

Chapter 30

Harry stepped out of the Mirror at Godric's Hollow and sighed, setting his briefcase beside the couch. In getting ready for the release of their new products, he'd been forced to become a businessman. It wasn't something he enjoyed, but it was necessary if he wanted to earn the money needed to make long-lasting changes in this world. Thankfully, his only meeting today had been early in the morning at the Wolf's Den.

"I'm home," he called out.

When he didn't receive a reply, Harry took off his cloak, hung it up, and started moving towards the stairs.

"Girls?" he yelled upstairs.

Again, there was no reply. Making his way to the kitchen, he paused and smiled when he looked out the window over the sink. Lily, Bellatrix, and Narcissa were out in the backyard, practicing dueling. Walking to the back door, he stepped outside just as Bellatrix sent a powerful spell at Lily. The redhead summoned a shield, her foot sliding back to brace for the impact. When Bellatrix's spell hit the shield, there was a loud *bang*. Lily grunted under the strain of holding it back, her shoes sliding across the grass until the magic dissipated.

"Nice shield," Harry said, drawing the girls' attention. "But you shouldn't take a spell head-on like that if you can avoid it."

"Why's that?" Narcissa asked curiously.

"Here, I'll show you," Harry said, standing across from her and drawing his wand. "Hit me with the most powerful spell you know."

Narcissa looked at him hesitantly as she drew her wand.

“Scindendo!” she shouted.

A bright white bolt left her wand, tearing up the ground as it rocketed toward him. Harry instantly as a Rending Curse. It was designed to literally rip things apart in as destructive a manner as possible. Smiling, he cast a powerful shield and crouched down behind it. A loud, metallic *clang* sounded when the spell impacted it in a flash of light and sparks. Harry felt like he’d been shoved by a giant, his toes digging into the dirt and digging up the grass. When he finally came to a stop, he was a good five feet from where he’d stood before.

“Brilliant, Narcissa!” Harry told her with a grin. “Now, look at the position I’m in. My feet are too far apart to move out of the way of your next spell easily. If you follow up quickly, I’ll be stuck on defense until you make a mistake, or I can trip you up. Not a good position to be in. Now, try it again.”

Harry straightened up, his feet shoulder-width apart in a much more relaxed stance than he’d used the first time. Taking a deep breath to work up her magic, Narcissa cast again.

“Scindendo!” she incanted.

Harry cast the same shield as before as the spell streaked towards him, but this time angled slightly. When the Rending Curse struck, it did so with a *ping* instead of a *clang* and shot upwards, where it splashed harmlessly against the Wards that protected and hid what they were doing from the Muggles.

“See?” Harry asked. “You want to deflect spells if at all possible. It doesn’t tire you out as much as taking them head-on, leaving you in a much better position to retaliate. That said, it’s not always possible or a good idea. Like if there are people around you, or it’s a really powerful curse that needs all of your focus. Still, for most circumstances, it’s better to deflect. When you get really good at it, you can even deflect it at another opponent.”

“Then why are we taught to keep shields vertical in school?” Lily asked curiously.

“Because deflecting is harder on Shield Charms than taking it straight on,” Harry said. “You’d think it’d be easier on it, but it’s not. I’m not sure why. Besides, at Hogwarts, they only teach you the bare basics of dueling. This is more of an advanced technique. Just start out with spells that aren’t going to end up with one of you in hospital.”

“Can you teach us more?” Bellatrix asked eagerly. “I’m not going to keep sitting around doing nothing while you and your little group go out to fight Death Eaters.”

“She means we want to help,” Lily said, giving Bellatrix a meaningful glare.

“I know,” Harry sighed. “How about this? I promised Moody I’d work with the trainees again before their final exams. Why don’t you come with me next week and we’ll see how you do. I can figure out what to teach you from there.”

Privately, Harry didn’t want them to get involved. A part of him hoped they’d get beaten badly by the trainees and realize they needed more time, but he knew that was unlikely. Lily and Bellatrix were known as formidable witches for a reason. Narcissa was skilled in her own right, but she wasn’t a fighter like the other two. She preferred looking for a way to win the fight before it even started.

When the girls agreed, they headed inside for lunch.

“Oh, I talked to my sister this morning,” Lily said. “She asked if you might have a job for her at the Rune Shop.”

“How good is she at Runes now?” Harry asked in return.

Despite the apparent changes in Petunia’s character, separating her from the cruel aunt he’d grown up with was still hard for him.

“She’s pretty good,” Lily said, smiling. “She showed me some of the things she can do last night. I’d say she’s at least up to the start of sixth year, maybe the middle on some things.”

“Alright,” Harry said, blowing out a breath. “Tell her I’ll take her to the Wolf’s Den after the full moon. I’ve got too much to worry about with the Cure and the release of the mirrors right now. Things should settle a bit in a few weeks.”

“Thank you,” Lily smiled, kissing his cheek. “And thank you for giving me my sister back. She’s completely changed since you gave her that book.”

“Harry,” Narcissa called from the table. “Did you read the paper this morning?”

“Hmm? Oh, no. I was in a rush. Why?” he asked, making his way over.

