

All Hallows' Eve

Night fell quickly over the Scottish Highlands on October 31st. Harry watched from the top of the Astronomy Tower as the sky turned from navy blue to inky black and stars flickered into existence. A single, wispy cloud drifted slowly in front of the full moon.

Below him, students returning from Hogsmeade stepped off the carriages and marched up to the castle. Occasionally, a particularly loud shout or laugh made it far enough to reach his ears.

It was nice to see the world getting back to normal after the horrors of the war.

It was too far to make out individual faces, but he knew, somewhere amongst the returning students, were Ron and Hermione. They'd spent two hours that morning trying to convince him to go to Hogsmeade with him. It had taken a while, but he'd finally managed to convince them that, no, he was not brooding, and yes, he really was perfectly fine.

They'd be making their way to the Great Hall for the feast soon. He hoped they didn't worry about him too much when he didn't show up.

"Good evening."

Harry glanced over his shoulder and smiled as Helena Ravenclaw floated onto the Astronomy Tower.

"Good evening, Lady Ravenclaw," he said.

She looked at him sharply and then slowly tilted her head to the side curiously.

"Helena," she corrected.

Harry smiled slightly wider.

“Good evening, Helena,” he said before turning to look back out over the grounds.

Helena moved forward slowly and stopped at the railing next to him.

“It’s a beautiful night tonight,” she remarked softly.

“It is,” Harry agreed pleasantly.

She turned her head slightly to face him, and her brow furrowed. She eyed him like a puzzle she couldn’t quite solve, and for some reason, that thought amused him.

“You’re not attending the feast?” she asked with a lilt.

“No, not this year,” he told her.

Helena nodded and paused briefly.

“May I ask why?” she asked.

Harry stared up at the moon and considered his words carefully before he responded.

“Ever since I came to the magical world, Halloween has always been a very trying day,” he said. “This is the first time I’ve ever felt at peace. I want to enjoy that feeling, and I’m worried that if I go down to the Great Hall, something will ruin it.”

“I understand,” Helena said, giving him a small smile and a slight nod.

They lapsed into a companionable silence. On the grounds, he could see the hulking figure of Hagrid carrying one last giant Jack-O-Lantern up to the castle.

“I never did thank you for destroying my mother’s Diadem,” she said suddenly. “Thank you. I was ashamed Tom Riddle managed to trick me so easily, and that he would turn it into such an abomination.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled softly. “We all make mistakes.”

She nodded and continued, “I was worried you wouldn’t. My mother’s Diadem was a powerful artifact. Also quite valuable.”

“Well, Professor McGonagall did say I have a shocking disregard for school property,” Harry grinned. “And I’ve never really prized intelligence or money.”

“Very wise,” Helena said, smiling slightly. “Come. I’d like to show you something.”

She turned and floated back to the door. Harry hesitated. For a moment, he considered refusing. He didn’t fancy going on an adventure this Halloween, but he didn’t want to be rude, and he had to admit, his curiosity was piqued. Pushing off the railing, he followed her to the stairs and spiraled downwards. At the bottom, they weaved through the halls deeper into the castle. As they ascended a set of steps up to the seventh floor, he had a good idea where they were going.

“The Room of Requirement?” he asked.

“Indeed,” Helena replied.

They reached the corridor in quick order, and Harry stood back by the tapestry of Barnabus the Barmy as Helena summoned the room. She floated directly through the door once it appeared. Harry followed after her, using the door in its intended manner.

Floating candles lit the room. It was an ample, round, open space. Blue and bronze gauzy curtains hung from the ceiling, transparent enough that he could easily see through them. A massive, circular bed dominated the center of the room, draped in blue and bronze bedding. Around it, cushions of all shapes and sizes covered the floor, and encircling it were a handful of lit braziers, bathing the room in a comfortable warmth.

“This room was my mother’s proudest addition to Hogwarts,” Helena said, drifting slowly around the room. “It was supposed to be the crowning jewel of the castle, but she was far too selfish to share it. This room is incredibly powerful. More powerful than anyone, even you, have realized. It was used to tame the most destructive magic ever created and to perform rituals long thought impossible, but more often than not, my mother used this room for lecherous purposes.”

She waved her arm and produced a white, transparent mist from her hand. It flowed and snaked around the furniture before it settled into several nude, ghostly figures stretched out on the bed. The woman in the middle looked remarkably like Helena, only slightly older, and she was surrounded by three young men and three young women, all kissing or licking different parts of her body.

“My mother sought knowledge at all costs, and she was more than willing to use her body as currency,” Helena said with a disgusted sneer. “She spent decades seducing her students, ensuring their loyalty so she had access to any breakthroughs or discoveries they made. If someone had something she wanted, she would bring them to the school and then invite them into her bed. Men, Women, Centaurs, Vampires. There were even rumors of a few free Elves that enjoyed her company. She hid it well. I was in my final year when I heard rumblings of the truth. So, one night, I followed her.”

