

## Chapter 21

Harry lay in bed in the Room of Requirement, one arm behind his head and the other around Lily as she cuddled up to his side. Bellatrix rested her head on the other side of his chest while Narcissa spooned her sister from behind.

While the girls slept peacefully, Harry's mind buzzed with thoughts. More and more lately, images and ideas would come to mind unbidden, trickling knowledge he's never gained into his thoughts.

It has to be the Hallows, Harry thought.

This most recent bout of inspiration had come from a seemingly innocuous stray thought about selling some of the things in the Room of Lost Things. It had been an idle wondering as he lay in bed, drifting in that moment just before sleep. That thought then led to another and another. Disjointed thoughts and unsolicited bits of knowledge coming together unexpectedly.

Giving up on sleep, Harry shifted Lily gently to the side and then tried to slip out from under Bellatrix.

"Where are you going?" she asked, blinking open her violet eyes.

"I need to write something down," Harry whispered. "Go back to sleep."

Placing a kiss on her temple, he slipped out of bed. Looking over his shoulder, he watched as Bellatrix wrapped her arms around Lily and pulled her close. Hugging her, she rested her head on the redhead's bare breasts.

Harry smiled to himself before looking away and picking his robe up off the floor. As he did, the stone wall across from his shifted quietly, as if the room itself knew to be quiet. A desk,

complete with ink, quill, and parchment, appeared from the morphing stone, along with a chair for him to sit in.

Taking a seat, Harry began to put his idea to paper. It would take some time, and even with the money he'd brought with him, he would probably need to sell some things from the room. Still, with some help, it could be done.

If he was lucky, maybe he could even deny Voldemort some followers.

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After a month of waiting, Harry finally got the letter he'd been waiting for at breakfast.

"It's ready," Harry grinned, passing the letter to Lily.

"That's great," Lily smiled, then leaned over to kiss his cheek.

"What's ready?" Alice asked curiously.

Lily turned to Harry with a questioning look. He thought for a moment before shrugging. It would likely be in the Prophet tomorrow.

"Harry built a sanctuary for Werewolves," Lily smiled.

"Really?" Marlene asked. "That's great."

"Isn't it dangerous having so many Werewolves in one place?" Dorcas asked.

"I'm going to go talk to Dumbledore," Harry said.

Lily nodded and began to explain to their friends while he stood up and walked to the head table. Connie looked up with a smile and a wave when she spotted him. Smiling back, Harry stopped in front of the headmaster.

"Good morning, Harry," Dumbledore said. "What can I do for you?"

"I just got a letter from the builders," Harry said. "They're finished."

"Ah, excellent," Dumbledore smiled. "I take it you like me to contact David for you?"

"If you wouldn't mind," Harry said. "Do you know when the next full moon is?"

Reaching into his pocket, Dumbledore pulled out his silver pocket watch and opened it.

"The next one will be in eight days," he replied.

Harry nodded thoughtfully.

"That should be enough time," he said. "I'll take out an ad in the Prophet. Thanks, professor."

"Of course," Dumbledore smiled. "I'm happy to be of assistance for such an endeavor."

Smiling, Harry turned to head back to his table.

"What was that all about?" he heard McGonagall ask.

Sitting back down, Harry reached into his bag for a quill and parchment.

"I think what you're doing is really admirable, Harry," Alice said. "It's really unfair the way Werewolves are treated."

"Thanks," Harry smiled. "I just hope it works."

"It will," Lily said confidently.

"Not that I don't think what you're doing is great, but have you checked with the Ministry?" Marlene asked. "They might have a problem with this."

"I've been in contact with David Bones," Harry said. "We talked after the last Wizengamot meeting. He's going to come and look at it to make sure everything is safe."

"Harry and Narcissa put a lot of work into this," Lily added.

"You helped a lot, too," Harry said.

"Not as much as you two," Lily told him.

"What did Narcissa do?" Dorcas asked.

"She helped us get the land we needed," Harry said.

"Narcissa is really good at negotiating," Lily grinned. "She talked the owner down by twenty thousand Galleons."

Alice whistled, "That's a lot of gold."

"It's worth it," Harry shrugged as he finished his letter. "I need to take this to the Owlery. I'll see you in class."

"Okay," Lily smiled.

