

The Hero They Needed

Chapter 1

In a small flat buried among the maze of streets that was Muggle London, Sirius Black sat on his couch, staring deep into the flickering flames of a dying fire. It was all Hallows Eve, and while Muggle children walked door to door with their parents all across the country in search of sweets, the dark-haired young man brooded silently with only a bottle of gin and his worries to keep him company.

All night, something had felt wrong. A feeling of impending doom hung over him like a dark cloud threatening a storm. Sirius had tried to put off his worry for hours, convincing himself it was just paranoia. Now, as the clock neared ten, it became too much. Setting his half-empty tumbler on the stand, he stood and made his way over to the fireplace. He paused to grab a handful of grey, sparkling powder from a vase on the mantle and threw it on the glowing logs. Instantly, the fire roared back to life, bright green flames licking at the entrance of the chimney.

"The rat's nest," he called out loudly.

Dropping to his knees, Sirius closed his eyes and thrust his head into the flames. When he opened them again, he was looking around a dark, dingy living room.

"Peter!" he shouted. "Peter!"

Sirius waited several seconds for a reply but heard nothing. His heart began hammering in his chest as he pulled his head back and stood. Grabbing another handful of powder, he tossed it into the fireplace carelessly.

"The rat's nest!" he yelled.

The moment the flames turned green, Sirius stepped into the fireplace, arms held tight across his chest. He started spinning as grate after grate flashed by, giving him a momentary glimpse into another witch or wizard's home. After a mental count of six, he bent his knees and prepared to land. In one smooth motion, he came to a stop, stepped forward into the living room he'd been looking at moments before, and drew his wand.

"Peter, are you here!?" Sirius shouted. "Peter!"

Making his way through the small, two-bedroom home of his childhood friend, he swiftly made his way towards one of the bedrooms, hoping to find Peter passed out on his bed. With a flick of his wand, he threw open the door with enough force that it cracked down the center and stopped in the doorway, his stomach sinking.

The room was empty. No Peter, no sheets, and no personal effects lying about. One of the wardrobe doors hung half open, revealing the inside to be as bare as the bedroom.

"No," Sirius whispered, his heart rejecting what his brain was screaming.

Spinning around, he raced back to the living room and lit his wand, peering keenly around the room. There were no signs of forced entry or a struggle. Another wave of his wand and a mumbled incantation showed the Wards Lily had cast were untouched.

Tightening his grip on his wand, he turned and sprinted towards the front door. A flick of his wand sent it flying off the hinges and into the yard. Running as fast as he could, Sirius reached the end of the driveway and twisted, his body curling in on itself until he vanished with a pop. Back in London, an identical pop sounded at the same time as he stepped out of thin air.

Barely breaking stride, Sirius sprinted to a canvas-covered lump sitting just outside his apartment building. Wrenching it off, he revealed a sleek, black motorbike underneath. He threw his leg over the seat, knocked the helmet off the handlebars, and righted the bike. A single kick made the engine roar to life. Heedless to the looks directed his way, he knocked the bike into gear and twisted the throttle.

Accelerating down the street, he turned at the first available alley, locking up the rear tire with a screech. The alley was just wide enough for the bike and sidecar, but it was short; Not quite long enough for a normal take-off.

“Fuck it,” Sirius growled.

Gunning the engine, he popped the clutch and shot off down the alley. Knocking the bike into second gear, he accelerated rapidly towards the solid brick wall. Letting out a roar that matched the sound coming from his bike, Sirius wrenched back on the handlebars and flicked a switch with his thumb. He grunted as the bike lurched into the air and slammed tire first into the wall five feet up. In complete defiance of gravity and physics, the bike drove effortlessly up the wall. Shifting into third, he raced as fast as he could toward the edge of the roof. Flicking another button just as he cleared the roof, the bike continued on and disappeared into the inky black sky.

Letting out a sigh of relief, Sirius pinned the throttle and ran through the gears as he headed North towards the village of Godric’s Hollow.

“I swear to Merlin, Peter, if anything happens to them because of you...,” he growled under his breath.

The trip, even on his magically enchanted bike, seemed to take forever. That high, the air was cold and crisp, necessitating the use of several Warming Charms. Mercifully, the village lights came into view, and he began his descent. Uncaring about the Muggles that might see him, Sirius landed his bike in the middle of the street. He drove on the wrong side of the road, and looking left, his heart dropped as James and Lily’s house came into view.

A large section of the East wall was missing on the second floor, and the front door was hanging crookedly; only the top hinge was still connected. Bringing the bike to a screeching halt, Sirius leapt from the bike, his wand drawn, and burst through the wide-open doorway. Scanning around for threats, it took him a moment to notice the body lying crumpled at the bottom of the stairs.

"James!" Sirius yelled.

Racing forward, he slid on his knees and rolled him over. Brown eyes stared back at him, blank and lifeless. A lump formed in Sirius' throat, his eyes burning as he stared at his best friend's face. Before he could drown in his grief, the sound of a baby crying had his head snapping up to look up the stairs.

"Harry," Sirius said.

Letting go of James, he took the stairs two at a time, wand held aloft. The air felt thick with magic as he peeked around through the door, ready and anxious for a fight. What he saw both shocked him and broke his heart. Lily lay in front of the crib, her green eyes just as lifeless as her husband's. The wall to the left of the crib was completely missing, with bits of drywall and roofing tile littering the floor. Voldemort was nowhere to be seen, but miraculously, Harry was alive.

Sitting in his crib and crying, Harry only had a small cut on his forehead.

"It's okay, Harry, I've got you," Sirius said.

Stepping carefully around Lily, he picked Harry up and held him to his chest. Rubbing his back soothingly, Sirius glanced down mournfully.

"I'll take good care of him," he said tearfully. "I swear to you, James, Lily, I'll protect him with my life."

Wiping his face, Sirius left the room and down the stairs. He knew if he didn't get out of the house soon, he'd break. As he stepped past James' body, grief started to turn to rage.

It was time to go rat hunting.

"Come on, Harry," Sirius said, pressing his godson's head to his chest so he didn't look around. "Time to go see Aunt Andy."

Stepping outside, he walked past the open gate just as a massive figure appeared out of nowhere. Drawing his wand, a deadly curse on the tip of his tongue, Sirius paused when he recognized the new arrival.

"Hagrid," he called, lowering his wand. "What are you doing here?"

"Dumbledore sent me," Hagrid said, his face unusually serious. "Said he felt the wards fall. I'm glad to see Harry's alright. Where are James and Lily?"

"Gone," Sirius said, swallowing thickly.

"Gone?" Hagrid asked, his beetle black eyes swimming with tears.

At Sirius' nod, he sniffled, tears falling into his thick, bushy beard.

"You know what happened?" he asked, choking back a sob.

"No," Sirius said, shaking his head. "Lily must've done something, though. The nursery's a wreck, and You-Know-Who wouldn't have left Harry alive if he could help it. I hope she killed the bastard."

"If anyone could it, it'd be Lily," Hagrid sniffled. "Poor Harry. Having to grow up without his parents."

Sirius nodded but said nothing, the grief shutting him down. In looking for a change of subject, he caught on to something that bothered him.

"You said Dumbledore sent you?" he asked.

"Yeah," Hagrid said, pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket and blowing his nose loudly.

"Did he say why he didn't come himself?" Sirius asked, disguising the suspicion in his voice as a curiosity.

"I didn't ask," Hagrid admitted. "Just came to me hut and told me something had happened to the Potters. Gave me a Portkey and told me to bring Harry to 'im."

"Just Harry?" Sirius asked, his eyes narrowing. "I wonder how he knew he was alive."

"Some kinda spell I s'pose," Hagrid shrugged.

"Yeah," Sirius said, his mind working frantically.

"Well, I better get Harry back to Dumbledore before the Aurors show up," Hagrid said, stepping closer.

Sirius held Harry tighter and took a step back. Hagrid looked at him curiously.

"I'm his Godfather," he said, knowing he needed to leave quickly. "I should take care of him."

As far as the world was concerned, he had been James and Lily's Secret Keeper. He'd never catch up to Peter if he spent Merlin knew how long being interrogated by Crouch. For a moment, he considered just giving Harry to Hagrid, but his suspicions about Dumbledore held him back. Something was wrong here.

"It's Dumbledore's orders," Hagrid shrugged.

Thinking quickly, Sirius turned like he was going to hand Harry to him. Behind his back, he flicked his wand towards the house, sending one of the chairs tumbling across the kitchen loudly. Hagrid froze with his arms outstretched, his face raised to look over Sirius' head. Sirius clutched Harry tighter, wand held aloft as he backed away from the house and Hagrid.

"What was that?" he asked, adding a bit of panic to his voice.

"Dunno," Hagrid muttered, his eyes narrowed as he scanned the house. "Squirrel, maybe?"

"Sounded too big for that," Sirius said. "I didn't check the house that well. I just grabbed Harry and got out. You mind taking a look? I don't think I can go back in there."

"I'll check it out," Hagrid said, puffing up his chest.

As he strode towards the house, Sirius backed slowly towards his bike. The moment Hagrid ducked inside, he turned and sprinted. Setting Harry in the sidecar, he waved his wand, transfiguring the seat to conform around him. Using a couple of more charms to protect him from the cold and wind, he hopped on and started the engine. Hagrid came rushing out just as he took off down the street.

"Sorry, Hagrid!" Sirius yelled.

Before the half-Giant could react, Sirius gunned the engine. A few seconds later, he took back off into the night. Glancing over at Harry, he smiled when he saw the boy waving at the passing stars overhead, his hand clenching and opening as if to catch them. Banking gently to the left, he headed for his cousin Andromeda's house.

"Alright, Harry," Sirius yelled over the sound of the wind and engine. "I'll drop you off at Aunt Andi's. You can play with Nymphadora. You remember Dora, don't you?"

Turning away from Harry, he gritted his teeth and went even faster.

“Then Uncle Padfoot needs to go see an old friend,” he growled.

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It was almost midnight by the time Sirius pounded on Andi’s front door. Harry, now under a Silencing Charm, had fallen asleep halfway over Bristol.

“Who’s there?” she called. “Do you have any idea what time it is?”

“It’s me,” Sirius called back.

“Sirius?” Andi asked, undoing the locks on the door. “I swear to Merlin, if you’re drunk —”

Andromeda broke off as she opened the door and stared at the baby in his arms with wide eyes. Andi was a tall, beautiful woman with dark, gently curling hair. Her grey eyes and sharp nose spoke strongly of her Black heritage.

“Is that Harry?” Andi asked, pulling her housecoat tightly around her curvy figure.

Sirius nodded, and her face dropped.

“Come and tell me what happened,” she said, stepping to the side.

“I can’t stay,” Sirius said, walking in and heading towards the living room. “I need to find Peter before he leaves the country.”

"Peter?" Andi asked, confused.

"He betrayed us," Sirius growled, laying Harry gently down on the couch. "He was their Secret Keeper. I went to check on him tonight, and he was gone. He sold them to You-Know-Who."

Straightening up, he turned to leave, only to find himself staring down the business end of Andi's wand.

"Funny, last you told me, *you* were their Secret Keeper," she said, narrowing her eyes.

"Oh, come on, Andi!" Sirius yelled. "You can't think I would do that!"

"No, I don't," Andi said, her stern features unmoved. "Which is the only reason I haven't cursed you yet. Now, explain."

"I don't have time for this!" Sirius shouted frustratedly. "Peter-"

"Can wait," Andi interrupted. "Explain. Now."

"Andi? Is everything alright?" Ted, her husband, asked as he reached the bottom of the stairs.

Ted was a short, plain-looking man with a head of straw-colored hair. There wasn't anything exceptional about the man, but he was nice enough.

"No," Andi said. "James and Lily are dead, and Sirius here is just about to explain what happened."

"Ah," Ted said, looking between the two for a moment. "I'll just put some tea on, shall I?"

“Thank you, dear,” Andi said, never even glancing away from Sirius.

Once Ted was in the kitchen, and Sirius realized he wouldn’t be leaving without explaining, he threw his hands up in frustration.

“Fine,” he barked. “Something felt off all night, so I Flooed Peter to check on him. When he didn’t answer, I Flooed over and found his place empty. Peter was gone, and so were all of his belongings. There was no sign of forced entry, and the wards were intact.”

“He had his Floo connected?” Andi asked, brow arched.

“Everyone knows if you want to hide, you need to get off the Floo,” Sirius sighed. “We didn’t want to draw any attention to him. No one knew he was the Secret Keeper, and out of the three of us, he was the least likely to be chosen.”

“Not a bad idea, but risky,” Andi said. “It’s possible someone followed him, hoping he knew who the Secret Keeper was.”

“But why take his clothes?” Sirius asked, shaking his head. “No, Peter left on his own, and if You-Know-Who found James and Lily, that means he told them.”

“You’re probably right,” Andi admitted. “What happened next?”

“I Apparated back to my place and grabbed my bike,” Sirius continued. “I flew as fast as I could to Godric’s Hollow.”

“Why not just Apparate there?” she asked suspiciously.

"I couldn't," Sirius replied. "I made Lily obliviate the Apparition coordinates from my mind. I was supposed to be a distraction. I didn't want the Death Eaters to find them if I was caught. I only knew the general direction and a few landmarks to look for."

"I'm impressed," Andi said, cocking an eyebrow. "This is quite well thought out for you."

"Not well enough," Sirius growled. "That rat led him straight to them. James and Lily were already dead when I got there. The nursery was missing a wall, and Harry was crying in his crib. I don't know what Lily did, but it must've been amazing. You-Know-Who wouldn't have left Harry alive. I think she might've killed him. I could practically taste the magic in the air."

Sighing, Sirius sat in a chair heavily.

"Then, as I was leaving to bring Harry here, Hagrid shows up," he said.

"Hagrid?" Andi asked, eye narrowed.

"Yeah," Sirius said, still unsure what to think himself. "He said Dumbledore sent him to pick up Harry and only Harry. Hagrid mentioned something about the wards alerting him, but it still doesn't make sense. Why send Hagrid when you know You-Know-Who might be there? Why not come himself?"

"Those are very good questions," Andi said, finally lowering her wand.

Ted came back from the kitchen, a tray of tea floating in front of him.

"Do we still have Nymphadora's old crib?" she asked, taking a cup.

"It's in the attic," Ted told her.

"We'll get it down tomorrow, then," Andi said. "I'll transfigure something for the night. Harry can stay with Nymphadora. Sirius, you can take the guest room."

"Thanks, Andi," Sirius said, levering himself out of his chair. "But I really need to—"

His words were cut off when he was knocked back into his seat, his wand ripped from his pocket and roped snaked around his chest.

"What the hell, Andi!?" Sirius yelled.

"You're going nowhere," she told him sternly. "The Aurors will know what's happened, and they'll be looking for you. If you go after Peter now, you'll end up in Azkaban."

"He killed them!" Sirius shouted angrily, struggling in vain to free himself.

"I know," Andi said softly. "But you need to think about Harry. I have no legal standing with him. What happens to him when Dumbledore comes knocking, and his Godfather is sitting in prison?"

Sirius opened and closed his mouth twice before slumping back in his chair.

"Fuck," he muttered.

"Language," Andi scolded. "Now, are you going to behave, or do I need to keep you tied up all night?"

"I'll stay," Sirius sighed.

“Good,” Andi said, releasing the ropes and tossing him his wand. “Now, first thing tomorrow, you need to go to the Ministry and explain everything that happened. Volunteer to take Veritaserum; that should speed things up.”

“Alright,” Sirius nodded. “Probably for the best. Maybe I can get Crouch to let me go after Peter once I explain everything.”

“I’d say you’re too close to the case, but I’ve seen that man make far worse decisions,” Andi told him.

Walking over the couch, she gently picked up Harry and cradled him to her chest.

“I’ll put Harry to bed,” she said. “Try to get some sleep, Sirius.”

“I doubt it,” Sirius muttered. “Thanks, Andi. For everything.”

“It’s what family’s for,” Andi said, giving him a smile.

Chapter 2

Sirius didn’t sleep at all that night. Whenever he closed his eyes, he saw James and Lily’s, cold and lifeless, staring back at him. He sat for hours on the couch, watching the minutes tick by as he waited for the sun to rise. Guilt and sadness ate him up on the inside, gnawing painfully at his heart.

A part of him was glad to be alone, but another part wished Andromeda had stayed. But, then again, she hadn’t known James and Lily that well. Andi had only met them a couple of times before they’d gone into hiding. Sirius wished he could call Remus, but he was still away talking with the Werewolves and wouldn’t be back for a few more days.

Unless the news reached him sooner, in which case Sirius worried he might try to kill him. He was really regretting keeping his 'brilliant' plan to himself. It was stupid now that he thought about it, but the thought of Voldemort getting to James and Lily was so unthinkable he hadn't even considered it an option. In hindsight, he should have told someone, anyone, they all trusted.

"Did you get *any* sleep?"

Sirius looked up so fast that his neck popped painfully. Andi came walking down the stairs in a worn, pink bathrobe, eyeing him critically. Blinking, he glanced out the window and was surprised to see the sun rising over the horizon. After hours of watching and waiting, the damn thing had managed to sneak up on him.

"A couple of hours," Sirius lied.

"I'm sure," Andi replied, unconvinced. "Well, since you're up, you might as well come with me to the kitchen. You're going to need to learn how to cook if you're going to take care of Harry."

Groaning and rolling his eyes, Sirius got to his feet and followed her into the kitchen. Grabbing a carton of eggs and a pack of sausages from the refrigerator, as well as a can of beans from the pantry, she showed him how to make a simple breakfast.

"I hope you can at least make toast," Andi said, handing him a loaf of bread.

"I'm not that bad," Sirius grumbled, snatching it from her hand. "I've been living on my own for years now, you know."

"You live above an Indian restaurant for a reason," she said knowingly.

"Well, they do have great takeaway," Sirius admitted.

Laying out ten pieces of bread on the counter, he toasted one side, then flipped them with a charm to toast the other. While he was doing that, Ted ambled into the kitchen sleepily and headed straight for the coffee maker.

"Morning," Ted yawned, kissing Andi on the cheek.

"Morning, dear," Andi smiled. "Are the kids still asleep?"

"Yep," he replied, smiling softly. "I checked on them before I came down. Nymphadora must've woken up in the night and moved her bed closer to the crib. She's laying with her hand through the bars, and Harry's got a death grip on her finger."

"That girl," Andi said, shaking her head as she moved the last of the eggs onto a platter.

"Should I go wake them?" Sirius asked.

"Oh, you poor man," Andi said, patting his cheek. "You have so much to learn. If the kids are still asleep, eat, then wake them. Things get chaotic at the table when kids are involved, especially with Nymphadora."

"Right," Sirius said, looking over at Ted, who chuckled as they sat at the table.

"Nymphadora didn't want scrambled eggs yesterday," he said. "Her accidental magic dumped the whole bowl over Andi's head. Took her an hour to get it all out of her hair."

Sirius snorted but couldn't bring himself to really laugh. It felt like doing so would somehow be disrespectful to James and Lily. Eating mechanically, he got through half his plate, never tasting what he was eating before an owl flew in with the morning paper. Ted dug a Knut out of his pocket to pay for it and took it from the impatient bird. As it flew back out the open window, he opened the paper and immediately choked on what he was eating.

"What is it?" Andi asked.

Coughing to clear his throat, Ted set the paper on the table. On the front page was a picture of James and Lily's house in Godric's Hollow, Ministry workers swarming the scene. The title of the article stood out in big, bold letters.

Boy-Who-Lived Defeats Dark Lord! Sirius Black Wanted for Kidnap and Murder!

"What!" Sirius yelled, jumping to his feet.

"It gets worse," Ted said. "The Ministry has started a nationwide search. They have orders to kill you on sight. And there's a ten thousand Galleon bounty for information leading to your capture."

"Shit!" Sirius said.

He nearly knocked over his chair as he got to his feet and began to pace back and forth in the small kitchen.

"I was their best friend," Sirius growled, running a hand through his long, dark hair. "How could they think I'd murder them and then kidnap my own Godson."

"Because you told everyone you were the Secret Keeper," Andi pointed out. "What about Harry? Does the paper say anything about him?"

"Let's see," Ted replied, scanning the article. "They know he was alive when Sirius took him. Good Lord, they're saying Harry killed You-Know-Who in a burst of accidental magic."

"Ted," Andi said, giving him a brief glare.

“Right. Sorry, dear,” he said. “Um, they believe Sirius is either going to use Harry in a ritual to bring You-Know-Who back to life or raise him to be the next Dark Lord. One that he controls so he can take over magical Britain. Some believe Harry is already dead, and Sirius has already fled the country.”

“Alright,” Sirius barked angrily. “Okay, here’s what I’ll do. I’ll go to the Ministry and tell them what really happened. They won’t kill me until they know where Harry is, right?”

Ted and Andromeda shared a look that didn’t boost his confidence.

“Sirius, I hate to say this, but I think as soon as they have you, they’ll use Veritaserum to find out where Harry is and then have you Kissed,” Andi told him.

“They wouldn’t administer the Kiss to someone just like that,” Sirius said, though the words felt like a lie even as he said them.

“They already have,” Andromeda told him, her face solemn. “Ted, tell him about those cases you’re working on.”

Sighing, Ted folded the paper and set it aside.

“My firm is working on two cases where the Ministry arrested two ‘known’ Death Eaters and had them Kissed before they could be questioned,” he said. “Neither of them had the mark, and they went missing days before they suddenly reappeared and committed heinous crimes. The families believe they were put under the Imperious Curse and forced to do those things. With the current climate, it’s been nearly impossible to find a sympathetic ear in the Wizengamot. I’ve been holding off on filing the cases. If I do it now, I have no doubt I’d lose.”

“It was Crouch, wasn’t it?” Sirius asked, his heart racing as he started to pace again. “I knew that fucker was no good.”

"If you go into the Ministry now, it's almost certain you won't be coming back out," Andi told him bluntly as she shared a look with her husband. "We need to think of something else."

"What if I grant you custody of Harry and make a public statement?" Sirius asked. "I can hide out someplace long enough for the public to hear my side of the story, and Harry will be safe here. They'd have to put me on trial just to clear things up, right?"

"Maybe," Ted said, stroking his chin.

"It won't work," Andi said, shaking her head. "The Ministry lost this war. Everyone knows it. It's only because of whatever happened at the Potters last night that it's over. They won't allow anyone but themselves to look like the hero now. Kill you, save Harry Potter, and they're back as everyone's savior. Not to mention, there are still Death Eaters in the Ministry that would still love to see you dead. You'd never live long enough to see a trial. Ted, I think it might be time for plan B."

Ted stared at Andi for a long moment, his normally jovial face dropping into a frown as he finally nodded.

"What's plan--"

Sirius was cut off by a loud knock at the door. Everyone froze, staring at each other until they knocked again.

"Just a moment!" Andi yelled, dropping her voice as she turned back to the men in the kitchen. "Ted, Take Sirius and the kids and hide. I'll tell you when it's safe to come out."

"I have a better idea," Sirius said.

Dropping down onto all fours, he transformed into a big black dog. Andi and Ted's shocked looks lasted for only a second.

"That'll have to work," Andi said just as the person at the door knocked again. "Ted, go!"

Nodding, Ted quickly and quietly made his way up the stairs. Sirius heard a murmured incantation before the house fell silent.

"Coming," Andi called.

Sirius followed her to the door so he could see who it was. When Andi opened the door, he wasn't too surprised to see Dumbledore standing there in a dark blue set of robes that sparkled in the morning sun.

"Good morning, headmaster," Andi said respectfully. "What brings you here this early?"

"Hello, Andromeda," Albus said, smiling tiredly. "I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm afraid I have grave news. Have you had a chance to read this morning's paper?"

"No, it arrived while I was making breakfast," she said, looking up at him worriedly. "What's happened?"

"Voldemort found and attacked the Potters last night," Albus told her, his face dropping. "James and Lily are dead. Miraculously, Harry survived, but Sirius removed him from the house before I arrived. I'm afraid there's evidence to suggest he was involved in giving away their location. You haven't heard from him, have you?"

"That's terrible," Andi said, her acting perfect. "No, I haven't heard from Sirius in weeks. But I can't imagine him doing anything to hurt James, Lily, or Harry."

"Until last night, I would've said the same," Albus sighed, taking off his glasses to give them a quick clean. "Please, if you hear from him, let me know immediately. It's imperative Harry is found and returned to his family."

Sirius perked up at that. James didn't have any family, and Lily's only living relative was her Muggle sister. Surely he wouldn't put Harry with that magic-hating shrew, he thought. Andromeda caught his movement out of the corner of her eye and spoke up just as Dumbledore started to turn.

"I wasn't aware James had any family left," Andi said.

"Indeed, Harry is now the last remaining Potter," Albus told her. "Fortunately, Lily's sister has agreed to take him in. It's the safest place for him. Sorry to bother you so early, Andromeda. Please let me know if you hear from Sirius."

"Of course, headmaster," Andi replied while Sirius fought back the urge to growl.

She closed the door slowly, giving them just enough time to see Dumbledore Disapparate before the latch clicked into place. Sirius instantly transformed back into his human form.

"What the hell is he thinking!?" he raged. "Petunia hates magic! She wouldn't even come to James and Lily's wedding! And how can he think I'd *ever* do something to hurt any of them!? That sanctimonious, self-righteous son of a--"

"Sirius!" Andi yelled, slapping his shoulder. "First of all, don't use words you don't understand. Secondly, you told everyone you were the Secret Keeper, remember? Is there anyone that knows the truth? Is it in James or Lily's wills?"

"No," Sirius grumbled. "We didn't want to chance anyone finding out the truth. We didn't even tell Remus because of how much time he spent around the other Werewolves."

"You could've told me," Andromeda told him, crossing his arms.

"I didn't want to put your family at risk," Sirius replied lamely.

“Bellatrix is my sister, and I married a Muggleborn. I’ve always been at risk,” she told him angrily before pausing to take a deep breath. “This isn’t getting us anywhere. Do you trust Dumbledore enough to tell him the truth? Do you think he’ll listen to you?”

“I don’t know,” Sirius said, running his hands through his hair. “I used to, but something changed. He’s been making really odd decisions the last few weeks. It was like he’d given up. He was really focused on James, Lily, and Harry for some reason. James told me some of what was happening, but I didn’t let him tell me everything in case I got captured. Merlin, I’m an idiot.”

“You were in a tough situation,” Andi said, giving him a hug. “If we can’t trust Dumbledore, then we have no choice but to deal with this ourselves.”

“Is this that plan B you were talking about?” Sirius asked.

“Yes,” Andi said. “Let me go get Ted and the kids, and I’ll explain.”

Patting his shoulder, she turned and made her way upstairs. Sighing tiredly, Sirius walked over to the couch and collapsed onto it heavily. He dropped his head into his hands, feeling like the whole world was collapsing around him.

“I can carry him,” Nymphadora said loudly from the top of the stairs.

“You’re not carrying him down the stairs,” Andi said annoyed.

“You can sit with Harry on the couch, okay?” Ted asked.

“Okay!” Tonks cheered. “Thanks, Daddy.”

Sirius smiled slightly as Nymphadora came racing down the stairs, her hair bright yellow. The energetic four-year-old ran right past him and climbed up onto the other end of the couch. She was waiting impatiently before Ted and Andi, with Harry in her arms, had even reached the bottom of the stairs.

“Ted, can you call Meredith?” Andi asked, setting Harry next to Nymphadora, who grabbed his hand and started gabbing away.

“Sure,” Ted replied.

Kissing his wife on the cheek, he made his way over to the Floo. While he was grabbing a handful of Floo powder and getting on his knees, Andi sat across from him.

“I think the best option right now, for all of us, is to get out of Britain,” Andi said.

“I can’t ask you to do that,” Sirius said, shaking his head. “I was thinking I could just take Harry and go to Black Island. I don’t want to put your family in the middle of this.”

“We’re already in the middle of this,” Andi told him. “Ted and I have been talking about this for a while. Even with You-Know-Who gone, we still have to worry about the Death Eaters in the Ministry. You know as well as I do that people that powerful aren’t going to see the inside of Azkaban. Besides, without that monster holding Bella’s leash, there’s nothing to stop her from coming here. Add to that the way our government is treating you, and we think it’s time to leave. Ted has family in America. We’ve had arrangements set up for months.”

“But how do we get there?” Sirius asked. “We can’t just walk into the Ministry and ask for an International Portkey.”

“We have a Vanishing Cabinet upstairs connected to Ted’s uncle’s house in Nevada,” she replied. “I made plans to leave as soon as Bella married Lestrage. I knew it would only be a matter of time before she came after us. She’s made her opinion of Ted quite clear over the last few years.

Ted's talking to a friend of his right now. She's a Congresswoman in MACUSA. She'll make sure you're given a fair trial there. You know how much the Americans like a good headline."

"We're leaving?" Nymphadora asked, hugging Harry tightly.

"I'm afraid so, sweetheart," Andi said softly. "It's not safe for us here anymore, especially for Harry."

"He's coming with us, right?" the little girl asked, morphing her eyes to make them look slightly bigger.

"Yes, Harry and Sirius are coming with us," Andi smiled, looking at Sirius as if daring him to argue.

"Yay!" Nymphadora yelled, kissing Harry's head as he tried to squirm out of her grip.

Ted pulled his head out of the fire and sat on the arm of Andi's chair.

"We're all set. Meredith will meet us at the house with a couple of Aurors in a few hours," he told them. "They'll need to question him under Veritaserum, but it will all be public, and I'll be with you the whole time. She's also sending a Healer to take a look at Harry. Bagnold is claiming he survived the Killing Curse last night."

"That's ridiculous," Sirius scoffed. "No one can survive that curse."

"Maybe not," Andi said, drawing the incredulous stares of both men. "I checked on his cut after I laid him down for the night. Whatever caused it is some of the darkest magic I've ever seen."

"But there's no way... I mean, Harry's only a baby, right," Sirius said. "I know he showed magic early, but accidental magic can't stop a Killing Curse, can it?"

"I didn't say he did it on his own," Andi corrected him. "We all know how brilliant Lily was. I'm sure she had something to do with it, but Harry survived some powerful magic last night. Of that, there's no doubt."

"Is it hurting him?" Sirius asked, glancing over at the toddler in concern.

"No," Andi replied quickly. "Besides a cut, he's perfectly healthy. Still, it wouldn't hurt to get a second opinion."

"I hate to interrupt, but we really should get packing," Ted butted in.

"Right," Sirius said, getting to his feet. "Well, looks like I'll have to go with what I'm wearing. They'll be watching my apartment. I just need to figure out what to do with my bike."

"You rode that death trap all the way here? With Harry?" Andi asked angrily.

"I didn't have a choice," Sirius said, waving her off.

"Idiot," Andi muttered. "Where did you leave it?"

"I parked it behind the petrol station on the corner and put it under a Disillusionment Charm," he told her.

"At least you hide it well," she sighed. "If Dumbledore had seen that... Alright, Ted, you go get the bike and see if you can shrink it. I don't want Sirius going outside the house. They could be watching it. Sirius and I will start packing."

"Mummy!" Nymphadora yelled. "Harry made a stinky!"

“Correction,” Andi smirked. “I’ll start packing while Sirius changes his Godson.”

“I don’t know how to change a baby!” Sirius said, looking alarmed. “And I don’t have any diapers.”

Andi’s smirk never faltered as she summoned a piece of parchment and transfigured it into a diaper before it even reached her. Catching it, she handed it to him and patted the top of his head.

“Time to learn,” she told him.

Ted chuckled as he headed towards the door while Andi took Nymphadora by the hand and led her upstairs to pack. Sighing, Sirius pulled off Harry’s pants and wrinkled his nose at the smell.

“Urgh, what did you eat?” he asked.

Sirius turned his head to the side for fresh air, he tried and failed to open the diaper. Giving up, he drew his wand and vanished it.

“Shit,” he cursed.

Using a couple of more spells to clean the mess on Harry and the new one on the couch, Sirius grabbed both of the toddler’s feet gently in one hand and lifted him up. Harry giggled while Sirius grabbed the diaper and slipped it under him. Tilting his head to the side, he turned it back and forth a couple of times.

“I don’t suppose you know which part is the front, do you?” he asked.

Picking the side he thought was right, Sirius set Harry back down and folded the diaper over before realizing he didn't know how to close it.

"How the bloody hell does this thing work?" he asked no one.

After struggling for a few more moments, he once again resorted to using his wand. Two quick Sticking Charms left the sides attached quite securely. Putting Harry's pants on was even more of a struggle. The lad seemed to take great joy in yanking one leg free while Sirius tried to cloth the other. After several minutes of struggling, he finally managed to get them on and wiped the sweat from his brow.

"I hope you're not always this difficult," Sirius said, lifting Harry up and holding him to his chest. "Now that that's done, ready to go cause some mischief in America?"

Chapter 3

Sirius stepped into the Vanishing Cabinet, and Andi closed the door behind him. He felt pressure on his entire body, his ears popping, and then the feeling left. Sticking his pinky in his ear, he wiggled it around and worked his jaw as he opened the door and stepped out into his new home. The house was like nothing he'd ever seen before. The front of the house, where the living area was, was made up of bare white walls and minimal furniture. An open floor plan left him with a clear view of the kitchen and the back wall made almost entirely of glass panes from floor to ceiling.

Stepping out of the cabinet, he closed the door behind him and walked closer. Outside the window, all he could see was mile after mile of reddish sand with a few dry bushes and cacti dotting the landscape. In the distance, he could see a large hill with a massive city sprawling out on either side far behind it. It had been just after noon when he'd stepped into the cabinet, but here, the sun was just rising over the horizon.

"Sirius!" Andi yelled. "Stop staring at the scenery and help me start unpacking."

“Right,” Sirius replied, shaking himself from his reverie. “This place is huge, and it’s a second home?”

“Ted’s uncle owns a software company,” Andi told him, handing him the suitcases she’d brought with her. “Don’t ask. I don’t understand what it is, either. I do know he made a lot of money from it. He’s getting on in age and doesn’t come out here much. I think he spends most of his time out in California now.”

“Does he know about magic?” Sirius asked, watching as she closed the cabinet, opened it back up a moment later, and started pulling out trunks and boxes.

“No,” Andi replied. “The Americans are very strict about that sort of thing. We just told him there were terrorist attacks in England, and we might need to get out. He offered us this house as soon as we told him.”

“Nice guy,” Sirius commented.

Suddenly, they heard crying coming from the cabinet. The door opened and Nymphadora stumbled out while Harry cried in Ted’s arms.

“I don’t think he liked the trip,” he told them, bouncing Harry and rubbing his back. “It’s all right. It’s all over now.”

“I’ll take him,” Andi said, taking him from Ted. “You two need to get ready to meet Meredith. She’ll be here any minute.”

The words had only just left her mouth when there was a knock at the door.

“Bugger,” Ted muttered. “Sirius, give me your wand. Let me do all the talking unless they ask you a question directly.”

“Why do you need my wand?” he asked, reluctant to part with it.

“It’ll look better if you’ve already surrendered,” Ted said urgently. “Sirius, trust me.”

Huffing in frustration, Sirius handed over his wand and stuffed his hands in his pockets while Andi went to answer the door.

“Andromeda,” came a woman’s voice. “It’s good to see you again. Can we come in?”

“Of course,” Andi said, stepping aside and holding the door open.

A middle-aged woman with dark curly hair greying at the edges stepped into the house. Her dark, intelligent eyes scanned over the room while a small smile hovered on her lips. She wore a Muggle dress suit under an open, dark blue robe, the golden MACUSA insignia embroidered over her right breast. Behind her came two men. One was black, the other white, but they both wore matching suits and sunglasses, wands peeking out of their sleeves.

“You must be Sirius Black,” Meredith smiled, looking him over. “You’ve caused quite the stir. Meredith Bennet, at your service.”

“Pleasure,” Sirius said, smiling shortly.

“Oh, don’t be so nervous,” Meredith chuckled. “If I really thought you were a threat, I’d’ve sent the MIB to pick you up. So long as you’re telling the truth, we just need to take a trip to D.C., you give your testimony before Congress, and then you’re free to go. I’ve already processed the Tonks’ and Harry’s request for asylum. Once you’re cleared, I’ll stamp yours.”

“Has there been a request for extradition?” Ted asked.

"No, I doubt they even know you're here," Meredith told him. "Last I heard, the British closed all exits from the country until you're found. They've yet to contact other countries, which is why we need to move quickly. I'll need your wand, I'm afraid."

Ted handed it over, and Meredith nodded approvingly.

"The next session starts in less than an hour. I should have them home after lunch," Meredith said to Andi.

"Thank you, Meredith," Andi said gratefully. "I don't know what we would've done without your help."

"Don't mention it," Meredith smiled. "It's the least I can do after everything Ted did for Henry."

She gave Andi a brief hug and then walked out the door. Ted put his hand on Sirius' back, guiding him to follow her, the two Aurors wordlessly falling in behind. Sirius squinted from the bright sun as soon as he stepped outside.

"Bloody hell," he said, shielding his eyes.

"Jones," Meredith called, holding out her hand.

Reaching for the inside pocket of his jacket, the white Auror pulled out an iron horseshoe and handed it to her.

"This Portkey will take us to the Capital in Washington," she said, holding it out. "If you're ready to go, grab hold."

Ted reached out first, and Sirius took a deep breath before taking hold. The two Aurors moved in on either side of him before gripping his biceps and touching the horseshoe. Before Sirius could question them, Meredith tapped the Portkey with her wand, and they were off.

Tumbling through a wild swirl of colors, the trip lasted much longer than Sirius was used to. Just as he was beginning to wonder if it would ever end, the Portkey slowed, and he started to kick his feet. They landed under the cover of a bus stop, and the first thing he noticed was the sudden change in temperature. It was much colder in Washington, D.C., and there was a light dusting of snow on the sidewalk. In front of him was the Capital building, looking massive compared to the way he'd imagined looking at pictures in his History of Magic books.

Wrenching his arms free from the Aurors, Sirius gave them a glare and adjusted his leather jacket aggressively. The two men stood back, their faces impassive. He hated the fact their eyes were hidden behind those glasses.

"This way," Meredith said, marching forward without looking back to see if they were following.

Crossing the street, they walked past the Muggles making their way into the building through the front entrance and made their way down the side until they came to a metal door. Meredith tapped a pattern on the door with her wand, and the lock clicked open audibly. Yanking the door open, she strode inside. Ted put his hand on Sirius' back, directing him to go first. When Sirius stepped inside, he found himself in a long, wide hallway with doors on either side. Each door had an American flag outside of it and one or two others he wasn't familiar with. One he particularly liked was a yellow flag with a segmented snake across.

"We just need to make a quick stop at my office," Meredith said.

Walking a little further down the hall, she turned and opened one of the doors.

"Arabella, I'm back. Have we heard anything from Britain?" she asked.

“No, ma’am,” replied a young Hispanic woman with a pretty face, her hair tied up in a bun. “Congressman Holmes stopped by a few minutes ago, though. He said everything is ready.”

“Perfect,” Meredith smiled. “Thank you.”

Closing the door, she started back down the hall.

“Who’s this Holmes bloke?” Sirius asked curiously, his paranoia getting the better of him.

“Congressman Edward Holmes from Texas, he’s the speaker for Congress,” Meredith told him. “You’re lucky the Whigs took the majority after the last election. This would’ve been much harder if the Democrats were still in charge.”

“Whigs?” Ted asked. “I thought it was Democrats and Republicans.”

“Only on the Muggle side,” Meredith told him. “In Muggle Congress, the Whigs were split on slavery, and the party fell apart in the 1840s. The Republicans formed in 1854 as the party against slavery. We never had that issue on the magical side. We agreed to end all slavery years before the civil war broke out.”

“Huh,” Ted said. “Wish Binns had taught us that.”

“He probably did. We just slept through it,” Sirius joked.

“You’ll find Ilvermony has much better history lessons,” Meredith said. “Every year, the sixth years come to Congress to participate in a mock session and meet their representatives.”

Opening a door at the end of the hall, they stepped into a massive atrium. Sirius was struck by just how big everything was. Everything just exuded a level of power and wealth, and it was like they weren’t even trying to put it on display.

Taking the stairs, Meredith turned right at the top and led them into a well-appointed waiting room.

“You and Ted can wait here until we call for you,” she told him. “It shouldn’t be too long.”

With a reassuring smile, she turned and walked back out the door, the two Aurors taking up position on either side of the door. Ted took a seat and patted the chair next to him.

“Take a seat, Sirius, and try to relax,” he said. “Everything will be just fine.”

“Easy for you to say,” Sirius said, dropping into the chair. “You’re not getting sent to Azkaban if this goes wrong.”

“You’re not going anywhere,” Ted told him, patting his knee.

“Are you sure we can trust Meredith?” Sirius asked nervously. “I’ve never met a politician I liked.”

“She’s a good woman,” Ted replied. “I expect she’ll use this to make some political move, but she genuinely wants to help.”

“How do you know her, anyway?” he pressed. “What was that she said earlier about helping someone?”

“Henry,” Ted said with a sigh. “Her son. He came to Britain a few years ago to study under a Potions Master. One night, he came across a wizard assaulting a Muggle woman. They got into a duel, and Henry ended up killing the man. Broke his neck when he knocked him against a steel staircase. That man ended up being Jonah Selwyn.”

“Bloody hell,” Sirius said. “I bet they threw a fit over that.”

“Oh, they did,” Ted nodded. “Not only was he American, but Henry’s father is a Muggle, not just a Muggleborn, which would’ve been bad enough. Meredith being a Congresswoman made them even more irate. I was the only one who would take the case. No one else wanted to anger the darker faction, especially with the rising disappearances at the time. Nearly cost me my job at the firm. The trial lasted a week, and the Selywns used every trick in the book, but Henry walked free, as he should have. All the evidence was on his side.”

“And this is Meredith’s way of paying you back for that?” Sirius asked.

“I suppose you could look at it that way,” Ted admitted.

“Thanks, Ted,” Sirius said sincerely. “I really appreciate you doing all of this for me.”

“Don’t mention it,” Ted smiled.

Smiling back, Sirius picked up a Quidditch magazine to read about American Quidditch teams while trying to keep control of his nerves. They waited for half an hour before there was a knock at the door, and a big, heavily bearded Auror stuck his head in.

“They’re ready for Mr. Black,” he said.

Sirius took a deep breath and stood, straightening his jacket. Ted was right behind him, hand on his shoulder as they walked towards the chamber. Sirius was very cognizant of the two Aurors following close behind.

“Just answer any questions they ask as best you can,” Ted told him.

Nodding, Sirius walked into the Congressional chamber. It was easily ten times the size of the courtrooms the Wizengamot used for meetings, and every seat was filled. When he reached the front, a young man stood and motioned him to a seat in the center of the room at a long wooden table.

"Sirius Black," A tall wizard with a beard to rival Dumbledore's spoke from a raised podium. "I'm House Speaker Edward Holmes. You're here to declare your innocence and ask for asylum in the United States, correct?"

Sirius looked to Ted, who nodded.

"Yes, sir," he said, holding his head high.

"And you have agreed to be questioned under Veritaserum of your own free will?" Holmes asked.

"Yes," Sirius replied.

"Very well, the members have submitted their questions," Holmes said, ruffling a stack of papers. "Aurors, if you would administer the potion."

A side door opened, and an Auror came out with a wooden box in his hands. Walking over to the table, he set the box down and opened the lid. Inside was a single, tiny vial of Veritaserum. Taking it out, the Auror walked around to stand next to Sirius.

"Please tilt your head back and stick out your tongue," he said.

