

1.

"Get behind me." Harry commanded his cousin.

Dudley didn't move. The bigger boy was mumbling something. His voice came out much higher than it usually was.

"Dudley." Harry yelled, not taking his eyes off the two approaching dementors. "Get behind me!"

His cousin turned and ran faster than he had ever in his life, knocking Harry to the ground in the process. Harry's head spun as it bounced off the walkway. His wand slipped from his hand. By the time his vision cleared he could already feel a pair of impossibly cold claw-like hands grip his shoulders.

Darkness pressed in on his vision. He could hear his mother yelling. Something within him shattered, the shards absorbed by the dementors kiss. His body felt lighter. The ever-present pain in his head was gone. The pressure in his chest that he had learned to live with vanished.

A pulse of pure magic exploded out from him. Harry found himself standing alone in the street. The two dementors were now piles of dust. He bent down and picked up his wand. There had to be a better way to carry it around than just in his pocket. Lucius Malfoy had his in a cane, maybe that would work.

Harry shook his head. He turned to follow his cousin. Mrs. Figg ran into view. Wisps of her thick gray hair had escaped her hairnet, a shopping bag she carried clanked as it moved, and she was still wearing her usual fuzzy slippers. He started to put his wand away.

"Don't put it away!" She screamed. "There could be more of them about. I'm going to kill Mundungus."

"What?" Harry stared blankly at her for a moment.

"He left." Mrs. Figg waved a hand at the empty street. "Some deal about a batch of cauldrons that had fallen off the back of a broom. I told him not to go. Told him I'd flay him alive if he went. He left and now look! Dementors! If it weren't for Mr. Tibbles, I wouldn't have known."

Harry tried to comprehend everything she had just said. She knew what dementors were and had dispatched a cat to watch him.

"You're a witch?"

"I'm a squib." She snapped. "How can I protect you if I can't even cast a spell?"

Harry studied the woman again. Now knowing that she was a squib helped explain her outfit. She was trying to blend in with Muggles. If last summer had taught him anything it was that wizards were horrible at blending in. Harry grunted as another pulse of magic released from his body. The wave hit Mrs. Figg, turning her nightgown and slippers into a set of fitted everyday robes that stopped just below her knees. Gone was the hairnet too. Her thick curly hair was almost silver, rather than gray as he initially thought. Now that she was dressed normally, well normally enough, she didn't look much more than forty. Squibs might not be able to use magic, but there apparently appeared to be some residual benefits. She looked down at her new outfit and rolled her eyes.

"What will Dumbledore say?" She grumbled.

"You know Dumbledore?" Harry asked as he moved closer to her.

"Of course, I know Dumbledore. Who doesn't know Dumbledore?" Mrs. Figg scoffed.

She jumped in surprise as she found Harry almost directly in front of her. Her eyes darted to his hand holding the wand to see his grip relaxed, almost lazy.

"You should keep your wand ready." Mrs. Figg cleared her throat and took a step back. "There might be more of them."

"There aren't." Harry stepped closer. "Why didn't you tell me you were a squib? All those times I came over to your house."

"Dumbledore's orders." She whispered, taking another step only to find her retreat cut off by a car.

"Keep an eye on you, but don't say anything. You were too young."

"Imagine all the fun we could have had." Harry pressed himself against her.

Mrs. Figg moaned as his touch. She tried to focus on the situation at hand, but the sudden rush of arousal was clouding her mind. Harry ran a finger along her jaw, making her look at him. Her eyes darted down to his lips.

"You've been hiding so much from me." He purred. His hands dropped to her hips, lifting her up onto the car hood. "This body. Mmm. It's a crime to keep it covered."

"Someone needs to tell Dumbledore." She managed to whisper. "An owl..."

Her words drifted off as Harry leaned in to kiss her. A loud crack followed by the smell of cheap tobacco and even cheaper drink interrupted their moment. Harry turned to glare at the squat, unshaven man. He looked like could have been Ron's homeless uncle.

"Figg?" The wizard gawked at the pair. "What happened to you? Looking right fit you are. Haven't seen you in robes since Hogwarts." There was an almost visible spark in his eyes as his brain caught up to the situation at hand. "What happened to being undercover?"

"Dementors is what happened." Mrs. Figg found her focus once more.

She slid off the hood of the car, deftly moved beyond Harry, and began to clobber the wizard with her bag. Harry chuckled as a stray can of cat food dropped out.

"Ow! Ow! Stop it." Mundungus held up his hands to block the blows. "What do you mean dementors?"

"THERE WERE DEMENTORS HERE ON YOUR WATCH." Mrs. Figg put howlers to shame.

"Someone's gotta tell Dumbledore." The wizard said.

"And it better be you, or I will tell him why you weren't here." Mrs. Figg held up the shocking bag to back up her threat.

"I'm going. I'm going." Mundungus muttered.

Another loud crack left the pair alone once more.

"I don't know your first name." Harry smiled at her.

She felt her knees go weak. "Arabella."

"Arabella Figg." Harry began to stalk closer. "Is there a Mister Figg?"

She shook her head. "He passed. Last war. That's why I'm helping Dumbledore."

"It's not safe out here on the street." Harry spoke low, making her lean closer to hear him. "Maybe we should go inside. Your place?"

Mrs. Figg nodded. "It's attached to the Floo."

"Even better." Harry slipped an arm around her waist. "You look a little unsteady."

Arabella Figg giggled a little as he pulled her closer. She put a hand over her mouth. When was the last time she actually giggled?

"Dumbledore's been having me followed?" He leaned over to whisper in her ear.

She shuddered at the feeling of his breath. The heat from his lips was just out of reach.

"Of-Of course." She stuttered. "After what happened in June. He wouldn't just leave you."

Arabella led him into her house. As soon as the door was closed, Harry pulled her into a searing kiss. His tongue pressed into her mouth. She moaned into his mouth as she began to kiss him back. Arabella found herself pressed against the door. She gasped as their clothing slipped away into little strips pooling at their feet. Harry hooked an arm under one leg and lifted it up. She reached down guiding him to her lower lips.

He pushed into her, stretching her tunnel in a wonderful way. Arabella moaned, leaning her head back. Harry attacked her neck with his mouth, leaving a string of soon-to-be hickeys anywhere he could reach. He relaxed the grip on her raised leg, letting her drop and taking in his full length.

Harry hammered into her. She lost herself, riding the waves of pleasure. Arabella felt his teeth trail across her nipple. Her body shuddered with a small orgasm. Harry grinned. He gently bit her nipples, alternating from one to the other. Slowly pulling them as he withdrew his mouth.

She leaned forward, burying her face in his shoulder to muffle her screams. Her body wracked with orgasmic pleasure. Harry couldn't control himself anymore. He thrust into her as hard and fast as he could. She pulled him into a kiss, sending him over the edge. Harry pulled her down toward him, reaching the deepest he could as he erupted.

Arabella squeaked in shock as she felt the first spurt of cum. There was a charge to it that sent tingles all through her body. Again and again, with each explosion, the energy raced through her. She looked at him with fuck-drunk eyes and shivered. His green eyes stared back at her, seemingly made of fire. She didn't get to think much of it as she was pulled to the couch. His hands guided her into bending over the back. Harry grabbed ahold of her hips. He thrust forward as he pulled her back.

Arabella Figg babbled as he began to fuck her again. All thoughts of his glowing eyes were lost in a string of orgasms.

2.

Harry woke up feeling wonderful. Arabella was curled up on the floor next to him. They never made it to the bedroom. He adjusted his glasses as he sat up. Harry was too busy looking for his clothes to realize the lenses repair themselves. His eyes came to rest on the pile of fabric strips by the door. The only reason he noticed it was due to the fact that his wand was sticking out of it.

He stood up, yawning, and stretching. Harry could not remember the last time he had ever slept so well. His wand jumped into his hand as he took it in the living room. He needed some sort of clothing to get back to the Dursley's house.

First, he needed to make sure Arabella was taken care of. He set his wand down on the nearby coffee table before lifting her off the floor. Harry carried her bridal style into her room. He set her down on the bed and tucked her in. Not wanting to be 'that guy' he left her a note letting her know he had had a wonderful time last night, was going back to the Dursley's house, and had borrowed a towel. After a moment, he also added that he would be happy to see her again if she wanted.

Harry wrapped the towel around his waist. Unfortunately, he didn't have any pockets, so he was left holding his wand. He tried to hide it by tucking it in the part of the towel he had gathered as a grip.

He stepped outside into the early morning light. His reputation as a scoundrel didn't incline the neighbors to think or treat him too kindly. Today, Harry couldn't be bothered. He waved cheerily to lady across the way watering her plants and the guy picking up the newspaper.

Harry opened the door to the Dursley's to find Petunia and Vernon waiting for him. He smiled broadly at the pair.

"Where have you been?" Vernon bellowed. "What did you do to Dudley?"

"None of your business." He said, counting off the answers. "And nothing."

"Don't give me that!" Vernon tried to yell louder but his voice wouldn't do as commanded. It was like someone had turned the volume down on him. "Dudley came home, shaking like a leaf. He said you were casting spells at him."

"Nope." Harry slipped passed the duo. A stack of letters caught his eye. They were thick parchment paper and had the handwritten calligraphy that wizards and witches were so fond of.

"Are these for me?" Harry asked.

"Bloody owls wouldn't stop harassing us last night." Vernon didn't seem to notice his lack of volume. His face was just as purple as it usually went. "One of them exploded."

"Red paper?" Harry asked.

Petunia nodded.

"That's a howler." Harry explained as he picked up the letters. "They explode if you ignore them."

Harry absently twirled his wand in his hand as he flipped through the mail. There was one from the ministry telling him that he was expelled for reckless use of magic in a muggle neighborhood and his

wand would be broken. The next was from Arthur Weasley telling him not to give up his wand and stay put while Dumbledore worked on things. Another letter from the Ministry told him he was suspended until they had a trial. The final letter was letting him know he needed to stay put.

He tossed them over his shoulder, each one burning to ash before it hit the ground.

"Potter!" Petunia yelled.

Harry turned to look at them. At some point Vernon had completely stopped making noise, though he appeared to be desperately trying to yell at him, while Petunia was staring at him with bright red cheeks. Harry looked down to see the towel had dropped on the floor. He was standing completely nude in the hallway.

"Whoops." Harry chuckled.

He grabbed it from the floor, slinging over his shoulder. It wasn't until he was up in his room that Vernon's voice came back. Harry got dressed, folded the towel up nicely, and checked on Hedwig. She looked back at him, clearly tired and annoyed.

"I'm sorry." Harry stroked her chest. "I wasn't trying to make you worry. How was your hunt?"

"It was fine, my love." A delicious, husky voice replied. "I finally ended that loud frog in the creek."

Harry stopped. He stared at his owl.

"Did you say something?" Harry asked.

"No." Hedwig settled her feathers, resting on her perch. "Of course not. You can't hear me."

"Hedwig." Harry tried to keep his voice even. "I can hear you."

The owls' eyes flicked open.

"My love? You can hear me?" Hedwig looked at him expectantly.

"Yes." Harry sighed. "I can."

"How?" Hedwig rubbed her beak against his jawline.

"Magic?" Harry laughed.

"Where were you last night?" Hedwig scolded him. "I come back from hunting and those things downstairs are screaming and crying. The air outside was wrong and you were missing!"

"I..." Harry rubbed the back of his neck. "Was entertaining a lady friend."

Hedwig sighed. "It was a matter of time before you began to search for potential mates."

"No, no, no no, no." Harry shook his head. "No mating involved."

Hedwig stared at him. "Your scent says otherwise."

"Well, sure, that part of the mating process, but that wasn't what we were doing last night." Harry scrambled.

Hedwig held his gaze for a long moment. "I need rest. Will you need me today?"

"I don't think so. Unless you want me to write some letters for you to deliver." Harry carefully stroked along her beak.

"We'll see, my love." Hedwig settled back into her spot.

Harry sat back on his bed watching her. She was still an owl. Nothing about her visibly had changed. How was he able to speak with her? Was Owl-tongue a thing? If someone was watching, did he sound like he was making random hooting noises?

Things had gotten weird really fast. One moment he was threatening Dudley, then Dementors attacked, and then he suddenly felt amazing. They had given him the kiss. He knew that. It was a moment he could vividly remember it. What didn't make sense was how he felt after, or the fact that there was an after.

Harry headed back downstairs. He fixed himself some breakfast without bothering to talk to Petunia, Dudley, or Vernon. In fact, they seemed to completely ignore him. It wasn't that they were trying to, it was just that their eyes slipped over him any time they looked in his direction and moved out of the way when he got near. He was perfectly happy with whatever was going on.

He stepped out into the hallway. The little piles of ash caught his eye. Those letters were the first real mail he had gotten all summer. Ron and Hermione weren't telling him anything, and that was when they did write at all. He had no idea what was going on in the wizarding world. For all he knew Voldemort could have walked down Diagon Alley cursing people at random.

Harry was tired of the pattern. He saved the Sorcerer's Stone, then was shipped back here without a word. He killed a basilisk, again to be shipped back here for no further explanation. Harry banished a small horde of dementors, helped Sirius escape capture, and even survived an encounter with a werewolf. This, of course, led to him getting shipped back to Privet Drive. Last year was the worst. He fought a fucking dragon, invaded a mer-people village, and completed the labyrinth with less training and experience of the other champions. On top of all that, he had witnessed Voldemort return to the land of the living. Harry escaped and managed to grab Cedric's body as well. Did this win the respect due? Nope. Tossed back to Number Four and kept out of the loop.

Apparently, Dumbledore had set up a group of people to guard, or at least watch him. Not a good that did. Maybe having him somewhere more secure would have been a better idea? Say somewhere people with experience in magical things could guard, or Merlin forbid, train him.

Harry closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He could feel something building inside of him again. It was like last night after the dementors. The only thing that had helped then was shagging Arabella. Maybe she was awake by now. He did need to return her towel.

3.

Harry draped the towel over his arm like a butler he had seen on TV. He casually strode over to Arabella's house and knocked on the door. The thoroughly ravished woman opened the door, her usual 'muggle' outfit had been replaced by a nice fluffy bathrobe.

"I wanted to return this." Harry gave her a sly smile, holding out the towel.

Her knees felt weak at that smile. She grabbed the towel and slammed the door in his face. Arabella was no fool, if she let him inside then they would wind up all over each other.

"Thank you." She called from the other side.

"You're welcome." Harry chuckled.

He turned back to the street. That had been the entirety of his plan. Return the towel and hopefully things would progress from there.

"Oh well." He shrugged.

Now he didn't know what to do with the rest of the day ahead of him. It was unlikely that anyone would write to him. Even if they did, it wouldn't be anything of substance. He needed something to do to distract himself. The farce that was his trial wasn't for a few more days, not that he knew any details beyond the date, and he had plenty of time to kill.

The restless energy was still there. It felt like a pressure slowly building. The sensation wasn't painful, just odd. For so long he had been living with the constant headaches and tightness in his chest. Now it was gone, but something was changing. He needed to work off the excess energy.

He didn't have much in the way of Muggle money. Just the little bit he had been able to squirrel away. It was enough for a couple of meals at a fast-food joint, or one at a nicer place. If nothing else, a walk into town would pass the time. Harry made a mental note to stop by Gringotts before next summer to convert some of his money over to muggle cash. He didn't know the exchange rate, but it would be worth it.

Harry stopped back at his room to grab his stash of money. He paused at the bottom of the stairs when he saw Petunia's purse on the hallway table.

"Petunia." Harry called. "I'm going to take some cash from your purse."

No one answered. He went to the living room to see her reading some magazine.

"Petunia." He repeated.

She looked up at him, not really seeing him.

"I'm going to take some cash from your purse." He made sure to say the words loud and clear.

She nodded and gave a polite smile, almost like you would do to a cashier who has wished you good day. Harry shrugged. He plucked the cash from her bag on his way out. Later that day she would wonder where the money had gone and vaguely recall giving it to someone. Naturally, she assumed she had given it to Dudley, she would never give it to anyone else and Vernon preferred to use checks.

Harry was just about out of the neighborhood when he heard someone cursing. He found the source to be a young woman, she was probably in her late teens or early twenties. She held a ripped shopping bag and was surrounded by spilled groceries. Harry crossed to her side of the street and began to pick them up. She seemed hesitant to move now that he was closer. The rumors of the troublemaker from Number Four were well known. Dudley was a brute, but this one went to a boarding school for actual criminals.

He stacked up the various items in his arms. "Do you have another bag?"

The young woman stared at him. He had an easy, charming smile and bright green eyes. Coupled with his lithe build, he didn't look like any sort of trouble she would mind. While she sized him up, Harry was doing the same. She wore a pair of denim shorts, sandals, and a light red tank top. Her dirty-blonde hair was loose around her shoulders. She had the 'natural' make-up look that accentuated her light brown eyes and kissable lips. The young woman had a nice figure. Her shorts displayed her long legs and her tank top rested nicely along her breasts.

The young woman shook her head.

"I can help you to your door." Harry offered. "If you would like."

She thought for a moment. Her eyes scanned the neighborhood around them. There was the ever-present gossip keeping an eye on things. They wouldn't hesitate to call the police if he tried something.

She nodded.

Harry smiled at her again, this time there was a hint of playfulness to it. "I need you to lead the way."

"Right." She said with a nod.

The young woman hurried along. Every now and then she stole a glance over her shoulder. Harry's bemused expression stayed on his face. He kept a couple of steps behind her and to the side so she could easily see him. It also gave him the opportunity to watch her firm, shapely bum.

"I'm Harry by the way." He spoke up. "I live with my relatives at number four."

He had to suppress a chuckle when she jumped.

"I know." The young woman said. "Dursley's right?"

"And you are?" Harry asked.

"Emily." She answered after a moment of hesitation. "I'm at number twelve, just down the way. I live with my parents." She quickly added. "My dad should be home."

"Are you going to university?" He asked.

"No." She shook her head, keeping her eyes on him. "I'm working at a shop in town. Trying to save up to travel abroad for a bit. See the world before settling on a *normal* life."

"You don't like normal?" Harry asked. "I don't think I've ever heard that around here."

"There's nothing *wrong* with it." She replied. "Just dull. Uni, work, marriage, kids, and then housewife. Not exactly exciting, is it?"

"Not when you put it like that." Harry laughed. "Think about it though. Study what you want at Uni, work at a job you enjoy, marry someone you love, and then start a family. Just because it's normal doesn't mean you have to make it boring. Having a degree is more important than what you studied these days, right?"

Emily looked at him again. She took in his second-hand clothes, the scars she could see, and how thin he was. His hair was naturally messy in a way that people tried to emulate, and his smile came easy.

"You're nice." She said after a moment.

"Thanks." He smiled. "We just met, but I think you're nice too. Am I not supposed to be?"

"Rumor is you're a delinquent and are shipped off to a boarding school each year." Emily studied him, making sure she kept her distance in case he lunged at her.

Harry thought for a moment. He could correct her, but that would be more trouble than it was worth. Sure, it would make his relatives look bad for lying. It was just nice to be something other than The Boy Who Lived for once.

"I have problems with authority." Harry shrugged. "Not all of it, just the idiots who think they know what's best for everyone."

"I guess that makes sense." Her posture relaxed after a moment. "So, you're just misunderstood?"

Harry laughed. "I didn't say that."

"Really?" Something changed in her eyes. "What have you done?"

He thought back to his years at Hogwarts. Some things needed to be adjusted, for Muggle purposes, and he didn't think telling people he killed a professor was a good idea.

"In my first year I broke into trophy room and stole a rare gem." Harry paused. "Well, I stole it so that this one fuck-nut who wanted to sell it to this Hitler wanna-be."

"You gave it back then?" She asked.

"It could easily buy every house in the neighborhood." Harry shrugged. "That's not something you can just steal and walk away from, and I don't want to know what prison is like. I put it back after I made sure the other guy was caught."

"That's kind of noble." Emily led him up the walkway to her house. She gave him a shy smile. "Do you want to come in?"

"I'd like that." His smile had a slight predatory edge to it. "Not so much noble as I couldn't get away with it. People will make a fuss about picking pockets but steal something that is valuable and the wrong type of folk start paying attention."

"You're making me rethink that invitation, Mister Gangster." She opened the door and led him inside.

"I can see that." He laughed as she shut the door and locked it.

"Anything else?"

"Second year." Harry tried to figure out how to word it. "These people were getting attacked all over the campus. Some of them just happened to be people that I didn't get along with. On top of that, I happen to be skilled in the way they were getting hurt."

"Were you the one?" She asked.

Emily directed him to the kitchen. She took the groceries from him and began to put them away.

"No." Harry shook his head. "Found out who was and took care of it. He was using this poor local girl to run interference for him. I followed her and then..." He paused. "We had words."

"You had words?" She giggled.

"He was a posh sixth year who tried to get his pet snake to attack me." Harry showed her his forearm. "That's where it bit me."

"That's a pretty big bite mark." She leaned forward to examine the jagged oval.

"It was a big snake." Harry deadpanned. "That and I had to pull it off while trying to avoid him."

"Then what happened?" She hopped up on the counter and let her feet dangle.

"The snake ran off... slithered off, once I tossed it." Harry leaned against the counter near her legs. "Then we had a little scuffle. I won."

"You beat up a sixth year when you were in your second year?" Emily scoffed.

"I'm little but I'm wiry." Harry gave her a cheesy smile. "That and he was a posh pretty-boy who talked a big game and made his way on threats."

"Something to drink?" She asked, hopping off the counter.

Emily bent over as she opened the fridge, letting him get a nice look at her shapely ass. Harry felt that jolt of energy again. Maybe it was just teenage hormones?

"A glass of cold water would be amazing." Harry tilted his head to the side to properly enjoy the view.

She looked over her shoulder and smiled at him. Emily discreetly wiggled her bum as she stood. The cool air from the fridge made her nipples noticeable through her shirt. Harry hoped that she had done that on purpose.

"Lemonade, ok?" She asked, holding up a pitcher.

"That works." He nodded.

She set the pitcher on the counter and walked over to him. He made no move to get out of the way as she stretched to the cabinet above him. Her body pressed against his. Harry grabbed her hips as she went up onto her tiptoes.

Emily spun around and set the two glasses on the counter next to the pitcher. Harry stepped closer to her, placing his hands on her hips again, and pulling her against him.

"What else?" She asked.

"Third year was pretty boring." Harry shrugged. "Smuggled out an animal that was going to be put down because some rich kid got bit on purpose. Got attacked by a professor and helped an escaped convict avoid arrest."

"What?" She spun to face him. Her red face was from more than the sudden news.

Harry took a moment to savor the feeling of her body pressed against her.

"It was all over the news. Sirius Black was an escaped prisoner charged with murder. Turns out he is my godfather." Harry shrugged. "And innocent."

"I would have led with that." She chuckled.

"Tried to tell the authorities, but they wouldn't listen." Harry rolled his eyes. "Big shock there. Helped him escape. He's still on the run but drops me letters when he can."

"That's brave of him." She said as she not-so-discretely ground her pelvis into him.

"Yeah." Harry smiled. "He's great."

"What about fourth year?" She asked.

"Last year..." Harry ran the events of the past twelve months through his mind.

"Last year?" She yelled. "How old are you?"

"Fifteen." Harry replied casually.

"I'm grinding on a fifteen-year-old." She shook her head. "I was going to shag you."

"I wouldn't say no." Harry grinned at her.

"You're a bit young for that." She giggled.

"Shame." He sighed.

"I can't sleep with you. You're fifteen." She countered. "A blowjob will have to do."

Harry laughed.

4.

Harry stopped laughing as Emily dropped to her knees before him. She had his pants down and out of the way in a matter of moments. Her dexterous fingers began to caress his shaft and sack. She wrapped a hand around his hardening member to speed it along.

"My, my." She cooed as she stroked him to full arousal. "Impressive."

"Thanks." Harry panted. "Grew it myself."

Emily kissed the tip of his cock, making his mouth snap shut.

"First time?" She smiled at him.

"First blowjob." Harry nodded.

"You need to get some tighter pants." Emily kissed along his shaft between words. "It's a crime to keep this hidden."

"Didn't realize it was anything special." Harry gripped the counter for support.

"I've seen bigger." She swirled her tongue around the brim of his cockhead. "On older guys, and they were proud of what they had. You're nice and thick. Pretty too."

"I..." He tried to form words, but it was hard to concentrate. "I did...didn't know that dicks could be pretty."

Emily looked up at him. She waited until their eyes met before taking him into her mouth. Harry moaned as she bobbed. Each time she went a little deeper but didn't make it all the way down. She backed off, taking a break to breath. Her hands kept busy, stroking him to keep him hard.

"Never got the hang of deepthroating." Emily sighed. "Thank you for not grabbing my head. You can play with my hair if you'd like."

"If I do that then I'm going to grab your head." Harry growled.

"Well." She dropped her hands, leaving his cock pointing out between them. "The floor isn't comfortable."

He watched as she stood up.

"Oh." Harry blinked a few times at the sudden change.

His brain was taking its time switching from 'horny' to 'functional'. Emily walked out of the kitchen. Harry realized then that he was alone in a strange house with his cock out. He hurried to pull up his pants. Harry looked around once he tucked his still-hard member away from the zipper. He hadn't been paying much attention to the layout of the house, but it was close enough to Number Four.

"Are you coming?" A voice called from upstairs.

"What?"

Harry looked up to see a completely nude Emily waiting for him. His mouth dropped open as he stared at her. He stared at her, trying to commit every inch of her to memory. She had a trimmed patch of dark blonde pubic hair. Her breasts were bigger than he thought, and her nipples were a wonderful shade of pink. It was his new favorite color.

"Better hurry before I lose my nerve." She smiled evilly at him.

Harry rushed up the stairs. She opened her arms as he approached, waiting. Emily giggled as they collided. She slipped to the side, pulling him along to her room. Harry soon found himself on his back in the middle of her bed. She straddled him, capturing his shaft between her lower lips. Her arousal allowed her to glide along his length with ease. She cooed and ground into him each time the head of his cock brushed her clit.

Emily reached between them, angling his member as she rocked forward. They both moaned as his cock slipped into her. The two of them stayed like that for a moment, savoring the feeling.

"So thick." She moaned, starting to grind against him.

"You..." His brain didn't supply any more words.

One of his hands gripped her hip while the other found her breast. He caressed her nipple with the pad of this thumb, before rolling it between his fingers. She moaned and leaned into his hand.

"Gorgeous." Harry managed to say.

In response, she picked up speed, grinding back and forth as she rode him. Harry pulled her down into a kiss. The new angle allowed more room to thrust, which he took full advantage of. She moaned into his mouth, meeting each movement with her own.

Harry found his new favorite song. Her moans and the sound of their bodies clapping together. Emily's voice would get higher as he shifted his other hand to her untouched breast. She placed a series of quick kisses along his jaw and down his neck. Harry groaned as he felt her teeth against his skin.

Her pace increased. Words were exchanged for grunts and moans. She pounded down into him, her hips moving as fast as she could. Harry thrust up to meet each downward motion. Emily leaned back; her eyes closed tight as her cunt fluttered around him.

"Cumming. Oh, fuck. I'm cumming." She screamed.

It was too much. Harry groaned. His hands shifted to her hips. He lifted her up a few inches and held her there as he slammed into her as fast and as hard as he could.

"Close." He grunted. "Where?"

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck." She said helpfully.

Harry let go of her hips, letting gravity guide his cock as deep as it could. He pulled her down into a kiss as he started to release inside of her. She started shaking as pulse after pulse began to fill her.

"Fuck." She drew the word out.

"Yeah." Harry agreed.

Emily rested atop in. Enjoying the sensation of being filled with his cum. Her eyes drifted closed as she felt her entire body relax. His cock slowly started to deflate inside her. After a moment it slipped out, followed by a dribble of cum.

She sighed and patted his chest. "It was nice to meet you, Harry."

"It was nice to meet you too, Emily." Harry chuckled.

After a moment her eyes snapped open. She sat up, looking from his cum covered cock to her leaking pussy.

"Oh shit." She gasped. "Oh shit."

"What?" Harry sat up as well.

"You came in me." She motioned to the space between them.

"Yeah." Harry nodded. "I asked you where you wanted it."

"Fuck." Emily dropped back into the bed. "You fucked me too good."

"Thanks?" Harry said after a moment.

"You do realize what happens when you cum in a girl, right?" She glared up at him. "There was sex education on your school?"

"Now that you mention it, no." Harry cocked his head to the side. "You'd think there would be." He waved the thought away. "Yes. I know what happens."

He paused.

