

ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED WITHIN THIS STORY ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

Summary: After learning the truth about the prophecy, Harry comes to a single conclusion: He is most definitely going to die. Well, if he's going out, then Merlin be damned, he'd go out living his life to the fullest. And what better way to do that than by charming the knickers off of every girl who caught his fancy? Hogwarts isn't ready for a Boy-Who-Lived with a death wish.

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Chapter 28: Ache

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Daphne Greengrass was a complicated witch.

Outwardly, she was cold. Stoic. Dangerous. The infamous ice queen. A silver-tongued, apathetic mistress of indifference, someone all in Slytherin House had learned to both fear and respect. But inwardly?

Daphne was scared.

There was plenty to be afraid of in times like these. He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and his followers topped the list for most witches and wizards—and rightly so. Even Daphne, ever composed, could admit that madman terrified her. But where fear of You-Know-Who created a sense of solidarity, a shared anxiety among her peers, it wasn't what kept her up at night. It wasn't what had its claws so deeply embedded in her chest.

That honour belonged to her sister.

Astoria was no threat. Of course not. She was sweet. Gentle. Curious. Filled with that rare, naive wonder found only in those too young to grasp the full weight of the world. Daphne loved her with a depth that words could hardly hold. She loved her more than she loved living, more than the air in her lungs or the warmth of sunlight on her skin. Astoria was her everything.

After their mother died, her sister had been all she had left. Her last tether to the woman she'd adored more than anyone else. And as Astoria grew, so too did Daphne's love. Fierce,

overwhelming, and protective. She made a promise to herself, quiet and absolute, she would do whatever it took to keep her sister safe.

That was when the fear began.

It had been a blood curse that took their mother. Daphne hadn't known then, and her father hadn't seen fit to tell her. Not until years later. The truth didn't come to light until the day Astoria first coughed up blood.

Daphne remembers it with painful clarity. How her heart had stopped, how she'd frozen for half a second before panic took over. She'd clung to her sister's small frame, helpless, as wave after wave of harsh, wracking coughs tore through Astoria's lungs. She screamed for help, loud enough she was sure that the entire village had heard her. But no one did.

Only their father had come. His face was unreadable, jaw set, as he pried Astoria from her arms with no more emotion than one might show a sack of flour.

"Go wait in my study, girl. I'll be there in a moment."

That was all he said. His voice was cold. Dismissive. As if his youngest child wasn't hanging limp in his arms. As if Daphne hadn't just watched her world begin to unravel.

She wanted to scream. To demand answers. To fight.

But instead—ever the dutiful daughter—she obeyed.

He hadn't kept her waiting long. And when he entered the study, he hadn't bothered to soften the blow.

He explained it plainly, like reciting a dull bit of family history. Their bloodline was cursed. A long-dead enemy of one of their distant ancestors had laid a curse upon the women of House Greengrass—one that endured through the generations. It didn't affect the men, of course. If it had, Daphne was sure the curse would have been dealt with long ago.

As it stood, the women suffered. Every few generations, the curse would surface again. Her mother had been the most recent victim. Her mother hadn't even made it to her thirty-fifth birthday. Before her, it had been Great-Aunt Esmerelda.

Astoria, it seemed, was next.

The family healer suspected the curse had strengthened—intensified—perhaps due to their parents being second cousins. Magical blood didn't suffer the same weaknesses as Muggle bloodlines, but it had its own consequences. And this union, it seemed, had produced something worse, a more aggressive strain of the ancient curse.

Most Greengrass women didn't live past forty.

The healer doubted Astoria would see twenty-one.

That was when the fear truly rooted itself in Daphne, small at first, a quiet whisper in the back of her mind. But it grew. Year after year, it gnawed away at her, hollowing her out from the inside.

Time passed.

Astoria grew paler. Weaker. Thinner.

And Daphne grew more afraid.

So much so that she could hardly speak without her voice catching. Without the tremor of fear bleeding through. Astoria was dying. Her baby sister was slipping through her fingers like water.

And there was nothing—*absolutely nothing*—Daphne could do to stop it.

She could only watch.

Watch and wait in fear.

Fear of the day the reaper would finally come to take her sister away.

The night was still and starless, blanketed by thick clouds that drowned the sky in darkness. The Black Lake stretched far below, a shimmering sheet of ink rippling in slow, glassy waves. From this height, it looked less like water and more like a great void—bottomless, endless, and cold.

Daphne Greengrass stared down into it, one hand resting against the iron railing, the other loosely holding a cigarette between two fingers.

The smoke curled upward in lazy spirals, vanishing into the moonlight as if the night itself was swallowing her breath.

