

Chapter 11

Harry was sitting in the common room, flipping through a book on advanced defensive magic, when Lily came bounding down the girls' staircase with a bright smile. His eyes were inexorably drawn to the alluring sight of her breasts bouncing under her tight green turtleneck before he forcibly tore his eyes away.

Why did she have to be so damn beautiful, he asked himself.

When she spotted him, Lily's eyes lit up, and she bounded over.

"They said yes," she said excitedly.

"Er, what?" Harry asked, mentally shaking himself from staring at her gorgeous face and bright green eyes.

"My parents. They said you could stay for the holiday," Lily told him.

Harry looked at her in surprise before a smile stretched across his face. He would finally get a chance to know his grandparents, even if he and Lily were the only ones who knew they were related. Honestly, he hadn't expected them to agree to let him stay for the full holiday, but he was happy they did.

Well, sort of, he thought.

Harry pushed those thoughts away. Thinking about it would only give him a headache.

"Thanks, Lily," Harry said with a grateful smile.

“Of course, what are friends for?” she asked rhetorically. “You ready to go?”

“Yeah,” he replied, pushing himself up off the couch.

Smiling brightly, Lily spun around, and Harry’s eyes once again wandered to places they shouldn’t. After catching a glimpse of her full, round bum in her tight jeans, he wrenched his eyes back up with a mental curse. To avoid temptation, he sped up as soon as they stepped through the portrait hole and walked side by side with Lily as they walked down to the Great Hall.

Today was the last Hogsmeade weekend before most students would be leaving for home, adding a sense of excitement to the air. With only a few days left until the beginning of the Christmas holiday and mid-terms finished, there was a relaxed atmosphere around the castle. Everyone was anxious to get presents for their loved ones and go home to see their families.

After eating quickly, Harry, Lily, and the rest of their friends all lined up to leave the grounds. Filch, grouchy as ever, took his sweet time examining all of the permission slips closely and checked each one with some sort of detector. Seeing him use the magical device made Harry wonder how he could use something like that as a Squib.

By the time they finally made it out of the castle and boarded a carriage, Harry had a new idea rolling around in his head. Having grown quite bored with his classes, he’d started to look at expanding his knowledge of other types of magic. With the idea he had in mind, he thought he might be able to help Squibs.

Most people wouldn’t go out of their way to help someone like Filch. Harry wasn’t too fond of the man when he aided Umbridge during her reign as High Inquisitor. Still, he could understand the bitterness a person would feel being born into a world of magic yet unable to do even the simple of spells. Not to mention the scorn Squibs received from most people just for being what they were. Harry had heard more than one story of children being abandoned when it was discovered they couldn’t do magic.

He was realizing more and more that Voldemort wasn't the problem. He was just a symptom of a much larger issue. There was so much anger and bitterness in the Wizarding world and so many reasons for a person to turn dark that it was only a matter of time before someone new popped up to replace him. There needed to be a fundamental change in the way magical Britain before they could ever truly be safe.

But how, he wondered.

Dumbledore had spent the better part of seven decades as one of the most powerful figures in the world and had accomplished relatively little in that time.

Had he really tried, though, Harry asked himself.

Sure, Dumbledore had power, but he had never really tried to use it. Not seriously, at least. He'd changed small things, but not enough to make a difference. Ever since his fallout with Grindlewald, Dumbledore had been too scared to use the power he had. He didn't trust himself with it. Instead, he'd kept the status quo and hid in his school.

Yet even at Hogwarts, where he had the potential to change the minds and beliefs of generations of students, he'd held back with the exception of a few rare cases, such as Hagrid and Remus.

"Harry?"

Shaking himself from his thoughts, he turned to Lily, who was looking at him curiously.

"Sorry," he said with an apologetic smile. "I was just thinking."

"It's fine," Lily told him. "I asked if there was anywhere you wanted to go first."

“No. I need to pick up some presents, though. Do you have any idea what I should get your parents?” Harry asked.

“Well, you could get my mum something from Honeydukes. She loves her sweets,” Lily told him with a smile. “My dad’s not picky, but you really don’t need to get them anything.”

“What about your sister?” Harry asked.

“A heart,” Lily said with uncharacteristic snark, then shook her head. “Sorry. If you want to get her something, make sure it’s Muggle. The last time I bought her something magical, she threw it in the bin.”

Seeing the sad, troubled frown on her face, he reached over and squeezed her hand. Lily looked down at her hand, then back up at him, and smiled as she squeezed back. Neither of them noticed the knowing smiles Alice and Marlene exchanged across from them.