"Oh." Harry looked down at the substantial amount of cum between her legs. "Fuck."

"Yes, fuck." She shook her head.

"It's not for certain." Harry offered.

"Getting knocked up by a fifteen-year-old was not part of my plans." Emily groaned.

"We don't know if you're knocked up." Harry pulled her into a hug.

She rested her head on his shoulder. "We'll know in a couple of weeks."

"I won't be here by then." Harry said slowly. "I have a court date in a few days. After that I will probably be gone until next summer."

"How do I get in touch with you then?" She looked at him, a slight panic was settling in her voice.

"We're not allowed phone calls." Harry whispered. "I can figure something out. There are secret passages all over the place that the staff don't know about."

"Secret passages?" She raised her eyebrows.

"It's in an old castle in Scotland." Harry rolled his eyes. "A couple of guys I know make a killing each year smuggling in booze and stuff. They showed me a few ways to get out."

"So, you'll sneak out of this castle and call me?" Emily scoffed. "I thought the prince was supposed to rescue the damsel from the castle."

"I'm no prince." He gave her his best roguish smile.

"Don't give me that smile." She smiled at him. "I don't want to jump you again."

"This smile?" He looked into her eyes and gave her another.

Emily giggled.

"You can write me." Harry said after a moment.

"That's a lot slower than a phone call." She sighed.

Harry took a deep breath. He was already in trouble with the Ministry.

"Give the letter to Mrs. Figg." Harry explained. "She knows how to get in touch with me."

"Mrs. Figg? The strange lady at the end of the street?" Emily stared at him flatly. "You're going to have to get more creative if you're trying to get rid of me."

"Turns out she knows the headmaster at the school." Harry shrugged. "She can get a letter to me fast."

"Fine." She took a breath and let it out. "I'll send you a letter if something comes up."

"You can send one either way." Harry bumped her shoulder with his.

Emily looked him over. The hunger was starting to build in her eyes again.

"Get your pants on and go home." She laughed. "One load of your cum is enough for today."

"There are other options." Harry leaned in, placing a lingering kiss on her neck.

"Tempting." She moaned. "But I have other things to do today."

"I'll be in the neighborhood for a few more days at least." Harry slipped out of bed. "I would love to spend some more time with you."

"I'm sure you would." She flopped back onto her bed.

Harry took a moment to appreciate the view.

"We'll see." Emily said after a moment. "I do have a job, you know."

"I didn't." Harry countered as he found his shirt. "Where?"

"Café down by the bank." She answered by propping herself up on her elbows.

"I might start drinking coffee then." Harry winked at her.

"Out of here, lover-boy." Emily shook her head.

Harry finished getting dressed. He moved to the bed and gave her a long, hungry kiss. She was quick to return the passion.

"It was nice meeting you, Emily." Harry whispered, keeping his forehead pressed against hers.

"You said that already." She whispered back.

She gave him a quick peck on the lips. For some reason that made him blush. He felt all the confidence drain out of his body and was reduced to little kid with a schoolyard crush. Harry turned away, trying to hide his sudden shyness. He gave her a small wave before stepping out of her room.

Harry felt much better. The energy building inside of him was still there, but it felt more manageable. He would have loved someone to talk to, but that would require people to actually trust him. Harry shook off that train of thought. He wasn't going to let that get to him right now. Right now, he would focus on the positive. Since last night he had lost his virginity and had sex with two women. That was pretty damn awesome.

5.

Harry had a wide smile as he walked along the street. It was a short trip to town. He could feel the energy building in his chest again. At that moment his hunger was more pressing. He wasn't quite sure what was going on. Harry didn't think he was bad looking, but he doubted he could seduce two older women. Arabella kind of made sense. Life or death situations brought out the horniness in people. Emily though, seemed interested in his 'delinquent' image. Still, that didn't explain the surprise sex.

The only thing that had changed recently was the dementor attack. Whatever happened to them had to be the cause. It wasn't until then that he felt the energy building. Did that have to do with him being lucky with women? He needed to know more before he could make an educated guess.

Harry paused. Where the hell had that come from?

His mind was clearer too. It was like a fog had been lifted. The Scientific Method. Observation, Hypothesis, Experimentation, and Conclusion. He could remember Mr. Swope teaching that in science class when he was ten. It was five years ago, and he could picture that weird green sweater then man liked to wear.

"Observation." He said to himself. "Something has changed. Hypothesis. The dementor sucking out my soul caused it. Experiment. How the hell do I experiment? I can't exactly track down a dementor expert if one even exists."

Harry continued to walk for a bit longer.

"New hypothesis." Harry continued. "This change has increased my influence on women. Experiment. Talk to a woman who doesn't know me at all."

Further experiments would have to wait until after he had some food. Harry walked into the town proper. He saw a familiar golden M and headed for it. Harry hadn't ever had McDonalds. He'd seen commercials and heard Dudley brag about it, but that was it.

Harry stepped into the lobby. He took a moment to enjoy the rush of cold air and the smell of fresh food that came with it. Hermione would probably scold him for being here. That would mean she'd actually have to talk to him to find out though. He shook the sour thought away. There were more important things to focus on. Like the cute girl at the register.

She wore a red polo shirt with black slacks, like the rest of the workers. Her black hair was pulled back into a ponytail allowing him to see her full face. She had caramel colored skin and brown eyes. Her expression was one of tired boredom.

A fake smile slid into place as he approached the counter. Her nametag said Candice.

"What can I get for you today?" She asked.

"I've never been here before." Harry leaned in and spoke softly. "Do you recommend anything?"

"Seriously?" She looked him over. "I've heard better lines."

Harry laughed. "I don't doubt that. Honestly though, never been here."

Candice studied him for a second. She shrugged.

"The nuggets are good when they're fresh." She said. "The quarter-pounder is always a bit dry, even with sauce, and the Big Mac is just a burger with Thousand Island."

"So, you're telling me I should try the Chinese place down the way?" Harry gave her a smile.

"Good call." She nodded. "If you're not in a rush."

"I've got plenty of time today." Harry stepped away from the counter. He paused. "Would you like to join me?"

"So, it was a line?" She arched an eyebrow at him.

"No." Harry shook his head. "If lips had names, yours would be Honey. That's a line. I am asking if you would like to join me for lunch."

Harry did his best to hide the surprise with his own words. He had never been confident when talking to girls, but he could get used to this.

Candice tapped her chin in thought. "I get off in half an hour. I'll think about joining you."

"I'll think about waiting." He shot her the smile that Emily had warned him about. "I'm Harry, by the way."

"Candy." She replied. "I like egg rolls."

Harry waved at her as he left. The energy wasn't causing any extra pressure. He felt mostly normal, aside from the boost in confidence. The fact that he had sex with a hot girl a couple of hours ago could have helped with that. There were too many variables to get an answer. Screw the experiment, he just asked a girl on a date. She hadn't said yes, but she hadn't said no either.

He made it to the Chinese place. An older woman stood behind a long counter and watched him approach. Harry found it a little funny that the woman was white. A quick look into the dining room beyond showed that there wasn't anyone of Chinese descent among them.

"Table for one?" She asked.

"Possibly two." Harry smiled at her.

"It's a thirty-minute wait." The woman motioned to a small seating area tucked off to the side.

There were a couple of groups of people waiting.

"That works for me." He nodded.

"Name?" She asked.

"Harry." He replied.

Harry walked over to join the others. He noticed the person closest to him sniff the air. The guy shifted a step away from him. Harry realized that he probably smelled like sex. His wand was in his room, even

then he couldn't cast any cleaning charms in public. A quick chill ran from the top of his head down to his feet. The smell around him disappeared and the steady increase of pressure eased for a moment.

It didn't take a genius to see the connection. The pressure was linked to his magic. It seemed that he was tapping into it without even realizing it. He wondered if he could actually use it. Guide the magic like he did with his wand.

Harry looked around the room for something to try. He couldn't cast *Lumos* in a crowded room. The next spell that came to mind was levitation. He would need to be careful. A bowl of individually wrapped mints caught his eye. It sat on the counter near the cash register.

He focused on it. In his mind he recreated the swish and flick motion. The bowl wobbled as it lifted a few inches into the air. He could feel the pressure relax a bit more. Harry stopped the spell, making the bowl clatter loudly against the counter. That was easier than when he used his wand. That was a bit of a relief. If the ministry decided to snap his wand, he could still do magic.

Everyone in the lobby stared at the bowl. The people nearby whispered. No one looked at him. He thought for a moment a letter was going to appear charging him with using magic around muggles. Nothing happened. It seemed they couldn't trace wandless magic. That begged the question of how they knew he used it last night.

Harry knew he should be careful. People had already noticed the bowl. If he kept it up, then they were sure to get freaked out. Though, if that happened, he might get a table faster. Plus, the levitation charm was one of the weaker spells out there.

He needed to do something that wasn't as obvious. Harry thought for a moment, running through his limited selection of spells. He needed something on the complicated side of things. *Geminio* would work. The duplication charm required a good amount of energy and focus. Now he just needed to find something to use it on.

Harry found his target when he saw a stack of take-out menus. The texture of the paper, the complexity of the text, and getting the tri-fold right was the perfect challenge.

He focused on the top one, casting the spell silently. The pile of menus toppled over as another stack materialized atop the current one. He barely felt the pressure now. The more complex the spell, the more the pressure relaxed. It was his magic that was causing it. Something was making it build up and he needed to find release.

If he paid attention to the pressure, then it shouldn't be a problem. His magic was building up at a slow, steady pace. He could find little ways to release it before it got to be too much.

Harry chuckled quietly. His life was a strange one, even for a wizard.

"You waited for me?"

His thoughts were interrupted by a familiar voice. He turned to see Candy standing nearby. She had swapped out her work shirt for a bright blue tank top. His mouth went dry as he looked her over. The black strap of her bra caught his attention, drawing his eyes to trace her graceful neck before dropping lower to her shapely breasts.

"Whoever designed that uniform should be arrested." Harry said with a smile.

"They could share a cell with whoever got you those clothes." Candy shot back.

"Harry. Party of two." A waitress said from the entry to the dining area.

"Perfect timing." Harry stood and offered his hand.

Candy looked at it and smiled. She took it before they followed the waitress to a small table tucked in the back. Harry pulled out her seat. She gave him an amused smile before sitting.

"So..." She studied him as they sat. "Have you been here before?"

Harry shook his head. "I've only seen it in passing."

"Two new places for you." Candy arched an eyebrow. "You don't get out much?"

"I'm only here for a couple of months a year." Harry replied. "I go to a boarding school."

"And you dress like that?" She asked, leaning back in her chair.

Harry shrugged. "I could do with some fresh clothes. It didn't feel worth the time since I have to wear a uniform when I'm at school."

"Do you have any plans for today?" She asked.

Harry shook his head.

Their conversation was interrupted as a waitress appeared. She took their orders with the tired efficiency that came with a long shift.

"I can take you shopping if you've got the cash." She leaned forward, giving him a glimpse of her cleavage.

Harry pulled his money from his pocket. He counted it out then slipped it back into his pocket. "Three hundred and seven pounds."

"And you just walk around with that?" Candy shook her head.

"Not usually." Harry confessed. "I've been stashing money for a bit."

"Why did you stop?" She asked.

Harry sighed. "That is a very long story I don't want to start."

"Fair enough." Candy studied him. "What stories do you want to tell?"

"How about your story?" Harry leaned forward. "Do you live around here?"

"My family has a place in town. You?" She asked.

"Privet Drive." Harry replied.

"Ew."

"I know." Harry chuckled. "Brothers and sisters?"

"One younger brother." She answered. "Mom did a runner when he was two. It's just me, my dad, and him. He's finally old enough to be on his own. What about you?"

"I'm old enough to be on my own." Harry said with a grin.

"Smart ass." Candy laughed.

"Only child." Harry said after a moment. "What's your brother's name?"

"Tim." She smiled for a brief moment when she said it.

"How old is he?" He asked.

"Ten." She replied. "What do your parents do for a living?"

Harry's face dropped. "What does your dad do?"

Candy studied him. She took in his second-hand clothes, the casual tension in his posture, and the way his eyes scanned the area every so often.

"Hm." She tapped the edge of her glass.

"I live with relatives." Harry added. "Another story I'd rather not start."

"Seems to be a theme with you." She took a sip of her drink. "My dad is an accountant in a firm. Why don't you want to talk about things?"

Harry sighed. "I've got a reputation in the neighborhood. I was hoping to get to know someone without it hanging over my head."

She put down her glass. "Should I be worried?"

"What's that line?" Harry scrunched up his face in thought. "Ask a person if they're evil. If they say no, then you know they are."

"That doesn't fill me with confidence." She subtly scooted away from him.

Harry sighed. "Have you heard of Dudley Dursley?"

"Ponce who thinks he's a gangster." Candy nodded. "He comes in a few times a week acting tough."

"He is my cousin." Harry leaned forward, resting on his elbows. "His parents think he walks on water so anything that goes wrong is my fault. They spread that around and suddenly every thinks I'm trouble."

"That can't be all." She stirred her drink with her straw.

"Trouble has a way of finding me." Harry admitted.

"Hiding it doesn't make me want to hang out with you." Candy took another sip, holding eye contact with him.

"Sorry." Harry let out a long sigh. "The last girl I talked to was really interested in me being the 'bad boy' type. It didn't last long once she realized I wasn't trouble."

"Ah." Candy nodded. "I'm not looking for trouble."

The conversation stopped as the food arrived. Candy walked him through the various dishes. Harry paid for the tab with a good tip, and they stayed at the table to settle their stomachs.

"That was good." Harry sighed. "I'm going to have to come here again."

"They don't have anything like this at your boarding school?" Candy asked.

"It's in Scotland." Harry laughed. "I doubt they know what sweet and sour chicken is."

"Scotland? Fancy." Candy inclined her head a touch.

"It's in a castle too." Harry smiled at her.

"Oh?"

"Complete with hidden passages and old stonework that can't keep the cold out." Harry added. "It's not as fancy as it sounds. My parents went there, mom was a scholarship student. They set one up for me when I got old enough."

"Sounds fancy enough to me." Candy replied.

"The view is amazing." Harry nodded. "It looks like something out of a fairy tale. On the outside. Once you're inside you realize that there's a reason people don't live in castles anymore. There are staircases that you have to avoid, corridors that haven't been used in years for good reason, and they found a snake's nest in one of the bathrooms. It had been there for a while. We're also in the middle of nowhere. There's one village nearby and there isn't even a streetlight, let alone a phone. "

Candy laughed.

"Ready to go shopping?" She asked.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked.

"I'm a good judge of character." Candy stood up and waited for him. "And you desperately need new clothes."

6.

Two hours, three stores, and a significant portion of his cash later Harry was starting to feel the build pressure again. He tried to focus on the feeling. If he could identify the location, maybe he could figure out more about it.

That would have to wait. Candy had been a knowledgeable and energetic shopping assistant. So far, he had three new pairs of jeans, a new set of sneakers, five casual shirts, and a couple pairs of slacks and nice shirts to pair with them.

Harry had no idea there were so many clothing stores nearby.

"One last stop, then we can toss those clothes in the trash where they belong." Candy said, leading him into a store that had more of a casual collection.

"I already have jeans." Harry said as he followed her farther in.

"But you don't have these." Candy stopped in front of a display with various style of underwear.

She turned around and looked him over. Harry knew what she was doing now. She was sizing him up, putting together what she knew about him and adjusting a selection of clothing to match. Candy hadn't led him wrong yet.

"Boxers are good, but if it's as cold as you say, boxer briefs are better." Candy plucked a couple of them from the rack. "They don't usually let you try those on. We'll have to buy them, but we need to get the right size. The changing room is over there. I'll grab you some socks now that I know your shoe size."

Harry sighed, taking the offered clothes before heading into the changing room. It was more of a booth with a small bench and a curtain for a door. He had seen a few variations of them in the last hour. Yet again, he stripped down to his underwear. The ones he was wearing were tighty-whities that were a few sizes too big, just like the rest of his outfit. He yelped in shock as a package of socks sailed over the closed curtain. A moment later Candy's quick hands pulled the discarded clothes out of the stall.

"Hey." Harry poked his head out. "What am I supposed to wear?"

Candy dug through the bags of clothes. She placed a complete outfit on a chair nearby.

"Fresh clothes, all the way down." She gave him a hard look.

"Fine." Harry huffed.

He untied the knot on the waistband, dropping the tighty-whities to the floor. Candy pulled them out as soon as they cleared his feet.

"Holy shit!" She gasped. "How did you keep these up?"

"I cut the stretchy band and turned it into a cord to tighten them." Harry explained.

He looked between the two new boxers. One was a size medium and the other was a small. Harry was a little annoyed. He knew he would never be as tall as Ron or something more solid like Goyle. His nimble build was great for being a Seeker. It just didn't do much for his confidence.

Harry shook the thought away. Regardless, he had gotten laid a couple of times in the last twenty-four hours. That had to say something.

"Are you done?" Candy asked, poking her head in.

Harry turned to face her. "What are you doing?"

Candy took in his body, trailing down his torso before stopping below his waist.

"Uh." She blinked a couple of times. "You're naked."

"Yes." Harry nodded. He held up the two sizes of boxer-briefs. "I was trying to decide which to try on first."

Harry chuckled as she retreated. He squeaked in shock as she popped back, this time stepping completely into the changing room.

"Well." She motioned to the underwear he was holding. "Let's see."

It was his turn to pause. He shook his head and slipped on the size small. They were much too tight. Cindy seemed to notice as well. Harry had to shimmy out of them.

"Here." Cindy hunched over then grabbed the bottom of the fabric that was hugging his legs. She stretched them out, popping the seams. "Is that better?"

Harry couldn't help but notice that she hadn't moved away. In this position she was almost touching him. He could feel her breath on his lower stomach. The angle also gave a wonderful view of her cleavage. His cock throbbed in time with his heartbeat, growing harder with each pulse.

"Oh." Cindy looked down.

The tip of his dick was almost touching her cheek. She straightened up. In the tight space there wasn't much room to move which meant she was still close enough to feel his body heat. Her hand reached out, stopping short of touching his hardness.

"Um." She blushed. "This was not the plan."

"What was the plan?" Harry asked as he reached out for her.

He trailed the ghost of a touch along her neck, not making contact but close enough to feel. Candy gasped, leaning into his hand. Her skin was soft and smooth against his fingertips.

"Have lunch." She whispered. "Get to know you. Maybe, give you my number."

"Seeing me naked changed all that?" Harry shifted his touch, subtly angling her mouth toward his.

"It didn't hurt." She giggled. "You are just too damn sweet. You pulled out the chair for me like it was the obvious thing to do, not like you were trying to impress me. Don't think I didn't notice you slipping that blouse onto the counter in the last store."

"Maybe liked the pattern." Harry gave her a small grin.

"It had nothing to do with me saying it was pretty?" She scoffed. "You answered all my questions, listened to me, took my advice, and those eyes. Damn, I could stare into your eyes for hours."

Candy stole a quick kiss. Harry returned the favor. Soon their kisses grew deeper. Harry paused when the flat of her hands found his chest. He looked into her eyes, waiting to see if she would push him away. One hand snaked around his back and the other pulled him closer for a long kiss.

They broke apart, both breathing hard. She looked down at his member as it was pressed against her stomach. Her hand disappeared from his back. Candy circled the head of his cock with her fingers before stroking his length. Harry leaned his head back and groaned.

"This isn't your first time." She stated.

Harry shook his head. He captured her lips to stifle his moans.

"Do you have protection?" Candy asked.

"No." He breathed.

"I can't get pregnant." She said, continuing to stroke him steadily. "Do you hear me? You're sweet but if you knock me up, I will kill you."

"Don't think you can get pregnant from a hand job." Harry managed a small laugh.

Her hand stopped stroking him. He let out a small sound somewhere between a groan and a whine. Candy dropped her pants, she turned around, bracing herself against the wall. She looked over her shoulder at him. Harry took a moment to appreciate the wonderful sight of her tight ass.

Harry dropped to his knees. He spread her cheeks and began to lick her with fast, long strokes. Candy yelped in shock as he concentrated on her tight asshole. She bucked as she felt him begin to stroke her pussy with his hand. His fingers explored her lips, spreading her wetness along her slit. She covered her mouth with her hands as he began to slide a finger into her cunt.

"Just to let you know." Harry said, momentarily pausing his assault on her ass. "If I do put a baby in you. I'm rich."

Candy just nodded. Her mind was swimming in pleasure.

"Like, stupid rich." Harry slipped a thoroughly soaked finger into her ass. "Buy you a car with a matching house, rich. In a neighborhood filled with all the women I've knocked up, rich."

"Fuuuuck." She moaned.

Harry slid another finger into her ass, slowly stretching it. His other hand found her clit and began to work it in time with the first. She reached back, grasping a handful of his hair and pulling his face back between her legs.

He shifted his fingers, renewing his attack on her puckered hole. Candy screamed into her hands. Her body jerked, pushing her ass harder against his face. Harry slowed but kept on licking and finger fucking her through her orgasm. Candy leaned against the wall for support once her body calmed down. Harry stood, pressing himself against her back. He tapped the head of his cock on her tailbone.

"Or I could just fuck you in the ass." He growled.

Harry gripped her hips, tilting her back towards him. He pressed the crown of his cock against her slippery rosebud.

"Go slow." She breathed.

They moaned in unison as Harry pushed forward. He let her adjust before moving a little more. Her breath came in short, rapid bursts as he pushed deeper into her. She opened and closed her mouth, but no words came out.

"FUCK." She finally managed to say.

Harry felt her ass rest against him. "Yeah."

He kissed her shoulder and along her neck. Candy shivered under his touch. Each kiss sent a bolt of pleasure through her body. She could feel his heartbeat as his cock throbbed. A sound like a hiccup escaped her lips as he pulled back.

His hand left her hips. One worked under her shirt, seeking out her breasts. The other slid between her legs, gently stroking her clit. She couldn't help it. Her head leaned back, resting against him, and she let out a loud moan. His questing hand lifted her bra out of the way and began to roll one of her hard nipples between his deft fingers.

Harry kept his pace slow and steady as he drove her to another orgasm. He bit down on her shoulder. The contact sent her over the edge. Her body shook against him. Harry began to piston into her faster. Pushing her to cum over and again.

Harry pressed his lips against the crook of her neck. Muffling his own yell as he let loose inside of her. Candy jolted against him as rope after rope filled her up. Harry leaned into her, pressing her against the wall as he felt his strength begin to fade.

They were both covered in sweat and breathing hard. Harry carefully pulled out of her, allowing a stream of cum to escape down her legs.

"Next time that will be in your pussy." Harry whispered in her ear.

Candy shuddered. She nodded in silent agreement. "We... we should get dressed."

Harry picked up the discarded boxer-briefs. He used them to clean up the streaks of cum dripping down her legs. Candy giggled.

"I have to buy them already." Harry smiled at her.

He got dressed in the outfit that she had picked out for him. Socks and underwear included. They stepped out of the dressing room to see a rather annoyed-looking salesclerk. Harry grabbed a stack of size medium as they walked back to the counter. The clerk glared at him.

"Did you find everything you needed?" The clerk asked.

He set all of his cash next to them.

"For the trouble." Harry slid it over to the clerk.

The clerk looked down at the cash. They silently counted out the money before turning their attention back to Harry. The clerk gave him a bright smile.

"Come back anytime." The clerk said.

Harry carried the bags as Cindy walked unsteadily down the street. She leaned up against him every few steps. Her cheeks heated up every time she looked at him. They came to a stop in the front of a small housing complex.

"This is me." She said softly.

Harry took the blue blouse out from one of the bags. "I got this as a thank you for helping me today."

"It's nice." Candy held it but didn't look at him.

"It was nice meeting you." Harry set down his bags.

He held his arms out for a hug. She stepped up, wrapping her arms around him tightly.

"When will I see you again?" Candy whispered.

"I'm heading back to school in a couple of days." Harry stroked her back as he spoke. "There's a lady in my neighborhood. Her name is Mrs. Figg. She knows how to get letters to me faster than normal. I'd like it if you could write to me this year."

She nodded. "Why are you heading back so soon?"

Harry stepped back, rubbing the back of his neck. "I kind of have a court date that I have to make and then I'm leaving from there."

"I thought you said you weren't trouble." She shot him a hard look.

"Trouble has a way of finding me." Harry gave her a shy smile. "It's not a big deal. Worst case scenario, I'm back in town a lot sooner than I thought."

Candy arched an eyebrow at him.

"Boarding school would kick me out if I have a criminal record." Harry explained.

"That sounds like a big deal." She replied.

"I can get private tutors. Or move to another country." Harry leaned in, dropping his voice low so only she could hear. "I don't know if you heard me while my cock was in your ass. I'm rich."

Candy hit him on the shoulder. "Guys say a lot of things in the heat of the moment."

Harry stole a quick kiss. "Thank you for taking me shopping."

7.

Harry felt wonderful as he walked back to Privet Drive. There wasn't the slightest bit of building pressure, and he was in an amazing mood. Not even his relatives could bother him. He practically skipped up the stairs and loaded his new clothes into his trunk. Petunia, Vernon, and Dudley didn't pay him any more attention than this morning. It seemed like the three of them had gotten together and agreed to pretend he didn't exist. Harry was more than happy with this development.

He headed back out once his things were put away. Just like this morning, his first stop was Mrs. Figg. He knocked on the door and waited. The woman opened it this time, but still kept her distance. Harry took in her muggle disguise. Her curlers and pajama combo did a good job of hiding her figure.

"Arabella." Harry said smoothly.

She shuddered.

"I have a favor to ask." Harry continued. "I've made a couple of friends recently. They may want to contact me over the school year. I told them they can drop the letters off with you." He leaned closer. "If that's an issue, I'm sure we can come to some sort of arrangement."

She gulped. "No problem at all Harry."

"Thank you, Arabella." Harry replied. "I could make you dinner tonight if you'd like."

Arabella Figg drank the sight of him. She wasn't a teenager anymore. Her body didn't seem to know that right now. She managed to shake her head.

"I had a lovely time, Harry." She said. "I'm just not sure we should continue."

Harry let out a small sigh and nodded. "You know where I am if you change your mind."

With that completed he headed back to his room. He watched Hedwig sleep for a few minutes. He wondered how Emily and Candy would react to mail delivered by owl. Was there a way to deliver it via muggle mail? He needed to ask about that.

Harry sat at his desk. He pulled out a couple of pieces of parchment. Harry wrote a quick message to Hermione; he decided not to tell her about the dementor attack. She hadn't told him anything important this summer, so it felt silly to tell her something that big. He did mention his shopping trip and trying Chinese for the first time. Harry left out the part about the building pressure that seemed attached to his magic. If they were going to leave him isolated for the entire summer, then he was going to solve this on his own.

Once he was finished with that, he wrote a message to Ron about the girls that he had met. He did not mention that he had sex with them, just that they were attractive, and he flirted with them. He also told him about the Chinese food and told him they desperately needed to get some at Hogwarts.

After that he wrote a long message to Sirius. He told him about the girls and what had happened to them. Harry didn't go into details, but it felt nice to be able to tell someone.

All three letters were casual, not a hint of the bigger issues at hand. If someone other than his friends and his godfather were to read them, and he was pretty sure someone would, there wasn't anything to be learned. Now that he thought about it, they were probably doing the same thing.

Harry sat back and thought about that. There was obviously something going on that they weren't telling him. Instead of taking him somewhere safe, they had left him with his relatives. Even a simple message like 'important stuff happening, not safe to talk about it' would have been nice. At least then he'd know that they weren't ignoring him.

The entire situation could have been avoided if they had just let him go with Sirius. Harry knew that wasn't possible why his godfather was a wanted man. The Weasleys were an option though. He could have spent the summer with them. Hell, he would have gladly paid for room and board too. If Dumbledore was so set on him going back to the muggle world, then there was always Hermione. He didn't know her parents all that well, but he'd gladly sleep in a tent in their backyard if required.

Harry took off his glasses and lightly squeezed the bridge of his nose. It was hard to trust anyone in the wizarding world when he thought about it. The ministry had thrown Hagrid in Azkaban without real evidence and Sirius never got a trial. Dumbledore wasn't any better. With all his influence and power, he just let these things happen. He could have at least spoken up in defense of Hagrid. If nothing else, the half-giant should be allowed to have a new wand once they figured out that he wasn't responsible for Myrtle's death all those years ago.