She exhaled slowly, eyes half-lidded

'Maybe it could swallow me too.'

There was no edge to the thought. No bite. No sharpness. Just fatigue. Bone-deep, soul-wrenching exhaustion. The kind that sleep couldn't fix. The kind that came from years of walking through life with a blade pressed to the back of your neck, always waiting, always bracing for it to slip.

But it wouldn't be long now.

She didn't flinch when the hatch behind her creaked open. She didn't turn. Didn't need to. She felt the magic before she heard the footfalls—the storm of it, crackling and unrestrained, like thunder rolling in fast. Raw, furious energy surged behind her, pressing against her skin like static.

Harry.

Her voice was calm when she spoke, as though she were greeting an old acquaintance instead of a furious man who had every reason to want her dead.

"I heard the news," she said without turning. Another drag. Another breath of smoke. "For what it's worth... I'm glad Cammi's alive."

When she finally turned, the sight of him nearly knocked the air from her lungs.

His eyes burned. Not figuratively—burned. Emerald fire licked at the edges of his irises, the fury in him barely restrained. She had seen the Boy-Who-Lived before. Had seen the Chosen One.

The savior. The soldier.

But this was Harry Potter unmasked.

And he hated her.

"She almost died," he said flatly.

There was no tremble in his voice, no faltering. Just cold, brutal truth. And something sharper beneath it. Contempt.

Daphne felt her stomach twist.

"I know," she murmured.

"You know?" The words tore from him like claws. "She was *tortured*, Daphne. By Bellatrix. She would've been handed her over to Voldemort if Tonks hadn't shown up when she had. And you just—what? Pretend to be sorry now?"

Daphne's shoulders stiffened, but she didn't reply. What was there to say? She'd imagined this confrontation a hundred times. Dreamed of what she would say to defend herself.

But now, faced with the real thing, the words were ashes on her tongue.

"She trusted you," Harry continued, stepping closer. "We both did. And you betrayed us."

His wand was in his hand now, and with deliberate slowness, he raised it—until the tip pressed beneath her chin.

She didn't move. Didn't flinch. Just stared into the eyes of the boy who had every right to end her.

"I should kill you," he said, voice low, trembling with rage. "Right here. Right now."

Her throat bobbed as she swallowed. The metal tang of magic stung her tongue. She closed her eyes.

"You should."

The silence that followed was suffocating. The wand didn't move. Neither did she. She simply waited, breathing shallowly, her body held together by the thinnest threads of willpower.

'Let it end,' she thought. 'Let it be over.'

But the blow never came.

The pressure at her throat disappeared, and the breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding escaped in a soft, broken sound. Her eyes fluttered open.

Harry was still there, staring at her with a fury that had not faded—but it had changed. Beneath the rage, something else flickered. Something brittle.

Disappointment.

"I could've helped," he said bitterly, voice hoarse. "If you'd told me about Astoria. I could have helped you, Daphne."

Her breath caught.

"How do you—"

"The same way I know it was you who betrayed us," he snapped, cutting her off, "I tore it from Bellatrix's memories."

Daphne blinked. Once. Twice. She could still taste the guilt rising in her throat, bitter and acrid, but it was tangled now with something else—grief. Desperation.

He knew.

He knew everything.

"Then you know there's nothing you could have done," she said quietly, her voice fraying at the edges. "My father...he's cruel. He may act like a dutiful lord, but I assure you he cares for nothing but *power*. He plays the long game. He suspected we were closer than we let on at New Year's—he didn't even get angry. He just smiled. And then he threatened to lock her away." Her voice cracked, and she turned her face, ashamed. "Said he'd let her rot, far away from me and the healing care she needs in order to live, unless I told him everything. I couldn't— Astoria would've— She—"

She paused, trying to collect herself, but it was useless. Her composure shattered, the pieces falling like shards of glass from a broken mirror.

"I couldn't let that happen. I—" Her breath hitched. "I did what I had to."

Tears slipped down her cheeks. She hated herself for it. Hated how weak she looked. How small.

"You could have come to me."

His voice was quieter now, but no less firm. She turned back to him, something like anger flickering through the grief.

“And what good would that have done?” she snapped, raw. “You’re not a god, Harry! You’re a man with a wand! You can’t *fix* everything. Our family healer is the only one who understands the blood curse and he’s only loyal to my father’s gold, not my sister’s life. There was no way *out*.”

She was shaking now, the chill of the rain finally settling into her bones. When had it started raining?

“I didn’t want this,” she whispered. “I didn’t want any of it. But I love her more than anything. More than my pride. More than my name. More than my soul. I’d burn the world to keep her safe.”