The carriage rocked to a stop, and Harry got out first and held out his hand to help the girls step down. As they walked towards the village, he immediately noticed several witches and wizards in the trademark blue robes worn by Aurors. Surprisingly, the few that spotted him gave him a respectful nod, including a young Kingsley Shaklebolt. Walking next to him with her hand in his, a tall, willowy witch with dark skin and a pretty face smiled at him.

Harry smiled back as he realized who she was. He recognized her from the picture of the Order that Moody had shown him. She was Elizabeth Shaklebolt, Kingsley’s wife, who had been killed in a raid on a Death Eater’s home during the first war.

“You okay?” Lily asked.

“I’m fine,” Harry said, forcing the frown off his face.

“Let’s go to Honeyduke’s first,” Alice suggested. “Then we can look at the other shops.”

“Sure,” Harry said.

In Honeyduke’s, Harry picked up a large sampler box for Cynthia, Lily’s mother, and a few other items to gift to the girls. When they were done, they explored the rest of the shops in the village one by one, looking for gifts.

One of the best shops they visited was Ender’s Odds and Ends, a magical thrift shop. They had a wide assortment of different magical items where Harry was able to get gifts for pretty much everyone except for Lily. He had no idea what to get her, and nothing he saw he thought was good enough.

Even after they’d checked every shop in Hogsmeade, he still had no gift for her. With only a few days left before Christmas, he would have to think of something.

Maybe I should make something for her again, he thought.

Eventually, they stopped by the Three Broomsticks for lunch. Rosmerta smiled happily when she saw him and gave him a wink. It had only been a few days since he’d last snuck out of the castle to enjoy her company, but seeing her round breasts bulging out of the top of her corset made him wish they could sneak off for a bit.

Harry couldn’t help the small, smug smirk that tugged at his lips when he saw the crowd of boys at the bar all staring at her breasts. She’d worn a dark green corset that caused her lush breasts to bulge over the top of the tight material. While his classmates could only fantasize about what was under her constricting outfit, Harry had an intimate knowledge of what she looked like.

As they walked to the back of the pub towards the only open booth, he spotted Arthur and Molly sitting at a table not too far away. Both of them were smiling happily at each other when Arthur spotted him and gave a friendly wave. Harry waved back just as Molly looked up and blushed heavily.

Taking seats, it only took Rosmerta a couple of minutes to come over and take their orders. As soon as she left, Alice stood up.

“We’ll be right back. Need to use the loo,” she said, giving Lily and Marlene pointed looks.

“Okay,” Harry said.

Watching them leave, he couldn’t help but wonder why they had to go together. He also could help but enjoy the view as they walked away.

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“Do you still plan on going to the bookstore after lunch?” Alice asked Lily as she washed her hands.

“Yeah, why?” Lily asked curiously.

“I thought me and Marlene could take off and give you and Harry some time together alone,” Alice said with a knowing smirk.

As Marlene giggled, Lily bit her lip and saw her cheeks flush in the mirror.

“You don’t need to do that,” she said softly.

“You still like him, don’t you?” Marlene asked.

“Well, yes, but...”

“But what?” Alice asked.

Lily knew she should have just told them that she and Harry were just friends, that she wasn't interested in him that way, but she couldn't bring herself to do it.

Does it really matter if we spend time together alone, she asked herself. It's not like Harry will try anything anyways, she thought sadly.

“Nothing, I'm just nervous,” Lily said with a small smile.

“What's there to be nervous about?” Marlene asked.

“I'm not sure Harry likes me that way,” Lily admitted.

“Yeah, right,” Marlene scoffed. “So you didn't notice him check out your bum when you bent over to look at those Enchanted snowglobes?”

“He did?” Lily asked, pushing down the flutter she felt in her stomach.

“It is a very nice bum,” Alice said, her hand swinging around to give her left cheek a light slap.

“Alice!” Lily exclaimed.

She stared at her friend's unrepentant grin with an open mouth before all three of them broke down into giggles. As they left the bathroom, Lily couldn't help the hopefulness she felt growing in her chest.

Worrying her lip, Lily followed Marlene and Alice back to their table with butterflies fluttering wildly in her chest. Maybe Harry was attracted to her, she thought. Maybe he was just hiding it like she was because he knew he shouldn't. But what about the Black sisters, a voice nagged at the back of her mind.