The fact that Dumbledore claimed that Hogwarts was the safest place in the world only to have something happen every year for the last four years was worrisome as well. If the school was so protected, then how did a possessed teacher not set off any alarms? How were multiple students petrified and no one thought to purchase the ingredients elsewhere? Who in their right mind thought that sending an army of soul-sucking monsters to a school was a good idea? What type of person didn't even notice when one of their longtime friends had been replaced?

Now that he thought about it, why didn't Dumbledore stick up for him last year? Clearly there was no way that Harry could have put his own name in the goblet. Instead, the headmaster had let Harry deal with almost the entire school turning against him.

Again.

Harry could understand the Heir to Slytherin thing. Everyone was scared and Harry being able to talk to snakes was just too much of a coincidence. From the outside it was easy to see the reasons. It didn't make the memories hurt any less, but he could understand.

With the goblet, though, it made no sense. He was a middling student; how could he have somehow found a way to cross the age line? Harry flat out stated that he wouldn't put his name in even if he was old enough.

Harry looked at the three letters. Maybe he shouldn't be surprised that Ron wasn't writing to him. He crumpled the letter to Ron and tossed it in the trash.

"Hedwig." Harry called gently.

"Hm?" She replied.

"I have a couple of letters for you once you're awake." Harry said. "I'm going to head downstairs and make you some food before you go."

"Mm-hm." Hedwig settled back to sleep.

Harry went down to the kitchen. He fried some bacon for her and came back to find her wide awake.

"My love." She cooed. "You are a wonderful companion."

"So are you." Harry smiled at her. "I've got two letters for you. One for Hermione and one for Sirius. I hope they're not too far from each other. I've got extra bacon for you once you get back."

Harry held up a piece. She took it and happily ate one.

"It's not a long trip at all." Hedwig snagged another piece while he went to get the letters. "They are in the city together."

Harry froze. "What?"

"The house is one that I can see, but not see." She explained. "It's unclear in my memory. I know where I'm going when I look for them."

"They're in the same house?" Harry asked.

"The red ones as well." Hedwig held out her leg.

Harry absently tied the two letters in place. "Thank you. Fly safe."

"Of course, my love." She bonked his forehead with her own then flew out through the window.

Harry dropped heavily into the chair. Hermione and Sirius were together, in the city. He could be there in an hour or two depending on the traffic. If he took the Night Bus, he'd be there in a matter of minutes. The red ones had to be the Weasleys. They were all together.

Without him.

Thinking about things had tinted his good mood with some frustration. Still, getting laid three times each with a different girl, made the happiness stick around even through it.

They were all together. Safe. While he was discarded again.

Happiness mingled with frustration vanished. Burning anger took its place. Someone had sent Dementors after him while he was surrounded by muggles. If it weren't for some freak accident, he'd be some soulless vegetable right now. Now his magic was going haywire and there was no one who could help him figure things out.

He was going through this alone, and yet his friends, his surrogate family, his godfather, were together.

The rage died down leaving him hollow. He was alone. Harry looked around the shabby room. His eyes drifted until they settled on his trunk. Most likely Hermione would scold him about spending too much money and Ron would get jealous of the new clothes. He hadn't spent enough time with Sirius to know how he would react. Mrs. Weasley would probably try to dress him. Mr. Weasley would ask him about

how the clothes were made. The twins, he wasn't sure about. He wasn't sure if Ginny could even speak to him in full sentences.

Harry pulled himself back up to his feet. He needed to get his mind off things.

8.

The last time he spoke to her Arabella had made it clear she wasn't going to let him in. He didn't think of talking to Candy again since they had ended their date an hour or so ago. It was very tempting to call the Night Bus and hop over to the Leaky. The only thing that stopped him were the notices from the Ministry charging him with some bogus crime. He could see them grabbing him off the street if he went to Diagon Alley. That left him with the muggle area to explore. Dumbledore wanted him to stay put. Too fucking bad for that.

Harry stepped outside. He scanned the street before him. There was supposed to be someone watching him. Was there someone there now? They could be using an invisibility cloak, or a spell he didn't know. It was time to do something stupid.

Harry drew his wand. "Come out now, or I'm calling the Night Bus."

Nothing.

He pointed the wand up. "Lu-"

"Stop, stop, I'm right here." A voice called out from nearby.

The rippling of clothe shifted to expose a young woman. She looked to be in her twenties. Her clothes were the usual wizarding robes if a bit understated. They looked like they would be comfortable to move around in.

"What are you doing?" She asked as she walked closer to him.

Her shoulder length black hair swayed as she walked. Brown eyes with flecks of amber stared at him. She was attractive. Somewhere beyond cute but not beautiful.

"I need someone to talk to." Harry put his wand away.

"Talk to one of your new girlfriends." She rolled her eyes.

"What's your name?" He asked.

"Hestia." She replied.

"Well, Hestia, they are both muggles and I can't talk about magical things with them without someone popping up and wiping their memories." He crossed his arms.

"Fair point." She sighed. "Fine, let's talk."

"I would invite you in, but I hate those people." Harry said unemotionally. "Do you know a place that's not out in the open?"

Hestia grumbled something he couldn't make out. She motioned for him to follow. A short distance later she stopped near a thick red post box. She pressed her wand into a screw on the side. It popped and swung open.

"Come on." Hestia waved him over. "You go first."

Harry hunched over and stepped through. He found himself standing in the doorway of what looked like an office breakroom. There was a couch, a small café style table with a couple of chairs, and a small stove. Along the far wall was a doorway blocked off with a curtain.

Hestia stepped in behind him. She closed the door, tapping it in a pattern he didn't catch. Harry cleared his throat, trying to push the feeling of pressure building to the back of his mind.

"What's this?" Harry waved a hand at the room.

"We have to eat sometime." Hestia shrugged. "Can't have a string of random people using Figg's place to whip up a meal or other things."

Harry crossed over to the couch and flopped down. "This is more comfortable than my bed."

"Those muggles are something else." Hestia sat on the other end of the couch, turning to face him.

"What do you need to talk about?"

"I figured a couple of things out and I needed to talk." Harry said. "My friends aren't writing to me. When they do, they don't tell me anything. I wrote them today and returned the favor. Not telling them everything, that is. I didn't want someone reading it and finding out something private. That made me think that they are doing the same thing."

Hestia nodded. "Solid logic."

"Thank you." Harry gave her a short smile. "I can understand that. It's annoying, but I understand. Then I found out that my friends are all together. Not only that, but they're close."

"How did you find that out?" She tensed.

"Magic." Harry rolled his eyes. "You knew?"

Hestia nodded.

"Everyone knows what's going on except for me." Harry leaned backwards, setting his head against the back of the couch, and looking up at the ceiling. "I got attacked by dementors for fucks sake and the only person here who knew what was going on was Arabella."

"You were attacked by dementors!?" Hestia yelled.

"Two of them." Harry held up two fingers and wiggled them. "They came after me and my cousin."

"What happened?"

"One of them kissed me and then they exploded." Harry shrugged.

"No one has ever been kissed by a dementor and lived." Hestia stared at him like he had sprouted horns.

Harry pointed to his scar. "I do that a lot."

She seemed to be stuck just staring at him. After a moment her brain caught up to the present. Harry was too focused on the steady increase of the pressure to notice. Something was making it gather faster than normal.

"I get it that you're upset about your friends." Hestia placed a gentle hand on his knee. "But they're doing this to protect you."

"Dementors." Harry replied.

Hestia gave a solemn nod. Her expression brightened for a moment.

"What about your new girlfriends?" She asked. "That's pretty amazing."

"Not sure they're my girlfriends." Harry continued to look at the ceiling. "We didn't really talk about it. I've got that trial coming up and after that it's not long before school starts. Assuming I don't get expelled." He let out a dry laugh. "I killed a professor in my first year. You'd think that would have gotten me expelled."

"You killed...?" Hestia spoke slowly.

"Voldemort possessed a professor and was using him to try to steal the Philosopher's Stone." Harry explained lazily. "I stopped him. It wasn't as epic as it sounds. He turned to ash when he touched me."

He closed his eyes, trying to think of a way to vent the building magic.

"Oh." Hestia said.

She opened her mouth a couple of times to say something, then stopped herself. Harry noticed her hand was still on his knee. In fact, during her internal dialogue it was creeping higher.

Harry paused. That was an interesting development. He 'vented' more of the growing pressure of his magic. Hestia shivered beside him. Her hand drifted higher on his leg. Soon her fingers were stroking along the length of his hardening member.

"That feels nice." Harry whispered.

Hestia paused. She looked down to see what her hand was doing. Her eyes traced along the shape of his cock. This was the part where she should pull away and apologize. Hestia moved her hand higher, unbuttoning his pants.

"This will feel better." She cooed.

Hestia slid in front of him, pulling his pants down around his ankles, as she kneeled on the ground. She expertly stroked him to full hardness. Her hand traveled along his shaft, admiring the shape and size. She didn't travel around with a ruler, or measuring tape, so she didn't know the exact length and girth. It was nice, not too big, definitely not small.

Harry leaned his head back, letting out a long moan as she licked his cock from base to tip. She planted wet kisses along the edge of his head before swirling her tongue around as well. Harry had lost all rational thought as Hestia took him into her mouth and started to bob.

Her hand cupped his sack, gently caressing the spot just beyond.

"Cumming." Harry managed to say.

Hestia increased her pace. His eyes rolled back in his head as he let loose. He let out a long, ragged breath as he felt her swallowing. She raised her mouth off of him, giving his tip a little kiss before she stood up.

The excess magical energy that had been building had backed off to a manageable level.

"Damn." Hestia sighed. "If I wasn't on duty, I'd take you for a ride."

Harry nodded, not really hearing the words.

"Now." She waved her wand, returning his pants to their original position. "I need you to head back inside. Arthur will be by in the morning to take you to headquarters."

Harry's legs wobbled as he stood. He managed to get back out onto the street. Somehow, he found his way to his bedroom and passed out once he was horizontal.

9.

Arthur did not show up in the morning. Harry wanted to be surprised, but he couldn't muster up the feelings. Broken promises and leaving him in the dark were par for the course. He couldn't even be mad at Hestia, she seemed to believe it when she had told him.

Harry swung by Emily's place, but she was out. Arabella was gone as well, which was odd, but he hadn't paid much attention to her daily travels until recently. Candy was at work, but she wasn't going to get off for a few hours. Plus, she seemed a little shy around him. That made sense. He had all but promised to knock her up the next time they were together.

He made his way back to the house. For a brief moment he thought of trying to talk to the person on duty, whoever that was. It didn't seem worth it. Instead, he headed up to his room to wait for Hedwig. She had said it was a short trip so hopefully she would be back soon.

Around noon he was starting to get worried. Even if they had both written him long replies, which was highly unlikely, she should have been back by now. A couple of hours later he heard Petunia, Vernon, and Dudley leave. They didn't tell him where they were going, and he didn't care enough to ask.

The only good thing about the day was that the magical pressure was easily ignored. It wasn't until Harry purposefully paid attention to it that he could even feel it. He still had no real clue what was happening. He was gathering magic and if he didn't release the pressure things would start happening. He certainly didn't intend on causing Hedwig to be able to speak to him.

Harry stretched out on his bed. He tried not to stare at the window, but that just made him want to look more. The sound of the back door being forcefully opened jolted him out of his thoughts. Harry slipped out of bed, he pressed himself against the wall near his door, and got his wand ready. He heard the sound of multiple feet coming up the stairs. Harry crouched down and waited. If there was one thing that living with Dudley had taught him, it was that the best way to avoid being hit was to be somewhere they didn't expect. He didn't know how many times he was saved from a punch to the face simply by ducking before entering a room.

"There are locks on the outside of the door." A muffled voice said.

"Then unlock them, Nymphadora." A gruff voice snapped.

"Don't call me that." The first snapped right back.

The gruff voice sounded familiar, but the cadence wasn't right. He heard the sound of the locks working a moment before the door opened. They got one step in the room before they felt Harry's wand press against their hip.

"Another step and we'll see what happens when I summon your lungs out your ass." Harry growled.

"Easy, Harry." Remus Lupin said from out in the hallway. "We're friends."

Harry looked up to see the person he had at wand point was a young woman with purple spiky hair.

"Wotcher, Harry." She smiled down at him. "Name's Tonks. Be nice if you pointed that wand somewhere else."

Harry relaxed. He stood up and slipped the wand into his back pocket.

"That's no place to put a wand." The gruff voice snapped. "Likely to blow off your backside with a rogue spell."

"When has that ever happened?" The purple haired girl asked.

"Professor Moody?" Harry asked, finally placing the voice.

The voice sounded the same as the previous year, but at the same time it didn't. There were different inflections. A pause where there hadn't been. Harry had interacted with the false-Moody for the better part of a year, and he could already tell the difference within a couple of minutes. How did Dumbledore miss it?

"Not much of a professor." Moody grumbled. "Spent my teaching days locked in a trunk while a Death Eater pranced around looking like me."

"Where else should I put my wand?" Harry asked.

Moody glared at him, though that seemed to be his default expression. He reached into his jacket. They watched as his arm went too deep into a pocket. A moment later Moody held out a leather strap.

"Wand holster." Moody offered. "Goes on your forearm. Safe way to carry your wand and quick access."

"Thank you." Harry took it.

He blinked as he held it. There were wisps of smoke coming off of it.

"There's something different about this." Harry eyed it.

"Good eye, Potter." Moody growled. "Enchanted so only you can draw your wand."

Harry nodded appreciatively. He slipped it on his arm. The holster adjusted to fit on its own. Harry slid the wand into place. It was more comfortable than he had expected.

"Is this it?" The young woman asked.

While he had been talking to Moody, Tonks had gathered up his trunk.

"Hedwig." Harry answered quickly. "She hasn't come back yet."

"She's waiting for us." Remus spoke up from the hallway.

Harry pushed his anger down. They were the reason she hadn't returned.

Tonks shrunk the trunk. She waved him to go first. Moody stormed off down the stairs, Lupin a step behind him, with Harry and Tonks bringing up the rear. She stopped by a mirror hanging in the hall.

"Not sure purple is my color." She sighed. A moment later her hair shifted to pink. "Much better."

Harry stared at her. "How?"

"I'm a metamorphagus." Tonks replied. "Kind of like a shapeshifter."

Harry followed them into the kitchen to find a few more people waiting for them. Hestia was among the group. She smiled at him and gave a little nod, which he returned.

"What's the plan?" Harry asked.

"We're taking you to the Order." Moody replied.

"I don't know what that means." Harry said slowly.

"The Order of the Phoenix." Remus explained. "It's a group of witches and wizards that Dumbledore assembled to push back against the Death Eater threat. Your parents, Sirius, and I were members in the last war."

His parents were killed, Sirius was tossed in prison, and Remus had been exiled in all but name. That didn't fill him with a confidence. Still, it was better than waiting around for another dementor attack.

"Are we taking a car?" Harry looked around at the group.

"Too easily tracked." Moody shook his head. "We're going on brooms. Fast. Silent. Minimal magical signature."

Moody handed out cloaks to everyone. Harry pulled his on instantly recognizing the look view from under an invisibility cloak. Moody then pulled out a bundle of sticks that he resized to reveal they were actually brooms. They had seen better years but were passable. Harry took one and kicked off.

If nothing else, he got to fly.

10.

Somehow, Moody had managed to make flying miserable. For a moment Harry was actually glad the man had been replaced. He probably would have made the school year unbearable. It really said something about Hogwarts that the best DADA teacher he'd had so far was an escaped Death Eater.

Harry's cloak had a thin film of frost on it. He was more than happy to hand the broom back to Moody. The old man traded it for a piece of paper.

"Read it." Moody grumbled.

Harry did. The row of houses in front of him stretched. Another home that hadn't been there a moment ago emerged.

"That was pretty cool." Harry whispered.

He heard Tonks chuckle nearby. If his cheeks weren't already bright red from the cold, he would have blushed.

Remus led them up the walkway to the door. Moody stayed at the back, scowling at every shadow in the area. A wave of voices poured from inside once the door was opened. Tonks made it three steps before she tripped on something.

Harry sprang forward, grabbing the back of her coat. She was practically horizontal when she stopped.

"Thanks, Harry." Tonks laughed, looking over her shoulder at him. "I swear that thing moves."

"Just be glad you didn't pull the sheet." Remus motioned to the wall.

Harry could make out the frame of a painting. A thick, dark sheet had been hung over it to block it from view. He turned his attention to the building around him. It was lit with old fashioned gas lamps that cast flickering light along the peeling wallpaper. Old carpet stretched out along a long, gloomy hallway. A chandelier that looked like an old cobweb hung farther in the house.

Molly Weasley, of all people, emerged from a door at the far end of the hall. She motioned for everyone to be quiet. Her eyes lit up once she saw Harry. She hurried toward them. As she got closer, he noticed that she was a bit thinner than the last time he had seen her.

"Harry, it's lovely to see you." She pulled him into a tight hug. "You're skin and bones. I'm afraid you'll have to wait for dinner. I'll make sure to give you a nice full plate."

Molly shifted her attention to the group that had escorted him. "The meeting has just started."

The witches and wizards scooted passed him, towards the door Molly had just come from. Harry started to follow them. Molly placed a hand on his chest to stop him.

"It's only for members of the Order." Molly whispered. "Ron and Hermione are upstairs."

"Why-"

"I'll just show you where you'll be sleeping." Molly interrupted.

She pressed a finger to her lips then led down the hall to a dark staircase. Harry paused, taking in the mounted house-elf heads along the wall. Where the hell was this place?

"Misses Weasley." Harry started as he followed her up the stairs.

"Ron and Hermione will explain everything, dear. I've got to hurry." Molly said not to let him finish his thoughts. "There, your door is on the right. I'll call you down for dinner when the meeting is over."

She was gone before he even got another word in. Harry let out a long sigh as he shook his head. He wasn't sure why he had thought anything would change once he was somewhere else. They didn't suddenly decide to tell him what was going on.

Harry opened the door, catching a fleeting look at the door room and its two beds before a loud shriek made him jump. His vision was suddenly blocked by a large fluff of bushy hair. Hermione threw herself onto him, nearly knocking him over as she tried to hug him.

"Harry!" She yelled. "Ron! Harry's here! We didn't know when you would arrive. I know we didn't write as much as we should have. Dumbledore made us swear not to tell you anything."

She seemed to speak faster the more she said. He was pretty sure he caught the words 'dementors' and 'expel' somewhere in there.

"Let him breathe." Ron closed the door.

The ginger had gotten taller, though it didn't look like his body had actually realized it. He was gangly and his arms just kind of hung beside his body like they were too long. Before anyone else could speak a flash of white soared across the room and landed on his shoulder.

"Hedwig." Harry leaned his head against her.

"My love." She said tersely. "They took the letters and refused to let me return to you. I have had to bite the long red one quite a few times. The bushy one seems to think cooing at me will make everything better. I do not care for either."

"I was worried about you too." Harry stroked her gently.

She seemed to settle a little. Hedwig nibbled on his ear gently, her version of a kiss on the cheek.

"She has been worked up." Ron held up his hand to show the a few spots that were half-healed. "She pecked my hand to death when she brought your letters."

"I told her to come back once she had delivered them." Harry said flatly.

"We wanted to, mate." Ron said. "But Dumbledore--"

"I heard Hermione the first time." Harry continued to stroke Hedwig.

A heavy silence settled in the room.

"Dumbledore thought it was for the best." Hermione whispered.

Harry caught sight of scratch marks on her hands as well. He rubbed Hedwig on the beak like she loved.

"He thought you'd be safer with the Muggles." Ron nodded.

"Oh?" Harry shifted his gaze from one friend to the other. "Were you attacked by dementors too?"

"Well... no... but you had the Order guarding you." Hermione spoke up.

"That worked out wonderfully, didn't it?" Harry forced his voice to be calm. "Oh wait, I had to handle everything on my own, again, didn't I?"

"Dumbledore was so angry." Hermione glanced around the room as she spoke, scared someone might hear her. "When he found out Mundungus had left you alone. It was scary."

"It's lucky he did." Harry walked away from them, exploring the room with Hedwig content on his shoulder. "Otherwise, he would have just left me there all summer."

"Aren't you worried about the hearing?" Hermione asked quietly.

The room was dark and dreary. A blank spot on the wall was lighter than the surrounding area, it looked like a painting had been there at one point.

"Why was Dumbledore so set on keeping me in the dark?" Harry asked, trying his best to keep the anger out of his voice. "You did ask, right?"

He turned back to them in time to see them exchange a look.

"We told him we wanted to tell you what was going on." Ron said. "We did, mate. He's been really busy and we've only seen him a couple of times since we got here. Dumbledore made us swear not to tell you important stuff when we wrote. He said the owls might be intercepted."

"You're telling me that he doesn't know how to send a message without owls?" Harry asked.

"I thought that too!" Hermione spoke up. "But he said you shouldn't know anything."

"That sounds like he doesn't trust me." Harry studied them.

"No." Ron shook his head hard.

"Maybe he thinks I'm a liability." Harry shrugged. "That I can't take care of myself."

"Of course not!" Hermione said quickly.

"And yet." Harry glared at them. "I have been at the Dursleys' alone and you two are in on everything going on here? How come you two are allowed to know everything that's going on?"

"We aren't." Ron interrupted. "Mom won't let us in the meetings. She says it's for the Order and we're too young to be members."

Harry sat down; he shifted Hedwig into his lap.

"That must have been hard. Not being in the meetings, while you had your best friend to spend time with. Meanwhile, I've been alone at the Dursleys' for a month. I've handled more than both of you ever even managed. Dumbledore knows that. I saved the stone. I killed the basilisk. I saved both of you from

the dementors. In the last year alone, I've handled a dragon and a sphinx. I was there when Riddle came back, and I escaped. I faced two of them, on my own, without my wand."

His voice never rose above a whisper, but they felt each word like a hammer.

"Why should anyone bother to tell me what's been happening?"

"Harry." Hermione began. "We wanted to tell you, really."

"Not that much it seems, otherwise you would have sent me a letter. But no, Dumbledore made you swear-" His whisper was almost a growl now.

"He did-"

Harry glared up at her. Her eyes were sparkling with tears. No one spoke. The silence was finally broken when Hedwig shifted. She fluttered to the top of a nearby wardrobe and settled to watch.

"What is this place, anyway?" Harry snapped at them.

"The Headquarters for the Order of the Phoenix." Ron replied quickly.

Harry seethed. His anger was boiling inside of him.

He froze.

Not his anger.

The magical buildup was getting to be too much. He had been distracted getting here, then talking to Ron and Hermione that he hadn't been paying attention. It hadn't been an hour yet, but it felt like the pressure had been growing all day.

Now that he was paying attention, he could feel it constantly increasing. Magical buildup. Of course, it would be faster in a place with more magic. The process on Privet Drive was so slow because there was hardly any magic around. Now that he was here, practically swimming in it, things were going much faster.

He needed to find a way to find release. Using magic was still too risky with the upcoming trial. That left only one other option. How was that supposed to work? Just ask Hermione for a blowjob? Maybe see if Hestia was ready for a tumble?

Harry looked up to see Fred and George had shown up at some point. No one was talking, they were just staring at him.

"Did you hear any of that, mate?" Ron asked.

Harry shook his head. He stood. Without a word he pushed passed them. He headed downstairs, barely registering that Ginny was in the hallway, and hurried downstairs. Harry opened the door that he had seen the others use. The assembled group froze once he stepped in.

He scanned the group. A small part of his mind registered that Snape was among them. While annoying, he had more pressing matters at hand. He stopped when he found his godfather.

"Sirius." He forced a smile through his growing discomfort. "I need to speak with you urgently."

11.

Sirius looked grateful for an excuse to leave the meeting. He stepped out into the hall. They looked at each other awkwardly, not sure whether to hug or shake hands. Sirius patted him on the shoulder.

"It's good to see you again Harry." Sirius smiled at him.

"It's good to see you too." Harry replied. "Is there somewhere we can talk privately?"

"Follow me." Sirius led him deeper into the house.

He opened up an ornate door to reveal an office. It hadn't been used in quite some time, like the rest of the house, but it positively radiated high class. A few leather couches were spaced through the room. The centerpiece, though, was a large, dark stone desk. It looked like it should be used as a sacrificial altar rather than a desk.

"This was my grandfathers'." Sirius explained as he took a seat. He motioned for Harry to as well.

"What's up, pup?"

"How much do you know about the dementor attack?" Harry asked.

Sirius scowled. "I know you were attacked, but no one is telling me anything."

"You and me both." Harry shook his head. "I'm only telling you this, please keep it between us."

"Of course." Sirius nodded.

"One of them kissed me." Harry held up a hand. "My cousin knocked me over, my wand was out of reach, and one of the picked me up. I felt it pulling my soul from my body. Then." He snapped his fingers. "It stopped and there was an explosion of magic. Turned both of them into ash."

Sirius studied Harry but didn't speak. He motioned for him to continue.

"Ever since I've had this building pressure inside of me." Harry said. "I realized after a couple of days that it was my magic. For some reason it's just building and building inside of me. It feels like I'm going to burst."

"I'm not a healer, Harry." Sirius said softly. "I know enough to keep someone alive for a bit for the real healers to get there. This sounds far beyond what I understand." He paused. "What happens when the pressure gets to be too much?"

"Accidental magic." Harry replied. "I burned the letters the ministry sent to me with a thought, I changed Arabella's clothes, and I can talk to Hedwig now."

"That's not accidental magic." Sirius leaned back in the seat. "Accidental magic is random, usually brought on by stress or danger. What you're talking about sounds like Wild Magic."

"I don't know what that is." Harry shrugged.

"This is a very simple way to explain a complex topic." Sirius held up a hand to stop Harry from speaking.

"I know a little about it, so I'll tell you what I can."

"Thank you." Harry whispered.

"Magic is in everything. We have tools to shape it. Wands, potions, charms, and all of that." Sirius explained. "In a way, all magic is wild, we just are able to tame a little for our own purposes. What you're doing, using Wild Magic, is forgoing the tools. Even without meaning it, you're shaping the magic to do your bidding."

"How?" Harry asked.

"No clue." Sirius shrugged. "I will look through the family library to see if I can find anything. If you allow it, I can contact a couple of old friends as well."

"Thank you." Harry smiled at him. "It means a lot that you'd ask me first."

Sirius smiled. The happiness in his face drained as he realized Harry wasn't buttering him up.

"You're my godson, Harry." Sirius leaned forward. "I have made mistakes in the past, but I will follow you to hell and back. Even if you weren't, you're one mad wizard. For the last four years you've experienced more than most veteran aurors have. With less training to boot. I'm with you."

Harry opened his mouth to say something. His thoughts were knocked off course. The pressure was getting to be too much.

"I need to release it." Harry spoke through gritted teeth.

"What has worked in the past?" Sirius asked.

"Sex." Harry chuckled.

"That explains the girls you mentioned." Sirius laughed. "Not a lot of help for that here."

"Ask Hestia?" Harry suggested.

"And they call me a dog." Sirius shook his head. "I'll go talk to her. Stay here."

"That's for the best." Harry blushed. "When it starts to get bad it's hard to stay in control."

Sirius laughed as he left. Harry settled into the couch. He took long, slow breathes, trying to think of some other way to release the tension. It had never gotten this bad before.

It seemed like Sirius had just left when the door opened again. He turned toward it, hoping that Hestia had agreed to meet with him. Harry froze when he saw the Weasley Matriarch standing in the doorway.

"Harry." She crossed the room, stopping just out of reach. "You were told to stay out of the meeting."

Harry paused, looking at her for a long moment.

"Misses Weasley." Harry glared at her. "Kindly leave."

"Excuse me, young man? That I no way to speak to me." Her face went red.

"Did you think to ask why I needed to talk to Sirius?" Harry stepped closer to her; he hadn't grown all the much over the summer. They stood eye-to-eye now. "No, of course you didn't. You just decided that you knew best and barged in here."

She looked like she was about to explode.

"Fine." Harry flicked his wrist toward the door.

Misses Weasley jumped as it slammed shut. The lock slid home solidly.

"I guess you'll be the one to help me." Harry reached up, stroking her cheek.

"Harry." Her eyes went wide. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about you stripping naked and stretching out on that couch." Harry's voice dropped to a purr.

"I will do no such thing." She snapped.

"You prefer a bed?" He pointed to the couch, it shifted into an equally luxurious bed.

"How?" She looked from the bed back to him.

"I'm full of surprises." Harry slid a hand down her body and began to untuck her shirt.

"We can't." She whispered.

"Oh, but we can." Harry leaned closer, biting her ear. "First, we get rid of these pesky clothes."

Harry freed the rest of her shirt. Deftly, his hand undid her skirt. She gasped as it fell around her feet.