Sirius did, allowing the Auror to place three drops of the powerful truth potion on his tongue. A haze came over his mind, and he felt like a large part of himself was trapped underwater. The Auror pried open his left eye and looked at it closely, then stood back and cast a charm Sirius didn't recognize before turning to Holmes and nodding.

"He's under," he said.

"You are Sirius Black from London, England, correct?" Holmes asked.

"Yes," Sirius replied without even the thought of hesitating.

"Who was the Secret Keeper for James and Lily Potter?" he continued.

"Peter Pettigrew," Sirius answered, his emotions suppressed by the potion.

"Why does the British Ministry believe you to be their Secret Keeper?" Holmes pressed.

"That's what we told everyone," Sirius replied. "Everyone knew I was the most likely person to be their Secret Keeper, so we used that. The plan was for me to keep the Death Eaters busy looking for me while the real Secret Keeper, Peter, was completely safe at home. We didn't know that he was the traitor."

"Are you now, or have you ever been, aligned with the wizard known as Lord Voldemort?" Holmes asked.

"No," Sirius stated firmly.

"Why did you come to America instead of going to your own government for help?"

"The Aurors put out a kill on sight order for me," Sirius replied. "There's still enough Death Eaters hidden in the government that I didn't trust them not to kill me, even if I turned myself in. I was also worried about my Godson. Dumbledore has been acting oddly lately, and I don't trust that he or the Ministry has his best interests at heart."

"I'd like to enter into evidence the birth certificate of Harry James Potter," Meredith said, holding up the document. "It clearly declares Sirius Orion Black as his Godfather. According to British law and our own, Mr. Black is his legal guardian."

"Without objection," Holmes nodded, summoning the parchment to him. "Does anyone have any new questions they'd like to add? No? Then please give Mr. Black the antidote."

A vial was suddenly shoved in Sirius' mouth, and his head forcibly tilted back. He choked on the bitter potion briefly before he swallowed, and his mind quickly cleared. Reaching for a glass of water, he downed half of it to get the taste out of his mouth.

"That was quick," Sirius said, smiling crookedly. "Did I pass?"

A few members of Congress chuckled, and Holmes cracked a smile.

"I think your answers speak for themselves, but we still need to put it to a vote," he told him. "Now, this is not a court. We are merely to determine whether Mr. Black should be granted asylum or not. All those in favor of granting asylum, please raise your wands and say yay."

Sirius gazed around the room, trying to count the number of lit wands with what felt like a lead ball sitting in the pit of his stomach.

"All those opposed?" Holmes asked.

Wands were again raised, but he was relieved to note it looked like far less this time. Despite that, he couldn't stop his growing anxiety. Under the table, his leg bounced furiously. After an interminable minute, a young witch handed the tallied votes to Holmes.

"The clerk records the votes 182 yays to 34 nays," he announced.

Sirius let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding while Ted clapped him on the shoulder.

"Mr. Black," Holmes said, smiling when Sirius looked up and raising his gavel. "Welcome to America."

Bang.

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As Sirius landed back in the Nevada desert, he was immediately overwhelmed by the sweltering heat.

"Blood hell," he said, taking off his jacket and squinting his eyes as the sun glinted off the windows of his new home. "This heat's going to take some getting used to."

"This is nothing," Ted smirked. "In the summer, it gets up to 49 during the day."

"Well, at least I'll get a tan," Sirius muttered. "Just remind me to flip over before I get well done. Oh, that reminds me, I need to try and get in touch with Remus."

"It might be best if you wait for news to make it across the pond," Ted reminded him patiently. "Tomorrow would probably be better. For now, let's go give Andi the good news and help her unpack."

Sighing, Sirius nodded and led the way to the front door. Swinging it open, he stopped and blinked as he watched a black and blue blur shoot from one side of the house to the other with a loud giggle.

"Harry Potter, you get back here, young man!" Andi shouted, racing after him.

She disappeared into another room, only for Harry to reappear a moment later, heading in the opposite direction. Nymphadora sat against the wall, laughing herself to tears as her harried-looking mother sprinted after him.

“Look out for the vase!”

Crash!

“Ah, home sweet home,” Ted chuckled.

Chapter 4

Sirius, Harry, and the Tonks quickly settled into their new lives in America. Within days, Remus had shown up on their doorstep after receiving a letter from Sirius. The reunion had been tearful, with apologies on both sides. With nothing left for him in England, Remus moved to America. He found a small house just a few miles away and, after discovering that American wizards weren't as prejudiced against Werewolves, found work on the magical side of the local post office.

Meanwhile, Sirius took an offer to join the MIB, often referred to as the Men in Black, though it really stood for the Magical Investigations Bureau. Ted set about learning American law as fast as he could. Within months, he'd passed the bar and started a law firm. While he'd intended to only take work as a criminal defense attorney, the small town they now lived in forced him to branch out into almost every aspect of the law, from personal injury to legal contracts. Andi, on the other hand, stayed at home watching the kids.

Harry and Nymphadora were attached at the hip. If she wasn't carrying him around the house, he was toddling after her as fast as his legs could carry him. He'd even taken to climbing out of his crib at night and sneaking into Nymphadora's bed, where the four-year-old cuddled him like a teddy bear.

While the family settled into their new lives, the British Ministry was notified, in front of the ICW, that Sirius Black and Harry Potter had been located and granted asylum in America. Of course, there had been quite the argument, followed by pointless threats from both sides. In the end, international law was clear on the matter, and there was nothing Britain could do to get them back.

For Sirius and Andi, the most surprising part was how quickly Dumbledore gave up the fight. He made a token effort at best and seemed content to let them stay in America. They talked about sending him a letter or arranging a meeting to hopefully find out why Voldemort was so set on getting to Harry, but in the end, they decided against it. If he hadn't told them before, he was unlikely to do so now. That, and the old man had a way of getting you to say more than you intended. In all likelihood, Dumbledore would gain far more from the exchange than they would.

Less than a year after their move, it was time for Nymphadora to go to school. While Ilvermorny was America's most prominent school, it was far from the only one. Unlike Britain, where magical children were either homeschooled or sent to Muggle schools, America had a dedicated magical school in every state. By law, from the ages of five to fourteen – when they could enroll at Ilvermorny – magical children were required to attend.

While America was less prejudiced against other magicals, they were much more stringent about hiding from Muggles. Magical children were taught from a young age how the Muggle world operated, how to blend in, and what laws they needed to know. Sending them to a school for magicals also let them make friends their age without worrying about them letting the secret of magic slip.

On a hot August morning, Tonks waited to be picked up for school while little Harry clutched her hand in a death grip.

"You know he's going to be heartbroken when he can't go with her," Ted whispered.

Andi sighed, "I know, but he'll just have to get used to it. In three years, he'll be able to go with her."

“Maybe you should take him out somewhere fun,” Sirius suggested, tugging unhappily at the collar of his suit. “You know, take his mind off Dora.”

“We’ll see how he behaves first,” Andi said sternly. “I’ll not reward him if he throws a tantrum.”

“Fair enough,” Sirius nodded.

A loud bang from their left drew their attention to the dirt road leading to the house. A big yellow school bus sped down the road at an unnatural speed before slamming on the brakes in front of them. They all had to cover their faces from the sand and dust kicked up by the tires.

“Americans really use yellow school buses?” Sirius asked with a cough.

“I was surprised too,” Ted told him. “I thought they were only in the movies.”

The door to the bus folded open with a creak, and a large woman in her fifties with wild, dark hair tinged with grey looked at them.

“Nymphadora Tonks?” she asked loudly.

“That’s me!” Nymphadora grinned.

“Well, hop on,” the driver told her.

Stepping forward, Andi hugged her daughter.

“Have a good day, dear. And make sure to be on your best behavior,” she said, taking Harry by the hand. “Come on, Harry. It’s time for Dora to go to school.”

Harry sniffled, his bottom lip quivering as Nymphadora kissed him on the cheek and boarded the bus. With only a few other kids aboard, they sat in a group, getting to know each other.

"I'll drop her off just after two," the driver yelled.

Closing the door with a creak, the bus took off with a bang, kicking up another cloud of dust and sand as it rocketed down the road. Andi covered Harry while Sirius and Ted turned their backs, using their wands to clear the air.

"Bloody hell, that's worse than the Knight Bus," Sirius grumbled.

"Language!" Andi hissed.

He rolled his eyes while Harry started to cry. Sighing, he checked his watch and saw he only had a few minutes to get to work.

"Don't worry, Harry," Sirius said to his Godson. "She'll be home before you know it. Sorry, Andi, I have to get to work."

"Me too," Ted said.

Kissing his wife on the cheek, he and Sirius Disapparated, leaving her alone with a crying toddler. Sighing, she picked Harry up and carried him back to the house.

On Harry's fifth birthday, the family held a party outside to celebrate. After the food had been eaten and the cake devoured, he got to open his presents. From Ted and Andi, he got a few magical board games. Remus had gotten him a few new books, including one about himself that had him and Nymphadora giggling like mad.

“Harry Potter and the Troll Bridge?” Nymphadora laughed. “Harry, you’re the worst superhero ever.”

“Hey!” Harry yelled. “You couldn’t fight a Troll, either.”

“Yeah, but they don’t write books about me,” Nymphadora teased, sticking out her tongue.

“Remus, where did you get that?” Ted asked with a frown.

“I found it at the bookshop,” Remus replied. “They’re not too popular over here, but the owner said they’re a best-seller in Britain.”

“Is that even legal?” Andi asked, brow furrowed.

“No, it isn’t,” Ted said, folding his arms over his chest. “I couldn’t do anything about the name alone, but the fact that they describe him exactly, even his scar, is infringement.”

“Are you going to sue them?” Nymphadora asked excitedly.

“I could,” Ted answered when the others looked at him curiously. “I’d have to go back to Britain for a bit, but I have a better idea. Why don’t I write them a letter and see if we can make a deal? Harry could get a share of the profits to save for the future, and we could make them add a disclaimer.”

“That could work,” Andi smiled. “And if they don’t agree, we can sue the pants off them. I love it when you get all Slytherpuff on me.”

Leaning in, she wrapped her arms around Ted and kissed him on the lips.

“EW!” Harry, Nymphadora, and Sirius exclaimed.

“Oh, grow up, you three,” Andi said amongst the laughter.

Once they settled, Harry opened his last present, which was from Sirius.

“Yes!” he cheered, pulling the broom from the long, thin box. “Thank you, Sirius! Thank you!”

“You’re welcome, kiddo,” Sirius said, hugging his ecstatic Godson.

“You just be careful on that,” Andi said sternly. “If you get hurt, I won’t hesitate to take it away.”

“I will. I promise,” Harry said, staring at the broom in his hands. “Can I fly it now?”

Before anyone could respond, Nymphadora pulled Harry close and whispered in his ear.

“Oh, right,” he said. “I forgot.”

“What are you two up to?” Andi asked suspiciously.

“Nothing,” Nymphadora replied quickly. “We just got a present for Sirius we wanted to give him. I’ll go get it.”

As Andi opened her mouth to reply, Nymphadora dashed inside. Sirius patted Harry on the back and smiled.

“You know you’re not supposed to get other people presents on your birthday, right?” he asked.

"We wanted to," Harry said with an innocent smile.

Sirius beamed, and Andi folded her arms over her chest. A moment later, Nymphadora came back outside, a large, poorly wrapped box in her hands.

"Here you go, Uncle Sirius," she said, handing it to him.

"Aw, you shouldn't have," Sirius said, pulling the bow loose and tearing the wrapping paper.

He never noticed the kids snickering silently as he pulled the lid off of the box.

"AH!"

Sirius let out a high-pitched scream and fell backward off the picnic table bench as a rattlesnake poked up its head to look at him with a hiss. Coiling up in a ball, it rattled its tail threateningly. Harry and Nymphadora howled with laughter as Sirius scrambled back to his feet. Before anyone could get over their shock to yell at the kids, Harry turned to the snake and hissed. The snake stopped rattling and hissing and slithered out of the box and over to the boy.

"Harry, don't touch that! It's dangerous!" Sirius yelled, drawing his wand.

"She won't hurt me," Harry said, letting the snake climb up his arm where it draped itself calmly over his shoulders. "See?"

Giggling, Tonks stroked the top of the snake's head.

"Harry?" Andi asked shakily. "Can you... talk to it?"

"Uh-huh," he grinned.

"Awesome, isn't it?" Nymphadora asked.

"How?" Andi asked, furrowing her brow. "Sirius, did James ever mention anyone in his family being a Parselmouth?"

"No, never," Sirius said, staring at Harry dumbfoundedly.

Harry hissed to the rattlesnake again and set it on the ground. Giving a glance at the adults, it slithered off into the brush, disappearing quickly.

"Can I go flying now?" Harry asked.

"Sure," Sirius said, jumping in before Andi could respond angrily. "Dora, why don't you go grab your broom and go with him?"

"Okay!" Nymphadora smiled, dashing back inside.

"Sirius," Andi hissed threateningly.

"We need to talk about this, and I don't want the kids around," he whispered back. "Besides, I kind of deserved that for turning his hair blue."

"That was you?" Andi asked incredulously. "Dora thought he was a Metamorphmagus!"

"They started it with the water balloons," Sirius muttered.

Andi smacked him upside the head before rolling her eyes while Ted chuckled behind her. Nymphadora returned with her broom in hand. Without a word, Harry mounted his, and they took off into the air. Sirius smiled, seeing his Godson take to the air so naturally.

“Do you think we should tell anyone?” Andi asked with one eye on the kids.

“No,” Sirius replied. “They might not care here, but Britain will vilify him. We’ll have to tell them to keep a secret.”

“But where did it come from?” Andi asked. “Parseltongue isn’t something that just pops up like that. It’s hereditary.”

“Do you think it has anything to do with You-Know-Who?” Ted asked, continuing when they looked at him sharply. “Well, he was known to have the skill, and no one really knows what happened that night. Maybe he gave it to Harry, somehow.”

“I don’t even know if that’s possible,” Andi said, sighing.

“Even if he didn’t, it doesn’t mean anything,” Sirius said firmly. “He’s still Harry. That’s all that matters.”

At the age of eight, Harry went flying after school. He’d wanted Tonks to go with him, but she was stuck inside until she finished her homework. Pushing his training broom to its limits, he reached the nearby canyons after half an hour and grinned as he zipped between the narrow, jagged walls. Fortunately, there weren’t many Muggles out there. It was the wrong time of year.

As he zipped along with the Colorado River rushing beneath him, he caught movement at the top of the canyon. Slowing down, he watched as a large bird hopped forward and plummeted towards the ground. With the sun ahead, he couldn’t tell what bird it was, but he assumed falling wasn’t part of its plan when it jumped. Shooting forward, Harry dove down, catching up

to the squawking creature and catching it in his hands. With a closer look, he noticed that while it was pretty big, it was still young.

“It doesn’t look like you’re ready to fly yet, big guy,” Harry smiled, slowing to a stop.

Chirping softly, the bird latched its talons onto the handle of his broom. Looking up, Harry spotted the edge of a nest hanging over the top of the canyon. Flying up carefully, he hovered next to it and blinked at the size. The nest was massive, easily five feet wide. Inside, two other chicks chirped when they spotted him. The chick holding onto his broom responded in kind, chirping loudly. As the other two waddled over, a massive shadow passed quickly over Harry.

When he looked up, he caught sight of a blur of white feathers, much brighter than the grey of the chicks. As he looked around for the source of the shadow, something large and heavy landed in the nest. By now, Harry had an idea of what he was going to find and turned his head slowly. The massive Thunderbird flared her six wings wide and looked at Harry curiously, her sharp, yellow eyes traveling from him to the chick standing on his broom handle.

“Whoa,” Harry breathed. “Uh, I was just bringing him back. He fell out of the nest.”

The mother tilted her head as she stared at him, electricity crackling from the horn-like feathers on the top of her head. Swallowing nervously, Harry picked up the chick and quickly but gently placed it back in the nest without his eyes ever leaving the mother.

“I’ll – uh – I’ll go now,” Harry said.

Chirping happily, the chick chattered with its siblings while the mother watched Harry slowly descend back into the canyon. Once he was safely out of sight, he grinned and laughed quietly.

“That was amazing,” he said to himself, his heart hammering in his chest. “I can’t wait to tell Dora. She’s going to be so jealous.”

Just then, Harry heard a loud chirp above him. He looked up just in time to see the chick spread its wings and jump out of the nest. Eyes wide, he watched as it plummeted toward the Colorado River.

“Not again,” Harry said, rolling over and diving after it.

This time, he let the bird get as low as possible, hoping it would start flying on its own, before catching it in his hands. Squawking angrily, the little thunderbird clacked its beak in annoyance as it gripped his broom.

“Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll get the hang of it soon,” Harry said.

Glancing up at the nest, he took a nervous breath when he saw the mother and the chicks watching him closely. Slowly, he flew back up and gently placed the chick back in the nest. This time, it was barely back in before it jumped out again.

“Oh, come on,” Harry huffed.

Rolling over, he dove down and caught the bird again. As he reached the nest once more, the mother cawed loudly and took to the air. Harry worried for a moment that she was angry at him but relaxed when she flew up. Circling above him, she looked directly at him and cawed again. Cautiously, he flew up to meet her. As soon as he got close, the Thunderbird flew higher, and Harry followed, the chick chirping happily from his broom.

Suddenly, the mother screeched a frightening sound that echoed through the canyon below him. As she flew in circles, the air cooled, the wind started to blow, and Harry could smell rain in the air. In moments, the sparse, puffy white clouds overhead started to grow, gradually turning grey as they blotted out the sun. Lightning lit up the sky a moment before the rain started to fall. Harry watched in awe as the storm grew to cover the entire valley.

The wind picked up, and he had to actively work against it to stay in one place. The chick crooned happily and spread its wings wide. Letting go of the broom, he took to the air, pushed upwards by rising air currents.

“Yeah!” Harry cheered, laughing.

The chick chirped, flapping its wings furiously to fly around his head. Hearing more chirps, Harry looked over his shoulder and smiled when he saw the other two flying up to join them. When they did, the mother cawed loudly and began flying north. The chicks followed, and Harry trailed after them. His clothes were drenched, and he was buffeted by the wind, but the smile on his face never faltered.

As a group, they soared through the air until the sun started to near the horizon. Flapping her powerful wings, the mother shot into the air, heedless of the lightning striking its body. Spreading her wings wide, backlit by the continuous lightning striking around her, she cawed loudly, and the storm ceased. Harry laughed in amazement as she flew back down, the clouds already dispersing as the wind calmed. Turning, he followed them back to the nest.

“That was awesome!” Harry laughed, coming to a stop.

Reaching out, he petted the chick that had been so determined to fly, his cheeks hurting from smiling so much.

“I need to head back home before I get in trouble,” Harry said to the mother, not sure if she could understand him or not. “I’ll see if I can come back tomorrow. I have a friend that would love to meet you. Bye.”

Waving, he started back home. The chick chirped and tried to follow him, but the mother stopped him gently with her wing. Grinning, Harry flew home as fast as he could, anxious to tell Dora everything.

“Let me get this straight,” Andi said, staring at the young Thunderbird sitting on Harry's shoulder. “You made friends with a whole nest of Thunderbirds, never told us, and now this one wants to stay with you.”

Nymphadora giggled as Harry and the Thunderbird looked at each other, turned back to Andi, and nodded in unison.

“Oh, for Merlin’s sake,” she cried, throwing her hands into the air. “Can’t you ever do anything normal?”

Harry shrugged, looking up at her through his eyelashes in an expression Nymphadora had taught him to use when he really wanted something.

“Harry, I don’t even know if it's legal to keep one,” Andi sighed.

“Well, actually,” Ted said, stepping forward. “Thunderbirds are a protected species. I had a client that lost his barn for eight months when one decided to make a nest on the roof. Technically, it would be illegal to make it leave.”

“You’re the luckiest kid in the world, Harry,” Sirius said, shaking his head with a laugh.

“Where are we going to keep it?” Andi asked helplessly. “And what happens when he goes to Ilvermorny in a few years?”

“Oh, I’m sure they’ll be happy to house it on the grounds,” Ted assured her, wrapping an arm around her shoulders. “You know how flashy Americans like to be. They’ll probably make it the school mascot. And I doubt we need to worry about it staying here. This is where they live. I’m sure Harry's friend can take care of himself.”

“We need to name him,” Nymphadora said suddenly.

"I think it's a her, actually," Harry said, earning a loud croon from his companion.

"Aw, Harry has a girlfriend," Nymphadora sang.

"I do not!" Harry yelled.

"No fighting," Ted warned.

"Sorry," Nymphadora and Harry said in unison.

"What about Sparky?" she asked.

"Nah," Harry said. "What about Volt?"

The Thunderbird clacked her beak in disapproval.

"Voltron?" he offered.

"That sounds like a Transformer," Nymphadora scoffed. "Ooh, what about Pikachu?"

The Thunderbird cocked her head to the side curiously.

"I'm not naming her after a Pokémon," Harry said firmly.

"What about Levina?" Ted asked. "It's Latin for lightning bolt."

"Levina," Harry repeated, looking at the bird on his shoulder.

The newly named Levina threw her head back and cawed happily, bolts of electricity arcing from the horn-like feathers on her head.

Fourteen-year-old Harry hated Jacob, he decided. When he'd agreed to let Tonks invite her friends from Ilvermorny to his birthday party, he hadn't expected her to reveal the tall, spiky-haired, good-looking douchebag was her new boyfriend. Harry wasn't sure why he hated him, but he did.

They'd gone to Lake Mead, where he had to stop himself, several times, from pushing the dick into the water.

Only a couple of Harry's friends from school had been able to come, Marissa and Johnny. The rest were on vacation with their families. But, even if they'd been able to come, it wouldn't have made much difference. He only had two others in his class, and they weren't that close. Johnny Barktree was a tall, Native American boy. He tended to stay quiet unless he had something important to say.

Marissa was a shy little blonde that Harry had befriended when one of his classmates, Chris, had tried to bully her. He'd gotten in trouble for punching him in the nose, but it had been worth it. Aunt Andi had been mad, but Sirius thought he'd done the right thing. Unfortunately, the school had a no-tolerance policy for fighting. When Harry had pointed out that they were supposed to have a no-tolerance policy for bullying, and he'd actually done the school a favor, his principal had given him a three-day suspension.

"Hey, Harry!" Sirius shouted from the grill, wearing a 'Kiss the Chef' apron. "Foods ready!"

Sighing, Harry got to his feet and brushed the sand off of his shorts. As he got closer, he got another look at Dora in her blue bikini. She looked bustier than she usually did, and her hair was long and blonde, an unusual look for her. Aunt Andi thought she was growing up, but Harry didn't think so. He thought she was doing it to impress that asshole, Jacob. Putting a smile on his face so no one asked him what was wrong, he joined his friends and family.

As they ate and talked, more and more of Dora's friends started to show up. Harry cheered up a bit when he got to see so many pretty girls running around in bikinis. A rather short, busty brunette nearly popped out of her top twice, just getting into her seat. Unfortunately, Harry had only just turned fourteen, and all of Dora's friends were eighteen or older, so they didn't spare him a second glance besides wishing him a happy birthday.

After lunch, Harry opened his presents. Dora and a few others, including that shit-stain Jacob, stayed to watch while the rest went swimming. He got some new defensive magic books from Remus, Aunt Andi, and Uncle Ted got him a wizard's shaving kit, Dora got him candy and pranking supplies, and Sirius got him a new broom. Harry gaped at the brand new Lockheed Velocity. Officially, it was the fastest broom in the world, taking the title from the Firebolt just six weeks after its release. The Lockheed wasn't as nimble as the Firebolt, that was for sure, but it wasn't meant to be a Quidditch broom. It was designed to go like hell. Zero to sixty in just over two seconds with a top speed of one hundred and eighty miles an hour, it could leave the Firebolt in its dust.

"Holy shit," Harry said, earning him laughter and a scolding from Aunt Andi.

"Why don't you go take it for a spin?" Sirius asked.

"Yeah," Harry said, getting to his feet. "You want to come with me, Dora?"

He looked at her hopefully, but he could tell by the look on her face she didn't want to.

"You go ahead, Harry," she smiled. "I didn't bring my broom."

"Alright," Harry said.

Turning away before his emotions could show, he mounted his broom and rocketed into the sky. Trying to fly his thoughts away, he didn't even notice when Levina joined him. Impressively, his feathered friend managed to keep up with his new broom, but only just. By now, she'd grown to

her full size, dwarfing Harry with her fifty-foot wingspan. As they shot across the surface of the lake, leaving splashing ripples in their wake, Harry spotted some new arrivals.

He paused above the beach, a little confused when he saw Dora get out of a Jeep and walk towards the beach. It wasn't until he looked closer that he realized it wasn't Dora but a girl that looked like her. They even had the same color bikini. Levina cawed and flew over to Sirius, looking for food, while Harry stealthily edged closer to the beach. The girl walked over to where Dora and Jacob were lounging on towels near the water. Smirking at Dora, she gave Jacob a flirtatious smile before walking a short distance away, her hips swaying exaggeratedly, and Harry wasn't the only one to be caught looking.

Looking over her shoulder, the girl smirked nastily.

"You know he's only dating you because I turned him down, don't you?" she asked Dora. "Nice hair, by the way."

Dora fumed as the girl walked away, her hair turning red and shrinking into her scalp until it was the short, pixy style she usually preferred. Jumping to her feet, she glared at the panicked-looking Jacob.

"I knew it!" she hissed furiously. "You said you never asked her out."

"Dora, it's not what you-"

"Don't you dare tell me it's not what I think," Dora growled. "And don't call me Dora, ever. The only people who can call me that are my family and Harry."

Her wand was out faster than Harry could blink, and with a flick, she banished Jacob out into the water, where he landed on his stomach with a loud splash. Storming off, Dora climbed on a boulder and sat with her arms around her legs, forehead resting on her knees.

Floating over, Harry landed behind her, set his broom down, and sat down beside her.

“You want to talk about it?” he asked.

Sniffing, Dora shook her head and scooted closer, resting her head on his shoulder. Harry sighed exaggeratedly.

“Thank Merlin. You know I’m shit at that,” he said.

Dora snorted and smacked his bare chest. As she slid her hand back, she hooked his arm and hugged it to her chest. Harry did his best to ignore the way her breasts felt against his bicep.

His best was woefully inadequate. He just prayed they didn’t have to get up anytime soon.

“I can’t believe I let him fool me like that,” Dora sighed miserably. “I swore I’d never change like that for anyone, and what do I do? The first time a good-looking guy asks me out, I turn myself into a blonde bimbo for him to drool over.”

“I don’t think it was the blonde hair he was drooling over,” Harry told her, earning a snort. “Forget about Jacob. He’s a dickhead, anyways.”

“You barely talked to him,” Tonks chuckled.

“I didn’t need to,” Harry said. “I’m an expert at spotting dickheads.”

There was a beat of silence as what he said registered with both of them, and they broke out laughing.

“Please don’t tell Sirius I said that. He’ll never let me live it down,” Harry laughed.

"You're secrets safe with me," Dora said, grinning teasingly as she patted his arm.

He knew she would tease him about this for years to come, but it was worth it to see her smiling again. Sighing, she looked back over the beach. When he saw her frown sadly, he followed her eye line and bit back a growl when he saw Jacob making out with the blonde skank. Looking over at the picnic area, he saw Sirius, Ted, and Andromeda talking, completely oblivious to what was happening.

"You want to get out of here?" Harry asked suddenly.

"I'd love to," Dora sighed. "But there's no way Mum and Dad would let me leave your birthday party early. It's fine. I can deal with it."

Looking over at Levina, who was drinking from the lake, he whistled quietly. The Thunderbird lifted her head and looked over at him curiously. Looking her in the eyes, he glanced up at the sky meaningfully. Nodding her head, Levina took to the sky with a flap of her wings and climbed in an upward spiral.

"Harry, what are you doing?" Dora asked.

He just smiled as thunder rumbled overhead. A moment later, the skies opened up in a downpour. The girls lounging on the beach screamed, the guys cursed, and everyone scrambled to get out of the sudden storm.

"Harry...", Dora whispered, turning back to him in shock.

Shaking her head, she smiled and kissed him on the cheek softly.

"Thank you," she said.

"It was a boring party anyways," Harry said.

Getting to their feet, Harry grabbed his broom, and they ran to the parking lot and climbed into Ted's old station wagon. Ted and Andi packed everything up magically to get out before the roads flooded, while Sirius stayed behind to make sure everyone got out alright.

It was a quiet ride home, with Ted filling the silence with tales from his latest cases. After a twenty-minute drive, they arrived home, where Sirius was waiting for them.

"Sorry we had to cut your party so short, Harry," he said, helping them unpack the car.

"It's fine," Harry smiled. "It's not like you can control the weather."

Patting him on the back, Sirius led the way back into the house. Once everything was inside, Dora begged off to her room, claiming she was tired.

"Boys, why don't you go throw the towels in the wash while Harry and I put the food away," Andi said.

Nodding, Sirius and Ted made for the washroom. Harry grabbed the cooler and set it on the table just as Levina landed in her nest on the hilltop in the backyard.

"That was a really nice thing you did," Andi said, pulling him into a surprising hug.

"Er, what?" Harry asked.

"Don't play dumb," she scolded him. "I saw everything. As much as I try to protect you and Dora, sometimes, teenagers need to make their own mistakes. I just hope Dora learns from this and finds a boy that wants to be with her and not what she can become."

"I'm sure she will," Harry said, the words tasting like sawdust in his mouth.

Smiling knowingly, Andi ran her hand through his hair in a motherly fashion and caressed his cheek.

"So am I," she said. "But until she does, you just keep looking out for her like you did today. Sometimes, a girl doesn't need you to solve her problems; she just needs you to be there for her to get over them herself."

Harry didn't know what the hell she meant by that, but he nodded anyways. Once they'd finished putting the food away, he went to his room, put his presents away, and laid down on his bed. Slowly, a smile stretched his lips. In just a month, he'd be going to Ilvermorny with Tonks.

Chapter 5

"Harry! Nymphadora! Time to go!" Andi shouted.

"Coming!" Dora yelled back.

Across the hall from her room, the door opened, and Harry walked out, pulling his trunk behind him. Stopping next to the couch, he sat down with a sigh.

"I still don't get why we have to take the train," he said. "Why can't we just Apparate or Floo?"

"It's part of the experience," Remus replied, smiling softly. "Your father, Sirius, and I became friends before we even set foot in Hogwarts."

"I'd rather get a few more hours of sleep," Harry grumbled before yawning widely.

“Nymphadora!” Andi shouted.

“Alright, alright,” Dora said, pulling her door open. “I’m ready.”

“Finally,” Andi sighed irritably. “Let’s get going. You know how fast the train fills up.”

Levering himself off of the couch, Harry followed Dora to the Floo.

“Union Station,” she called.

Throwing down the powder, Dora vanished in a swirling blaze of emerald flames. Andi went after her, and then it was Harry’s turn.

“I hate the Floo,” he grumbled.

Chuckling, Remus patted his shoulder and gave him a nudge forward. Taking a handful of Floo Powder, Harry stepped into the fireplace and called out his destination. Even though he tucked in his arms and legs, he still managed to bang his elbow on something. As the pain reverberated down his funny bone, he cursed loudly.

Harry had no way of knowing it, but Ben Coughlin of Arizona, who was preparing to leave for work, looked at his Floo oddly when he heard a loud cry of, “Mother fucker!”

After an uncomfortably long journey, Harry stumbled out of the Floo at Union Station in Washington, D.C., and fell face-first onto the floor. His trunk skidded a few feet further, only coming to a stop when it hit a pair of black, polished dress shoes. Harry slowly raised his head,

staring blearily at the tall, black man with a bald head, sunglasses, and dressed in a black suit and tie. Suddenly, he sneezed, soot falling from his hair.

“Morning, Frank,” Harry said as Remus stepped out of the Floo and helped him to his feet.

“Morning, Harry, Remus,” the tall black man replied, his stern expression unmoved as he nodded.

Looking around for Dora and Andi, Harry spotted them a couple of feet away. Andi tried to hide her smile behind her hand, but Dora had no issue grinning widely at him. Waving her wand, she conjured a white, square card that read,

9.0

“I took off a point for missing Frank,” Dora said, shrugging as she continued to grin.

Harry rolled his eyes and gathered his trunk.

“Is Sirius around?” Remus asked, looking around.

Frank jerked his chin over Remus’ shoulder. Turning around, they found Sirius shamelessly flirting with a young witch selling refreshments.

“Oh, for Merlin’s sake,” Andi huffed.

Marching over to Sirius, she apologized to the young woman before grabbing him by the ear and dragging him over.

“Ow! Andi!” Sirius yelped. “Bloody hell.”

Harry snorted as people stopped to stare at the MIB agent being dragged around by his ear on the magical side of the train station. Shaking his head, he glanced at Frank, who ignored the commotion and gazed around the platform. It still amazed him that Sirius and Frank had stayed partners for over a decade. They were complete opposites in every way. Where Sirius was, well, Sirius, Frank was a consummate professional.

He also had an eidetic memory, which came in handy not only for cases but also when it came time to tell them of Sirius' latest antics. Frank wasn't much of a people person. He tended to find social gatherings awkward and didn't seem to understand humor at all. Despite that, everyone in the family liked him. He was a good guy and a fantastic agent.

"Your Godson's about to leave for his first year of Ilvermorny, and you're over there hitting on a girl young enough to be your daughter?" Andi hissed, finally letting go of Sirius' ear.

"She's not that young," he grumbled, rubbing his reddened ear. "Besides, I knew you were here. It's hard to miss when Harry comes flying out of the Floo."

"Aw, thanks, Sirius," Harry grinned.

Before his Godfather could react, Harry hugged him, covering his crisp, black suit in grey soot.

"Oh, come on!" Sirius complained while Dora and Remus laughed. "You little brat."

Hugging Harry back briefly, he pushed him away and whipped out his wand to clean himself off before doing the same for Harry. Just as he was finishing, a stream of students and parents started coming out of the Floo.

"You'll want to get on the train before it gets crowded," Sirius said. "Have fun at school, and don't do anything I wouldn't do."

“You just want to go back to hitting on that witch,” Harry smirked.

“You want me to ask if she has a younger sister?” Sirius asked with a grin.

“I don’t mind if she’s older like you do there, DiCaprio,” Harry teased.

“Oi!” Sirius yelled as Dora and Remus burst out laughing.

“Alright, off you go, you two,” Andi said, shaking her head. “We’ll see you at Christmas, and don’t forget to write.”

Hugging their family, they waved to Frank and boarded the train. Sirius had described the Hogwarts Express in detail over the years, and Harry was glad the Ilvermorny Express was different. Most of the cars were open, feeling more like a lounge than a train car. Only the back couple of cars had private compartments, which were usually taken by upper-year students.

As the car began to fill up, Harry noticed there weren’t any other first years joining them, and a few of the other students were looking at him oddly.

“Hey, kid!” called a seventh year with long, dark hair, a handsome face, and a golden badge pinned on his robes that read, ‘Head Boy.’ “First years are supposed to sit in the last open car.”

“He’s with me, Corbin,” Dora told him.

“Sorry, Tonks,” Corbin shrugged. “It’s school policy.”

Before Harry could tell him where he could put that particular policy, Dora stopped him by placing her hand on his arm.

“Fine, I’ll go sit with them, then,” she said, standing up and looking at her friends. “You coming?”

Dora’s two closest friends, Amanda Weeks, a pretty redhead with the most amount of freckles Harry had ever seen on one person, and Jennifer Vasquez, a thin, athletic girl with bronze-colored skin, looked at each other.

“We can stay for a bit,” Jennifer offered.

Amanda sighed, “Fine.”

Dora grinned as her friends got to their feet. Nodding, the Head Boy turned away and walked off.

“This is stupid,” Harry said, following Dora down the train. “I’m going to spend the next seven years in classes with these kids. Why do I have to spend an eight-hour train ride with them?”

“It’s so you can get to know them before you get sorted,” Amanda told him.

“Harry’s not much of a people person,” Dora smirked over her shoulder.

“I’m fine with people,” Harry corrected. “It’s idiots and assholes I have a problem with.”

The girls laughed as they made their way through the cars and made it to the back of the train. Taking seats amongst the other first years, Harry listened quietly as Dora talked to her friends about their Summers and complained about Jacob and Irene, the blonde he’d left her for at his part.

“Yeah, well, everyone knows why she wants to be *Head Girl*,” Amanda said scornfully.

"Excuse me?" asked a shy-looking first year with long dark hair, glasses, and a book held to her chest asked.

"Er, yes," Amanda said, blushing lightly.

"Are you older students?" the girl asked.

"Yeah, do you need something?" Dora asked.

"I was just wondering if you could tell me about Ilvermorny," the girl asked softly. "I'm a Muggleborn, and I have no idea what to expect."

"Don't worry," Jennifer told her with a kind smile. "I'm a Muggleborn, too. What's your name?"

"Michelle Breckenridge," the girl said.

"Well, if you have any questions, I'm sure we could answer them," Dora said, reaching across Harry and patting the space next to him. "Grab a seat."

"I'm not even sure what questions to ask," Michelle said.

As she went to take a seat, Harry shifted over, letting her sit between him and Dora. While they started talking about Ilvermorny, the car filled up, and other first years leaned over to listen in. By the time the train started moving, Dora and her friends found themselves answering questions from almost everyone. A few had older siblings who had told them about the school, but most were going in blind.

Only a few minutes into the eight-hour journey, Dora suddenly stiffened and glared. Looking up, Harry frowned as he watched Jacob and Irene enter their compartment. Looking at Dora, Irene smirked and gave her a patronizing little wave with her manicured fingers. Jacob stared dead

ahead, pretending Dora didn't exist as he allowed Irene to lead him further down the train into the car with private compartments. With a scowl, Dora folded her arms over her chest and flopped back in her seat angrily. The first years looked at her oddly, not knowing why she was angry.

After a moment, Harry stood up suddenly.

"I need to use the bathroom," he announced.

Dora waved to let him know she'd heard, and Jennifer and Amanda tried to cheer her up. Walking to the back of the car, Harry stepped outside and then into the next, just in time to see Jacob and Irene open the next compartment. Rushing past the private compartments, he ducked into a small space between the last compartment and the bathroom.

"The driver wants everyone out of this car!" Irene yelled, going from one compartment to the next.

"Why?" someone asked.

"I don't know, that's just what I was told," Irene said irritably.

For the first time, Harry noticed the silver Prefects badge on her robes. Grumbling, the other students filed out of the car, a few fixing their clothes and hair as they did. Harry stayed out of the way while they passed him and sighed impatiently like he was waiting for someone to come out of the bathroom. When the last person filed out, he glanced around the corner to see Irene pulling Jacob into the car with a smirk and closing the door. A moment later, she pulled the shade down over the window in the door.

Harry waited for everyone to find a compartment to join or move to another car before he stepped out into the hall. Opening the door between cars, he slipped outside and closed it behind him. He walked up to the door and pressed his ear to it, but the sound of rushing wind

around him drowned out any sounds the couple might have made. Trying the handle, he found the door locked and cursed.

Looking around as he thought, Harry noticed a lever connected to the coupler and smirked. Checking behind him to make sure no one was watching, he laid down on his stomach and gripped the lever. After a few tugs that did nothing, he wrenched with all his might, and it came free. The coupler opened up, and the car carrying Jacob and Irene started to fall away. Grinning to himself, Harry watched at the hose between the two cars pulled taught and then separated in the middle with a hiss.

Wiping his hands off on his jeans, he slipped back into the car and closed the shade. Without a backward glance, he made his way back to the first-year car.

Hours later, they pulled into the magical side of Salem Station. Essentially, there were two sides to Salem. One side was where the no-maj's lived, and the magicals visited on occasion, but there was a whole other town that was magically concealed from anyone without magic. There was a single cobblestone road that led from the magical side of the station, through the small, magical town of Salem, and up to the winding road up to the top of Mount Greylock. In the distance, they could see a ring of clouds obscuring the top of the mountain, where they knew Ilvermorny to be.

Harry and Dora stepped off the train and made for the carriages as the conductor stepped out of the engine car. The driver was a Pukwudgie. They were related to Goblins but with grey skin, longer, floppy ears, and were slightly taller. Despite their grumpy demeanor and professed dislike of humans, many Pukwudgies had worked at Ilvermorny for centuries.

As they were waiting for a carriage, they heard the conductor start shouting loudly in a language that neither of them had ever heard before. It was loud, rattling and guttural.

"I wonder what that's about," Dora said.

"No idea," Harry replied.

“Why are you smiling?” Dora asked.

Harry ignored her and climbed into the carriage.

“Harry!” Dora yelled, climbing in after him. “I know you did something. I swear, if you get kicked out before we even get there, I’ll help Mum murder you.”

“When you said he was even worse than you, I thought you were joking,” Amanda chuckled.

“You have no idea,” Dora sighed, shaking her head. “Just tell me what you did so I know what to deny later.”

“Well, on my way to use the bathroom, I saw Irene kicking everyone out of the last car for a bit of privacy,” Harry smirked. “I just decided to help them out a bit.”

The girls looked at him curiously before Amanda glanced at the train and gasped.

“You didn’t!” she said incredulously.

“Do what?” Dora asked.

“Look at the train,” Amanda said. “Doesn’t it look different to you?”

“I guess,” Dora shrugged. “I mean, it does look a bit shorter.”

Her speech stuttered as she realized what he’d done and turned to gap at him.

“Harry?” she asked slowly. “Where are Jacob and Irene?”

Harry shrugged, “Depends on how fast the train moves. I’d guess somewhere between Philly and New York.”

Jennifer and Amanda burst out laughing while Dora shook her head.

“You’re such an idiot,” she said right before hugging him. “I’m over him. You don’t need to do that for me.”

“It wasn’t about him,” Harry said. “Irene shouldn’t have tried to rub it in your face.”

“Aw, that’s so sweet,” Jennifer smiled.

Shaking her head, Dora hooked her arm through his and rested her head on his shoulder as they rode through the village and up Mount Greylock. The entire ride, the girls and Harry speculated on how Jacob and Irene were going to get to Ilvermorny.

After more than twenty minutes, they passed through the ring of clouds to reveal a large, sprawling complex. Ilvermorny wasn’t as tall as Hogwarts or Beauxbatons, with the highest point being the four-story tall clock tower located in the center. Instead, two and three-story buildings covered the entire top of the mountain, hidden amongst a ring of clouds and evergreen trees. Stepping out of the carriage, Harry looked over everything with a grin.

He was finally going to learn magic.

“First years to me!” A tall, middle-aged witch with brown, greying hair called as she rang a bell. “First years!”

“That’s Professor Harper. Go on, we’ll see you inside,” Tonks said, giving him a hug.

Hugging her back, Harry split from the girls and walked over to the woman. She looked at him and gave him a brief smile and a nod as he joined the other first years waiting next to her.

“What house do you think you’ll be in?” one boy asked.

As the others began to speculate, Harry ignored them and looked up when he heard a distant rumble of thunder. A smile stretched across his face when he saw Levina appear from the clouds and fly around the mountain.

“I take it she’s yours, Mr. Potter?”

Harry turned to find an elderly witch standing behind him with a kind smile. She leaned on her staff, white hair tied back in a bun, her kind green eyes sparkling brightly.

“Yes, ma’am,” Harry replied.

“Wonderful!” the woman smiled. “It’s been many decades since we’ve had a Thunderbird on the grounds. I’ll ask Professor Grove to build her a perch. Is there anything in particular she would like?”

“Something tall,” Harry told her. “Levina likes to be able to see what’s happening around her.”

