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Chapter 23

~ Harry Potter ~

The morning sun filtered through the high, arched windows of the Grimmauld Place library, illuminating lines of dust dancing through the golden beams. It was a rare, quiet morning. The scent of old parchment, leather, and fresh tea had replaced the scent of body fluids of the previous night.

Harry sat at the large table; a steaming mug of black coffee cradled in his hands. He was actually sitting still, not pacing, not thinking about the war, and most importantly, not resisting. For the first time since claiming his Lordships, he was ready to learn rather than fight.

The physical changes wrought by the purging of the Horcrux and the assimilation of his family magic had fully settled. He was taller now, his shoulders broader, his posture holding the natural, relaxed confidence of a man who no longer had to hide his power from a world that feared it.

Andromeda Tonks sat across from him. She was the perfect person for this conversation. She was the designated scholar of the family, her mind sharp and logical, and because she wasn't in his bed, there was no underlying sexual tension or personal stake that would make Harry get side-tracked. She was just a sister looking out for the stability of her house.

"You look remarkably intact for a man who spent the night with my eldest sister," Andromeda began, a dry, elegant smirk gracing her lips as she poured herself a cup of chamomile tea. "I half-expected to find you drained to a husk."

Harry let out a low, amused chuckle, rubbing the back of his neck. "Bella has... a lot of energy. But I'm fine, Andi. More than fine, actually."

"Good," Andromeda said, her expression turning serious as she leaned forward, resting her forearms on the polished wood. "Because we need to discuss the state of your magic, Harry. And we need to do it before you accidentally blow a hole in the wards of this house."

Harry frowned, setting his mug down. "My magic feels fine. Stronger than ever, actually."

"That is precisely the problem," Andromeda explained, tapping her fingers against the table. "I have been reading more about what history has said about wizards who started their own covens. All of them follow the same theme. When you removed the Horcrux from your scar, you didn't just get rid of a parasite. You uncaged a beast. For seventeen years, your magical core has been running like at the speed of a Firebolt, constantly working to contain and suppress Voldemort's soul-shard. Now that the restriction is gone, your magic is running wild. Extremely wild."

She reached out, her hand hovering inches from his forearm. Even without touching him, Harry could feel the faint, static-like hum of her magic reacting to his. It was a physical pressure, a restless vibration that hung in the air between them.

"You are leaking, Harry," Andromeda said softly. "To a seasoned witch or wizard, and to any competent dark wizard or creature, you are a beacon of raw, untamed power. Your body will eventually start destroying itself from within because you have no natural, sustained outlet for this level of output, once the war gets over. If we do not stabilize your core by then, it will eventually burn out your magical channels."

Harry swallowed hard, the reality of her words sinking in. He thought of his frantic, destructive training sessions in the basement, the way the stone had cracked and melted under his spells. It wasn't just adrenaline; it was his own power trying to tear its way out of his skin. "How do we fix it?"

"The Coven," Andromeda stated. "In the Old Ways, a Lord's magic did not simply sit in his own body. It circulated. By binding yourself to a coven of compatible witches, their cores act as stores for your magical energy. Your excess magic flows into them, stabilizes, and returns to you cleansed and regulated. Your net power output actually increases because the constant, passive loss is reduced to nearly zero."

She leaned back, her dark eyes locking onto his. "And it is not a one-way street, Harry. Each witch bound to you receives a permanent alignment and connection to your magical signature. Their own cores are bolstered, their reserves deepen, and their natural healing is exponentially accelerated. That is why Bellatrix recovered from decades of Azkaban and soul damage in a matter of days rather than the years it should have taken. Your magic literally reconstructed her body and mind."

Harry stared at his coffee, his mind racing through the implications. It made sense of everything—the way Narcissa, Fleur, and Apolline seemed to thrive in his presence, the way their magic purred whenever they were close to him. It wasn't just lust or gratitude; it was a deep bond between his magic and theirs.

"And Daphne?" Harry asked, his brow furrowing. "The marriage contract?"

"That is separate," Andromeda clarified, pulling a piece of parchment from the ledger beside her. "The Greengrass-Black contract is a political and protective instrument. It is a legal shield to keep her safe from the Ministry and the Death Eaters. The coven bond, however, is entirely voluntary. The formal binding requires absolute, uncoerced intent from both sides. You cannot be forced into it, and neither can she. It addresses your concerns about her choices, Harry. You are not enslaving her. You are offering her a partnership."

Harry let out a long, slow breath, the tension in his shoulders finally beginning to ease. "A partnership. I can live with that. I don't want to force anyone into anything."

"Good," Andromeda smiled, taking a sip of her tea. "Now go check on our guest. She is awake, and she needs to see the man who saved her."