"Then, I get you on that bed." He turned her so her back was to the bed. "Finally, I fuck you."

She shuddered. "I'm married."

"I don't care." Harry stood over her. "Molly, take off my pants."

She sat up. Her hands expertly divested him of his clothes. Without any further prompting she stripped off her own as well.

"Mmm." Harry purred looking down at her.

The woman had hid her figure well under layers of clothing. Now, completely exposed to him, he could see that she was rather sexy. Her breasts were the biggest he'd seen so far, and her red bush was thick. He ran a finger through it. The hair shifted, trimmed to a neat length. It felt right to leave a bit of bush on her.

"Spread your legs, Molly." Harry commanded.

Molly did as she was told. He leaned closer, swiping her slit with a quick lick of his tongue. She squeaked. Harry slowly dragged his tongue along her pussy. He savored her flavor, but he couldn't quite place it. The only way to find out was to get another taste. He slid his tongue into her pussy, steadily fucking her with it.

The flavor still eluded him. Harry rose from between her legs to find her breathing hard. He shifted closer to her, running the tip of his cock along her pussy once he could reach.

"This is the part where I fuck you." Harry pressed forward, penetrating her as he spoke.

Molly let out a long moan. Harry leaned over, wrapping his arms around her. He gave her a brief moment before he began to rock back and forth. Her pussy gripped him tightly. Molly's muscles wildly gripped his cock every few strokes.

"Fuck. Fuck. Oh, Harry this is so wrong." She whined as she lifted her ass up to meet each push.

Harry changed it up. Moving from rocking to hard, steady thrusts. They traveled across the bed until Molly's head hung off the edge. Harry grabbed her hips, pulling her back as he shimmied to the middle of the mattress.

He pounded into her, hard and fast.

"Fuck me. Fuck me. Oh shit, Harry. Yes, fuck." Her words drifted into gibberish.

Harry groaned as he held her close. His body shook as he shot rope after rope of cum into her. The pressure eased up, just a little. He needed more.

He flipped her over to her stomach. She shifted her legs open wider to allow him access. Harry jackhammered into her mercilessly. He had no idea how long it took. Some feral part of his brain had taken hold. Harry grabbed onto her hips, pulling her back to meet him. He deposited another load of his seed into her.

Again, the pressure eased a bit more. It was still more than it had ever been when he had been at Privet Drive. If he didn't vent more he'd be constantly tapping into wild magic.

Harry lifted her hips up. He summoned a pillow from one of the other couches, raising her ass up for a better angle. Harry circled her rose bud with his finger. Molly let out a strangled moan as her ass was prepped and lubed.

Still, Harry knew he needed to be careful. She may be his cum dump for now, but he didn't want to hurt her. Plus, there was always the chance he would need to use her again.

He pushed forward, slowly forcing a little more of his length into her with each stroke. Molly turned her head, looking at him over her shoulder. She groaned out loud as she pushed hard against him. Slowly, he began to make longer and longer strokes. Harry smiled as he felt her humping back into him with more force. Her ass was amazing. He gripped her cheeks hard, smacking them every other stroke.

"How does it feel to take my cock in your ass, Molly?" Harry smiled down at her. "I'm going to fill your tight asshole with my cum. If you apologize nicely, I might let you take a shower before you get into bed with your husband."

Her eyes widened, for a brief moment she remembered that she was married. The thought was quickly erased as he dumped a load of hot cum into her. Molly moaned; her eyes fluttered as she felt his cock throb inside of her. Her asshole clenched even tighter as a vicious orgasm ripped through her.

Harry slowly pulled out of her. The pressure was finally manageable. He smacked her ass once more. A wicked smile played across his face as he watched the cum flowing out of her. He caressed her thigh and was rewarded with a shudder. She was too distracted by the touch to realize his cum flow back up into her. It would stay there for the night.

"What did you do to me, Harry?" She rolled over to her back. Her eyes were drooping, and her breath was ragged.

"If I had to guess." Harry tapped his chin. "I'd say I just stuffed you full of cum."

Harry leaned forward, looking her in the eyes.

"Don't worry. I'm sure Arthur won't question why your youngest will have black hair." He shrugged. "Tell him it was stress, or something to do with being in this house."

Molly blanched.

"Just be sure to fuck him in the next few days." Harry stood up. "It would be awkward if the timing was off."

He found his clothes and began to get dressed. The bed transformed back into a couch, almost dumping Molly onto the floor. Harry was tired of how she treated him, and everyone else. He was starting to see that many of the adults in his life hadn't earned his respect. Their actions proved time and time again that they didn't respect him. Yet they constantly left the mess for him to deal with.

The door unlocked as he approached. He opened it to find Sirius wondering the hall nearby. His godfather looked at Harry. The man visibly relaxed.

"Where were you?" Sirius asked.

"In the office." Harry replied.

"The office disappeared." Sirius motioned to the door. He stopped, seeing that it was now back. "How?"

"Magic." Harry shrugged. "Any luck with Hestia?"

"She was too embarrassed to talk to me about it." Sirius shook his head. "How are you feeling? Maybe we could find another way to help. I could take you down to the training room and let you blast some dummies until you feel better."

"There's a training room?" Harry asked.

Sirius nodded. "Follow me. I might not be a professor, but I can teach you a few things."

"What about my wand?" Harry asked. "The Ministry will know if I use it and they will use that against me in the trial."

"Don't worry about that." Sirius shot him a sly grin. "I'm sure one of the family wands will work well enough for you."

12.

The training room was in the basement. It had a full-size dueling platform, patrolling training dummies, a target range, and a rather robust gym. Sirius strolled over to a cabinet. He opened it to reveal a set of carefully maintained wands.

"See which one fits." Sirius waved him over.

"Whose are these?" Harry asked, running his hand gently over the grips.

"A couple have been in the Black family for generations." Sirius explained. "I know one if from my grandfather. The others I have no clue."

Harry stopped about halfway down the set. A bone white wand with striations of black seemed to call to him. He plucked it from its perch. The familiar thrum of magic shot through him. It was on par, if not a bit stronger, than his normal wand.

"This one." Harry was relieved to find that it was wood, not bone.

"It's yours." Sirius smiled brightly at him. "Keep it. I'd suggest having it hidden. It's not against the law to have more than one wand, but it's not legal either." The older man caught sight of the holster on his arm. "Give me a day or two and I'll have something worked out."

"Thanks." Harry gave Sirius a one-armed hug. "Teach me some fighting spells? One thing I've realized is that I am completely unprepared for an actual fight."

Sirius growled.

"Right." He took a deep breath. "We'll start with the basics and press on from there."

For the next hour Sirius taught him a steady stream of offensive magic. There were no 'proper stances' or decorum. Sirius would give him the spell and the wand movement, then have him cast it until he got it right. Harry was pleasantly surprised to find that he was picking up the new spells and charms a lot faster than he usually did.

Luckily, they were using the training dummies. Casting the spells helped ease the building pressure by funneling the excess magic into them. His spells were hitting harder than ever. Even a simple spell like 'Lumos' produces an intense light.

Harry finally felt a noticeable difference after a couple of hours of constant spell work. Casting spells for hours on end wasn't an option even when he returned to school. It was great to have the extra punch to his casting, but the quick blowjob he got from Hestia the other day had a greater release of pressure. So far, sex was the most efficient way.

"How are you feeling?" Sirius asked.

Harry paused. "Really hungry."

"Put your wand in the holster." Sirius motioned to the strip of leather. "There should be space for a couple of them on there. Let's check if dinner is ready."

Harry followed Sirius to the stairs. He paused, sliding the new wand into place before heading up. Sirius led him to the kitchen. Everyone was there already. Hermione, Tonks, and practically the entire Weasley family. He didn't see Percy, which wasn't a loss, and Charlie was most likely off working with dragons. Harry found an empty spot at the table. Sirius sat next to him.

He forced his face to remain blank when he saw Molly fluttering around the kitchen. She avoided looking at him at all costs.

"Thank you, Misses Weasley." Harry said as she slid a plate in front of him.

"Harry!" Arthur Weasley called from farther along the table. "Glad to see you're safe."

"Glad to be here." Harry smiled at him.

Harry didn't feel bad about sleeping with Arthur's wife. As much as he liked the man, he too was among the many adults who had failed him. There were moments of kindness and care when dealing with him in the past, but those were fleeting. Now that he thought about it, the longest conversation he had with the man was about rubber ducks. Even when they went to the World Cup last year, they hadn't spoken much at all.

"I'll be taking you to the ministry tomorrow." Arthur gave him a jolly smile. "We'll leave a bit early so I can check in on my office beforehand."

"That works for me." Harry nodded.

It was becoming second nature to pay attention to the gathering pressure. He could feel it slowly building again. It was constantly there.

Harry stole a quick look at Molly. Sex with Arabella, Emily, and Candy had helped immensely. As did the blowjob from Hestia. For some reason the sex with Molly wasn't as effective. He tried to think about what was different.

The most obvious was the location. Being on the magical side of things had caused things to speed up. There should have been a noticeable difference even if the buildup was faster. He was missing something.

Harry thought back to when slept with Arabella. He was using wild magic throughout the entire night but didn't notice the building pressure until the next day. Then he met Emily. Being with her practically knocked it down to zero. After that, he spent time with Candy and that left him feeling wonderful. It wasn't until he followed Hestia into the mailbox hideaway that it started again. That made sense. The room was magical, so the pressure was building faster. Being with her had made it manageable. Harry filled Molly with three loads. Each one should have helped more than it did. He was missing something.

Sirius patted him on the shoulder, snapping him back to the rest of the world.

"I'm going to look for some answers." Sirius spoke low enough so only Harry heard.

Harry nodded. He looked down at his plate. At some point he had finished his food, whatever it was. Then he realized he hadn't spoken to anyone the entire time. He looked around the table to see Hermione was trying desperately to get his attention. Ron was in a heated conversation with Fred and George about something.

He wasn't sure how to deal with them yet. Harry stood from the table and placed his dish in the sink. He could hear someone following him as he headed upstairs. They had decided to listen to Dumbledore rather than talk to him. He could have understood Hermione following what he said, but even she had shown over the years that she was willing to break the rules for something important. Oddly enough, he could see Ron going along with it. Apathy was a likely factor. Or he was happy to finally have something that Harry didn't.

They had chosen to follow Dumbledore. Over the last four years the man had done absolutely nothing to earn any respect. Hermione and Ron should have seen that, they were there with Harry through it all.

His emotions were muddling up his thoughts. There was a more important matter at hand.

Emotions.

Harry started to pace along the second-floor hallway. He needed to stop thinking about this like a muggle. His magic was building up and needed release. Emotions were a big component to the more powerful spells. Carrying that idea to his current situation then emotions would be important.

It was an idea, but he needed to test it. There hadn't been an emotional connection with Molly. Well, not a pleasant one. He had been indifferent to Hestia and didn't pay enough attention when he was with Arabella. Candy and Emily both had a positive experience leading up to the sex.

Now he just needed to find someone to help test the idea. Hermione wasn't an option; he wasn't happy with her at the moment. Ginny... no, that would be weird. Who else was there?

"Tonks." Harry came to a stop.

"Harry." The pink-haired woman spoke from nearby.

Harry spun to the side, seeing her leaning against the wall.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked slowly.

"Watching you." Tonks shrugged. She dusted herself off as she stepped away from the wall. "Hermione mentioned you lot were rocky. Want to talk about it?"

Harry wasn't sure if there was enough time to set things in motion. The group brought him here in the evening. He wasn't sure how long the encounter with Molly lasted, but he knew that he had trained with Sirius for a couple of hours after. The day was starting to wear on him.

"Tomorrow?" Harry gave her a tired smile. "I need some sleep."

Tonks walked over, getting closer than he expected. "Tomorrow then."

She winked at him as she walked away. It would have been a lot more effective if she didn't trip immediately after. Tonks hopped to her feet, she dusted herself off, and hurried down the stairs without a look back.

Harry chuckled. He was looking forward to talking to her now. A deep yawn snuck up on him. He trudged to the bedroom and collapsed into bed. Even Ron's snoring didn't wake him up.

13.

Something felt different when Harry woke up. The pressure was gone, but not in a good way. Instead of a slow build, it felt like a seal had been broken. It built with every heartbeat; a fire being fed more fuel in time with his pulse.

"This isn't good." Harry muttered.

Harry slipped the extra wand out of the holster.

"Hedwig?" He whispered.

"Yes, my love?" The owl floated to land on his shoulder.

"Can you hide this for me?" He asked.

"Of course." She bonked the side of his head with her own. "I hope we leave soon. The hunting is better elsewhere."

"I hope so too." Harry stroked her chest.

Hedwig hopped off his shoulder. She took flight, disappearing somewhere he didn't know. The house apparently had plenty of space for owls. He wondered if that was normal. The Burrow didn't have anything like its setup, but it was in the country, so any owls were free to hunt and explore the outside.

Thoughts for another time.

Harry got dressed for the day. He couldn't help but smile when he saw the clothes available. They were all the ones he had bought when he was with Candy. He hoped to see her again. That would mean he'd have to go to Privet Drive at some point, but he would deal with that later. He couldn't forget about Emily. Though he wasn't sure how things with her would play out.

Once he was dressed, he hurried downstairs. It was early enough that the kitchen wasn't completely packed. Arthur sat at the table with Tonks, Sirius, and Lupin. Molly hopped up and hurried around the kitchen once Harry entered.

"Breakfast, Harry dear?" Her voice shook slightly.

"Eggs and Toast, please." Harry replied.

"Morning, Harry." Tonks said through a yawn. Her hair was long, blonde, and curly for now. "Sleep good?"

Harry nodded. "You alright?"

"I've..." She yawned. "Been up all night." Tonks motioned to the chair next to her. "Come and sit down."

Tonks tried to push it out for him only to knock it over. Harry smiled at her as he picked up the chair. He turned to Sirius.

"Any luck?" Harry asked his godfather.

"Nothing yet." Sirius replied. "I'm reaching out to a friend today." He leaned in close and dropped his voice. "How bad is it?"

"Talk in the office after breakfast?" Harry asked.

Sirius nodded.

"How are you feeling?" Arthur chimed in.

Harry looked over to him, confused for a moment. "Oh, the hearing." He shrugged.

"We'll be meeting with Amelia Bones in her office." Arthur explained. "Shouldn't take long at all."

"She's okay." Tonks added. "She's fair, she'll hear you out."

"Be polite, stick to the facts, and stay calm." Sirius cautioned.

"The law is on your side." Lupin reassured him. "Even underage wizards are allowed to use magic in dangerous situations."

Harry started to eat his toast. He got a couple of bites in before Arthur spoke again.

"We should go in now." Arthur said. "We'll be a bit early, but it'll be better if we're there before hand."

Harry shrugged. He put down the remains of the toast and got to his feet.

"You'll be all right, Harry." Tonks patted his arm. "We can have a chat later, yeah?"

Harry nodded, giving her a small smile.

"Good luck." Lupin clapped him on the shoulder. "I'm sure this will all be fine."

Arthur set a quick pace as they set off.

"I don't usually walk to work." He explained. "I thought it would be best to arrive in a more non-magical fashion."

Harry nodded. Arthur was giddy through the entire trip. He loved the automated ticket machines, even though they were broken. When they arrived at their stop, he practically giggled with the machine goblet his ticket. Arthur took a moment once they were back on the street to get his bearings. It didn't take long for him to find what he was looking for.

The duo was crammed in an old, red phone box that had seen better days. Arthur did something to the phone. After a short conversation they started descending. One moment he was watching sheer dirt walls slide by and the next he was blinded by a flash of light. When he was able to see it again, he saw they were in a long and impressive hall with dark wood that was polished so smooth it looked like stone. Both walls were lined with fireplaces. One side was enter and the other was exit. There was a fountain farther down that was the centerpiece to it all. It was gold, and the figures were almost lifelike.

"Over here, Harry." Arthur waved him over to a security desk.

A gate with the words 'visitors' sat behind a security desk. A single bored-looking security wizard stood as they approached. Arthur flashed the man a card and the guy looked shifted to look at Harry.

"Business?" The guard asked.

"Escorting a visitor." Arthur motioned to Harry.

"Step over here." The guard tapped the desk.

Harry followed the instructions.

"Wand." The guard said.

Harry gave it to him. The guard tapped it on a brass box that looked kind of like a typewriter. It spat out a piece of parchment. The guard handed him the wand back and slid the parchment into a mail slot.

It wasn't until they had to squeeze into the lift that Harry noticed something was different. The pressure, rather his fire, was raging now. There was no heat to it, more a feeling, an aura that he envisioned as fire. Left with his thoughts while the lift slowly moved from one level to the next, he had time to focus on it now.

He wasn't sure if this was a positive development or not. Sure, the pressure seemed to be gone, but feeling like a magical bonfire wasn't exactly comforting. The only good thing was that so far it didn't seem like anyone else could tell.

Arthur led him out to his office. Harry wasn't paying all the much attention to what was going on. It was hard to care about anything other than what he was feeling. This thing with the Ministry was a waste of time, they couldn't tell the difference between Dobby using magic and him using magic. It wasn't his fault they were morons. Even if he lost and they broke his wand there was another one waiting with Sirius. Leaving Hogwarts would be a little rough, but he knew there were other schools out there now.

"Hm?" Harry looked up. Arthur had been speaking to him,

"We need to hurry; they changed the time." Arthur pulled him along.

Harry shrugged and followed close behind. He didn't think he had used any wild magic since he woke up. Honestly, he wasn't sure how to use it at all. Sure, he did some simple things like closing doors, or summon his wand, on instinct, but he didn't know how he was able to speak with Hedwig.

Arthur opened a door for him. Harry stepped through and found himself standing alone. He was surrounded by cloaked witches and wizards sitting on raised benches. The lighting was focused on him, while making them appear mysterious and imposing.

His brain caught up with what was going on. The trial had been moved up and changed to a different location. Instead of an office with one person, it was now in front of an entire jury.

Harry's eyes found Fudge. He glared up at the man. The lights shifted, spreading off of him and covering everyone. Now that he was no longer in the spotlight Harry looked around the crowd again. There were a few faces he kind of recognized but no one who stood out.

The crowd had just calmed down when Dumbledore entered. That seemed to shake Fudge up. Harry spared a glance at the old man. He wasn't sure if he wanted his help. Judging by his past experiences, it wasn't worth much.

Harry waited, letting Fudge flounder while Dumbledore did his usual 'I know more than you' act. It wasn't until Dumbledore called in a witness that Harry started to pay attention.

Arabella Figg walked into the room. She was wearing a nice sundress rather than her usual bathrobe. Her hair hung loose on her shoulders. Harry had to admit, she looked good. He would have to convince her to wear it again next time he saw her.

He gave her a sly smile and was rewarded with a blush. A small flash of interest was squashed once the questioning started up again. No one wanted to believe the dementors were there. Two were missing now. They had been gone since the incident. No one knew where they were. Harry didn't feel like explaining that they had exploded.

Their case fell apart even more once they examined Harry's wand. The little parchment from the security desk was a readout of his wand activity. It showed the last spell he had used was *Lumos* on the last day of term. Without a spell showing up, it was down to a case of accidental magic. The trial stalled.

"The Chair recognizes Dolores Jane Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister." Fudge announced.

A woman who looked like Uncle Vernon had a wild night with a bipedal toad leaned forward to speak.

"I'm sure I must have misunderstood." Her voice was high-pitched with a false edge of sweetness. "Are you saying that this boy lost control of his magic so far as to destroy two dementors? So silly of me. He wouldn't be safe to have around our good witches and wizards."

She laughed. The sound made him shudder. A few other members of the group joined her. This started another long back and forth between Dumbledore and Fudge. The toad woman would whisper something to Fudge every so often that would lead to another approach to the argument. Other people were getting involved now.

Harry felt his magic shift. The flames eased for a brief moment. He scanned the room, trying to figure out what he had done. It took a moment to find the change. Dolores Umbridge. She didn't look right. Her skin looked moist. He wasn't sure, but her eyes may have gotten bigger as well.

The trial ended, Harry was found innocent, and Dumbledore left without another word. Harry walked back out into the hall to find Arthur waiting for him.

"How did it go?" Arthur asked.

"Innocent." Harry rolled his eyes. "Thanks for bringing me."

The doors to the court opened again interrupting their conversation. Arthur watched as the group of people filed out.

"Merlin!" Arthur whispered as he pulled Harry out of the way. "You were tried by the full court?"

"It wasn't much of a trial." Harry shrugged. "Mostly just Fudge and Dumbledore arguing."

"Morning, Arthur." Madam Bones stopped beside them.

Arthur tried not to look when Percy walked by. Harry was more distracted by the toadlike woman that followed Fudge. Her neck was wider now, less defined, and her eyes had shifted on her head. No one seemed to notice.

"Would I be able to speak with you, Mister Potter?" Madam Bones asked.

"Sure." Harry smiled. "When did you want to talk?"

"We could do it now, if you are available." She nodded. "Follow me to my office?"

"Certainly." Harry agreed.

"I'll catch up in a bit." Arthur said.

Madam Bones led the way. They passed by Fudge who was talking in hushed tones to Lucius Malfoy. Madam Bones and the blond bastard traded glares. He sneered at Harry as he passed. The dread he felt seeing the Death Eater again was tamped down by morbid curiosity. No one had seemed to notice the woman standing behind Fudge now had a green tint to her skin.

Harry looked at Malfoy again. The man may be a murdering bastard, but he was observant. There wasn't a single indication that Malfoy saw anything wrong. Harry shook his head. A brief flash of confusion played across Malfoy's face as Harry walked away.

14.

Madam Bones held the door to her office open. She waited for Harry to step inside before closing it. Harry looked around the office. The furniture was classy and professional without being showy. It had an understated style to it that exuded competency.

"Take a seat." She said as she moved behind her desk.

There were two chairs facing her desk. The one behind it was of the same style, but slightly larger. Harry sat and waited for her.

"Mister Potter." She gave him a professional smile. "I received an anonymous letter about you." She paused, letting him know that she clearly knew who wrote the letter. "They are asking for my expertise on an interesting subject. The Bones Family has certain specialties that only a few friends know about. From what the letter said, you're having some issues with Wild Magic."

Harry nodded.

"If you would allow me, I can take a look." Madam Bones said.

"Yes, thank you." Harry nodded enthusiastically. "I'd love to know what is going on."

Madam Bones drew her wand. She waved it in a complex pattern. Harry couldn't hear what she was saying, but her lips were moving.

"Oh." Madam Bones stopped.

"Oh?" Harry repeated.

"A person draws magic from their core." Madam Bone explained. "Each person has one. Think of magic like a river and each core is a bowl that a person uses to hold the water. The size varies from person to person, but it has a set limit. You can't use more magic than the core can hold."

She paused.

"Got it." Harry nodded.

"Your core doesn't seem to have a limit." Madam Bones continued. "You are standing in the middle of the river and your bowl keeps growing."

Harry laughed. "That doesn't sound like a bad thing."

"For you, no." Madam Bones shook her head. "But it is very bad for everyone around you."

Harry rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Of course, it is. Please, continue."

"Anyone around you will soon find that not only is their core being depleted, but you will have more influence over their magic than they do themselves." Madam Bones explained. "You need to find a way to use the magic your core is gathering. Your core cannot absorb more if you're using the magic it contains."

"How do I do that?" Harry asked.

"Siri... the anonymous source mentioned it feels like a pressure building. Have you found a way to reduce the feeling?" She asked.

"Casting spells and charms only help take the edge off." Harry blushed.

"Anything else?" Madam Bones pressed.

"Sex." Harry tried not to look at her. "When I have sex, it eases a lot of the pressure. I'm not sure, but it seems like it is more effective if I... enjoy?... their company."

"It works better if you have a positive connection." Madam Bones nodded. "And if you don't?"

"It relieves more pressure than a couple of hours casting spells." Harry shrugged. "I don't know for sure, it's something I noticed but haven't been able to test further."

Madam Bones leaned back in her chair. She studied him long enough for Harry to start getting nervous.

"Regardless." She stood and moved beside him. "It's the best option."

Harry's mouth dropped open as she shrugged off her robes. Underneath she wore a tasteful black dress that mingled perfectly with the shade of the robe and obscured the shape of her body. They both jumped as the thick fabric burst into flames. It was quickly reduced to a pile of ash. Madam Bones raised her eyebrows at him.

"I...uh." Harry blushed. "You're gorgeous and the robe was hiding that."

"Thank you, Harry." She smiled at him. "That's while I wear it."

Harry's mouth went dry as she turned around and lifted up her hair.

"Would you unzip me?" Madam Bones asked.

"Yes, Madam Bones." Harry jumped to his feet faster than he had ever moved in his life.

"While we're in private, please call me Amelia." Her voice took on a smoky edge.

He was shaking, but years of experience as a Seeker kept his hands steady. The zipper lowered smoothly. His mouth went dry as each inch of her skin was exposed. In his previous sexual encounters Harry had been the one in control. In a matter of moments Amelia Bones took charge.

She turned around, letting her dress drop to the floor to reveal a matching set of sheer purple bra and panties. Amelia smiled as Harry stared open-mouthed at her.

"Now, Harry." She purred.

He shivered at the sound of his name on her lips.

"Yes?" He managed to say.

"I need you." She paused. "To take these off."

Harry nodded. He slid a hand around her back, finding the latch, and unsnapping it. Harry carefully removed her bra, reverently unwrapping her amazing breasts. Amelia gasped as the air touched her exposed skin.

"Do you like my breasts, Harry?" Amelia pressed her arms together, lifting them up for closer inspection.

"Beautiful." Harry whispered.

"Do you want to give them a kiss?" She wiggled a little.

Harry nodded quickly.

"Go on." She cooed at him.

Harry leaned forward kissing one nipple and then the other. He circled each with the tip of his tongue. Amelia stroked the back of his head as his teeth pinched one nipple and then the other.

"Very good, Harry." She trailed a finger along his chin, tilting his face to look at her.

Her soft, luscious lips brushed against his. Amelia expertly undressed him while she pulled him into a deep, long kiss. Her tongue circled around his. Harry could barely think. It wasn't until she pushed him back into the chair, he had just vacated that he realized he was completely nude. She had even managed to get his socks and shoes off.

"You forgot something, Harry." She slipped her fingers along the band of her panties.

Harry lunged forward, reaching out. He froze when she leaned back.

"No hands." Amelia smiled down at him.

He nodded. Harry bit the top band and began to work them down her legs. He lost concentration once her pussy was uncovered. A precisely trimmed triangle of a red bush guided his gaze to the tops of her lips. He was brought back to the moment when her finger stroked the side of his face.

Harry returned his attention to removing her panties. Finally, she stepped out of them. He straightened up, finding himself eye-level with her glorious bush.

"Have you ever licked a pussy, Harry?" Amelia smirked at him.

Harry couldn't think of anything besides her intoxicating scent.

"Give it a try." She moved closer to him.

Harry traced his fingers along the inside of her thigh and up the heat of her damp lips. Amelia gasped as his fingers brushed over her clit. Harry placed a hand on her mound, increasing the pace as he rubbed his thumb in circles around her clit. A long, low moan left her lips as one of Harry's fingers slid into her pussy. His palm rested against her mound for a moment before he added another. He moved them in and out, gradually going deeper. Her hands gripped his shoulders as a sudden orgasm rocked her balance.

"That was wonderful, Harry." She cooed. "But that wasn't your tongue."

Wasting no more time, Harry replaced his fingers with his tongue. Amelia's hips rocked forward, driving his face deeper between her legs. One of her hands grabbed his shoulder while the other locked onto the back of the chair for support. He captured her clit with his lips, flicking it with his tongue. Amelia came hard, a torrent of fluid leaked out from between her legs. It covered his mouth and chin.

"Harry." She moaned.

Amelia released him, taking a step back. She reached down, stroking his shaft, looking at it for the first time. Harry's breath hitched as she swirled her fingers along the edge of his knob. She smiled at him.

"Lovely." Amelia leaned forward, nibbling his ear.

She straddled him on the chair. Amelia grabbed a fistful of his hair in each hand and pulled his mouth roughly against hers. Gone was the gentle, bewitching kiss from before. Her tongue danced with his as she ground her hips on him, sliding along his shaft.

Harry groaned as she pulled back. Amelia reached down, took him in her hand, and lined him up at her entrance. She gave him a predatory smile as she slowly sank down onto his thick shaft. Amelia's wet, hot pussy easily slid lower. Harry groaned as he bottomed out.

Amelia hummed in pleasure, enjoying the full sensation.