“Then tall it shall be,” The woman smiled before turning to the crowd of first years. “Now, if everyone is here, we can start! For those of you who don’t know, my name is Esmerelda Turner. I’m the Headmistress of Ilvermorny. First of all, I’d like to welcome all of you to our school. We look forward to getting to know each and every one of you. If you’ll follow me, we’ll get you sorted.”

The other first years cheered as they followed the old woman to the front entrance of the school. Stepping inside, Harry found himself in a large circular room. The floor was made of

stone, and in the center sat an intricate, colored carving of the Gordian Knot. Along the far wall were four wooden carvings. From left to right, they were a Horned Serpent, a panther-like cat called a Wumpus, a Pukwudgie, and finally, a Thunderbird. They were separated in the middle by a large set of double doors that Harry knew led to the Great Hall.

Above Harry, there was a wooden balcony that circled the room. Older students leaned on the railing, watching the sorting. Catching his eyes, Dora waved and smiled, mouthing the words 'Good luck.' Above that was a glass ceiling showing the star beginning to twinkle as the sun fell below the horizon.

With the sound of flapping wings, Levina appeared and perched lightly on the glass ceiling. The students all gasped at the sight of the great bird as she watched Harry curiously. Smiling, Harry waited as the students were called alphabetically.

"Harry Potter," Professor Harper called.

Stepping forward, Harry felt none of the nervousness that his classmates had shown. He knew exactly where he wanted to go, and that's exactly where he was going to go.

Stopping on the Gordian Knot, he waited for the carved statues to react. Unsurprisingly, the Thunderbird flapped its wings and cried happily, a call that Levina echoed above him. Smiling, Harry was just about to step away when the Horned Serpent hissed, then the Wumpus roared, and finally, the Pukwudgie lifted its bow and let out a war cry. The students around and above him started whispering furiously while Harry turned and looked at Professor Harper with a raised brow.

"Quiet," she called, raising a hand for silence. "While it is unusual for more than one statue to choose a single student, it does happen. About once a generation, we find a student that resonates with all four. In cases like this, we allow the student to choose which house they want to join."

Everyone turned to look expectantly at Harry. Glancing up at Dora, he winked before turning to look at Levina.

“Thunderbird,” he announced.

Dora cheered and pumped her fist while Levina spread her wings and cried out in victory, lightning flashing in the clouds above her, followed by the rumble of thunder.

“Thunderbird it is,” Professor Harper smiled. “You may go through to the Great Hall.”

Nodding, Harry stepped off the Gordian Knot and walked through the double doors ahead of him. The Great Hall was dominated by four long tables where some students were already sitting. Above the tables sat house banners in the same order as the statues in the sorting room.

“Young man,” someone called from his right.

Looking over, Harry noticed an old man standing between two tables loaded with wand boxes. Excitedly, he strode over, causing the man to chuckle.

“Eager, are we?” he asked. “I’m Miguel Quintana, wandmaker. You’re Harry Potter, correct? Now, let’s see which wand-”

“That one,” Harry interrupted, pointing to a black box, newer than most, sitting in the fourth stack on the left table.

“You can feel it?” Miguel asked eagerly.

Harry nodded, his fingers practically tingling with static electricity as he looked at it.

“Marvelous! I made that wand myself a few years ago,” Miguel said, moving boxes around carefully. “A beautiful Thunderbird landed right in front of my shop with two young ones with

her. Scared the life out of me at first. I've never had anything like that happen before. Normally, procuring wand materials is either dangerous or costly. Instead, this one comes to me."

Chuckling, the man shook his head and held the box as if it contained a great treasure. Carefully, he removed the lid to reveal a dark wand, the wood resembling a strand of cable with smaller branches fused and twisted together.

"First, she drops a branch of Snakewood, then plucks one of her own feathers and drops them in front of me before taking off," Miguel said, shaking his head in wonder. "I discovered later that this wood came from the Snakewood tree here at Ilvermorny. Legend has it that the tree itself grew from the place they buried Slytherin's wand."

"Slytherin?" Harry asked, finally taking his eyes off the wand.

"So the legend goes," Miguel said, waving his hand dismissively. "I never put much stock in those tales myself. Still, it could be true. Salazar Slytherin was a complex man, capable of great good, and great evil. Legend says that when Isolt Gaunt – Ilvermorny's founder, along with her husband – took the wand from England, she left behind the worst of Slytherin and brought only the good in him. The Snakewood tree that grows from his wand has great medicinal properties. More than a tree of that type should."

"But enough of that," Miguel said, waving his hand as if to shoo away the thought. "This wand has never worked for me, personally, but I can feel the power it contains. Go on, give it a try."

Licking his lips, Harry reached out and took the wand. The moment he held it in his hand, a bolt of lightning hit the Clock Tower outside the window. He could feel with wand in his hand pulsing with power as students screamed and thunder rumbled. Giving it a wave, bright gold sparks leapt from the tip, warm and tingling as they landed on his skin.

"A perfect match," Miguel smiled.

Smiling, his eyes still on the wand in his hand, Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out all the Galleons he had before slapping them on the table.

“Mr. Potter, that’s really not necessary,” Miguel protested.

Harry ignored him and walked away, grinning as he joined Dora at the Thunderbird table.

“Leave it to you to unintentionally destroy the Clock Tower just by getting your wand,” Dora smirked.

Harry looked up and out the window. Thankfully, the Clock Tower was still standing, though a little blackened on one side. Shrugging, he turned back and held out his wand so Dora could get a good look.

“Levina’s mom’s feather is in the core,” he told her. “The wood, apparently, is from the Snakewood tree on the grounds.”

“That’s a bit odd,” Amanda said, leaning forward for a closer look. “Snakes and birds don’t usually get along.”

“I can’t wait to finally learn magic,” Michelle said, sighing happily as she looked at her own wand. “I’ve been fascinated by Charms since I heard about it. What about you, Harry? What do you want to learn?”

“Everything.”

Chapter 6

“This is so boring,” Harry groaned.

Slamming his book closed, he sat back in his chair, arms folded over his chest, and stared out across the library.

“What is?” Tonks asked distractedly, her quill scratching away as she wrote her essay for Charms.

Most professors eased their students into the new year, but the Charms instructor, Professor Wilkinson, was always eager to get started.

“I know it can be a little boring in the beginning,” Amanda said, smiling at him from across the table. “But you need to learn the basics first. You’ll get to the fun stuff soon. Besides, think of all the trouble you can get into by levitating things.”

Sighing, Harry flicked his wand lazily, causing the book next to her to float into the air. Amanda and Jennifer stared at him with open mouths as it drifted smoothly back down without a sound.

“Where the hell did you learn to do that?” Jennifer asked incredulously. “It’s the second day of school!”

“Harry used to steal any wand he could get his hands on,” Tonks replied without looking up from her parchment. “He’s been able to levitate things since he was six.”

“But-” Amanda stammered, a lock of red hair falling in front of her eyes. “But he did it silently.”

“I got caught when I used incantation, so I stopped,” Harry shrugged, before climbing to his feet. “I’m going to go find something better to read.”

Sitting at the top of the Clock Tower, Harry studied the copy of *Chadwick's Charms, Year Seven* he had open on the wooden floor and looked back up at the old Comet two-sixty a few feet away. Over the last two days, after discovering a much more interesting book on Charms in the library, Harry had taken one of the non-functioning brooms from the school shed, stripped all the Charms off of it, and carefully applied his own.

"I think it's ready," he said, getting to his feet and picking up the broom.

Clicking her beak, Levina looked over at him curiously.

"It'll be fine," Harry assured her. "Not only will it work, I bet it'll be faster than my Lockheed."

Mounting the broom, he grinned widely as it hovered perfectly in place. Looking out at the dark, star-filled sky, he gripped the handle tightly.

"Watch this," Harry said.

As he leaned forward slightly, the broom took off like it was shot out of a canon. Harry had no hope of holding on. The broom was ripped out from under him, and he had just enough time to see it become a speck in the distance before gravity took hold, and he landed hard on his back. Groaning, he slowly climbed to his feet while Levina stared at the point where the broom had disappeared, tilted her head to the side, and blinked.

"Well, I was right," Harry said, getting the closest thing to an incredulous look a Thunderbird could give. "What? I was! There's no way my Lockheed could move that fast!"

Blinking slowly, Levina cawed softly and shrugged her shoulders.

"Alright, so maybe I should've limited the acceleration a bit," Harry admitted. "At least I don't have to worry about getting in trouble. There's no way they find that broom."

~

Sirius and Frank touched down softly in the middle of a cornfield in Iowa. MIB agents had the entire area sealed off with yellow tape.

"This better be good to get me out of bed at two in the bloody morning," Sirius grumbled.

He and Frank wound their way through the rows of corn for a couple of minutes before Sirius nearly stumbled into a fifteen-foot wide, eight-foot-deep crater gouged out of the soil.

"What the fuck happened here?" Sirius asked, looking at the impressively large hole.

"Not sure, yet," one of the female agents responded while looking over a clipboard. "The No-maj military picked up an unidentified flying object traveling at Mach seven about fifteen minutes ago. They lost track of it two minutes after picking it up but couldn't tell where it had gone. Our sensors picked up a large release of magic about the same time the local police got reports of a meteor impact in this field. Local Aurors knew nothing until we got here."

"Anything in the hole?" Sirius asked, gazing over the edge.

"We haven't checked yet," the woman responded. "We just finished checking for curses. It's clean. Whatever caused this used up all of its magic when it hit."

"I'm not surprised," Sirius nodded, then turned to Frank, holding out his fist. "Paper, rock, scissors?"

Frank stared at him for a long moment, receiving only a grin in response. With a sigh, he held up his hand.

"One, two, three!" Sirius counted.

The smile on his face fell when Frank countered his scissors with rock. Grumbling, Sirius took off his suit jacket and slid down into the hole.

“Careful,” the woman called. “Whatever’s down there might still be hot.”

Patting the dirt off of his pants as best he could, Sirius waved his acknowledgment and lit his wand. After a couple of minutes of searching, he saw nothing that looked out of place. Just as he was about to try a Detection Charm, he caught a glint of gold out of the corner of his eyes. Gently wiping the dirt out of the way, he carefully picked up the broken and burned shard of wood.

Property of Ilvermorny

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Sirius sighed.

~

Harry followed Professor Wilkinson, the Charms professor and his Head of House, to the Headmistress’ office, trying to think of all the reasons he could be in trouble. That thought process came to a screeching halt when he walked in to find Professor Turner sitting at her desk with Sirius and Aunt Andi sitting across from her.

“Thank you for coming, Harry,” Professor Turner said, smiling softly. “Please, have a seat.”

“Is everything alright?” Harry asked, looking at Sirius worriedly.

“You tell us,” Andi said, staring at him hard. “Sirius got called into work late last night because, somehow, a broom belonging to this school found its way to a cornfield in Iowa without a rider.”

"Wait, what, exactly, happened?" Professor Wilkinson asked as he and Harry took seats.

Reaching into his pocket, Sirius pulled out part of a burned and broken broom shaft in a plastic bag marked with red evidence tape and set it on the desk. Harry internally cursed when he saw the words *Property of Ilvermorny* still legible.

"Last night, the No-maj military picked up an object traveling at Mach seven across their airspace," he said. "A few minutes later, we detected a magical explosion a few hundred miles away in the same direction of travel. When we got to the sight, we found a bloody great crater and bits of shattered broom laying all over some poor bloke's cornfield."

"Mach seven!?" Professor Wilkinson asked incredulously. "How?"

"That's what we were wondering," Sirius said, turning to his Godson. "Is there anything you'd like to tell us, Harry?"

Harry immediately knew he was cornered. Sirius wouldn't ask a question like that unless he already knew the answer. He didn't know a great deal about all the tools the MIB had to track magic, but he knew they could. Likely, they had already tracked the Charms on the broom to the magical signature of his wand. Or, if they hadn't, they could and were just waiting to see if he'd lie first.

"Fine, it was me," Harry admitted.

"How on Earth did you make a broom go that fast?" Professor Wilkinson asked.

"And why?" Andi added with a glare. "What were you thinking!?"

"I was bored," Harry shrugged. "I was looking through the library for something more interesting to read than my school books when I found a section on Charms used to make brooms, so I decided to give it a try."

"You caused all of this because you were bored?" Andi asked incredulously.

"Well, I really wanted to see if I could break the speed of sound on a broom, but it took off too fast," Harry told her. "It was an accident. I fell off when I tried to fly it, and it just kept going."

"It's a good thing you did," Sirius said, shaking his head. "We think that, at that speed, the broom caught fire mid-flight and went into a dive when the Charms failed. It put an eight-foot-deep hole in some guy's cornfield. Gave the No-maj's a fright, too."

"Sorry," Harry said. "I'll pay for the damages and the broom. It was one of the ones they don't use anyway. The Charms were falling apart on it."

"That doesn't mean you can just take it!" Andi yelled, throwing her hand up in the air. "What am I going to do with you?"

"How does the MIB plan on dealing with this?" Professor Turner asked, leaning on her desk with her fingers steepled.

"So long as it doesn't happen again, they're willing to consider it an experiment gone wrong," Sirius said, trying his best and failing to look disapproving. "If it happens again, they may decide on a harsher punishment."

Harry had to repress a snort. He knew that was a lie. Short of killing someone, Sirius wouldn't let him get in any real trouble.

"Very well," Professor Turner said, turning to Harry. "I believe a week's worth of detention with Professor Wilkinson is in order. If you're going to be using magic like this, it's best if you learn how to do so safely."

"Absolutely," Professor Wilkinson nodded. "Despite the dangers you put yourself and others in, Mach seven is extremely impressive. I think that might be the fastest anyone has ever made anything move with magic."

"I give up," Andi muttered in defeat.

~

"Ah, I see what happened," Professor Wilkinson said, looking over the notes Harry had made about his broom. "You didn't have any acceleration control. You said you got the idea from Chadwick's Charm?"

"Yeah," Harry replied.

"That's really not the best book for you to use for this sort of enchanting," Professor Wilkinson told him. "Chadwick's really only gives you the basics on how brooms work. It doesn't go into detail. For that, you really want Advanced Charms volume eighteen. As the name suggests, this sort of thing is pretty advanced. Are you sure you want to get into something like this?"

Harry shrugged, "I just thought it would be something cool to do. I don't plan on making racing brooms for a living or anything. Besides, it doesn't look that hard. You just need to layer the Control Charms over the Propulsion and Braking Charms for them to work, right?"

"Well, yes, but it can be a bit more complicated than that in certain instances," Professor Wilkinson said, blinking in surprise.

"I'll need to add some sort of Shielding Charm, too," Harry said. "I didn't last time because I just wanted to see if I could get the broom to work. But if I'm going to break the speed of sound, I'll need something to protect me from the wind. Probably the heat, too."

“Let’s slow down and just work on getting the broom to fly controllably first,” Professor Wilkinson told him with a nervous glance. “Why are you so set on breaking the speed of sound?”

“I just want to see if I can do it,” Harry said.

“I get that, but why?” he asked again.

“My Aunt says I like to push limits,” Harry shrugged with a smirk.

“You like testing yourself?” Professor Wilkinson asked, arching an eyebrow when he got a nod in response. “Tell me, Harry, have you ever thought about picking up dueling?”

“I don’t know if that’s a good idea, Professor,” Harry admitted with a smile. “I’ve never really been one to follow the rules.”

Professor Wilkinson grinned, “Dueling isn’t about following the rules. It’s about finding creative ways to break them.”

Harry stared at his Charms professor contemplatively for a long moment before shrugging.

“I’ll give it a shot.”

~

“Aren’t you going to do your homework?” Michelle asked Harry softly.

They were sitting on a comfortable couch in the Thunderbird common room. While Michelle worked on her Transfigurations essay that was due at the end of the week, he was putting the

finishing touches on his latest broom. Over the last two months, he'd gone through four different versions, each working better than the last. Professor Wilkinson got a little annoyed with him in the beginning when Harry refused his offer of advice, but that changed when he realized he liked the challenge of figuring out the problem himself. Now, he only stepped in if something looked a bit too dangerous.

Of course, the professor's idea of dangerous and Harry's were two entirely different things.

"I finished it," Harry told her.

"You're not going to give Professor Harper another short essay, are you?" Michelle asked.

"I made it as long as it needs to be," Harry said. "Come on, even you have to admit there's no reason to know when, where, and who invented a certain spell. It's a waste of time. And anyways, it's not like those grades matter much."

"Only if you want to get a job doing something other than cleaning toilets," she told him snarkily.

Sitting back, Harry turned to Michelle and smiled. It had taken her a while to relax around him enough to start joking, but he enjoyed how out of character her biting comments could be when she was annoyed.

"Really? Then why do they assign classes based on LAMP scores instead of our class grades?" Harry asked. "And why do employers only look at SALEM scores?"

Michelle furrowed her brow, glaring at him as she tried to think of a response.

"Look, you want to ace all your tests, then by all means, go ahead," he told her with a smile. "But while you're learning all those useless facts about who, when, and where, I'll focus on learning something new."

"I hate it when you make sense like that," Michelle sighed.

"Yeah, he's annoying when he does that," Dora said tiredly as she fell onto the couch next to Harry. "How's the broom coming?"

"Good," Harry grinned. "Next test flight is tomorrow."

"Just don't kill yourself," she told him. "Or start a war by accidentally launching your broom at China or something."

Harry rolled his eyes as Michelle giggled next to him.

"Do you have a date for the next Salem visit?" Dora asked suddenly.

"No," he replied. "You?"

"Ben asked me to go with him," she said.

Harry ignored the gnawing feeling in his stomach and looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

"Ben Shaffer?" he asked.

"Yeah," Dora said, a touch defensively. "What's wrong with Ben?"

"Nothing, I guess," Harry shrugged. "I just think you can do better. He's not the brightest crayon in the box."

“Yeah, well, the last time I went for better, it didn’t work out too well,” Dora reminded him.
“This time, I’m going for attractively average.”

“If you say so,” Harry shrugged.

Silently, he wondered if Dora would get too suspicious if Ben came down with a sudden case of explosive diarrhea on Saturday.

~

“Seriously?” Harry asked, thoroughly unimpressed with the MFAA supervisors the government had sent over to keep an eye on him.

“It couldn’t be helped,” Professor Wilkinson told him.

Sighing, Harry made his way into the Great Hall with his broom on his shoulder. A black man with greying hair, a mustache, and a clipboard in his hands looked up and made his way over to him.

“Mr. Potter,” he said. “I’m Marcus Denninger. We need to go over a few things before your flight. You’ll need to stay at an altitude below twelve thousand feet at all times. Any and all attempts to break the sound barrier must be made at least one mile from land. We have safety swimmers on brooms stationed at intervals going for two miles off the coast. There’s also a red flag indicating where you need to stop and turn back. Intentionally violating any of these requirements will result in a minimum fine of five hundred Galleons and a maximum of up to five thousand. Do you have any questions before we begin?”

“What’s with the box?” Harry asked.

The woman standing behind the man who’d been speaking looked up and smiled.

“Radar,” she replied. “It’s just so we can keep track of where you are and how fast you’re going.”

“Does anyone know the fastest anyone’s ever gone on a broom before?” Harry asked.

“Three hundred and twenty-seven miles an hour,” the woman replied. “It was set by a British Wizard named Paul Whitworth in 1968.”

Harry snorted, “That’ll be easy to beat.”

Without waiting for a response, Harry marched outside. Everyone, from staff to students, was already on the front lawn waiting. He wasn’t too sure what they were hoping to see. He’d be too far away and going too fast for anyone to watch.

Spotting two more MFAA workers waiting with brooms, Harry sighed. He was about to ask what they were hoping to do when their brooms couldn’t hope to keep up with his, but he stopped when he spotted Sirius, Andi, and Ted waiting with Dora.

“Hey, what are you guys doing here?” Harry asked, accepting a hug from Andi.

“You didn’t think we’d come to see you make history?” Ted asked with a grin as he patted him on the back.

“Are you sure you want to do this, Harry?” Andi asked nervously.

“I don’t really care about the record. I just want to see if I can do it,” Harry shrugged. “Don’t worry, Aunt Andi, I’ll be fine.”

“Harry has a talisman that will protect him if anything goes wrong,” Professor Wilkinson assured her. “As soon as the enchantments stop him safely, he’ll be Portkeyed directly to the Medical Wing, where Nurse Powers is waiting if needed.”

"I'm not going to crash," Harry said firmly, rolling his eyes.

"Just be careful," Dora said, hugging him tightly.

As she stepped away, Sirius took her place, hugging him tightly and patting him on the back.

"International waters are two miles from shore, right?" Harry asked softly.

"Yeah," Sirius said, then paused and pulled back with suspicious look. "Why?"

"Just curious," Harry grinned. "See you guys soon."

Stepping on the footrest, Harry ascended into the air, loud cheers drowning out his Godfather's shouts. As the MFAA workers joined him, he mounted the broom properly and flew towards the bay. A relieving warmth washed over him as the Charms on the broom kicked in, shielding him from the cold November air.

More MFAA workers were waiting for him out over the water. There was a line of more than twenty going out into the distance, all with yellow flags dangling from the backs of their brooms. At the end, two miles away, he could just make out the large red banner signaling the end. As Harry flew to the starting position, grinning in anticipation, Levina circled overhead.

Gripping the shaft of his broom, Harry leaned forward and took off like a shot.

~

"He's started," The woman with the radar announced with a smile. "Mach zero point three... five... seven... mach zero point eight... zero point nine... He's done it! Mach one!"

As the crowd roared and cheered, a rumble like thunder could be heard in the distance.

~

Harry grunted, his muscles straining as he accelerated so fast the Charms designed to dampen the G-forces couldn't keep up. He was just glad they worked at all. Even a No-maj plane would be torn apart by the forces his magic was dealing with.

As he sliced through the air, he could see clouds of condensed air bouncing off the edges of the shield protecting him from the wind. Unfortunately, he had no idea how fast he was going, so he just kept pushing.

In seconds, he reached the red flag that marked the end of his MFAA-approved route. Harry grinned as he blew right past it, the shockwave of his passage ripping the fabric from whatever magic held it in place.

~

"He's still going," the woman called, still smiling slightly. "Mach one point one at three miles... mach one point two at four miles..."

"Dammit, Harry," Sirius sighed.

"That boy is grounded until he's thirty," Andi muttered.

"I told you," Dora said, holding out her hand expectantly. "Pay up."

With a muttered curse, Ted pulled out a couple of Galleons and placed them in his daughter's hand.

“Are you kidding me?” Andi yelled, hands on her hips as she glared at both of them. “Can you two be serious?”

Just as Sirius opened his mouth with a smirk, she turned on him with her wand in hand.

“Don’t,” she said with deadly calm.

~

Harry pushed his broom as fast as it could go. As it neared its top speed, it suddenly started to buck and lose forward momentum. Deciding he’d done all he could, he slowed down.

“Well, time to head back and get yelled at,” he said to himself.

Looking down at the water to judge his speed, he waited until he was moving slowly enough that it was safe to turn and headed back to the distant shore. Grinning to himself, he figured if he was already in trouble, what would a bit more hurt? Gripping his broom, he took off once more.

The shore approached with startling speed. Pulling up a few thousand feet, Harry flew straight for Mount Greylock. If his classmates were going to sit out in the cold, they might as well get a show. Passing directly over the front lawn, he slowed back down and circled around to land. His classmates stood and swarmed around him as he landed.

“Dude! You shook every window in the castle!” someone yelled.

“That was sick!”

“You’re crazy!” Johnny grinned, clapping him on the back.

Before Harry could respond to his old friend, Dora jumped into his arms and wrapped her legs around his waist.

“You did it!” she yelled.

Harry laughed and spun her around excitedly.

“Do you have any idea how dangerous that was!?” Denninger yelled, glaring with his arms folded over his chest.

“Yeah, yeah,” Harry said, setting Tonks down and waving him off as he looked at the woman with the radar. “How fast did I go?”

“Mach one point seven,” the woman told him.

“And you went *twelve miles* past your designated stopping point,” Denninger growled. “Do you have any idea how many laws you just broke?”

“Well, technically, when I did that, I was in international airspace,” Harry told him.

Denninger sputtered, his mouth working silently for several moments.

“He does have a point,” the woman said.

“Yeah, well, that doesn’t cover what he did on the way back,” Denninger argued. “You were strictly told not to attempt to break the sound barrier over land, which you did.”

“Just send me the bill,” Harry told him dismissively.

Turning away from the flabbergasted man, he pulled Dora over to their family to celebrate.

“Did you have to say that?” Andi asked frustratedly. “He’s going to fine you as much as he can now. Just because you make money from those books doesn’t mean you should waste it.”

“I’m not going to,” Harry grinned. “I got a letter from Lockheed last night. They offered to pay me fifty thousand Galleons for access to any and all research I conduct on brooms. I sent Uncle Ted a copy this morning. It’s probably still on the way.”

“Fifty thousand!?” Dora gasped.

“How much of it did you read?” Ted asked.

“I skimmed it,” Harry said.

“So, that’s a no,” Ted smiled. “Most likely, they’re only offering that much if you give them the rights to keep the full profits from anything they develop using your research. If you ask for a cut of the royalties, you’ll get less to start with but a lot more in the long run if they use it. I’ll look it over when it gets delivered.”

Harry shrugged, “I don’t really care about the money. Just make whatever deal you think is best. I trust you.”

Chapter 7

“Harry!” Sirius shouted across the platform, waving his hands wildly above his head.

Harry set his and Dora’s trunks on a cart and looked up with a sigh.

“Does he have to do that every year?” Dora asked. “It’s like he thinks we forget what he looks like or something.”

“He thinks he’s a lot funnier than he is,” Harry smirked.

Grabbing the handle of the cart, he pushed it over to where Sirius, Andi, and Ted were waiting for them near the line of fireplaces.

“How was your first year at Ilvermorny?” Sirius asked before grabbing Harry in a headlock and ruffling his hair.

“It was free of you,” Harry grumbled, pulling himself free.

“Any new girlfriends?” he asked with a grin.

“Maybe,” Harry said with a smirk.

“He started dating Amanda when we got back from Christmas break,” Dora huffed.

“Amanda?” Andi asked, her brow furrowed. “You mean that redhead that came over last Summer?”

Dora nodded, and Sirius whistled.

“An older woman?” he asked, wiggling his eyebrows. “I’m impressed.”

Dora snorted, “I’m not. Every time we tried to study, those two would sneak off to make out somewhere. They got us kicked out of the library a few times.”

“Totally worth it,” Harry grinned.

"This isn't going to cause problems between the two of you, is it?" Andi asked warily.

"Why would it?" Harry asked.

"Well, what if you break up with Amanda, and she wants to come over to visit Dora?" Andi asked.

"They already broke up," Dora pouted. "And they get along just fine. I can't stand my exes, and they still hang out like nothing's changed. It's really annoying."

Sirius laughed, and Ted chuckled while Andi pulled her daughter in for a hug. When Harry looked at the other men in confusion, they just shook their heads. Slinging his arm around his shoulders, Sirius led him towards the fireplace.

"I'll explain when we get home," he whispered before pausing and raising his voice to a normal level. "Actually, wait. Ted, do you mind going first just in case Harry decides to do another face plant?"

"Ha ha, very funny," Harry said.

Shrugging off his arm, he grabbed a handful of Floo Powder and stepped into the fireplace.

"Forty-seven fifty-six Gulch Drive!" Harry yelled.

This time, he was careful to tuck in his arms and legs and shut his mouth as he spun through the Floo Network. His confidence grew as the trip continued without issue. Just as he was about to reach his stop, Harry took a step to walk smoothly out.

His stop came a full second after he thought it would. The pain that shot up his spine reminded him of the time he thought there was a curb, and there wasn't. Groaning, he stepped into the

living room, cursing loudly and often, only stopping when Sirius stepped out smoothly behind him and started laughing loudly.

“You really need to get better at that,” Sirius chuckled.

“I’m standing, aren’t I?” Harry asked angrily.

Sirius laughed again as the others stepped out of the Floo. Still rubbing his back and grumbling, Harry grabbed Dora’s trunk and started carrying it to her room. Once everything was put away, they sat down in the kitchen, where Andi had cooked dinner.

“How do you think you did on your tests?” Andi asked, passing along the tray of homemade tacos.

“Good.” “Fine,” Harry and Dora responded.

“Professor Banks said my project was one of the best,” Dora explained further. “She said if I keep it up, I’ll do fine on my LAMPs next year.”

“What does that stand for again?” Sirius asked.

“Levels in Aptitude of Magical Performance,” she recited.

“It’s the same as our OWLs,” Andi told him before turning to Harry. “And how do you think you did this year?”

“Pretty good,” Harry shrugged. “Professor Wilkinson gave me extra credit for my broom project at the start of the year. He also told me I should try my dueling out at the tournament in New York next month.”

“Why didn’t you tell us about this sooner?” Sirius asked.

"Because I just found out," Harry said, pulling a colorful pamphlet from his pocket and handing it to him. "I'll be competing in the under-sixteen bracket. It's a two-day, single-elimination tournament. Do you think you can get time off to take me?"

"I'll ask first thing tomorrow," Sirius told him with a grin.

"Under-sixteen?" Andi asked, yanking the pamphlet out of Sirius' hand. "Doesn't that mean you'll be competing against second years, as well?"

"Well, yeah," Harry shrugged.

"Do you think I could compete in the under-eighteen bracket?" Dora asked suddenly.

"Why?" Andi asked sharply, eyes narrowed. "You've never shown an interest in dueling before."

Reaching under the table, Harry gave Dora's knee a supportive squeeze. He'd asked her to join his training with Professor Wilkinson so he had someone else to practice with. She couldn't always go with him, but she usually went twice a week. He had no idea she was interested in dueling herself, but he knew Andi wouldn't like the idea, that was for sure.

"I just want to see how I measure up," Dora said, trying to act nonchalant. "And, if Harry's going to be there anyway, why not give it a try?"

"Because it's dangerous," Andi said flatly.

"But I've been training with Harry, and Professor Wilkinson said I was really good for my age," Dora said, looking at her parents pleadingly. "I just want to see how I'd do. And it's not that dangerous if you're going to let Harry go. Please?"

Harry had to bite his lip to stop a chuckle when she swelled up her bottom lip and enlarged the size of her eyes slightly. Ted and Andi shared a long look that carried an entire conversation before Andi sighed in defeat.

"Fine," she said shortly.

"Yes!" Dora cheered excitedly.

As she threw her hands in the air, her knuckles caught the edge of her plate and dumped it into Harry's lap.

~

After dinner, the family moved out to the newly installed pool to sit and relax. The Wireless played in the background while Harry tried not to get caught checking out Dora in her red swimsuit.

"I wish we had dueling tournaments like that back in England," Sirius said to Ted as they lounged in white chairs with Butterbeers in their hands. "That would've been so much fun."

"I wonder why they don't," Ted mused.

"Lack of interest, probably," Sirius grumbled. "You know the Ministry only pays for something like that if someone can make a profit. No one but parents would go to see kids duel. The national tournament gets all the attention."

"True," Ted nodded.

The sound of a bird chirping sounded from the house, signaling a Floo call and causing Sirius to sigh.

"I'll get it," he said. "It's probably for me anyways." he said, setting down his Butterbeer and climbing out of his lounge.

He disappeared inside the house for less than a minute before coming back out, looking slightly troubled. With a flick of his wand, he changed the Wireless to a different station.

"...what we know so far," the female host said. "It's just been confirmed by senior MACUSA officials that a member of the Magical Intelligence Bureau has just been caught violating Russian airspace and was subsequently captured. From what we know based on President Rurik Kiselev's press release, this isn't the first time MACUSA has done so. Many of you will remember that, just a few months ago, Harry Potter became the first person to build a broom capable of breaking the speed of sound.

"How does this connect to the Magical Intelligence Agency? Well, Harry Potter sold the rights to that design to Lockheed, who went on to design the X-87 Javelin. This prototype, which is a refined design of Mr. Potter's original supersonic broom, is what the Russians say the MIA agent was riding when he was apprehended. They claim that for months, MIA agents have been flying across Russia to gather intelligence. Because of the X-87's incredible top speed of over Mach 2, the Russians had been unable to stop, or intercept the riders.

"Today, they claim to have laid a trap. They found a pattern to the flights and laid out a trap for anyone entering their airspace. A trap, they say, the agent flew into early this afternoon. We've yet to hear a response from the White House on this, but we expect one soon. This situation is evolving rapidly. With me in the studio is John Harken, historian, author, and former advisor to President Marks. John, I think the biggest concern for everyone listening is the possibility of war. Do you see that happening?"

"I'd say it's not likely, but certainly a concern we should share," a man with a deep voice replied. "This is a severe diplomatic issue, to be sure, but I don't see it coming to war if MACUSA handles it properly. Fortunately, we're not in the Cold War anymore. The big concern right now, is going to be over sanctions against the US from Russia and its allies. You can expect prices to go up sharply over the next few days."

"Bollocks," Sirius said, switching the Wireless back to a music station. "Leave it to those idiots in the MIA to screw everything up. Magical Intelligence Agency, my arse, more like Morons Inspecting Assholes."

Andi swatted his arm with her magazine.

“Harry?” Dora asked softly.

Despite her tone, everyone looked over at him.

“I’m going for a fly,” he said, avoiding their eyes as he headed to the house.

“Harry!” Andi called.

He ignored her and marched into his room, where he punched the bed and cursed. Hitting his mattress until he ran out of breath, he slid down to sit on the floor with his back against his dresser.

Harry couldn’t believe something he’d made was used for something so stupid. Thinking of the gold he’d gleefully added to his vault now left a sour taste in his mouth. Even worse, with the deal Ted had worked out with Lockheed, he’d be collecting royalties for the next two decades. He’d felt proud at the time, maybe even a little bit arrogant, but now, he felt like a fool. He wished he could cancel the deal, but even if that was possible, it would take back what had already happened.

They’d all fled to America to escape a war that had destroyed his family, and now he’d inadvertently nearly started another one.

Shaking off those thoughts, Harry stood and made his way over to his trunk. Throwing open the lid carelessly, he dug through the enlarged interior until he found his brooms and paused. One was the Lockheed that Sirius had given him for his birthday, and the other was the very broom that had caused all of this.

He grabbed the crude, homemade broom he'd been so proud of and pulled it out, thinking back to how it all started. The charms really weren't as complex as most people thought they were. Going fast was easy. You just had to have a certain disregard for your own safety. Until he'd come along, every speed record had been set on modified Quidditch brooms. Brooms that still had safety features to protect players and the general customer from breaking their neck during a turn. Magic didn't have the same limits that the human body did, as Harry learned the hard way on Ilvermorny's Clock Tower.

Getting the brooms to go as fast as he wanted wasn't that hard. He just neglected to put in the charms that would normally limit it. What was much harder, and took most of his time, was figuring out a way to stay on the damn thing. Once he figured that out, all he needed was basic charms to limit the acceleration and turning. It was only the strength of his Propulsion Charm, which he'd pulled back on after his first failure, that kept him from going even faster.

Clutching the broom tightly, Harry left his room and headed for the front door to avoid his family. He'd just stepped off the front porch when he mounted it and took off into the air like a shot. With a loud cry, Levina joined him, flapping her powerful wings as she tried to keep up with him.

As they got further from the house, the skies turned dark to the sound of the distant rumble of thunder. Levina flew in circles, conjuring a storm that matched his emotions. The rain started to fall, biting into his skin as he followed her. Lightning flashed overhead, followed by crackling, rumbling thunder that reverberated in his chest.

Like it was planned, they both flew straight up through the roiling grey clouds. Harry's skin was soaked from the moisture in the air. Mixed with the wind, it left him cold and covered in goosebumps. He ignored the discomfort and continued upwards, running neck and neck with Levina until they broke through the top of the cloud.

The red light of the setting sun warmed his cold, damp body. For a moment, he closed his eyes and savored the relief. As his upward momentum came to an end, he hovered in the air, weightless, with Levina next to him, her wings spread wide. Just as he began to feel lightheaded from the lack of oxygen, they began to fall.

Harry pushed his broom into a plummeting dive, rapidly outpacing his companion. She crowed loudly behind him a moment before his sonic boom reflected off of the ground and back towards him just as he broke through the cloud layer. With only basic brakes and turning, he knew, at these speeds, his broom would struggle to slow down enough to pull up before he hit the ground.

So, he didn't bother to brake. Pulling straight up, he intentionally upset the broom, sending himself into a tumble. Fighting to point the nose straight up, the sudden spin and twists as he fought for control sent the blood rushing from his head. Muscles straining, Harry grunted and manhandled the broom into doing what he wanted. Looking straight up at the darkening sky, he used his broom's greatest asset, power, to fight against gravity.

The force that the move exerted on his body pushed an involuntary grunt from his lips, but it worked. His momentum slowed far faster than it would have if he'd tried to brake. When he was going slow enough, he pitched forward and took off over the desert, his mind wandering.

Harry knew there was nothing he could do to stop what had already happened, but he could stop it from happening again. He was going to keep working on his broom like he wanted to, making designs that flew faster and higher than anyone had ever thought possible before. But he wasn't selling the design again. He was going to keep it for himself. It would be up to him to decide who got to use the designs and who didn't. Never again would he let a company or government use his work without him knowing exactly what it was for.

He knew he thought differently to most wizards. It wasn't his intelligence that helped him become the first to break the sound barrier on a broom; it was his ability to think audaciously. Staring out at the night sky, more audacious thoughts came to mind, more firsts that he could accomplish.

As the moon rose over the mountains in the distance, the most audacious idea came to mind. With a grin, he turned back and headed for home.

~

Three weeks later, Harry and his family Portkeyed to New York for the national dueling tournament. When he'd been told where it was, he thought they'd end up in some hidden part of Madison Square Garden that magicals kept to themselves. Instead, they ended up in a sprawling, grassy field in a rural area.

"Where are we?" Dora asked, wrinkling her nose at the smell of nearby cows. "I thought we were going to New York. Did you cast the spell right?"

"Of course I did," Sirius said defensively, even as he looked around in confusion. "This is where the brochure told us to go. It's not my fault they got it wrong."

"We're in the right place," Andi said, rolling her eyes. "New York is more than just a city. We're close to the border with Pennsylvania, near one of those Amish towns. Look."

Pointing to a distant green banner, big white letters spelled out; *Welcome to the U-21 international Dueling Championships!*

Beyond that was what looked, to Harry, more like a state fair than a dueling tournament. There were rides, games, kiosks selling souvenirs, and way in the back, he could see a dirt field surrounded by a wooden fence and tiered benches. Sharing a look with Dora, he could tell she was as surprised as he was. When he'd envisioned the tournament, this wasn't what he'd expected.

"I really wish I'd known this is what to expect when I packed," Dora sighed. "I packed clothes for a city, not a farmers market."

"Come on, Dora, this'll be great," Ted said excitedly. "Let's go get you kids signed in."

Harry shrugged and followed after him while Dora sighed and trudged along. In the end, he didn't really care where the tournament took place. All that mattered to him was how he did in the rankings. After hearing about the situation with Russia, Harry was more determined than ever to prove himself.

As they were waiting in line to sign in for the tournament, a short, busty brunette and a slightly taller girl who looked a little younger than Harry approached them.

"Sirius?" she called softly.

Harry watched as his Godfather turned with his trademark lopsided grin, only to go slack-jawed when he set eyes on the woman.

"Marlene!?" he gasped, looking like he'd seen a ghost.

The woman smiled nervously and nodded, her eyes tearing up. Suddenly, Sirius lunged forward and hugged her tightly, a choked laugh escaping his mouth. Harry was shocked to see tears falling from his eyes.

"I thought you were dead," he said thickly.

"I'm sorry," Marlene mumbled into his chest. "We used a Vanishing Cabinet to escape before they burned down the house. When the Ministry declared us dead, my parents left for America, and I couldn't leave them behind. I wanted to tell you, but with Nott still free, it was too dangerous."

"It's alright," Sirius said, pulling back to hold her at arm's length with a wide smile. "I'm just glad you survived. Merlin, Remus is going to flip when he sees you. You look just as beautiful as you did in school."

“And you’re still a cad,” Marlene chuckled tearfully. “Oh, I’m sorry. Sirius, this is my daughter, Jenna. Sweetie, this is Sirius Black, a good friend of mine from my school days.”

“Hello,” Sirius said to the girl before turning back to Marlene with a smirk. “Married with a kid, look at you all grown up.”

“Divorced, actually,” she told him with a small smile. “I married a Muggle, and he didn’t take too well to learning about the magical world. What about you?”

“Oh, he’s still the same old reprobate,” Andi replied with a smile. “I’m Andromeda Tonks, Sirius’ cousin. This is my husband, Ted. Our daughter, Nymphadora-”

“Mom,” Dora whined. “It’s just Tonks.”

“And this is Harry,” Andi continued, ignoring the interruption.

“Hello,” Marlene said, a soft and sad smile on her face as she looked at Harry. “You look just like your father but with your mother’s eyes.”

“Marlene and your mum were best friends at Hogwarts,” Sirius smiled.

“Really?” Harry asked. “Could you tell me about her sometime? Every time I ask Sirius, he starts talking about what a nice ass she had.”

“I do not!” Sirius protested. “I only said that once.”

Marlene laughed while Harry and Dora were distracted with the signup sheet.

“So, what brings you here?” Sirius asked. “Jenna’s a bit young for the dueling tournament, isn’t she?”

“Oh, she’s not competing,” she told him. “We live just a few miles away. We come here every year to enjoy the fair and watch the duels.”

“You’re all set,” the wizard manning the table smiled, handing Harry and Dora their badges. “The tournament doesn’t start for another two hours, so feel free to explore until then. The officials will explain the rules before it starts. Good luck to both of you.”

“Thanks,” Dora beamed, her hair turning from green to a happy pink.

Harry followed after her as they rejoined their family and started to explore the fair. Bemusedly, he watched Sirius talking animatedly with Marlene. For years, he watched as his Godfather had been able to charm all sorts of women with his flirting. It was quite refreshing to watch Marlene laugh them off without so much as a blush.

About half an hour later, Remus managed to find them. His jaw hit the floor when Sirius re-introduced him to Marlene. While they had a short but emotional reunion, Sirius explained what had happened to her a bit more.

“Marlene was part of a resistance group during the war with me, Remus, and your parents,” he told them. “When we were responding to a Death Eater raid, she dueled and killed Thadeus Nott. His son, Titus, didn’t take that well. He put a price on her head, though we could never prove it. About a month later, we got word that her house had been destroyed by Fiendfyre. Nasty, dark magic. The place was reduced to nothing but a pile of ash by the time we got it under control. We assumed Marlene and her parents had been killed. It wouldn’t be the first time something like that had happened.”

“So, she let them think she was dead and went into hiding,” Harry nodded.

“What happened to Nott?” Dora asked.

“Nothing,” Sirius sighed, running a hand through his hair. “The bastard stayed out of Azkaban by claiming the Imperius Curse. If he knew she was still alive, he’d probably still be after her.”

After wandering around the fair, going on rides, playing games, and eating food, Harry and Dora eventually left to get ready for the tournament. There was a long and, in Harry’s opinion, boring safety and rules lecture before they finally started the tournament. As he stepped out into the arena for his first match, he spotted his family cheering loudly. Even Jenna and Marlene joined in, Jenna clutching the giant stuffed Niffler that Sirius had won.

Harry’s first match was over quickly. His ability to cast silently let him make quick work of the Indian witch he faced. It was a while before Dora had her first match of the day. She did well, but she didn’t have nearly as easy of a time as he had. After a couple of minutes of slinging spells back and forth with the Chinese wizard she was competing against, Dora caught him with a Disarming Hex.

