

Chapter 43

Harry doubled over, hands on his knees, as sweat poured down his face. He was panting so hard his lungs burned. Raising his head, he looked through his damp fringe at Tonks. She looked only slightly better than he did.

They'd been training for hours, as they had every day for the last two weeks. The planned invasion – and hopefully takeover – of Hogwarts was looming closer by the day, and Harry was determined to be as prepared as possible.

His lower back ached as he forced his exhausted body to straighten up and raised his wand.

"Oh, no," Tonks panted, raising her hand. "We're done for the day."

Harry wanted to argue, but his body was too tired to listen to his brain. His arm dropped to his side, and he reluctantly nodded. Walking over to him, Tonks wrapped an arm around his waist and led him back toward the house. They stepped inside the patio where the ladies, as usual, were by the pool enjoying the sun. Even Susan had gotten brave enough to go without a top, though she still blushed shyly when Harry looked at her.

The reassuring smile he flashed was ruined when Tonks lost her footing in the sand. She stumbled, flailing her arms in wide circles. Harry reached out to grab her, only to be pulled off balance himself. He probably could have regained his footing if Tonks hadn't had a death grip on his wrist. They both fell face-first into the pool.

The cool water felt good on his overheated skin, he had to admit. Still, that didn't stop him from letting out a frustrated sigh underwater before pushing himself to the surface. Wiping the water from his face, he joined Tonks at the edge of the pool while everyone around them had a good laugh.

"Are you two alright?" Hermione asked, a hand held up to her mouth to cover her irrepressible smile.

"Fine," Harry muttered.

Forcing his tired body into motion, he heaved himself out of the pool and slowly climbed to his feet. As he shook himself off, Fleur took pity on him. From her lounge, she picked up her wand and flicked it in his direction. His clothes warped, transforming them from soaking wet and grass-stained to a pair of dry, black board shorts. Even his hair and skin were perfectly clean and dry.

"Thanks," he said, running a hand through his hair.

Fleur flashed a beautiful smile before turning her wand to Tonks and giving it another flick. She, too, was cleaned and dried, though her clothes were transfigured into a pair of purple bikini bottoms.

"Cheers, love," Tonks grinned.

"You're welcome," Fleur said.

Turning back to Harry, she gestured him over. When he reached her lounge, she spread her legs and pulled him down between them. He'd barely settled before she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and pulled him back until his head rested comfortably between her breasts.

"You look tired," she said, combing her fingers through his hair.

Harry sighed and closed his eyes, luxuriating in the soothing pleasure of her ministrations.

"He should be," Tonks said, climbing onto the lounge next to Hermione. "We dueled for four hours today."

"You really do need to stop pushing yourself so hard," Hermione said.

"I know," Harry said softly.

Harry wasn't sure when he drifted off to sleep. All he knew was that the next time he opened his eyes, the sun was in an entirely different position in the sky. Sitting up, he noticed that the patio had emptied quite a bit while he was asleep. Hermione, Fleur, and Daphne were the only ones still there. Glancing toward the house, he spotted Apolline, June, and Evangeline through the kitchen window. They were gathered around the stove, cooking something.

Harry, Fleur, Hermione, and Daphne went inside, got changed, and made their way to the kitchen just as dinner was being served. After they ate, Harry excused himself to the library to read up on some new defensive spells he wanted to learn.

That was his routine for the next two weeks. He was so obsessed with preparing for September that he didn't even realize his birthday had arrived.

On the morning of July 31st, Harry was awoken by an intensely pleasurable sensation. With Tonks curled up on his right side and Hermione on his left, he lifted his head as far as he could and looked down. Fleur had captured his morning erection between her lips and was bobbing her head languidly. She glanced up, and seeing that he was awake, she kept her gaze locked with his and descended until she'd swallowed all of him. Harry groaned loudly, unintentionally waking Hermione and Tonks.

"Mmh, Merlin, you look hot like that," Tonks murmured sleepily.

Adjusting her head on his shoulder for a better view, she reached down and combed her fingers through Fleur's hair. Fleur moaned around him, and Harry groaned from the vibrations. Her bright blue eyes sparkled playfully as she stared up at him and intensified her ministrations. She bobbed her head faster, taking him to the root and then pulling back to the head so she could lavish it with loving attention before diving back down.

It didn't take long for Harry to reach his peak. His body tensed, Fleur pulled back to the tip, and he emptied himself into her voracious mouth. She pulled off of him with a smug look, licked her lips, and pecked his deflating length.

"Appy Birthday, mon amor," she said.

"Birthday?" Harry asked, his blissed-out brain sluggishly trying to comprehend the word.