"Oh, fuck." Harry moaned.

"Are you ready?" She caressed his cheek, biting her lip as they locked eyes.

Harry nodded.

Starting slowly, she lifted up a couple of inches before easing back down, grinding her pelvis into his, and adding a thrill of pressure to her clit. Amelia leaned back, gaining speed with each thrust. Harry couldn't think anymore. His words came out in grunts and moans.

Amelia captured his lips in a kiss. She was breathing heavily when she pulled away. Harry thrust his aching member up into her. She cooed at as he reached deeper inside of her. He ran his hands along her spine before grabbing a handful of her surprisingly firm ass.

Their pace increased. Loud, rhythmic slaps came from their bodies, echoing around the room. Amelia rode him with wild abandon while Harry held on, lost in pleasure. Her arms and legs locked around him, holding him in place on the chair. She let out a shuddering moan as she pushed down onto him, rolling her hips and humping against him as he pussy shuddered around his cock.

Harry's hands moved to her hips. His grip tightened as he began to slam into her, harder and faster. His breathing grew erratic.

"Cum for me, Harry." Amelia whispered in his ear.

With one last thrust, he buried himself as deep into her as he could. Amelia continued to grind herself into him. She smiled as he felt him pulsing inside of her. Harry leaned his head forward, resting on her chest.

"Fuck." He groaned.

Amelia summoned her wand. She waved it around him in the complex motions as before.

"Much better." She kissed him on the top of the head.

Harry nodded. The bonfire had relaxed to a campfire.

"You'll need at least one of those a day." Amelia rose off of him, a torrent of cum trailed down her legs.
"Possibly more if what you're saying about an emotional connection is correct."

Harry gave her a sly grin. "Same time tomorrow?"

"Cute." She smiled at him. "I'll send a letter along with Tonks to update everyone. We'll need to speak with Dumbledore as well."

Harry's mind cleared at that. "What?"

"Something needs to be arranged for your school year." Amelia replied.

"Oh." Harry blinked. "I...huh."

"The Potter Luck strikes again." Amelia smiled at him.

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"Ready to go then?" Arthur asked as Harry stepped out into the lobby.

Harry nodded. Amelia stood beside him with a pleasant grin on her face. She handed a sealed parchment to Arthur.

"This is for Nymphadora." Amelia said sternly.

"I'll make sure she gets it." Arthur nodded.

"Thank you for your time, Harry." Amelia spoke professionally, but there was a smile in her eyes.

"Pleasure was mine." Harry felt his cheeks heating up.

Amelia Bones was a woman to be careful around. Not only was she incredibly powerful, but she also made him feel like a kid. Well, he was a kid, but she made him feel like a little kid with a crush. She was the hot teacher of his dreams, who also happened to be the sexy police officer who pulled you over for speeding.

Harry shook his head to clear his thoughts. He followed Arthur back to the lobby. It took a bit of doing to get to the line-up of fireplaces.

"Go to the Burrow." Arthur said quietly. "Once we're there, I'll take you the rest of the way."

Harry nodded. He tossed a sprinkle of ash into the fireplace and stepped through. Luckily, there was no one there to see him tumble out the other side. Harry stood up and dusted himself off as Arthur stepped through. The man didn't even skip a step.

He hated magical transportation. He was the youngest seeker in years. He had ridden a hippogriff and outflown a dragon but traveling via floo was beyond him.

"Take my hand." Arthur held it out. "We're going to apparate the rest of the way."

"Ok." Harry said slowly.

He had heard of apparition before. It was teleportation, but with a different name. House Elves had their own version as well.

"Brace yourself." Arthur said.

Harry had just enough time to wonder what he meant before his world spun. His body felt like someone was trying to push his head through his bellybutton and succeeded. When the world returned to normal, Harry took a shuddering breath.

"You get used to it." Arthur patted him on the shoulder.

"I love magic." Harry groaned. "But that was horrible."

They were outside Number Twelve at the end of the walk. The street behind them was obscured, but by what, Harry couldn't say.

"It's not as bad once you learn how to do it yourself." Arthur helped him stand upright.

"That's good to know." Harry grumbled. "Until then, I'll stick with my broom. Or the Night bus."

"There are many times when neither is an option." Arthur patted him on the shoulder. "I'm off to find Tonks. Madam Bones is not the type of woman you want to disappoint."

Harry chuckled. Next time they met he wasn't going to be so passive. He caught up with Arthur by the time he opened the door. Harry was quite tempted to ring the bell. The screaming portrait didn't bother him all that much.

In fact, he was in a wonderful mood.

He slipped his hand over as they walked into the house. His finger tapped the button, sending a deep chime through the hall. The portrait began to scream and curse. Somewhere down the hall Sirius started his own variation of things. The portrait was muffled by a thick curtain, but it was still impressively loud.

Sirius stormed out from the kitchen with a wand at the ready. A string of spells zipped through the air, connecting with the curtain. The portrait got quieter with each.

"What did I say about ringing that bell?" Sirius growled.

Harry gave him a wide smile. The scowl on Sirius' face melted away.

"Prat." Sirius shook his head.

"Amelia knew you were the anonymous contact." Harry said smoothly.

Sirius froze. "She did?"

Harry nodded.

"And she didn't slip a tracker on you?" Sirius waved a wand over him. "Did she question you about me?"

"No." Harry shook his head. "She looked me over. Not exactly how you asked."

Sirius studied him for a moment.

"No." A wicked smile crossed his face.

Harry nodded.

"I'm so proud." Sirius beamed. "You have no idea how long I've been after her." He shook his head.

"Later, what did she say?"

"She said that my core is absorbing so much magic that I'm going to start draining people near me."

Harry spoke in low tones. "That or I'm going to be able to control their magic. My brain is scrambled."

"I bet." Sirius chuckled. "What else did she say?"

"I need to find a way to use the magic I'm pulling in, or the draining-control stuff will happen." Harry explained.

"And the only way to do that is sex." Sirius actually sounded... serious. "That could be an issue."

"You're taking this better than I thought." Harry bumped his godfather on the shoulder.

"Under any other circumstances I'd say you were a genius for coming up with such a complex long game." Sirius sighed. "As it stands, I don't know how to help. I don't think Dumbledore would be open to the idea of sending a constant line-up of professionals to take care of you."

"Professionals?" Harry realized what he meant once the word left his mouth.

"Call Witches." Sirius replied offhandedly. "Prostitutes, really. High class, discreet, and worth every moment."

"You've got experience?" Harry smiled.

"Harry, my boy." Sirius clapped him on the shoulder. "A woman who plies her trade should be treated as a lady. It's one of the few lessons my old man taught me that is worth anything."

"Your dad taught you about prostitutes?" Harry said slowly.

"Pureblood traditions." Sirius replied. "Spend thousands of galleons to get the proper wife and then ignore her to spend thousands more for a professional."

The duo stood in silence for a bit. Harry wasn't sure what to say to that. He felt like he should apologize, but he didn't know how, or why. Sirius was lost in his thoughts. Maybe one of the few pleasant memories that he had of his father.

He could just see the photo in the album now: Dad and me at the bordello!

"Your grandfather wasn't the sort." Sirius said after a moment. "He respected the trade, but he didn't take James for a right-of-passage like mine did."

"Oh." Harry desperately looked around the room for something to talk about.

"This got awkward faster than I thought." Sirius chuckled. "Come on, everyone should be awake now. We can get in some dueling. Molly has been distracted all morning. She won't notice us missing until we're down there."

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Dueling didn't help. They could actually see Sirius' spells lose power as they got closer to Harry. He was absorbing the magic to the point where even the most powerful curses were nothing more than annoyances. It was like every spell sent his way was replacing the magic Madam Bones had managed to vent.

Sirius stopped; his face was covered in sweat. Harry, on the other hand, hadn't cast a single spell. His godfather pointed to one of the targeting dummies. He waved an exhausted hand.

Harry pointed his wand at one. "Reducto."

A wave of power tore through the line of dummies.

"How much power did you put in that?" Sirius gawked at the destruction.

"Not any more than usual." Harry shrugged.

"I'd love to see the look on Voldemort's face when he tries to go against you now." Sirius chuckled.

Harry nodded; a wry smile crossed his face. He looked down at his wand. With a sigh, he slid it back into the holster.

"How do you feel?" Harry asked.

"What do you mean?" Sirius cocked his head to the side.

"I was absorbing your spells." Harry continued. "Was I also absorbing your magic?"

"No." Sirius shook his head. "I still feel like me."

"Wotcher Siri, Harry." Tonks called as she strolled into the training room. "Fancy place you've got down here."

"Thanks." Sirius smiled. "What brings you down?"

"Madam Bones sent me some orders." Tonks winked at Harry.

"Right." Sirius smiled broadly. "I'll leave you two to it then."

Tonks waited until the door was shut before she moved closer.

"Bones says some interesting things in her letter." Tonks circled around Harry, looking him over. "I've got orders 'to facilitate your access to consenting witches for intimate activities' which is a fancy way of saying I've got to get you laid."

Harry blushed. "It's a long story."

"Something about your core absorbing magic at an 'alarming' rate and sex is the most efficient way to handle it." Tonks shrugged. "Short story, really. That true, or are you just looking for an excuse to shag a lot of birds?"

Harry laughed.

"Stand over there." Harry pointed to the other end of the dueling platform. "Cast some spells at me."

"You want to duel?" Tonks asked.

"No." Harry shook his head. "I want you to cast some spells at me."

Tonks shrugged. She hopped up on the platform. Her wand was out in a flash, she sent a simple leg-lock jinx his way. She smirked at him, just waiting for him to topple over. Her jaw dropped when the spell simply disappeared before it touched him.

Her posture shifted. The ever-present smile on her face vanished. She began to send more jinxes his way, chaining them together in hopes of slipping something by him. The streaks of color disappeared before getting within arm's reach.

"How?" Tonks asked staring at him.

"We just discovered it when Sirius and I were training." Harry shook his head. "Even the curses he was throwing were hardly anything if they actually touched me."

Harry shivered, not realizing how much his magic was building.

"Are you alright?" Tonks moved closer to him.

"You and Sirius are pretty powerful." Harry let out a shaky chuckle. "Absorbing your spells has just about put me at my limit."

"Which means you're about to start tapping into wild magic until your core adjusts." Tonks said softly.

"Pardon?" Harry asked.

"Bones." Tonks explained. "She said that your use of wild magic is when your core adjusts. Once it's big enough to accommodate the new amount, it settles and begins absorbing again."

"Good to know." Harry sighed. "Not sure how that helps, but good to know."

"It means we need to make sure you don't get to the point where you use wild magic." Tonks stripped off her coat. "That way your core isn't forced to adjust."

She continued to remove her clothing as she got closer.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked through gritted teeth. It felt like something was pressing on the edges of his very being, trying to push beyond.

"Getting undressed." She rolled her eyes. "Why aren't you?"

"You're not going to buy me dinner first?" Harry let out a ragged laugh.

"Joke later." Tonks stepped out of her pants. "Strip now."

Harry admired her svelte body. She was built for speed and agility, which was funny considering how often she tripped over things. Her breasts were firm and compact, her stomach was tight and smooth, and her legs were sculpted muscle. She reminded him of the gymnasts he'd seen on TV during the Olympics.

He smiled when he saw the pink patch of hair between her legs.

Tonks didn't wait for him to finish the look. She expertly had his shirt off and his pants unbuttoned in a matter of moments.

"Step." Tonks ordered softly.

Harry did. It wasn't until she started to stroke his dick that he realized he was nude.

"We don't know enough to see if your feelings have an impact on the amount of magic you release." Tonks planted a soft kiss on his cheek. "I still want you to know, even before the letter from Bones, I was planning on jumping you."

Her lips trailed along his neck. She stroked in time with her kisses. Her fingers circled the edge of his crown as she pulled her lips away from his skin. Harry moaned at her touches.

"Later." She brushed her teeth against the sensitive skin on his neck. "We're going to take this nice and slow. Stretch it out until you're just begging to cum."

Harry shivered.

"Now." Tonks gripped his cock hard. "I'm going to need you to fuck me stupid."

Tonks turned around and dropped down to her knees. She leaned forward, crossing her arms to use them as a pillow. Tonks looked over her shoulder, wiggling her bum.

"Please, Harry." She fluttered her eyelashes at him. "Please, fuck me."

Harry growled as he lunged at her. He pushed down into her. It was slow going, there wasn't nearly enough moisture. His magic responded on instinct. The shaft of his cock and her lips were covered in a warm liquid.

Tonks and Harry moaned in unison. He took that as a suggestion and began to rock his hips while still inside her. He increased the lengths of his strokes, pulling out slowly before pressing with the same speed back into her. The training room was filled with the sound of their bodies clapping.

Harry leaned forward, biting, and sucking hungrily down her back, leaving a wide swath of soon-to-be hickeys. He pushed his hips faster. Tonks tilted her head back and let out a long, high whine. Her voice shifted to a scream as her body began to buck harder back against him.

He slowed down, fucking her deep and hard as she orgasmed.

"I could get used to this." Tonks moaned.

"Not done yet." Harry gave her a feral smile before he began to hammer into her.

Harry squeezed her firm ass. Tonks moaned as his fingers trailed along her tailbone. A quick spank turned her moan into a squeak.

"Harry." She pouted, looking at him over her shoulder. "Be nice."

Harry spanked her again. She giggled. He turned his attention to finding his own release. She bucked under him again, letting out a loud moan. Tonks' orgasm rocked them both. Much too soon he felt

himself getting close. The feeling of her cumming on his cock was too much. Harry slammed himself into her.

He gripped her hips, pulling her as close as he could. Harry groaned as he pumped her full of cum. He slowed his thrusts once the last bit of seed was out.

"Feel better?" Tonks cooed.

Harry nodded.

17.

"You know." Tonks began to get dressed. "With my abilities, we can have some fun."

"How so?" Harry asked, getting dressed as well.

Harry watched as she shifted into an older version of Hermione. Then her form swapped to that of Ginny, also older, before returning to her original shape.

"Wow." Harry gasped. "That's amazing."

"I can do pretty much anyone." Tonks wiggled her eyebrows at him.

"Just the older versions?" Harry asked.

"No, I was just showing off." Tonks shook her head. "It would take a little more time to get the details right. It sounds gross, but I can perfectly replicate anyone I've swapped fluids with. Really, I can take a drink from their cup to get what I need, but that can still be gross."

"Even guys?" Harry asked.

"It takes longer, but yeah." Tonks nodded. "The dick works too, no cum though." She paused. "There are limits. I'm not a shapeshifter, I can only work with what I've got. So, humanoid with a range of half a foot in height. Anything more than that hurts, and I can't hold it for long."

"You wouldn't mind if I asked you to change to someone else?" Harry asked slowly.

"If we were in a relationship, maybe." Tonks bobbed her head. "We're just having fun, so let's have fun. We could roleplay a little too."

"Can you change your skin color too?" Harry asked.

"Of course." Tonks scoffed. Her skin swapped from the natural ranges before slipping into a few that weren't.

"That's impressive." Harry nodded. "Glad you're on my side."

"Of course." Tonks winked at me. "After the orgasms you just gave me, I think we can be friends."

Harry chuckled.

"I'm going to head back upstairs." Tonks finished getting dressed. "I need a shower."

"Want some company?" Harry gave her a roguish smile.

"Maybe later." Tonks winked at him. "You could use one too."

Harry sniffed himself. He smelled like sex and sweat.

"True." Harry nodded.

The two of them headed back upstairs. Tonks went to the bathroom on the second floor. Harry headed to his room. He was glad to have his own private bath attached. The charms on the pipes were still running strong, despite the years of neglect.

A hot shower was a glorious thing. He enjoyed the heat and let his mind drift. Harry wondered how long the place had been empty until Sirius returned. Now it was stuffed with Weasleys and the Order. The house needed a good scrubbing.

He stepped out of the shower, thinking about how house elves were acquired when he saw one digging through his bags.

"Hey." Harry snapped. "Get out of my stuff."

"Half-blood orders Kreacher." The elf muttered.

The elf froze, staring at him. It stumbled a few steps toward him before dropping to its knees.

"Please forgive Kreacher, Numen." The elf wailed. "Kreacher did not know."

Harry stared at the elf. He sighed and shook his head. It was always something.

"Leave my stuff alone." Harry ordered. "And clean this place up."

"Right away, Numen. Kreacher obey." The elf disappeared with a pop.

"Numen." Harry repeated. "I'll have to look that one up."

Harry headed over to his trunk and started to go through his clothes. He was interrupted by a knock at his door. Still dressed in a towel, he answered it to find Hermione.

"Tonks was called away on an assignment." Hermione's eyes roamed his body.

Harry took a moment to study her. Her hair was wet fresh from a shower. She was wearing a pair of jeans that were worn on the knees and her shirt had some logo on it he didn't recognize. He smiled. Tonks had outdone herself. A bit of roleplay indeed.

"Oh?" Harry opened the door wider, wordlessly inviting her inside. "Did she say any more?"

"It's about the conversation you had with Bones." Hermione/Tonks stepped into the room.

Harry closed the door behind her. He headed back over to his open trunk. Hermione hovered behind him for a moment before coming to sit on the side of the bed. Harry focused on setting out a new outfit.

"How are you feeling?" Hermione asked.

Harry turned to look at her, giving her a hungry gaze. He dropped his towel. Hermione gasped as she took in his naked form. He slipped a hand around her waist, pulling her close. Harry locked his lips on her neck, his teeth grazed her skin. If she could make her hickies vanish then he wasn't going to hold back.

Hermione moaned, her fingers running through his hair.

"Harry." She whimpered.

He gripped her ass, lifting her up off her feet, and spinning to drop her on the bed. She looked up at him in shock.

"What are you doing?" Her voice shivered.

"First." Harry ran a finger down the front of her pants. They unbuttoned and the zipper followed his motion. "I'm going to strip you naked."

Harry grabbed the top of her pants, making sure to get her panties as well, and yanked them down below her knees. She squeaked at the sudden motion. Harry ran his fingers through her curly bush. He leaned down, planting a soft kiss just above the hair.

Hermione shivered at the soft touch.

"Then, I'm going to do something I've wanted to do for years." Harry finished removing her pants.

"Years?" Hermione whispered.

"Years." He repeated. "Sit up and raise your arms."

She did. Harry deftly removed her top. He nibbled and kissed her body, keeping his attention just below the edge of her shirt. Progress stopped, once it was over her head, and so were her arms. A simple white bra held her delectable breasts. Hermione's nipples were just about visible through the thin fabric.

Hermione rewarded him with a long moan as he ran the pads of his thumbs over her nipples. They perked up under his touch. He slid a hand around, finding the clasp, it opened at his touch. Just like her pants. With the bra unlatched and bundled together with her shirt, he stripped the rest of her naked. Harry licked her hardened light-pink nipples. Moving from one to the other.

"Kiss me." Hermione begged. "Please, kiss me."

Harry placed a gentle kiss on her nipple.

"Not there." She moaned.

Harry kissed the other.

"Harry." Hermione whined.

It sounded almost exactly like her. Damn, Tonks was good.

Harry kissed her. It was quick, nothing more than a peck. She pouted. They kissed again, deeper this time. His tongue darted out, tentatively touching hers. Hermione sighed as they parted.

"Harry." She whispered.

He rested his forehead on hers.

"Gentle or rough?" Harry whispered back.

"Gentle." Hermione blushed.

Harry reached down, drifting a finger along her slit. He smiled at the sheer amount of wetness waiting for him. Taking his cock in his hand, he slid the crown along her pussy. After a few passes he pressed down, finding her entrance.

Hermione leaned her down, trying to get a better view. Harry straightened up to assist. The movement also helped push him deeper inside. She moaned as the tip of his cock hit her limit with another couple of inches of his shaft untouched.

"Not your first time?" Harry asked.

She shook her head.

"Who?" Harry pulled back slowly.

"Krum." She whimpered. "Yule Ball."

Thank Merlin that Tonks hadn't said Ron. Krum was believable enough.

"How was he?" Harry pushed back just as slow.

"Fast." Hermione gasped.

"Did he stretch you like this?" Harry added a firm thrust as he reached her limit.

Her mouth opened, but no words came out. She shook her head. Hermione hugged him tightly.

"Did he cum inside you?" Harry began to speed up.

She shook her head again.

"Good." He growled.

Harry leaned down, capturing her lips in a hard kiss. He grabbed her hips, pulling her back to meet him. Harry lifted her ass off the bed, arching her back, and allowing him to reach even deeper. Rational thought was replaced by furious rutting.

Hermione's fingers dug into his back. She could feel liquid pouring from her cunt as it desperately tried to milk his thrusting cock. A long, formless scream erupted from her as pussy clamped down on him. It turned into a rough moan as she spasmed around him. Her body shook as she felt a pulsing warmth fill her body. It took a few seconds before her brain registered that he was cumming deep within her. Once she was filled, Harry placed a kiss on her forehead.

Harry pulled out of her, admiring the stream of cum leaking out of her freshly fucked pussy. He settled in beside her, stroking her smooth stomach. Hermione rolled over to him, nuzzling his neck. He sighed in contentment; the bonfire was down to smoldering ashes.

That was once in the morning with Madam Bones, once with Tonks in the training area, and once more with her here. Three times to bring him to a safe-ish level. He would have to pay attention to see how long it took to build up again.

"Hey, Harry." Tonks called as she stepped into the room. "Just talked to Bones-"

Tonks came to a halt, which meant she tripped a bit before catching herself on a chair. Harry and Hermione sat up in bed. He looked from Tonks to Tonks as Hermione a few times before the thought actually processed what was happening.

Hermione, the real Hermione, squeaked in shock and started to gather up her clothes. She pulled her shirt on before rushing out of the room. A moment later they heard a bedroom door slam.

"Have a good shower?" Tonks asked with a wry smile.

18.

Hermione sat next to him at the table looking down at her plate. She wouldn't meet his eyes. It didn't help that Tonks kept winking at her. Harry sighed and shook his head. This was certainly a development. He had to explain to Hermione what was going on. How sex was the most efficient way to keep his magic from growing too fast. That he needed it at least three times a day.

Even that number wasn't solid. It had been three times before noon that had eased things to a manageable level. Was it three times in the morning then another three in the evening?

Being around magic, especially having it directed at him, sped things up drastically. Until the duels he was at a decent balance. Meaning all he had to do was avoid any sort of incoming magic, keep the pressure under constant vigilance, and have the option of a sexual outlet when things got out of hand. Which was totally possible considering he was going back to Hogwarts in the next few days. A school full of magic and spells just bouncing around everywhere.

Harry looked down at his wrist. On his left hand, opposite the wand holster, was a thick silver band covered in an intricate pattern of runes made of gold threads. It looked like a fancy wristwatch, except the clockface was replaced with a thin, circular diamond.

Amelia Bones had contacted an Unspeakable. They were now aware of Harry's condition and were working to bring it under control. The current idea was to make something that would constantly drain the building magic either by funneling it into a vessel of some sort or shift it back to ambient. Both needed time to develop. Right now, the fancy watch was a monitor. The diamond would change color when the magical buildup was in need of release.

Currently it was a steady green, which meant it was within acceptable levels. The ultimate goal was getting it to the natural clarity of the diamond. Yellow was not good. Red was the worst, meaning that he was going to tap into some powerful wild magic. This was how he managed to talk to Hedwig and turn that woman into an actual toad. There still hadn't been any mention of a ministry employee becoming a toad.

Harry found that silent, wandless casting was easy for him now. Using it helped ease the pressure just a bit. It was better than casting spells with his wand, but not enough to make a big difference. He would need to let loose to help at all.

A thought popped into his head. He hadn't tried rubbing one out. If sex helped, then masturbation should do something as well.

Harry stood from the table and hurried up to his room without a word. He was vaguely aware of raised voices, but this was more important.

It wasn't until he was in his room that he realized someone had followed him. He turned around to see Tonks shut the door.

"So." Tonks drew the word out. "How are things?"

Harry stared at her. She was practically bouncing.

"How was it?" Tonks asked. "Did you think she was me? Did you make her scream? Did you blow you? What about anal?"

"Calm down, Tonks." Harry sighed. "Yes, I thought she was you. We were talking about role-playing and turning into other girls. You said you were going to take a shower. She comes in with wet hair, talking about how you were called in to do something with the new assignment. Her clothes were different than she usually wears. It made sense."

"And the screaming?" Tonks prodded.

"There was screaming." Harry held up a hand. "I'm not going into any more details."

"Fine." She pouted. "Aside from the charm bracelet-"

"Watch." Harry corrected.

"Charm bracelet." Tonks continued. "Bones is still in talks with Dumbles to get things in place for you."

"Joy of joys." Harry flopped back onto his bed.

"What were you doing anyway?" Tonks joined him on the bed, bouncing a bit to get a feel for it. "You were in your own little world and then you rushed off. Should have seen your girlfriend's face."

"She's not my girlfriend." Harry covered his face with a pillow.

"You should tell her that." Tonks tried to pull the pillow away.

"I'm going to have to have sex like ten times a day." Harry held it in place. "That's way too much for one girl, which isn't fair to ask anyone to be fine with. Want to be my girlfriend? By the way, I'm going to be shagging ten other girls and everyone is going to know within the first couple hours of the year."

"Ten girls?" Tonks let out a low whistle. "That's quite a line-up. How'd you reach that number?"

"It took three times this morning to calm things down." Harry replied.

"One with me, another with Hermione." Tonks thought for a moment. "Tell me you didn't shag my boss."

"I didn't shag your boss." Harry said. "She shagged me."

"Sweet Merlin's Nipples." Tonks breathed out. She flopped back onto bed next to him. "Plan for now is for me to follow you to Hogwarts. Officially, I'm the new Defense assistant professor. Fudge was pushing for a Ministry employee to take the position, but Bones was able to tack one of hers on too."

"Assistant?" Harry asked. "Who's going to be the professor?"

"No clue. Fudge wasn't happy but agreed. We all know he's doing it so he can slip more of his people in the department." Tonks shrugged. "I don't mind. I'm getting paid to teach and be an auror on assignment."

"That sounds complicated." Harry muttered.

"That's politics." Tonks shrugged. "Why were you up here?"

"I got to thinking-"

"That's dangerous." Tonks cut in.

"I got to thinking." Harry continued. "If sex helps, then masturbation should too."

It was easier to talk about these things with Tonks. Having a pillow covering his face helped as well. She wasn't able to see him blush.

"You were coming up here to flog the Bishop?" Tonks asked. "Not a bad idea. Don't let me stop you."

"That's not how this works." Harry sat up. "You can't be here while I do it."

"Why not?" Tonks looked up at him.

Harry tried to think of an answer.

"Well?" Tonks was smiling now.

"It's private." Harry offered.

"Sometimes." Tonks wiggled her eyebrows at him.

"If I have to do it at Hogwarts." Harry looked away. "Then I'm not going to have anyone with me."

"True." Tonks nodded. "Get to it."

"Didn't you hear what I just said?" Harry asked.

"Like at your charm bracelet." Tonks pointed at his wrist.

He did. "It's green."

"Exactly." Tonks said.

"What?" Harry cocked his head to the side.

"How can you figure out how good it works if you're already in the clear?" Tonks asked. "Polishing your knob now would just be for the fun of it."

Harry sighed. He flopped back on the bed.

"Aw." Tonks looked over at him. "Nothing? First, I miss you playing naughty professor and now I don't get a show?"

"Naughty professor?" Harry asked.

"Please, Professor Potter." Tonks grew out her hair then twirled it around her finger. "I'll do anything for extra credit."

Harry covered his face with the pillow again.

19.

Harry and Tonks spent the rest of the afternoon hanging out together. They talked about her time at school, Auror training, and her parents. She knew a lot about how the magical world worked through practical experience. Tonks picked up on him not wanting to talk about his life, so she kept to safe topics. He told her about his favorite classes, the various ways he caught a snitch, and his previously nonexistent love life. She found his encounters with Malfoy hilarious.

After a bit, they simply hung out. Enjoying being together. Like two old friends finally catching up.

"We should come up with a code word or something." Harry said. "That way I don't accidentally shagging someone I think is you."

"Accidentally." Tonks snorted.

"I will hex you." Harry warned.

"It's a good idea." Tonks said after a moment. "It would need to be something you say to me, or whoever you think is me, and only the real me would have the countersign. It would also need to be something that won't be said in normal conversation."

"It had a chicken head with duck feet." Harry said. "Then you say, it had a woman's face too."

Tonks stared at him for a long, silent moment. She shrugged.

"That works." Her eyes dropped. "You're yellow."