While Harry won all eight of his matches for the day, qualifying for the finals, Dora lost her third match against a Nigerian witch who didn’t even use a wand. She was a bit upset at that, and as he tried to console her, Harry was also bound and determined to learn how to cast magic without a wand.

Once the tournament was finished for the day, Sirius invited everyone out to a celebratory dinner. It ended up being a raucous affair, filled with jokes, laughter, and humorous stories from the adults' days at Hogwarts. Jenna was a quiet and shy girl just a year younger than Harry, but she slowly opened up to him and Dora as the night wore on.

Throughout the meal, Harry couldn't help but notice the way Sirius and Marlene gravitated towards each other.

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"Witches and wizards, it's time for the championship rounds!" the announcer yelled.

As the crowd cheered, the thin man with a curly black mustache, top hat, and bright red jacket grinned.

"First up, we have the under-sixteen championship bout," he continued once the noise died down. "Let's hear it for our two finalists! From Italy, we have Arturo Moretti, and representing the United States, we have Harry Potter!"

Harry stepped into the arena and stared at his opponent, a handsome second year with dark hair, hazel eyes, and a confident grin.

"And now, our special guest referee, a five-time former world dueling champion, Filius Flitwick!" the man announced.

Harry wasn't sure why, but his family and Marlene cheered loudly. He thought the name might be familiar, but he couldn't remember where he would have heard it from. A moment later, a tiny, smiling man walked out into the arena.

"Good day, gentlemen," Flitwick squeaked happily. "Let's keep this a clean fight, and good luck to both of you. Bow, retreat to your positions, and wait for my signal."

Harry and Arturo bowed, walked back ten paces, then turned to face each other. Holding his wand aloft, Flitwick glanced at both of them. A heartbeat later, red sparks shot from his wand.

Harry immediately circled to his right, out of the way of a shouted Disarming Hex, and began firing hexes as fast as he could.

“Protego!” Arturo yelled.

His shield formed solidly, but Harry grinned as he continued to rapidly fire disarmers, stunners, and leg-lockers. Quickly, Arturo’s shield started to flicker and die, just like the other opponents Harry had faced that managed to defend themselves. Unlike the others, however, when it did collapse, he got out of the way before Harry could end the match.

In the end, that did nothing more than prolong the inevitable. Harry was just too fast at casting, and Arturo, even as a second year, didn’t know any spells that Harry couldn’t deal with easily. After a bit of cat and mouse, he managed to corner Arturo and pelted his shield until it failed, and his wand was ripped from his hand.

“Stop!” Flitwick shouted surprisingly firmly.

He was so short and unobtrusive during the match that Harry had actually forgotten he was even there.

“Winner!” he yelled, pointing to Harry.

The crowd cheered, with Dora and Sirius being the loudest, whistling and stomping their feet.

“Let’s give it up to both of our finalists for that impressive performance,” the announcer said, walking over with a gold medal in his hands. “Witches and wizards, I give you your under-sixteen international dueling champion, Harry Potter!”

Bowing his head so the man could put the medal around his neck, Harry shook hands with Arturo and waved to the crowd, a grin on his face.

Chapter 8

(A/N: From this point forward, the MFBI will be renamed to the MIB, for Magical Investigation Bureau, and the MIB will be the MIA, for Magical Intelligence Agency. The Complete file has been changed to reflect this, but the individual chapters haven't just yet. I'll get to them at some point, hopefully soon. I think this will make more sense with the MIB being referred to as the Men in Black compared to what I previously wrote.)

Harry stumbled out of the floor and once again braced himself for a painful meeting with the concrete floor of the Washington D.C. Union Station. However, instead of meeting the unforgiving floor, he felt like he'd landed on a nice fluffy mattress. Peeking open first one eye and then the other, he pushed himself up, watching as the floor sank under his hands in a way that was indicative of a Spongify Charm. Looking up, he smiled at the tall, dark-skinned man standing over him, wand in hand.

"Thanks, Frank," Harry smiled.

"Good morning, Harry," Frank replied before turning his gaze back to the platform.

Grabbing his trunk, Harry moved out of the way just a moment before Dora stepped out of the Floo. She walked out perfectly fine and sent a small smirk in his direction when she spotted him dusting off his clothes. The moment she stepped on the Spongify Charm, she stumbled and windmilled her arms. With a squawk, she dropped her trunk and landed on her butt. Fortunately, she was still on the Charm when she did.

"Hey, Frank," Dora greeted him with a sigh. "I take it this was your handiwork?"

"It was," Frank said, reversing the Charm and helping her to her feet. "My apologies, Tonks."

"No problem," Dora smiled. "I'm used to falling. Oh, wait until you see Sirius. You're going to love this."

Harry snickered to himself as he grabbed a cart and loaded their trunks onto it. Ted stepped out of the Floo next, followed by Andi and, finally, Sirius. In contrast to his normally scruffy, unbothered appearance, he'd trimmed his goatee, his hair was moused back, and he smelled strongly of the cologne Dora and Harry had gotten him for Christmas several years ago. As far as they were aware, it was the first time he'd actually worn it.

Instead of his MIB suit, Sirius wore black slacks, a dress shirt, and a blazer. He'd deliberately taken the day off from work, and while he told the family that it was so he could see Harry and Dora off to school, they were convinced it was because he couldn't shut up about seeing Marlene again.

The two had been exchanging letters by owl every couple of days since they'd gotten back from the Dueling tournament. When the family owl, Archimedes, had gotten too exhausted to keep making the trip after two weeks of back and forth from Nevada to New York, Sirius managed to cajole Levina into delivering it for him. When Marlene notified him that his last letter had arrived soaked from a sudden thunderstorm that had knocked out power for several hours, he hadn't tried again. Instead, he went out and bought a short-eared owl that they'd named Plato. He was specifically bred to fly long distances.

Sirius tried to argue he'd gotten him to make the flights to Salem, but no one believed him.

"Morning, Frank," Sirius said, patting the larger man on the shoulder distractedly as he gazed around the platform.

"Good Morning," Frank said, arching an eyebrow over the top of the frame of his black sunglasses.

“We got here early. I don’t think she’s here yet,” Dora told him.

“What? Who?” Sirius replied quickly, turning away from the platform. “I wasn’t looking for anyone. I was just, you know, making sure there weren’t any problems.”

“Uh-huh, sure,” Harry said, looking around his shoulder. “Oh, look, there she is. Hi Marlene!”

Sirius’ head snapped around so fast his neck popped. As he looked around excitedly, Harry and Dora burst into laughter. Realizing he’d been played, Sirius folded his arms over his chest and grumbled softly to himself. With a chuckle, Ted clapped him on the shoulder and led him onto the platform. The adults took seats and chatted with the other parents they knew while Harry and Dora went to catch up with their friends.

Harry had just greeted Amanda with a hug and an appreciative glance that earned him a wink when Dora elbowed him. At first, he thought she was just trying to get them to stop flirting, but then he noticed her nodding her chin towards the Floo. Following her gaze, he grinned as he watched Marlene and Jenna step onto the platform.

Sirius had spotted them as well. Standing up suddenly, he ran a hand through his hair, took a nervous breath, and plastered a roguish grin on his face. Grabbing Dora by the hand, Harry darted behind one of the pillars so they could listen in.

“Marlene!” Sirius yelled, smiling widely.

“Hello, Sirius,” Marlene greeted him with a smile as they met in the middle of the platform. “Look at you all cleaned up. What poor woman do you have your sights set on today?”

“Oh, no one,” Sirius said, running a hand through his hair again. “Just decided it was time to look a little more professional for work, you know? You look great, too, by the way. Hi, Jenna. Excited to start at Ilvermorny?”

Smiling shyly, Jenna nodded.

“She’s a bit nervous,” Marlene said, smiling softly at her daughter. “Are Harry and Tonks around? I was hoping to ask them if they’d show her around the school a bit when she gets there.”

“They should be around here somewhere,” Sirius said, looking over his shoulder.

Sharing a look, Harry and Dora shared a mischievous grin as they stepped out from around the pillar.

“We’re right here,” Dora said, grinning.

Walking up to Jenna, she wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

“Why don’t Harry and I introduce you to some of our friends while these two catch up?” she asked. “It’s been what, a whole three days since Sirius wrote her a letter. I bet he has so much new stuff to tell her.”

“That’s a great idea. Why don’t you two introduce her to your friends? Now,” Sirius said with a pointed look.

“Sure,” Dora grinned, leading Jenna away. “Oh, and Sirius just bought a special long-distance owl if you ever need to send a letter home. He’s really fast.”

Harry smirked as Sirius glared at the back of her head.

“Hey, Sirius, since you took the whole day off from work, could you ask the guy at the bookstore if they can order that dueling book for me, and I’ll pick it up on the first Salem visit?” he asked.

“Sure, kiddo,” Sirius said, pushing him away and blushing slightly as Marlene arched her brow.

Grinning, Harry walked away.

“So, this is to look more professional at work, is it?” Marlene asked just before he was out of earshot.

~

Two months into the school year, at half past two in the morning, Harry crept out of his bed. Dressed in all black, he silently unlocked his trunk, opened a hidden compartment in the back, and pulled out a sleek, polished black broom with a wristwatch strapped to the handle. Closing his trunk softly and locking it back up, he snuck down to the common room, peeking around the corner to make sure it was empty. When he saw no one, he pulled a black balaclava from his pocket and donned it before making his way over to the nearest window.

Harry was hit by a blast of winter air that made him shiver before mounting his broom. The built-in Protective Charms wrapped around him, blocking out the cold and wind as he flew outside, closing the window behind him with a casual flick of his wand. Practically invisible against the dark, moonless sky, he headed out towards the Atlantic at incredible speed. Staying low to the ground, he turned South as soon as he hit the coast.

He deliberately stayed under the sound barrier so he didn’t give himself away too soon. It took him just under half an hour to fly the four hundred and sixty miles to his destination. Pulling up sharply, Harry turned west and accelerated, rattling windows in Delaware as he rapidly passed

over the state. Just as he was nearing the center of Washington, D.C., two riders on Lockheed X-87 brooms rose rapidly to meet him. In moments, they were pacing him on either side.

“HALT!” one of them shouted, his voice carrying over the wind thanks to an Amplification Charm. “UNITED STATES AURORS! STOP NOW, OR YOU WILL BE FIRED UPON!”

Harry grinned under his balaclava. It was time to find out what his new broom was made of.

Leaning forward, he accelerated hard, forcing the Aurors to do the same. As they pushed the speeds higher, Harry glanced down at the watch he’d strapped to the handle of the broom. Rather than keep track of the time, this watch kept track of his speed. Michelle had helped him design it, though he doubted she expected him to use it like this. The hour hand told him what Mach he was at, the minute hand the points, and the second hand marked his altitude in increments of one thousand.

He knew Lockheed had improved his design at least slightly as he watched their speeds increase to Mach two-point-five.

“YOU CAN’T OUTFLY US! STOP NOW!” the Auror shouted.

Smirking, Harry pushed his broom harder. As the X-87s started to buck and slow as they neared Mach three, he kept accelerating. He could have gone even faster, but he wasn’t done testing his broom quite yet. A red, sizzling, Stunning Hex sailed harmlessly over his shoulder as Harry pulled the nose up and started to climb rapidly. The Aurors followed, their hands too busy controlling their brooms to keep casting.

Higher and higher, they climbed, rocketing towards the low-lying cloud cover. As the second hand ticked closer to one on the watch face, denoting ten thousand feet, he glanced over his shoulder. One Auror had already pulled off, but the other was doggedly pursuing him. As they passed eleven thousand feet, the Auror began to shake his head, his broom weaving slightly in the air. Unfortunately for him, it looked like Lockheed hadn’t thought to incorporate a Bubblehead Charm into the shield.

Just as his watch ticked past twelve thousand feet, the Auror lost consciousness and fell from his broom. With a curse, Harry stopped and wheeled around to chase after him. He wanted to test his broom, not get an Auror killed. Diving down, he rapidly caught up to the man. Before he could reach out to grab him, the man's body twisted and warped into nothingness.

Harry blinked in surprise before quickly realizing that he must have been wearing a protective talisman. Before he could contemplate the man's safety further, another Stunning Hex flew over his head. In his dive, he'd gone low enough for the other Auror to catch up to him, and he'd brought five of his friends.

Deciding that it was time to leave, Harry turned East and pushed his broom to accelerate. The Aurors kept up for about a minute before he began to out-strip them. By the time he hit Mach three, they were nothing but specks in the distance. As he continued East, more riders rose to meet him. While his broom was more than fast enough to outrun them, he didn't want to get caught like that MIA agent by being too predictable.

Knowing he had an absolute altitude advantage, he climbed to thirty thousand feet to be safe and continued flying, pushing his broom towards Mach four. Harry reached the coast faster than he expected and smiled when he spotted a roiling grey cloud with flashes of lightning in the distance.

"Perfect," he said, smiling to himself.

Flying inside the cloud, he pulled straight up and stepped off his broom, holding it to the side with one hand. His momentum carried him up past forty-five thousand feet, giving him a glimpse of the top of the fluffy grey cloud and the calm, starlit sky above before he fell back down into the growing tempest.

After several seconds, Harry heard a warbling cry and turned over to face the ground as he smiled. A large, grey, shadowy figure dove under him before pulling up to meet his falling body. He landed lightly on Levina's back as she leveled out, a flash of lightning lighting her up for just a moment.

“Woo!” Harry whooped. “Nice catch! Let’s go home, girl!”

With a thrill, Levina banked to the side and headed back to Salem.

~

“I’m sorry, sir,” a young, bespeckled wizard said, looking up from the screen in front of him. “He’s gone.”

“What do you mean he’s gone?” a man in his late fifties asked, his forehead wrinkled in consternation.

“We lost him in the storm,” the young man replied. “There’s nothing on radar or the magic detector. I think the weather might be interfering with the signal. Aurors are on the way to investigate.”

“Alert me the moment they find anything,” the older man said, straightening up and smoothing out his suit. “I need to go brief the president.”

“Yes, sir,” the young man replied.

~

When the storm reached Salem, Harry gave Levina an affectionate pat on the neck and rolled off of her back. Falling through the air, he mounted his broom but didn’t actually begin flying until he was dangerously close to the ground. He flew straight back to the school and opened the common room window with a flick of his wand. No one was there to see as he landed

almost silently and pulled off his balaclava. Grinning to himself, he crept up the stairs, put away his broom, and changed into his pajamas before crawling into bed.

The missed sleep he would suffer the next day was well worth the night he'd had. Maybe next time, the MIA wouldn't be so quick to risk invading someone else's airspace now that they knew someone could do it to them, too.

The next morning, Harry groggily made his way down to breakfast.

"Rough night?" Dora asked as he took the seat next to her.

"I got engrossed in my new dueling book," he muttered as an excuse. "I think I got three hours of sleep, maybe."

"At least you were studying for once," Michelle said, taking a bite of her toast.

"I study," Harry said defensively. "I just skip over the boring stuff."

Michelle shook her head and opened a book on Transfigurations, Harry's worst subject. He was sure she did it on purpose to tease him.

"Mr. Potter."

Turning, he found Professor Wilkinson standing behind him.

"Good morning, professor," Harry smiled.

“Good morning,” the professor smiled. “I’m sorry to pull you away from your breakfast, but the Headmistress has asked to see you.”

“Me?” Harry asked, desperately trying to hide his nervousness. “Do you know why?”

“Someone from the government wants to talk to you,” Professor Wilkinson answered.

Nodding, Harry got to his feet, reminding himself that there was no way they could know it had been him on that broom for sure. The fact that they were asking to see him and not placing him in cuffs was a pretty good indicator of that. He followed Professor Wilkinson through the school to Professor Turner’s office.

As they entered, Harry found a witch and wizard waiting for him with the Headmistress. One was a severe-looking man with short, cropped hair that was greying around the temples. He wore Auror robes, had steel grey eyes, and a shrewd gaze. The woman was in her thirties with blonde hair and a substantial bust. Looking to be in her early thirties, she was quite pretty, and the crest on the breast of her robes marked her as a member of the Magical Congress.

“Good morning, Harry,” Professor Turner smiled. “Thank you for coming. This is Mark Majors of the MIA and Congresswoman Natalie Powers. They wanted to talk to you about that broom of yours.”

“Sure,” Harry said, hiding his nervousness as he took a seat.

“Hello, Harry,” Natalie said with a pretty smile. “First of all, I just want to congratulate you for making such an impressive broom at such a young age. It’s really quite the accomplishment.”

“Thanks,” Harry said, though he felt like he was being talked down to.

"I'm sure you've heard about that incident we had with Russia last year," Natalie continued, crossing her legs and folding her hands in her lap. "Since one of our MIA agents was captured, Lockheed has been hard at work trying to improve the design you gave them. Unfortunately, they haven't had much luck. This morning, the president offered a one hundred thousand Galleon reward to any broom company that could make something better. As I'm sure you can understand, we want to continue to keep our agents safe. Normally, we wouldn't make this offer to a private citizen, but since you created the broom in the first place, I was able to convince the Secretary of State to let us make the same offer to you."

"A hundred grand to make a broom better than the one I made last year?" Harry asked incredulously.

"It would have to be better than the X-87," Mark replied, meeting his gaze firmly. "This is no joke. We need a broom that can reach a minimum speed of Mach four and an altitude of thirty-five thousand feet."

Harry rubbed his hand over his mouth to stop himself from grinning. They weren't here because they thought that broom rider from the night before was him. They thought Russia had reverse-engineered the broom they'd captured and made it better. Now, they were coming to him to essentially beat himself; they just didn't know it.

It was a good thing he hadn't pushed his new broom to the limit. He was more than capable of giving them a broom that could do what they wanted, and that still wouldn't beat his own. Better yet, they would fund research he'd already done on his own.

Somehow, Harry had unintentionally started an arms race for a broom that the US would be too scared to use again and that he'd already designed. If the government did try something stupid again, he'd just have to give them another scare. And, maybe next time, he wouldn't be so quick to fix their problem. He wasn't above using this opportunity to punish them for misusing his design in the first place, but he wasn't going to give them anything too good. He didn't trust them enough for that. Still, if he could use that money for his own private research...

"I think I could do that," he said, working to keep a straight face.

Dora was going to freak out when he told her about this.

~

Harry and Dora sat in the Great Hall with their friends, talking about their plans for Christmas break. While the professors put up decorations in the background, Jenna and Michelle joined them. The two had become quite close friends over the past few months. As Harry greeted the girls, Plato circled overhead and landed lightly on Dora's shoulder. A moment later, another owl landed in front of Jenna.

Dora gave Plato a treat before ripping open the letter. She skimmed it quickly before letting out a snort.

"What?" Harry asked.

"Well, Mom definitely thinks you're up to no good," Dora smirked. "She told me to keep an eye on you."

Amanda scoffed, "Keep an eye on him? You usually encourage him."

"Not always," Dora said, giving Harry a pointed look.

She'd been quite mad at him for a few days after he'd told her about his little nighttime game of cat and mouse with MIA Aurors. She'd gotten over it quickly, though, and shared a hearty laugh with him afterward when he finally got to tell her what happened in Professor Turner's office.

"Oh!" Dora exclaimed, a smirk twisting her lips. "And Sirius would like to know if either of us has a problem with Jenna and Marlene staying with us for Christmas."

"Really?" Harry asked, grabbing the letter. "There's no way they're not dating."

"I know, right?" Dora asked, then turned to Jenna and looked at her questioningly.

"My Mom asked the same thing," Jenna said, handing her the letter she'd received.

"Oh yeah, they are definitely dating," Dora said with a grin as she read it. "We need to come up with a way to mess with them."

"Why?" Jenna asked.

"Because it's fun," Harry shrugged.

"And to punish them for not just telling us they're dating," Dora said. "I bet they're waiting until we get home for break to tell us."

"They probably didn't want to tell you in a letter, so you had less time to think of a prank," Amanda pointed out.

"Semantics," Dora said, waving away the perfectly valid point.

"That's not-" Michelle cut herself off when she noticed Dora's smirk and pinched the bridge of her nose with a sigh.

~

A couple of weeks later, Harry, Dora, and Jenna stepped off of the Ilvermorny Express and onto the Union Station platform. While Harry gathered the trunks, the girls greeted their parents.

“How was school?” Marlene asked, hugging her daughter tightly.

“It was great!” Jenna smiled. “Harry showed me all around the school, told me about the classes and professors, and helped me make a few friends.”

“That’s wonderful,” Marlene said, smiling softly.

As Harry approached with the cart loaded with all three trunks, he grinned at Sirius, who he noticed was standing suspiciously close to Marlene.

“Hey, kiddo,” Sirius grinned, pulling him into a hug. “Stay out of trouble?”

“Define trouble,” Harry grinned.

Chuckling, Sirius messed up his hair.

“Excuse me, Mr. Potter, Mr. Black?” A young man with a camera asked as he approached them cautiously. “I’m Ben Willer from Wizing Times. I’m doing a report on how you won the new broom contract. Would it be alright if I got a picture and maybe asked you a couple of questions?”

Sirius looked to Harry, who shrugged uncaringly.

"I think we can spare a couple of minutes," Sirius smiled.

"Great," Ben grinned, bobbling his camera nervously as he snatched it from around his neck.

Grinning, Sirius slung his arm over Harry's shoulders.

"Jenna said you helped her get settled at Ilvermorny," he said softly. "Thanks for looking after her. I know it means a lot to Marlene."

"No problem," Harry grinned. "Jenna's great. We really get along."

"I'm glad to hear it," Sirius said, smiling happily.

"Smile," Ben called, raising the camera to his eye.

"I've been thinking about asking her out," Harry said.

The picture of Harry grinning while Sirius turned to him with a horrified look could be found on page six of the Wizing Times the next day, along with a small article about Harry.

~

Across the ocean, the small article was picked up and reprinted by the Daily Prophet. In a large manor, a man with greying, straw-colored hair, and pale blue eyes paused on the photo. His eyes blazed with fury as he stared at it. But he wasn't looking at the Boy-Who-Lived. He was staring at the brunette in the background.

“Grunt!” he shouted.

With a pop, a small, emaciated, and terrified House Elf appeared next to him.

“Y-yes, Master?” he squeaked.

“Pack my things and take them to the house in America!” the man barked furiously.

“R-right away, M-master,” the elf said, bowing even as he shook fearfully.

He vanished with another pop, leaving Titius to fume silently as he stared at the picture in the paper. His chair scraped loudly across the wooden floor as he stood abruptly and hurled his teacup at the wall, where it shattered on impact.

“I’m going to kill that bitch,” he growled.

Chapter 9

Just a couple of days before the kids were set to return to school, Marlene and Jenna Floored home to pick up a few things they needed. While they were gone, Sirius, Andi, and Ted called Harry and Dora into the kitchen.

“What is this?” Dora asked. “Some kind of intervention. Harry hasn’t started huffing broom polish, has he?”

Harry rolled his eyes and poked her in the side as they took seats at the table.

"No, nothing like that," Sirius said, looking uncharacteristically, well, serious. "I want to know what you two think about Marlene and Jenna moving in with us."

Harry and Dora turned to look at each other and blinked.

"Five Galleons says she's pregnant," Harry said.

"You're on," Dora agreed, shaking his hand.

Ted covered his mouth and snorted while Sirius sputtered.

"She's not pregnant!" he exclaimed.

"She's not," Andi agreed. "I checked."

"Damn," Harry muttered.

Pulling five Galleons out of his pocket, he handed them to a smirking Dora.

"Can you two take this seriously for one minute?" Sirius asked exasperatedly.

Harry and Dora turned to look at each other and grinned.

"No," they replied in unison.

Sirius threw his hands in the air frustratedly while Ted and Andi laughed.

"You know this is your own fault, don't you?" Andi asked with a smirk.

Groaning, Sirius dropped his head onto the table with a dull *thud*.

"I know," he muttered pitifully.

"I take it by your lack of protest that neither of you mind Marlene or Jenna moving in with us?" Ted asked.

"Course not," Dora said.

"Not at all," Harry grinned.

~

The rest of the school year passed quietly, for the most part. Dora panicked slightly with her LAMPS coming up at the end of the year, but with help from her friends and Harry, she was more than prepared by the time they came around.

After heading home for the Summer, Harry and Dora started training in earnest for the upcoming U-21 International Dueling Tournament. Surprisingly, it was being held in the same place as it had been the year before.

"America gives the Tournament the most funding, so they get to choose the location," Andi explained when Harry asked curiously. "It's been held here since the nineteen-fifties. It doesn't get nearly as much international support as the World Dueling Tournament."

"It really is a shame," Ted added. "You'd think with how big the World Dueling Tournament is, there'd be more interest in up-and-coming talent."

Getting in line to sign up for the Tournament, Harry smirked when he watched Sirius' eye follow a stunning blonde who looked to be there with her equally stunning daughter. Rolling her eyes, Marlene elbowed him in the ribs.

"What!?" he hissed. "They're Veela! I can't help it!"

"I don't mind you looking, but the drooling is a bit much," Marlene smirked.

Harry and Dora laughed as Sirius raised his hand to his mouth. When he didn't find any drool, he huffed good-naturedly and crossed his arms. When the people in front of them moved out of the way, Harry and Dora moved up to sign in.

"Sirius, look! There's Filius!" Marlene said excitedly.

Harry looked over and spotted the diminutive man talking to Professor Wilkinson near the entrance to the dueling tent. As a group, they walked over and greeted the two men happily.

"Hello everyone, it's lovely to see you again," Flitwick said happily.

As Marlene bent over to hug him, Harry unashamedly gazed at her bum. Scowling, Sirius smacked his arm lightly.

"What?" Harry asked, shrugging his shoulders defensively.

"Will you stop checking out my girlfriend?" Sirius asked.

"It's not my fault you bagged a hot one," Harry said.

"Oh, stop it," Marlene said, wrapping her arm around his waist. "If you're allowed to look, then so is Harry."

"I feel like I've just taken a Time-Turner back to the seventies," Flitwick chuckled. "I remember you and James having many a similar argument at Hogwarts."

"Oh no, James had nothing on Harry," Marlene smiled. "James caused trouble. Harry causes international incidents."

"That was only once," Harry said defensively.

"I'd love to hear that story," Flitwick grinned. "The Potters are known for being quite the handful. Minerva has told me some quite thrilling tales about your grandfather. Tell me, Boris, how do you deal with it?"

"I just try to direct his energy into something productive," Professor Wilkinson smiled. "It's certainly a challenge at times."

"Oh, have we got some stories to tell you," Sirius grinned.

Harry sighed, knowing it was pointless to try and stop his Godfather. He'd spent far too long teasing him about Marlene to gain any leniency. Rather than stick around to listen to them laugh at his expense, Harry took Dora and Jenna to explore the fair. For a couple of hours, they went on rides, played games, and even managed to win a few prizes. He found he was quite good at a game where you had to banish small, red rubber rings onto a wooden dowel a few feet away.

Dora and Jenna were both clutching stuffed Hippogriffs by the time they left for the safety briefing. Afterward, they met the adults in the stands to watch the first matches get underway. Harry's first match was the third of the day and pitted him against an Armenian witch with an affinity for the Bludgeoning Hex. After blocking it just a couple of times, his arm began to ache.

Fortunately, he was able to end the match quickly after that. His ability to cast silently still offered him an insurmountable advantage.

“You won’t always be able to beat your opponents so easily,” Professor Wilkinson warned when he rejoined them in the stands. “I wish I’d been able to come last year. I’d have asked them to move you up to the under-eighteen bracket if I knew it was this easy for you.”

“Why didn’t you come last year?” Andi asked curiously.

“My sister was ill,” Professor Wilkinson replied before turning back to Harry. “Next year, we need to focus on technique and expanding your spell knowledge. It won’t matter if you can cast silently if your opponent uses a spell you’re unfamiliar with.”

“Very true,” Flitwick nodded. “I once dueled an Egyptian wizard in the semi-finals that nearly beat me because he used an obscure spell. It was only my intensive study of Charms that allowed me to deduce what the spell did and figure out a way to counter it.”

Dora left a few moments later to get ready for her first match. Her opponent was a German wizard who had placed well the year before but whom she hadn’t faced. It was clear from the outset that he outclassed her right from the beginning. Dora was forced to dodge, dive, and shield furiously just to stay in the match.

“Oh no,” Andi sighed. “She’s going to be so disappointed if she loses her first match.”

“It’s not over yet,” Flitwick smiled. “Look, he’s starting to tire.”

Harry watched closely as the German wizard slowed his intense pace, sweat dripping from his brow as he panted for air.

“He got too overconfident,” Flitwick pointed out. “He thought he could finish her quickly and used up too much of his energy. A rookie mistake, but one every duelist makes in their career.”

The German wizard continued to slow, his movements becoming gradually more sluggish, giving Dora a chance to fight back. While she was physically tired, her magic was as strong as ever. When she let out a barrage of Hexes and Curses, the German barely had the strength left to raise a shield. It took three spells before finally failing. Dora's follow-up spells plowed through, leaving him tied up, tongue-tied, and petrified before he even hit the ground.

Grinning, Harry jumped to his feet and cheered, competing with Sirius to see who could be the loudest. Dora was ecstatic to have won, jumping up and down with a grin as her hand was raised.

"That was amazing," Harry said, hugging her tightly when she joined them in the stands.

"I can't believe I won," Dora grinned. "He came in third last year, and I didn't even make the top eight."

"Wonderfully done, Ms. Tonks," Flitwick smiled. "Never underestimate sheer determination. Even when facing a superior opponent, victory is always attainable if you want it bad enough."

"I might just have two champions this year," Professor Wilkinson grinned.

"Don't get used to it," Flitwick chuckled. "I may have a student of my own entering next year."

"Really?" Marlene asked. "Who?"

"Ah, that, my dear, will have to be a surprise," he smiled.

Harry and Dora had two more matches, both of which they won before the Tournament broke for lunch. As they ate, the Veela mother and daughter walked past, once again distracting Sirius.

"I see you've taken an interest in the French competition," Flitwick joked.

"More like the French opponent's mother," Marlene smiled, shaking her head.

"Do you know them?" Andi asked.

"Only in passing," Flitwick replied. "Fleur Delacour is one of Beauxbatons' most promising students."

"Delacour?" Sirius asked. "I feel like I've heard that name before."

Harry smirked and opened his mouth to speak, only to receive a kick in the shin from his Godfather. Dora snickered as he grunted and rubbed his leg under the table.

"Her parents, Apolline and Martin Delacour own one of the largest wineries in the Magical world," Flitwick told him. "I'm afraid I don't know much about her dueling outside of what we've seen today. I believe this is her first year competing."

"She wasn't here last year," Dora said. "Sirius would've definitely noticed if she was."

"Hey!" Sirius protested.

Smiling, Marlene patted his arm consolingly.

"If you're done making fun of Sirius, we should get back to the Tournament," Andi said, standing up.

"I need to go to the bathroom first," Marlene said.

"Me too," Harry added.

"We'll meet you back in the tent," Sirius said, kissing Marlene's cheek.

Harry and Marlene stood and made their way down a small dirt path. At the end sat two large tents that housed the bathrooms. As Harry turned to go into the Men's room, he glanced over and noticed two men approaching Marlene from behind. They met her between the two tents, and he caught a flash of red before he saw her body go limp. Harry's adrenaline started to race as he drew his wand.

"Hey!" he shouted, chasing after them.

The men ignored him, continuing to drag Marlene between the tents and out of view. Harry pushed his way through the crowd, bumping into a man as he rounded the corner. He never saw the man raise his wand before his world went black.

~

"Harry," a voice hissed.

Someone was shaking him awake. Groggily, Harry blinked his eyes open and rolled over onto his back. He was in a small, dark basement with only a tiny window letting in light. Bars like a prison cell surrounded him, causing a moment of panic. Sitting up, he looked at Marlene's pale, worried face as he remembered what had led up to him being there.

"What happened?" he asked, getting to his feet. "Where are we?"

"I don't know," Marlene said, rubbing her arms. "I just woke up. The last thing I remember is going to the bathroom. Someone grabbed my arm, and then I woke up here."

“Yeah,” Harry said, nodding his head. “Two men came up behind you and stunned you. I tried to stop them, but I guess there was more. I never even saw who stunned me.”

Suddenly, a door opened, and they heard footsteps coming down the stairs. A moment later, a dark-haired, bearded man reached the bottom and smiled at them with yellowed, crooked teeth.

“Ah, you’re awake,” he said.

Harry immediately took note of the man’s British accent.

“What do you want?” Marlene asked.

“Nothin’ you can give me,” the man said.

Reaching up to a shelf along the wall, he pulled down a silver goblet. Harry’s heart leapt when he noticed his and Marlene’s wand sitting next to it. With a flick of his wand, he filled the goblet with water and handed it to Marlene.

“I don’t know what you did to piss off Nott, but he’s payin’ us a lot of gold to bring you to him,” the man chuckled.

“Nott?” Marlene gasped, her eyes going wide and her face losing what little color it had.

“Whatever he’s paying you, I’ll double it if you let us go,” Harry offered.

The man chuckled and shook his head.

"It's more than my life's worth to let you go," he said. "Besides, Nott's going to have to double his price once he finds out we have the girl *and* the Boy-Who-Lived. Just sit tight. You two aren't going anywhere."

"Wait!" Harry yelled as the man turned back towards the stairs and walked away. "A hundred thousand Galleons!"

The man paused halfway up the stairs and turned to him with a thoughtful look.

"Tempting," he said, cocking his head. "But still not worth it."

Harry's heart sank as the man continued up the stairs and closed the door. The lock sounded abnormally loud as it clicked into place.

"I can't believe he found me," Marlene muttered, sinking to the floor. "I'm so sorry, Harry."

"We can still get out of this," Harry said, his desperation building. "Our wands are right there on that shelf."

"How do we reach them?" Marlene asked dejectedly.

Harry didn't reply. Licking his lips, he reached his arm through the bars as far as he could and focused with all his might on calling his wand to him. After watching Dora duel that witch last year that didn't use a wand, he'd taken to reading up on the subject in his spare time. He knew the theory behind it, but he'd yet to actually try it himself.

Panic welled up inside of him as the seconds ticked by, and nothing happened. Nott was going to kill him. Kill them both. And there was nothing he could do about it.

Harry slammed his fist painfully into one of the bars and closed his eyes. He knew he had to calm down and focus if he was going to get out of there. Taking two calming breaths, he rubbed his fingertips together and opened his eyes. He focused solely on his wand, the need to have it in his hand becoming an all-consuming thought.

“Come on,” he whispered. “Come on.”

The wand twitched. Another spike of adrenaline surged through Harry’s system at the sight of his success. Focusing again, the wand twitched twice more before it rolled towards him and fell off of the shelf, landing on the cement floor a few feet away with a clatter.

Marlene gasped and looked to the stairs worriedly. Harry ignored his own fears and dropped to his knees as he continued to call the wand towards him. It trembled again and rolled across the floor as he reached out for it desperately.

Finally, he felt the wood touch his fingers, and he snatched it up off the floor, yanking it through the bars.

“You did it!” Marlene gasped quietly. “Can you unlock the door?”

Taking a deep breath to calm his racing heart, Harry nodded and aimed his wand at the lock.

“Alohomora,” he said.

The lock clicked open, and Marlene rushed forward to push open the door. The hinges squeaked loudly, causing both of them to freeze. They listened for the sound of running feet, but when none came, Marlene slipped through the gap and grabbed her wand from the shelf. Harry stepped outside of the cell and paused next to the stairs.

Slowly and carefully, he followed Marlene up to the top of the stairs, where they stopped and listened.

"You're sure it's him?" A deep male voice asked.

"Positive," another man replied. "If you want both, it's going to cost you triple."

"Don't be absurd. The boy's not worth that much to me," the first man replied. "I'll give you an extra ten thousand."

"For the Boy-Who-Lived?" a third voice scoffed.

Marlene backed away from the door and motioned for Harry to follow her as she crept back down the stairs.

"That's Nott," she said, pacing around as she fidgeted with her wand. "We either need to find another way out of here or try to ambush them as they come down the stairs."

Looking back at Marlene, his eyes trailed over the other things in the basement. He'd been so focused on his wand that he hadn't noticed until then that all of the potion ingredients were sitting on the shelf.

One of them, a pearly white powder, stuck out to him because of what he'd read about it in class.

Powdered Erumpent horn: Warning, extremely explosive. Handle with care.

"Check that window," Harry said, pointing behind her.

As she turned around, he took the bottle and cupped it in his hand. The window was high and small but looked big enough for them to squeeze through. Opened the window with her wand, Marlene looked outside.

“Can you give me a boost, and I’ll levitate you from the other side?” she asked.

“Sure,” Harry said.

Pocketing the Powdered Erumpent Horn, he stepped up beside her and bent down with his hands cupped. When she stepped on his palms, Harry lifted her up to the window and kept pushing as she crawled outside. While she squirmed to fit her curvy figure through the small gap, he stepped back and walked over to one of the beams supporting the floor above.

Harry took the Powdered Erumpent Horn out of his pocket and stuck it to the beam. Mentally, he thanked Sirius for teaching him pranking spells as he set a Delayed Explosive Charm on the glass bottle. It was a Charm designed to make a small bang to surprise or distract. In this case, Harry had a much bigger surprise in store for the people who tried to kidnap them.

“Harry!” Marlene hissed. “Come on! What are you doing?”

Stowing his wand in his pocket, Harry turned to the window. With a running leap, he grabbed the edge of the windowsill and pulled himself up. Marlene grabbed his wrists and pulled, hauling him through until they both spilled onto the grass.

“Let’s go,” Marlene whispered.

Harry followed her as they walked towards a road visible a short distance away. They were in a fairly rural area, but the yard was well maintained, and there were very few trees to use as cover.

“They’re gone!” someone shouted from the house.

“Run!” Marlene said urgently.

She took off at a sprint, and Harry kept pace right behind her. Looking over his shoulder, he spotted one of the men from the Tournament wrenching the back door open. Harry skidded to a stop and grinned as he aimed his wand toward the house.

“Harry!” Marlene yelled, realizing he wasn’t behind her.

“Defodio!” he yelled.

The explosion was bigger than Harry was expecting. All of the windows shattered, the frame rattled, and the first floor heaved upwards before collapsing into the basement. The man in the doorway stumbled backward and disappeared out of sight. Marlene and Harry watched, stunned, as the house creaked and groaned a moment before it collapsed.

“Holy shit,” Harry laughed.

“Come on, we need to go,” Marlene said, grabbing his wrist.

Together, they took off running for the road. When he heard wood cracking behind him, Harry slowed and turned around, a smile still on his face. The breath was knocked out of his lungs as a spell hit him in the stomach and threw him onto his back. Sucking in a breath, the first thing he noticed was a worrying lack of pain. The second was the blood soaking through his shirt near his belly button.

Lifting his head, he saw a man with straw-colored hair marching toward him. His robes were torn and covered in white dust. With a scowl, his eyes gleaming maliciously, he strode across the lawn.

“Harry!” Marlene screamed.

She tried to run back to him, but in the few extra steps she'd taken, she had ended up outside the wards.

"No!" she yelled, trying to force her way through. "Nott, don't you touch him! Take me! You can have me. Just let Harry go!"

Nott sneered at her. Raising his wand, Harry unleashed every curse and hex he could think of, but they were batted away like they were nothing.

"Crucio!" he shouted.

Harry screamed as the worst pain he'd ever experienced exploded through his body. Every inch of his skin felt like it was being stabbed over and over again by a thousand razor-sharp knives. It seemed to last hours before the curse was suddenly lifted. Harry barely had a moment to feel relief before his wand was ripped from his hand. Faintly, he could hear Marlene still screaming his name.

"Potter," Nott growled, standing over him. "I'm going to enjoy killing you."

Through his trembling from the curse and the fear surging through him, Harry spit on his robes.

"Go fuck yourself," he panted.

"Just for that, I'm going to make that bitch scream before she dies," Nott snarled.

Raising his wand, he aimed it at Harry's heart.

"Avada Kedav—"

His incantation was interrupted by the sound of the Wards shattering. A black blur slammed into Nott's chest and knocked him away so fast it looked like he'd vanished. Hearing a crash near the house, Harry lifted his head. Nott was pinned to a section of broken roof by a broom that protruded from his chest. Eyes wide and fearful, he gurgled as a thin line of blood leaked from the corner of his mouth. With a rattling gasp, he collapsed forward.

"Sirius!" Marlene shouted.

Harry tilted his head back and saw Sirius and Frank sprinting from the road.

"Marlene, are you alright?" Sirius asked worriedly.

"I'm fine, but Harry's hurt," she said, urging him to keep going.

"Don't worry, Healers are on the way," Sirius said, jogging over to Harry. "Frank, can you clear that house."

"There's two or three more inside," Harry said, leaning back to stare up at the sky as his godfather knelt next to him.

"Merlin," Sirius breathed as he looked him over. "I'm sorry, this is going to hurt, but I need to slow that bleeding."

Waving his wand, he conjured white bandages that wrapped around Harry's stomach.

"It doesn't hurt," Harry said, blinking back tears. "Sirius, I can't feel my legs."

Sirius froze, and Marlene gasped as she knelt down next to him and took his hand in hers.

"This is Agent Black. I need those fucking Healers now!" he barked into the badge on his lapel.

"It's okay, Harry," Marlene said, stroking his hair softly. "I'm sure they'll be able to patch you up."

Closing his eyes, Harry squeezed her hand as a tear slid down his cheek.

Chapter 10

Sirius' leg bounced anxiously as he sat in a chair in the hallway, watching as Healers rushed in and out of Harry's room. They'd yet to hear word of how he was doing, and the wait was killing him. Next to him, Marlene clutched his hand tightly, tear streaks marring her pale cheeks.

When the elevator opened a short distance down the hall, his hand instinctively reached for his wand, but he relaxed when he recognized familiar faces. Dora stumbled in her rush to get out, her short, mousy brown hair whipping around her face as she looked up and down the hall. Spotting Sirius, she led her parents over to him. Jenna broke away from the group at a dead sprint the moment she spotted her mother and collapsed into her arms.

"I'm fine, sweetheart," Marlene whispered as her daughter cried. "I'm all right."

"Where's Harry?" Dora asked worriedly.

"The Healers are still treating him," Sirius said. "He'll live, but... It looked like Nott's spell hit his spine."

Dora covered her mouth, her eyes tearing up before she turned and buried her face in Andi's shoulder.

“Harry’s tough,” Ted said, rubbing her back. “He’ll pull through just fine. You’ll see.”

“I’m so sorry,” Marlene said, tears starting to fall from her eyes as she clutched Jenna like a lifeline. “This is all my fault.”

“No, it’s not,” Sirius told her firmly. “It’s-”

“Mr. Black?”

Sirius stopped mid-sentence and turned sharply. A tall, thin Healer with short, grey hair looked down at him with a clipboard in his hands. The man had a sharp, prominent jaw and a pair of square glasses covering his bright blue eyes.

“Yes,” Sirius said.

“I’m Healer Powell. I’ll be treating Harry,” he replied in a calm, soothing tone.

“How is he?” Sirius asked anxiously while getting to his feet.

“He’s in rough shape,” Healer Powell admitted. “The Piercing Hex lacerated his large intestine, but the bigger issue is that it shattered two of his vertebrae. I’m afraid there was no chance of healing them, so we’ve had to vanish the bones entirely. He’ll be in for a long night while they regrow.”

“What about his legs?” Sirius asked with a touch of impatience and hope in his voice. “Will he be able to walk after you have regrown the bones?”

“Unfortunately, that’s a little less certain,” Healer Powell replied. “The majority of people who undergo this kind of procedure do regain the ability to walk after a year or two. However, about a quarter of patients can take far longer to recover, and a small percentage never regain full use of their legs. I’m sorry, but it all depends on how he responds to the treatment.”