The girls rejoined Harry, and they had a pleasant lunch together. Leaving a generous tip on the table, he smiled at Rosmerta as they left.

"Marlene and I need to go pick something up. See you two in a bit," Alice said quickly once they were outside.

Before Harry or Lily could say a word, they took off down the street. Blinking at their sudden departure, he turned to look at Lily questioningly. Seeing his look, she shrugged her shoulders.

"So, where do you want to go next?" Harry asked.

"Um," Lily hummed, looking up and down the street. "I need to stop at the bookstore, but - since we're alone - there's something I wanted to ask you about."

"What that?" Harry asked as they began walking slowly in the direction of the bookstore.

Lily worried her bottom lip in a way he found both cute and sexy while looking around to make sure they were truly alone.

"I saw you, Narcissa, and Bellatrix together the other day in the library," she said softly.

"Oh," Harry said dully. "You mean when we were..."

Harry trailed off, hoping she would tell him exactly what she saw before he gave anything away.

“Kissing,” Lily finished, her cheeks going pink.

“Ah,” Harry said with a sigh.

I guess it was only a matter of time before she found out, he thought. Swallowing nervously, he decided it was time to come clean. He really didn't like keeping secrets from Lily, and the guilt of not telling her about Cissy and Bella had been slowly eating at him for a while now. Harry could only hope she didn't think poorly of him.

Looking around, he grabbed her arm lightly and started leading her towards the Shrieking Shack.

“Let's go this way. I'd rather not be overheard,” Harry told her.

Nodding, Lily walked next to him, her shoulder occasionally brushing against him as they trudged through the ankle-deep snow. When they reached the dilapidated fence surrounding the ramshackle house, he leaned against it and cast a Muffliato Charm around them, just in case.

“It's a bit – complicated,” Harry prefaced with a sigh. “In my time, Narcissa was married to Lucius Malfoy, who was a part of Voldemort's inner circle. During the battle of Hogwarts, she lied to him to save my life. I knew she was trapped in a loveless marriage, so when I saw her here, I felt like I had to help her.”

Lily turned to look at him with a smile tugging at the corners of her lips.

“You just can't help yourself, can you?” she asked.

Harry smiled and shrugged, "Hermione called it my saving people thing."

Lily shook her head before her smile faded.

"And Bellatrix?" she asked.

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

"That's where things get complicated," he said. "Voldemort seduced her into becoming his most loyal and vicious Death Eater. The crimes she committed were some of the worst we saw during both wars. The thing is, she wasn't always like that. Sirius told me she only became like that after she married Lestrangle and met Voldemort. Bellatrix has always been obsessive, especially when it comes to someone powerful. When I met her here, I thought that if I could make her obsessed with me, I could stop her from hurting anyone and turn her against Voldemort."

Harry sighed again and shook his head.

"I know that makes me sound like a manipulative git, but it seemed like the best option. I mean, she hasn't done anything wrong yet, so I can't have her arrested. And I couldn't just kill her no matter what I knew she might do. I just..."

"You wanted to save her," Lily finished for him. "Even after all the horrible things she did, you wanted to protect her."

"Yeah," Harry said, staring at his foot to avoid her eyes. "I know it sounds stupid-"

Harry broke off when he felt Lily wrap her arms around his shoulders and hug him gently. After a moment of hesitation, he hugged her back, savoring the warmth of her body in the cold winter air. When she pulled back a moment later, he was surprised to see her looking at him

with a proud smile on her face. Harry felt a swell of warmth fill his chest as he stared at her beautiful face.

“You did the right thing,” Lily told him with conviction. “It’s easy to save your friends, but it takes true bravery to save someone you hate.”

Harry looked away shyly, but he couldn’t stop a pleased smile from twitching on his lips.

“Thanks,” he said. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner. I was just nervous about how you would react.”

“I was hurt that you didn’t tell me,” Lily admitted. “But I know things haven’t been easy for you lately, so I’ll let it go just this once. You know you can trust me, right?”

“I do trust you,” Harry said firmly.

“Good,” Lily smiled and nudged his shoulder with hers.

Smiling back, Harry wrapped his arm around her and hugged her to his side.

“Well, since I’m coming clean, I’m kind of seeing Rosmerta, too,” he confessed.

“What do you mean kind of seeing her?” Lily asked.

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“When I first got here, I was pretty overwhelmed,” he admitted.

Lily nodded and rested her hand on his shoulder comfortingly.