Harry looked at his watch. It was indeed yellow.

"Three times this morning lasted until the evening." Harry said.

Tonks stood up and stretched. She headed for the door.

"Where are you going?" Harry propped himself on his elbows.

"Didn't you want to polish your broom?" Tonks asked.

"Right." Harry rolled his eyes.

Tonks waited for a moment. Harry didn't move from his spot on the bed. He dropped back onto his back and stared up at the ceiling.

"I know you've got this wild magic thing going on, but I don't think that's how you do it." Tonks chuckled.

"Eh." Harry shrugged. "I'm not really in the mood."

Tonks walked back over to him. She sat on the bed beside him.

"Hey." She leaned over to look him in the eyes. "I know it's weird, but it is a good idea."

"Yeah." Harry sighed. "It's just." He shrugged. "I don't even know."

"Can I help?" Tonks asked.

"Help how?" Harry asked.

"Well." Tonks gave him a sly grin. "We know sex works, but there are more options."

Harry's words were stopped when he felt her hand rubbing down his chest. His breath caught as she unbuttoned his pants then worked the zipper down.

"Lift up." Tonks leaned over, whispering in his ear.

Harry shivered and followed directions. She pushed his pants down to mid-thigh. Her fingers walked back up toward his crotch, playfully approaching his slumbering pole. Tonks straddled him. She smiled down at him as she freed his member from his boxers.

"We need to test how this works too." Tonks said seriously as she began to stroke him.

One hand shifted lower, caressing his sack. She cradled one testicle before moving on to the other. Her fingers circled around each one before reaching deeper. Harry sucked in a tight breath as her fingertips touched a spot just beyond his sack.

Tonks began to stroke him, slow and firm. Every other stroke she took a moment to caress the rim around his cockhead. All the while she teased the spot with her other hand.

Harry locked eyes with her. The smoldering want that looked back at him made him shudder.

"I would love to ride you right now." Tonks purred. "But this is important research."

Harry nodded. Her strokes increased in speed.

"Tonks." Harry moaned.

She clicked her tongue. "Professor Tonks."

Harry shivered.

"You like that?" Tonks paused her strokes while she kept her grip firm. "How many other professors do you want to stroke you off?"

Harry's words came out in a jumbled mess.

"Sinistra, of course. I bet you love to watch her bending over and looking through her telescope. " Tonks began to stroke again, her pace slow once more. "Vector, obviously. Do you have a class with her? What about Burbage? She's a hottie but hides it well. Babbling too, sweet, sexy, and kinky."

Harry groaned as she went down the list.

"Those are the obvious ones." Tonks giggled. "When you get back to school, you're going to get hard every time you look at a professor."

Her strokes increased again; her other hand began to caress his balls again.

"Pince, the librarian." Tonks continued. "Not much up top, but she has a fine ass."

Harry moaned.

"Want to know a secret?" Tonks whispered.

Harry nodded.

"She loves a couple of fingers in her ass while you lick her cunt." Tonks stopped stroking him, squeezing him hard to prevent any release.

"So close." Harry whimpered.

"I know." She wiggled her eyebrows. "I'm not done yet."

"Who else?" Harry said through deep breaths.

"Trelawny." Tonks grinned at him. "Every Sunday night she goes sky clad while she drinks *special* tea."

Harry couldn't help it. His balls tightened. Tonks cooed as he shot high into the air. Harry went limp. He felt Tonks shift on the bed followed by something soft cleaning him up. He was vaguely aware that she was using one of his new shirts.

"Can't use cleaning charms." Tonks stated. "Casting magic on you would defeat the purpose."

Harry nodded. His mind was beginning to clear again. Tonks tucked his slowly softening cock back in his pants. She settled down beside him on the bed.

"It's green." Tonks lifted his arm up to study the watch. "Looks like we can do this again."

"Thank you, professor." Harry smiled at her.

"Ten points to Gryffindor." She kissed him, a quick peck.

Harry smiled at her. "That was amazing."

Tonks preened under the praise. Her eyes dropped down to his semi-hard cock.

"It will be dinner soon." She said. "I don't think you want to go walking around like that."

"Not sure how to speed it along." Harry shrugged. "I'm spent. How in Merlin's name did you do that? I'm not this tired after sex."

"It's a blessing and a curse." Tonks sighed dramatically. She leaned in, her breath tickling his ear. "Ever wondered what McGonagall has under her robes?"

Harry flinched. Tonks giggled. Her laughter stopped when she released, he was actually getting harder.

"My, my Mister Potter." Tonks looked over at him. "That's a surprise."

Harry blushed.

"Hey." Tonks kissed him on the cheek. "None of that. I can see it. You should hear some of the names on my list."

"What list?" Harry asked.

"You know." She mimed stroking his cock. "The people you think about when you're taking things into your own hands."

"You know one of mine." Harry whispered. "It's only fair."

"Lupin." Tonks sighed.

"Remus?" Harry scrunched up his nose. "How's that embarrassing?"

"On the full moon." She added.

Harry blinked, letting the thought sink in.

"What does a female werewolf look like?" Harry asked. "I can't get it out of my head."

Tonks cackled.

20.

Dinner passed without issue. There wasn't an Order meeting, so things were rather dull. Harry went to bed. When he woke up Tonks had joined him at some point in the night. His watch was still green, which he had mixed feelings about. He would have loved to start the day with another stroke from Tonks.

Hermione had been acting weird since they had hooked up. Harry was too, but he didn't want to admit it. She hadn't said anything about them possibly dating, or doing it again, so he just let it be.

It did make meals a little awkward. The next morning the group gathered around the table with Hermione avoiding looking at him and Ginny trying to undress him with her eyes. Tonks was having a grand time watching them.

"I'm going to be staying with Harry." Tonks announced before tucking in.

"Certainly not." Molly snapped.

"It's not a problem." Sirius spoke up.

"It's not proper." Molly argued.

"Mrs. Weasley." Harry met her eyes, giving her a sly smile. "If you'd like we can discuss this in private."

Molly blanched at the offer. She shook her head and went back to cooking. Sirius shot him a confused look that melted away into shock. Tonks was practically bouncing in her chair.

"I get my own room." Ron sounded almost in awe.

"That you do, mate." Harry smiled at him.

"Are you two dating?" Ginny asked as she studied Tonks.

Tonks shook her head. "I'm on special assignment from Bones herself."

"And that means you have to stay in the room with Harry?" Ginny pressed.

"Gin." Harry kept his voice even. "Before Voldermort came back, my scar would hurt when he was near. I had strange dreams that turned out to be connected to him. Now that he's back, we don't know what will happen. If the head of the DMLE wants Tonks to watch me sleep, she must have a reason."

Hermione choked on her drink.

"Well said, pup." Sirius smiled. "Amelia knows what she's doing."

Tonks tapped him on the forearm. He looked at her, she motioned to his wrist. The watch had streaks of yellow in it. It had been green when he woke up, which was bit of a shock, and had stayed steady until now. Harry hoped that meant that he was adjusting to the ambient level of magic around him. He wasn't sure how they'd manage three times before lunch at Hogwarts.

"We should head downstairs to do some training." Tonks said.

Harry wondered if that was code for something. She stepped away from the table and made to leave.

"Come along, Potter." Tonks paused at the door.

"Be right there, Nymphadora." Harry teased.

Tonks had her wand out and sent a stinging hex at him with practiced ease. It faded before it could touch him. Her glare shifted to a wince when she noticed the watch turn a to a solid shade of yellow. Luckily, she had aimed it at his foot, which was still blocked by the table.

"I had to." Harry shrugged.

Tonks led the way downstairs. Oddly enough, Sirius was right behind them.

"I didn't know you wanted to watch." Harry stole a look at his godfather.

Sirius chuckled.

"We talked last night." Tonks spoke up. "We need to work on regulating your spell power. Even if using your magic doesn't help all that much, you still have to safely use it."

"I don't know." Sirius said thoughtfully. "I might be able to offer some tips if you want."

Harry stumbled a step. Sirius giggled.

"Didn't realize you were that type of Pureblood." Harry glared at him.

"We've only got a couple of days before the school year starts." Tonks spoke in a series tone, for once. "For the start, only you will be using magic. The mutt and I will just watch for now. Can't use the moving targets since they're magic too. Once you get the hang of that we'll start introducing external magic."

Harry didn't move. Neither did Sirius.

"What?" She asked, looking from one to the other.

"I've never seen you like this." Harry shook his head.

"I'm not a total goof." Tonks rolled her eyes. "Get started, we'll start small. Nothing beyond first year." Tonks pulled a chair over to an empty space before him. "Lift it."

Harry flicked and swished his wand. The chair smashed into ceiling, reducing it to splinters before he even got the words out. He quickly contained the flying debris in a dome. Harry released the spell, only for the chunks to reform before settling back in place.

"The furniture is self-repairing?" Tonks asked Sirius.

"No." Sirius shook his head.

"Okay." Tonks sighed. "Try again, this time concentrate on how it feels when you're casting."

Harry did as instructed. The chair shattered and reformed once again.

"Well?" Tonks asked. "How did it feel?"

"It's like my magic is pressurized." Harry scrunched up his face in thought. "Like the moment it has an opening the full force just goes for it."

"Hm." Tonks started to mumble to herself. She didn't seem to be stopping anytime soon.

Sirius and Harry watched.

"Molly?" Sirius asked.

Harry avoided looking at his godfather.

"Harry." Sirius gawked at him. "She is a married woman. Your friend's mum too."

"It just kind of happened." Harry shrugged.

"When?" He asked.

"Remember when I asked if you could talk to Hestia?" Harry asked.

Sirius nodded.

"She came up and started to lecture me." Harry continued. "She didn't ask me why I needed your help, or anything like that. Just started to give me grief. I needed an outlet, and she was there." Harry paused.

"She seemed pretty into it too." He shook his head. "So was Hermione."

"Hermione too?" Sirius patted him on the shoulder. "Good on you, pup."

Harry rolled his eyes. Sirius laughed.

"Maybe it's like the Veela thing?" Harry continued. "An allure, right? That could be why women have wanted me."

"Again." Sirius shook his head. "Not my area of expertise. I do have some experience with Veela."

Harry gave him a flat look.

"I'll spare you the details." Sirius laughed.

"Thank you." Harry actually meant it.

"Listen, pup." Sirius' smile melted from mischief into a gentle, caring one. "Harry. You're a handsome chap. Not only that, but you've got a natural way with people. I'm shocked you didn't have a troupe of ladies when I saw you a couple of years ago."

"Breaks over." Tonks moved closer to them.

"I'm ready." Harry nodded.

"If we think about your magic like water under pressure, then narrowing your attention is only going to make it worse." Tonks spoke in a firm tone. "I want you to try again. This time, I want you to focus on lifting the chair like you would without magic."

"I think I know what you mean." Harry turned once more to face the chair.

Harry raised his wand, visualizing picking up the chair with his hands. "Wing-"

The chair launched into the air. This time the frame shattered rather than the entire thing exploding.

"Nice job." Tonks clapped. "We're on the right track. Again, this time, instead of you lifting it, picture an elevator rising it."

That was an utter failure. The chair was slammed against the ceiling, flattening it. A few more tries and they stumbled upon the water imagery. Visualizing it being lifted by a fluid worked well enough. This method resulted in the chair being broken into chunks.

Spreading the spell out wider worked on slowing it down even more. The hard part was keeping his focus on only lifting the chair. Levitating everything in the room was easy with his magic spread out enough to keep the chair intact.

Harry was surprised to see the changes in Tonks once she went into teaching mode. She slipped a bit of humor in every now and then, but for the most part she was focused. Time passed at a shocking speed. Lunch was ready, and everyone was waiting, before Harry realized it.

Once he took a spot at the table, he looked at his watch. Working with his magic steadily for a few hours had managed to make a couple streaks of green appear. They quickly disappeared. The minor magic being used in the kitchen banished the green, returning the watch to a solid yellow.

"There's going to be an Order meeting after lunch." Molly said.

She gave her kids a stern look, letting them know there would be no arguing. Her gaze flicked to Harry before finding something else to keep her attention.

"Head back down and keep up the training." Tonks gave Harry a nod. "We'll pick it up after the meeting."

Harry nodded.

"What type of training are you doing?" Ron asked.

"Boring stuff." Harry replied.

Tonks stuck her tongue out at him.

"Can't be worse than cleaning." Ron muttered.

"You're using magic?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah." Harry nodded.

"But students aren't allowed to use magic outside of school." Hermione sounded like her old self. "The ministry already tried to get you expelled for Underage Magic."

"They can't tell who's using magic here." Sirius explained. "There are too many enchanted items and charms in the house for them to sort it out. Not to mention the wards."

"Then why are we cleaning by hand?" Ron spoke up.

"That isn't fair." Hermione said at the same time. "If I so much as cast a summoning charm at home I get a warning."

"You've gotten a warning?" Harry asked.

"That's not the point." Hermione blushed.

"Yeah." Tonks shrugged. "Same with Diagon Alley, or any manor for that matter."

Hermione fumed. Her attention turned to her lunch, her fork and knife clattering loudly with her plate.

"Easy." Harry soothed. "The roast beef didn't do anything to you."

Hermione glared at him. He smiled at her. This interaction with Hermione was a vast improvement over the last day.

"Finish up." Molly said. "The Order will be arriving soon."

Harry finished up and set his plate in the sink. He headed back downstairs. It wasn't until he heard the door lock that he realized he wasn't alone. He could actually feel spells being cast at the top of the stairs.

He waited for whoever it was to join him. Hermione arrived a moment later. At least, it looked like her.

"It had a chicken head with duck feet." He spoke.

"What?" Hermione froze. "Are you talking about dinner? Do wizards eat chicken heads? I think Mrs. Weasley is making turkey."

"Don't worry about it." Harry shook his head. "What's up?"

Hermione took in the room. She circled around, checking out the target area, and the dueling platform. She sat in the chair that Harry had spent the last few hours turning into kindling. It held, which he didn't expect.

"You're having sex with Tonks?" She gave him a shy smile.

"What makes you say that?" Harry tried to school his expression.

"She said she was on a special assignment." Hermione answered. "And you've been spending a lot of time with her."

"A gentleman doesn't kiss and tell." Harry countered.

He summoned a chair and took a seat across from her. Hermione raised an eyebrow at the casual use of magic.

"You don't deny it?" She asked.

"Why would I?" Harry asked in turn.

"I wasn't sure you would." Hermione studied him for a moment. "When we were together it didn't feel like it was your first time."

"I think that's a compliment." Harry smiled.

"It is." Hermione blushed and nodded. "Was it your first time?"

"No." Harry shook his head. "I'm not going to give any more details than that."

They fell into an oddly tense silence.

"We need to talk about what happened." Hermione spoke softly.

Harry sighed. He ran a hand along his face.

"I'll start from the beginning." Harry leaned back in the chair.

He told her about the dementor attack and how he felt after. The names and details of his hook-ups were left vague, but he told her about all of them. He doubted that she would ever meet either of the muggle girls, it was the principal of thing. There were a couple he couldn't avoid, Tonks being obvious, and Madam Bones being the other.

"And this." He held up the watch. "Monitors my levels. Green is good. Yellow is caution. Red is danger."

Hermione studied him for a long moment. There was something in her eyes that he didn't recognize.

"We only had sex because you thought I was Tonks?" She finally asked.

Harry flinched.

"No." He shook his head. "I didn't hold back because I thought you were Tonks."

"When you said it." Hermione said. "Did you mean me or her?"

"Said what?" Harry asked.

"You wanted to do this for years." She blushed.

"You." Harry felt his cheeks heat up.

Hermione was out of her chair and in front of him before he knew it. She captured his lips into a deep kiss.

"Don't do that again." Hermione looked him in the eyes.

"What?" His head was spinning. "Kiss you?"

"You don't have sex with Tonks as me." She straightened. "If you want to have sex with me, you come to me. Got it?"

Harry nodded. He watched in wonder as she strode across the room. A moment later he heard the door open at the top of the stairs.

"What the hell just happened?" Harry muttered.

21.

Harry looked down at the watch. It was solid yellow now. He needed to deal with it before he went to sleep. Only Tonks was in an Order meeting and Hermione had just left him. He wasn't sure if he could just chase her down.

He hadn't tried taking care of things himself. Harry hurried upstairs to his room. The door closed on its own. He pulled off his shirt as he walked, tossing it to the side, then he kicked off his shoes and socks. By the time he made it to his bed he was down to his boxers.

Harry had just started to stroke himself hard when someone knocked on his door. They didn't wait for an answer. He dove into bed, covering himself with his blankets. Dumbledore strode in, coming to a stop at the foot of the bed. The Headmaster's eyes lacked that distinct twinkle. He was also rather obviously avoiding meeting his gaze. Usually, Dumbledore looked just about everyone in the eyes.

"Ah, Harry." Dumbledore said it like he had just happened to find him in passing. "Madam Bones informed me of your condition. I have come to assess it myself."

Harry stared blankly up at the man. He shrugged and motioned for him to continue.

Dumbledore produced a gnarled looking wand and began to wave it in precise, cutting movements. Harry rocked back. His head bounced against the headboard with a loud THUNK. The power coming off of that wand was nothing like he had ever felt before. He could feel his core, that was what Bones called it, grip the magic, and greedily consume it. It hurt.

"Stop." Harry grunted through the pain.

Dumbledore, in his infinite wisdom, did not. The old man began work even harder. Harry glanced down at his watch to see that it was glowing bright red.

"I SAID STOP." Harry commanded.

A pulse of pure power erupted from Harry, just like after the dementor had kissed him. Only this time was on a completely different scale. Dumbledore was launched across the room while the wand went flying in a different direction.

Harry could feel everything in the house. His magic filled the house. He suddenly knew each and every rune that had been set into the foundation. There were rooms that had been hidden for years, some that Sirius didn't even know about. A catalogue of the magical artifacts in the house settled in his mind. He knew who had been allowed to learn the Fidelius Charm, and he knew that he could change it with a thought.

He was pulled from the rush of information as Dumbledore stumbled to his feet.

"Oh, my head." Dumbledore muttered.

"FUCK YOUR HEAD AND THE NECK IT RODE IN ON." Harry sprang from the bed, tossing the covers to the floor.

He stalked over to Dumbledore. The old wizard's gawked at him as he approached, an expression of awe mingled with terror played across his features.

"Albus." Harry gripped the old man by the shoulder.

The old man stared at Harry. Dumbledore tried to force his face back to something more befitting the Headmaster before a student. Harry held up his watch.

"Were you informed what this means?" Harry didn't wait for an answer. "It means that, not only am I able to use wild magic, but that it will obey my subconscious desires. The only way to bring my power under control is for me to find a way to release the excess magic. If you spoke to Madam Bones, then you know the only consistently proven method is sex."

Dumbledore looked up at Harry. It was then he realized that the young man had begun to float. Harry was on the shorter side of his year; he wouldn't look out of place with younger students. Contrary to that, Dumbledore was of decent height. For him to have to look up at Harry, the young wizard had to be floating at least a foot off the ground.

"Here is what is going to happen." Harry's eyes were glowing. "This year, you're going to set me up with my own private room. It will only answer me and who I allow. Then, I'm going to bring a steady string of women and fuck them senseless."

"Harry, such language is—"

"Perfectly fitting in the situation." Harry interrupted. "I suggest you head back to Hogwarts and get my room in order."

Dumbledore finally got control of his face. He schooled his expression behind a mask of detached professionalism. The Headmaster nodded once before he turned and left the room.

Harry took a deep breath. He settled back on the ground as he let it out. Footsteps thundered up the stairs, he turned toward the door. The group came to a stop as his blazing emerald eyes took them in. Sirius was at the front of the group, followed closely by his friends, the twins, and Tonks. Harry knew that Molly was holding Ginny back from joining them. He could feel where everyone was in the house. His magic filled it completely.

"Padfoot." Harry strolled over to the doorway. "Would you kindly explain what is going on to my friends? I need to speak with Tonks."

"I can help." Hermione stepped in front of Tonks.

"Really, now?" Tonks gave the young woman a sly smile.

"I can too." Ron snapped. "Harry's my friend."

Harry didn't even try to fight the wave of laughter that brought.

"Come on, lads." Sirius moved back towards the stairs. "It is time for me to tell you a tale."

Tonks stepped into the room. Hermione slipped in behind her before she could close the door.

"Hermione." Harry had an edge in his voice that made her shiver.

"I want to help." Hermione forced herself to look him in the eyes.

The glow from Harry's eyes flashed. A sudden rush of air over her skin told Hermione that she was now naked. Tonks and Harry were as well. The pink haired woman scampered over to him. She let out a little giggle as she pushed him onto the bed and climbed atop.

"I haven't had a threesome in a long time." Tonks slid up along his torso.

Harry lifted her up, adjusting her so he could reach her cunt with his mouth. He lowered her down to his face, meeting her slit with his tongue. Tonks leaned her head back and moaned. She shot a look at Hermione.

"Be a doll and suck his cock." Tonks winked at the younger witch.

She let out a happy moan before she could say anything more. Hermione straightened her posture as she walked over to join them on the bed. She had never given a blowjob before. Aside from romance novels, her only experience came from listening to the girls in her dorm.

Hermione stopped at the edge of the bed. She studied Harry's hard, throbbing dick. It was bigger than she remembered. Of course, she didn't have much time to get a good look at him last time. It was long and thick. She wrapped a hand around it and was able to put her other above it with a bit more space. The girth filled her grip, allowing her fingers to just barely touch.

There hadn't been much foreplay when she had slept with Victor. He had been sweet, and more awkward than she expected. She had to practically jump him for him to get the hint. Ron tried his best to ruin her night, but she wasn't going to let a silly argument derail her plans.

"I said suck it, not stroke him." Tonks looked over her shoulder.

Hermione nodded. She leaned closer, feeling the heat radiating from him. His scent was intoxicating. She tried to think of what to do next. Sticking out her tongue, she licked his shafter like an ice cream cone.

Tonks gasped.

"He liked that." Tonks smiled at her.

Hermione nodded. She licked his shafter again. Her saliva made stroking him much smoother. She kept one hand working his shaft while the other began to play with his sack. Part of her marveled at the feel of them. She swore she could feel them churning under her touch, preparing the loads that he would release.

"He... of, fuck... he really... right there... really, likes that." Tonks trailed off, her words melting into moans.

She didn't give the older witch any more attention. Bracing her hands on the bed beside him, she moved her mouth up to the crown of his cock. Her tongue circled along the edge of the cap before placing a wet kiss on the tip. Tonks bucked and writhed.

Hermione shot the older witch a glare. Her prize had been wrenched from her lips due to the sudden movements. Hermione pushed herself up, she grabbed Tonks by the waist, and shifted her off of Harry. Tonks fell to the side in a tangle of orgasmic bliss.

Once she was out of the way, Hermione returned her attention to the task at hand. She slid the head of his cock into her mouth without hesitation. His moans resonated through his body, causing his cock to vibrate against her lips.

She bobbed a few times before popping off of him. Her hands stroked him while her mouth rested.

"Is that good?" She asked looking up at him.

Harry stared at her with unfocused eyes. He nodded. She gave him a proud smile before dropping her head once more. Hermione pushed herself to bob faster. She couldn't take him too deep yet, honestly, she doubted she'd ever be able to deep throat him, but she did her best.

"Mione." Harry moaned. "Going to cum. Stop."

Hermione paused her motion. She waited for him to elaborate.

"I want to fuck you." Harry groaned.

Her cheeks felt hot. His cock made a pop sound as she pulled off of him. She climbed up onto the bed, straddling his waist. His hands gripped her hips as she lowered herself. Hermione's eyes fluttered as his member entered her.

She leaned forward, kissing him deeply. His grip tightened as their tongues touched. She could taste Tonks. That sent an unexpected jolt of arousal through her body. She grinded down on him. His cock reached the spots that made her forget her name.

Harry lifted her up, bouncing her a few times before letting her grind again. Her clit rubbed wonderfully with each one. Hermione squeaked as her first orgasm surprised her. She was still cumming when she felt a hands begin to grope her breasts. The sensation of her nipples being pinched and rolled between fingertips set off a string of smaller orgasms.

"Does that feel good?" Tonks' breath tickled her ear.

Her mind cleared for a moment. Harry was still gripping her hips. The warmth pressed against her back, and the hands groping her breasts belonged to Tonks. Rational thought was driven from her mind as Harry began to speed up his thrusts.

Hermione's head lolled back; her mouth open but making no sounds. Tonks captured her lips in a sloppy kiss. Harry grunted underneath her. She shook as she felt his cock pulse inside of her. Warm ropes of his cum shot deep inside of her.

She fell forward, her face colliding with the sheets over his shoulder.

"That was wonderful, Mione." Harry kissed her cheek.

She rolled off of him with a pleasant warmth still filling in. The bed shifted as Tonks took her place. It began to bounce in time with the clap of their bodies. The older witch had recovered and was riding Harry like no tomorrow.

Tonks squeaked as Harry lifted her off of him. He flipped her to her stomach, lifted her hips, and slammed his length back in. The bed shook as he hammered his hips down in her. Her face was pressed against the mattress, her hands were tangled in the sheets.

Hermione looked at Harry. The expression on his face was one of wild lust. He showed no hint of slowing down. Her lazy gaze found its way to the watch on his wrist. It was bright yellow with streaks of red. Not even a hint of green.

This was going to be a long night.

22.

Harry leaned back in his seat. He had to take muggle transportation to the train station just to be safe. Returning to Hogwarts had been in the back of his mind. Now that it was here, he was a nervous wreck. He tried to tell himself that things were going to be fine. Tonks would be there to help, and Hermione had been eager to join in as well.

There was the option of other girls as well. He wanted to avoid Ginny though. That would make things more complicated than he wanted. Rumor had it that Hannah Abbot was always good for a bit of slap and tickle. Considering how often he had found himself the focus of the talk he knew it was most likely complete bullshit.

Sirius had managed to explain things to everyone in a mostly sensible way. He was a lot better at working a crowd than people gave him credit. The twins had taken the situation as a challenge. They were constantly working on something that could drain his magic. At least, they were when they weren't working on developing their mail order catalogue and arranging a business plan.

Ron had taken things well enough. He was a bit jealous at first. That was until he watched the magic from a portkey literally dissolve when Harry touched it. The Floo wouldn't connect when he was around either. Thankfully, brooms still worked. Hermione theorized that it was because they were fueled by personal magic rather than enchanted or charmed. That seemed to calm Ron down some.

Hermione squeezed his hand. He looked at her, giving her a smile. Her eyes dipped to take in his watch. A series of micro-expressions flicked across her face when she saw it was green.

"Disappointed?" Harry bumped her shoulder with his.

Hermione blushed. She shifted her gaze to the world outside the window.

"The Express should be fine." Hermione said finally. "It has minimal enchantments. The ones it does have aren't accessible for passengers."

"That's good." Harry sighed. "It would be awkward if something happened on the train."

"Ron and I have the prefect meeting." Hermione reminded him once again.

"I know, Mione." Harry replied. "Tonks had to go in to get settled. I'm going to find an empty compartment and stay away from anyone doing magic. Just like we planned."

Hermione nodded. She didn't relax.

"This isn't so bad." Ron said tearing his gaze away from the window.

"Oh?" Harry asked.

"These things are horrible to fly." Ron grumbled. "Much better on the ground. Do you think they'd let me drive?"

"You need a license." Hermione answered without missing a beat.

"Like apparating." Ron added with a nod. "Don't see why. It's not like I'd lose a toe if I missed a turn."

He could see Hermione starting to wind up for one of her lectures. The ones driven by a desire to share knowledge were worse than the emotionally powered versions. Harry placed a hand on Hermione's leg. He shook his head.

"Are you going to try out for the team this year?" Harry asked.

"Huh?" Ron looked onto him.

"Oliver graduated." Harry continued. "The team needs a Keeper."

"You think I'm good enough?" Ron asked as he started to bounce his leg.

"Can't hurt to try, right?" Harry responded. "Better to give it a shot. You'll never forgive yourself if you don't at least try."

"Yeah." Ron nodded. "Yeah, I think I will."

The ginger boy smiled. He turned back to look out the window. His eyes were dancing along the clouds. Harry could almost see his friend imagining flying. The car lurched to a stop at a light.

"Does it always take this long?" Ron grumbled.

"Traffic." Harry replied with a shrug.

He gave Hermione a small smile. She nodded. Harry leaned his head against the window. The vibration from the road mingled with the feel of Hermione pressed against his side lulled him to sleep. A couple of slow blinks led to him dosing for the majority of the trip.