“The Head of the Floo Network Authority has gone missing,” she said, handing him a copy of the Daily Prophet.

Harry took it and read with a frown. There wasn’t much to go on. All the Ministry knew was Janice Powers had gone on vacation for a week and never returned. They were treating it as a simple missing persons case, but he knew it was much more than that.

“This is how it started last time,” Harry said softly.

“You think You-Know-Who killed her to get one of his people in her place?” Narcissa asked, brow furrowed in thought.

“Probably,” Harry sighed. “Either a Death Eater or someone they control through blackmail. I don’t want you girls using the Floo anymore. It’s too dangerous. If you can’t use a mirror to get there, let me know, and I’ll figure something out.”

"It's going to get bad, isn't it?" Lily asked, stopping behind him and running her fingers through his hair.

"Not yet," Harry said. "We'll see a few more disappearances before he attacks openly. I'd say we have a couple of weeks, maybe three before things get really bad."

Closing his eyes, he leaned his head back and let the feeling of her fingertips caressing his scalp soothe him.

"This house is safe, and everyone we care about already has Mirrors," he continued. "I'll have to talk to Sylvia again. She and Amanda would be safer if they stayed here. Oh, and speaking of Mirrors, I had an idea today I wanted to talk to you three about."

"What's that?" Lily asked, her fingers trailing down to the nape of his neck.

"It's complicated, but there's a way I can create a single mirror that could listen in to all the others," Harry admitted. "If I set it to listen to key words, I might be able to use it to spy on the Death Eaters."

"Do you really think they're going to talk about their plans through a device you created?" Narcissa asked, arching her brow.

"It doesn't matter," Harry said, racking his eyes open. "They don't have to use it, they just have to be near one. These Mirrors are going to be everywhere, in every home, every business, on every person... I'd be able to track them almost anywhere."

"Harry," Lily whispered, her fingers stilling for a moment. "That's brilliant!"

"Is it?" he asked, sighing. "I'd be spying on people's private conversations without their permission. Or even their knowledge. All they have to do is say one of the keywords like Dark Lord, Dark Mark, or Death Eater, and I'd hear everything. Well, not just me. That leads to

another problem. I'd need dozens of people to keep track of everything. Any one of them could abuse the system and start blackmailing people. Sure, I could use contracts, but those have limits. They can't safeguard against everything."

"That is a problem," Lily admitted. "But I'm sure you'll think of something. I know it might not be the most ethical thing to do, but think of all the lives you could save."

"And that's the only reason I'm considering this," Harry admitted. "That, and I know I won't have a problem destroying the listening mirrors once this war is over."

"House Elves," Narcissa said, a gleam in her eyes. "You could use House Elves to listen to everything. They'd never use that information, and they can get to you almost instantly if something happens."

"That could work," Harry said thoughtfully. "I might have to teach them to read and write, but it could work."

"See? I told you we'd figure it out," Lily beamed, kissing the top of his head before she stepped away to finish lunch. "I think you should do it."

"Yeah," Harry sighed.

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Three days later, disguised as a middle-aged wizard, Harry bought forty House Elves from the shops in Daigon and Knockturn Alley. Because secrecy was paramount, he enlarged the basement at Godric's Hollow and set them up there. There wasn't much for them to do at the moment, but in just a week and a half the Mirrors would go on sale.

"If you need more room or anything to make staying here more comfortable, let me know and I'll take care of it," Harry told them.

“Master, will we’s be taking care of Master’s family?” a young House Elf asked hesitantly.

With a small smile, Harry knelt down to look him in the eye.

“What’s your name?” he asked.

“Klick, sir,” he replied, cheeks darkening. “Klick’s fingers is being louder than most.”

“Well, Klick, what you and the other House Elves do down here will protect me and my family from a very bad wizard,” Harry told him. “If you all want to take turns cooking and cleaning or whatever when you have time, that’s fine, but I really need help protecting my family. I’d be happy to find you another family to serve if you want, though. I know this isn’t what House Elves normally do.”

“Oh, no Master!” Klick exclaimed. “Klick is happy to be here, sir. I’s very happy to help protect Master and his family.”

“Well, if you change your mind, and this goes for all of you, don’t be afraid to come to me,” Harry said, addressing the whole room. “None of you will be given clothes unless you ask for them. But if you want to leave, I will find a good family for you to serve. And please, call me Harry.”

“Master Harry?” one of the older House Elves called.

Harry suppressed a sigh and nodded for her to continue.

“Could Master get some empty Butterbeer barrels for us to use?” she asked. “They’s make the best homes for House Elves.”

“Sure,” Harry smiled. “I’ll get them as soon as I can. Now, can any of you read or write?”

Out of the forty House Elves there, only three raised their hands. He sighed, wracking his brain for a spell to help him, only to come up empty.

“Right,” Harry sighed, standing up.

With a wave of his wand, he created miniaturized desks for all of the House Elves and a blackboard against one wall.

“Class is in session,” he said.

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“How’d it go?” Lily asked when he made his way back upstairs hours later.