She gave him a kiss as he got up and walked out of the Great Hall.

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Harry was fortunate that the full moon landed on a Saturday. It meant he didn't have any trouble convincing Dumbledore to let the girls leave school to help him.

After lunch, Dumbledore led the group to the front gate, where they took a Portkey to the Wolf's Den. A moment later, they landed deep in the Scottish Highlands. In front of them sat a small stone building with a worn path leading to the front door.

"This way," Harry said.

Leading the group to the front door, Harry used a key to unlock it and stepped inside. Walking into a reception area, the woman behind the counter looked up, startled.

"Oh dear!" a kindly brunette with curly hair gasped. "Mr. Potter, you startled me."

"Sorry," Harry smiled.

"Quite alright," she replied. "I think I'm just nervous. You know, being our opening night and all. I'm Margret, by the way. Margret Singer. But you can call me Maggie."

“Nice to meet you,” Harry said, shaking her hand. “And please, just call me Harry.”

“If there’s anything you need, just let me know,” Maggie said. “I have everyone outside right now, making sure everything is ready for tonight.”

“You’re fine. Keep doing what you’re doing, and we’ll chip in anywhere we’re needed,” Harry said.

“Of course, sir – sorry – Harry,” Maggie said.

Giving the woman a smile, Harry led the group down a hallway and out the back door. The first thing they saw was a towering, oval shaped enclosure made of thick logs driven deep into the ground.

“I take it this is where the Werewolves will be transforming?” Dumbledore asked.

“Yeah,” Harry answered. “It’s been enchanted to be unbreakable, and there’s a platform running along the top so guards can keep an eye on things.”

“What are those?” McGonagall asked, pointing to a row of four glass buildings.

“They’re the greenhouses where we grow the ingredients for the Wolfsbane potion,” Lily replied.

“When the owner of the Apothecary in Diagon Alley heard what we were doing, he tried to charge us extra for the ingredients,” Narcissa said. “No one else had the quantities we needed, so we decided to grow our own.”

McGonagall pursed her lips and nodded.

As they neared the enclosure, they could see several people working. A thin man with a bald head and a bushy, gray mustache stepped out of a tent next to the enclosure and approached them quickly.

"Hello, you must be Harry," he said. "I'm Johnathan Singer. Connie hired me as the managed."

"Nice to meet you," Harry said, shaking his hand. "Are you related to Maggie?"

"My wife," John nodded. "I can't tell you how happy we are to be working here. After our son was bitten, it felt like the whole world turned against us."

"I'm glad I could help," Harry said. "So, what do you need us to do?"

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Four hours later, as the sun began to set, Harry waited in the office for David to arrive. His stomach fluttered nervously. This was it. If anything went wrong tonight, all of the work they'd done would be for nothing. He would have failed everyone working there that was counting on him.

His nerves were worsened every time the door opened, only for it to be a Werewolf. While he was heartened to see so many of them coming, he wished David would show up already. Finally, just half an hour before moonrise, David walked in with a tall, blonde wizard. Harry didn't immediately recognize him, but the face looked familiar.

"Ah, hello, Harry. Sorry I'm late. The Minister wanted a word before I left," David said.

"That's alright," Harry told him, then glanced over at the other wizard. "Who's this?"

David's eyes tightened in distaste before he quickly wiped the expression from his face.

"This is Abraxas Malfoy," David said.

You've got to be kidding me, Harry thought.

"Mr. Malfoy," Harry said neutrally. "I didn't realize you'd be coming."

"The Minister wanted a second opinion on the safety of your... establishment," Malfoy drawled.

Harry nearly scoffed out loud.

"Right then. Gentlemen, if you'll follow me," he said.

He led them through the building and out the back door. Just a couple of steps out onto the lawn, Harry heard a surprised yelp behind him. He and David spun around as Malfoy swatted at something smoking and crackling in the pocket of his robes.

Darting his hand inside, he yanked out a leather pouch and tossed it to the ground. The string tying it closed came loose, and a number of square stones tumbled out. As red lightning crackled across the surface, Harry spotted runes carved into the flat face of each of them.

Ward Breaking Stones, he thought.

"Do you have any idea how expensive those are?" Malfoy hissed angrily.