"Harry." Hermione whispered.

He fought to open his eyes.

"We're here." Hermione squeezed his hand as she spoke.

Harry stretched. He caught Ron putting away a quidditch magazine. It took him a moment to realize the pictures weren't moving. He looked down at his watch to see thin streaks of yellow among the green. Absorbing enchanted things like over the last couple of days had caused more of a change.

"The twins stripped the charms before we left." Hermione explained. "They wanted practice."

"Sirius offered that painting in the hallway." Ron chuckled. "They promised to try it once they got the hang of it."

Harry smiled at that. They grabbed their luggage and headed toward the platform. The trio had to wake up earlier than the others since they were taking mundane transportation. That should have meant that the Weasleys had arrived before them, but it didn't look like that was the case. They had the habit of arriving at the last minute every year and this year wasn't going to break their streak.

Ron and Hermione sped through the barrier with practiced ease. No one seemed to notice the two students disappearing. Harry waited a moment before stepping through as well. Once he touched the barrier, he felt a searing stab of energy lance through him. He stumbled once he got to the other side.

His head was swimming. Lights danced along the edge of his vision.

"Harry?" Ron spoke from somewhere nearby. "Are you alright?"

"His watch." Hermione gasped.

Harry managed to adjust to his wobbling vision to get a look at his wrist. It was now bright yellow with growing swirls of red.

"What can we do?" Ron asked, his voice came out a pitch higher than usual.

"I don't know." Hermione sounded on the edge of panic.

"Hello, Ron Weasley." A floaty voice said from nearby.

"Hi Luna." Ron replied. "We're a bit busy at the moment."

A petite girl with near-white, blonde hair flowed through the two worried students. She came to a stop in front of Harry.

"Hello, Harry Potter." The girl took his hand in hers as she spoke. "Come with me."

Harry didn't have enough mental faculties to argue. He followed along as she led him by the hand.

"Who are you?" Hermione asked. "What are you doing?"

"That's Luna." Ron answered. "She lives near us."

"And what is she doing with Harry?" Hermione asked.

"Does Harry like having people watch him have sex?" Luna asked looking over her shoulder.

"What?" Hermione said a little too loud. "No, of course not."

"I need to find a cabin then." Luna effortlessly weaved through the crowd as she spoke.

"Wait for me." Ron called as he pulled Harry's trunk as well as his own.

Harry was trying to get his head back in order. His thoughts had been crushed under the sudden surge of magical energy. Most of the time there was a building of pressure. The speed varied, but it hadn't been instant like that before. He was just aware enough to know he was on the train now. A moment later he was sitting in an empty cabin.

"Hello again, Harry Potter." The blonde girl said. Her voice was serene. "I'm Luna Lovegood and I'm here to rescue you."

"How do you know what's going on?" Hermione asked heatedly as she joined them.

"That's just Luna." Ron dropped the trunks on the floor as he spoke. "She knows things."

"You and Ronald need to go to your meeting." Luna reminded them.

"I'm not leaving Harry alone with some strange girl I've never seen before." Hermione snapped.

"You've seen me before." Luna replied easily. "Last year, in the library. The twenty-third of March at four in the afternoon you asked me to put my socks on."

Hermione stared blankly at the girl for a moment.

Harry's mind gradually began to clear. He could feel something nearby. It came from the girl before him. There was an aura around her, he could feel the power it held. His core reached out to grasp it. She shivered. He felt his magic spread over her. The power around her adjusted as he reached out to latch on. Their magic swirled in the air between them. It danced and mingled without growing or fading in strength. Harry basked in the feeling of calm that settled over him.

"We'll be alright." Harry said as his green eyes met her blue.

Luna nodded. She began to unbutton her shirt.

"What are you doing?" Hermione yelled.

"Taking off my clothes." Luna replied.

"Why?" Hermione practically screamed.

"For sex with Harry." Luna continued to undress as she spoke.

Hermione looked to Harry for an explanation. When none came, she turned to Ron, who shrugged.

"I don't want to see this." Ron said, covering his eyes. "We've got the prefect meeting."

Hermione's mouth dropped open as Ron walked away. She turned to glare at Luna.

"I will make you regret it if you hurt him." Hermione growled.

Luna paused.

"Biting is ok, right?" She asked.

Hermione closed her eyes and pinched the bridge of her nose. She grumbled under her breath as she stomped away. Hermione returned a moment later. She pulled the shade down and slammed the door shut.

Luna tossed her shirt to the bench across from Harry exposing her small, pert breasts. Her skirt joined it a moment later. She slipped out of her shoes and stood nude in front of him.

"You are not naked." Luna stated.

Harry smiled at her. He quickly stripped out of his clothes, tossing them beside hers. She gave him a smile that matched his own as she dropped to her knees.

"Sit down, please." She said once she was settled on the floor. "It's hard to keep balance once the train starts moving."

"Have you done this before?" Harry asked as he sat.

"No." Luna started to stroke him. Her hands were small, making his cock look huge. "You are the only man I have sex with."

"What?" Harry asked.

Luna didn't answer. Her grip shifted from his rousing cock to his thighs. She leaned forward, her tongue slid along his length from bottom to the ridge of his head. Her hands held his legs for stability a moment before the train started to move. She covered his cockhead in kisses, coating it in slobber.

Harry's gasped as she began to slowly bob her head. She didn't take much more than his head into her mouth, but it was still wonderful. Her lips popped as she pulled away. Harry didn't get a chance to think before she moved lower. She gently sucked one of his testicles into her mouth before moving to the other.

She stood, making sure one of her hands was still stroking him. Without a word she scaled him, coming to a stop with the golden curls of her bush tickling his nose. Her legs easily slipped over his shoulders. Effortlessly she arched her back enough to brace her hands on his thighs for balance. The movement presented her beautiful pussy in the perfect position.

Harry kissed along her outer folds. Tentatively, he tasted her. A short lick along her waiting slit. He paused for a moment to savor the wonderful flavor. There had to be something with witches that made them taste amazing. It was a thought that needed more research, and he would be happy to continue exploring the theory.

He continued on, wiggling his tongue inside of her. She cooed and gasped as he discovered her spots. He found her clit. A wicked idea crossed his mind. He said her name in Parseltongue on the little button which earned him a gush of wetness along his lower face.

Luna slipped her legs off his shoulders, pulling herself into a handstand before dropping back to her feet. She straddled him, lining his aching hardness with her thoroughly prepared pussy. They locked eyes as she lowered herself. She kept it slow and steady, sinking down until her ass rested on his thighs.

"You have beautiful eyes." She whispered.

"You do too." Harry matched her volume.

Luna began to rock, back and forth. She picked up speed, grinding harder, pushing him deeper. Harry leaned forward, resting his forehead on hers. Their lips touched briefly in shy kisses when she pushed him deeper. Harry grabbed her hips. He raised her off his lap just a bit, allowing him to add some power with their motions.

"Look me in the eyes when you fill me." Her voice came out as a ragged moan.

Harry felt himself shudder. His orgasm rocketed through him without warning. Their eyes locked as he let loose pulse after pulse. Luna's jaw dropped as the first warm rope of cum erupted inside her. The sensation set off her own orgasm. She ground her hips down onto him, pressing him as deep as he could reach.

He didn't care about the colors on his watch. That was amazing.

"I sleep on the left side of the bed." Luna stated.

Harry nodded. She raised herself so that the head of his cock was still inside of her. Luna smoothly spun around, placing her back against his chest. She lowered herself down, returning the full length of his cock deep into her freshly fucked pussy.

"Again?" Luna looked at him over her shoulder.

Harry the fading hardness return as he looked into her eyes. She flashed him a bright smile and began to bounce in his lap.

23.

Harry watched the castle as it got closer with a feeling of dread. Hogwarts was beautiful. It was also packed to the brim with magical energy. Given his luck, he'd probably explode the moment he stepped inside the Great Hall. He was continuously trying to drain the building power through multiple subtle means. Currently, he was drawing a picture of the castle on the side of the carriage wandlessly. It took a lot of precision, focus, and creativity, but the power use was negligible.

"It looks just like her." Luna squeezed his hand.

"Her?" Harry asked.

"Hogwarts." Luna motioned to the picture. "It looks just like her."

"Thank you." Harry blushed.

"I like to draw." Luna said in her dreamy tone. "I draw you a lot."

"Really?" Harry asked.

"Mhm." Luna nodded; her voice took on a little pout. "Sometimes you're naked. Most of the time you're wearing clothes."

"You drew me naked before today?" Harry chuckled.

"Oh yes." Luna replied without a trace of embarrassment. "I've drawn you when you were naked lots of times. That's how I knew how big of a penis you had."

Harry choked out a gasp. They weren't alone in the carriage. Hermione had insisted on riding with them, as did Ron, and somewhere along the way Neville had joined them as well. The two boys were red from holding in their laughter. Hermione, on the other hand, had not taken her eyes off of Luna.

"How long have you two known each other?" Neville managed to say without laughing.

"We just met today." Harry replied.

"I've dreamed of Harry since I was little." Luna nodded. "It helped me prepare for the size of his penis."

"Luna!" Hermione snapped.

"Yes, Hermione?" Luna turned to the girl. "You should know. It's quite big. I'm glad I'll have help. It will be hard to keep up during pregnancy."

"Pregnancy?" Harry jolted in the seat beside her. "You're pregnant?"

"No." Luna shook her head. "Emily, Amelia, and Nymphadora are. We won't have a baby for a few more years."

"Who's Emily?" Hermione turned a sharp look to Harry.

"You knocked up Tonks?" Ron said at the same time.

"Amelia?" Neville asked in confusion.

"Emily is a girl I met over the summer." Harry explained quickly to Hermione before he shifted to Ron. "She hasn't said anything... maybe?" He turned to Neville. "Forget you heard that."

"Amelia." Neville repeated. "I know that name."

"Amelia Bones." Luna supplied helpfully. "Susan's aunt."

"You knocked up the head of the DMLE?!" Ron yelled even louder this time.

Harry looked at Luna in complete shock. He opened his mouth to say something, but no words would come out. His brain couldn't form a coherent thought to string it together. He shrugged.

"Of course, he didn't." Hermione cut in. "He's never even met her."

"Uh." Harry blushed. "She was at my trial and we... talked afterward."

Hermione stared at him blankly for a long moment.

"Still." She spoke through gritted teeth. "That doesn't mean she's pregnant. The other too."

"Luna just knows things." Ron echoed his statement from on the train.

"Ron." Hermione sighed. "You've taken Divination for the last two years. We both know it's just a bunch of nonsense."

"Hermione." Neville spoke up. "That's not true."

"What?" Her glare snapped at Neville. "How can you say that? Have you seen Professor Trelawny?"

"Yes." Neville seemed to shrink a little. "She doesn't seem to have the ability, but there are witches and wizards out there who do. There's an entire wing of the Ministry that's dedicated to prophecies."

Hermione visibly flinched at the information. She took a couple of slow, deep breaths.

"Still." Her voice was steady now. "That doesn't mean that the three women are pregnant just because Luna said so."

"Exactly." Luna agreed.

"Thank you." Hermione paused after she said the words. She looked at Luna. "What?"

"They are pregnant because Harry had sex with them." Luna clarified.

Hermione let out an inarticulate sound. She squashed her eyes shut and pressed the palm of her hand against her forehead.

"I think you broke her." Ron started to laugh.

Harry stopped paying attention to the others in the carriage. He can feel Hogwarts with each moment. Dread is replaced by a sense of calm. The magic reaches out to him. It doesn't fade or vanish. Hogwarts wraps him in her magic. For the first time since this started, he feels balanced. No building pressure, or controlled drain. Two vast rivers of magic flow together into the sea.

His content sigh echoed through the carriage. The tension that he had been carrying the entire trip released in a moment. Ron yelped as his ears popped. Luna giggled as she snuggled against Harry's chest.

"She loves you too." Luna whispered.

"Thank you." Harry kissed the blonde on the top of her head.

It looked like this year wasn't going to be so bad.

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Whatever nerves he had when he looked at Tonks vanished when he saw who sat next to her. The entire Weasley family, and Harry, stared up at the staff table in a mixture of confusion and impending doom. Percy Weasley sat next to Tonks with a broad, borderline malicious smile on his face as he scanned the gathered students.

"Welcome." Dumbledore stood after the sorting. "A few announcements for the new year. Once again, the Forbidden Forest is forbidden to all those who do not wish a painful death. Mister Filch has placed an updated list of banned items on his office door. As for our new staff, I proudly introduce two former students. On loan from the Auror Department, Miss Nymphadora Tonks will be teaching First through Third year students in the Defense of the Dark Arts. Percy Weasley will be teaching the subject for the Fourth through Seventh year students."

The sound of a throat being cleared interrupted the announcements before the Headmaster could continue. Dumbledore looked over to where Percy now stood. The entire student body and staff watched as Percy strutted over to the podium.

"Thank you, Albus." Percy inclined his head as he spoke.

Professor McGonagall stared open-mouthed at the boy. She could not believe that one of her lions had turned out so wrong.

"As Senior Undersecretary to the Minister of Magic." Percy announced. "I have been trusted to provide a Ministry approved curriculum. I assure you all, I will not let such juvenile things as House Rivalries impede my handling of my students. Nor will I allow disrespectful actions due to familial bonds."

Percy shot the old man a scathing look.

"The Ministry will be taking a much more proactive stance this year." Percy didn't take his eyes off Dumbledore as he spoke.

"Thank you, Mister Weasley." Dumbledore said. "And now, it's time for dinner."

"We're boned." Ron muttered.

For once, Hermione didn't say anything.

24.

Harry closed his eyes as he leaned back against the headboard. Dumbledore had come through with private quarters. It looked like a two-bedroom apartment rather than a dorm. The quarters even had its own kitchen. It was on the ground level a few hallways away from the Great Hall.

Currently, Luna was curled up against his side. Tonks had rushed to Madam Pomfrey once she had heard the possibility that she was pregnant. She hadn't come back yet. If she was in fact pregnant, then it meant that the others were probably too.

Harry couldn't relax even with the quiet room and the blonde snuggled against him. His first class in the morning was Defense. Meaning he would start the day with Percy. Obviously, he had been brought in by the Ministry. A Ravenclaw he might not be, but Harry could read between the lines. They wanted to keep an eye on him after the summer of running his name through the mud. The easiest way to get a Ministry stooge into Hogwarts was the Defense position.

The only thing that kept him calm was his magic. Ever since he had arrived the surge of power and need for release felt like it had calmed. There was a chance that it only managed to stay contained while he was at Hogwarts. If that was the case, then he had no idea how he was supposed to live outside of the castle grounds. Dumbledore wasn't open to the idea of him staying over the summer, how would the old man react to Harry needing to stay year-round?

Tonks kicked open the door to the bedroom.

"Hey there, daddy." She smiled brightly at him.

Harry gawked at her.

"You're serious?" Harry asked.

"No, that's my cousin." Tonks rolled her eyes. "You think you'd recognize the mother of your child."

"You're pregnant?" Harry said softly.

Tonks nodded happily. Luna sat up beside him and relinquished her hold on his arm. Harry bounded out of the bed. He swept Tonks up in a hug.

"You'll have to get all the shapeshifting fantasies out of the way." Tonks said once he put her down.

"Poppy said I shouldn't do any major shifts after my first trimester. There is also a chance that my form will hold until after I've given birth."

"Wow." Harry kissed her.

He peppered her face with kisses.

"I'm going to be a dad." Harry had a drunk smile on his face.

He froze.

"Wait." Harry looked over at Luna. "That means that Emily and Amelia are pregnant too?"

"There aren't any twins this time." Luna nodded.

"Thank Merlin." Tonks chuckled.

"We need to tell them." Harry swayed on his feet. "How am I going to let Emily know? I'm not going to have her go through this alone."

"She could stay with Sirius." Tonks offered. "Once Molly hears about this you won't be able to keep her away. She's practically adopted you so this will be her first grandchild."

"Does that mean that Harry will have sex with your mother too?" Luna asked.

"What?" Tonks flinched like she had just been slapped.

"Molly sees Harry as one of her children." Luna explained. "Your mother wants Harry to be part of the family as well. Does that mean that he'll have sex with her?"

Tonks laughed. "I completely forgot about you and Molly."

"Luna." Harry said slowly. "Is she pregnant too?"

Luna tapped her chin with a single finger. Her eyes slowly drifted closed. The snapped back open just as they were about to shut completely.

"No." Luna answered simply.

"Thank Morgana." Harry let out a breath. "Ok. I need to visit Emily soon. Arabella is connected to the Floo, I think. I should sent a letter at least."

The sound of wings came from above before he finished speaking. Hedwig floated primly down to land on a nearby table. She stared at Tonks, then shifted her gaze to Luna.

"Lady Hedwig." Luna hopped up to her feet and bowed. She made the motion look graceful even though she now stood on the bed and wore one of Harry's shirts that was too large on her.

Hedwig clacked her beak.

"You called for me, love?" Hedwig asked Harry.

"I need to send a letter in a few minutes." Harry replied.

"I will return shortly." Hedwig hopped up onto his shoulder before she leaped into the air. "The hunting here is excellent."

Harry watched her soar up into the rafters. She disappeared through a small stone chute he had thought was an old chimney. He had no clue what these quarters had been before he moved in, but the rooms were quiet impressive.

"She has such a beautiful voice." Luna sighed.

"You can hear her?" Harry asked, shock clear on his face.

Luna gave him a serene smile. Harry returned the smile. She hadn't been wrong yet. He grabbed a piece of parchment and a quill.

Emily,

This is Harry. I know this is weird. Getting a letter from an owl isn't something that happens every day. Unless you're me, or my schoolmates.

I'm getting distracted. There is a VERY good chance you are pregnant. Please don't panic. I can take care of you. I know how that sounds. Please trust me. I'll visit as soon as I can, hopefully this weekend if not sooner.

You won't have to worry about somewhere to stay, money, or any of that. I don't know if I told you, but I'm kind of rich. I'd like to take care of you. There is more to say that must be done in person.

Trust me,

Harry

He read over the letter. It was the best he was going to do. He sealed the letter then sat back on the bed. Luna came up behind him and wrapped her arms around his body. She nuzzled his neck.

"I would deliver it myself if I didn't have classes." Tonks sat next to him. "I'd like to meet the girl that snagged your attention."

"I'll have to see if I can get permission to visit this week." Harry leaned into her.

"Let me see your bracelet." Tonks said.

Harry held it up. The gem was the same shade of green as his eyes. Tonks kissed him on the forehead.

"Let's get to bed." Tonks stood and began to strip. "We've all got a big day tomorrow."

"Tonks." Harry said her name slowly. "What are you doing?"

"I'm not going to sleep in my clothes." She snorted.

Tonks shrugged off her robes, kicked off her boots, and stepped out of her pants. She stood before him dressed only in a T-shirt and her panties. It didn't matter if his magic was calm, he needed her. He pulled Tonks onto his lap and captured her lips in a kiss. Tonks giggled as she straddled him.

Luna shifted to compensate. She placed a series of long kisses that ended in a nip on his neck. Harry moaned as Tonks grinded against him all the while. The two witches were driving him crazy.

"My love." Hedwig landed on the table. "Your letter."

Hedwig looked at the letter on the table. She held out her leg.

"Cock blocked by an owl." Tonks pouted.

"By a queen." Luna chimed in.

Tonks grumbled as she stood. She carefully attached the letter. All the while Hedwig watched her with a critical gaze.

"She is your mate as well?" Hedwig addressed Harry without looking away from Tonks.

"One of them." Harry nodded.

"Hm." Hedwig gave Tonks an appraising look. She flew away without another word.

"I hate to say it." Tonks turned back to Harry and Luna. "We should go to bed."

"That's what I'm trying to do." Harry said with a wry grin.

"I mean sleep, you goof." Tonks chuckled. "Something tells me that we're going to need the energy."

Harry sighed. He nodded then scooted back to the center of the bed. Luna made quick work of his remaining clothes. Soon he was down to his boxers. The petite blonde took her place snuggled at his side while Tonks settled on the opposite with her leg draped over his.

He could get used to this.

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Breakfast at the Gryffindor table was a muted affair. A cloud of uncertainty hung over the Fifth-Year students. The first class of the day was Defense taught by Percy Weasley. No one knew how this was going to go.

Percy had been a fine prefect and Head Boy, but he wasn't a student anymore. He was here on order of the Ministry. Honestly, Tonks should be teaching everyone. She was a decorated Auror while Percy had become an office drone. Though, now that he thought about it, maybe it was a good thing she didn't have a full class load with her pregnancy.

Mostly, Harry was worried about the twins. It wouldn't be the first time a teacher was out to get him. In fact, it was almost a running theme that the new Defense professor tried to kill him. Even Lupin did, though that wasn't really his fault. The twins, while no strangers to the ire of professors, had targeted their older brother for years. Now Percy was in the position to return the favor.

"Come on." Hermione was the first to stand. "It's time for class."

Defense was the one class that they didn't have to share with another house. That was one thing that Harry thought was a plus. He didn't want to think about how it would go if they had to face Percy with another house. Though, he doubted this time even Slytherin could spin this in their favor.

Percy stood at the front of the classroom when they arrived. There was a bright spark in his eyes as he watched everyone enter. The walls were decorated with various Ministry posters. All of the text was in bold, capital letters. Thankfully, none of them had people in them.

'THE MINISTRY NEEDS YOU'

'DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE AN AUROR'

'IN THE MINISTRY WE TRUST'

'KEEP CALM AND TRUST THE MINISTRY'

"Take your seats, take your seats." Percy hurried them in.

Harry tried to bury the dread that settled heavier in his gut. Percy pulled out a pocket watch and clicked it open. He counted down as the signal bell sounded.

"Any late students will have five points deducted on the first occurrence." Percy announced.

"Subsequent lateness will come with detention as well. Is that understood?"

The class nodded.

"Now." Percy clapped his hands. "As it is your OWL year, we will focus on the material covered by the exam. I will not accept anything less than your best efforts. There will be a twelve inch minimum essay at the end of each week to cover the material discussed in class."

The words he spoke appeared on the chalkboard behind him.

"As we meet three times a week." Monday, Wednesday, and Friday appeared on the board. "Each day will follow a schedule. Theory, Practical, and Review."

The words appeared under the days listed.

"Monday, we will read and discuss. Wednesday will be set aside for practical application of the spell. Friday will end the week as a review. The essay will be on the spell, or technique, that was covered that week." He paused. "Any questions?"

No one spoke.

"Excellent." Percy straightened his posture even more somehow. "As you know, I was a lion not too long ago. Let's show them how a lion roars!"

Harry looked over at Hermione. The shock on her face mirrored his own. He never would have expected Percy to be so passionate about something. The guy was downright captivating.

"Now." Percy brought the attention back. "Open your books to chapter one."

Harry snapped his focus back to Percy... no, Professor Weasley.

25.

Harry let out a sigh of relief as he settled into bed. He had made it through the entire first day of class with only a hint of yellow on his watch that came from simply being in a magically dense area. His last class of the day was Transfiguration. Thankfully, nervous energy didn't impact his magical power, otherwise he would have probably exploded as he waited for the class to start. He had expected to feel the building pressure, but it was blissfully absent.

Hermione had a theory that it had to do with the focus of the spell. If he wasn't the target, then it was a relatively small amount that he absorbed. Transfiguration was highly focused on an object so there was very little wasted energy.

Harry was still able to complete the assignment on his first attempt. Silently. Not for the first time he wished there was a method to chart his magical power. Being able to keep track of it via a score, or grade, would have been helpful. If nothing else, it would sate his curiosity. The only type of ranking he could find were those for dangerous magical creatures. As far as he could tell, there wasn't a way to gauge a witch or wizards' power. It was all anecdotal. The label The Next Merlin was thrown around any time someone did something amazing.

Maybe there was something he could do about that. It was certainly an interesting idea. He would need to create a magical item of some sort. If nothing else, it would be something to check out.

Luna snuggled against his side. She nuzzled his neck. Her touch sent a shiver along his spine. He wasn't sure how to approach a physical relationship with her without the dire need to defuse his magical absorption.

"Sleep time now." Luna mumbled. "Sex tomorrow."

Harry chuckled and drifted off to sleep.

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Harry moaned as he woke up. He opened his eyes to see Luna stroking his morning erection. She wasn't in any hurry. Her bright silver eyes stared up at him as he fully woke up.

"Good morning, Harry Potter." Luna smiled at him.

"Good morning, Luna." Harry smiled back at him.

Her strokes increased in speed. She shifted a little closer to cup his sack as well. Their eyes locked as she expertly manipulated his balls with her nimble fingers.

"Cum for me, please." Luna asked sweetly.

Harry groaned. His hips jerked on their own as his orgasm crashed over him. He was just aware enough to catch her shift beside him. The confusion was washed away as she took the head of his member in her mouth. Luna massaged his sack and stroked his shaft as she swallowed his cum.

Luna raised her head. Her hands continued to work, now at a slower speed. She ran her thumb up along his shaft to get every drop out. The cum she was able to tease out completely was quickly licked away. Her hands slowed until she eventually removed them.

"That was wonderful." Harry gave her a woozy smile.

"Your semen is tasty." Luna said. "You have a varied diet."

"Thank you." Harry chuckled. "Does that change the taste?"

"Yes." Luna nodded. "Pineapple would make your semen sweeter. Too much meat and starch would make it saltier. I don't like salt."

"I'll keep that in mind." Harry replied.

"I know." She slipped out of bed. "I woke you up early so we could take a shower together."

Harry laughed as he hurried to get out of the bed. She was already in the bathroom with the water running when he reached her. He took a moment to admire her petite form. She looked like she should have a set of iridescent wings and a dress made of moonlight.

Luna stepped into the spray of water. She closed her eyes as the heat washed over her body. A smile full of mischief crossed her face as she looked back at Harry. She leaned against the wall and pushed her ass out toward him. A little giggle escaped her lips as she wiggled her surprisingly plump butt at him.

Up until now there had always been a mystical quality to her. She knew things that others didn't. From the little he learned with Professor Trelawny what Luna did wasn't prophecy. Seeing this playful side of her woke a deeper kind of hunger inside of him. It made him feel like she wasn't just here to follow a vision or fulfill a role. She wanted to be here.

Harry had started to soften after her previous ministrations. The look she gave him combined with the little wiggle had him back to full hardness so fast it almost hurt. He stepped behind her and grabbed her hips. His grip tightened as he roughly pulled her back so that she was fully bent over.

In one solid push, he hilted his cock inside her tight embrace. No loving words were exchanged. Neither could focus enough to speak. They rutted like animals. Harry snapped his hips forward. Each one ended in a loud slap that echoed around the shower. He decided he liked the sound.

Harry spanked one cheek and then the other. A wonderful shade of pink spread along her pale skin. He admired not just the color, but the way her ass shook with each impact.

A deep, wild pleasure washed over them both. He didn't know if it was some kind of magic, or just a really good fuck, but they climaxed at the same time. Harry slammed his hips forward, pressing as deep as he could. He held her hips tight against him to pull her closer with each pulse of his cum.

Slowly, they came to a stop. Luna straightened. She pressed her back against his chest. Her lips found his as she turned her head just enough to reach his. The gentle, loving touch was in contrast to the hard fuck that had just completed.

"Yours." She whispered. "All yours."

Harry smiled at her. He opened his mouth to speak, but she placed a finger on his lips to stop him.

"Tell me when you know for certain." Luna gave him a quick peck on the lips.

She moaned as she slid off of his cock. Thick strings of his cum dripped from her well-fucked cunt.

"It's a shame." Luna sighed as she scooped a little of the mingled fluids.

"What is?" Harry asked.

"I have potions when you're in charms." Luna licked her fingers clean.

Harry wasn't sure what that meant. He decided he had more important things to do than ask more questions. First and foremost, he needed to make sure that Luna was completely clean. It would require a lot of focus and manual dexterity, but he was up to the task.

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Hermione saved a spot for them at the table. The shower had taken a lot longer than he had thought. They both started the day with fuck-drunk smiles on their faces. No one said a word as Luna joined them at the Gryffindor table.

He looked over at the staff table to check on Tonks. She winked at him. He wiggled his eyebrows at her in return. Professor McGonagall pinched the bridge of her nose as she caught the exchange. Harry held back his laughter, but Tonks did no such thing. The professor next to her playfully slapped her on the shoulder.

Harry focused on the woman. Professor Babbling taught Runes. He didn't have a class with her, but he had seen her around. She was a cheery woman with long brown hair. Her robes didn't allow much of a view of her figure, but the brief flashes told him that she had large bust. If what Tonks said was true, the woman was a bit kinky as well.