“Can we see him?” Dora asked.

“Of course,” the Healer said, stepping aside so she could rush into the room before turning back to Sirius. “We’ll do the best we can. If you have any more questions, just ask the nurse to call for me.”

“Thank you,” Sirius nodded.

Healer Powell walked past them down the hall while Sirius and the others made their way into the room. Harry lay on the bed staring up at the ceiling, his face abnormally serious. Dora had taken the chair next to his bed and watched him worriedly, clutching his hand in both of hers.

“Harry?” Sirius called.

Blinking, he turned his head and perked up.

“Sirius! It’s about time,” Harry said, lifting his head and staring at him with a penetrating gaze. “How did he find us?”

Sirius was disconcerted by the question and his Godson’s unusual behavior. Licking his lips, he plastered a smile on his face.

“Don’t worry about that right now. Just focus on-”

“Sirius,” Harry interrupted firmly, almost angrily. “How?”

Taking a look at the young man, he held his unwavering gaze for a long moment before sighing and reaching into his pocket.

“We found this near the bathrooms,” he said, handing it to Harry.

Holding the newspaper clipping in his hand, Harry stared at the picture of himself and Sirius that had been taken at Union Station. In the background, Marlene could be seen over Harry’s shoulder, smiling and hugging Jenna.

“Damn it,” Harry muttered, dropping his head back onto the pillow.

“I had a pretty good idea what happened when we found this, so I used our trackers to look for any signs of magic from you,” Sirius explained. “Thank Merlin for Underage Tracking Charms.”

“Harry?” Marlene called softly. “I’m so, so sorry.”

“What? Why?” Harry asked sharply, his brow furrowed. “This isn’t your fault.”

“But he was after me,” Marlene said miserably.

“They were after me, too. They just didn’t know I’d be there,” Harry told her.

“How did you two escape, anyway?” Sirius asked, hoping to change the subject.

"That was Harry," Marlene said, smiling at him softly. "He was brilliant. He used Wandless magic to summon his wand and unlock the cell they were holding us in. I grabbed my wand, and we crawled out of the window."

"When did you learn Wandless magic?" Andi asked, taking a seat next to her daughter.

"I started reading up on it after Dora dueled that Nigerian witch last year," Harry replied, his eyes focused back on the ceiling. "I need to get better at it, though. It barely worked."

"But you escaped," Ted smiled. "That's the important thing."

Harry shrugged, his brow furrowed thoughtfully.

"And how did the house end up destroyed?" Sirius asked.

He noticed that even Marlene looked at Harry expectantly at that question.

"I saw some Powdered Erumpent Horn on a shelf," he told them. "I thought it would make a good distraction if they found us missing. I stuck it to one of the support beams and set a "

"I'd say it worked," Sirius smirked. "You practically leveled the place."

"Not well enough," Harry grumbled. "Nott survived. He dueled me like I was a first-year. Just slapped everything I cast aside like it was nothing and hit me with a spell I didn't even know how to stop."

Growling angrily, he slammed his fist on the bed and then winced in pain from the sudden movement.

“Harry, you can’t expect to take on a fully qualified wizard, let alone a Death Eater like Nott at your age,” Andi said, trying to soothe his anger. “You’re still young.”

“I don’t care!” Harry yelled. “I’m not going to let those fuckers hurt me or my family ever again!”

Andi was taken aback by the sudden shouting. Despite his attitude towards authority, Harry had never raised his voice to her before. It was a relief for Sirius to finally understand what was bothering him so much. He knew Harry was feeling the same fear, anger, and frustration he had during the war.

“Excuse me.”

They all turned to the young, pretty brunette nurse in the doorway.

“I’m Harry’s nurse, Natalie. It’s time for his potion,” she said, holding up a bottle of Skele-grow.

With a flick of her wand, she raised Harry’s bed so that he was sitting up and moved to stand next to him. Pouring a measured portion into a goblet, she passed it to him with a smile.

“Once you take this, you’ll have to remain flat on your back and stay as still as possible,” Natalie warned him. “The bones won’t grow right if you move around too much.”

Sighing, Harry nodded and took a mouthful of the potion. With a grimace, he swallowed hard and shivered.

“Urgh, this tastes like Yeti piss,” he said.

“Harry!” Andi exclaimed scoldingly.

“Oh, it’s fine,” Natalie smiled. “I’ve heard a lot worse.”

Downing the rest of the potion as fast as he could, Harry laid back. The nurse reclined the bed back into a flat position and covered him with the blanket.

“I’ll come back in a couple of hours with your Pain Relief and Sleep Potions,” she told him.

“When can I get out of here?” Harry asked.

“The Healer will let you know once your bones are grown back,” Natalie replied.

Sighing, Harry laid back and stared at the ceiling.

~

The next morning, Healer Powell waved his wand over Harry while everyone waited anxiously.

“Well, everything looks good,” he proclaimed. “The bones regrew nicely, and the nerves look good.”

“Does that mean I can go?” Harry asked hopefully.

Healer Powell pocketed his wand and smiled.

“Yes, you can go,” he chuckled. “I’m going to send you home with some Strengthening Potions to help your muscles heal faster. There’s also a belt you’ll need to wear. It’s enchanted to vanish any bodily waste every few hours. I’ll go sign your paperwork and have them send up a wheelchair.”

“Does he need any sort of brace to protect his back?” Andi asked.

“No,” the Healer said, shaking his head. “The worst of the damage is repaired. It’s just a matter of the nerves rebuilding the connection to the brain right now. He’ll be fine as long as he doesn’t take any more curses to the spine.”

“We certainly don’t plan on anything like this happening again,” Andi said with a stern look in Harry’s direction.

“What?” Harry asked defensively. “It’s not like I planned for it to happen the first time either.”

Dora snickered while her mother rolled her eyes. Healer Powell smiled and made a note on his clipboard.

“Any other questions?” he asked.

When no one had any, he turned and left the room. While they waited for his discharge, Andi magicked him into a fresh set of clothes.

"That was a Switching Spell, right?" Harry asked, to which Andi nodded. "I'll have to learn that soon."

"I'll teach you when we get home," she smiled.

A few minutes later, Natalie returned, pushing a wheelchair into the room. Parking it next to the bed, she set the brakes. Sirius made to help him, but Harry waved him off. Scooting to the edge of the bed, he heaved himself into the seat using the arms of the chair for support. His legs fell uselessly from the bed and dangled until he situated them properly.

"You're a pro at this already," Natalie said.

Flashing him a pretty smile, she turned around and handed the discharge paperwork to Sirius for him to sign. Harry was at the perfect height to check out Natalie's round bum in her crisp white uniform.

"Maybe this isn't so bad after all," he muttered with a smile.

"Perv," Dora muttered back, smacking his arm lightly.

Harry turned to her, grinning and wiggling his eyebrows until she giggled at his antics. Once the paperwork was signed, she wheeled him out of the room as they followed Sirius toward the elevator.

"Time to head home," Sirius sighed while pushing the button.

"Home?" Harry asked. "What about the tournament? If we get there soon, we can still catch the finals."

"Aren't you tired?" Andi asked.

"I'm fine," Harry replied. "Besides, if I get tired, I'm sure I can find someplace to sit. Oh, look!"

Dora snorted as he gestured to his wheelchair. Andi gave him an unimpressed look, but her lips twitched when she shook her head.

"Harry, I think Marlene would like to get home, too," Sirius said.

"It's alright, Sirius," she told him with a small smile. "Why don't you go with Harry? I'll take Jenna home. We'll be fine."

"Are you sure?" Sirius asked, his brow furrowed worriedly.

Nodding, Marlene whispered to him too softly for anyone else to hear. With a smile, Sirius turned and pressed a kiss to her lips.

"Alright," he said. "Looks like we're going back to the tournament."

~

Harry received a round of applause when Dora wheeled him into the stands of the arena. Smiling and waving to the crowd, they got settled just as the final rounds were announced.

"Harry!" Professor Wilkinson yelled, squeezing his way through the stands to sit next to them. "I didn't expect to see you back so soon. How are you?"

"I'm alright, but it looks like I'll be sitting this one out," he joked.

Snorting, Sirius shook his head and explained, in detail, how bad his injuries were. While Professor Wilkinson frowned and stared at him worriedly, Harry watched the under-sixteen championship match get underway. Flitwick was once again officiating as his final opponent from the year before, Arturo, faced off against a Brazilian witch. The match didn't take long, nor was it very exciting, but Arturo won in the end. Harry clapped with everyone else as the Italian wizard bowed to have the medal placed around his neck.

"I'm sorry to hear that," Professor Wilkinson said. "If you need any special arrangements at school, please let me know."

"I'll be fine," Harry said, waving off his concern.

Down in the arena, Fleur Delacour of France and Laszlo Barta of Hungary took up their positions for the under-eighteen championship match. This match was much more exciting, in Harry's opinion. While not all of the spells they cast were silent, the majority were, and he recognized the majority of them. Watching the gorgeous blonde outpace the Hungarian, he wondered how he would do against her.

"Professor?" Harry called. "What would I need to do to win in a wheelchair?"

"At dueling?" Professor Wilkinson asked, blinking in surprise at the question. "Well, you'd need to really work on your defense. With your limited movement, your shields would have to be impenetrable. We'd also need to work on your speed. By necessity, you'd have to be on the defensive more than most. That will leave you very small windows to get on the offense. It would be difficult but not impossible."

"You did say it was a bit too easy for me," Harry smirked. "Now I have a challenge."

Professor Wilkinson laughed, "That's certainly one way of looking at it."

Eventually, Fleur cornered Laszlo and disarmed him. Smiling, she accepted her medal graciously and rejoined her mother in the stands.

"I'll be right back," Harry said.

Ignoring the questions being thrown his way, he wheeled himself into the aisle and started making his way around the stands circling the arena.

"Excuse me... Pardon me... Sorry," he said as people were forced to lift their feet or stand to avoid having their feet run over by his wheels.

As he neared Fleur and her mother, a young girl looked up at him and gasped.

"Hey, Fleur," Harry smiled. "Congrats on your win."

"Merci," she replied while the little girl chattered away rapidly in French.

"Listen, would you duel me after the tournament is over?" Harry asked.

"You weesh to duel me like zis?" she asked, eyeing his wheelchair dubiously.

"Yeah," Harry shrugged. "I gotta test out the new wheels."

“Why not duel ze boy ‘oo just won?” Fleur asked, nodding to Arturo.

“Because I beat him last year, and I know I can beat him again,” Harry replied. “I need a challenge.”

Fleur blinked and exchanged a glance with her mother.

“Eef you are sure,” she said with a shrug.

“Great,” Harry grinned. “I’ll ask Flitwick to referee after the last match.”

When Harry started to wheel himself away, the little girl got louder and looked at her mother pleadingly.

“Monsieur,” the woman called. “Would you mind giving my daughter an autograph? She is a big fan of the ‘Arry Potter books.”

“Sure,” Harry shrugged. “She knows those are fake, though, right?”

“Oui,” she smiled while pulling the latest book out of her purse. “But she still loves zem. Does your family write zem?”

“Oh, no,” Harry chuckled. “Some woman in England does. I just collect the royalty checks. What’s your daughter’s name?”

“Gabrielle,” the woman replied.

Taking the quill she handed him, Harry wrote,

To my biggest fan, Gabrielle. Love, Harry Potter

Smiling, he handed the book to the little girl. Her mother translated his words into French, causing her to squeal excitedly. With a beaming smile, she lunged forward and hugged him, nearly falling into his lap. Harry laughed and hugged her back.

“Merci,” Gabrielle said, smiling up at him.

“You’re welcome,” Harry said before turning to Fleur. “See you after the finals?”

She gave him a warm smile and nodded. Spinning his wheelchair around, Harry made his way back to his seat.

“Excuse me... Sorry... Nice shoes,” he said as people lifted their feet out of the way again.

As he parked his seat next to Dora, Sirius looked over at him and grinned knowingly.

“I’m guessing by that smile on your face you got yourself a hot date,” he said, wiggling his eyebrows.

“Date?” Harry asked, confused. “No, I asked her for a duel. What good would a date do me? My dick doesn’t work.”

“Harry!” Andi hissed scoldingly. “And you really shouldn’t be dueling less than an hour after you got out of hospital.”

“What am I supposed to do?” Harry asked. “Sit around and feel sorry for myself?”

When she didn’t answer, he turned his attention to the match taking place in the arena. He’d missed the finalist’s names, but they were both very skilled. The match was much faster-paced than the others he’d watched so far. Not a word was said as they slung complex and powerful spells at each other with terrifying speed. Privately, he vowed to himself that he would get to that point. He wouldn’t stop until there wasn’t a witch or wizard in the world that would struggle to beat him in a duel.

After a fast and furious but short duel, a Romanian witch was crowned the under-twenty-one International Dueling champion. Harry barely waited for the applause to die down before he started wheeling himself towards the stairs.

“Harry!” Sirius yelped. “Slow down.”

Harry ignored him and bounced down the steps. He frowned when his wheels had trouble finding traction on the straw-covered ground, but he eventually got going.

“Hey, Flitwick!” he yelled.

“Ah, Mr. Potter,” Flitwick smiled. “It’s good to see you back. You had all of us quite worried yesterday. I hope this injury is only temporary.”

“Me too,” Harry said. “Listen, I asked Fleur if she would duel me for a bit of fun. Would you referee for us?”

“Now?” Flitwick asked incredulously, looking from him to Sirius. “Are you sure you don’t want to perhaps heal up first?”

"I'm as healed as I'm going to get for now," Harry said.

"You know, just because you can do something doesn't mean you should," Sirius said.

Harry and Flitwick both turned to look at him incredulously.

"Did I really just say that?" he asked, pointing to himself.

They nodded.

"Right, well, the Healer did say he would be fine as long as he didn't take another curse to the spine," Sirius said.

"I see," Flitwick said thoughtfully. "He'll have to have any protective gear approved before the next tournament, but since this is just an exhibition match, I can cast a localized Protective Charm."

"Okay," Sirius nodded. "Are you sure you want to do this, Harry?"

"I'm sure," Harry said firmly.

"Fine. While you do that, I'm going to get a drink," he said, grimacing. "Just saying those words left a bad taste in my mouth."

As Sirius walked away, Harry turned to the stands and waved Fleur down. Walking down the steps gracefully, she stopped next to them expectantly.

“Ms. Delacour,” Flitwick smiled. “I’ll be casting a localized Protective Charm around Mr. Potter’s spine to ensure he doesn’t aggravate his injury. Other than that, all standard rules apply. Is that acceptable to you?”

“Of course,” Fleur nodded.

“Good, why don’t you go take up your position,” he smiled.

When she turned to walk away, Harry took a moment to admire her round, swaying backside.

“You know, the view from down here isn’t so bad,” Harry quipped.

“No comment,” Flitwick muttered from behind him as he cast the Protective Charm on his back.

Harry was certain he could hear the smirk in the man’s voice.

“You’re all set,” he said a moment later, walking halfway between him and Fleur. “Duelists ready?”

Harry and Fleur nodded, their faces turning serious.

“On my mark,” Flitwick called.

There was a pause, and people who had been getting ready to leave retook their seats. After several seconds, red sparks shot from Flitwick’s wand. Harry went on the offensive immediately, casting as fast as he could at Fleur. She weathered the onslaught by twirling out of

the way gracefully and shielding when needed. When she came to a sudden stop, Harry's aim went wide, giving her the opportunity to return fire. He raised a shield and found himself trapped on defense.

Harry blocked and parried as fast as he could, but he could never get a break long enough to get back on the offensive. Fleur was calm and patient as she probed for weaknesses, looking for a way past his guard. He knew it was only a matter of time until she succeeded, but he couldn't think of a way to turn the tables.

Simple spells gave way to more complex Curses, Hexes, and Charms as Fleur continued to cast rapidly. Harry raised a shield and leaned sideways out of instinct when she aimed a Bludgeoning Hex at his head. The spell hit hard, and with his weight unbalanced, Harry's wheelchair tipped over. Grunting as he hit the ground, he pushed himself into a seat position and continued to defend.

He gritted his teeth in frustration and fought to keep himself upright as her spells slammed forcefully against his shields. Watching as her wand twirled through the air effortlessly, a sudden idea came to mind. When the next spell knocked him flat on his back, Harry reached out with his free hand and tried to pull her wand out of her hand.

Fleur looked down at her wand when it refused to move. Looking at Harry with an expression that was a mix of confusion and consternation, her eyes widened when he raised his wand. He tried to cast the Disarming Charm, but only a handful of red sparks fell limply from the tip. With a burst of magic, Fleur ripped her wand free of his magic grip and sent her own Disarming Charm in return. Harry tried to shield, but he was too slow getting his half-working body into position and watched helplessly as his wand shot from his grip. Tumbling end over end, it landed in the dirt halfway between the two of them.

"Stop!" Flitwick yelled. "Winner, Fleur Delacour!"

Closing his eyes, Harry collapsed on his back, panting.

“Fuck,” he grumbled.

While he took a moment to catch his breath, he heard footsteps rapidly approaching. Opening his eyes, he sat up as Sirius righted his wheelchair.

“You alright?” he asked worriedly.

“I’m fine,” Harry muttered unhappily. “My pride broke my fall.”

Sirius snorted and helped him back into his wheelchair. When he looked up, he spotted Fleur approaching him and smiled.

“Thanks for the duel, Fleur,” he said, holding out his hand. “This wheelchair is even worse for dueling than I thought.”

“Eet was my pleasure,” Fleur smiled, shaking his hand. “You were very impressive. I look forward to dueling you again.”

“Me too,” Harry said.

“If you’re done, can we go home so I can check on Marlene?” Sirius asked.

“You just don’t want to get caught staring at Fleur’s mom again,” Harry smirked.

Sirius sighed and looked at him tiredly while Fleur covered her mouth and giggled.

"We're going," Sirius said, pushing him away.

"Bye, Fleur!" Harry yelled, waving over his shoulder.

"Au revoir," Fleur called.

Chapter 11

The first few days after they returned home, Dora watched Harry carefully. She could see how hard it was for him to get used to being in a wheelchair. Sirius, Marlene, and her parents might see him cracking the same old jokes and crooked smiles as a sign that he was adjusting well, but she wasn't so easily fooled.

Dora noticed how he moved his broom to the closet and completely stopped working on it and how he would read about magic far beyond his level into the early hours of the morning. Even Levina seemed worried about Harry. The Thunderbird had taken to sleeping right outside his window, her large yellow eyes peeking in to check on him regularly. Dora knew something was different about him now, but she couldn't put it into words, making it impossible for her to talk to anyone about it.

As a result, it came as little surprise to her when Harry declined to invite anyone over for his Birthday. Sirius was convinced he didn't want anyone to think he was weak for being in a wheelchair, but that didn't feel right to Dora. After all, he had no problem dueling that French witch in front of an audience.

No, she was convinced it was something else, and she was determined to get to the bottom of it.

On July 31st, the family gathered around the pool for a small Birthday celebration. Harry sat with the girls around the pool while Ted and Sirius worked over the barbeque. Sipping a Butterbeer, he smirked as he watched Levina try unsuccessfully to sneak close enough to steal some meat from the grill.

“Shoo!” Sirius yelled, waving a spatula at her beak. “This isn’t for you. What does she even eat anyway?”

“Goats and the occasional coyote,” Harry replied.

“Coyotes?” Sirius asked incredulously.

Harry shrugged, “She eats a lot of fish, too,” he added. “It’s not really sporting, though. Using lightning seems a lot like fishing with Dynamite to me.”

Levina squawked at him indignantly and clacked her beak. With a cheeky grin, Harry raised his drink to his feathered friend and took a sip. Shaking his head, Sirius turned around to grab another Butterbeer of his own. The moment his back was turned, Harry flicked his wand, sending a half-cooked hamburger patty flying into Levina’s open beak. He and Dora chuckled when Sirius turned back around, none the wiser.

“You want to go for a swim?” she asked.

“No, you go ahead,” he told her, shaking his head.

“Oh, come on,” Dora whined. “You love swimming.”

“Yeah, when I can swim,” Harry said, glancing down at his dangling legs.

“Alright,” she said, sighing.

Harry smiled and went to take a sip of his Butterbeer when he felt her suddenly grab his wrists. He only got a glance at her grinning face before she threw her weight into the pool and dragged him in after her. His eyes closed as he was submersed in the cool water, and he found his face buried between two soft mounds. A couple of seconds later, Harry felt her arms wrap around his waist and drag him back up. As their heads broke the surface, he was intensely conscious of the way their bodies were pressed tightly together.

“Nymphadora!” Andi yelled. “Are you trying to drown him?”

Dora rolled her eyes, “He’s fine,” she replied.

“At least grab him a float,” Andi sighed.

Dora smirked in a way that everyone knew meant she was up to something.

“Two floatation devices coming right up,” she grinned.

Taking a deep breath, she stuck her thumb in her mouth and blew, puffing out her cheeks. Harry felt her breasts inflate and expand between them until they reached porn star proportions. Her black bikini was stretched to its limit, leaving only her nipples covered.

“Dick still broke?” Dora asked cheekily.

“Nymphadora!” Andi yelled again while Harry gave her a flat look. “You’re going to stretch out that swimsuit, and I’m not buying you another one!”

“Fine,” Dora said, rolling her eyes.

Her chest rapidly shrank back down to its normal size, and she swam Harry over to the side of the pool. While he held onto the edge to keep himself afloat, she grabbed her wand from the towel she'd been sitting on and waved it in his direction. Under the water, Harry's shorts inflated just enough to keep him neutrally buoyant. He still had to use his arms to keep his balance, but it didn't take nearly as much effort as keeping himself afloat.

"Better?" she asked.

"Much," Harry smiled.

Spreading his arms wide, he flung them forward as hard as he could, just beneath the surface of the water. A wave of way splashed Dora in the face, and Harry laughed while she sputtered. After she wiped the water from her face, Dora gave him a playful glare. Rushing forward, she jumped up and wrapped her arms around his head. Harry once again found his face trapped between her breasts while she pulled him under the water.

As she fell off of him and swam to the surface, he shot up and bobbed around like a cork, swimming frantically to keep his balance. Eventually, he lost his balance and ended up floating on his back, staring up at the clear blue sky. Dora swam over and used him to keep herself afloat with a snicker.

While they continued to horse around in the water, much to the amusement of Jenna and Marlene, Sirius began serving out burgers.

"Bugger," he muttered, counting in his head. "I could've sworn I made seven."

"I told you to make extras," Ted said, patting his shoulder.

Sighing, Sirius handed out plates to everyone else before throwing one more burger on the grill for himself.

Dora rolled her eyes as she levitated Harry off of the train. Once again, the girls had crowded around him to offer their sympathies.

“Watch your feet!” she yelled, setting him down gently.

Climbing off the train, Dora ignored the girls and sighed. The path leading to Ilvermorny was long, winding, and steep. She couldn’t help but let out a groan at the prospect of pushing Harry to the top.

“This is going to suck,” she muttered.

“Don’t worry,” Harry told her with a grin. “I got this.”

With a wave of his wand, his wheelchair moved forward under its own power. Several of the girls giggled and jogged to catch up with him, even though he was only moving at the speed of a brisk walk.

“Didn’t Sirius tell you not to charm your chair until you talked to Professor Wilkinson,” Dora said, smiling and shaking her head while Jenna giggled.

For a girl who never broke the rules, she sure enjoyed watching her and Harry do it.

“So?” Harry asked.

Dora rolled her eyes when she caught his moving from one ass to another as the girls talked and giggled in front of him. With a smirk tugging at her lips, she made her ass slightly rounder and thicker before racing in front of him.

“Then let’s see if you can keep up,” she said.

Waiting a few seconds, Dora glanced over her shoulder, and her smirk widened when she found Harry’s eyes glued to her ass. Throwing a bit of extra sway into her hips with each step, she led the way up to the school.

~

“This school has some real wheelchair accessibility issues,” Harry grumbled as he rolled into Professor Wilkinson’s Charms class.

“I’m sorry,” Professor Wilkinson replied with a frown. “Is there anything in particular that’s causing you problems?”

“Stairs,” Harry said. “You couldn’t help me make this thing fly, could you?”

The professor sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“I should’ve known,” he muttered. “And if I don’t, I suppose you’ll just try to do it yourself?”

“Well, I could...,” Harry said as if this was the first time the idea had occurred to him. “I mean, it can’t be that much different from a broom, can it?”

“Yes, it can,” Professor Wilkinson said sternly. “The last thing we need is you breaking your arms by crashing head-first into a wall. Stay after class, and we’ll talk about it.”

“Thanks, Professor,” Harry grinned before wheeling himself over to his seat.

Professor Wilkinson sighed and shook his head even as a smile tugged at his lips.

Unfortunately for Harry, Headmistress Turner was one step ahead of him. Before they could even start working on the enchantments, she stopped him as he left breakfast in the Great Hall the next morning.

“Mr. Potter, I understand you’re having trouble with the stairs?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” Harry said. “But I’ve already talked to Professor Wilkinson. We’re going to make my wheelchair fly so Dora doesn’t have to levitate me to class.”

“Yes, he told me,” Professor Turner smiled. “I think it’s an excellent idea. However, for safety, I’ve insisted he limit the height you can levitate to six inches above the floor. I’d rather not get another frantic Floo call from Professor Banks because you pushed yourself out of a third-story window again.”

“I was fine!” Harry protested. “It was just the fastest way down. I didn’t want to be late for class.”

“While your dedication to being punctual is admirable, I think a hovering wheelchair will allow you to get around the school just fine,” Professor Turner replied. “Have a good day, and be sure to let one of your professors know if you have any more issues. Preferably *before* you decide to take matters into your own hands.”

With a stern glance, the Headmistress turned and walked away, her staff clicking on the floor with every other step.

“Aw, man,” Harry groaned. “This sucks. Six inches? You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Grumbling under his breath, he started on his way to class. Behind him, Dora and Jenna shared a glance before following.

“How long do you think it’ll take for him to break whatever enchantments Professor Wilkinson puts on his chair?” Jenna asked.

Dora smirked, “I give it a month, tops.”

As it turned out, it only took Harry a week and a half to remove and recast the enchantments so he could truly fly the way he wanted to. While a part of Dora worried for his safety, a larger part of her was still worried about him, and she didn’t want to take away the joy he got from flying with Levina when no one was looking.

Ever since they’d returned to school, Harry had started acting like an entirely different student. Where in years prior, he had coasted his way through classes he found boring, like Potions and Transfigurations, he now aced with the same talent he showed in his favorite classes. Even his History of Magic score was at the top of the class. It also worried her that instead of spending time with his friends or chasing after girls, Harry now spent his free time with his nose buried in a book.

Clearly, something had changed in him since the attack, and Dora was determined to figure out what it was.

As the year marched on and the temperature dropped, Harry began getting sudden, sharp pains in his back. At first, they only happened once a week and lasted for just a moment. But towards the beginning of November, they began happening every day. By December, they happened several times a day, and the pain was bad enough that it caused him to jolt in his seat.

Harry continually refused to go see the school Healer, and eventually, the school was forced to write Sirius. Unfortunately, Sirius was at work when the letter arrived, and Andi opened it instead. She showed up at the school minutes later with Marlene, and they took Harry straight over to see Healer Powell.

“So, what’s wrong?” Dora asked when he returned later that day.

“Nothing’s wrong,” Harry said, sighing tiredly. “My spinal cord is repairing itself faster than they expected. The pain is from the nerves reconnecting to my brain.”

“So, good news?” Jenna asked happily.

“And bad news,” Harry told her. “I should get feeling back in my legs in a month or two, but the pain’s only going to get worse until I do. Oh, and I’ll need to learn to walk again.”

Suddenly, he jolted in his chair and winced.

“I’m going to lie down,” he declared. “My arms are tired. They have some stupid no-magic policy inside the hospital. I had to push myself around the whole building.”

Before Dora or Jenna could respond, Harry directed himself towards the boys’ stairs and started floating away. Turning, they shared a concerned glance.

~

“Home sweet home,” Sirius said as he pushed open the door to the house.

Harry grimaced in pain as he wheeled himself inside. The pain in his back was almost constant now, with occasional shooting pains running down his legs. Worst of all, he still couldn’t move his legs. Sure, the muscles twitched and spasmed occasionally, but that wasn’t under his control.

Waving his wand, he levitated his trunk towards his room.

“I’m going to go unpack,” he said, wheeling himself away.

As his door closed, everyone shared a collective look.

"Is he usually like that?" Ted asked worriedly.

"Lately, yeah," Dora admitted with a sigh.

Sirius frowned and waved everyone into the kitchen.

"How's he been holding up?" he asked as they all took seats.

"Alright, I think," Dora said, running a hand through her short, purple hair. "The pain bothers him quite a bit, but he's usually in good spirits."

Biting her lip thoughtfully, she decided it was time to voice some of her concerns.

"I'm kind of worried about him, though," she continued. "Harry's been acting differently ever since he got injured. He's doing really well in all of his classes, not just the ones he likes. He's constantly reading or taking Dueling lessons with Professor Wilkinson. I mean, he used to practice once a week, but now it's like two or three times a week. Something's changed. Something's bothering him, and I don't know what it is."

Sirius and Marlene shared a long look before they turned to Jenna.

"Is that what you've seen?" Marlene asked.

"Yeah," Jenna said softly. "It's almost like he's scared of something."

"He is," Sirius sighed. "You have to understand, what Harry and your mum went through was really scary."

"I get that," Dora said, leaning her elbows on the table. "He's lucky he'll walk again, but-

"It's not that," Sirius interrupted. "Come on, Dora. When has Harry ever been concerned with his own safety? He's not scared for himself. He's scared for us. You might have been too young to remember, but Harry used to have terrible nightmares about the night his parents were killed."

"I remember he had nightmares, but I didn't know what they were about," Dora said softly.

"He remembers everything that happened that night," he told her heavily. "Your parents and I were always careful not to talk about the war around you kids. We thought we'd left all that behind when we came to America. I think, after a while, so did Harry. The nightmares went away, and he grew up like any normal kid."

"He's not normal," Jenna said, shaking her head.

"Well, normal for a Potter," Sirius said with a lopsided grin.

"But what does this have to do with the way Harry is acting now?" Dora asked impatiently.

"Because that attack by Nott reminded him – reminded all of us – that we're not as safe as we thought," he replied heavily as Marlene wrapped an arm around his shoulders. "Right now, he's scared, and he's angry. He's scared something might happen to the rest of us, and he's angry Nott got the better of him. Honestly, I'd be more worried if he didn't start acting like this. Doesn't mean I like it, though. He's acting just like James did after his parents were killed."

"This has been hard on all of us," Marlene added, her hand absently rubbing Sirius' shoulders. "All of us lost friends and family during the war. Every morning, we'd opened the paper, worried we'd see a familiar name in the headline. Now, we don't think anything like that is going to happen here, but we still worry, and it brings back a lot of bad memories."

"Has Harry been reading any history books lately?" Ted asked thoughtfully after a long, pregnant pause.

"A couple," Dora shrugged. "All of his grades have gone up."

"Do you remember the names?" her father asked curiously.

Dora shook her head.

"I remember one was called Significant Wizarding Events of the Twentieth Century," Jenna replied quietly. "He used that book to help me with my homework."

"What are you thinking, dear?" Andi asked.

"If I remember correctly, that book had a large section on the war with You-Know-Who," Ted frowned. "I thought he might be trying to learn more about the war. Have you seen him with that book often?"

Jenna bit her lip and nodded as everyone turned to look at her expectantly.

"Great," Sirius muttered, dropping his head into his hands. "What do we do now?"

Unfortunately, no one had an answer.

~

As they got closer to Christmas, Harry's pain grew. Andi kept him on a careful but constant dose of Pain-Relieving Potions while everyone else tried to make him as comfortable as they could.

He spent most of the day laid out on the couch in the living room or in his bed. Even then, he'd still grit his teeth and grimace each time a spasm ran down his spine. There were brief moments when he started to feel his legs, but it wasn't a pleasant experience. It felt like pins and needles were digging into every inch of his legs, especially in his feet.

Just two days before Christmas, the pain became so bad that he refused to get out of bed. On Healer Powell's recommendation, Andi kept him sedated most of the day with Pain-Relieving, Dreamless Sleep, and Strengthening Potions. Dora was so worried about him that she slept in his room on the other side of the bed. She didn't even try to hide it, and it was a sign of how worried everyone was when she wasn't even teased.

Harry would wake her up several times throughout the night with his pained whimpers, and Dora would get up to run a cool washcloth across his sweaty brow. Before falling asleep again, she took his hand in hers in order to give him something to squeeze if he started hurting again.

Christmas Eve was subdued compared to what the family was used to. Sirius did his best to keep everyone's spirits up, but loud noises were kept to a minimum, and no one felt much like celebrating while Harry suffered. The entire day, Dora barely left his side. Even though he was asleep, she talked to him constantly. Oddly, she found it therapeutic to vent all of her worries and concerns that had built up over the last few months. Especially since he was unconscious and wouldn't remember any of it.

That night, she stayed in his bed again, and again, nothing was said. However, her mother did give her a knowing smile as she set out a small stack of washcloths and a bowl of water kept chilled with a Cooling Charm.

As it turned out, that night was even worse than the one before. Harry constantly grunted and groaned in his sleep, his hands gripping the sheets in a death grip as spasms ran through his body. Under the blankets, Dora could see his legs and feet jerking to life like he was being electrocuted before settling back down. She stayed awake until the early hours of the morning, wiping sweat from his brow. Throughout the night, she tried talking to him softly and caressing his arm, but nothing seemed to soothe him.

It wasn't until the early hours of the morning that he finally settled down. Resting her head on the pillow next to his, Dora laid an arm across his chest and closed her eyes. It took several minutes of listening to his calm, steady breathing before she finally drifted off to sleep.

~

"Dora! Dora!" a voice hissed.

Dora groaned and opened her heavy eyelids. Tiredly, her mind registered that her head was resting on someone's chest rather than a pillow, but she was too comfortable and tired to think much about it.

"Wha?" she mumbled, her eyes closing of their own accord.

"Look!" Harry hissed excitedly.

Cracking her eyes open, she spotted the large tent he had pitched under the blanket and snorted.

"Funny," she mumbled sleepily. "Now, shut it. M' tired."

Closing her eyes, Dora pressed herself against Harry's side, adjusted her head slightly, and began to drift back to sleep. As her mind began to wander in that moment between consciousness and sleep, she realized what she was seeing. Suddenly, she sat up, feeling much more awake.

"Does it still hurt?" Dora asked quickly.

"Well, it's not exactly comfortable, but I would say it hurts," Harry said.

Dora rolled her eyes, "I mean your back, you perv."

"Oh," Harry said, blinking. "Nope, my back feels okay. Just a little stiff."

Dora snorted at his phrasing, "Stiff, yes. Little, no. Can you feel your legs?"

"I can feel everything," Harry said. "But you're missing the important part."

She raised her brow curiously as a grin stretched across his face.

"My dick works," he said, chuckling right as she noticed the door to his room open. "My dick works!"

Harry threw his arm up in celebration while Jenna stood in the doorway, her face flushed and mouth gaping. Her wide eyes gazed at the prominent bulge under the blanket. Dora burst into laughter when Harry finally noticed and looked over at the door.

"Oh," he said. "Morning, Jenna."

Jenna squeaked and pulled the door shut before they heard her feet rapidly retreating. It took a few moments for Dora to get control of her laughter. When she did, she pushed the blankets aside and climbed out of the bed.

"Well, I'll go give everyone the good news and let you take care of that," she said, gesturing to his erection.

"Thanks, Dora," Harry grinned. "You're the best."

Smiling, she turned to leave but paused with her hand on the doorknob. With a mischievous smirk, she turned back to him.

“Hey, Harry?” she called.

As soon as he looked over at her, she grabbed the hem of her shirt and lifted it up to her chin. Dora giggled when his jaw dropped, and he stared at her bare breasts.

“Just wanted to make sure you had something to think about,” she smirked.

Bouncing on the balls of his feet, her breasts jiggled in the cool morning air for a few seconds before she pulled her shirt back down and slipped out of the room with a laugh. She was still giggling when she entered the kitchen.

“Dora, is everything alright?” Marlene asked. “Jenna said Harry was awake, but she wouldn’t tell us anything else.”

“He’s fine,” Dora chuckled. “He woke up feeling much better. The pain is gone, and he can feel his legs again.”

“Really?” Sirius asked excitedly as everyone else smiled in relief. “That’s great! I should go check on him.”

“Whoa,” Dora said, halting him from rising with a motion of her hand. “Sirius, this is the first time in six months he’s felt anything from the waist down. What do you think the first thing he’s going to do is?”

Sirius eyed her, puzzled, for a long moment before his eyes suddenly widened.

“Ah, right,” he nodded.

“What are you talking about?” Marlene asked. “And why are you blushing so much, Jenna?”

Dora giggled, “I’m surprised you didn’t hear it. She walked in right as Harry yelled, ‘My dick works!’ ‘Course, it didn’t help Harry had pitched a circus tent under the covers.”

“Nymphadora!” Andi yelled scoldingly.

Meanwhile, Marlene’s lips formed into an ‘O,’ Jenna blushed heavily, Sirius let out a bark of laughter, and Ted chuckled.

“What?” Dora asked, taking a seat. “It’s not like I haven’t seen it before. He’s always like that in the morning. At least I didn’t walk in on him cranking it like Marlene.”

“That was an accident!” Marlene protested.

“Enough!” Andi barked. “We’re not talking about this on Christmas.”

Dora sat back, arms crossed over her chest, and smiled as talk turned to planning for the day. Now that Harry was doing better, everyone’s spirits were lifted.

“A real Christmas miracle,” Dora muttered with a giggle.

Chapter 12

Bright and early on December 27th, Andi took Harry to see the Healer. Dora insisted on coming along while Ted and Sirius were at work, and Marlene and Jenna stayed home. The three of them sat in the waiting room, flipping through magazines.

“Mr. Potter,” a plump, middle-aged witch with dirty blonde hair in a bun called.

Harry started to push his wheelchair towards the door but stopped when Dora started pushing him at a much faster pace.

“Dora, slow down,” Andi hissed exasperatedly. “I swear, if you run over someone’s foot...”

Rolling her eyes, Dora slowed down while the nurse led them down a long hall to one of the examination rooms. Harry parked himself next to the only chair in the room and sat still while the nurse cast a Diagnostic Charm. Dora crossed her arms over her chest and huffed when her mother took the empty seat next to Harry, leaving her to stand near the corner.

“I’ll have them bring in another chair for you,” the nurse said as she finished making a note on her clipboard.

“That’s alright,” Dora said with a smirk.

Stepping in front of Harry, she turned around and plopped unceremoniously onto his lap.

“Dora, you are nineteen years old,” Andi said, pinching the bridge of her nose.

“So?” Dora asked.

The nurse smiled and made her way towards the door as Andi sighed.

“The healer will be with you in just a moment,” she said reassuringly.

“Thank you,” Andi said gratefully.

Harry was looking around the room, trying to fight off boredom, when Dora began wiggling in his lap.

“Your legs are bony,” she complained.

She continued to shift around, and the feel of her firm, round butt rubbing against his groin soon had Harry rising to the occasion. Not wanting to have a full-blown erection when the Healer came in, he grabbed Dora’s hips and held her still. Glancing over her shoulder, she smirked and enlarged her ass. Harry narrowed his eyes, knowing she was hoping to cause an embarrassing situation, and poked her in the sides. Dora squeaked and jolted in his lap just as the door opened and the Healer walked in.

“Ah, Mr. Potter,” Healer Powell said. “How are you today?”

“Alright,” Harry shrugged while Dora got off of his lap. “I can feel my legs again.”

“Excellent,” the Healer said, making a note on his clipboard. “Are you still experiencing pain?”

“Sometimes,” Harry replied. “It’s nowhere near as bad as it was, but I get these jolts of pain that run all the way down my spine to my feet once in a while.”

“That’s to be expected,” Healer Powell nodded. “You’ll probably always experience a bit of pain. Alright, let’s get you up on the table and take a look at your spine.”

Harry wheeled himself over to the examination table and, with the help of the Healer, hoisted himself up onto it. Laying down on his back, the Healer removed his shoes before waving his wand over him. Grey smoke poured from the tip and rapidly formed into an image of Harry’s skeleton that floated just above his body.

“That’s weird,” Harry muttered, staring at the back of his own skull.

“Your spine looks to have healed remarkably well,” Healer Powell said. “Let’s see how your nerves are doing.”

A puff of blue smoke let the Healer’s wand. It traced along his skeleton, creating thin blue lines that branched off and attached to the bones throughout his body.

“Well, everything looks fine,” Healer Powell told him. “You’ve healed much faster than I was expecting, considering the extent of your injuries. Can you wiggle your toes for me?”

The Healer dismissed the smoky image of Harry’s skeleton with a negligent flick of his wand and watched as Harry wiggled his toes through his socks.

“Excellent,” he said. “And can you move your legs?”

Harry grimaced as he forced his weak muscles to move. He managed to bend his knees at a ninety-degree angle before the strength in his legs gave out.

“Good,” the Healer said, patting his leg. “I’m going to put you on a Strengthening Draught to help with the atrophy. I’m also going to recommend seeing your school Healer three days a week for physical therapy. Until then, I just want you to spend ten or fifteen minutes a day moving your legs the best you can, alright?”

“Sure,” Harry said. “How long will it be until I can walk again?”

“Probably a month or two,” Healer Powell replied. “Are there any other issues I should know about?”

Harry shook his head.

“If it helps, we know his dick works,” Dora smirked.

“Nymphadora!” Andi exclaimed. “Is that really necessary?”

“What? I’m not the one who shouted it loud enough for the whole house to hear,” Dora said.

“I was excited,” Harry replied defensively.

“I could see,” Dora smirked.

“Enough,” Andi hissed, lightly slapping her daughter’s arm. “I’m so sorry, Healer Powell.”

“Quite alright,” he said with a smile as he helped Harry put on his shoes and climb back into his wheelchair. “Give us a call if anything comes up.”

“We will,” Andi said.

Dora and Harry shared a smile as she stood and marched from the room. It was always fun to get her wound up.

A quick Floo trip later, and they were back home. While Andi went into the kitchen to tell Marlene and Jenna the good news, Harry wheeled himself into his bedroom. Hoisting himself up onto the bed, he took off his jeans and was working on putting on a pair of comfortable sweatpants when Dora walked in without even bothering to knock.

“Need a hand?” she asked with a smile as he struggled to put his feet through the holes.

Glancing up at her, Harry leaned back on his arm and grinned.

“Well, if you’re offering,” he said suggestively.

Dora rolled her eyes and walked over to the bed. Bending over at the waist, she helped him slip his legs into the sweatpants. The front of her red V-neck sweater fell forward, giving Harry a tempting glimpse of her impressive cleavage. As she scooted the waistband of his sweatpants up his legs, she looked up and caught him staring down her shirt.

“Perv,” she muttered with a smile.

“Hey, if you’re going to show them off...,” Harry teased.

Grabbing the waistband of his pants, he pulled them up over the noticeable bulge in his boxers and up to his hips. Dora caught sight of it and smirked.

“Were you always this horny?” she asked.

“No,” Harry grumbled. “School’s going to be hell. I get harder than advanced Arithmancy at the sight of anything even remotely sexual.”

Dora snorted and shook her head.

“Maybe he’s just mad you ignored him for six months,” she said.

“Maybe,” Harry shrugged.