“I know it wasn’t the smartest thing to do, but I told her everything,” Harry said. “I just wanted someone to talk to, and I’m still angry at Dumbledore for some of the things he did. It was hard – losing everything I’d fought so hard to protect – and Rosie’s always been a good listener.”

“I understand,” Lily said, reaching down to hold his hand.

Harry gave her a small smile and cleared his throat, fighting down the well of emotions he’d kept buried for the last few months.

“Do Narcissa and Bellatrix know?” she asked.

“Not yet,” Harry replied, shaking his head. “I plan on telling them. Probably soon. They need to know the truth before things start to get crazy.”

“What do you mean?” Lily asked.

“I’m going to start causing a lot of problems for Vol – You-Know-Who soon. They might not want to stick around when he starts coming after me,” Harry said, watching Lily’s reaction closely.

She knew exactly what he was doing and narrowed her eyes.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Lily said firmly.

Harry couldn’t help but sigh in relief despite the worry he felt.

“Are you sure it needs to be you, though?” she asked, clutching his hand tightly. “Can’t you just tell Dumbledore what you know and let him take care of it?”

“No,” Harry said firmly, shaking his head. “I can’t just sit back when I’m one of only two people that can stand up to him.”

Lily stared at him before she lurched forward and hugged him tightly.

“Just promise me you’ll be careful,” she said softly, her breath ghosting across his ear.

“I will,” Harry whispered.

Lily pulled back a few inches, her hands resting on his shoulders and his on her hips as they stared at each other. Harry was struck by just how beautiful she was, neither of them in a hurry to move away from each other. It took a moment before he realized Lily was leaning forward, her face slowly growing closer, and Harry couldn’t bring himself to move away.

Both of them startled when they heard a giggle. As Lily stepped back, they turned to find James and Sirius approaching, each with a girl on their arm. The girl with Sirius giggled again as he whispered something in her ear. James looked up and glared at Harry hard when he stopped them.

“Let’s go. I don’t want to deal with them today,” Lily said.

Grabbing his hand, Lily pulled him back towards the village. Harry sighed, not knowing if he should feel disappointed or relieved about the interruption.

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Later that night, back at the castle, Harry made his way to the Defense classroom. After his talk with Lily, he'd realized he hadn't been doing much in terms of combating Voldemort, and that was down to one reason. A lack of information. With only a hand full of second-hand stories to go on, he just didn't know enough about what was happening at the moment.

Entering the classroom, he walked over to the closed office door and knocked.

"Come in," Connie called out.

Looking up for the stack of papers she was grading, Connie flipped her short blonde hair back and smiled as he closed the door behind him.

"Hello, Harry. What can I do for you?" she asked.

Rather than answering, Harry sealed the door and silenced it with heavy wards. Connie frowned and set down her quill.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

"No," Harry said, sitting down across from her. "I need your help with something."

"I take it this isn't school-related," Connie said.

Harry smiled and shook his head.

"I need to know what Voldemort and his Death Eaters are up to, and I think I know how to find out," he said. "When I was on the run, my friend Hermione and I came up with an idea. She modified a Listening Charm so that it could be placed on an object and send everything it heard to another one."

“That’s impressive,” Connie said, sitting back in her chair.

“Yeah,” Harry agreed, smiling softly. “Hermione’s brilliant. Or, she will be.”

He went quiet for a moment, then physically shook himself out of his memories and pushed away the sadness he felt.

“Anyways,” he said, “we never got a chance to use it in my time, but I know it’ll work. I need your help, though.”

“What do you need me to do?” Connie asked.

“I want to use the Taboo to bring in the Death Eaters again. I just need you to tell me who’s important enough to put the charm on,” Harry told her.

“Alright. When do you want to do it?” Connie asked.

“You do realize we’re going to be breaking several laws, right?” Harry asked.

Connie smiled, “Then we’ll just have to make sure we don’t get caught. Now, when are we going?”

Harry grinned and stood from his seat.

“Right now.”

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Harry and Connie snuck out of the castle using the passage behind the One-Eyed Witch statue and then slipped out of Honeyduke's. Looking around the empty village to ensure they hadn't been spotted, Harry turned to Connie and held out his arm. As soon as she grabbed it, he twisted into nothing and Disapparated without a sound.

A moment later, they reappeared in the middle of the Forest of Dean, the same place where Harry and Hermione had hidden for weeks. Unbidden, he remembered Hermione taking his hand in hers. It was so vivid he could practically feel the ghost of her touch on his skin and see her face swimming in the shadows.