Her knees buckled.

She crumpled to the stone floor like a marionette with its strings cut. Her sobs were quiet at first—then louder. Rough. Uncontrollable. She buried her face in her hands, the rain plastering her hair to her skin, washing her tears into the stone.

“I’m sorry,” she choked. “I’m so sorry. She’s my sister. She’s all I have left.”

The silence returned, broken only by the distant grumble of thunder rolling across the hills.

Daphne didn’t look up.

Let him walk away, she thought.

Let him leave her in this mess of guilt and rain and heartbreak. She deserved it.

But then—

A hand.

Warm. Steady. Resting gently on her shoulder.

Her eyes lifted, wide and glistening.

Harry knelt before her, face unreadable. His eyes still burned, but the fire had dulled. What remained wasn’t forgiveness.

But it was understanding.

“I know,” he said quietly.

Daphne stared at him for a long moment, trembling. Then she fell forward, and he caught her. Her fingers gripped his robes, her sobs muffled against his chest. He held her—not tightly, not gently, but firmly. Like he knew she needed something solid to cling to before she drowned in the weight of everything she'd done.

And finally—finally—she wept.

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The room was quiet, save for the low crackle of candlelight flickering against the walls. Rain pattered gently on the windows, a soft echo of the storm that had passed through earlier.

Somewhere in the shadows, a clock ticked—the kind of sound that only made silence louder.

Hermione stood just behind Harry, her arms crossed tightly over her chest as she peered into the sitting room beyond.

Daphne was asleep, or at least, looked it. Curled up on the couch beneath a worn wool blanket, her blonde hair damp and tangled, a faint line of tension still visible between her brows even in rest. The flickering firelight cast sharp shadows on her face, softening the edges of someone who had seemed untouchable. Cold. Dangerous.

Now, she looked... small.

"You're sure this is a good idea?" Hermione whispered, her voice barely more than breath.

"Letting her stay here, helping her sister after everything that's happened?"

Harry didn't answer immediately. He stayed in the doorway, watching the rise and fall of Daphne's chest with a quiet, unreadable expression.

"Honestly?" he murmured, after a moment. "Not really."

He let out a long breath and rubbed at his eyes with the heel of his hand, exhaustion clinging to his movements like a second skin.

"She betrayed us. Lied. Gave us over to *him*. Cammi nearly died because of her."

Hermione said nothing. He could feel her gaze on him, steady and waiting.

“But...” he continued, softer now, “if it had been Cammi instead of Astoria—if it had been Ron, or you—” his voice caught for half a second, “I can’t pretend I’d have done anything differently.” Hermione’s face softened. She didn’t nod right away. Just stood there, her brow furrowed in that familiar way that meant she was still weighing the argument.

“It was an impossible choice,” she said at last. “And I don’t think we should begrudge her for making it. Still...” Her tone sharpened slightly as she turned to him, eyes piercing. “You’re really going to try to save her sister? After what she did?”

Harry didn’t flinch. His answer was quiet, but resolute.

“Yeah. I am.”

He looked back at Daphne again. She hadn’t stirred. Her face was slack with exhaustion, the kind that no potion could cure.

“Daphne’s choices don’t erase Astoria’s worth,” he said. “She’s just a girl. A sick one, trapped in the same hell her mother died from. Whatever sins Daphne’s committed... they’re not hers.”

Hermione hesitated.

“She could still die,” she said. “Daphne was clear—the curse is specific. Ancient. Only their family’s private healer has ever managed to slow it.”

“She said it’s never been cured,” Harry agreed.

He opened his mouth to continue, but a voice from behind them spoke first.

“Such little faith.”

Both of them turned.

Andromeda Tonks stepped into view, arms folded loosely, her wand tucked behind her ear like a quill. Her robes were travel-worn and slightly frayed at the hem, but there was a glint in her eyes that made her look years younger. If Tonks were there instead of asleep curled up next to Cammi then the two women would’ve looked almost identical in that moment.

She clicked her tongue, smiling faintly.

“You’d think, given my pedigree, someone would remember I wasn’t just born to the House of Black. I survived it. You don’t live through generations of blood magic, curses, and inbreeding without learning how to unravel a few things along the way.”

Hermione’s brows lifted, caught between curiosity and skepticism. “You’re saying you know how to treat a multi-generational blood curse that’s only affected a single matrilineal line?”

Andromeda smirked. “I’m saying I know how to break it.”

Harry blinked. “You can cure her?”

A chuckle. Smooth and confident, but not unkind.

“Treating is for medi-witches and amateurs,” Andromeda said, stepping past them into the firelight. “But a cure... well. That’s for the desperate. And the brilliant.”