The girls laughed, dragging him out of bed and into the shower. A short while later, they walked into the kitchen. Harry was greeted by a chorus of 'Happy Birthday' from everyone staying there. Even Iffy seemed to understand it was a special day for him. She brought him a handful of tiny purple flowers, perched herself on top of his head, and started placing them in his hair.

Shortly after breakfast, Sirius, Remus, Hestia, the Weasleys, and a few order members arrived and wished him a happy birthday. As usual, they sat out by the pool, although the ladies made sure to cover themselves with so much company.

Ron quietly bemoaned the minor tragedy when they were alone.

"Why'd you have to invite so many people?" he grumbled.

After lunch, Harry was presented with a mound of presents. The most he'd even gotten. He got an assortment of the usual books and sweets, but a few had been creative. The Weasleys had given him a golden watch that had belonged to Molly's brother, Fabian. Tonks got him a Leather jacket with a Dragon on the back spewing fire into the air. Hermione copied and enlarged a picture of his parents on their wedding day and put it in a frame, which he immediately placed over the fireplace. Fleur had given him a simple silver chain that she had enchanted to protect him from mind magics.

The party lasted well into the afternoon, with some guests leaving and more arriving throughout the day. As night fell, it began to wind down. The guests left one by one, with the exception of Ron and Ginny, who convinced Molly to let them stay for the weekend.

Ron looked hopeful that the girls' tops might come off now that everyone had left, but by then, the sun had set, and everyone moved inside for the evening. He grumbled quietly to himself as he finally joined them in the living room.

"Maybe tomorrow," Harry said, patting his shoulder.

That cheered him up a little bit, much to Harry's amusement.

Gradually, people started heading to bed for the night. Just as June and Robert disappeared down the hallway, Tonks suddenly turned to him with a grin.

"We have one more present for you, but I forgot to wrap it," she said. "Meet me in the bedroom in five minutes. Hermione, give me a hand, would ya?"

Hermione looked confused, but stood up and followed her out of the living room. Fleur rose gracefully a moment later and flashed him a slightly naughty, promising grin.

"Lucky bastard," Ron muttered, watching Fleur saunter down the hall.

Harry had to fight a flush of embarrassment as Apolline smiled at him with a knowing glint in her eyes. After waiting the longest five minutes of his life, he bid everyone goodnight and made his way down the hall. As soon as he reached his door, he turned the handle and slipped inside before he looked at the bed.

Hermione was naked, bound with bright red ribbons, and bent over the bed. They wrapped securely around her crossed ankles and trapped her arms against her waist. A ball gag, topped with a bright red bow, had been shoved in her mouth and then secured behind her head with a black leather strap.

On either side of her, Fleur and Tonks sat, completely bare, applying a liberal coating of oil to Hermione's bubbly backside. Her tanned skin glistened in the light.

"Surprise!" Tonks grinned.

"You got me Hermione?" Harry asked, amused, as he stripped out of his clothes.

Hermione turned to him and moaned something through the gag. She looked slightly annoyed, so he assumed it was a complaint.

"Close. We got you Hermione's bum," Tonks said, giving said rump a swift smack.

Hermione squealed around the gag and gave her a halfhearted glare.

"We already got 'er ready for you," Fleur smiled.

Grabbing Hermione's oily cheeks, she pulled them open. A polished silver plug protruded from her rosebud. Fleur gripped the end and slowly pulled it out, drawing a muffled groan from Hermione's lips.

Harry walked over to the bed, his erection bobbing in front of him. He ran his hands over her slick skin and roughly groped the taut muscles underneath. Pulling her cheeks apart, he slipped his length between them and let go. They bounced back into place, snapping closed around his shaft.

Tonks grabbed a crystal decanter and drizzled a generous amount of light yellow oil along his length. Pushing her cheeks together, Harry slowly sawed his hips back and forth. He'd done this dozens of times before, and it had never felt as good as it did now. In fact, it felt a little too good.

“Bloody hell,” he groaned. “What is that stuff?”

“A special oil from ze Veela’s to enhance ze pleasure,” Fleur grinned. “It is wonderful, non?”

Harry nodded his head as he humped Hermione’s bum. On a particularly forceful thrust, he slipped free, and his throbbing cock slapped the small of her back.

“It’s like a bloody aphrodisiac,” he muttered.

The oil felt like it was infused with the Veela Allure, clouding his mind with a haze of desire. Pulling his hips back, he lined his swollen, bulbous head up with her bum and pushed. The oil made his entry far easier than he expected. One moment, he was trying to push his way past her tight entrance, and the next, his hips slapped against her bum.