*"Maybe we should just stay here, forget about the prophecy, and grow old together,"* she'd said.

Knowing what he did now, a large part of him wished he'd taken her up on that. Merlin, he missed her.

"Harry?" Connie called out quietly.

"There's a clearing just on the other side of those rocks," Harry said, forcing away his memories. "Once they show up, I'll need you to put up an anti-Apparation ward. Then, we'll stun them, cast the charm, Obliviate them, and then get out of here. If Voldemort shows up, run. Don't worry about me, just leave as fast as you can. I'll be fine."

Connie stared at him for a long moment before nodding hesitantly.

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Connie took a deep breath to settle her nerves as she watched Harry enter the middle of the clearing. She couldn't help but notice how handsome he looked with the light of the moon illuminating his face.

Stop being a pervert and get your head in the game, she reprimanded herself.

It wasn't just his looks, though. There was a presence to Harry that just seemed to draw people to him. Shaking her head, she tightened her grip on her wand and focused on the task at hand. There would be plenty of time to ogle him later.

His bright green eyes blazing, Harry took a deep breath and tilted his head back.

"VOLDEMORT!" he screamed, the veins and tendons in his neck popping out against the skin.

She'd thought something might be bothering him before, but now she was certain. She saw a change in him the moment they stepped into the forest.

Later, Connie thought.

Her heart hammered in her chest as they waited for the Death Eaters to arrive. Even though Harry stood stock still in the middle of the clearing, she could already feel his magic building up. The feel of it sent a pleasant tingle down her spine.

Like firecrackers going off, there was a series of loud *pops* as half a dozen Death Eaters Apparated into the clearing. As they launched spell after spell at Harry, who deflected them easily, Connie blanketed the area with an anti-Apparation ward. The moment it settled into place, Harry exploded into action, dropping two Death Eaters with a single spell before she could even exit the tree line.

Leveling her wand, Connie stunned one of the cloaked and masked figures in the back. The rest of the Death Eaters panicked and tried to Disapparate. A vindictive smile stretched across her as she saw their eyes widen behind their masks when they failed. Another spell spat from the end of her wand while Harry dropped yet another Death Eater. With only one left standing, Connie rushed forward, the thrill of the moment going to her head.

Her opponent was nowhere near her level and fell quickly to a full-body bind. Grinning in excitement and panting as adrenaline coursed through her veins, she turned to Harry. Surprisingly, his wand was still at the ready, a frown of concentration wrinkling his brow.

Just as she opened her mouth to ask him what was wrong, she heard the words that caused the blood in her veins to turn ice cold.

“Avada Kedavra!”

With the sound of rushing death, Connie saw the bright green Killing Curse speeding towards her from out of the corner of her eye.

I’m dead, she thought dully, the curse far too close for her to move in time.

Everything moved in slow motion as she looked at Harry’s blazing green eyes. Suddenly, he disappeared with a thunderous crack, accompanied a moment later by the sound of shattering glass. Connie saw the remnants ward burn up in the night sky right before she felt a muscular arm wrap securely around her waist.

In that moment, all fear left her. Harry was there, and she was safe.

Her body was yanked backwards, and her eyes followed the deadly green curse as it passed through the space where she had been standing a split second earlier.

Time went back to normal as she found herself being held to Harry’s chest while a jet of fire spewed from his wand. Connie heard a pained, terrified scream, and as the jet died, a figure remained on fire just a short distance away.

Invisibility cloak, she thought.

The figure scrambled to throw off their burning cloak and only just managed it before a Stunning Hex slammed into their chest. Harry glared at the downed figure venomously for a long moment. His expression relaxed when they didn't move, and he turned to look at Connie.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," Connie said, unable to tear her eyes away from his intense stare.

Nodding, he regrettably let go of her and walked towards the Death Eater that had hidden under the cloak. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, Connie followed after him. She reached Harry just as he pulled off the mask.

"Holy shit!" Connie gasped. "That's Augustus Rookwood!"

Harry sighed and rubbed his chin.

"What's wrong?" Connie asked. "This is good, isn't it?"

"I don't know," Harry admitted. "I know we could get a lot of good information from him, but I don't think it's worth letting him go. He gives a lot of information about the Department of Mysteries and the Ministry to Voldemort."

Connie looked down at Rookwood's face and realized he had a point. Even if they kept a close eye on him, letting him go could cost many people their lives.

"Let's go check the others first," Harry said.

