Harry grabbed her hips and slammed his cock back up into her as she dropped down, her large, round ass slapping against his thighs. With her dark red hair bouncing around her head, Lily looked like a goddess of lust as she rode him.

Grabbing both of her tits in his hands, Harry pulled her forward to kiss her hungrily as she continued to throw herself down onto him. Getting close to his climax, Harry let go of her breasts and trailed his hands down her sides to firmly grasp her by the hips. Planting his feet on the bed, he drove his hips up at a brutally fast pace, driving his cock in and out of her with hard, deep thrusts. As his cock swelled, just before he came, Lily screamed out again, her tight walls grasping him rhythmically as they fluttered around his length. Harry released inside of her, filling her contracting pussy with a flood of hot white cum. Lily quivered in pleasure as she collapsed against his chest, moaning into the crook of his neck.

A few moments later, after catching their breath, Harry pulled out of her as she curled up against his chest. Pulling the covers over the both of them, they drifted off to sleep.