"And why, exactly, did you bring Ward Breaking Stones to a secure facility?" David asked, his brow furrowed.

“Not that it’s any of your concern, but I was doing some personal research,” Malfoy said, the corner of his lip curling in a familiar, insufferable smirk.

Harry saw the muscles in David’s jaw twitch, but he held his tongue.

“Ah, David, Mr. Malfoy, how are you both on this lovely evening?” Dumbledore asked with a pleasant smile.

“Quite well, Albus,” David said, his shoulders visibly relaxing.

“I apologize for interrupting. However, it’s getting quite late,” Dumbledore said, giving Harry a pointed look.

“Right,” Harry said.

“I was hoping to get a bit of a tour before we started,” David said. “Perhaps after things are settled.”

“I’d be happy to,” Harry said. “Did you ask the Minister about what we talked about?”

“I did,” David nodded. “She’s agreed for the time being. Any sign of trouble, and she may change her mind.”

Harry nodded. That was better than he’d expected.

As they continued towards the enclosure, the group of over two dozen Werewolves near the enclosure watched them approach.

“Welcome,” Harry said loudly, clapping his hands.

Most of the Werewolves turned to listen, but a few kept their eyes on David.

"I'd like to welcome you all to the Wolf's Den," he continued. "It's my hope that this place will be a sanctuary for those that are affected by Lycanthropy. Not only will this be a place you can come to safely transform, but a place to work as well. Our Greenhouses are tended to exclusively by Werewolves. We still have several openings for office work and groundskeeping open, as well. Anyone who wants a job will have one."

"Yeah, but for what kind of pay?" A tall, burly man with a thick beard and mustache asked.

"Twenty Galleons a week," Harry said. "And, of course, you get the day before the full moon, the day of, and the day after off. No questions asked."

A murmur of excitement ran through the crowd.

"Why's the Ministry here?" another wizard in the back yelled.

"We're just here to ensure everything is safe and secure," David said. "Besides that, the Ministry had no involvement with the Wolf's Den. At Mr. Potter's request, I've spoken to the Minister, and she's agreed that we will not arrest anyone wanted for non-violent offenses while you're here. Mr. Potter believes, and I agree, that having a safe place for you to transform is more important."

"This is a tentative agreement," Harry said loudly over the murmur of the crowd. "Any problems and that could change. The rules here are simple. Be here no less than half an hour before moonrise, take your potion before entering the enclosure, and no fighting."

"What potion?" a short haired witch with several tattoos asked suspiciously.

“The Wolfsbane Potion,” Harry said. “It’s a potion that allows Werewolves to keep their human mind while transformed.”

“Seriously?” the witch asked.

“It’s true,” Bellatrix said.

The young, tattooed witch looked at Bellatrix and nodded, leaving Harry to wonder if they knew each other.

“It doesn’t seem like you have much security besides a few wooden beams,” Malfoy drawled suddenly, eyeing the enclosure with disdain.

All of Harry’s staff that was nearby stopped what they were doing and took a step forward, glaring at Malfoy.

“We’re the security,” John said, crossing his arms over his chest.

Malfoy sneered, and Harry saw a few of the Werewolves shift nervously.

“Everyone that works here on the full moon has family that’s a Werewolf,” Harry told them. “They all have experience dealing with Werewolves without harming them if someone gets out of control. No one here wants to see anyone get hurt.”

Several of the Werewolves muttered reassurances to the people around them, pointing out their relatives.

“Harry,” Lily called. “It’s time.”

“Right,” Harry nodded. “Alright, everyone. If you want to change, we have conjured robes in the tent for you to wear, so you don’t destroy your clothes. Men on the left, women on the right. When you come out, someone will give you a dose of the Wolfsbane Potion before you get in the enclosure.”

Chattering amongst themselves, the Werewolves headed for the tent.

“Conjured robes, why didn’t I think of that?” a wizard said. “It would’ve saved me so much on clothes.”

“I’ve always been shite at conjuring,” the tattooed witch shrugged.

“Bella, do you know that woman?” Harry asked.

“That’s Adriana Zabini,” Bellatrix said. “Her family kicked her out when she was bitten a couple of years ago. We were good friends until she left school.”

Harry blinked, wondering if she was related to Alana Zabini, a witch known for her beauty - and for leaving behind a trail of dead husbands.