Hermione’s hands opened and clamped onto his thighs, the only thing she could reach with her arms bound to her sides. Arching her neck, she screamed into the gag. For a moment, Harry worried he’d hurt her, and then he felt her arousal soaking his legs. It trailed down their legs and splattered on the hardwood floor. He held still, groaning as she contracted around him, when he realized her hands weren’t just gripping his legs. They were pulling him in.

Gripping her hips, Harry drew back and hammered his hips forward. His hips collided sharply with her bum. The rubbery muscles underneath rebounded as he pulled back and slammed forward again. Hermione let out a strained moan around the gag.

“Wreck that arse,” Tonks growled, staring at the point where Hermione’s body swallowed his length.

Fleur sat up on her knees, cupped Harry’s cheeks, and pulled him into a passionate kiss. Reaching up, his oil-covered hand cupped one of her perfect breasts, causing her to moan into his mouth. She pulled back a moment later and stared at him with a smoldering gaze.

“Let go,” she said in a husky whisper. “Ze oil will protect ‘er.”

Harry nodded his head and was immediately enveloped in Fleur’s welcoming Allure. His senses heightened, and the pleasure he felt exploded. Fighting down his growing climax, he focused on Hermione. He could feel what her body wanted, as if it were singing to him. And right now, her body wanted it hard and fast.

Tightening his grip on her hips, he plowed her bum as hard and as fast as he could. Her string of muffled moans turned into a choked sob. Arousal rained onto the floor around her clenching feet. Despite her powerful climax, Harry continued pounding, huffing for breath as sweat beaded on his forehead. Her taut body lay trapped, completely at his mercy as she rolled from one climax to another.

Harry held off his climax as long as he could, but the rhythmic clamping of her inner muscles around him was too much. As she experienced her third climax in a row, he buried himself to the hilt and erupted. It was so powerful that his vision darkened around the edges. He lay on top of Hermione, so he didn’t fall over, and rolled his hips for an indiscernible amount of time before his climax finally ended.

“Merlin, that was hot,” Tonks said, reaching over to pull the gag out of Hermione’s mouth. “How was that?”

“I think I won’t be able to sit right for a week,” she said tiredly. “But it was worth it. That was incredible.”

Turning her head, she kissed Harry softly

“Can you untie me now?”

Harry straightened up and slipped out of her as Tonks raised her wand and vanished the ribbons. As Hermione stretched her arms and legs, Tonks turned to Harry and grinned. With a wave of her wand, she cleaned his softening length and closed her eyes. With a look of

concentration on her face, her body shifted and morphed until she looked exactly like June. Opening her eyes, she winked and dropped to her knees.

Hermione rolled over just in time to see her take him into her mouth.

“Tonks!” she gasped. “That’s my mother!”

Harry shuddered as she pulled back until he slipped out of her mouth with a pop.

“I know,” Tonks grinned.

“You can’t just do that!” Hermione exclaimed.

“I got permission,” Tonks said. Standing up, she pushed Harry onto the bed and straddled his waist. “Fleur, hit him with your Allure again, would ya?”

Harry grunted as he hardened in an instant, his turgid erection slapping against her stomach. Tonks grinned, an expression that looked incredibly sexy on June’s face, and stroked him gently.

“But-” Hermione protested before falling silent, lost for words.

“Let zem ‘ave zeir fun, mon amor,” Fleur said softly.

Slowly, sensuously, she crawled between Hermione’s legs and kissed her thighs. Hermione bit her lips and looked back over just as Tonks placed Harry’s hands on her bum and sank down on his length.

“Give it to me, and I’ll let you fuck my mom next,” she smirked.

Harry pulsed at the thought. Turning to Hermione, he sent her an apologetic look and grabbed Tonks by the hips.

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After his rather memorable birthday, Harry tried to go back to his routine of training and studying, but the girls wouldn't have it. They even started their own game of Harry Hunting, although Harry didn't mind their version nearly as much as the one from his childhood.

Every day, he'd look for a new spot to read or practice his wand work, and every day, they'd give him a few hours to himself before hunting him down and seducing him.

When Tonks found him in the library, she transfigured her clothes into a version of the girls' Hogwarts uniform scandalous enough to make a hooker blush and bent over the nearest table. When Daphne caught him hiding in the rarely used study, she dropped to her knees and made it impossible for him to concentrate, but never quite brought him over the edge until he gave up and took his pleasure from her. When Fleur ran into him getting a drink of water from the kitchen, she hit him with her Allure and struck the sultriest pose imaginable. They hadn't stopped until June, and Evangeline shooed away to make lunch. When Hermione found him hiding in one of the spare bedrooms, she simply took his hand and pulled him over to the bed. He'd never been able to say no to her.