~ Harry Potter ~

The west wing of Grimmauld Place was quiet, the air smelling of clean linen and lavender. Harry walked down the hallway, his steps soft, his heart beating a steady, heavy rhythm in his chest. He stopped outside the door of Daphne's room, taking a deep breath to settle his mind before he pushed it open.

Daphne Greengrass was sitting up in bed, propped up by a mountain of plush pillows. She looked alone, but she also looked rested, her pale skin holding a trace of healthy colour that had been completely absent a couple of nights before. Apolline's potions had worked wonders on her physical frame, though she was still visibly thin.

The Ice Queen was starting to reassert herself through the trauma. Her posture was straight, her chin lifted, and her icy blue eyes were sharp and clear as she watched him enter.

"Potter," she said, her voice raspy but carrying a trace of her usual cool, untouchable haughtiness.

"Daphne," Harry replied, pulling up a chair and sitting down beside the bed. The dynamic between them was quiet, equal, a stark contrast to the worshipful energy of the other women in the house. "You look better."

"I am," she said, her eyes tracking his movements. "The Veela... Apolline. She has mended the worst of the physical damage. Though I suspect I will be tasting unpleasant potions for the next month."

Harry offered a small, genuine smile. "I wanted to talk to you about the household. Once you are rested enough, I'd like to introduce you to the other members of the house. But I insist we hold off on it until you are completely ready. I don't want you to experience any sudden shocks or trauma."

Daphne raised an eyebrow, a flicker of her old amusement returning. "A shock, Potter? I survived ten days in a Nott dungeon. I think I can handle meeting your friends."

"It's not just friends, Daphne," Harry warned, a dry, sheepish grin scratching at his lips. "The demographic here is... unique. It is not just me and the Delacours. Narcissa Malfoy, now Black, is my mistress."

Daphne froze, her pale blue eyes widening in genuine shock. "Narcissa Malfoy is in this house?"

"She is sane, and she is under my absolute control," Harry assured her, his voice firm and grounding. "She needed a way to get away from the madness at Malfoy Manor and so she approached the Lord of House Black. And there are a couple other residents as well. So... just be prepared. When you're ready."

Daphne took a deep breath, her shoulders relaxing slightly. "Very well. I appreciate the warning."

"There is also the matter of a marriage contract," Harry said, his tone turning serious as he looked her dead in the eye. "I do not know if you are aware, but my family has a binding alliance with the Greengrass line. I won't invoke it, Daphne. I won't force you into anything. You are free to stay here as long as you need, with absolutely no strings attached. You are a guest of the House of Potter-Black, not a prisoner."

Daphne stared at him, her lips parting slightly. For a girl who had spent the last ten days having her choices stripped away, being tortured and broken to force her submission, being handed a genuine, uncoerced choice was a profound, overwhelming shock.

She looked down at her hands, her voice trembling slightly when she spoke. "You... you would simply let me stay? Without demanding my allegiance? Without demanding my body?"

"I don't collect trophies, Daphne," Harry said softly, then chuckled. "I protect people. Still the Golden Boy of Gryffindor. The choice is entirely yours."

There was nothing romantic about what Harry said, it was far too soon, the wrong register for a girl who had just survived hell. But a foundation was laid. A mutual respect. The beginning of something deep and unyielding.

"I need to stay," Daphne whispered, looking back up at him, her blue eyes shining with a quiet determination. "But I cannot simply be a burden, Potter. I want to help. I want to fight. My wand is yours whenever you need me. As for the marriage contract... we will pass that bridge when we get to it, after this nightmare is over."

She paused, her brow furrowing as a sudden, sharp worry crossed her features. "My sister,

Astoria... she has a blood malediction. A family curse. Before I was captured, I was trying to secure the ingredients for her daily potions. If she doesn't receive them soon, the curse will begin to consume her. I do not know if my family has procured them or not. Heck, I do not know anything about what they might be thinking about me, whether I am dead or simply ran away."

Harry quietly noted the detail, his mind already thinking about having a letter sent by Fawkes, or a Patronus to let them know about Daphne being safe. "Tell me what you need, Daphne. I will get them. I promise you. As for informing them, you can write a letter and I shall have it delivered, or we can send a Patronus. As long as the location of this place is not revealed. The world is still not ready to face the madness that has been going on in this house."

Daphne nodded, a soft, genuine sigh of relief escaping her lips. "Thank you, Harry."

~ **Harry Potter** ~

Later that evening, the heavy oak doors of the master suite were closed, shutting out the rest of Grimmauld Place. The room was bathed in the warm, amber glow of the fireplace, the scent of sandalwood and jasmine thick in the air.