Standing up, he stunned Rookwood again and then tied him up for good measure. Walking around the clearing, they checked all the other Death Eaters and rounded them up. Two of them Connie didn't recognize, three were petty criminals from Pureblood families that had lost

their fortunes long ago, and the last one was a mid-level Ministry employee that worked in the Floo office. Harry listened to everything she told him and then thoughtfully stared at the unconscious and bound Death Eaters.

“I think we should turn this lot in and try again later,” Harry said eventually. “Rookwood is too much of a threat to let go, and releasing the others, even if we do Oblivate them, would be too suspicious. What do you think?”

“I think you’re right,” Connie admitted. “Why don’t you head back to school, and I’ll call the Aurors.”

“You sure?” he asked.

Connie smiled at him, “I’m sure. It’s the least I can do after you saved my life.”

“Thank you,” Harry said gratefully.

Giving her shoulder a squeeze, he smiled before taking a step back and vanishing silently. Connie sighed and looked back down at the Death Eaters.

“This’ll be fun to explain,” she muttered to herself.

Taking her badge out of her pocket, Connie tapped it with her wand.

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Harry had been sitting in Connie’s office for over an hour when she finally walked through the door. He set down the book he had been reading as she entered and raised an eyebrow at him.

“Everything go okay?” he asked.

“Yeah,” she said tiredly, hanging her cloak up near the door.

Harry’s eyes briefly raked over her bust as her shirt pulled tight over her chest.

“I told them I felt someone tracking me and Apparated to the middle of nowhere to fight them. Dawlish bought it, but Moody didn’t look too convinced,” she told him with a sigh.

Walking around her desk, she opened a drawer and pulled out a bottle of Firewhiskey and two tumblers.

“You didn’t get in any trouble, did you?” Harry asked in concern.

“No,” Connie said, pouring two fingers worth into each glass and then passing one to him with a smile. “If anything, capturing that many Death Eaters will look good on my record.”

Harry smiled in return and took a sip, the fiery liquid burning pleasantly and filling him with warmth.

“I kind of feel bad taking credit for it, especially since you saved my life,” Connie said.

“It’s my fault you were there in the first place,” Harry reminded her.

“I knew the risks,” Connie told him, reaching out to rest her hand on the back of his. “Seriously, thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry said quietly with a small smile.

Returning the smile, Connie squeezed his hand before pulling back, her fingers trailing lightly over his skin.

“So, when do you want to try again?” she asked, bringing the tumbler to her full, pink lips.

“Let’s wait a week for things to calm down,” Harry said. “Are you staying at the school over the holiday.”

“No, I’ll be going home,” Connie told him.

Picking up her quill, she wrote something down on a sheaf of parchment before tearing it off and handing it to him.

“This is my home address. Stop by when you’re ready to go,” she said.

“Thanks,” Harry said, appreciating the trust her gesture showed.

Connie gave him a bright smile that sent his pulse racing. Downing the rest of his drink, Harry stood from his seat.

“I should call it a night,” he said. “Thanks for your help tonight.”

“Any time,” Connie said, still smiling. “Good night, Harry.”

“Night,” he said.

Stepping out into the hall, Harry leaned his back against the door to the classroom, closed his eyes, and sighed. He checked his watch and saw that it was just a few minutes before curfew.

He'd been hoping to sneak off with one or both of the Black sisters for the night to blow off some steam, but it looked like that wasn't an option now.

Well, if they can't come to me, I could always go to them, he thought with a smirk.

Pushing off the door, he quickly made his way towards Gryffindor Tower.

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"Hey, Harry. Where have you been?" Lily asked as he walked into the common room.

"I was talking to Professor Hammer about plans for the DA next term," Harry said.

He didn't like lying to Lily, but he couldn't exactly tell her the truth when they were surrounded by their housemates. He'd just have to fill her in later.

"Anything exciting planned?" Dorcas asked from her spot on the floor as Mary McDonald braided her dark brown hair.

"I have a few surprises," Harry told her with a smile.

Harry spent the rest of the evening chatting with the girls before heading up to the dorm. Mercifully, the full moon meant the Marauders were gone for the night. Pulling his Moke-skin pouch from around his neck, he pulled out his cloak and swung it around his shoulders. He crept back down the stairs, through the empty common room, and then out into the hall.

On his way to the dungeons, Harry was forced to dip into an alcove to avoid Peeves as he led Filch through the halls on a merry chase. Peeves laughed as he ripped apart a schoolbook and tossed the torn pages into the air. Mrs. Norris looked in his direction at one point, but took off after her owner when he took off down the hall after the cackling Poltergeist.