It turned into a sort of game where the girls would brag about being the one to find him when they eventually dragged him back to the living room or out by the pool. They even kept score of who found him the most. Daphne was firmly in the lead, mostly because she was the only one to employ Iffy's help.

But, eventually, the fun and the summer came to an end.

The night of August 31st was unseasonably cool and rainy. Normally, Harry would be tucked in his bed, excited to start a new year at Hogwarts, but tonight. Tonight, he joined Tonks, Moody, Sirius, Hestia, and Kingsley in Hogsmeade. Bundled in hooded black cloaks, they Apparated to

the edge of the village in the dead of night and trudged up the slick cobblestone road to the Shrieking Shack.

With a wave of his wand, Sirius unlocked the door and ushered them inside. Hestia quickly lit the few surviving lamps, bathing the dilapidated interior in warm, flickering light.

“Home sweet home,” Sirius grinned, clapping his hands and rubbing them together as he turned back to the unimpressed group.

Moody grunted and took two lumbering steps forward before shoving a large, canvas bag into his chest forcefully.

“Clear the floor and lay out the sleeping bags,” he said in his low, gravelly voice. “Get as much sleep as you can. We’ve got a big day tomorrow. And make sure you can’t see those lamps through the windows. The last thing we need is someone coming to investigate.”

Sirius rubbed his chest and started unpacking the bag while the rest of them started clearing the broken furniture and debris out of the way. From the corner of his eyes, Harry watched Moody pick out a small, broken clock and wordlessly transfigure it into a drinking glass. Dipping the tip of his wand inside, he filled it with water. He quickly looked away when Moody reached for his prosthetic eye. He heard a slurp followed by a loud pop. When he looked back over, the eye was floating in the water, whizzing left and right. Harry felt dizzy just watching it, and he wondered how Moody was able to remain standing if he was still able to see through the thing.

Shaking his head, Harry rolled out his sleeping bag next to Tonks’ and bedded down for the night. His sleep was fitful at best. Always a light sleeper, he was awoken by every bump, creak, and cough. Somehow, Tonks slept through it all, and it was only the familiar sounds of her soft breathing and light snores that lulled him back to sleep. After being woken more than a dozen times throughout the night, he opened his eyes to see light creeping in through the broken windows on the East side of the house.

He lay there for a long time, not daring to look at his watch to see how little time had actually passed, waiting for someone else to rise first. Kingsley was the first to crawl out of his sleeping

bag. Harry lay still for a couple of minutes more, until he heard him rummaging around. Rolling over, he watched as Kingsley pulled a kettle from the bag and shuffled over to the dusty, cobweb-strewn fireplace.

Careful not to wake Tonks, Harry climbed out of his sleeping bag and walked over as he filled the kettle with water and levitated it over a small, crackling flame. They sat on the floor on either side of the hearth in companionable silence for a long moment. Harry didn't realize just how long until the kettle whistled faintly. Before it could get too loud, Kingsley removed it from the fire and poured two cups of tea.

"Nervous?" he asked softly, handing one to Harry.

"A bit," Harry admitted. "I think I'm more anxious to get it over with than anything. I hate waiting."

"Patience is the key to success. It comes easier with age," Kingsley smiled. "Steel your nerves, and calm your mind. What will come, will come."

Nodding, Harry took a sip of his tea. One by one, the others woke and joined them on the floor around the fireplace. He tried to take Kingsley's advice, but the hours-long wait was agonizing. They tried to engage him in conversation and the odd board game Sirius had brought, but he just didn't have the patience for that.

Finally, as his watch struck half past two in the afternoon, they moved. Sirius opened the trap door and looked up at Harry with a smile.

"You've got the map, you first, Harry," he said.

Harry nodded and lowered himself down into the hole. Lighting his wand, he unfolded the map as the others dropped down one by one behind him.

"I solemnly swear I'm up to no good," he said.

The ink sprang to life, racing across the old parchment to draw out a familiar map. Quickly, he flipped to the right section.

"Sprout, Flitwick, and Sinistra are already there," he said. "McGonagall is making her way there now. Snape is... still in Dumbledore's office."

Harry refused to call it Snape's office, even in his own head.

"Let's get moving," Moody said.

Harry led the way through the dark, narrow tunnel, ducking and winding his way around roots. It took several minutes for them to reach the base of the Whomping Willow. He didn't remember it taking that long in his third year, but he'd been much smaller then, and filled with adrenaline. Taking a quick look at the map turned back to Moody.