Dora looked over her shoulder at the open door and bit her lip. Suddenly, she took a step back and kicked it closed with her foot. Grinning at Harry, she grabbed the hem of her sweater and pulled it up to her neck. As her fingers grazed her ribs, they hooked the bottom of her bra, pulling that up, too. Harry stared at her perky breasts as they bounced free, her pink nipples hardening rapidly now that they were exposed to the cool air.

Walking forward, Dora's breasts swelled half a cup size larger. Most people would have thought it was intentional, but Harry knew better. Unless she was concentrating on holding a certain look, Dora's emotions affected her looks. She was excited by his gaze, and unconsciously, her body was shaping itself to draw even more of his attention.

Not that she needed to. Harry would have struggled to look away even if he wanted to. Dora came to a stop in front of him and ran her fingers through his hair. Pulling his head forward, she buried his face between her warm, soft breasts. She let out a small giggle when he shamelessly shook his head back and forth. With a wide smile on her face, Dora retaliated by shaking her chest and slapping his cheeks with her breasts. Gradually, her movements grew even more exaggerated, and soon, she was rubbing them all over his face.

Harry smiled when he felt her stiff nipple drag along his cheek and then suddenly turned to capture it with his lips. Dora gasped as his tongue circled her sensitive nub and then bit her lip to hold back a moan.

"Someone's greedy," she teased.

With her nipple still trapped between his lips, Harry looked up, a mischievous sparkle in his eyes. Dora's mouth fell open in surprise when he suddenly slid his hands down her back and grabbed her ass. Lifting her off her feet, he fell back onto the mattress. Her nipples slipped from his lips, and his face was once again buried between her pillowy mounds. Although he couldn't see the change this time, he swore he felt them grow even larger as he kissed and nuzzled every inch of her soft skin that he could reach.

"Mmh, that feels nice," Dora purred.

As Harry continued kissing and licking her breasts to his heart's content, she shifted into a more comfortable position. Both of them inhaled sharply when she inadvertently pressed her mound against his straining erection. Rocking her hips, she pressed against him again and let out a moan. They stayed like that for a few more seconds before Dora braced her hands on his shoulders and sat up.

Harry stared up at her and drank in the sight. Her hair was neon pink, her cheeks flushed, and her breasts, which had definitely grown larger, heaved with every heavy breath she took. They were decorated in spots with glistening saliva, the skin slightly pink from where he'd sucked a bit too vigorously.

With a bright, teasing smile and a sparkle in her eyes, Dora leaned down and pecked him on the lips. Before Harry could try to get greedy again, she was gone, hopping off of the bed and dancing away with a giggle. As he sat up, he got one last look at her amazing chest before she shrank her breasts and pulled her shirt and bra back into place.

"Have fun," Dora smirked.

Waving with her fingers and giving him a wink, she slipped out of the door and pulled it closed behind her. Falling back onto his bed, Harry closed his eyes, reliving the last few minutes as he reached for the waistband of his sweatpants.

~

If one were to look at Ilvermorny from above, they would see a ring of five buildings in the shape of a pentagon with a stone clock tower in the middle. Between each of the buildings and the tower sat a unique courtyard lovingly maintained by the Pukwudgie. A veranda ran along the inside of the ring, along with five covered walkways that led to the clock tower, used to keep the students dry on rainy days.

As the sun rose, lighting the flowering fields surrounding Mount Greylock, Dora sat reading a book on one of the many stone benches that sat under the veranda. Looking up at the sound of running feet, she watched as Harry jogged past her for the fourth time that morning.

"I really hate that he's become such a morning person," she muttered.

"You don't have to sit and watch him every morning," Michelle reminded her from her right while Jenna worked on her unfinished homework.

“Who else is going to keep him out of trouble?” Dora asked with a big yawn.

“Why do you think we’re here?” Michelle asked, gesturing between her and Jenna.

Dora snorted, “The last time Jenna took him to see Madam Greene, he talked her into letting him get on a broom.”

“I said I was sorry,” Jenna said. “I didn’t think he’d fall off the way he did.”

“I’m not blaming you,” Dora assured her. “It’s not your fault he’s really good at bullshitting his way into a bad idea. I grew up with him, so I know what to look out for. Don’t worry. You’ll learn.”

Reaching over Michelle, she patted the younger girl’s leg. As she sat back, Harry jogged past again. The front of his white, sleeveless shirt was drenched, and sweat dripped from his face. He was starting to slow down, but Dora could see the determined set of his jaw as he continued on his fifth and final lap of the courtyards.

“He’s come a long way in only three months,” Jenna said, watching him run by.

“Yeah, he has,” Dora agreed.

After returning to school from Christmas vacation, Harry hadn’t even been able to stand on his own. Knowing Harry the way she did, Dora had insisted on accompanying him to his visits to see the school nurse, Madam Greene, to make sure he didn’t push himself too much. Madam Greene, a tall, thin black Medi-witch, had set up two parallel bars and placed mats on the floor off to one side of the Infirmary.

Even with the help of potions, Harry had struggled for weeks to walk under his own strength. Dora had lost count of the number of times she encouraged him from the other end of the bars,

watching helplessly as he stumbled and fell over and over again. It had been heartbreaking to watch, but the memory of the elation they both felt when he reached the end for the first time still brought a smile to her face.

Once he was able to get on his own two feet, his recovery progressed much quicker. He went from hobbling around on crutches to only needing a cane to walk in just a couple of weeks. After only a week and a half of needing a cane, he got rid of it and started taking up his early morning runs around the courtyards. No matter how cold or terrible the weather, he was up at six in the morning, pushing his limits. More than once, he's done so to the point of collapse. On those days, Dora made sure to remind him of how stupid he was and cart him off to the Infirmary before he could walk off on his own.

She knew it would stop him from pushing himself too far, but it would stop him from doing it too often.

Dora was shaken out of her thoughts when Harry came to a stop in front of her. He bent over with his hands on his knees, panting heavily. Sweat dripped from his face onto the stone floor before he straightened up and clasped his hands on top of his head.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"A little after seven," Michelle replied.

"Damn," Harry muttered. "I don't have time for a shower. Dora, can you grab my clothes out of my bag?"

While she unzipped his backpack and grabbed his school uniform, Harry used his wand to clean the majority of the sweat off of his body. Tucking his wand into his pocket, he gripped the bottom of his shirt and pulled it over his head. Jenna's eyes went wide, Michelle blushed and returned her eyes to her homework, and Dora smirked at the sight of a shirtless Harry.

Six months in a wheelchair had really sculpted his upper body. His pecs were clearly defined, and his perfect washboard abs had her licking her lips.

"Can you please put a shirt on?" Michelle asked, her cheeks stained pink as she glanced at him out of the corner of her eye.

Smirking at her, Harry took the shirt from Dora's hand and quickly put it on.

"Better?" he asked.

"Yes," Michelle replied. "Not all of us want to stare at your chest like Tonks does."

"I'm more interested in how he's going to put these on," Dora said, smirking as she held up his pants.

Michelle's eyes went wide as her blush moved all the way up to her ears. Before she could formulate a reply, Harry snatched the rest of his clothes from Dora's hands.

"I'll put those on in the bathroom," he said, settling his tie around his shoulders.

"Pity," Dora sighed.

"You can come watch if you really want to," Harry offered with a smile.

"Do you two always have to flirt with each other?" Michelle asked, stuffing her homework into her bag.

"We're not flirting," Dora said, rolling her eyes. "It's just a joke."

“They’re worse at home,” Jenna said to Michelle.

“I don’t want to know,” Michelle said, shouldering her backpack. “Can we please just go to breakfast?”

“Alright,” Harry said.

Throwing his pants over his shoulder, he grabbed his backpack and headed back inside. Dora followed after him, a smirk forming on her lips when she noticed his cotton running shorts clinging to his shapely ass.

~

The Thunderbird common room was crowded with just about every student in the house as they celebrated the end of exams. The Weird Sisters played on the Wireless, and Butterbeer was passed about while the students blew off some steam. Dora sat on a couch between Amanda and Jennifer, smiling and laughing.

“I can’t believe we only have one year left,” Jennifer said, taking a swig of Butterbeer. “Have either of you figured out what you want to do after school yet, ‘cause I don’t have a clue.”

“I have a couple of ideas, but nothing solid,” Amanda said. “What about you, Tonks?”

“I don’t know, maybe Curse Breaking,” Dora replied. “Travel the world, get paid to break things professionally. Sounds like a dream job to me.”

“Knowing you, you’d break the things they wanted you to keep,” Jennifer laughed.

Amanda giggled while Dora poked her friend in the side. Jennifer, who was in the middle of taking a sip from her bottle, dribbled Butterbeer all over herself. There was a beat of silence before they all started laughing again.

“Oh no,” Amanda said, her laughter coming to a sudden end.

Dora followed her gaze and narrowed her eyes when she spotted Irene. The blonde bimbo was eyeing up Harry from across the room while her friends giggled like airheads.

“She wouldn’t,” Jennifer said incredulously.

“Oh, she would,” Dora growled.

“But why?” Jennifer asked. “Harry doesn’t even like her.”

“Well, Harry does have a lot of money now,” Amanda said thoughtfully. “And he’s gotten hot this year. She’s probably just looking to set him up as a boy toy this Summer. That, and she still blames Tonks for the train incident three years ago.”

Dora grunted and took an angry sip of her Butterbeer.

“But that was Harry,” Jennifer pointed out.

“Yes, but she doesn’t know that,” Amanda told her. “And even if she did, she still hates Tonks. She’d probably sleep with him just to get under her skin.”

“Of course, she would,” Dora growled. “Bitch.”

She watched with anger boiling in her veins as Irene opened the top two buttons of her blouse and started making her way toward Harry. As she passed a first year carrying two Butterbeers, she flashed him a pretty smile and snatched them from his hands. The poor kid stared after her dumbly as she walked off. Stopping behind Harry, Irene tapped him on the shoulder and passed him a Butterbeer with a flirtatious smile. Dora cursed the fact that she couldn't hear what they were saying.

As if answering her thoughts, the Weird Sisters quieted as it came to an end.

"You want to meet up over the Summer?" Irene asked. "I'd love to go to Lake Meade again. I have a brand new bikini I want to try."

"Not interested," Harry said, taking a swig from the bottle she'd handed him.

Dora and Irene's mouths fell open at the same time as they stared at him incredulously. Still smiling, Harry raised his drink.

"Thanks for the drink, though," he said.

Slipping past her, he pushed his way through the staring crowd without so much as a backwards glance. Irene stared after him for a second in shock before her face started to turn red with anger. She stomped her foot on the floor and then shoved her way through the laughing crowd of students.

"Harry!" Amanda yelled, waving him over.

Grinning, he started making his way towards them.

"I can't believe you did that," Jennifer said the moment he reached them.

Harry shrugged, "She's hot, but she uses guys to get what she wants. I'm not going to let her play me like that."

"Good for you," Amanda smiled.

"So, how's your night going?" Harry asked, looking around for a seat.

Seeing that there weren't any open, Dora stood and guided him to her spot on the couch. Once he was seated, she settled herself in his lap, her back resting against his chest. Amanda and Jennifer looked at each other amusedly as Harry wrapped an arm around Dora's waist and took a sip of his Butterbeer.

Chapter 13

Dora dozed with her head on Harry's shoulder, hugging his arm to her chest like a teddy bear as they rode the train away from Ilvermorny. Amanda sat on his other side, talking quietly with Jennifer, who sat across from her. Next to Jennifer, Michelle helped explain the elective classes Jenna would get to choose from next year. Just as Dora was starting to fall asleep, Harry shifted and patted her leg.

"I need to pee," he said.

Dora groaned and cuddled into him, deliberately rubbing his arm between her breasts.

"But I'm comfy," she murmured.

"Well, if you'd rather I just go right here....," Harry said.

Sighing, Dora sat up and folded her arms over her chest.

“Fine,” she pouted.

With a smile, Harry patted her leg, got up, and slipped into the hallway. As she turned away from the door, Dora noticed Jennifer and Amanda looking at her with knowing smiles.

“What?” she asked.

“You’ve gotten a lot closer with Harry this year,” Jennifer smirked.

Dora rolled her eyes, “We’ve always been close.”

“Yeah, but not like this,” Amanda said with a grin. “You were rubbing your tits all over him. You’re crushing on him, aren’t you?”

“Of course not,” Dora replied. “I’m not interested in Harry like that. He’s like a brother to me.”

“Really?” Amanda asked. “Then you won’t mind if I go for a quicky with him in the bathroom?”

“Harry can sleep with whoever he likes,” Dora said, waving her hand.

“Good,” Amanda grinned. “I’ll be back in a few minutes then.”

Dora bit her lip as her friend stood up and reached for the door. Before Amanda could open it, Dora grabbed the back of her shirt and yanked her back into her seat with a glare.

“Fine, you called my bluff,” Dora admitted with a sigh before muttering, “bitch.”

Jennifer and Amanda shared a look and laughed girlishly.

“I knew it,” Jennifer crowed.

“Oh, shut it,” Dora barked. “It’s not my fault he’s so...”

“Hot?” Amanda asked, breaking down into giggles.

“Well, yeah, but it’s not just that,” Dora sighed. “He’s just – I don’t know... Harry.”

Suddenly, the door opened, and they all went silent. Harry stepped back inside, and the moment he looked at them, Amanda and Jennifer started giggling again.

“Did I miss something?” he asked, arching his brow.

“Nothing important,” Dora told him.

Grabbing his hand, she pulled him back down into his seat, hugged his muscular arm, and laid her head on his shoulder. Her friends talked quietly while she pretended to sleep, but her mind was a jumbled mess. She mentally cursed Amanda for forcing her to admit her feelings for Harry, then cursed Harry for being so damn handsome and having such sexy muscles.

As she trapped his bicep between her breasts, he turned and kissed the top of her head. Murmuring sleepily, she pressed herself even more firmly against him and inhaled his scent deeply.

This was all his fault, she decided.

~

"Everyone, I have an announcement to make," Sirius said later that night as they sat at the kitchen table after dinner. "A few nights ago, I proposed to Marlene, and she said yes!"

"That's great!" "How wonderful!" "I'm so happy for you!" "Damn it!"

"Nymphadora!" Andi yelled disapprovingly as her daughter's shoulders slumped. "You should be happy for Sirius and Marlene."

"Not when I lose ten Galleons," Dora muttered.

With a grin, Harry sat back in his seat and held out his hand expectantly.

"Pay up," he said.

Reaching into her pocket, Dora pulled out ten gold coins and slapped them into his palm. Andi stared at them incredulously while Marlene covered her mouth to stifle a laugh. Sirius, however, narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"How did you even know I was thinking about proposing?" he asked.

“Harry found the ring over Christmas break,” Dora said.

“Thanks, Dora,” Harry muttered.

“What?” Sirius asked, pinning his Godson with a glare. “What were you doing in my room?”

“I was looking for nudey mags,” Harry admitted. “Aunt Andi found mine and threw them away while I was at Ilvermorny.”

“So that’s where they went,” Sirius said before clearing his throat uncomfortably at the looks he got. “I mean, you could’ve just asked, and I would have gotten you new ones.”

He studiously ignored the glare Andi directed at him.

“I was desperate,” Harry shrugged.

Sirius sighed and shook his head.

“And just where was Sirius hiding those magazines?” Marlene asked.

She tried to glare at Sirius, but Harry could see the amusement dancing in her eyes.

“In the back of the closet underneath his old riding leathers,” Harry told her.

"I live in a house full of perverts," Andi said, tilting her head back and gazing up at the ceiling as if to ask for divine intervention.

Smiling, Ted reached over and patted her arm. Suddenly, Marlene stiffened and looked at Sirius worriedly.

"You didn't hide those pictures I let you take of me there, too, did you?" she asked.

Sirius was silent for a long moment before he swallowed nervously. In unison, they turned to look at Harry, who grinned. Dora burst out laughing a moment before all hell broke loose.

~

The next couple of weeks were hectic for the household. Andi had insisted that Marlene start planning her wedding as soon as possible.

"You never know what might pop up," she'd told her.

As punishment for his snooping, Harry was grounded for the first week of summer and had been forcibly conscripted into helping. Mostly, he spent hours doodling in the notebook he was supposed to keep notes in and giving the wrong opinion about everything he was asked about. They asked him about dresses, table settings, decorations, locations, and more, yet every opinion he gave was turned down on the spot.

Honestly, why even bother asking him if they'd already made up their minds?

After over three weeks of constant planning and making list after list, Marlene and Sirius decided to wait until next summer for the wedding. Free of his note-taking duties, Harry was finally able to start enjoying his vacation in the days leading up to his birthday.

Waking up late on July 30th, Dora stretched and slowly climbed out of bed. Stumbling to the door and cursing when she stubbed her toe on the dresser, she grumbled tiredly as she made her way into the kitchen.

“Morning,” she yawned, waving halfheartedly to her mother, Marlene, and Jenna, who sat at the kitchen table.

“It’s closer to afternoon,” Andi said, glancing at the clock. “We need to run to the store to get a few things for Harry’s birthday. Do you want to come with us?”

“I’m good,” Dora said, smiling as she poured herself a glass of pumpkin juice. “I’ve got his present all sorted. Where is he, anyway?”

“Out by the pool,” Marlene said as she, Andi, and Jenna stood. “We’ll be back in a couple of hours.”

“Behave while we’re gone,” Andi said, pinning her with a penetrating gaze.

Dora rolled her eyes and waved as they left the house. As soon as the door closed behind them, she reached into the refrigerator and drank directly from the milk carton. Wiping her mouth, she put the milk back in the refrigerator and looked out of the window. Harry lay on a lounge next to the pool, his muscled chest and abs glistening in the sun. His left hand absently caressed Levina’s feathers as the giant Thunderbird soaked up the heat. Smirking to herself, Dora walked to her bedroom.

She spent a few minutes looking for the most revealing bikini she had, which ended up being a little black one that was a couple of years old. Smiling to herself, she put it on and checked herself in the mirror. Enlarging her breasts slightly, which left them one sharp movement away from slipping out of the cups, she fixed her hair and made her way outside. Harry lifted his head when he heard the back door slide shut and pulled down his sunglasses to stare at her. Dora

felt a thrill of excitement at the way his eyes unabashedly raked over her figure. With a flirtatious smile, she grabbed a bottle of suntan lotion from the table and walked over to him.

"You mind doing my back?" she asked.

"Not at all," Harry smiled.

Returning the smile, Dora nudged his legs apart and sat between them, deliberately scooting her ass against his groin before handing him the suntan lotion over her shoulder. As he put some on his hands, she leaned forward to give him more access to her back. Starting at the waist of the bikini, he massaged the lotion into her smooth skin, slowly making his way up. Dora didn't even try to stifle the guttural moan that left her lips when she felt his hands run along her spine.

"Hold on a sec," she said when he reached the middle of her back.

Reaching behind her back, Dora pulled the tie that held the bottom of her bikini top in place. With the way she was bent forward, the top fell away from her breasts. She didn't know how much of her breasts Harry could see, but it was enough for him to lurch noticeably in his trunks. Glancing over her shoulder, Dora looked at him and smirked.

"I don't want you to miss a spot," she said.

Harry grinned and started rubbing lotion into her skin again.

"No, we definitely wouldn't want that," he said. "Your mom will go ape shit if she sees you like this, though."

“Well, then it’s a good thing she’s not here,” Dora smirked, closing her eyes with a groan as his hands reached her shoulders. “She went to the store with Marlene and Jenna. We have the place all to ourselves for a couple of hours.”

“Really?” Harry asked, the smirk audible in his tone.

Running his hands down her back, he spread the lotion to her sides and started making his way slowly back up. Dora bit her lip in anticipation as he edged his way closer to her chest. His fingers grazed the sides of her breasts, teasing her supple mounds with a delicate touch and causing her to suck in a sharp breath. Harry’s hands lingered there for a long time, and when he finally dropped them back down to her hips, she had to suppress a groan of disappointment.

Dora grabbed her bikini top and pulled it up over her head, leaving her completely topless. Harry’s hands slid around to her soft but toned stomach as she leaned back against his chest. Her eyes drifted closed, and a shiver of excitement ran down her spine, knowing he was devouring her with his gaze. Harry’s rapidly hardening excitement pressed firmly against her ass, and she unconsciously ground herself against him.

“Would you mind doing my front?” she asked, eyes still closed.

“Gladly,” Harry muttered huskily.

Without any hesitation whatsoever, he cupped both of her breasts firmly and kissed the side of her neck. Dora gasped at his unexpected aggression and then groaned as his slippery hands massaged her pliable globes. She bit her lip and reached back to thread her fingers through his hair when his fingers toyed with her nipple. Pulling his head down, she turned to the side and captured his lips in a demanding kiss. Harry’s chest vibrated against her back as he chuckled softly and continued to play with her breasts. After several seconds, she broke the kiss and leaned her head back on his shoulder with a groan.

“Merlin, your tits are amazing, Dora,” Harry murmured.

“Better than Marlene’s?” she asked teasingly.

“Don’t know,” Harry shrugged. “I didn’t actually look at the pictures.”

Blinking in surprise, she turned and looked up at his smirking face with a furrowed brow.

“What?” Dora asked incredulously.

Harry smirked, “Did you see the way she blushed every time she caught me looking at her? That was totally worth being grounded for a week.”

Dora burst out laughing and shook her head, “You’re horrible,” she giggled.

“I know,” Harry shrugged. “But you love me anyway.”

“Merlin knows why,” Dora grinned as she rested her head on his shoulder again.

Chuckling, Harry let go of her breasts just long enough to put more lotion on his hands before they were back on her chest. Dora groaned pleasurably as he spent the next few minutes fondling her breasts to his heart’s content. Eventually, one started working its way down her stomach. She thought he would stop there, but his hand continued down, slipping under her bikini bottoms and caressing her bald mound.

“Harry,” she gasped softly, eyes shooting open.

Harry kissed her temple and nibbled on her ear as his slick fingers teased her damp folds. Dora hadn't planned for things to go this far, but she couldn't think of a reason to stop him either. A long, low moan escaped her lips as two of his fingers slid along either side of her clit, causing her to arch her back and spread her legs unconsciously. Her mouth fell open, and she panted heavily when those same two fingers slipped into her depths. Gripping the side of the lounge chair in a white-knuckle grip, she bucked her hips wantonly as Harry squeezed her left breast harshly.

"Oh, fuck!" Dora yelled as her body shuddered.

Harry ground his erection against her ass while he continued sawing his fingers in and out of her depths. He found a sensitive spot inside of her that caused her to tremble every time he touched it. Tweaking her nipple, he pressed against that spot firmly, forcing the air from her lungs. Dora gasped for breath as she let go of the chair and clung to his strong, muscular arm. Her hips bucked without her telling them to, helping to drive his fingers in and out of her leaking core.

"Cum for me, Dora," Harry growled.

With his palm mashing her clit and his fingers rubbing her sensitive depths, she did just that. Leaning her head back, Dora let out a trembling moan, and a shudder ran through her body while stars burst in her vision. For a long moment, she forgot to breathe before sucking in a deep breath and letting out another moan. As she collapsed bonelessly against his chest, his hand stopped moving, and he slowly eased his fingers out of her. Dora groaned at the loss even as Harry hugged her against his chest and kissed her neck.

They stayed like that for a long time, his hands continuing to grope and massage her breasts. Slowly, Dora felt his excitement wane, no longer incessantly digging against her ass. A part of her wanted to turn around and mount him right that second, but she wanted their first time together to be more than just a quicky in the backyard. And since Harry wasn't pushing for more, she suspected he felt the same way. Smirking as an idea popped into her head, she laid back against him and closed her eyes, enjoying the way his hands felt on her body.

Unfortunately, they lost track of time, and all too soon, they heard the front door open and close. Sitting up, Dora quickly put her top back on before turning around and kissing him on the lips.

“Harry, Dora, come help with groceries!” Andi shouted.

“Coming!” Dora shouted back.

Sharing a look with Harry, they laughed before she stood up and helped Harry off of the lounge. Dora winked as she ran her hands over his chest. Then, she spun around and walked to the house, her hips swaying seductively.

Smack.

Dora yelped when Harry’s hand landed on her ass. Laughing, he raced through the back door with her hot on his heels.

“No running in the house!”

~

Harry lay in his bed, trying to read through his book on magical shields before the next dueling tournament. It was nearly impossible to focus. His mind wandered between words on the page, his thoughts drifting back to that afternoon by the pool.

With a groan, he glanced at the clock, and seeing that it was just past one in the morning, he decided to give up for the night. Closing his book, he tossed it aside, slid down on his bed until he was lying flat on his back, and slipped a hand into his shorts. His mind turned back to that afternoon, with Dora in his arms, cradling her breast in one hand while he drove her mad with

the other. Just remembering the sound of her moans and the feel of her body left him with a raging erection.

Pulling himself out of his shorts, he stroked his length once before the door to his room suddenly opened. He stared at Dora while she stared at his throbbing length for a long moment before their eyes met. Covering a giggle, she slipped into his room and closed the door behind her. With a sigh, Harry sat up and tried to tuck himself away.

“Don’t,” Dora whispered.

Smiling, her dark brown eyes sparkled as she waved her wand. The lock on Harry’s door clicked into place loudly, and the whole room glowed blue as a Silencing Charm settled into place. Wearing only a loose white T-shirt and a pair of purple panties that peeked out under the hem when she moved, Dora grinned, set her wand on his nightstand, and crawled onto the bed.

There was no mystery about why she was there and no question about the growing attraction between them, so Harry didn’t bother wasting time with meaningless words. The moment she was within his reach, he cradled the back of her head and kissed her passionately. Dora kissed him back with a hunger that matched his own and climbed on top of him, her knees straddling his waist. They groaned in unison when her panty-covered mound ground against the underside of his shaft. Her hands caressed every inch of his shirtless chest while his slipped under her shirt and sought out her breasts.

Breaking their kiss, Dora gave him a naughty grin that had his length pulsing in anticipation as she grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head. Carelessly tossing the shirt aside, she reached down and wrapped her fingers around his shaft.

“Yes,” Harry hissed, bucking his hips.

Dora let out a giggle and stroked him gently, examining his shape and size. Biting her lip sexily, she slid back out of his reach and tugged off his shorts. Her breasts bounced wildly as she tossed them onto the floor and shed her panties. The sight of her naked body made Harry

pounce, pinning her to the bed under him. Their lips in a frantic, heated kiss as they bucked and ground against each other. With a needy groan, Dora reached between them, grabbed his length, and guided it to her entrance.

Harry eased into her depths, but that wasn't what she wanted. Wrapping her legs around him and grabbing his ass, she pulled him down until he was buried to the hilt. She let out a gasp as he bottomed out, yanking her lips free of his to throw her head back and moan. Growling in the back of his throat at the feel of her tight, slick folds hugging his length, Harry sucked and kissed her neck while he began pumping his hips.

"Fuck me," Dora whispered hoarsely.

Pulling his hips back, he surged forward, driving her lithe, athletic frame into the mattress from the force. Dora gasped, the nails of one hand digging into his ass while she clawed at his back with the other. Her heels dug into the back of his thighs, silently urging him to go faster and harder. Supporting his weight on his forearms, Harry lifted himself just enough to gaze at her face. The lustful gaze in her dark brown eyes and the gasps and heavy breaths that left her open mouth made his heart race and blood pound in his ears.

Harry speared into her hot, silky depths with animalistic need, his eyes dropping to her breasts as they jiggled furiously with each heaving thrust of his powerful hips. With a stuttering breath, Dora's eyes stared blankly at the ceiling as her head tilted back. Her nails dug into his skin, the pain only driving him to fuck her harder. Suddenly, her muscles tightened, and a low, keening wail slowly built as it left her throat. She shuddered, her depths fluttering around his thrusting length as she crested her peak.

Harry felt a surge of pride as he watched Dora writhe under him, lost in the throes of her climax. He wanted her to enjoy this. He wanted to give her a reason to keep coming back to him. Groaning, he rolled his hips in long, slow strokes, trying to extend her release. Dora shuddered and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him down for a slow, passionate kiss between breaths as she came down from her peak.

Just when Harry thought she'd calmed enough for him to start moving again, she rolled them over. He blinked up at her smirking face in surprise as she sank back onto his towering shaft. A

groan left his lips as she reached the base and immediately started bouncing in his lap. She leaned over him, her hands braced on his chest, while his sought out her swaying breasts. They expanded in his grip slightly, swelling larger as Dora furiously impaled herself over and over again.

Planting his feet on the bed, Harry bucked his hips, meeting her movements with his own. One hand slid down to her ass, gripping it tightly as they moved in perfect harmony.

“Dora, I’m close,” Harry warned breathlessly.

Groaning, she planted her hands on either side of his head as she rode him harder.

“In me,” she grunted, her eyes locked with his in a hungry gaze.

Harry held her stare as he grabbed her hips and began hammering up into her furiously. Dora gasped, her breasts bouncing wildly to the beat of his rapid, powerful thrusting. Finally, Harry couldn’t hold back any longer. With a groan, he buried himself in her depths and flexed his hips as he erupted in her depths.

“Yes!” Dora hissed loudly.

Rocking against him, her body shuddered, and she collapsed on top of him as they both tipped over the edge. Harry wrapped his arms around her back and made sure every drop of his release was planted as deep as possible while Dora moaned and panted in his ear. After several long seconds, they both relaxed, panting for breath.

For the next several minutes, they laid still, catching their breath, until, with a grin, Dora sat up and kissed him.

"Can you go again?" she asked, rolling her hips.

Harry grinned back and flexed his length as it started to swell. Giggling, she climbed off of him and crawled over to his pillows on all fours, her heart-shaped ass swaying teasingly.

"Then come and get the rest of your present," Dora said, smirking at him over her shoulder. "This isn't over until one of us can't keep going."

Crawling behind her with a grin on his face, Harry caressed her round, bubbly ass while stroking himself to hardness. Suddenly, he raised his hand and brought it down with a *smack*. Dora yelped and then giggled as she laid her head on the pillows, arching her back and swaying her ass back and forth.

"Happy birthday to me," Harry sang, driving back into her depths.

Chapter 14

Harry smiled as he looked out over the pool from his lounge chair next to the pool and watched the girls run around in their bikinis under his sunglasses. Dora, Jennifer, and Amanda relaxed in the pool on inflatable rafts while Jenna and Michelle sat in the shallow end. The adults sat under the shade of the patio, leaving Sirius to tend to the grill. They'd even convinced Frank to come this year, although Harry had to hold back a smirk when he looked at the man. He looked completely out of place in his black suit and tie, especially when he stood next to Sirius, who wore board shorts, a t-shirt, and a 'Kiss the Chef' apron.

"Foods ready!" Sirius yelled.

Levina perked up and scooted closer to the grill expectantly.

"Yeah, yeah, I made some for you, too," Sirius sighed and muttered, "Bloody overgrown pigeon."

Levitating a rack of beef ribs from the grill, he tossed it in her direction. Levina snatched it out of the air, the bones cracking between her powerful jaws as she swallowed it in seconds.

Harry lingered in his chair for a moment, taking the time to enjoy the view as the girls climbed out of the pool. Dora, the last to get out of the water, glanced over her shoulder and rolled her eyes when she caught him looking. With a smile and a shrug, he got to his feet and walked over to her. He wrapped his arm around her waist, his hand landing on her ass. Dora giggled as they walked over to the table and sat down to eat.

When Jennifer and Amanda gave her a questioning look, Dora rather blatantly threaded her fingers through his and gave them a defiant look.

“Are you two dating?” Michelle asked curiously.

“They better be,” Andromeda muttered.

While the girls gave her a curious look, Jenna covered her mouth and laughed. Even Frank looked interested as everyone looked around the table for an explanation.

“Andi found Dora in Harry’s bed this morning,” Sirius smirked.

Jennifer and Amanda burst out laughing while Michelle blushed and turned her head down to look at her plate. Lunch was filled with teasing and laughter before Marlene brought out the birthday cake. Sirius stuck to his tradition of singing as loudly and off-key as possible before Harry blew out the candles.

“Ready for your presents?” Ted asked with a smile once they’d devoured Marlene’s excellent chocolate cake.

Before Harry could answer, he pulled out a small, colorfully wrapped cube and handed it to Harry.

"This is from Andi and I," he said as Harry tore into the paper.

Opening the hinged box inside the paper, Harry grinned and pulled out the silver wristwatch for everyone to see.

"It's a tradition among British magical families to give a young man a watch when he turns of age," Andi explained.

"I love it," Harry said, strapping the watch to his wrist. "Thank you."

"Who's going next?" Sirius asked with a grin. "I want to save the best for last."

Michelle handed Harry her present next, which turned out to be a book on dueling that had only recently been published. Jennifer and Amanda had gotten him a voucher for a clothing store in Salem, Marlene and Jenna gifted him tickets to a Quidditch match for his favorite team, and Frank gave him a wand holster that could be configured to be worn on the hip or worn as a shoulder holster.

With a smug smile, Sirius handed Harry his smallest present yet, a square box that fit in the palm of his hand. Tearing into the poorly wrapped gift, Harry pulled off the lid and stared at the single silver key attached to an old keyring advertising an Indian restaurant in London.

"No way," Harry said, lifting the key out of the box.

"Sirius, you didn't," Andi said, sighing in aggravation.

"I did," Sirius grinned.

“When I said you should get rid of that thing, I didn’t mean give it to Harry,” Marlene said, shaking her head.

“Oh, let the kid live a little,” Sirius replied. “Go on, Harry. She’s all yours.”

Grinning widely, Harry jumped from his seat and hugged him tightly.

“You’re the best!” he said.

Sirius chuckled and patted him on the back. Pulling back, Harry turned to Dora and held up the key.

“You want to go for a ride with me?” he asked.

“Hell yeah,” Dora beamed.

Harry took her hand and started pulling her towards the house.

“Put some clothes on before you ride that thing!” Andi yelled as she and everyone else got up to follow.

“What did you get him?” Harry heard Michelle ask.

He never heard the reply as he pulled Dora into the garage and flipped on the light. Walking over to the sleek, black Triumph motorcycle tucked in the corner, Harry threw his leg over the seat and grinned before turning to Dora.

“Open the door and hope on,” he said.

With a smile to match his, Dora hit the switch for the garage door and quickly climbed onto the back of the bike. As the door slowly opened, Harry could see everyone gathered in the driveway to watch. Inserting the key into the ignition, he started the engine, kicked it into gear, and rolled forward. Jennifer and Amanda laughed and cheered when he rode past them towards the road.

“Helmets!” Andi shouted.

Harry pretended not to hear her as he revved the engine and turned onto the dirt road. After getting a few hundred yards from the house, he turned around and glanced over his shoulder.

“Ready?” he asked.

“Ready,” Dora said, hugging herself against his back.

Grinning, Harry revved the engine a couple more times and then took off. He accelerated hard, running through the gears rapidly. Just as he passed the driveway where everyone was watching, he thumbed a switch next to the throttle. The wheels gently left the ground, and they took off into the air. Dora whooped in his ear as they climbed. Levina swooped in front of them with a loud, joyful cry as they cruised high above the desert.

~

Andi sighed as he brought in the last of the plates from the patio and set them in the sink. The guests had left a short while ago and, as usual, when it came to clean up, Sirius and the kids had disappeared. Turning away from the sink, she decided to see if she could find Harry and Dora to help her. They were both adults now, and it was time they started acting like it.

She glanced outside first but didn’t see them by the pool. Hoping that they hadn’t gone back out on that bike, she walked into the living room to see if they were watching the telly.

Andi gasped when she spotted them on the couch. They were still wearing their swim suits, though only barely. Dora was straddling Harry on her knees as they snogged heatedly. Harry had pushed her top up, exposing her breasts, while her hand was jammed down the front of his open shorts.

“Harry! Nymphadora!” Andi yelled.

They stopped kissing and turned to look at her, but the fact that neither of them looked the least bit embarrassed only angered her further.

“What the hell are you two thinking doing that in the living where anyone can see?” she asked, crossing her arms over her chest. “Get in the kitchen and help me with the dishes.”

Nymphadora groaned as she pulled her hand out of Harry’s shorts, fixed her top, and climbed off of Harry’s lap. Quickly fixing his shorts, Harry followed after her. The moment they were in the kitchen, she heard Nymphadora giggling.

Shaking her head, Andi drew her wand and cast a couple of charms on the couch. As she turned back to the kitchen, Nymphadora was leading Harry by the hand towards her bedroom door.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Andi demanded.

“Dishes are done!” Nymphadora yelled over her shoulder.

Pulling Harry into her room, she slammed the door closed. It glowed blue a moment later, signaling a Silencing Charm was in place. Throwing her hands up in frustration, Andi walked back into the kitchen. The dishes in the sink were cleaning themselves, but the sponge only cleaned the middle of the plates, leaving the edges dirty. Angrily, Andi canceled the charms and redid them properly. With a sigh, she went back to cleaning up the rest of the mess and putting away the food by herself.

Not half an hour later, just as she was finishing up in the kitchen, the Caterwauling Charm Andi had placed on the couch trigger. Huffing, she stormed into the living room.

“What did I tell you two about doing that on the cou-” Andi stopped mid-sentence as she stared at the couple on the floor.

Sirius lay on his back, blinking up in confusion as Marlene pushed herself on his chest. The front of her shirt distended away from her chest where his hand was still trapped under the fabric.

“Are you kidding me!?” Andi yelled. “Stop shagging on my couch!”

As she continued to lay into them and explain why the couch was charmed to a confused Sirius and embarrassed Marlene, Harry and Dora sat off to the side, laughing so hard tears fell from their eyes.

~

Just a few days after Harry’s birthday, they were back in upstate New York for the annual International Dueling Championship. When he and Dora moved to get in line to sign up for the competition, they spotted Professor Wilkinson talking to Flitwick and a guy about Harry’s age with straw-colored hair. The moment he noticed them, Professor Wilkinson waved them over.

“Hello, Mr. Potter, Ms. Tonks,” Flitwick said, smiling brightly. “I’d like you to meet Ernie McMillan. I was hoping he’d be your competition from Hogwarts this year, but Boris here tells me you’ll be competing in the under twenty-one bracket this year.”

“Professor Wilkinson thought I needed a bit more of a challenge,” Harry shrugged.

He didn’t mention that a large part of the reason he’d agreed was to push himself harder than he had in the past. After being kidnapped and put in a wheelchair for six months, he wanted to make sure he was never rendered so weak and helpless ever again.

“Well, I guess that’s one less duel we have to worry about,” Flitwick smiled. “I wish you the best of luck. You’re going to have some stiff competition this year.”

“I’m looking forward to it,” Harry smirked.

Flitwick chuckled while Ernie scoffed quietly and crossed his arms over his chest.

“You know, this means we might have to duel each other,” Dora said as they moved forward in line.

“I hope not,” Harry muttered. “You fight dirty.”

“I do not,” Dora huffed.

“You hexed my nuts the last time we practiced,” Harry argued.

“It was an accident!” she protested, then moved her lips close to his ear and lowered her voice. “Besides, I made it up to you later, didn’t I?”

Harry smiled at the memory.

“That part was pretty good,” he admitted.

~

When the tournament organizers posted the dueling bracket, Harry was relieved that he wouldn’t be dueling Dora. Despite what she said, he didn’t think there was any chance he’d get

laid for the next week if he eliminated her from the competition. Fortunately, there was another familiar name on the board that Harry was anxious to duel again. Fleur Delacour.

Sure, he'd been in a wheelchair at the time, but she'd still handed him his first loss. He was anxious to get back in the ring with her and see how he did when he wasn't stuck in one place. And, hopefully, he could get his win back.

Joining his family in the stands, Harry and Dora watched the younger duelists go first. Ernie was one of the first to duel in the under-eighteen bracket, and despite being under the tutelage of Filius Flitwick, he wasn't that skilled. He won his first match but lost his second in short order.

While the finalists for the two younger brackets went off to rest and wait for the championship matches, Harry and Dora got ready for their first duels of the day. Dora went first, taking on a Romanian wizard. It was a long, drawn-out duel that gave Harry a good idea of what to expect. Professor Wilkinson, who sat next to him, pointed out the things he needed to look out for as they watched.

"This is the point where a duel becomes much more about intelligence and less about skill," he told him. "Think of it like a chess match. You need to maneuver your opponent into a vulnerable position before you can make your move. But never forget that they're going to be trying to do the same to you. You're never as safe as you think you are."

Harry nodded and watched as Dora continued to test and probe her opponent's defenses. Eventually, she spotted a pattern and used it to her advantage. She sent a hex at his head, and like he had every time before, her opponent raised a shield. It protected his face but also left him blinded for just a moment. Dora used that time to lock his legs together. While he pinwheeled his arms, desperately trying to keep his balance, her Disarming Hex hit him in the chest.

Everyone cheered loudly for her well-fought victory. With a beaming smile, Dora returned to the stands. She was still slightly out of breath with rosy cheeks when she took her seat next to Harry. Wrapping his arm around her waist, he kissed her temple and congratulated her while he waited for his first match.

He didn't have to wait long. His first opponent was a Bolivian Witch four years his senior. Walking down to the straw-covered arena, Harry stopped in front of her as the referee read the usual rules. He didn't hear them. Nor did he hear the witch's name when it was announced alongside his own. He was utterly focused on the duel ahead.

"Bow and take your places," the referee said.

Harry bowed, turned, and took five steps before spinning back around to face his opponent. He waited anxiously, his muscles tensed, for the signal to start the duel. The moment bright red sparks shot from the referee's wand, Harry and the witch standing across from him leapt into action. Hexes and jinxes were traded back and forth so fast that he barely felt in control. At any second, a single mistake could cost him the match.

And Harry would be damned if he was knocked out in the first round.

Gradually, he forced himself to calm down and think. Almost immediately, he noticed his aim and timing improve, giving him a moment to relax enough to watch his opponent's reactions. Sweat dripped down his temple as he used a mixture of spells to test her and find an opportunity to end the duel. As he fired a Bludgeoning Hex, he noticed that, thanks to the furious pace, her shield was rushed and slightly malformed. It worked fine to stop his hex, but he knew it would fail if she were pressed to stop two or three in a row.

Just as a plan formed in Harry's mind, the woman across from him waved her wand in a wide arch. After spending the last couple of minutes defending the same textbook Hexes and Curses, the sudden change threw him off. It took him a moment to realize she'd used a Suffocation Hex.

Despite its rather ominous name, it was only really dangerous if you didn't know how to counter it. Its main strength was that it could be cast over a wide area, requiring virtually no need to aim and affecting multiple people at the same time. In the time it took him to remember the Counter Curse, the magic washed over. It felt like a large hand had wrapped around his throat, cutting off his air. Only the fact that he knew what was happening and knew how to get out of it kept him from panicking.

But that did nothing to stop him from being angry with himself.

Silently, Harry cast the Counter Curse and slapped aside the Disarming Hex his opponent sent his way, hoping to finish the duel. Before she could regroup and try something else, he angrily returned fire with a Bludgeoning Hex. Once again, the witch threw up a hasty, imperfect shield, and Harry pounced on the opportunity. He let loose with two more in rapid succession.

The first hex hit her shield and was easily deflected off to the side. She looked like she was going to drop it for just a moment before she realized there was more coming. The second hex caused her to stumble back a step, and before she could get her feet under her, the third broke her shield. As she fell backward onto her ass, Harry landed a Disarming Hex and snatched her wand out of the air.

“Your winner, Harry Potter!” the referee announced.

Letting out a breath, Harry smiled as he walked forward, gave the witch back her wand, and shook her hand. As he returned to the stands, he wiped the sweat from his forehead and tried to slow his breathing.

“That was awesome!” Dora yelled, hugging him tightly.