Shaking his head, Harry made the rest of the trip without incident. Standing in front of the entrance to the Slytherin common room, he pulled out the Marauder's Map and rolled his eyes when it revealed the password.

"Pureblood," he whispered.

The wall in front of him clicked and swung inward quietly. Peeking through the gap to make sure it was clear, he slipped inside. Like the Gryffindor common room, Slytherin looked exactly as he remembered it.

Making his way across the common room, empty but for a couple snogging by the fire, he levitated himself up the stairs to the girl's dorms. Setting himself down at the landing, he debated for a moment on who to go see. Making his decision, he quickly reached the door marked for fifth years. Harry pressed his ear to the door and listened for a long moment before quietly slipping inside.

Inside, he found six beds arranged in a circle around a burning stove. Each bed had dark green hangings that blocked out his view. Fortunately, the trunks in front of the beds were each marked with the initials of the occupant. Harry smiled when he spotted the one marked B.B. and pulled out his wand.

Silencing the door, he gave it a flick, and a blue orb with a long, comet-like tail leaving a trail of blue sparks jumped from the tip. Like a fly, it zipped through the air towards the beds in an unpredictable pattern. Harry's spell slipped between the bed hangings and darted over the faces of the girls. As the trail of sparks drifted down and touched their skin, they settled into a peaceful, enchanted sleep that would last for several hours. After darting over the last bed, the spell winked out, the sparks fading out before they could touch the floor.

Harry took off his cloak, put it back in his pouch, and then stuffed it in the pocket of his pajama pants. Quietly, he made his way over to Bellatrix's bed and pulled open the hangings. He smiled at her cute, sleeping face as he sat down on the mattress. Bellatrix mumbled and pulled the blankets tighter around her.

“Bella,” Harry said, shaking her shoulder.

Bellatrix groaned and squinted her eyes open in a glare. When she saw him, her eyes went wide, and she sat bolt upright.

“Harry?” she whispered. “What are you doing here?”

“I wanted to see you,” he said in a normal voice.

Bellatrix looked over his shoulder at the bed behind him in concern.

“Don’t worry, they won’t wake ‘til morning,” he assured her.

Standing up, Harry took off his shirt. Bellatrix’s violet eyes lit up excitedly as she looked at him. Pulling the blankets off of herself, she smiled as he crawled onto the bed. Wearing only a thin, white nightgown, he could see her nipples already stiffening to push against the silky fabric.

Sitting with his back against the pillows, Harry wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her into his lap. His hands rested on her hips before slowly sliding up to cup her large, perky breasts. Bellatrix smiled happily as she leaned forward to kiss him hungrily, her tongue diving into his mouth.

With a moan, she rolled her hips, grinding down as his erection rose up to press against her mound. Harry squeezed her breasts firmly, his fingers sinking into the soft mounds as he bucked up. Letting go, he slid his hands down to gather the hem of her nightgown. They broke their kiss, and Bellatrix raised her hands above her head as he lifted it up.

As her voluptuous breasts came into view, Harry leaned forward and took one of her nipples between his lips. Bellatrix tugged her gown over her head and tossed it aside before running her fingers through his hair with a moan. Harry raked his teeth over the stiff, sensitive nub,

causing her to suck in a sharp breath. Smiling, he took the nipple between his teeth and gave it a tug before wrapping his arms around her back and burying his face between her soft, smooth breasts. As he rubbed his face back and forth between her wonderful mounds, he kissed and nipped at her delicate skin.

“Harry,” Bellatrix breathed with a shiver.

Grabbing his shoulder, she pushed him back against the pillows with a smirk. Slowly, she shimmied backwards, her hands trailing down his chest as her face descended towards his lap. She grabbed the waistband of his pants and tugged them down, kissing his shaft when his erection leapt up to greet her. While Harry lifted his hips, she pulled his pants off and tossed them aside.

With her violet eyes sparkling, Bellatrix kissed her way up his thigh and over his hip to where his length lay against his stomach. Harry ran a hand through her long, curly black hair as she kissed the base of his shaft. Sticking out her tongue, she ran it from root to tip, flicking it upwards when she reached the end. Playfully, he flexed, causing his cock to lurch up and tap her chin.

Bellatrix opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his head, her tongue swirling around his glans. Harry hissed in pleasure as he stared into her sparkling eyes, his hands gathering her hair and holding it out of the way.