“Better than I thought,” Harry said, dropping onto the couch next to her. “They’re learning pretty quick. The House Elves that know how to read are going to finish teaching the others. I got a call from Moody while I was down there. He caught Lucas Holt, the Death Eater David wanted us to arrest. He’s going to hide him at his place and deliver him to the Minister after they close.”

“That’s great!” Lily smiled before kissing him on the lips. “So, no plans for the evening?”

“Not unless Narcissa and Bellatrix have something in mind,” Harry said. “Where are those two, anyways?”

“They went to visit Andromeda at her new place,” Lily smiled. “They wanted to give us some time alone since they get to stay with you every night.”

“Oh?” Harry asked, wrapping his arm around Lily’s shoulders with a lopsided grin. “And what do you plan to do now that you have me all to yourself?”

Smirking, Lily pushed him back onto the couch and laid on top of him. His hands slid under her jumper as she kissed him passionately. Moving his hands up, he slipped them under her bra and cupped her jutting breasts. Lily moaned into his mouth before pulling back to catch her breath. With flushed cheeks, she sat up and pulled her jumper over her head. The bra came off a moment later, freeing her perfect breasts.

Looking down at Harry, she pulled her wand from her pocket and gave it a wave. All of his clothes and the rest of her joined the pile on the floor. Lily giggled when his length jumped up and poked her bum. Lifting herself up, she moved back slightly and teased him against her folds.

“Mmh, you know, I think I might’ve talked Mum into letting me stay the night here a couple of nights a week,” Lily said, rolling her hips.

“That’d be nice,” Harry smiled, cupping and squeezing her breasts. “It’s not the same without you here.”

“I never thought I’d miss Bella and Cissy as much as I miss you, but I do,” Lily said, breaking off into a moan as she dropped down on his length.

“Fuck,” Harry gasped, grabbing her hips and bucking upwards.

“Unh, yes,” Lily grunted, hands splayed on his chest.

Slowly rolling her hips, she quickly built to a steady rhythm. Harry laid back, drinking in the beautiful redhead riding him. It had been a few days since they’d found time to spend together. His work during the day and her need to return home every night made things a bit more difficult than either of them thought it would.

Harry smirked. That just meant they had to make up for lost time, he thought.

Lily cried out in surprise and then giggled when he sat up and suddenly rolled her over onto her back. Grabbing the back of his head, she kissed him hard as he began thrusting. Her thighs wrapped around his back, her heels digging into his bum.

“Oh, Merlin,” she gasped. “Fuck me. Pound me like you do Bella.”

“You sure you want it that hard?” Harry asked.

Lily usually liked it gentler than Bellatrix. That crazy witch always wanted to be ridden like a rented broom, but she was their crazy witch. Biting her lip, Lily nodded.

“I need it,” she begged, urging him on with her legs.

Harry bent down and gave her a kiss before pulling back until only the tip remained lodged in her folds. He paused for just a breath before driving down hard enough that their hips clapped loudly, the force driving Lily deep into the couch cushions. Arching her back, she let out a deep, guttural moan, her bright green eyes going wide.

Slowly, Harry pulled back and did it again, then again. Gradually, each thrust came faster and faster until he felt like he was trying to drive Lily through the couch. Through it all, she clung to him, begging for more between moans and gasps as she twitched under him.

“Oh, fuck!” Lily yelled, nearing her peak.

Dropping his head on the cushion over her shoulder, Harry panted and grunted as he thrust as hard and fast as he could. The only thing that kept Lily from writhing was his body weight pressing down on her. She teetered on the edge for an impossible long moment before tumbling into a massive climax.

She arched her back, crushing her sweaty breasts against his chest while gasping loudly. Harry lifted his head, watching her eyes roll into the back of her head as her legs shook uncontrollably. Her breathing stopped for a long moment before she sucked in a lungful of air and let out a scream that made his ears ring. Kissing her neck, he slowed to a more reasonable pace but never stopped, the wild fluttering of her slick depths feeling too good.

Lily collapsed, her arms clinging to him limply as she sucked in deep, heaving breaths. Harry continued his relentless thrusts, drawing the occasional groan from her pink, glistening lips. Pushing himself up on one arm, he traced a hand from her thigh to her breasts, cupping it and teasing her stiff, rosy nipple. Lily moaned, arching her back as her eyes fluttered open.

Harry leaned down, kissing her lovingly as he neared his end. Keeping their lips locked, he sped up slightly, chasing his climax. Lily moaned, threading her fingers through his hair. Her nails raked lightly over his scalp, sending a pleasant shiver down his spine. That small sensation tipped him over the edge. With a mighty thrust, he buried himself as deep as he could go and erupted inside of her. Lily moaned again, stroking his back while he spilled himself in her depths. Letting out a deep sigh, he collapsed on top of her and caught his breath.

After a couple of minutes, Harry lifted Lily up and rolled over so she rested on his chest.

“Do you want to rest here, or head upstairs,” he asked, brushing a lock of red hair away from her eyes.

“Rest here,” Lily replied tiredly. “We can go upstairs when Bella gets home. I’m going to need you to ruin her tonight so she doesn’t make fun of me tomorrow.”

Harry laughed and ran his hands along her back.

The things I do to keep my girls happy, he thought with a grin.