“Seems like you’ve got things well in hand,” David said. “One thing, though. I thought you said the Wolfsbane had to be taken for a week leading up to the full moon.”

“It did,” Harry said. “But once we decided to open this place, we released the potion to the public. A german wizard found a way to make it work with a single dose.”

“And you’re sure it works?” Malfoy asked skeptically.

“They tested it on over a dozen Werewolves during the last full moon without any adverse effects,” Harry told him.

Sneering, Malfoy spun around and marched off towards the greenhouses.

"Keep an eye on him for me?" Harry asked Bellatrix quietly.

Nodding, she gave him a smile before slinking off after him.

"I'm sorry about him being here," David sighed. "He's been trying to convince the Minister to have you shut down since he heard of it. I can assure you, I'll be having a word with her about those Ward Breaking Stones."

Harry nodded, "I still expect they'll try again. With Greyback gone and now this place, Voldemort will have a much harder time recruiting Werewolves to his cause."

"I hope so," David agreed.

"Do you need me to do anything, Harry?" Lily asked.

"Could you go check on Sylvia and Amanda for me?" he asked.

Lily smiled, "Sure."

Giving him a kiss, she walked back towards the office.

"Isn't Amanda that little girl that was bitten?" David asked.

"Yeah," Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I didn't like the idea of putting her in with the others, so we built a special room for her in the basement."

“What makes it special?” David asked.

“I’ll show you later,” Harry said.

A moment later, the Werewolves started coming out of the tent. Adriana was the first out, and she was completely naked. She had a perfect hourglass figure, with a number of tattoos covering her bronze colored skin. Her large, tear dropped shaped breasts, capped with wide, pale areolas and metal bars through her pink nipples, bounced alluringly with each step.

“Didn’t you find the robes, dear?” Maggie asked, holding out a goblet of potion.

Adriana shrugged and down the potion with a grimace.

“I didn’t see the point,” she said. “You’re going to see me like this in the morning anyways.”

Walking past Maggie, she gave Harry a smirk as she entered the enclosure. More Werewolves came out, all of them wearing the conjured robes. One by one, they took the potion and entered the enclosure. Malfoy returned just as the last one entered, and the heavy wooden gate was closed. John levitated a tunk onto the ground, opened it, and started pulling out crossbows.

“What are those for?” David asked as John handed them out to the guards.

“The arrows are tipped with syringes full of Dreamless Sleep Potion,” Narcissa said. “They’re just a precaution.”

“Interesting,” John said.

Taking the stairs up to the walkway, the guards spread out and took positions. Everyone waited nervously for the moon to rise. Thankfully, it was only a couple of minutes later that the first sliver poked over the horizon. Grunting and groaning, the Werewolves curled in on themselves, their skin rippling and bones cracking. Suddenly, as one, they all shouted as they began to change.

David leaned on the railing as he watched, a look of pity on his face while Malfoy sneered in disgust. Harry held his breath as the Werewolves straightened up and looked around.

If the potion didn't work on even one of them, if one was a Death Eater there to cause trouble, it could ruin everything.

Two of the Werewolves sniffed at each other and growled. Crossbows were raised and aimed as everyone waited tensely.

"Wait," John said quietly.

Harry looked at him and nodded, motioning for the others to lower their crossbows. A moment later, one of the Werewolves bopped the other on the shoulder before taking off at the run. The other Werewolf took after him at a sprint. After a short chase, he caught up, and Harry raised his wand. With a massive, long-fingered paw, the Werewolf reached out and tapped the other on the arm. Suddenly, he stopped and ran away as the other turned and chased after him.

"Are they playing tag?" Narcissa asked incredulously.

"Looks like it," David laughed.

Letting out a breath, Harry lowered his wand and relaxed.

"What a disgusting display," Malfoy sneered.

Everyone looked at Malfoy with a glare. Unaffected, he smoothed out his robes imperiously.

“I’ll be speaking with the Minister about the dangers of having so many dangerous beasts together,” he continued. “Clearly, this is just an accident waiting to happen.”

“Dangerous?” Harry asked. “Do they look dangerous to you?”