The other professor that sat beside Tonks was Professor Septima Vector. She was an Amazon of a woman. Tall and fit with long black hair and a piercing gaze. She was another professor that Harry didn't have a class with, but he was starting to regret that choice. He would have to drop Divination and Care of Magical Creatures to take both classes. That wasn't an option. Divination, sure, but he loved Care of Magical Creatures. Not only that, but he also couldn't just leave Hagrid like that. It would be a betrayal of their friendship.

That would be a moot point if he couldn't change his schedule. He would need to ask Professor McGonagall about that. Harry brought his fork up to his mouth only to realize it was empty. He looked at his plate to see that it was also empty.

"Are you back with us, Harry?" Hermione teased.

Harry scrunched his brow at her.

"You ate your breakfast without a word." She sighed. "Did you even taste the food?"

Harry opened his mouth to speak, paused, and then shrugged. He felt full but had no idea what he had actually eaten.

"Come on." Hermione stood. "We have to get to charms."

"You can find an empty classroom two doors down to the left." Luna kissed him on the cheek.

"What was that?" Hermione asked.

"I don't know yet." Harry spoke each word a bit slower than usual. "Come on. Let's get to class."

26.

Harry flashed Hermione a smile as they waited for charms. It didn't even bother him that they shared the class with Slytherin. A hand job and shower sex did wonders to keep his mood up. Malfoy, of course, took the table directly across from where they sat. The blond glared daggers at him while his posse tried to do the same. He smiled and gave a little wave.

Malfoy flinched like he had been slapped. Beside him Pansy Parkinson absently waved back.

Harry gave her a closer look. He hadn't ever paid much attention to her. She was always just in Malfoy's shadow. He wasn't sure what the connection between them actually was. Were their houses allies? Were they betrothed? Was she after the secret to his hair care routine? Who knew.

She had long brunette hair. At one point he was sure she had it cut short, but honestly, he didn't keep that close of an eye on her. She had grown into her features and was now on the prettier side of cute. Malfoy never seemed to give her any real attention, which made Harry think that their connection might not be romantic. Of course, with Purebloods, you could never tell. He couldn't remember if they ever had a conversation.

"Good morning class." Professor Flitwick called.

"Morning professor." Everyone replied.

They waited patiently as the half-goblin climbed the stairs to his raised platform. His mixed heritage was an open secret. It made Harry's mind wonder to thoughts he didn't truly want to know. Which parent had been the goblin? How had that all worked? It wasn't an image he wanted in his head.

"This year we will be focusing on the OWL curriculum." Professor Flitwick announced. "I have great expectations for you all."

Harry's vision went blurry. He shook his head to clear them, but it didn't help. Flitwick spoke. He couldn't hear the words. There was a buzz in the air. It took a moment for him to recognize the feeling. A short break had given him hope that he would be safe at Hogwarts.

Of course, he wasn't safe at Hogwarts. When was he ever?

Professor Flitwick cast a spell. Harry flinched. The sudden jolt of magic knocked him for a loop. He tried to catch Hermione's eye. She was focused on the lesson. The students around him started to attempt the spell. Each time sent a spark of static along his spine. It swirled his thoughts. The watch on his wrist had thick yellow stripes that were quickly turning orange. Spirals of red were already swirling around the edges. Harry lurched to his feet. It was too much, too fast. He needed to put some distance between himself and all of the ambient magic. Everything sounded so loud it lost cohesion.

What had Luna said? She was in potions. He had to rely on Hermione. There was something else. An open classroom two doors down to the left.

The sounds regained form the farther he moved from the classroom. His heartbeat thundered in his ears. It gave him flashes of beautiful clarity between the pulse. He could just make out footsteps behind him as he stumbled down the hall. He needed to release the building energy.

Harry pushed through the second door. It was empty. He sighed as the door closed behind him. Harry turned to see Pansy. She looked a little lost.

"What..." He took a breath to steady himself. "What are you doing here?"

"I followed you." Pansy replied.

"Why?" Harry fought against the building pressure.

"You needed me." She said slowly.

Panic was starting to press in. He had no idea what would happen if the equilibrium with Hogwarts was upset. Harry wobbled. More from the stone underneath him shifting than weakness. He stole a quick look at the ground. The stone had literally shifted.

"I need you." Harry nodded. "Do you know what that means?"

Pansy nodded.

"How?" Harry growled.

She shook her head. He took a step toward her. She let out a little squeak. His magic made his eyes shine like an emerald blaze. She could almost see the flames. He didn't argue. Desperation mingled with hunger. His magic flared stripping them both nude in a blink.

Pansy gasped at the sudden change. The sound transitioned into a purr as ghostly hands danced over her skin. Her nipples were teased and pinched while another set stroked along her lower lips. His magic played her body like a fine instrument. Her legs shook as she was driven to the edge of pleasure in a matter of moments.

Harry rushed forward. He grabbed her ass and lifted. Pansy instinctively wrapped her legs around him. Magic smoothed their movement as the crown of his cock pressed into her. They moaned in unison as her heat wrapped around him.

They paused for a moment to enjoy the feeling. Harry walked them over to the wall. Each step caused her to bounce, driving him to reach deeper. Pansy gasped as the cold stone made contact with her skin. The noise caught in her throat as he began to rock his hips. Her mouth dropped open as his strokes grew longer. He pulled back a little then pushed forward then repeated the movement until only the head of his cock stayed in her.

He held that position. Pansy wiggled her hips. She tried to push him back inside. Their eyes met.

"Please." She whined.

Harry leaned forward. Her eyes went wide as he stole a kiss. The moment was lost as he snapped his hips forward. Their bodies clapped as he moved at a punishing pace.

"What..." Her voice came out breathless. "What was that?"

"A kiss." Harry gave her a roguish smile and kissed her again.

Her hands went to the back of his head. She pulled him in for another kiss. There was no technique or fitness. Their lips and tongues tangled in a mess of passion and hunger. Pansy broke the kiss to lean her head back. She let out a loud scream as her pussy gripped his cock with a startling hunger.

Harry continued to thrust through her orgasm. In the back of his mind, he knew he needed to cum to release the building magic. A much louder part of his thought process bellowed to shut up and focus on fucking. His own orgasm was building, but not quite there.

Pansy bit his shoulder. Her teeth on his skin with the vibration of her muffled scream proved him wrong. Harry buried his cock as deeply as he could and released a torrent of cum. He wrenched her head away. Pansy let out a moaning whine that he silenced with a kiss.

He pulled her close against his chest. She gladly rested against him. Her eyes started to drift closed. Until he took his first step away from the wall. He held her up with one hand firmly on her ass. She couldn't gather enough energy to form words. He carried her over to a table that had once been used as a desk.

Her mind cleared in an instant as the table changed into a bed as they got closer. Silent, wandless transfiguration was not something a student should be able to do. She looked back to Harry, trying to figure him out.

Harry laid her on the bed. He hooked her legs up onto his shoulders then pressed them until they were practically parallel with her body.

"Oh. Fuck." Pansy squeaked out.

Harry jackhammered her. His cock plunged deep into her depths. The fresh load of cum added extra lubrication and made it easier to gain more speed. Neither heard as the sound of wood dragging against stone joined the wet slap of their bodies. The bed scooted across the room until the headboard hit the wall.

"Harry?!" A familiar voice cut through the noise.

He turned his head to face the sound. His eyes locked with Hermione as he let loose another load inside of Pansy. The Slytherin witch screamed as the sudden intrusion pushed her over the edge.

"Is..." Hermione gawked at them. "Is that Parkinson?"

Harry didn't answer. He pulled out of the brunette and flipped her over. Pansy let out a little giggle at the show of strength. She lifted her ass up without prompting. The sex had been surprisingly good. It was even better now that Granger was here to watch. She looked over her shoulder at Harry.

"Potter." Pansy growled. "You're fucking me."

Her growl shifted to a loud moan as he slid back inside of her. He grabbed her shoulders and pushed her flat onto the bed. Head down and ass up.

"You're stuffed with my cum." Harry said as he began to fuck her nice and slow. "You can call me Harry."

"Potter." Pansy whined. "Faster. Save this slow shit for Granger."

Harry chuckled. His grip on her shoulders tightened as his pace increased. Hermione stomped over to the side of the bed. She watched as Harry pulled Pansy back to meet his thrusts.

"Really, Harry." Hermione crossed her arms. "I was sitting beside you."

"Emergency." Harry flashed the watch at her.

Surprise flashed across her face as she saw it was still mostly yellow with swirls of red.

"Oh." Hermione whispered. "This is bad."

"Cumming!" Pansy screamed.

Her body went rigid. She pressed against him as she rode out her orgasm. Pansy went limp against the mattress.

"No more." She said between breathes. "Too much."

Hermione muttered something to herself. Her wand flashed toward the door then she began to strip. Harry glared at her clothes. They disappeared with a flare of his magic. Hermione found the buttons beneath her fingers were no longer there.

"You had better bring those back." Hermione crawled onto the bed.

Harry pulled out of Pansy. Hermione placed a hand on his shoulder before he could face her.

"Clean her off your cock first." Hermione ordered.

A wicked smile crossed his face. Harry climbed off the bed. Pansy watched as he stood before her. She opened her mouth to ask what he was doing. The head of his cock stopped her for speaking. She let out a surprised noise as he used her mouth to clean their combined juices off his cock.

Pansy glared up at him. Harry smiled at her. Her eyes narrowed. She shifted on the bed to line her throat up with his thrusts. Harry groaned as she wiggled her tongue along her shaft. His knees practically buckled as she took his entire length. Her hands latched onto his hips. She held him in place as he shot off load down her throat.

Harry stumbled back. He stared at her in shock.

"Beat that." She looked over to Hermione.

27.

Pansy walked out of the classroom with a skip in her step, as well as a limp. The time with her had brought his levels back down to green with a little yellow. Having Hermione naked, and angry, watching as he came down Pansy's throat made him cum harder than expected. It was enough to function for a while, but it proved that they needed to keep a closer eye on things.

Being so powerful would help in the fight against Voldemort. However, it didn't matter if Harry couldn't control it. He had unknowingly made the stone underneath him shift. There were a couple of other things that may have happened as well, but the last stretch of time was a blur. It was hard to tell when he used wild magic and when it was simply his new level of power.

Harry led Hermione through the castle to Dumbledore's office. The gargoyle bowed to him as they approached. He arced an eyebrow at it but didn't complain when the stairway opened. The duo continued on into the Headmasters office.

Dumbledore looked up from a stack of papers on his desk as they entered. A puzzled expression on his face told them that he hadn't expected them.

"Harry? Miss Granger?" Dumbledore raised his eyebrows in question.

Then the Headmaster noticed the state of Harry's uniform. He had been able to summon their clothes, but it didn't prevent the wrinkles. Hermione huffed at him when her spells to straighten their appearance failed. She blamed his inadvertent magic. Harry had to admit, he did enjoy seeing her mussed up.

"Your relief was to be handled in the privacy of your new quarters." Dumbledore sighed.

"Something came up." Harry chuckled.

Dumbledore motioned for him to continue.

"I was in Charms when my magic spiked." Harry explained. "I could feel it when everyone started casting their spells. I left the classroom. The distance helped a little, but it wasn't enough. How can I stay here if I can't be around people casting spells?"

Fawkes chirped softly to help ease his tension. Dumbledore leaned back in his chair. His gaze went distant as he began to think. The twinkle in his eyes seemed to pulse as the ideas formed.

"There is a temporary solution." Dumbledore let out a tired sigh. "It's not something I would have considered under normal circumstances."

"I'm willing to try anything right now." Harry shrugged.

Hermione glared at him. She had been doing that a lot lately. He started to catalogue the various versions. This was the 'worried glare' the one in the classroom with Pansy was 'exasperated'. Thankfully he hadn't seen the 'angry' or 'disappointed' version yet.

"Harry." She hissed.

"What are the other options?" He gave her a tired look. "Either my magic decides to change everything around me, or I exile myself from everything that has to do with magic? This happened when I was around Muggles too. It was slower, but it still happened."

"Pardon me for a moment." Dumbledore stood from his desk. "Fawkes, would you kindly take me to Amelia Bones' office?"

Harry didn't have time to question the statement. Fawkes landed on Dumbledore's outstretched arm. They disappeared in a flash of fire. Harry braced himself for a influx of magical energy. He let out a relieved breath when none came.

"Have you been around any other magical creatures?" Hermione's tone had shifted from worried to academic.

"Not that I can remember." Harry shook his head.

Fawkes and Dumbledore appeared in a flash before the conversation could progress. The Headmaster held a dark suitcase made of wood in his other hand. Tightly packed runes covered its surface.

"Come along." Dumbledore flashed his usual grandfatherly smile at them. "Poppy would be quite cross with me if I did this without her."

The trio headed to the Infirmary in silence. Dumbledore tried to put on a happy face. The tension in his movements and the way he carried the case betrayed his true feelings. Harry idly wondered what everyone else was doing. He hadn't seen Ron outside of class today and Tonks was probably teaching. It felt weird to be walking around the castle during classtime. He had spent many nights sneaking through the halls after dark, but this was different.

"Mister Potter." Madam Pomfrey gave him a wry smile. "I was wondering when I would see you."

"Not my fault." Harry replied.

"It never is." She sighed.

"Poppy." Dumbledore spoke up.

The Healer turned her attention to Dumbledore. Her eyes dropped to the case he held. A worried expression quickly morphed into one of anger.

"Why did you bring those here?" She asked.

Harry flinched. He had never heard her voice sound so hard.

"I'm sure you are aware of Harry's condition." Dumbledore set the case on a cot off to the side of the others.

"Of course." Madam Pomfrey nodded.

"Step back Miss Granger." Dumbledore said firmly. "Harry, wait until I give you the word to open it. Miss Granger and I need to move to a safe distance."

"From what?" Harry asked.

"This contains a set of manacles used to suppress a wizards magic." Dumbledore carefully set the case on his desk. "They are for criminals as they stand trial. On most wizards it would restrain their power to the level of a child. This is one of the few options I can think of taking your current strength and your continued growth."

Harry stared at the Headmaster with a blank expression.

"None of that, my boy." Dumbledore let out a forced chuckle. "This is a temporary measure. If it works as I expect then we can commission a special set for you."

Harry closed his eyes. He took a deep breath before he moved to the cot where the case rested. Hermione, Dumbledore, and Madam Pomfrey stood a good distance away from him. His friend was worried but intrigued. Dumbledore had his grandfatherly mask in place. Madam Pomfrey, on the other hand, looked like she was about to explode.

"Go on." Dumbledore gave him a reassuring smile.

Harry opened the case. A set of thick manacles made of silver were held snugly by what looked to be a velvet mold. They were bulky handcuffs. The kind he imagined could be found in a castle dungeon. Fitting, considering Hogwarts was a castle. Similar to the case, the manacles were packed tightly with lines of runes.

He shot a questioning look to Dumbledore.

"They will not fully activate until they are latched." The Headmaster explained.

Harry sighed as he picked up one and closed it on his wrist, then repeated the process. He stumbled forward. Thankfully the cot was there to break his fall.

"Harry!" Hermione screamed.

She sprinted over to check on him before either Dumbledore or Madam Pomfrey could say anything. Harry rolled over onto his back. His vision swam as Hermione came into focus.

"Are you ok?" Hermione's voice came out so fast it was almost one word. "How many fingers am I holding up? What's your name? Can you tell me where you are?"

"Easy, Mione." Harry chuckled. "It was just a shock. I'm fine."

Hermione slapped him on the chest, then captured him in a tight hug.

"How do you feel, my boy?" Dumbledore asked.

"It's like I had a headache for so long I forgot how it felt to be normal." Harry held up the manacles. "Now it's gone. Well, not gone, but less."

"Excellent." Dumbledore gave a genuine smile. "Miss Granger, would you kindly cast a spell."

Hermione slowly released Harry. She cleared her throat and drew her wand. Harry yelped as her stinging hex hit his foot.

"Ow!" Harry laughed through the pain. "What was that for?"

"How did it feel?" Dumbledore asked.

"It stung." Harry wiggled his foot.

"How did it feel when she cast the spell?" Dumbledore clarified.

"It didn't feel like anything." Harry shrugged. A wide smile crossed his face as he realized what he had just said. "Thank you, professor."

"This is a temporary solution, Harry." Dumbledore cautioned. "A starting point. The manacles cannot be worn for an extended amount of time without causing permanent damage. I will speak with an enchanter that I know to make you something that should work for a longer period of time. As well as being more comfortable."

"It's a start." Harry smiled.

28.

They had discovered that he could latch both manacles onto one arm and they would still work. That way he didn't have to walk around with handcuffs on. Instead, he just wore his fall robes with longer sleeves to hide the new addition to his uniform. Professor Flitwick and Professor McGonagall had been informed of his condition so they could keep a closer watch in case he needed to step away. They hadn't told Professor Weasley. As much as Harry didn't want to upset the man who was on track to be his new favorite Defense teacher, he agreed with the choice. Percy may have turned out to be a boon to the students, but he was still a Ministry Owned Man. Finding out that Harry was a magical powerhouse that only got stronger around other magic would lead to disaster. The Ministry would want to control him at best and try to recreate the process at worst.

Harry walked into the Defense classroom to see that all of the desks had been removed. Instead, there was an open expanse with a row of pedestals along the far wall. Professor Weasley stood in the center of the room. He waited with a patient smile as the class filed in. Harry noted that he had taken to wearing pin-stripe robes like Fudge had worn the last time he had seen him.

"Welcome, welcome." Professor Weasley called as the students entered. "We did the theory, so today is the practical. I'll demonstrate the spell then we will form lines and practice on the targets."

He scanned the crowd to make sure the students were all paying attention.

"We discussed the flare spell." Professor Weasley continued. "It is an important one to know as it can signal danger, mark the location of an injured person, or, if need be, work as a low-powered offense. Aurors use them quite frequently in their daily patrols for all three. A Flare, while not as powerful as a Stunner, is an effective deterrent to escalate a hostile encounter. When struck, it feels like a strong Stinging Hex. It leaves no lasting damage but is known to cause brief localized numbness as well as a feeling of pins and needles in the surrounding area of impact."

Percy paused for the class to take in the words.

"The wand movement is simple, and the incantation is shorter than a stunner as well." Percy continued. "Can anyone, aside from Miss Granger, tell me how the Flare is inferior to a stunner."

He mentioned Hermione with a small smile to acknowledge her intelligence without belittling her enthusiasm.

"It's not as accurate." Ron spoke up.

Harry looked at his friend in shock.

"Five points to Gryffindor, Mister Weasley." Percy nodded. "Correct. The Flare is used primarily to mark location. The sky is an easy target to hit."

Ron preened at the attention.

"Anyone else?" Percy asked. "Miss Granger, you're free to chime in now."

Hermione blushed.

"A Stunner is safer." Parvati spoke before Hermione could recover.

"Explain and I'll gladly award another five points." Percy teased.

"A Stunner will knock them out and they can't fight or run." Parvati twirled her hair as she spoke, there was a slight color to her cheeks as well. "The Flare would just smack them up a bit."

"Five points." Percy said. "Please attend carefully." He turned toward the pedestals where a large circular target popped up into view. His wrist flicked upward just barely. "*Flo*."

An oblong chunk of light launched from the tip of his wand. It wobbled as it moved at a rapid pace toward the target. The spell popped into sparkles as it struck the outer rim of the circle. A couple of people gasped at the sudden flash of light.

"As you can see." Percy turned back toward the class. "Accuracy is not the strong point."

"You could just be rubbish." A voice that sounded like Dean mumbled.

"Five points from Gryffindor." Percy glared at the boy.

Percy turned quickly to the side; his wand snapped up. He sent a Stunner at the same target, and it hit dead center.

"Any spell that you can practice enough can be done silently and with minimal wand movement." Percy explained. "Unfortunately, it is something that cannot be tracked as the process is dependent on the individual rather than power or focus." He took a small, calming breath. "That is a lesson for another day. Line up. The wand movement is a small flick upward and the incantation is *Flo*. Say it with me."

The entire class repeated the word. From there the students did as they were told. They formed lines and took turns casting the spell. Percy would move from student to student and offer corrections as needed.

"Interesting watch, Mister Potter." Percy commented as he stood beside Harry.

Harry followed his gaze to the gauge on his wrist rather than the manacles on his other arm. He was not sure how he would have explained those. Even with everyone casting around him the readout was mostly yellow with stripes of green valiantly trying to hold on.

"Madam Bones wanted me to keep track of my magic after this summer." Harry explained. The best lies had a bit of truth in them. "She was worried that there might be some unknown side-effects from the encounter with Dementors."

Percy's jaw went tight before he moved on to the next student. Mention of the Dementors soured the Professor for a brief moment. Ever the professional, Percy got himself in order and was back on form by the end of class.

"Friday will be review." Professor Weasley called as the class ended. "The Essay will be Twelve-Inches due on Monday."

"Professor." Ron approached his brother.

Harry stopped by the door to watch his friend. He really hoped that Ron wouldn't mess this up. The relationship between Percy and the rest of the Weasleys hadn't been the best since he had started to

work at the Ministry. Arthur and Molly were certain that Fudge took an interest in Percy due to their connection to Dumbledore. Percy thought that meant they didn't think he was worth the attention. Harry wasn't sure how that all worked, family dynamics weren't something he knew much about.

"I just wanted to say." Ron muttered. "You're doing a great job. I heard a few Slytherin yesterday saying you couldn't be a Weasley. From them, I think that was a compliment."

"Thank you, Ronald." Percy gave him a polite nod. "Do you have any questions about the course material?"

"No." Ron shook his head.

"Then you better be off to your next class." Percy started to prepare the room.

Ron walked out of the room with bright, watery eyes. Harry stepped up beside him.

"Are you alright?" Harry whispered.

"Are you kidding me?" Ron looked at him in shock. "He called me Ronald."

Harry tried to read his friend.

"And... that's... good?" Harry guessed.

"Of course, it's good." Ron beamed. "That means he's not mad at me. He still calls Fred and George, Mister Weasley."

Harry smiled.

"Hey, Potter." Pansy seemed to appear out of nowhere.

"What do you want?" Ron and Hermione spoke at the same time.

"Easy there." Pansy rolled her eyes at the two. "I'm just here to see if Potter needs any help." She stepped closer. "You know, like the other day."

"What is she talking about?" Ron asked as he looked from Harry to Hermione and finally to Pansy.

"Nothing." Hermione snapped. "Let's get to class."

"I can't." Harry said before she could drag him away.

"Oh?" Pansy took another step closer to him. The desire in her eyes was obvious.

"I have an appointment at Gringotts." Harry clarified. "I should be back before dinner."

Pansy pouted.

"Let me know if you need my help." Pansy turned and walked away. Her hips had more sway in them than usual. "You know, in case Granger can't handle you again."

On instinct, Ron caught Hermione's raising wand-hand. People always said she was the voice of reason in the group, but she was just as reckless as her friends. Hermione was the one who set Snape on fire,

she was the one who punched Draco, and she was the one who captured Rita Skeeter in a jar. Harry was pretty sure she was still blackmailing the reporter. Honestly, she was the scariest of the trio.

"Would you take notes for me, please?" Harry asked Hermione, mostly to distract her.

She would have taken the notes and made sure that both he and Ron had studied them before the weekend. Asking her was polite as well as gave her something other than Pansy to focus on.

"Sure." Hermione replied.

"Thanks." Harry kissed her on the forehead. "You too, Ron."

Ron held up his hands.

"No kisses on the forehead for me." Ron grinned.

"Cheek?" Harry countered.

"Get out of here." Ron chuckled.

Harry hurried off to Dumbledore's office. The gargoyle opened as he approached.

"You're late." The gargoyle called.

"And you are made of stone." Harry replied.

The gargoyle stared at him in confusion.

"Thought we were stating the obvious." Harry stuck his tongue out at the gargoyle as he ran up the stairs.

"Ah, Mister Potter." Dumbledore turned to face him with a smile. "Just on time."

The Floo was already lit and ready. Dumbledore held the case for the manacles. The old man stepped into the flames without another word. Harry followed a moment behind. This time, he managed to land in a crouch rather than on his face. A quick look at his watch showed completely yellow now. Traveling via Floo had washed away the last streaks of green. The trip did feel a little slower this time too.

"Wizard." A goblin stood nearby as the two arrived. "Follow me."

The goblin didn't wait as they turned away. Goblins were fast for such small creatures. Harry and Dumbledore caught up to their guide with a slight jog. The goblin led them into the private offices. Then down some steps and a short elevator ride. It was a rather modern looking one as well. Not the iron gate like the ones at the Ministry.

"Wizard magic isn't the same as Goblin magic." The goblin said as he noticed Harry's attention.

Harry nodded. He didn't know enough about either to really know what that meant. The floor the elevator stopped at was lined with thick wood slabs intricate gold knot-work that stretched the entire length. Each door they passed was made of a mixture of gold, silver, and some type of wood that Harry didn't recognize. Finally, they came to the end of the hall where the largest of the doors stood.

The goblin opened it easily as though it didn't weigh a metric ton. A group of proud looking goblins stood behind a workbench with a case similar to the one Dumbledore held in the center. While most goblins were in a constant state of disdain when they had to deal with wizards. This group had a glint of something in their eyes that was a mixture of genius and madness. They also wore overalls and leather gloves rather than the fancy suits the others wore.

"Put the case on the table, wizard." One of the worker goblins ordered.

Dumbledore did. "Here you are, Master Rendblade."

The goblin opened the case then gave Harry a pointed look. Harry unlocked the manacles. A wave of power rushed through him. He swayed on his feet. The watch had shifted color to a deep orange with hints of red. He set the manacles in the case and steadied himself on the table.

Master Rendblade and the other workers snickered at his reaction.

"Now." Master Rendblade stared at Harry with a look bordering on malicious. "We have designed a ring as ordered. This will suppress wizard magic."

Harry reached for the box as Dumbledore took a step back.

"Beware." The goblin screeched before Harry could touch it. "It is powerful enough to kill the average wizard. It will strip away his power and leave him as nothing more than a withered husk."

Harry shrugged. He didn't have much of a choice now. Either the burst of magic he felt when he removed the manacles was a delayed impact from everything he had been exposed to before, or it was in response to Goblin magic. No matter the cause, he was fast approaching the release of Wild Magic and he really didn't want to fuck a Goblin.

He opened the case. The ring inside was a silver band that looked to be made of tightly woven individual strands. It appeared as though there was some sort of stone among them.

"It looks nice." Harry lifted the ring with care.

The goblins watched him with hunger in their eyes as he slid it onto his finger. They started to mutter amongst themselves in their native tongue when Harry didn't fall dead before them. Harry ignored them. He turned his attention to his watch. The dark orange had lightened to yellow with small spikes of green around the edges.

"Mister Potter." Dumbledore said. "If the goblins will allow, please cast a spell or two?"

The workers nodded eagerly. They started to get louder as Harry went through a few spells without trouble.

"It works great." Harry said with a satisfied smile.

"May I try as well?" Dumbledore asked. "To make sure the ambient use of magic is managed as well?"

"Of course." Harry nodded.

Dumbledore started with Transfiguration. Even with someone of his power it didn't seem to effect the color much. It was good to know that the response from class wasn't a fluke. From there, Dumbledore moved to charms. The color of the watch didn't change, but Harry could feel the ring start to vibrate.

"One more." Dumbledore sent a Teeth Cleaning Charm directed at Harry.

A swish of cold air swirled around his mouth. The goblins screamed once the spell hit him. Their ring shattered. Harry checked the watch, just to make sure. It hadn't changed at all.

"That worked great." Harry turned to face the Goblin workers.

The smile on his face dropped as he saw their reaction. Binns had droned on and on about Goblin Wars, but it wasn't until that moment that Harry knew why the creatures were so fearsome.

"No." Master Rendblade barked. "This is not over. I will make a ring that will strip you of your magic, wizard. You will drop dead right here before me."

"Thank you, Master Goblin." Dumbledore inclined his head. "We will eagerly await your next creation. Hogwarts will gladly compensate you for the destroyed product."

"No." The Goblin yelled. "This is not about something as mundane as gold."

The other Goblins in the room gasped. Their guide fainted.

"This is about honor." The Goblin continued to yell. "I will not rest until I have created a ring that will strip the magic from his bones."

"Until next time." Dumbledore placed a firm hand on Harry's shoulder. "We must return to Hogwarts. It is a school day after all."

Harry nodded. He wasn't going to argue with any reason to get out of there.