She waved her hand, and the figures on the bed began to move. One of the women kissed Rowena’s neck while her hand rose up slowly to cup her high, firm breast. A young man bit and squeezed the other much more aggressively. Rowena moaned silently and arched her back as one of the young women crawled between her legs.

"I can't tell you how humiliating it was to see my mother sharing a bed with my classmates," Helena snarled.

She swiped her hand angrily through the air. As if caught in a sudden gust of wind, the ghostly mist was blown away until it dissipated into nothing.

"Friends, rivals, she bedded them all without a single thought to how it might affect me. I swore I would never be like her. I would never sell myself like a streetwalker for a bit of knowledge. But as disgusting as her methods were, they were effective. She knew about every discovery, every new spell, every potion advancement before anyone else. I couldn't even be properly attracted to a man without wondering if he'd shared my mother's bed first. Merlin knew she cared more for advancing her studies than she did about my happiness."

Helena's visible anger suddenly vanished, and she turned to Harry with a smirk.

"But now, I've finally found a man worthy of my affections," she said, walking towards him. "One that's kind, intelligent, brave beyond measure, and a man she couldn't possibly have touched."

Harry's eyes widened as he realized her meaning. His mouth worked soundlessly. How was he possibly supposed to respond? Helena reached out toward his chest. He expected her hand to pass right through him, followed by a bone-chilling cold. Perhaps that would wake her from her delusions. But it didn't. Her hand landed on his chest, just over his heart, solid and warm.

"But...how?" he asked.

Helena smirked, "I told you, this room is more powerful than even you, in all your explorations, have realized."

She leaned forward, and as her face neared his, he realized for the first time just how solid she looked. He couldn't see through her anymore. Color had returned to her face. She looked real. She looked alive.

And then her lips met his. Soft, inexperienced, but eager, she kissed him. Stunned and, honestly, slightly afraid, Harry kissed her back. Slowly, he raised his hands up, rested them on her hips, and gently pushed her away.

“Er, Helena, you’re dead,” he said as gently as he could.

Surprisingly, rather than flying into a rage, she smiled.

“Oh, you silly boy,” she chuckled. “Of course, I am. Fear not, I don’t expect marriage or even a relationship. All I want is this.”

She placed her hand over his heart. Briefly, she closed her eyes as it beat rhythmically against her palm before she opened them again. They were a stunning dark blue.

“Give me your heart for just this one night, and I will give you all the secrets to this room.”

Harry licked his lips and hesitated. Would it really be so wrong to give a woman who’d suffered for so long what she wanted?

“You don’t have to give me anything, Helena,” he said softly, decision made.

For the first time since he’d known her, she gave him a true, happy smile. Her hands moved up his chest, over his neck, and cupped his cheeks.

“And that’s why I’m willing to give you everything,” she whispered.

Helena pulled him forward and kissed him again. This time, Harry didn’t hesitate to kiss her back. Their lips moved together and, cautiously, her tongue entered his mouth. He caressed it gently, encouragingly, with his own. She moaned and pressed her body flush against his before

trailing her hands down to his chest and pushing herself back. With a promising smile, she took his hand and pulled him towards the bed.

With a snap of her fingers, his tie unknotted itself and flew across the room, and the buttons of his shirt unfastened themselves. As Harry glanced down in surprise, she pushed him onto the bed. He bounced on the surprisingly firm mattress and looked up as Helena crawled onto the bed after him. She unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned and unzipped his trousers, and tugged them down his legs.

Helena suddenly lunged forward and kissed him on the lips briefly before moving down to his chin. She continued down, trailing a line of kisses down his neck, chest, and then his stomach. Looking up at him, she paused and smiled before continuing even further. Her fingers hooked the waistband of his boxers, and she pulled them down as her lips continued towards his groin. His limp but rapidly swelling length twitched when it brushed her chin. It hardened rapidly as she kissed the inside of his thigh. By the time she worked her way over and pecked the base, it stood straight up, throbbing against her high, angular cheekbone. Several strands of her dark, straight hair had escaped the bun and tickled his swollen tip.

Her hooded blue eyes met his as she tilted her head to the side and kissed the side of his shaft. Her hand held him lightly-just enough to keep his erection still as she trailed her lips up to the head, pausing to place loving, lingering kisses every inch. Harry's hips bucked unconsciously when her warm, moist breath ghosted over his sensitive glans, causing it to brush against her lips.

Helena stared up at him with a smile on her lips. Slowly, she opened her mouth, leaned forward, and wrapped it around him. Harry groaned as he was enveloped in her hot, wet mouth. Her hand wrapped tightly around his shaft while she bobbed up and down on the portion of his length. Her tongue caressed everywhere it could reach, making his skin glisten with her saliva.

"Oh, Merlin," Harry groaned.