Bobbing her head up and down, Bellatrix took him deeper and deeper until he hit the back of her throat. Gagging lightly, she pulled back, adjusted her angle, and then drove herself forward. Harry grunted as she forced his length into her spasming throat, saliva leaking from her lips and tears gathering in her eyes. Heedless to her own discomfort, she pushed forward until her nose pressed against his groin. Bellatrix gripped his thighs and held herself in place for several seconds as her throat spasmed around him.

Eventually, she pulled back with a gasp, sucking in deep breaths around his shaft. Harry shuddered slightly as the bottom half of his spit-soaked length became cold from the air rushing past from her breathing. Once she caught her breath, Bellatrix dove back down, her throat squelching loudly as she swallowed him whole.

Harry groaned and waved his hand, sending the hangings on every bed flying open. He smiled when Bellatrix shuddered excitedly from the sudden exposure.

“I wonder if hearing you choke on my cock will influence their dreams,” Harry said.

Bellatrix’s eyes glinted as she pulled halfway up his length before slamming her face back down. Another loud squelch left her throat as she gagged around his girth. Pulling herself back up, she repeated the move again and again, brutalizing her own throat with his rigid cock. Harry tilted his head back and groaned before he forced her all the way down and held her in place.

Letting go of her head with one hand, he stroked her cheek lovingly.

“My Bella,” he said softly.

Bellatrix closed her eyes and shuddered with a moan as she came suddenly.

Merlin, I love this crazy bitch, Harry thought with a chuckle.

Tightening his grip on her hair, he pulled her off of his cock. Bellatrix sucked in a deep breath and then let out a trembling moan as she stared up at him with a hooded gaze. Pulling her forward, she crawled forward until she straddled his lap. Harry pulled her in for a searing kiss while his hands moved down to her hips. Bellatrix moaned into his mouth as her sweltering, leaking folds rubbed along his throbbing shaft.

Without breaking their kiss, she lifted her hips and lined him up with her dripping entrance. Harry sank into her depths with ease as she settled her weight on him with a sensual moan. Putting her hands on his chest, she pushed herself back while rolling her hips. Reaching up, he squeezed her lush breasts firmly as she started bouncing up and down on his cock.

Taking her engorged nipples between his fingers, Harry pinched down hard. Tossing her head back, Bellatrix gasped and increased her pace. The faster she moved, the harder he squeezed.

She panted with shuddering breaths as she writhed wildly on his lap. Soon, the rest of her breasts were bouncing heavily while he held her nipples in place, adding a sharp tug with each descent. Bellatrix's nails dug into his chest, leaving deep, crescent-shaped dents in his skin as her eyes glazed over. Growling at the pain, Harry planted his feet on the bed and bucked his hips.

Suddenly, Bellatrix trembled and screamed as she reached a thunderous climax. Her folds fluttered wildly around him as she drenched his shaft in her arousal. Collapsing onto his chest, she gasped for breath while her hips humped frantically with single-minded determination.

Grabbing her hips, Harry rolled her over and drew back before slamming into her spasming depths. Bellatrix cried out and stared up at him with fanatical devotion. Holding himself over her, he drove into her wet, tight heat with savage thrusts. Wet, meaty slaps echoed around the room as he ravaged her depths.

In moments, Bellatrix arched her back and came again, her perky tits thrust into the air as her eyes rolled into the back of her head. With a handful of brutal thrusts, Harry buried himself as deep as possible and flooded her core. His vision swam from the overwhelming intensity of his orgasm, and he collapsed onto his forearms while burying his face in the crook of her neck. Bellatrix raked her nails along his back as his hips flexed forwards with every lurch of his cock.

When he finally came down from his peak, Harry rolled to the side and onto his back. Like an overgrown cat, Bellatrix curled up against his chest, tracing abstract lines over his chest with one of her long fingernails.

"You know, most of the girls in the dorm fancy you," Bellatrix said after a while. "I'm sure you could fuck them if you wanted to."

Despite his exhaustion, Harry's limp cock lurched back to life at her suggestion. Looking to his right, he stared at the face of Anastasia Burke. From her looks, he was certain she was the mother of Daphne and Astoria Greengrass, two of the most attractive girls during his time at Hogwarts.

“Maybe next time,” Harry said.

Bellatrix pouted before looking down and smirking at his renewed erection. Sliding down his body, she took him back into her mouth, heedless to the taste of her own arousal.

Relaxing against the pillows and closing his eyes, Harry ran his fingers through her hair and enjoyed the sensation.