“An excellent performance,” Professor Wilkinson agreed as Harry was hugged and congratulated by the rest of his family.

“Thanks,” Harry said, taking a seat with a sigh. “That took a lot more out of me than I thought it would, though.”

“That’s the adrenaline,” Professor Wilkinson said, patting his shoulder. “This is the first time you’ve really been pushed in a duel. Don’t worry. You’ll get used to it.”

Nodding, Harry paid close attention to the next few duels, trying to learn everything he could from them. Unfortunately, Dora lost her next match against the Romanian witch that had won the year before. He thought she could have easily taken second or third place if the brackets had been ordered differently.

Harry was more fortunate when it came to his opponents. Maybe it was because he was less nervous or because his next two opponents were only three years older than him, but he won his next two duels in a much more convincing fashion than his first.

“And that’s it for day one of the competition, folks,” the announcer said with a beaming smile under his black top hat. “Tomorrow, we’ll be holding the semi-finals and finals for all age groups. Good luck to all our duelists.”

The crowd applauded as he took a bow and left. As Harry, Dora, and their families made their way out to play a few games and enjoy a few rides before they went home, Fleur waved and made her way over.

“Bonjour, ‘Arry, Tonks,” Fleur said with a smile.

“Hey,” Harry said, waving to her, her sister, and her mother.

As waved back and smiled brightly, Dora took his hand in hers and gripped his bicep possessively.

“I am glad to see you back on your feet,” Fleur said, brushing her long blonde hair over her shoulder. “Are you ‘ealed?”

“Better than ever,” Harry smiled. “And I plan to put up more of a fight in our next duel.”

Fleur smiled back and lifted her chin slightly.

"I look forward to seeing what you do," she said. "I weel see you tomorrow."

Harry waved as they started to walk away, but Fleur turned back a moment later and looked at Dora.

"I 'ope you get chosen as ze Champion of your school next year," she called loudly.

"Champion?" Harry asked, turning to Dora, who looked just as confused. "What's she talking about?"

Dora shrugged.

"I think she's talking about the Triwizard Tournament," Sirius said. "It's a competition between the three best students from the three biggest schools in Europe, Hogwarts, Beauxbatons, and Durmstrang."

"But why would she think I was going?" Dora asked.

"I don't know," Sirius said, his brow furrowing. "I'll ask around and see what I can find out."

Chapter 15

Harry was woken abruptly by a loud, persistent knock on his bedroom door. With a groan, Dora buried her face in the crook of his neck and pulled the covers over her face.

"Get dressed and meet me in the kitchen," Sirius called loudly. "I need to talk to you two."

"It's too early!" Dora yelled.

"It's important!" Sirius yelled back. "You've got five minutes before I come back with a bucket of water!"

"I'm naked!" she barked before ripping the pillow out from under Harry's head and using it to cover hers.

"Then I'll send Marlene!" he shouted back.

"Harry's naked, too!" came her muffled reply.

"I don't care!" Sirius shouted. "Five minutes!"

"We better go see what he wants," Harry said.

With a frustrated groan, Dora tossed the pillow to the other side of the bed, sighed, and sat up. Harry's eyes raked over her naked body as she grumbled and got to her feet. Every time he looked at her, he noticed some subtle change in her appearance. He was positive it wasn't conscious, and she probably didn't even notice, but for him, it made every morning the most interesting game of 'spot the difference' he'd ever played.

"Quit staring at my ass and get dressed," Dora said.

Grinning unrepentantly, Harry climbed out of bed and threw on some clothes. A couple of minutes later, they walked into the kitchen. Sirius, Marlene, Andi, and Ted sat at the kitchen table sipping coffee with serious looks on their faces. Jenna was there, too, but she looked just as out of the loop as Harry felt.

"Alright, what's going on, Sirius?" Harry asked as he and Dora took their seats.

"I talked to Meredith this morning," he replied. "Hogwarts has decided to host the Triwizard Tournament this year."

"You woke me up for that?" Dora grumbled.

"Ilvermorny has been invited," Sirius said. "The headmaster of Durmstrang is a former Death Eater who was exiled from magical Britain after the war. The Death Eaters aren't too fond of him, either. He turned on them to save himself from Azkaban when he was caught and gave the Ministry a whole list of names. He'd be a fool to set foot back in Britain even if they let him. So, Durmstrang is out, and Ilvermorny is in."

"The seventh years who want to go will be spending the entire year at Hogwarts," Andi added. "Obviously, you're an adult, and the decision is up to you, but I don't like the idea of you going back alone. You know the problems we had getting away."

Harry felt like a lead weight had dropped into his stomach. They'd only just started dating. If Dora were to leave for an entire year, they would likely not be together for much longer. He hated the idea of her leaving, but when she turned to look at him, all he could do was shrug. In the end, it was her decision.

"So, either I go to Hogwarts, or I spend a year with the whole seventh year dorm to myself?" Dora said. "Sounds lonely."

Turning to Harry, she smiled and took his hand in hers.

"You think Professor Wilkinson will let you stay with me?" she asked, her eyes sparkling.

Grinning, Harry lunged forward and kissed her hard on the lips.

"You're staying here?" Andi asked.

Breaking the kiss with a smile, Dora kept her eyes locked with Harry's.

"I'm not going anywhere," she replied.

"Oh, thank Merlin," Andi burst out in relief and dropped her head onto the table.

Smiling, Ted rubbed her back gently.

"I'll get started on breakfast," Marlene said with a smile, getting to her feet.

~

A couple of hours later, Harry and the others were back in New York for the final duels of the tournament. They took a bit of time to explore the fair and play a few games. Eventually, they ended up at Harry's favorite game, banishing rubber rings onto a wooden dowel. He was on the verge of winning a large stuffed and animated unicorn when a short, fat, purple bird suddenly appeared in front of him. The rubber ring bounced off its beak, causing it to squawk and tilt its head in confusion.

"The hell?" Harry asked.

"Aw, it's so cute," Jenna smiled.

She reached out to pet it, but just as her fingers were about to brush its feathers, the bird vanished. It reappeared a short distance away at the popcorn stand. As it filled its beak with popcorn, the woman running the stand picked up a wooden spoon and swung at it. The bird vanished before it could make contact and reappeared a few stalls down, causing a man to shout in surprise.

"Looks like the Diriclaws escaped," Dora smirked, pointing toward the Ferris Wheel.

Harry looked up and laughed as a green Diriclaw Apparated from car to car. After a few hops, it ended up in the car the Delacours happened to be in. Before Fleur or Appoline could stop her, Gabrielle wrapped her arms around the bird and hugged it to her chest. It stayed surprisingly calm as it turned to her and chirped softly before vanishing again. Gabrielle pouted and dropped her arms sadly.

Suddenly, a group of organizers ran past, wands drawn. The Diriclaws sensed them coming and began Apparating away as fast as they could.

"I wonder how they got out," Jenna said.

"I don't know, but I hope they do this every year," Harry grinned.

"As fun as this is, the tournament is going to start soon," Dora reminded him.

"Hey, Potter!"

Harry turned back and looked at the man running the game he'd just been playing. With a smile, he grabbed the stuffed unicorn off the wall and tossed it to him.

"You would have won it anyways," he shrugged. "Good luck in the tournament."

"Thanks," Harry said with a smile and a wave. "See you next year."

Turning to Jenna, he handed her the unicorn. She tucked it under one arm and then hugged him tightly. Harry wrapped an arm around both girls' shoulders, and they all walked towards the arena where the tournament was being held.

It turned out they needn't have worried about the time. When they got there, the trapeze artists and tightrope walkers who performed in the evening were busy trying to corner the green Diriclaws on the tightrope, causing a delay in the tournament.

Looking around for an empty seat, Harry spotted Sirius, Marlene, and Andi already in the stands. He grabbed the girls by the hand and led them over.

"Hey, shouldn't you be helping?" Harry asked with a smirk and gesturing over his shoulder to the tightrope.

"I'm off duty," Sirius said, rolling his eyes. "Besides, this is hardly the sort of thing you call in the MIB to handle."

"Any idea how they got loose?" Dora asked.

"From what the performers said, a little girl tried to take one of the Krups from the petting zoo for a walk. The workers were so busy trying to bring them back they forgot to close the latch when they left," Ted explained with a chuckle. "If I had heard that a couple of decades ago, I would've thought they were talking about Nymphadora."

Harry and Jenna chuckled while Dora rolled her eyes.

"It could've been Harry," she said. "He was just as bad as I was."

"No," Ted said, shaking his head. "Harry was far worse. He'd have found a way to ride one of the Occamy around until someone called the state Aurors."

"Don't give him ideas," Andi muttered.

"Bonjour."

Harry turned and smiled as Fleur took the seat next to him, with Apolline and Gabrielle sitting on the other side of her. Predictably, Sirius went all starry-eyed when his eyes landed on Apolline, prompting Marlene to roll her eyes and elbow him in the ribs. Dora, meanwhile, scooted closer to Harry and took his hand in hers possessively.

“Hey, Fleur,” he said. “Looks like our duel is delayed for a bit.”

They both glanced up at the tightrope, where two walkers were slowly approaching the Diriclaw from either end. How they expected to grab a bird while holding balancing poles, he had no idea.

“Not long, I ‘ope,” Fleur said. “I want to visit ze city before we leave.”

“Are you looking forward to the Triwizard Tournament?” Dora asked.

“Oui,” she smiled prettily. “Are you?”

“I’m not going,” Dora told her.

“Oh,” Fleur said, looking genuinely disappointed.

“Some of the families in England aren’t too fond of me living,” Harry explained with a shrug.

“I understand,” Fleur nodded. “But it would ‘ave been nice to know someone from anozer school.”

“I’ll tell my friends to say hi when they get to Hogwarts,” Dora said.

“Merci,” Fleur smiled.

“Careful!” a man yelled, drawing their attention back to the tightrope. “Don’t hurt it.”

The tightrope walkers were just a few feet from the Diriclaw, who looked oblivious to their approach as it gazed around the arena with large yellow eyes. Suddenly, one of the performers dropped his balancing pole and leapt at the bird. It vanished with a *pop* and reappeared on Gabrielle’s lap. The performer crashed into his partner, knocking them both from the tightrope. As they fell, they were quickly caught by a witch and wizard on the ground.

“I think he likes you,” Harry said to Gabrielle.

The little girl beamed as she hugged the bird to her chest. Apolline said something to her in French and then sighed when she responded.

“She wants to keep it,” Fleur said in response to their curious looks.

Gabrielle pouted and stroked the feathers of the Diriclaw, who’d settled comfortably in her lap while her mother continued to talk to her in French. After a moment, she sighed and sat back in her seat with her arms folded under her breasts.

“What am I going to do wiz you?” she asked, shaking her head.

“It could be worse,” Andi said consolingly. “Harry came home with a Thunderbird when he was eight.”

Apolline and Fleur turned to blink at him in surprise. Harry shrugged.

“Nuts! Dragon roasted nuts, here!” a young man yelled, walking through the stands with a tray strapped to his chest.

"You got Butterbeer?" Harry asked.

"Yes, sir," he nodded.

"I'll take eight, two pumpkin juices, and a bag of nuts," Harry said.

He paid the man, handed Jenna a pumpkin juice, passed out the Butterbeers to the other adults, and then gave Gabrielle the last pumpkin juice and the bag of nuts. The Diriclaw perked up at the smell. Grabbing a peanut from the bag, Harry fed it to the bird. Gabrielle giggled and started feeding it one at a time while he sat back with a smile.

Apolline sighed, "Now it won't want to leave 'er."

Smiling unrepentantly, Harry toasted her with his Butterbeer and took a sip. Fleur chuckled while Dora shook her head at him fondly. As they waited for the tournament to get started, Jenna moved to sit next to Gabrielle so she could pet the Diriclaw. The bird tilted its head up and warbled when they scratched the feathers under its chin.

"Ah, there he is."

A plump woman in a dark red robe smiled as she approached Gabrielle and Jenna.

"Thanks for taking care of him, girls," she said kindly. "But I need to get him back to his cage now."

Apolline quickly translated for Gabrielle. The little girl tried to argue but was shut down immediately by her mother. She looked on the verge of tears as she cradled the Diriclaw and handed it to the woman. The bird squawked loudly and disappeared, only to reappear back on Gabrielle's lap an instant later. The woman stared at the Diriclaw in surprise while Gabrielle

hugged it tightly and looked at her mother pleadingly. With a sigh, Apolline turned to the woman.

“Can we buy eet from you?” she asked.

The woman looked at her thoughtfully and pursed her lips.

“You have a place to keep him?” she asked. “Diriclaws needs a lot of room.”

“We have a vineyard een France,” Apolline told her.

Looking back at Gabrielle, the woman sighed and smiled.

“As long as you can promise me you’ll give him a good home, I’ll sell him to you,” she said.

“I promise she weel take very good care of ‘im,” Apolline promised.

The woman looked her over appraisingly for a moment and nodded.

“Ten Galleons,” she said.

While Apolline dug through her purse for her coins, Fleur smiled and spoke to her sister. Gabrielle squealed happily and hugged her mother, nearly causing her to drop her coins. Paying the woman, who gave the bird a farewell pat on the head and left, Apolline spoke to Gabrielle sternly.

“Ladies and gentlemen, witches and wizards!” The announcer called. “Now that the unexpected entertainment is over, it's time for the semi-finals of this year's International Dueling Tournament!”

The crowd cheered loudly, and Harry settled back in his seat, knowing there would be four duels before he and Fleur had theirs. First came the semi-finals for the under-sixteen bracket, which didn't take long. The duelists going into the finals were an Egyptian wizard and a witch from the Philippines. The semi-finals for the under-eighteen bracket took longer to finish. A Swedish witch won the first duel, while a wizard from Yemen won the second.

"Next up, the first semi-final for the under-twenty-one bracket, we have Harry Potter of the United States versus Fleur Delacour of France!" the announcer called.

"Good luck," Sirius said, clapping his shoulder.

Smiling, Harry took one last sip of his Butterbeer, placed his thumb over the top, and then brought his bottle down sharply onto Sirius'.

"Git!" Sirius yelled.

The bottle began to foam rapidly as he snatched the bottle from the bench and placed his mouth over the top. He glared at Harry, who smirked and clapped him on the back as he got to his feet. Smiling at Fleur, the two of them made their way down to the arena.

"Kick is arse, Fleur!" Sirius yelled.

"Mr. Potter, Ms. Delacour, lovely to see you again," Flitwick greeted them cheerfully. "Any questions before we begin?"

"I think we know how this works by now," Harry replied while Fleur shook her head.

"Excellent," Flitwick said. "Then bow, take your positions, and wait for my signal."

Harry added a little flourish to his bow and gave Fleur a smile before turning around and walking ten steps away. He turned back around at the same time Fleur did. As their eyes met, the levity died rapidly. Harry's muscles tensed, ready to react the moment Flitwick gave the signal to begin.

Red sparks burst overhead, and they started casting hexes and curses as fast as possible. Either Fleur had been holding back in their last duel, or she had gotten noticeably better over the last year. Her spells seemed to come fast and hit harder than he remembered. She was using a lot more area-affecting spells, too. Fortunately, Harry had studied up on those over the last year.

Suddenly, Harry spotted a minute opening. When he recognized the beginning of an Animation Charm, he used wandless magic to wrench her wand down while casting a Disarming Hex with his wand. To her credit, Fleur reacted seamlessly. Spinning gracefully out of the way of his hex, she canceled the charm that she'd cast at her own feet. The animated hay, which had just started crawling towards her like thousands of worms, stopped instantly. With narrowed eyes, she batted away his follow-up spell.

Harry could feel sweat dripping down his forehead as they continued to trade spells. When it came to offensive spells, Fleur was faster to the draw than he was, but his defense was nearly impenetrable. He'd spent long hours honing his shields and defensive tactics, unsure if he'd still be in a wheelchair. On the downside, her speed made it difficult to slip in attacks. Even when he did, they were more of a nuisance than anything. He just needed to find a way to unbalance her long enough to get off more than a spell or two at a time.

It was time to take a risk.

The next time Fleur tried to cast a hex, Harry again used his wandless magic to redirect the tip of her wand while casting a hex of his own. She was forced to defend, and it turned the tide for him to really start casting some offensive spells of his own. Despite casting as fast as he could, Fleur was still faster and could slip in the odd counter occasionally. Harry knew that if he used a shield, he'd be right back where he started, so he dodged everything she sent his way instead of blocking. There were several close calls where he felt spells speed past just millimeters from his skin, but he continued to press forward, looking for any opening that might end the duel.

That all worked great until Fleur used another Animation Charm that he couldn't dodge. Growling in frustration, he canceled the charm and backpedaled slightly as she rained down a rapid flurry of hexes and curses. As he defended, he cast his mind around for anything that might distract her long enough to give him the upper hand.

Then he noticed the hay and dirt piled around his feet from her repeated Animation Charms. With a grin, he thrust his left arm forward. A cloud of hay and loose dirt shot towards Fleur, who raised her arm to cover her eyes. Just before she was completely obscured from view, Harry wandlessly and grabbed her wand arm, holding it in place instead of redirecting the tip as he had before. At the same time, he unleashed a bright red Stunning Hex from his wand and watched in anticipation as it shot toward the spot where he knew Fleur was standing. The entire crowd gasped when it pierced the cloud of dust and fluttering hay.

And then Harry's wand was ripped from his hand.

He was so surprised by the Disarming Hex that hit him that he stumbled and fell on his back. Sitting up, he watched as the dust cleared, slowly revealing Fleur. She was crouched with one knee on the ground, her head just below the spot he'd cast his Stunning Hex at. A small, triumphant smirk sat on her lips as she held her wand aloft.

Her wand that now sat in her left hand.

"Stop!" Flitwick shouted. "Your winner, Fleur Delacour!"

The crowd erupted while Harry fell back with a groan and dropped his head painfully to the ground.

"Damn it," he growled, slamming his fist down.

Getting his frustration under control, he sighed and climbed to his feet. As he walked back to the center of the arena, Fleur paused to retrieve his wand and handed it to him when they met.

“Great job,” Harry said, shaking her hand and taking his wand. “I guess I used that wandless trick one too many times.”

“Oui, but eet was close,” Fleur said, turning her head to the side. “You singed my ‘air.”

Harry snorted as he looked at the handful of shortened and burned hairs on the side of her head.

“Wonderfully done, both of you!” Flitwick said, excitedly bouncing on the balls of his feet. “I haven’t seen a duel like that in years!”

“Merci,” Fleur smiled.

Forcing a smile and giving the short man a respectful nod, Harry followed Fleur back to their seats.

“You were amazing,” Dora said, hugging him tightly.

Harry smiled as the others commented favorably on the duel despite his loss. Even Professor Wilkinson, who Harry hadn’t even noticed arrive, had little to say about it.

“Sometimes, you just need experience,” he said. “And in that, a loss will teach you far more than a win.”

“Yeah, well, I don’t like losing,” Harry grumbled, sipping his Butterbeer before turning to Fleur. “I still want another rematch, though.”

“You weel ‘ave to come to France,” Fleur shrugged. “I weel be too old to compete next year.”

“Deal,” Harry grinned. “I’ve always wanted to visit those topless beaches.”

Dora turned to glare at him, but he just continued to smile unrepentantly. Snorting, she smacked his chest lightly and laid her head on his shoulder.

“Perv,” she muttered.

“Yeah, but you still love me,” Harry said.

Smiling, Dora kissed his cheek as they settled in to watch the rest of the tournament.

Chapter 16

“Bye, have a good year!” Andi called. “And stay out of trouble!”

Harry looked back at his family and waved as he pushed the cart loaded with his, Dora’s and Jenna’s luggage. Dora’s friends, Jennifer and Amanda, approached the door to greet her as she boarded the train.

“Harry, can you get the trunks while we go find a compartment?” Dora asked.

“Why do I always have to carry the trunks?” Harry asked exasperatedly.

Dora smirked, “Because I give you blowjobs.”

Jennifer, Jenna, and Amanda laughed while Harry thought for a moment before tilting his head in acknowledgment.

"Fair point," he said.

As the girls disappeared from the doorway, Harry turned back to the cart and sighed.

At least he could use magic this year.

Whipping out his wand, he levitated the trunks in a line and directed them onto the train. By the time he got onto the train, the girls had already vanished from sight. Fortunately, he didn't have to walk long before he found them. They were already in a compartment with Michelle.

"How did the tournament go this year?" she asked while Harry lifted the trunks into the overhead compartment.

"Good," Dora replied. "Harry decided to compete in the under twenty-one bracket. He lost to Fleur in the semi-finals, but it was a hell of a match. You should've seen it. Harry was incredible."

"I did alright," Harry said. "I really need to work on the speed of my casting this year."

"I'm surprised you're not more upset," Michelle said.

Shrugging, he plopped down on the seat next to Dora and slung his arm over her shoulders.

"I probably would be if she hadn't won the whole thing," Harry said. "Besides, I still have another three years to win the tournament."

"Speaking of tournaments," Dora said. "Did you guys hear Ilvermorny is being invited to compete in the Triwizard Tournament at Hogwarts this year?"

"Really?" Jen asked.

“What’s the Triwizard Tournament?” Michelle asked while Amanda leaned forward interestedly.

“Well, it’s supposed to be a tournament between the three best schools in Europe, but the Durmstrang headmaster was exiled from England after the war with Voldemort,” Dora explained. “They used to hold it every four years, but they stopped about three hundred years ago.”

“Too many deaths,” Jennifer added. “They pick the best student from each school and compete to see who’s the best. I can’t remember exactly what happened, but they ended it after all three Champions and a good chunk of the audience were killed during one of the tasks.”

Michelle wrinkled her nose, “Sounds barbaric. Like when the Romans used to make slaves fight in the Colosseum.”

“Wait,” Jennifer exclaimed suddenly, glancing between Harry and Dora. “Does this mean that we’ll be spending the whole year at Hogwarts?”

“You will be,” Dora corrected. “Harry can’t go because they’re only taking the seventh years, and I decided to stay with him. So, while you’re all at Hogwarts, I’ll be having sex with Harry in every bed in the dorm.”

“You’re seriously not going?” Amanda asked incredulously.

Dora shrugged and leaned against Harry with a soft smile on her lips.

“I’d rather spend the year with my boyfriend,” she said.

Smiling, Harry kissed the top of her head.

“Aw, that’s so sweet,” Jennifer said, her smile turning into a smirk. “When’s the wedding?”

“Oh, shut up,” Dora said, rolling her eyes. “Anyways, who do you think will be Champion for Ilvermorny?”

“Since you’re not going, probably Amanda,” Jennifer said.

“I don’t know,” Amanda said thoughtfully. “Ryan’s pretty good with a wand.”

“You would know,” Dora smirked.

Amanda blushed and covered her face while the rest of the compartment burst into laughter.

~

Ilvermorny buzzed with activity in the two months leading up to the Triwizard Tournament. Several of Dora’s classmates tried to convince her to compete, considering her their best chance of winning, but she turned them down each time.

October 30th dawned bright and cool as the whole of Ilvermorny descended onto the front lawn to bid farewell to their classmates. Dora was sharing a tearful goodbye with Jennifer and Amanda when they heard the whistle of the Ilvermorny Express. Turning as one, the school watched as the large, black train chugged its way up to the top of Mount Greylock.

It moved along on a charmed track, where the rails and ties behind the train flew to the front and assembled themselves in front to create a never-ending track. The train pulled to a stop in front of the school in a cloud of steam, the brakes hissing and squealing. As the Pukwudgies loaded the luggage onto the carriages, Jennifer and Amanda said their final goodbyes, kissed Harry’s cheek, and turned to board the Express.

Walking up behind Dora, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and held her tight. She leaned back into his embrace and laid her arms on top of his.

“Are you okay, Tonks?” Jenna asked softly.

“I’m fine,” Dora said with a snuffle.

“Have you talked to the professors about your classes yet?” Michelle asked curiously.

“Urgh,” Dora groaned, wrinkling her nose cutely. “Since I’m the only one staying, I’m going to get private tutoring.”

“But that’s great!” Michelle exclaimed.

“For you, maybe,” Dora grumbled. “Now, they’re definitely going to notice if I skip class.”

Jenna giggled while Michelle rolled her eyes.

A few minutes later, Harry and his friends waved to the seventh years hanging out of the windows of the Express as it began to move. Picking up speed, the railway arched gently until the entire train was in the air and steamed its way out over the Atlantic.

~

Later that night, the Thunderbird Common Room felt unusually empty. The students filled their evening with speculating about the Tournament, who would be chosen, and what the tasks would be until they gradually began to trickle up the stairs one and two at a time to their dorms.

“Are you ready to go to bed?” Dora asked after Jenna and Michelle had called it a night.

“Sure,” Harry replied.

“Good,” she smiled, kissing him on the lips briefly. “Go get a change of clothes and meet me in my dorm.”

Getting to her feet, she gave him a wink before turning and walking over to the entrance of the girls’ dorm. Harry grinned as he got to his feet and quickly made his way up the stairs to the boys’ dorm. His dormmates gave him knowing looks as he dug through his trunk for a change of clothes. Once he had everything he needed, Harry walked back down to the common room. Several of the older students snickered and giggled as they watched him enter the girls’ dorm.

He ignored the stairs, which he’d been warned were charmed with an alarm that led to the younger dorms, and instead turned right. Finding the door with a bronze plaque that marked it for seventh years, he turned the handle and peeked inside. He smirked when he spotted Dora bent over at the waist, digging through her trunk in nothing but a T-shirt and a pair of bright purple panties. As the door clicked closed behind him, she looked back and smiled.

Her trunk closed with a thud when she turned around and trotted over to him with a grin. She kissed him passionately, throwing her arms around his neck before jumping up and wrapping her legs around his waist. Harry smiled against her lips as he spun her around and pinned her against the door. A moan escaped her lips when his pelvis ground against hers.

Letting one arm fall from around his neck, Dora groped blindly at the door until her hand landed on the lock, which she moved into place. The moment he heard the lock engage, Harry pulled her away from the door and carried her to the nearest bed. Tossing her onto the mattress, where she bounced and giggled, he quickly undid the top three buttons of his shirt, loosened his tie, and pulled it up over his head.

Dora ran her hand up his chest, cupped the back of his neck, and pulled him down for a kiss. With a quick buck of her hips, she rolled them over so she was on top, her knees on either side of his hips. Gazing down at him with a smirk, she pulled her shirt over her head, freeing her large, perky breasts, and tossed it carelessly to the floor. Harry impatiently reached up to cup the right one, his thumb caressing her light pink nipple.

Bending down to give him another kiss, Dora slid back until her feet were on the floor and dropped into a crouch. Harry sat up on his elbows as her fingers deftly unbuckled his belt. When she tugged at his pants, he lifted his hips, and she pulled them down his legs. His boxers joined them a moment later, allowing his swollen manhood to lay against his thigh impressively. Dora bit her lip as she gazed at it, arousal burning in her hazel eyes.

Quickly, she lifted her eyes to meet his and straddled his hips. Harry cupped both of her breasts, squeezing them firmly as her lips crashed against his. They groaned in unison when she ground against his rapidly hardening length, her hips rolling with barely constrained need despite the fact they'd met for a quick tryst in a broom cupboard earlier that day.

With a moan, Dora braced her hands on his chest and sat up while rocking her hips incessantly. Raising herself, she placed his engorged head at her entrance and descended on his length with a long, loud groan. Harry barely let her settle before he rolled them over, pulled his hips back, and the forward hard. Dora arched her back with a gasp, her nails raking across his back. Quickly, he settled into her favorite pace, long, slow strokes that ground their pelvises together at the end. Her heels dug into the back of his thighs rhythmically, silently directing him to use the perfect speed.

"Harry," she whimpered, her face contorted beautifully.

He smiled down at her and began rolling his hips at the end of each thrust, grinding against her. Dora trembled, her head thrown back as she let out a guttural moan. Her skin flushed alluringly, and her muscles tensed the closer she got to her peak. Despite her heels urging him to move faster, he kept his pace, knowing the slow build would make her eventual climax better. Light, breathy whimpers left her parted, swollen lips as she started to squirm under him. One hand clawed at his back, leaving behind scarlet lines on his pale skin, while the other clutched at the hair on the back of his head.

When her hair started to change colors, he knew she was on the brink. Suddenly, he started pounding her into the mattress hard and fast. Dora's entire body locked up, her muscles clenched, her mouth and eyes open wide, and her breath froze in her chest. She spasmed violently under him, almost as if trying to curl in on herself. Then, she twitched twice, her face buried in the crook of his neck, before flinging herself back against the mattress with a wail.

Harry grunted, his eyes nearly rolling into the back of his head as her depths tightened and spasmed around him. It was a feeling utterly unique to Dora, and no matter how much he wanted to keep going, it always shattered his resolve. Growling in the back of his throat, he hooked the back of her knees with his arm, folding her body in half, and began pounding down into her fluttering depths with animalistic fervor.

Dora's eyes flew open, now bright blue, and pinned him with a gaze that begged for him to finish inside of her. With a groan, Harry buried himself as deep as possible a moment before he erupted. Yanking his head down, she kissed him passionately between heavy, panting breaths as he flooded her depths. Dora groaned contentedly below him and caressed his back until, eventually, he collapsed on top of her. It took a minute for him to catch his breath before he rolled over onto his back, where she curled up against his side, her head resting on his chest.

"This is going to be the best year ever," Dora grinned.

Smiling, Harry kissed the top of her and lightly caressed her soft, smooth skin.

~

Fleur Delacour wrapped her cloak tightly around her body as she stepped out of the Beauxbatons carriage and onto the Hogwarts lawn. The weather was chilly compared to what she was used to, and the sun was hidden behind a thick layer of clouds, but Hogwarts Castle stood tall and imposing behind the students, waiting to greet them. It was certainly large—much larger than it needed to be for the number of students it housed.

"Dumbledore," Madam Maxime said as the headmaster took her hand and kissed the back of it.

"Good evening, Olympe," Dumbledore greeted her warmly. "I trust your trip was pleasant."

"Oui," Madam Maxime replied.

Fleur tuned out their small talk as she felt the eyes of the Hogwarts students on her and her classmates. She crossed her arms over her body, trying to ward off their gazes. Before coming here, she knew the boys in England would react strongly to her, likely having never seen a Veela before, but some of them weren't even trying. She wasn't sure what was worse, the boys who were practically droll or the ones who gazed at her like a piece of meat.

At least she wasn't the only one. They were staring at all of the Beauxbatons students like that, and most of them weren't even Veela.

"Look!" one of the Hogwarts students suddenly shouted.

Everyone looked to where the young boy was excitedly pointed. Fleur blinked, impressed, as a flying train wound around one of the mountains and quickly approached Hogwarts. As it neared the school, it quickly descended toward the ground and began to slow. It came to a stop with a loud hiss, steam billowing from the engine car. A Pukwudgie, the first she had ever seen in person, leaned out of the window while pulling a lever next to him. Stairs, cleverly folded against each of the four cars the train was pulling, slid into place as the students stepped out onto the lawn.

Gazing at Hogwarts, they talked loudly and excitedly. They even began smiling and waving at the Hogwarts and Beauxbatons students in that typical, overly familiar, American way.

Still, it was better than being stared at like a Parisian whore, Fleur decided.

The last to step off the train was an elderly woman in fine blue robes who hobbled along with the assistance of a staff. One of the Ilvermorny boys spotted her and rushed to give her a hand down the steps. The students quickly formed behind her as she hobbled over to Dumbledore, who smiled brightly.

"Esmerelda, it's been far too long since you've graced us with your presence," he said, taking her hand, kissing the back of it, and clasping it in a friendly manner.

“Not all of us have aged as gracefully as you, Albus,” she responded with a teasing smile.

“Shall we take the students inside?” Dumbledore asked.

One of the Hogwarts professors, a tall woman with her brown hair tied up in a tight bun, motioned back to the castle. The Hogwarts students turned around and headed back to the castle while the Beauxbatons and Ilvermorny students followed after them. Walking through the Entrance Hall, they entered the Great Hall. Fleur looked up at the ceiling and had to admit that the charms work was rather impressive. It was just too bad they had such terrible weather.

“Please, feel free to sit wherever you like,” Dumbledore said as he and the headmistresses entered behind them.

The Ilvermorny students quickly chose to join the Gryffindor table while the Beauxbatons gazed around for a moment before deciding to sit with the Ravenclaws.

“Is it true Harry Potter goes to your school?” Fleur heard a young boy ask excitedly behind her.

Smiling to herself, she settled in and greeted the students around her.

~

Just over twenty-four hours later, Fleur was back in the Great Hall, waiting anxiously for the Champions to be chosen. Her nerves had completely ruined her appetite, though she did her best not to show it. Munching on a baguette, she listened to the students around her debate about who would be chosen.

To her, it seemed pretty clear who the best candidates were. From Hogwarts, there was Cedric Diggory and Roger Davies. From Ilvermorny, Amanda Wilkes and Ryan Hart seemed like the best students. And among the Beauxbatons delegates, Fleur knew her only real competition was

Marie Auclair. She was smart, immensely so, but Fleur knew she had more practical experience. It all depended on how the Goblet decided on the best candidate.

Was it based on potential or those it thought had the best chance to win?

Just then, the Goblet's cool blue flame grew, silencing the Great Hall and causing everyone to turn and stare in anticipation.

"It appears the Goblet is ready to choose," Dumbledore said.

Standing, he walked over to the Goblet. A moment later, the flames flared bright red, and a folded piece of parchment fluttered like a leaf until he snatched it out of the air.

"The Champion for Hogwarts is... Cedric Diggory!"

Cedric smiled handsomely as his classmates cheered loudly. Walking to the front of the hall, he shook the headmaster's hand and stood next to his head of house, who beamed proudly. Just as the applause was coming to an end, the Goblet spat out a second piece of parchment.

"The Champion for Beauxbatons is... Fleur Delacour!" Dumbledore announced.

Fleur let out a sigh of relief as she got to her feet. Her classmates clapped and cheered while she walked to the front of the hall and took her place in front of a smiling Madam Maxime. The clapping ended sooner for her than it had for Cedric, and there was a long, tense silence for several seconds before the Goblet flared to life for the third and final time.

"And the Champion for Ilvermorny is..."

Dumbledore unfolded the paper, and his white, bushy eyebrows rose sharply on his wrinkled forehead. He was silent for a long moment, and Fleur knew something was wrong. The rest of

the students picked up on that when, instead of announcing the name, he walked over to Headmistress Turner and showed it to her. Her brow furrowed with confusion and concern. She shared a long, meaningful glance with Dumbledore before subtly nodding.

“The Champion for Ilvermorny is... Harry Potter.”

Chapter 17

Harry and Dora had just sat down to breakfast at the Thunderbird table when Professor Wilkinson approached them with a frown on his face.

“Mr. Potter, Ms. Tonks, I need you to come with me,” he said.

Harry shared a look with Dora and shrugged at his questioning look. He hadn’t done anything to get in trouble yet this year. Taking a quick sip of the coffee he’d just poured himself, he got to his feet.

“Something wrong, professor?” Harry asked as he and Dora followed him out of the Great Hall.

“I think it would be best if I let Professor Turner explain,” he replied.

“She’s here?” Harry asked, sharing a surprised and worried glance with Dora. “I thought she was at Hogwarts.”

“She was,” Professor Wilkinson nodded.

He didn’t explain further, and Harry knew asking wouldn’t get him any answers until they got to Professor Turner’s office. Dora took his hand in hers as they silently walked the short distance to the headmistress’ office. When they got close, he could hear shouting from inside. It sounded

like Sirius, but his voice was too muffled to make out what he was saying until Professor Wilkinson opened the door.

“How the hell did something like this happen?” Sirius demanded angrily.

Harry stepped inside and quickly looked around the office. Sirius was pacing back and forth agitatedly in front of the Floo while Aunt Andi looked angrier than he’d ever seen before. Professor Turner sat at her desk, a troubled look on her face. But it was the man standing next to her, taking the brunt of Sirius’ ire, that caused Harry concern. There weren’t many reasons for Albus Dumbledore to visit Ilvermorny, especially when the Triwizard Tournament happening at Hogwarts.

“How could you let something like this happen!?” Sirius shouted.

“I understand your anger, Sirius, and I’m doing everything I can to find the culprit,” Dumbledore replied.

“Bullshit!” Sirius yelled.

“What’s going on?” Harry asked before Sirius could continue.

There was a brief moment of silence as Professor Turner, Dumbledore, and Sirius all looked at each other as if to decide who would break the bad news. Eventually, Sirius took a deep breath and crossed his arms over his chest to calm himself.

“Your name came out of the Goblet of Fire,” he said heavily.

“The what?” Harry asked.

"The Goblet of Fire is an ancient magical artifact used to determine the Champions for the Triwizard Tournament," Dumbledore explained. "It creates a magically binding contract between itself and those who enter their names. Anyone chosen to compete must do so or risk losing their magic."

"What moron thought it was a good idea to use that?" Harry asked incredulously while Dora clutched his hand tightly.

"It was used for centuries," Professor Turner said before Dumbledore could respond. "I would assume that the British Ministry of Magic simply decided not to change how the Champions are selected. However, while I've never studied the Goblet of Fire, it seems unlikely that it would allow someone who did not enter their name themselves to be bound to a contract."

"Under normal circumstances, you would be correct," Dumbledore replied. "The Goblet would normally reject such an attempt."

"Then how did it happen?" Sirius demanded angrily.

"Someone tampered with the Goblet," Dumbledore sighed. "Filius is examining it as we speak to determine precisely how."

"And you believe that tampering was enough to enter Harry into a contract against his will?" Professor Turner asked.

"It seems unlikely," Dumbledore admitted. "During my brief examination, it appeared that the culprit used a simple Confundus Charm to trick the Goblet into accepting his name. But that does not mean it would be impossible, merely difficult. I do not believe it is worth the risk to Harry's magic to ignore the possibility that someone managed to forge a contract between him and the Goblet."

"He's not competing," Sirius said firmly.

"Could you give us a couple of minutes?" Harry asked.

Sirius looked at him sharply, his eyes narrowing suspiciously. Marching over to Harry, he grabbed him roughly by the arm and dragged him over to the corner of the office, where he promptly set up a Silencing Charm.

"Tell me you did *not* enter your name," he hissed through clenched teeth.

"Of course, I didn't," Harry said, rolling his eyes.

"Harry," Sirius said warningly, his head tilting slightly to the side.

"I didn't enter," Harry insisted.

Sirius stared at him for a long moment before nodding his head.

"Alright," he said. "Then what did you want to talk about?"

"This doesn't sit right with me," Harry said. "First, Nott shows up out of nowhere, then Death Eaters show up at the World Cup, and now my name gets entered in this tournament-"

"I know," Sirius interrupted. "Why do you think I'm trying to keep you out of this thing?"

"I don't think you can," Harry said.

"Look, if you're worried about losing your magic-"

"That's not it," Harry cut him off. "Well, maybe a little bit. I mean, I think we should go to England and see what's happening."

Sirius opened his mouth to interrupt, but Harry held up his hand to stop him.

"Look, if Voldemort is behind this, we can't keep hiding forever," he said.

"Voldemort's dead," Sirius said. "How could he be behind this?"

"I'm not stupid, Sirius," Harry protested. "I know they never found a body. And even if he is dead, one of his followers might have taken over. There's just too much happening to ignore this. Wouldn't it be better if we got involved and figured out what was happening instead of sitting around and waiting?"

Sirius shook his head, "I don't like this."

"Neither do I," Harry admitted. "But I like sitting around with a target on my back even less."

"Harry, this is probably nothing," Sirius said.

"And if it isn't?" Harry asked. "Look, if it's nothing, we pack up and come home."

"You're going to leave the Tournament just like that?" Sirius asked, raising an eyebrow. "You're not going to want to see it through?"

"Marauder's honor," Harry said, raising his hand.

Snorting, Sirius turned and sighed, staring out the window for a long moment. Eventually, he straightened his shoulder and dropped the Silencing Charm before marching over to Professor Turner's desk.

"I need to take the kids home with me," he said. "We need to have a family discussion about how we're going to handle this."

"Of course," Professor Turner nodded. "I take it that includes Jenna as well?"

"Yes," Sirius replied.

"Very well," Professor Turner said. "I'll let her professors know not to expect her."

Nodding, Sirius turned and made for the door. Harry noticed Dumbledore frown unhappily, but he made no move to stop them.

~

A few minutes later, Harry and his entire family were sitting around their kitchen table. Quickly, Sirius filled everyone in on what they'd talked about at Ilvermorny.

"As much as I hate to say it, Harry has a point," he admitted with a sigh. "It would be safer for all of us if we find out who's behind this and put an end to it as soon as possible."

Jenna glanced nervously at her mother, who reached over and rubbed her back gently. Andi looked furious, while Ted sat with a thoughtful look. Harry knew that Dora already supported his idea. She'd agreed with him when he filled her in the moment they left Professor Turner's office.

"So, you want to take Harry back to England?" Aunt Andi asked dangerously. "So they can, what? What can anyone possibly hope to accomplish by dragging him into this tournament?"

"We don't know," Sirius shrugged.

"That's why we should go," Harry said, looking at her earnestly.

"I agree with Harry," Dora said. "If we do nothing, they'll just try again, and it might be a lot worse."

Andi pursed her lips and sat back in her chair with her arm crossed over her chest.

"What are the chances that Harry's magic is actually at stake?" Ted asked softly.

"He's probably safe, but we can't rule it out completely," Sirius admitted.

"What about the government?" Ted asked. "How are they handling this?"

"Oh, they're furious," Sirius said. "MACUSA is raking Britain over the coals in the news for putting an American citizen in a deadly tournament against their will, and I'm sure they'll do the same thing in the ICW."

"So, you won't have trouble getting time off work?"

Sirius scoffed, "Time off? My boss called me into his office first thing this morning and asked me how many agents I wanted to take to Britain with me. They want me to head the investigation."

"Well, in that case, I think we should go," Ted said.

Everyone turned to look at Andi, awaiting her opinion. With a huff, she pinned Harry with a piercing gaze.

"You promise me that as soon as we know your magic isn't at risk and we find out who's behind this, you'll quit this tournament and come home?" she asked.

"I promise," Harry said.

Andi stared at him for a long moment before nodding. Sighing, Sirius dropped his head into his hands, scratched the top of his head, and then looked up at Marlene.

"I'll understand if you want to stay here," he said sadly.

"They already know I'm still alive," Marlene shrugged and looked at Jenna. "I'd feel safer being near you, but what about Jenna? Will she be able to go to Hogwarts?"

"If they want Harry there, they'll accept her," Sirius said.

"What about you, sweetheart?" Marlene asked her daughter. "You'll be safe at Ilvermorny, but I'd feel better if you were with us."

"I want to go with you," she said softly.

Smiling, Sirius patted her shoulder and turned to look around the table.

"Well, I guess that settles it then," he sighed. "We're going back to Britain."

"I'll have to make a few calls and make sure my clients are taken care of," Ted said, getting to his feet. "It's a good thing we kept the house in Dorset. We can add a couple of extra rooms if we need to."

"I'll get started packing," Andi said. "When do we leave?"

~

Fleur joined the students from all three schools as they marched out onto the front lawn of Hogwarts to await the arrival of the third Triwizard Champion. Surprisingly, the Ilvermorny contingent was just as excited as everyone else. She would have thought they would have been upset to lose the opportunity to compete to a fourth year, but Harry had such support from his classmates that they supported him wholeheartedly.

Privately, Fleur was glad Harry had managed to get himself involved. Whether through his own actions or not, she didn't care. The enigmatic young man intrigued her, and she was quickly starting to think of him as a friend. She was looking forward to competing against him again.