Her eyes met his, the corners of her lips twitched into a smirk, and she pulled off of him. Sitting up, she spread her arms wide. Her robes dissolved into mist until they vanished completely, leaving her completely bare. Like her mother, Helena was tall and thin with pale skin and high,

perky breasts. Reaching for the back of her head, she let her hair free from its bun. Her long, lustrous, straight dark hair fell around her shoulders, ending somewhere around the middle of her back.

Falling forward onto her hands and knees, she crawled over top of him and captured his lips. Her hair fell around their heads like a curtain. As they kissed, Harry's hands landed on her hips. Slowly, they trailed up, caressing her body. He stopped at her breasts, cupping and squeezing the full, firm mounds which filled his hands perfectly. His thumbs circled her small, hardened nipples, drawing a wanton moan from her lips.

Helena reached between their bodies and placed him at her hot, damp entrance. Bracing her hands on his chest, she pushed herself up and met his eyes before slowly sinking down on his length. They both moaned as her body stretched to accommodate his girth. She paused halfway down his shaft, eye closed, and let out a shuddering breath. Harry fought his natural instinct to buck his hips and held still, giving her time to get used to him.

He wondered if she was a virgin. It certainly felt like it.

Her eyes fluttered open, her gaze darkened and hooded as she stared down at him lustfully. She started gyrating her hips, sliding up and down his throbbing length. Her nails dug into his chest, and she bit her lip as she slowly eased him deeper into her clutching depths until she eventually bottomed out.

Helena threw her head back and moaned wantonly. Her hips moved faster and faster. In moments, she was riding him with abandon. She lifted herself halfway up his length before slamming back down again and again. Harry grabbed her hips to keep her balanced and bucked up into her. Her eyes met his, and she went wild, impaling herself on his cock with mindless desperation.

Her mouth fell open; her breath stuttered. A constant stream of gasps, grunts, and moans left her lips. He could feel her legs trembling against his hips. Her cries grew louder even as her movements grew more desperate and less coordinated.

Suddenly, she fell silent, her breath caught, and she collapsed on top of his chest. Her muscles tensed and her entire body shook. She gasped for breath next to his ear as her depths spasmed wildly around his length. Harry wrapped his arms around her, holding her tight and kissing her neck lovingly as she trembled through her powerful climax. Their bodies continued to rock together gently until she finally stilled and her muscles went slack.

“Don’t stop,” she whispered huskily.

Harry didn’t hesitate to roll her over onto her back and start rolling his hips. Her arms and legs, though weak, wrapped securely around him. He kissed her passionately, his large form draped lightly over hers as he thrust. Strength slowly returned to her arms and legs. Her heels dug into his bum, urging him on, while her hands gripped his shoulders tightly.

She pulled her lips from his to gasp, a jolt running up her spine as he hit a particularly sensitive spot.

“Harry,” she gasped softly.

Their eyes bore into each other while their bodies moved in harmony. He could see in those dark blue depths what she wanted-what she needed, and just for tonight, he would give it to her.

“I love you, Helena,” he said.

She gasped. Tears well in her eyes. For a moment, he wondered if he’d made a mistake. She hugged herself against him, buried her face in the crook of his neck, and cried loudly. Her body exploded in climax. She spasmed around him, bringing Harry rapidly to his own peak. He thrust roughly into her several times, grunting and panting. Her body bounced against the mattress, forcing small, breathy moans from her lips.

Finally, it was too much. Burying himself to the hilt, Harry flooded her depths. He groaned loudly as he emptied himself, bucking his hips in short, fierce movements like an animal.

Panting heavily, they collapsed into an exhausted heap. Helena peppered his shoulders and neck with light, loving kisses until he regained enough strength to roll off of her. She followed him, curling up against his side and resting her head on his chest. Harry wrapped an arm around her and kissed the top of her head.

“Thank you,” she said softly. “I’ve dreamed of this night for more than a thousand years, and you made it better than anything I ever imagined.”

Harry smiled and held her close.

“How long can you stay like this?” he asked.

“A few more hours,” Helena replied. “There are only a few nights a year that produce enough natural magic for me to simulate a body.”

“You want to keep going?” Harry asked.

Helena blinked in surprise and lifted her head with a smirk.

“I would love to. You know, as much as I hated my mother for who she slept with, some of the positions I saw did look interesting. There’s one I always wanted to try. I believe your generation calls it doggy style.”

Harry grinned.

“Give me a couple of minutes, and we can give it a try,” he said.

Helena smiled happily and then squealed in surprise when Harry suddenly rolled her over onto her back. She laughed as he buried his face between her breasts and lavished them with attention.

Deep in the Forbidden Forest, hidden amongst the leaf litter, the Resurrection Stone glowed. Its connection to the Master of Death transcended the distance between them. It would be many hours before Harry or Helena realized its powers were still very much intact.