Harry looked down into the enclosure and noticed a Werewolf watching them closely. Two glints of light on its chest made him realize it was Adriana. Unless another Werewolf had pierced nipples, of course. Looking up at Malfoy, she raised her hand and gave him the finger.

“They don’t look very dangerous to me,” Harry smirked.

Grabbing the guard rail, he heaved himself over the edge and into the enclosure.

“Harry!” Narcissa yelled, exasperated. “Must you?”

Harry held out his hands and grinned.

“Seems pretty safe to me,” he said.

Malfoy glared as the Werewolves looked at him curiously. Adriana walked over and sat down next to him. When he reached out and ran his hand through her sparse yet coarse fur, Malfoy turned and marched off with a huff.

“I think you made your point,” David grinned. “Now, get out of there before you give me a heart attack.”

With a smirk, Harry gave Adriana a pat on the shoulder and levitated himself out of the enclosure.

“Where’d Malfoy go?” he asked, looking around.

“He left,” Bellatrix replied as she climbed the stairs.

“Probably went straight to the Minister to tell her how dangerous this place is,” David sighed.

“Will that be an issue?” Narcissa asked.

“No, Bangold will want to hear from me before she makes a decision,” David said.

“I’m going to go check on a few things. Can you keep an eye on everything out here?” Harry asked Narcissa.

“Of course,” she nodded.

“Thanks, I’ll be back soon,” Harry said, descending the stairs.

Walking into the office, Harry waved to Maggie and then turned right down the hall. Opening the last door on the left, he went down to the basement. He barely had a chance to glance at the room before Sylvia had him wrapped in a tight hug.

“Thank you so much,” she whispered tearfully.

“I’m guessing it worked?” Harry asked.

Pulling back, Sylvia hooked her arm through his and led him further into the room. In the center of the room sat a large cage made out of golden mesh. Inside the cage, Amanda was on the floor, playing fetch with the stuff Krup that Harry had bought for her over Christmas. Lily sat on the other side of the cage, talking to her through the mesh. A short distance away, near a table laden with breakers, test tubes, and vials, Agatha Moon, a healer from St. Mungo's, and Andromeda Black spoke quietly.

"How's she doing?" Harry asked.

Agatha was an older witch with greying hair tied up in a tight bun. She turned and looked at him with a sharp gaze, her furrowed brow causing wrinkles to appear around the corners of her hazel eyes.

"Remarkably well," Agatha said. "There's no sign of even a partial transformation and no discomfort. I took some blood and ran a few tests once we were sure it was safe, and the results are extraordinary."

"How so?" Harry asked curiously.

"No one's ever been able to watch the transformation process in the blood before," Andromeda said. "It's amazing. This is the first time anyone's actually identified the Curse taking effect."

"What we've learned today will keep researchers busy for years," Agatha nodded. "With what this has given us, we very well may find a cure. I have to ask, how did you come up with this?"

"I was reading a book that talked about gold reflecting most magic," Harry shrugged. "It's why wizards still use gold, silver, and bronze as currency. It can't be duplicated. Gold is just better at reflecting magic than anything else. I figured maybe it could block the magic from the moon getting to a Werewolf."

"Very astute," Agatha smiled.

"It's brilliant!" Andromeda grinned. "Thank you so much for inviting me, Harry. This is groundbreaking. I can't believe I get to be a part of history!"

"We haven't made history yet," Harry smiled. "And it's Narcissa you should thank. She was the one that told me you wanted to be a healer."

"She certainly has an aptitude for it," Agatha nodded. "Do well on your NEWTs, and I see no reason you could make it into the Summer training program."

"Thank you," Andromeda said, smiling brightly.

"Well, I'll leave you ladies to your work," Harry smiled.

Walking over to the cage, he knelt down next to Lily.

"Hey, Amanda. How do you feel?" he asked.

"I'm hungry," Amanda said, giggling as the Krup jumped into her lap.

"I'll get you something to eat," Harry smiled.

Standing up, he shared a look and a smile with Lily before walking back upstairs.

"Maggie, do we have any food ready?" Harry asked.

"I put a few sandwiches in the break room in case anyone got hungry," she smiled. "Help yourself."

"Thanks," Harry said.

Going to the break room, he found four plates stacked with sandwiches. Grabbing a few and putting them on a plate, he walked back outside.

"Hey, David!" he called. "You might want to come see this."