Harry stood by the window, looking out into the dark, snowy night. He was bare-chested, the firelight catching the sharp, defined lines of his torso and the faint, silvery scars of his past, a new one forming along his leg where Nagini had bitten through. The talk of the coven, of the magical attunement, was still humming in his blood. He felt hot, his magic pulsing restlessly beneath his skin.

The rustle of silk broke the silence.

Narcissa stepped out from the shadows of the bed canopy. She wore a sheer, black silk robe that hung loosely from her shoulders, the delicate fabric doing nothing to hide the generous curves of her breasts or the enticing shadow between her thighs. She moved with feline grace, her grey eyes locked onto him with a look of pure, unadulterated devotion.

"You are still thinking, my Lord," she murmured, closing the distance between them. Her bare feet made no sound on the heavy rug.

"I'm always thinking, Cissy," Harry said, turning to face her.

"Let me help you stop," she whispered.

She reached out, her hands resting flat against his chest. Even without a wand, the sheer, intoxicating heat of her magic washed over him. She slid her hands down to his hips, her fingers hooking into the waistband of his trousers.

"Not this again," a voice said, bitterness colouring it. "It's my turn now."

From the other side of the room, Bellatrix emerged. She wore nothing but a set of matching lace undergarments, her wild, dark curls framing her pale face. There was no madness in her eyes tonight, only the fierce, fanatical hunger that had taken its place. She knelt at Harry's feet, her hands wrapping around his thighs, looking up at him with a silent, desperate plea.

"We are yours, Harry," Bellatrix whispered, her voice a low, raspy purr. "Let us take the fire. Let us hold it for you."

Harry's restraint, already worn thin by the day's events, completely shattered. He didn't want to think about the war, or the contracts, or the Ministry. He wanted to lose himself in the absolute surrender of the women who worshipped him.

He reached down, his fingers tangling violently into Bellatrix's dark curls, pulling her head back. "Take it, then," he growled.

Bellatrix let out a needy whimper, her lips parting as she eagerly unfastened his trousers, pulling them down to expose his thick, fully erect cock. It stood proud and heavy, pulsing with a dark, restless heat. She leaned forward, wrapping her lips around the glistening head, sucking him deep into her throat with a wet, messy enthusiasm that made Harry's hips buck instinctively.

"Ah... fuck, Bella," Harry groaned, his hands gripping her hair to guide the frantic, wet rhythm of her mouth.

Narcissa watched, her own breath turning short and shallow. The sight of her sister serving their Lord, the raw, explicit displays of pleasure, sent a hot rush of wetness flooding between her legs. She stepped closer, her hands sliding over Harry's shoulders, her heavy, soft breasts pressing firmly against his back.

"Please, my Lord," Narcissa whispered into his ear, her tongue darting out to lick the sensitive column of his neck. "I want to feel you. I want you to breed me."

Harry pulled his cock from Bellatrix's mouth with a wet *pop*, his shaft glistening with saliva. He grabbed Narcissa by the waist, lifting her effortlessly, and threw her backward onto the silk sheets of the massive bed. He followed her down instantly, pinning her beneath his weight, his bare, sweaty chest pressing against her breasts.

He didn't waste time with gentle caresses. He grabbed her hips, his fingers bruising her pale skin, and lined himself up with her wet, dripping entrance. With a single, powerful thrust of his hips, he buried himself to the absolute hilt.

"OH FUCK!" Narcissa screamed, her back arching off the mattress as she took the full, heavy length of him. Her vaginal walls clamped down around him, squeezing him with a desperate, rolling spasm of pleasure.

Harry began to pound into her, his thrusts fast, hard, and relentless. The wet, slapping sound of their bodies colliding filled the quiet room, a primal, rhythmic beat that drove them both closer to the edge.

"Yes! Harder, my Lord! Harder!" Narcissa cried, her hands clawing at his shoulders, leaving red welts on his skin.

Bellatrix crawled onto the bed beside them, her dark eyes wide with excitement. She reached out, her hands tracing the lines of Narcissa's body, her fingers slipping down to rub her sister's swollen clit in sync with Harry's thrusts. The dual stimulation was too much. Narcissa's eyes rolled back, her body shaking violently as a screaming, soul-shattering climax hit her.

Her orgasm triggered Harry's own. He felt the hot, heavy wave of release building at the base of his spine. He gripped Narcissa's hips tightly, driving himself deep inside her one final, bone-jarring time.

"I'm filling you, Cissy!" Harry roared, his voice rough and guttural.

He erupted, pumping thick, hot ropes of his seed deep into her womb. Narcissa screamed, her internal muscles milking him dry as she drank down his magic and his power.

They collapsed together, a tangled, sweaty mess of limbs and cooling magic. Harry lay panting, his head resting on Narcissa's chest, while Bellatrix curled against his side, her hand resting over his heart.