She stopped in front of the fireplace, casting a glance back toward Daphne’s still form.

“It’s a heavy burden, protecting the ones you love,” she said, voice softening just slightly. “If her soul is half as fierce as her grief... then I think her sister might still have a fighting chance.”

Silence stretched between them for a beat.

Then Harry stepped forward, just a little.

“Thank you,” he said, voice quiet.

Andromeda gave a small shrug, her smile laced with something tired but fierce.

“I’m not doing it for her,” she said. “I’m doing it for the girl still in the clutches of a dying house and a bastard father. And for every woman the old bloodlines tried to bury before her.”

She turned back toward the hallway, her voice drifting behind her like smoke.

“Tell Daphne to find me later. We have much to discuss.”

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Cammi sank slowly into the bath, exhaling like she’d been holding her breath for days. The soreness in her muscles had lessened considerably in the last few days, enough for Andromeda to take her off of full bed rest. She still couldn’t leave her room, and in truth Cammi doesn’t think

she'd even be physically able to. It only took a dozen steps or so for her to get winded, but she at least now had the freedom to do the things she's been craving to do for days.

Such as taking *hot bath*.

God she really needed this.

The water was perfect—hot, fragrant with lavender oil, and just deep enough to swallow her aches whole. Her arms floated weightlessly at her sides as the warmth settled into her bones, easing the tension still clinging to her like a second skin.

There was something about this. About steam curling off the surface, the silence broken only by water lapping against porcelain. A sanctuary.

After everything, after Bellatrix, after the dark, suffocating weight of pain and fear and screaming, this was a mercy.

It was the first time she'd been alone without being afraid.

She closed her eyes and let the quiet hold her.

"Cammmmmiiii!"

The door slammed open with a burst of energy and zero shame.

Cammi cracked an eye open just as a blur of color and chaos entered the bathroom.

'*Tonks. Of course,*' she thought with a snort.

The auror didn't hesitate for even a second. She grinned wide at the sight of her and dropped to the edge of the tub like she owned the place—which, technically, she did.

"There you are!" Tonks groaned dramatically. "You would not believe the day I've had."

Cammi gave a soft laugh. "Let me guess. The paperwork finally caught up with you?"

Tonks flopped forward, forehead thumping gently against the rim of the tub. "A mountain of it. Do you have any idea how many obliviation reports it takes to cover the explosion of an entire flat? I wasn't even the one who blew the damn thing up!"

Cammi reached over, fingers damp and warm, and patted her arm. "Poor baby. Next time one of your batshit relatives blows up my place, I'll make sure they're subtle about it."

"Aw, you'd do that for me?" Tonks snorted, lifting her head just enough to meet Cammi's eyes.

Cammi rolled her eyes, prompting Tonks to continue. "By the way, I swung by your old place.

Grabbed what I could. Clothes, a few odds and ends. Whatever survived."

Cammi's smile faltered for a moment.

"Thanks," she said quietly.

She didn't ask what had been lost. She already knew. Most of it wasn't replaceable. Old photos.

Letters. Tonks was probably able to repair a few things with magic, but even then spells only went so far.

"I stacked the clothes on the bed," Tonks added. "Although you could keep wearing mine. You look damn right *delictable* in my stuff, you know."

Cammi flushed and rolled her eyes. "That's only because your shirts hang off me like dresses."

"And don't forget the knickers," Tonks added cheerfully. Then, without hesitation, she stepped away from the tub and began to undress.

Cammi blinked. "Wait—what are you—?"

"I'm joining you, obviously." Tonks flashed a grin over her shoulder. "I could always go get Harry too. We could reenact our little tumble in the hot tub from Christmas, remember?"

Cammi blushed. She did indeed remember—Her arms wrapped around Tonk's waist as she palmed the metamorph's tits. The feeling of Harry's cock trapped between her outer folds as she grinded atop him. Tonks grabbing her by the hips and guiding her up and down her boyfriend's thick rigid cock—She remember *vividly*.

Her breath hitched when Tonks slid in behind her, the water sloshing gently as she settled in. It took a moment, a bit of shifting and adjusting, but eventually Cammi found herself leaning back against her—Tonks' breasts pressed firmly against her back whilst the metamorph's manicured

nails traced lazy, absent-minded patters on the inside of Cammi's thighs, encroaching ever closer to her precious core.

““You're a menace,” she murmured.

Tonks smirked against her neck. “You love it.”

She did, but before she could so speak those words Tonkstook the plunge, swiping a finger over Cammi's damp slit with little warning.