Walking down the stairs, David approached him with a grin.

"I don't suppose you called me over just for a snack," he said.

Smiling, Harry handed him a sandwich and walked back into the office. On the way to the basement, he gave David a short explanation.

"Well, you're just full of surprises tonight," David said, smiling at Amanda. "So, this gold mesh will stop a Werewolf from transforming?"

"Yes," Agatha replied.

"Incredible," David grinned. "I wonder if I could talk the Minister into putting something like this around one of our holding cells. It would make detaining Werewolves a lot safer for my Aurors. How much did this cost?"

"Not that much, surprisingly," Harry said. "The mesh is pretty thin, so it was about a hundred Galleons."

Walking up to the cage, he pressed the tip of his wand to the mesh. After a moment of intense focus, the mesh rippled like water. Taking a step forward, Harry walked through the wall like it wasn't there.

“Here you got,” he said, sitting down next to Amanda and offering her the plate.

“Wait, I thought you said gold reflects magic,” David said, his brow furrowed.

“Most magic,” Agatha corrected. “There are some spells specifically designed to work on gold.”

Taking a bit of her sandwich and chewing slowly, Amanda leaned against Harry’s side and yawned widely.

“Is it safe for me to sit with her now?” Sylvia asked anxiously.

Harry blinked and looked over at Agatha.

“I don’t see why not,” the healer said.

Standing up, Harry pressed his wand to the wall of the cage once again. When it rippled, Sylvia stepped through and sat down next to her daughter. Smiling, Harry stepped back outside the cage.

“Mr. Potter, while I’ve got you here. I like to request a few things,” Agatha said.

“What do you need?” Harry asked.

“I’d like a bit more equipment for testing purposes and another, smaller cage, if possible, for observations,” Agatha said, handing him a piece of parchment.

“Sure, I can get this before the next full moon,” Harry nodded. “And it’s just Harry.”

“Very well, Harry,” Agatha smiled. “Thank you.”

“Healer Moon, wasn’t it?” David asked.

“Yes?” Agatha asked.

“In your professional opinion, do you find anything here to be dangerous or unsafe?” David asked.

“Absolutely not,” she scoffed. “Mr. Pot - Harry - has taken every precaution to ensure everyone is safe. You can’t see it, but there is a steel cage in the floor that will contain Amanda the moment we detect the slightest transformation. Not to mention she was still given the Wolfsbane potion as a precaution. I can assure you, I wouldn’t be here if I felt unsafe.”

“And do you believe - in your professional opinion - that this research is beneficial to wizarding society?” David asked.

“Absolutely!” Agatha said. “This research could lead to a cure! You tell the Minister this could lead to the eradication of Lycanthropy across the world. Stopping it now would go down as one of the biggest mistakes in history!”

“I’ll be sure to let her know,” David smiled, then turned to Harry. “I do need to talk to you about what safety measures are in place if a Werewolf were to escape or arrive too late, and I need to know who’s going to be running things while you’re at Hogwarts.”

“Of course,” Harry said. “I’ll show you how we have things set up.”

The rest of the night passed uneventfully. The girls eventually grew tired and ended up falling asleep in a pile on the couch in the breakroom. Harry stayed up all night, along with David, who wanted to stay so he could give a full, detailed account to the Minister.

When the Werewolves transformed back in the morning, Harry and the guards brought them robes to cover themselves. Predictably, Adriana smirked at him and refused the robe. Harry shook his head as he watched her walk to the changing tent in the buff.

While the Werewolves changed, Maggie and a couple of others set up a table outside and set out breakfast.

“Before I forget,” Harry said as everyone sat down to eat. “If any of you need a place to stay, we have tents you can set up in the field. I know it’s not a great solution, but it’s better than sleeping in an alley. We’ve already paid for a house to be built next to the office, but it will take a couple of months to be built. Once it is, anyone who needs a place to stay is welcome. All I ask is that you help out with cleaning and maintenance.”

“What do you get out of this?” Adriana asked, her brow furrowed in suspicion. “Why spend all this money to help Werewolves?”

“My dad’s best friend was a Werewolf, and I hated the way he was treated,” Harry said. “I’m doing this because I don’t like the way you’re treated, and I have the means to do something about it.”