"All clear," he whispered, though he wasn't sure why.

"Good," Moody nodded. "Disillusion!"

Harry raised his wand and rapped himself on the top of the head. The cold, slimy feeling of the Disillusionment Charm trickled over his skin. As he looked down at his body, he watched as it nearly disappeared from view.

"Don't forget to hit the knot," Sirius said.

Looking at the slightly shimmering wall where his voice had come from, he nodded before realizing Sirius couldn't see him.

"I got it," Harry said.

Carefully, he crawled through the hole at the base of the tree and climbed to his knees. Even though the tree couldn't see him, it still stirred as if it could sense his presence. Balling up his fist, he slammed it against the knot and the tree still.

"It's safe," he whispered loudly.

He couldn't tell who crawled out first, but from the grunts, it sounded like a man. One by one, the others crawled out. The last one, Moody, he suspected, had quite a bit of trouble.

"Go," Moody growled.

Together, they silently crept across the lawn and slipped through an unlocked wooden door that led to the Transfigurations courtyard. From there, they snuck into the eerily silent halls. Along the walls, the portraits slept, ignorant of their presence. Taking one of the less-used staircases, they climbed to the third floor. Before they left the staircase, Harry turned to the left and petrified a portrait hidden in a shadowy alcove. Running his hand along the frame, he hit the hidden switch and swung it open to reveal a hidden passage. They followed it to the back of another portrait disguised as a door that sat just down the hall from the teachers' lounge.

"We're in position," Moody growled softly.

"Understood," Amelia replied.

Harry guessed they were using their Auror badges to communicate, or something very similar.

"What time is it?" Sirius asked quietly.

Harry looked down to check his watch, only to realize he couldn't see it.

“Ten til,” Moody answered.

Sighing, Harry checked the map. Snape was rapidly approaching with two unfamiliar names in tow: Amycus and Alecto Carrow.

“Moody,” he whispered urgently, holding up the map. “I don’t know who they are.”

Moody growled under his breath, and he felt more than saw his wand whip through the air.

“Death Eaters,” he growled at a normal volume.

Harry figured he must have set up a Silencing Ward.

“Amelia, Snape’s got two Death Eaters with him. It’s the Carrow twins,” he continued.

“We can handle them,” Amelia replied. “Stick to the plan. We’re getting into position now.”

Harry frantically flipped through the map to make sure there weren’t any more surprises waiting for them. Thankfully, he didn’t see anyone out of place.

“I see him,” Moody said. “He’s coming up the stairs.”

Tucking the map away in his pocket, Harry readied his wand. He ran his index finger anxiously over the familiar wood grain.

“Minerva’s meeting them at the door,” Moody said. “Smart lass.”

With a slash of his wand, he cancelled the Silencing Ward and their Disillusionment Charms. Instantly, McGonagall's voice reverberated through the door.

"You can't seriously expect them to teach!" she protested.

"They were confirmed by the board of governors just this morning," Snape drawled. "We needed replacements, and I've provided them."

"You've provided us with murders!" McGonagall replied, her Scottish brogue slipping through.

"Now!" Moody hissed.

Harry burst through the swinging portrait first, they rest followed after him quickly, and aimed his wand squarely at Snape's stunned face as he turned to face them.

"Potter!" Amycus barked, drawing his wand while the woman next to him did the same.

"Drop your wands!" Amelia shouted.

She strode forward as her and her team's Disillusionment Charms fell away. Snape and the Carrows spun to look down the other end of the hall. Slowly, Snape turned to look into the teachers' lounge behind him, only to find several more wands aimed at him. They were trapped.

"Drop them! Now!" Amelia ordered.

Snape lowered his wand and let it slip through his fingers. The sound of it clattering to the floor echoed loudly through the hall. With looks of disgust, the Carrows followed suit a moment later. Harry kept his wand aimed at Snape as Tonks and two other Aurors moved forward to shackle their hands.

“Take them to the Dungeon for questioning,” Amelia said once they were secure.

“You have no idea the game you’re playing,” Snape snarled as he was marched past Harry.

“We’ll see about that,” Harry said.

He stared after him until McGonagall paused next to him and patted his shoulder.

“Well done, Potter,” she said. “I shudder to think what those two would have done to the students if we hadn’t stopped them.”

Giving his shoulder a parting squeeze, she followed after the Aurors and their prisoners.

“Alistair,” Amelia said softly. “We need to get control of those wards, whatever it takes. We can’t leave children at the mercy of those monsters.”

Moody grunted and nodded as they made their way down the hall. Harry hesitated for only a moment before trailing after them.