Cammi gasped, the sound morphing into a low moan as Tonks began to tease her folds with featherlight touches while the metamorph's lips suckled at her neck. Cammi closed her eyes and let her head fall back onto Tonks' shoulder, soft mewls escaping her lips as Tonks began to massage the sensitive nub nestled above her folds.

“Mmm~ You're so wet~” Tonks murmured in her ear.

Cammi huffed out a sound that was halfway between a lugh and a moan. “D-Duh. We're in a bath.”

“Cheeky,” Tonks giggled, nipping lightly at the flesh of Cammi's neck. “Maybe we should put that mouth of yours to better use.”

“O-Oh?” Cammi sounded, sucking in a breath as Tonks wordlessly slipped a finger inside her soaking quim, then another just a moment later. “Like what?”

Tonks hummed as she lifted her other hand from the water. From the pile of clothes on the floor a wand flew out, landing gracefully in the auror's outstretched hands. Cammi watched, half-distracted by the ministrations of the pink-haired witch's fingers inside her, as Tonks flicked her wrist and a familiar white fox shot forth through the bathroom door.

“There, now we wait,” she said simply, setting her wand down and bringing her now empty hand up to cup Cammi's Bare breast.

“Wait for what—”

She was cut off as the sound of rapid footfalls grew louder before the door suddenly banged open to reveal a very frazzled looking Harry with his wand held aloft.

“What happened?! Are you two—” he paused, mind catching up with what his eyes saw before him. Cammi bit her lip, her cheeks stained red with blush as she finally gleaned Tonks’ intention.

“Calm down, Lover Boy,” Tonks giggled. “We’re alright. I just needed to get you here quick.”

Harry dropped his wand arm with a look of confusion. “Why?”

“Well you see,” Tonks began, sinking her fingers deeper into Cammi’s cunt without warning.

Cammi couldn’t stop herself from expelling a gentle moan, her back arching in pleasure as Tonks began to rock her fingers back and forth. “Our little slut has been mouthin off a bit too much lately. I think it’s high time she’s put back into her place, don’t you?” Tonks hummed.

Cammi gasped again. Tonks had found her G-Spot now and was ruthlessly attacking it with devilish pumps of her fingers. Looking to her boyfriend she let out a single pleading whine.

Not a word needed to be spoken. She watched as Harry’s eyes darkened with lust before he turned to close the door.

“Fuck yes~” Tonks hissed in her ear, the metamorph’s eyes, like hers, glued to Harry’s frame as he stripped off his clothes. “Morgana he’s so fucking *hot*.”

Cammi whimpered in agreement, her hips bucking against Tonks hand as Harry stepped forward, his cock hanging hard and thick inches from Cammi’s face.

Like a puppet pulled by strings, Cammi leaned forward. Tonks helped by taking a firm grip of his cock and holding it steady as Cammi wrapped her pouty lips around the engorged head. The moment his taste touched her tongue, Cammi couldn’t help but moan in ecstasy, her pussy clenching around Tonks fingers as she slowly swallowed more of his throbbing member.

Tonks whispered more exclamations of profanity into her ear, but Cammi could hardly hear her.

She was in another words, one of pleasure and lust as she bobbed her head with expert precision up and down her boyfriend’s cock. The deep rumbles of his moans made her pussy tremble. Fuck she loved making him moan like that. Nothing turned her on more than the sounds of Harry’s pleasure as she sucked his cock. She could spend hours just like this, cheeks hollowed and rivers spit dripping down onto her tits as she throatied his thick meat, just as Harry

and Tonks both would love nothing more than to spend hours with the face buried between her thighs until she screamed herself hoarse.

Cammi's thoughts were forced to take a backseat as Tonks moved her fingers faster and faster. She moaned loudly, the sound slipping past Harry's length and the slutty wet slurps as her pussy was assaulted with fervor. The water schloshed with the ferocity of Tonks' movements. Fuck, she was close. She was so so *close*.

"MMPH!" Cammi squealed, her scream of climax muffled by the thick rod of meat trapped between her lips. Her orgasm hit her like a freight train, making every muscle in her body tense up at once. She could only do one last thing before the pleasure completely overtook her. Without a second thought, Cammi surged forward, burying Harry's cock down to the hilt inside her throat just as the pleasure forced her eyes to roll back. She was just barely able to feel the surging pulses of his cock throb inside her gullet as he reached his end as well. It was only thanks to her instincts that she managed to swallow every drop, falling back into the hazy bliss of post climax relaxation against Tonks' chest.

She should really take baths more often.

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Author's Note

The confrontation! Hope it was worth the wait! Next chapter we'll get Harry v. Cyrus round 2 so keep a look out!

Thanks for reading!