“And he’s not just throwing that money away,” Narcissa said. “By selling the extra potions ingredients we grow, we should make back the initial investment in a few years. Harry isn’t giving you charity. He’s investing in you.”

“With investments like tha’, this place’ll go under in a week,” one of the Werewolves said.

The table laughed as everyone dug into their meal.

“So, what’s the *Ministry* say about this place?” the burly Werewolf asked.

“Well, I can’t speak for the Minister, but I think it’s about time we had something like this,” David said. “Harry and the Wolf’s Den will have my full support as both the Head of the DMLE and a member of the Wizengamot.”

“They’ll find some way to screw us over,” a short, dark haired wizard muttered.

“Josh!” Maggie hissed. “Be polite. Not everyone at the Ministry hates you.”

Josh scoffed and stabbed at his eggs.

“It could be worse, kid,” the burly Werewolf said. “Under the last Minister, Aurors used to kill us on sight.”

“Good pep talk, Thor,” Adriana said sarcastically.

“S’t true,” Thor shrugged. “I’m not a fan of the Ministry, but so long as they leave me alone, I ain’t gonna go kicking the hornet’s nest.”

“I give you my word, so long as I’m head of the department, that policy will not be coming back,” David said firmly. “The Ministry is so to change, but I promise you I’ll do everything I can to make sure this place is a success.”

“Even if the worst happens and we can’t provide an enclosure to transform in, you’ll all still have a job, and I’ll still provide Wolfbane free of charge,” Harry said. “The Ministry can stop me from doing that.”

“No, they can’t,” David grinned.

“That potion’s great,” Thor said. “This is the first time I’ve woken up and felt like I got run over by the night bus.”

“Pity you still look like you have,” Adriana smirked.

“Aw, come on, love. No need for that,” Thor pouted.

“Well, I should get back to Ministry,” David said as he stood. “I need to give the Minister my report, and then I’m going home to get some sleep.”

“Thanks for coming, David,” Harry said.

“Anytime,” David smiled. “Have a good day, everyone.”

Clapping Harry on the shoulder, he waved to the table and made his way to the office.

After breakfast, Harry talked to John for a bit before leaving him to organize the Werewolves looking for work.

“Well, I think we can call that a success,” Harry smiled, wrapping an arm around Bellatrix’s and Narcissa’s shoulders.

“Absolutely,” Andromeda agreed with a grin.

“You are brilliant,” Lily added with a grin, her arms wrapping around Bellatrix’s waist.

Smiling, Harry led them through the office and then past the wards, where he disappeared. They reappeared a moment later on the outskirts of Hogsmeade.

“Thank Merlin, it’s the weekend,” Bellatrix yawned. “Please tell me we can go back to bed.”

“We are,” Lily said firmly. “Harry hasn’t gotten any sleep at all.”

“I don’t think any of us got much sleep,” Andromeda said.

“There’s always room if you want to join us,” Bellatrix smirked.

“No, thank you,” Andromeda replied.

“Must you try to whore our boyfriend out to everyone?” Narcissa sighed.

“But it’s so much fun,” Bellatrix pouted.

“I’m quite happy with Ted, Bella,” Andromeda told her.

“If you say so,” Bellatrix shrugged.

The girls continued to tease each other playfully all the way to the castle gate. As they started up the path to the castle, Andromeda grabbed Harry’s arm and held him back until they were out of earshot of the others.

“I just wanted to say thank you,” she said softly.

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled. “I was happy to have you there.”

“I don’t just mean for last night,” Andromeda said. “I meant for giving me my sisters back.”

“What?” Harry asked.

Andromeda sighed, “Narcissa and Bellatrix have always been attracted by power. Our parents have been trying to condition them into their way of thinking for years. You might not have noticed it, but they’ve changed a lot since they started dating you. Merlin, I never thought I see the day when Bellatrix willingly associates with a Muggleborn, let alone fall in love with one.”

Looking up, Harry smiled as he watched Lily and Bellatrix laugh, their arms around each other.

“My parents would’ve handed them over to You-Know-Who’s Death Eaters and been happy to see them twisted into something awful,” Andromeda said. “You know they’re not going to let them go without a fight, don’t you?”

“Don’t worry,” Harry said. “I’m not going to let anyone take them away from me.”