Within moments, the Boy-Who-Lived was ready to go again, his eyes filled with an intense desire to dominate the women in his bed. His hand reached out, pushing Bellatrix down on her front, her tits mashed against the sticky bedsheets.

The woman in question, panting with need and lust, lifted her tantalising ass up into air, wiggling it from side to side as she enticed the man who owned her heart, mind, body and soul. Soon the sound of moans and bodies colliding filled the room again.

The coven was forming, the bonds knitting themselves together in the dark.

~ **Voldemort** ~

Far to the north, in the dark, cold drawing room of Malfoy Manor, the atmosphere was thick with a suffocating, murderous dread.

Lord Voldemort sat at the head of the long, polished ebony table, his skeletal hands steeped beneath his chin, his scarlet eyes glowing with a hellish, fiery hatred. He was in a foul, humiliated place.

Godric's Hollow had been a disaster. He had been wounded, his body scarred by the boy who refused to die.

And worse... Nagini was dead.

His pet snake, his Horcrux, a piece of his very soul, was gone, reduced to ash by the sudden arrival of the holy fire of Dumbledore's phoenix.

The connection between them was gone, leaving a hollow, aching void in his chest that made his magic quake with a volatile, unstable rage. He could still feel the phantom pain of the severance, a dull, throbbing ache in his soul that no dark ritual could heal.

'He knows,' Voldemort thought, his mind racing through the implications. 'The boy knows about the Horcruxes. He is hunting them.'

Someone had told him.

Someone within his own ranks had betrayed him. His first, furious instinct pointed directly to Severus Snape. The greasy potion master had been too quiet and his proximity to Hogwarts gave him ample opportunity to seek out the boy.

But Voldemort could not act on his suspicion without absolute proof.

Snape was still too useful, his control over the school and the factions within the Ministry too vital to discard on a whim.

He needed to accelerate his plans. He needed a weapon that would render Harry's impossible resilience completely irrelevant.

The Elder Wand.

If he held the unbeatable wand, the Stone and the Cloak were completely meaningless. He did not need to master Death; he simply needed to ensure he did not die. The Wand was his answer to Potter's magic. He would hunt Gregorovitch down, tear the memories from his mind, and claim the weapon of the first brother for his own.

The heavy, double doors of the drawing room banged open.

A Death Eater, trembling violently, his silver mask clattering against his face, threw himself onto his knees at the far end of the room.

"M-My Lord!" the man gasped, his voice cracking with terror. "Word... word has just reached us from Nott Castle..."

Voldemort's scarlet eyes snapped to the messenger. "Speak."

"Nott Castle has been decimated, My Lord!" the Death Eater sobbed. "Theodore Nott Senior... and Avery... they are dead. Slaughtered. The courtyard was cleared, the prisoners freed. There is... there is nothing left but ash and blood."

The air in the room violently detonated.

Voldemort's magic quaked, a massive, concussive wave of dark force exploding from his body. The heavy chandeliers overhead shattered, raining a shower of glittering crystal down upon the table. The high, diamond-paned windows blew outward into the winter night, the frames splintering into kindling.

"AAAAHHHHRRRG!"

Voldemort roared, a monstrous, inhuman sound of pure, unadulterated fury. He stood up, his yew wand slashing through the air with a speed that defied human sight.

"Crucio! Crucio! CRUCIO!"

The crimson light of the Unforgivable Curse flooded the ruined drawing room, slamming into the kneeling messenger and the three Death Eaters standing guard near the door. The room was instantly filled with the deafening, bone-chilling screams of his own followers writhing in pure, agonizing torment.

Voldemort watched them spasm on the floor, his breathing ragged and wild, his chest heaving under his dark robes. He poured his rage, his humiliation, and his absolute hatred into the curse, using the suffering of his servants to calm the violent, screaming storm in his own soul.

He knew it. It was him again.

Harry Potter had stolen his snake.

He had stolen his most devout follower.

He had slaughtered his lords.

But the hunt was not over.

With a final, brutal slash of his wand, Voldemort lifted the curse, leaving the broken, twitching bodies of his followers sobbing on the floor. He turned his gaze to the shattered window, looking out into the cold, dark night.

"I will find the wand, Potter," Voldemort whispered into the wind. "And when I do, I shall watch you burn."

Author's Note

A slightly shorter chapter. So, it is a yes on the coven and the members have been decided as well. It will be Narcissa, Bella, Fleur, Apolline, Daphne and Susan. I might add in Amelia Bones if I figure out a way to integrate her character. But for now, this will be it.

Drop your thoughts, reviews work a long way to motivate me. See you soon.