"Do you think he'll come on one of his brooms?" a tall, gangly redhead asked behind her.

"Don't be foolish, Ron," a girl with bushy brown hair scoffed. "I'm sure he'll just Apparate or Portkey."

"Do you think he'll sign my books?" an excitable boy asked, bouncing on the balls of his feet.

Smiling to herself, Fleur listened to the wild speculation around her silently. They waited for a few more minutes before five figures appeared outside the front gate of Hogwarts. The excitement rose as they approached but turned to confusion when they got close. There was an older man with long, dark hair and a goatee, a short brunette, a younger woman, a tall black man with a bald head and a serious face, and an older woman with long, curly black hair and a striking face. More importantly, none of them was Harry.

"Mr. Black, Mrs. Tonks," McGonagall said as she and Dumbledore greeted the group. "Welcome back to Hogwarts. Ms. McKinnon, it does my old heart good to see you alive and well. We'd feared the worst when you disappeared."

"It's good to see you too, Minerva," the short brunette smiled. "This is my daughter, Jenna."

"A pleasure to meet you," Dumbledore smiled. "I hope you enjoy your time here at Hogwarts. Pardon my rudeness, but it appears you're two students short."

"Oh, Harry and Dora will be along in a minute," Sirius smiled. "They had to pick up something from home. This is Frank, by the way; he'll be assisting me with the investigation."

"Excellent," Dumbledore said, shaking the man's hand. "I'm sure Alastor will be glad to have your help."

"Moody's here?" Sirius asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"He's taken up the post for Defense Against the Dark Arts this year," Dumbledore replied. "I'm afraid we've had as little luck keeping a professor as we did when you were a student."

"Huh," Sirius said.

Suddenly, their conversation was interrupted by a loud rumble of thunder. Looking up at the sky, Fleur frowned at the wall of dark clouds approaching the school and pulled her robes tightly around her body.

"Why does that boy always have to make an entrance?" Mrs. Tonks asked before turning to Professor McGonagall. "Minerva, I apologize in advance for the trouble Harry and my daughter cause while they're here."

Professor McGonagall raised an eyebrow questioningly, but someone shouted before Mrs. Tonks could say anything else.

"Look!"

Fleur strained her eyes as she looked at the cloud. When a flash of lightning lit up the sky, she noticed the black speck flying in front of it.

"No way," one of the Weasley twins breathed.

"Is that a motorcycle?" the other asked.

Sharing a look, they grinned.

"Wicked," they said in unison.

Fleur grinned as she watched Harry fly closer, and then she made out Tonks on the back, her purple hair whipping in the wind. As he began to descend, a massive grey and white Thunderbird burst from the cloud and followed him. The students around her gasped in shock, and though she knew he had one, even Fleur was struck by just how large and majestic it looked.

Landing on the dirt road just outside the front gate, Harry drove the motorcycle up to the school and stopped next to Sirius. A moment later, the Thunderbird landed behind Harry, spread out her wings, and cried loudly.

"Sorry I'm late," Harry smiled, climbing off the bike and holding out his hand to help Tonks dismount. "Levina stopped to snack on a sheep on the way here."

"Please tell me you weren't seen," Mrs. Tonks sighed.

"Course not," Harry said, waving away the concern. "I used wards, and yes, I left some money behind to pay for it."

“Mr. Potter, Ms. Tonks, welcome to Hogwarts,” Dumbledore said, smiling. “And what a magnificent creature. What’s her name?”

“Levina,” Harry said. “I hope you don’t mind if she stays. She’s gotten used to going to school with me, and I don’t think I could get her to stay home if I wanted to.”

“Oh, that won’t be a problem,” Dumbledore said. “I’m sure Hagrid will be happy to have her on the grounds.”

A loud, musical cry interrupted the conversation, and everyone looked up as the headmaster’s Phoenix flew down from the castle and landed on the handlebars of the motorcycle, facing the towering Thunderbird. They stared at each other and cocked their heads in opposite directions. A moment later, the Phoenix took to the air, pecked the Thunderbird lightly on the top of the head, chirped, and then took off in the opposite direction.

“I apologize,” Dumbledore said. “Fawkes had his burning day not too long ago. I’m afraid he’s going through his adolescent phase.”

Clacking her beak, Levina flew after Fawkes. For such a large bird, she was surprisingly agile. In a few seconds, she’d caught up to the Phoenix and playfully tugged at his tail feathers with her beak. Then, she turned around, and the Phoenix chased the Thunderbird. The students watched as the two mythical birds disappeared around the side of the castle.

“What are they doing?” Mrs. Tonks asked.

“Playing tag,” Harry shrugged.

Dumbledore chuckled, his eye twinkling, and then made a gesture toward the castle.

“Shall we head inside?” he asked.

Sirius nodded, and the group walked past the students and up to the castle. As they passed her, Harry and Dora noticed Fleur and gave her a friendly wave. Fleur waved back and then followed the rest of her classmates as they returned to the Great Hall.

“Is he always like that?” one of the older Hogwarts students asked an Ilvermorny student.

“This?” the boy scoffed. “This is nothing. Harry’s just getting started.”

Shaking her head, Fleur sat down with her friends while Harry was soundly welcomed by his Ilvermorny classmates. They made eye contact as she looked at him, and he waved her over. Hesitating for just a moment, she made an excuse to her friends and moved over to the Gryffindor table to join him.

“Hey, Fleur,” Harry smiled. “Good to see you again.”

“Bonjour, ‘Arry, Tonks,” Fleur said, smiling at the other girl as she possessively clutched Harry’s arm.

“Hey,” Tonks said. “So, who’s the Hogwarts Champion?”

“Cedric Diggory,” Fleur replied, looking over her shoulder and pointing to the handsome young man at the Hufflepuff table.

“Hey, Cedric!” Harry yelled.

The entire hall came to a standstill as they watched him curiously, but Harry ignored the attention he received. He waved Cedric over the same way he had with Fleur. As the Hufflepuff got to his feet, the hall returned to normal. Harry stood as Cedric approached and shook his hand across the table.

“Hey, I’m Harry,” he said with a smile.

“Cedric Diggory,” Cedric responded in kind before taking a seat. “Welcome to Hogwarts. That was a heck of an entrance you made.”

“Well, I’d hate to disappoint,” Harry grinned. “This is my girlfriend, Tonks, and this is Jenna.”

“Pleasure,” Cedric said, nodding to them politely.

“Well, well, if it isn’t the great Harry Potter.”

Fleur frowned at the Slytherin boy standing behind Harry and slightly to the left. She’d quickly learned to avoid anyone from the house of snakes after hearing many of them make disparaging remarks about her heritage. The boy had slicked-back blonde hair and a sneer on his pale face, while a girl with a rather unfortunate nose stood beside him. Glancing at Fleur, his pale grey eye clouded over momentarily before he shook his head and turned back to Harry.

“Yep,” Harry said, looking at the boy. “And you are?”

“Malfoy, Draco Malfoy,” he said, puffing out his chest with self-importance.

“Look, Malfoy, it’s nice to meet you and all that, but I’d like to finish my dinner before I start signing autographs,” Harry said.

Tonks, Jenna, Fleur, and Cedric, stifled their laughter as the boy’s cheek turned pink with anger.

“I’m not here for an autograph,” Malfoy spat, straightening his robes as he got his anger under control. “I just came here to give you some advice.”

“Oh, by all means,” Harry said, turning away and beginning to load food on his plate.

“I know you come from America, but things are different here in Britain. Some families are more important than others. You wouldn’t want to be seen with the wrong sort,” he said, glancing at a girl with bushy brown hair and her nose buried in a book. “I can help you there.”

“I don’t buy into that blood purity bull shit if that’s what you’re talking about,” Harry said dismissively.

“Clearly,” Malfoy sneered, his mask of civility dropping as he glanced from Fleur to Tonks and Jenna and wrinkled his nose.

“Finished?” Harry asked disinterestedly before completely ignoring him without waiting for an answer.

Malfoy fumed silently, and as he opened his mouth to speak, Fleur knew without a doubt that the next words out of his mouth would be a mistake.

“I’m surprised you had the courage to come back to Britain, you know,” Malfoy said, trying and failing to sound casual. “It would be a pity if you lost your family twice.”

Suddenly, Harry’s elbow flew back and hit Malfoy hard in the stomach. The wind was knocked from his lungs, and his eyes bulged as he doubled over in pain. Before he could even try to inhale, Harry grabbed his hanging green tie and yank down. Malfoy’s face met the solid wood table with a tremendous thud, and he slumped to the floor, his hand clutching his bleeding nose.

“Potter!” Professor Snape shouted.

Fleur blinked as she watched Snape, the headmasters, and Harry’s family descend from the head table. Glancing at her, Harry winked before turning to face the furious Potions Professor.

“One hundred points from Gryffindor and a month’s detention,” he spat, his dark eyes glittering maliciously.

“I’m not a Gryffindor,” Harry said, looking confused.

Snape puffed up his chest, ready to respond angrily, when Professor Turner hobbled to the front.

“Please explain, Mr. Potter,” she said, leaning on her staff.

“This guy came over here and made some spiel about Pureblood families being more important and then threatened my family,” Harry said.

“It’s true, professor,” Cedric added. “He said it would be a pity if Harry lost his family twice.”

“I see,” Dumbledore said, patting Snape’s shoulder as the man seethed silently. “How would you handle this at Ilvermorny, Esmerelda?”

“A week’s detention for both,” Professor Turner replied.

“I find that acceptable,” Dumbledore nodded. “Severus, perhaps you should take Mr. Malfoy to see Madam Pomfrey.”

Snape practically shook as he restrained himself from responding angrily, then spun on his heel, his cloak billowing.

“Malfoy, come!” he barked.

Without waiting for his students, he marched out of the Great Hall. The girl that had come with Malfoy helped him to his feet and helped him stagger after him.

“Mr. Potter, the next time a student threatens you, I advise you to tell one of the professors instead of taking matters into your own hands,” Professor McGonagall said firmly.

“Yes, ma’am,” Harry said.

Shaking his head and rolling his eyes, Sirius turned and walked back to the Head Table, and the rest of the professors followed after him a moment later.

“Five minutes, Harry,” Tonks sighed. “We’ve been here five minutes. That’s a record, even for you.”

“Yeah, but it was worth it,” Harry grinned.

Chapter 18

Sirius stood in the middle of the Hogwarts trophy room, arms folded over his chest as Frank examined the Goblet of Fire. It irritated him that he could only stand and watch, but he had never been any great shakes at enchanting. He could only stare as Frank muttered incantations under his breath, causing multi-colored arcs of light to pulse from the ancient stone goblet.

After he checked his watch for the twelfth time in fifteen minutes, the door opened. Alastor Moody limped into the room, his wooden leg landing with a *thunk* every step he took while his fake eye spun in its socket. Amelia Bones trailed in after him, her auburn hair tied back in a tight bun and a monocle over her left eye.

Sirius relaxed his arms even as his nerves skyrocketed. He’d known both of them for years – worked with them on a number of cases – before fleeing Britain for America. He wasn’t sure how they would react to seeing him again, especially under the circumstances.

“Black,” Moody nodded as he stopped and leaned on his staff. “Good to see you in one piece.”

“You too,” Sirius smirked. “Unless you lost another body part while I was gone.”

“No one’s gotten that lucky yet,” Moody replied.

Snorting, Sirius turned and gave Amelia his most charming smile.

“Amelia, you’re looking as beautiful as ever,” he said.

“Agent Black,” Amelia nodded. “I’ve been asked by the Minister to offer our humblest apologies for this unforeseen complication.”

“And did Fudge ask you to relay that before or after the president ripped him a new one for suggesting Harry somehow entered his own name?” Sirius asked.

The corners of Amelia’s lips twitch the slightest amount.

“After,” she replied with an amused lilt to her voice. “He also tasked me, personally, to oversee the investigation.”

Sirius arched an eyebrow, “Really? That must have been one hell of an ass-chewing Fudge got.”

“Officially, the Ministry is determined to get to the bottom of this,” Amelia said.

“Unofficially, Fudge is shitting himself,” Moody huffed. “Between Death Eaters at the Quidditch World Cup and this cock up, the whole Ministry looks incompetent.”

"Have either of you found anything?" Sirius asked, tilting his head toward the Goblet.

"Other than the fact Crouch is an idiot for using the Goblet in the first place?" Moody grumbled. "We know whoever entered Potter's name used a powerful Confundus Charm. They tricked the Goblet into forgetting about Ilvermorny and submitted his name as the only entrant from a different school. They made certain he'd be chosen."

"I concur," Frank said, lowering his wand and joining them.

"Amelia, Alastor, this is my partner, Frank Rapaport," Sirius said by way of introduction. "Did you figure out if Harry's magic is at risk?"

"It's doubtful but still possible," Frank replied. "The underlying enchantments are so old it's hard to determine if they were affected by the Confundus Charm."

"That's what our Unspeakables thought as well," Amelia nodded.

Sirius sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

"Do you have any idea who's behind this?" he asked.

"Not yet," Amelia replied.

"It had to be someone inside the castle when the names were being entered," Moody said. "My bet is they're still here. Most likely one of the older students or someone on the staff."

"Great," Sirius muttered.

“Our job isn’t meant to be easy, lad,” Moody muttered. “Come on, we can discuss where to get started over at the Three Broomsticks. You still owe me a drink for saving your arse back in eighty-two.”

Sirius let out a bark of laughter.

“I forgot about that,” he smiled as they all headed toward the door.

~

Meanwhile, on the Ilvermorny Express, Harry followed Professor Turner down the aisle. The train had been heavily modified by charms, making it much more spacious on the inside than it looked from the outside. The normally open cars were now closed off and held four rooms on either side, each of which housed two students.

“As Champion, you’ll have a room to yourself at the back of the train,” Professor Turner said. “If you find Hogwarts lacks any resources you may need, let me know, and I’ll do what I can to get them. There’s also a Floo in my car if you need to talk with any of your professors.”

“Thanks, professor,” Harry smiled. “Do you have any idea what the tasks will be?”

“The organizers will give you that information,” she replied. “I’m afraid I can’t give you any specifics. You’ll also be required to attend the Weighing of the Wands ceremony the day after tomorrow and the Yule Ball on Christmas.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded.

As they reached the end of the final car and stopped in front of the door, Professor Turner turned to him with a serious look.

"Mr. Potter, I know you didn't choose to enter this Tournament, but I have the utmost confidence you will do your school proud," she said, patting his arm. "You're one of the most gifted students I've ever had the pleasure of seeing come through Ilvermorny. Just... try and keep the destruction to a minimum."

"I'll do my best," Harry grinned.

Professor Turner sighed, "I suppose that's the best I can hope for," she smiled.

Grabbing the doorknob, she gave it a twist and pushed open the door. They both paused and watched amusedly as Dora, who didn't realize they were there, struggled to push her trunk in line with Harry's at the end of the bed. When she finally got it into place, she let out a sigh, wiped the sweat from her brow, and sat down on the trunk.

"Oh, hello," Dora smiled, waving brightly.

"Good evening," Professor Turner said before turning to Harry. "I take it you don't have any objection to Ms. Tonks' presence?"

"No, ma'am," Harry grinned.

"Then I'll leave you to get settled," she replied. "My car is at the front if you need anything."

Patting his arm, she turned and headed back toward the front of the train while Harry stepped inside his new room and closed the door behind him. Dora stood with a grin on her face, sauntered up to him, and wrapped her arms around his neck while Harry rested his hands on her hips.

"What do you think of the room?" Harry asked.

"It's not as nice as having an entire dorm all to ourselves, but it'll do," Dora shrugged and smiled. "Want to go test out the bed?"

Grinning, Harry slid his hands around to her ass and lifted her off of the ground. Dora squealed and laughed as he carried her over to the bed and tossed her onto the mattress.

~

The next morning, Harry and Dora made their way to the Great Hall with the rest of their classmates. Jenna was quieter than usual, and Harry thought she was nervous about starting their first full day of classes at a new school. Just as they took their seats at the Gryffindor table, Professor McGonagall appeared behind them.

"Good morning," she said, handing him, Dora, and Jenna a sheaf of parchment. "These are your timetables. Ms. Tonks, your classmates should be able to show you where your classes are by now. However, if you require assistance, you can ask Mr. Telford or Ms. Jennings."

Professor McGonagall gestured a few seats down, where two seventh years sat. When they noticed Dora looking in their direction, they smiled and gave her a friendly wave.

"Ms. Granger," McGonagall called loudly, crooking her finger.

A girl about Harry's age with thick, bushy brown hair quickly stood from her seat and rushed over to the professor.

"Mr. Potter, this is Hermione Granger," McGonagall said. "Since you're in a different year than the rest of your classmates, I've asked Ms. Granger to show you around the castle. Her schedule is identical to yours. As a Triwizard Champion, you're also granted unrestricted access to the library. And even though our schools are competing, if you have any questions regarding magic, our professors will provide you with any assistance you require. Ms. McKinnon, I've asked Ms. Weasley to show you to your classes."

She pointed to a thin redhead who looked away quickly and blushed heavily, pretending she hadn't been watching the entire time the moment Harry and Jenna looked at her.

"Thanks, professor," Harry smiled.

"You're welcome, Mr. Potter," Professor McGonagall replied. "Now, if you don't have any further questions, I need to go prepare for class."

"Actually," Harry called, "I did have one. Professor Turner said I could skip class to prepare for the tournament, and it wouldn't affect my grade. Is that true?"

McGonagall's lips thinned as she regarded him.

"Yes, that's true," she said. "However, I would suggest that you attend as many classes as you are able. The grades you earn here will still be reflected in your record when you return to Ilvermorny."

"I'll keep that in mind," Harry said.

McGonagall stared at him suspiciously for a moment before she nodded and left the hall. Hermione watched her leave and then glanced back at the table, looking unsure if she should stay or go.

"You can grab a seat," Harry offered, gesturing to the empty spot next to Jenna.

"Thank you," Hermione replied primly.

As if that was some sort of signal, several students descended on their section of the table and crowded into the seats directly across from them.

“Hi, Fred Weasley,” A tall, gangly redhead said, extending his hand to shake Harry’s. “This handsome bugger next to me is George.”

The identical twin to his right grinned and waved.

“The ugly one next to him is Ron.”

“Hey!” another redhead yelled indignantly.

“And one trying to hide in her cereal is Ginny,” Fred finished with a smirk.

Ginny blushed again and tried to hide her face behind a curtain of copper-colored hair. A pretty blonde with a prominent bust flashed him a dazzling smile and tossed her long hair over her shoulder.

“I’m Lavender,” she said.

Harry smiled politely and struggled to hold back a smirk when Dora scooted closer to him and wrapped her arm around his. He didn’t need to look to know she was giving the girl a glare by the way Lavender’s smile turned slightly nervous.

“I’m Parvati,” the Indian girl next to her jumped in. “And this is Dean, Seamus, and Neville.”

“Pleasure,” Harry smiled. “Are you the welcoming crew?”

“You could say that,” George grinned.

“We’re in your year in Gryffindor. Well, they’re not,” Lavender said, smiling prettily as she jerked a thumb toward the twins. “We just thought we’d come over and introduce ourselves.”

"And to thank you for the way you handled Malfoy," Ron added with a grin. "That was brilliant! I've wanted to hit that git for years."

Everyone around him nodded while Hermione pursed her lips disapprovingly.

"Glad I could be of service," Harry grinned.

"We told McGonagall you should be given an award for services to the school, but she didn't seem to like the idea very much," Fred said.

"Looked right miffed when we suggested it," George added.

"You might want to watch out for Professor Snape, though," Parvati said, glancing at the Head Table. "I don't think he'll be very happy with you."

"Oh, I know all about Snape," Harry smirked. "Probably more than he wants me to. My Godfather went to school with him."

As one, all of them leaned forward with interest sparkling in their eyes.

"Really now," George said.

"Do tell," Fred smirked.

"Maybe later," Harry grinned. "We'll see if he can behave himself first."

George scoffed loudly, "Fat chance of that."

“How come you have a weird accent?” Ron asked suddenly.

“What?” Harry blinked, tilting his head to the side curiously.

“You sound like an American,” Ron said.

“Yeah...,” Harry said, not sure where the redhead was going.

“But you were born in Britain,” Ron said. “Shouldn’t you sound, you know, British?”

Everyone looked at Ron like he was an idiot.

“Sorry about him,” George said.

“We think Mum dropped him on his head when he was little,” Fred whispered loudly.

“Oi!” Ron shouted.

“Accents aren’t determined by where you’re born,” Hermione sighed. “They grew up in America. It’s expected that they would sound American.”

“Yeh daft git,” Seamus said to Ron. “Did yeh expect him to sound like he’s from Chippy Norton?”

“Speaking of accents, what the hell was that?” Harry asked, causing everyone but Seamus to snort with laughter. “I’m going to need a translator for that one.”

“Oi!” Seamus yelled as the others laughed.

"I love the color of your hair," Parvati said to Dora. "Is it a charm or a potion?"

"Neither," Dora smirked. "This is all natural."

She shook her head, and her hair cycled through a rainbow of colors before settling back down on her preferred shade of purple.

"You're a Metamorphmagus!" Hermione exclaimed.

"Yep," Dora grinned.

"What's a Metamorphamajig?" Ron asked.

Harry nearly snorted pumpkin juice out of his nose at Ron's wording, and Dora snickered.

"It's just a big word for someone who can change their body at will," she explained.

Closing her eyes and scrunching up her face cutely, her nose flattened until it resembled a pig's. Just as the transformation finished, she covered her face and sneezed.

"Ugh, that one tickled my sinuses," she said.

When she uncovered her face, her nose was back to normal. Scrunching up her face again, Dora stuck out her tongue. The Gryffindors across from them watched in awe as it split in half, and she wiggled the tips before it sealed itself back together.

"Wicked," Fred and George said in unison.

“Can you change anything?” Seamus asked, his eyes glancing down at her chest.

Dora rolled her eyes, “Yes, but only Harry gets to see that.”

“I wish I could do that,” Lavender sighed wistfully.

“Yeah, it’s pretty great,” Dora smirked.

The light banter continued through the rest of breakfast until the bell rang. Gathering his bag, Harry slung it over his shoulder, gave Dora a kiss, and followed Hermione out of the hall.

“We only have Transfigurations and Charms before lunch,” Hermione said. “Those are pretty easy to find. The Transfigurations classroom is on the second floor near the courtyard, and the Charms classroom is on the third floor. You just turn right, and it’s at the end of the corridor.”

“I feel like I need a map for this place,” Harry said.

He spun as he spoke, taking in the meandering hallways and moving staircase.

“It’s not that bad once you get used to it,” Hermione assured him. “Didn’t you have some trouble finding your way around Ilvermorny when you first got there?”

“A bit,” Harry replied. “But this place seems like it was built to confuse people.”

“It does feel like that sometimes,” she admitted.

They reached the Transfigurations classroom and stepped inside. Half the desks were already occupied by students wearing yellow and black ties. Giving them a friendly wave when they

looked up, Harry followed Hermione to the front of the class and sat at the same desk she did. The classroom filled up quickly as the rest of the Gryffindors entered and took their seats. Just as the bell rang, signaling the start of the lesson, McGonagall stepped inside and closed the door behind her.

“Good morning, class,” she said, walking to the front of the room and standing with her hands folded in front of her. “Today, we’ll be continuing our work on basic conjuring. Mr. Potter, have you started this at Ilvermorny?”

“Not yet,” Harry replied. “Professor Banks had that planned for after Christmas break.”

“Then you should be able to perform the spell,” Professor McGonagall nodded. “If I go over something you haven’t covered or don’t understand, let me know, and I will set time aside to teach you. Now, you’ve all used specific spells to conjure specific items; however, today, we’ll be using a universal conjuring spell Pario. This spell can be used to conjure a wide variety of objects, but remember, simple conjurations like these will only last a few hours at most. For today, we will be working on conjuring objects made of a single material, in this case, a wooden spool.”

Professor McGonagall reached into her pocket, pulled out an empty spool of thread, and set it on her desk. Hermione sat up as straight as possible in her chair for a better look.

“You may begin,” she said.

The sound of chairs scraping loudly filled the room as several students stood and walked to the front to examine the spool. Staying seated, Harry drew his wand and started lazily practicing the wand movement over his desk.

“Since you haven’t studied this before, I think we should start by going over the theory,” Hermione said. “The Pario spell was invented in 1432 by Juliette Blanchard. It uses a checkmark wand movement and is used to conjure simple objects made of only basic, natural materials such as wood, stone, and metal. It’s important to focus on the-”

There was a soft pop and a puff of smoke as Harry attempted the spell. Before the smoke cleared, an empty spool fell onto his desk with a wooden thunk.

“Ha!” Harry cheered. “Got it.”

“What?” Hermione gasped.

“Impressive,” Professor McGonagall said as she approached their desk from behind, picked up the spool, and examined it closely. “I see you inherited your father’s talent for Transfigurations.”

Harry shrugged, “I do alright. I’m better at Charms.”

McGonagall looked at him over the top of her wireframe glasses with a small smile and set the spool back down on the desk.

“A talent you share with your mother,” she said softly.

“But you did even use the incantation,” Hermione said, her brow furrowed in confusion.

Harry smiled and shrugged, “I used to steal my Godfather’s wand as a kid, and it was easier to get away with it if I didn’t shout incantations when I used it. Now, it’s just easier for me not to use them most of the time.”

Hermione narrowed her eyes in annoyance, and it very much reminded him of the way Michelle would glare at him when he showed off in class. When his only response was a grin, she huffed and turned away from him, drawing her wand.

“Very well, since you found this lesson so easy, perhaps you can try something harder,” Professor McGonagall said.

Turning to her desk, she grabbed a sheaf of parchment and a quill and wrote something out quickly. A moment later, she put the quill back in its place and turned to set the parchment on the desk in front of him.

“Here’s a list of objects I want you to try and conjure,” she told him. “Let’s see how many you can complete before the end of class.”

Harry nodded as she turned away and glanced at the list.

Spool with thread

Metal thimble

Pincushion

Empty matchbox

Smiling to himself, Harry began trying to conjure each one. The spool with thread was simple, and he managed it on the first try, but the metal thimble gave him some trouble. It took half an hour and more than a dozen attempts before it had the proper shape and contours. When he finally got it right, he took a break to look over at Hermione.

“Pario,” she said.

Her wand movement was perfect, but the spool that landed on her desk was lopsided and misshapen. With an angry huff, she swished her wand sharply.

“Evanesco,” she said, causing it to vanish.

“Want some advice?” Harry asked.

Hermione turned to him sharply, almost angrily, and regarded him with suspicion. He thought for a moment that she was going to refuse his help, but after taking a deep breath, she nodded mutely.

“Pick an object in the room, any object,” he told her.

Her eyes scanned the classroom for a moment before they landed on something behind Professor McGonagall’s desk.

“Alright,” she said.

“Your tongue knows what that feels like,” Harry said.

Hermione turned to him with a bewildered expression on her face.

“What?” she asked incredulously.

Harry grinned, “It’s true. Think about anything you’ve ever touched. Even if you haven’t licked it, your tongue knows what it feels like.”

Hermione furrowed her brow as she thought about his words before shaking her head.

“Okay, but how does that help with a spell?” she asked.

“Transfiguration is all about visualization, right?” he asked, receiving a nod in return. “Well, it’s not just about what something looks like; you need to think about how it feels, too. The best way to do that is to imagine what it would be to lick it. Trust me. Give it a try.”

Hermione gave him a dubious look and turned back to her desk. With a sigh, she closed her eyes for a moment. When she opened them, she tried the spell again.

“Pario,” she said.

There was a familiar puff of smoke above the desk, and then a perfectly shaped wooden spool landed on her desk with a thunk.

“It worked!” she cheered, examining the spool closely. “I can’t believe that actually worked.”

“An unusual technique, but effective,” Professor McGonagall said, appearing behind them. “Five points to Gryffindor, Ms. Granger. Why don’t you share Mr. Potter’s list and see how many you can complete before the end of class?”

“Yes, Professor,” Hermione said with an excited smile.

Harry smiled at her enthusiasm and turned his attention back to his own work. It took him a couple of attempts to get the amount of stuffing in the pincushion right, and then he moved on to the matchbox. Once he’d finished with that, he watched Hermione silently for a while. Now that she had a better grasp of the spell, her conjurations came more quickly. By the end of class, she’d managed to conjure everything except the thimble.

“Well done, class,” Professor McGonagall said, standing in front of her desk. “Next class, we’ll be working on conjuring more complex objects. Continue to practice, and for homework, I want eight inches of parchment on the historical uses of the Pario spell.”

Harry quickly gathered his bag, slung it over his shoulder, and joined the line to leave the classroom with Hermione. While they waited for the other students to file out of the room, McGonagall approached his desk and examined the objects left behind. When she picked up the matchbox to inspect the inside, she blinked in surprise. It was full of perfectly formed matches, complete with bright red tips. There was even a striking surface attached to the side of the box.

Looking up towards the door, she watched him slip from the classroom with a soft smile on her face.

Chapter 19

“Good morning, class,” Professor Flitwick greeted.

The classroom full of fourth year Gryffindors and Ravenclaws muttered a reply as Flitwick climbed the stack of books leading to his teaching platform.

“Now, then. Today, we will continue our review of the Banishing Charm,” he said. “However, next week, we’re going to move ahead a bit to basic enchanting. After all, it’s not every day that we have a world-famous enchanter in our midst.”

Smiling brightly, he nodded toward Harry.

“I prefer infamous,” Harry grinned, causing the class to chuckle.

“I’m sure you are to some,” Flitwick chuckled. “I heard the Firebolt Broom Company was quite upset you stole the crown for the world’s fastest broom. Now, let’s break into pairs and practice those Banishing Charms.”

Waving his wand in an arc while wiggling the tip, he conjured dozens of cushions in various shapes, sizes, and colors that fell from the ceiling. The students laughed as they hopped out of their seats and tried to dodge out of the way.

“Do you want to partner up again?” Hermione asked.

“Sure,” Harry shrugged.

Walking to the middle of the classroom, Hermione pointed her wand at a cushion sitting near her feet.

“Depulso,” she called.

The cushion shot straight at Harry’s chest, where he caught it easily with one hand.

“Nice,” he said.

Tossing the cushion up in the air, he waited until it fell to chest height before wordlessly banishing it toward Hermione. She squealed and raised her arms as it lightly hit her.

“Can you teach me how to cast silently?” she asked, biting her lip cutely.

“It’s not that hard,” Harry said. “You just think the incantation instead of shouting it out loud. Here, give it a try.”

“I just say it in my head?” Hermione asked. “That’s it?”

“Yeah,” Harry shrugged.

With a dubious look, she aimed her wand at the cushion. Her eyes narrowed in intense concentration, she jabbed her wand forward, but the cushion didn’t move. With a silent huff, she tried again, and still, nothing happened.

“Come on, Hermione, it’s easy,” Harry said. “I learned this when I was eight.”

Hermione directed a glare at him momentarily before turning her attention back to the cushion and jabbing her wand forward. The cushion slid a couple of inches across the floor, and he could see the mild success spark a fire in her eyes.

“Great jo-”

Hermione jabbed her wand forward again, and this time, the cushion shot away from her at high speed and hit him directly in the face. She gasped and covered her mouth with her hands as his head snapped back and his glasses were knocked askew.

“I’m so sorry,” she said quickly. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” Harry smiled. “I was trying to taunt you a bit, but I didn’t think you get that angry.”

Hermione blushed lightly, looking abashed. Chuckling, he flicked his wand, banishing another cushion that landed near her feet.

“How about a little competition?” Harry asked, causing her to perk up. “We banish our cushions at the same time. If you get the spell right, they stop each other. If you don’t, you get hit in the face.”

“How is that a competition?” Hermione asked, her brow furrowed.

“Well, if you’re scared...,” Harry said, leaving his sentence hanging.

She rolled her eyes, “Fine.”

“On three,” he grinned. “Ready? One... two... three!”

They both jabbed their wands forward and banished their cushions. Hermione's didn't have enough power, causing her cushion to fly under Harry's. It hit him lightly in the shins just as she raised her arms to block the cushion flying straight at her face.

"Close," Harry smirked. "But that's a point for me. Again?"

Hermione nodded determinedly. He counted to three again and they cast their charms. This time, they collided between them and fell to the floor.

"I did it!" Hermione exclaimed.

"Indeed," Flitwick said from behind Harry, startling him. "Excellently done! Ten points to Gryffindor! Mr. Potter, I regret we didn't think of a way to reward foreign students this year."

"That's alright," Harry smiled. "I usually lose more points than I gain, anyway."

"Yes, Professor Wilkinson did warn me about that," Flitwick grinned. "He specifically warned that I shouldn't let you get bored, and your little game with Ms. Granger has given me an idea. Class, if I can have everyone's attention!"

Everyone stopped what they were doing and turned to face the professor.

"Since Mr. Potter has shown such proficiency with the Banishing Charm, we're going to play a game to put his skills to the test," Flitwick announced. "All of you will banish your cushions at Mr. Potter. For each one that hits him, you'll earn your house a point. At the same time, Mr. Potter will try to banish them back at you. For each person he hits, you'll lose a point. That is if Mr. Potter is up for the challenge."

"Bring it on," Harry grinned, motioning with his hands toward the other students.

“Excellent!” Flitwick said enthusiastically. “You may begin in three...two... one... go!”

“DEPULSO!” the students shouted in unison.

Two dozen cushions took to the air. Fortunately, most of them missed their mark. Harry ducked out of the way of a group of three that sailed over his head. Quickly raising his wand, he banished one of the late arrivals back toward the group of students.

“That’s a point from Ravenclaw, Mr. MacMillan!” Flitwick yelled.

Harry flashed Ernie a grin when he was suddenly hit in the side of the head by a cushion.

“Point for Gryffindor, Ms. Granger!” Flitwick shouted. “Well done!”

“Oh, now it’s on,” Harry grinned.

Hermione screamed and ducked out of the way as he banished three cushions at her in rapid succession. She managed to get out of the way in time, but the boy she hid behind, Ron, wasn’t so lucky. One hit him in the chest, and another bounced off the top of his head.

“That’s two points from Gryffindor, Mr. Weasley!” Flitwick yelled. “Banishing Charms only, Mr. Potter.”

Harry grumbled as he dropped his Shield Charm and danced out of the way of another cushion. For the next ten minutes, cushions flew back and forth across the classroom. He got hit more times than he would have liked, but as far as points went, he thought they were pretty even.

“One more minute!” Flitwick called.

Harry was panting and sweaty but smiling as he rushed to the center of the classroom.

“Come on!” he taunted. “Give me your best shot!”

“DEPULSO!” the class shouted.

Grinning, Harry quickly dodged to the side, revealing Professor Flitwick behind him. The students gasped as the cascade of cushions barreled toward him. They got within a couple of feet of him when the professor suddenly waved his wand, and every cushion, even the ones still on the floor, changed direction and shot toward Harry. He had no hope of banishing that many and quickly found himself on the floor, buried under a pile of cushions.

“Cheater!” Harry yelled, his voice muffled.

The classroom burst into laughter.

“And that’s time,” Flitwick grinned. “I believe that’s a total of two points for Gryffindor and one point for Ravenclaw. Excellently done! I’ll let you all catch your breath for the last ten minutes. For next week, I want you all to read chapters twenty-three of your Charms book.”

“Are you alright, Harry?” Hermione asked.

“I’m fine,” he replied.

Pushing the cushions away from his face, he took a deep breath and wiped the sweat from his brow.

“That was fun but tiring,” he smiled. “I think I’m going to take a nap here for a minute.”

Hermione rolled her eyes as he laid back against the cushions and closed his eyes.

~

After lunch, Harry followed Hermione down to the dungeons to the Potions classroom. The dark, oppressive atmosphere made it feel like he was stepping into a completely different castle. As they stepped into the classroom and took their seats at one of the worktables, he noticed just how quiet everyone was being. It was like the Gryffindors were afraid to talk.

A couple of minutes before the start of class, the Slytherins arrived. They didn't seem to have the same reservations about talking loudly that the Gryffindors did. When Malfoy spotted Harry, he sneered at him with a glint of anticipation in his eyes.

As the bell rang, signaling the start of class, Snape swooped into the classroom, his cloak billowing behind him, and closed the door with a thunderous slam. In front of Harry, Neville flinched, his eyes downcast.

"Today, we'll be brewing the Shrinking Solution," Snape drawled, stopping in front of his desk. "Hopefully, your results won't be as abysmal as last week's Melancholy Draught. I expect you to be able to keep up with the work. No exceptions."

Giving Harry a pointed look, he turned and swiftly walked behind his desk.

"The instructions are on the board," he said, taking a seat and pulling a stack of parchment toward him. "Begin."

As Harry walked to the cabinet with Hermione to help her gather their ingredients, he glanced at Snape out of the corner of his eye. Given what Sirius had told him about the man, he was surprised he hadn't been singled out more. If being ignored was the worst Snape would do, he would return the favor.

Gathering the ingredients they needed, he returned to their table with Hermione and began brewing. Potions was one of Harry's worst subjects. He had no patience for the tedious process and often found his mind wandering between steps, leading to mistakes. Fortunately, Hermione was more focused, so he followed her lead.

Things were progressing nicely, if a bit too quietly for Harry's liking, when a dried newt's tail suddenly bounced off the side of their cauldron and landed on the table. Looking in the direction it had come from, he noticed Malfoy laughing with the two fat fucks he called friends.

"Just ignore him," Hermione whispered.

Harry narrowed his eyes at the suggestion and watched Malfoy out of the corner of his eye. Not even a minute later, he glanced toward Snape to make sure he wasn't looking and tossed another newt's tail in their direction. This one was aimed better and would have gone in if Harry hadn't slapped it out of the way. The scratching of Snape's quill paused, and he turned his head just enough to glance over without looking directly at them. A second later, he dipped his head back down over the parchment, and the scratching of his quill resumed.

Harry gritted his teeth in anger. Snape wasn't going to do anything directly to him, but apparently, he wasn't above letting his students do his dirty work for him.

"Sorry, but I think you'll have to finish this on your own," he whispered to Hermione.

Raising her head, she furrowed her brow and blew a stray lock of hair out of her eyes.

"What?" she asked. "Why?"

Before Harry could respond, Malfoy tossed another newt's tail at their cauldron. Snatching it out of the air, he turned and launched it as hard as he could. It landed in Malfoy's cauldron with a splash. A drop hit one of the fat kids' noses, causing it to shrink quickly. Meanwhile, the potion hissed and fizzed angrily around the floating newt's tail. Bright purple smoke billowed out of the cauldron, causing all three boys to cough, their voices steadily growing higher pitched.

"Potter!" Snape shouted, standing abruptly and vanishing the contaminated potion with a wave of his wand. "Two weeks detention for deliberately ruining another student's potion!"

"And you're just going to ignore the past five minutes where he tried to throw that in our cauldron?" Harry asked angrily.

"I saw nothing of the sort," Snape drawled.

"Bullshit!" Harry barked, causing the students around him to gasp. "I saw you look up the first time it happened."

With an angry sneer, Snape stalked toward him. Harry stepped out from behind his worktable to meet him.

"You might be used to special treatment where you're from, but you'll get none from me," Snape hissed, his face so close to Harry's that he could smell his sour breath. "You're nothing but a bully, just like your father. I bet Black never told you the truth about the *wonderful* James Potter."

"Oh, he did," Harry said. "He told me all about it. The difference is, my dad grew out of it. You're the one taking out a schoolyard grudge on students. That would make you the bully now, asshole. No wonder my mom chose him over you."

Snape's eyes widened furiously, and he snatched the front of Harry's robes with his fist. Harry responded by drawing his wand and pressing it firmly against Snape's scrotum. He looked down, his body shaking with suppressed rage, and paused for a long moment before letting go suddenly.

"Headmaster's office," he hissed. "Now."

"Gladly," Harry replied.

Stowing his wand in his pocket but keeping a grip on the handle, he grabbed his bag from the floor and stormed toward the door.

"Class dismissed!" Snape barked, following after him.

~

"I want him expelled!" Snape raged as Andromeda stepped out of the Floo and into the Headmaster's office.

Harry and his headmistress were seated across from Dumbledore at his desk while Snape paced furiously back and forth.

"He's not a student here," Esmerelda reminded him calmly before taking a sip of her tea.

"Then I want him arrested!" Snape hissed.

"You certainly could try," she replied agreeably. "Of course, if that were to happen, I'm sure Harry would like to press charges as well."

Snape fumed silently, breathing heavily through his nose as a vein pulsed in his forehead. Walking back and forth like a caged animal, he spotted Andromeda and pinned her with a glare.

"Where's Black!?" he demanded.

Andromeda raised an eyebrow and deliberately made him wait for a response.

"Given the parties involved, I thought it was best if I attended this meeting," she told him.
"What happened?"

"Potter tried to put one of my students in the hospital wing and then drew his wand on me when I confronted him," Snape snapped.

Harry snorted derisively and folded his arms over his chest.

"That's enough, Severus," Dumbledore said firmly before conjuring a chair for Andromeda.
"Please, have a seat. Tea?"

"No, thank you," Andromeda replied, smoothing out her skirt as she sat.

"Now that we are all here and we've heard from Professor Snape, Harry, would you mind giving us your version of events?" Dumbledore asked.

"I was brewing my potion with Hermione, minding my own business," Harry paused and glared as Snape scoffed, "when Malfoy started throwing dried newt tails at our cauldron. I saw Snape look up when he did it the second time, but he didn't stop him, so the third time he did it, I caught it and threw it back."

"Mr. Malfoy did no such thing," Snape drawled.

"Thank you, Severus," Dumbledore said pointedly. "Please, continue, Harry."

"Snape tried to give me detention, and I called him out for letting it happen," he continued. "We got into an argument; he grabbed the front of my robes, and I pointed my wand at his balls."

Shrugging, Harry sat back in his seat.

"You put your hands on a student?" Andromeda asked, her eyes narrowed angrily.

"I do not tolerate disrespect in my class," Snape told her.

"I did call him an asshole," Harry admitted when she looked at him.

"That's still no excuse," she frowned.

"No, it is not," Dumbledore said, causing Snape to scowl. "Severus, can you explain the events from your point of view?"

"All I saw was Potter throw something into a cauldron that sent three students to the hospital wing," Snape sneered. "When I tried to punish him, he became belligerent and drew his wand on me."

"Do you deny putting your hands on him first?" Andromeda asked.

Snape glared at her but remained silent, giving her all the answers she needed.

"Perhaps we should let Harry get back to class while we finish discussing this," Andromeda suggested.

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow but nodded in agreement after a moment.

"What about his punishment?" Snape demanded.

"You can inform him later if there is any," Andromeda said firmly before looking at Harry and nodding.

With a sigh, he got to his feet, shouldered his bag, and left the office. The moment the door was closed, Andromeda rounded on Snape.

“What the hell were you thinking putting your hands on Harry?” she demanded furiously. “Do you have any idea how fast I could have you arrested for that?”

Snape sneered and turned away from her, staring at the wall behind Dumbledore’s desk.

“This needs to end,” Andromeda said firmly as she turned back to Dumbledore. “This is the second time that Malfoy boy has deliberately gone out of his way to provoke Harry. And this isn’t the first time he’s done something like this. I’ve been talking to some of my old friends since I got back, and all of them have heard complaints from their children. It’s an open secret that Snape lets his students get away with murder. That ends now. I will not tolerate Harry being bullied like that.”

Turning to face Snape, she aimed an accusing finger at him.

“And you had best warn your students to stay away from my daughter and Jennifer,” she said angrily. “Today was a warning. Need I remind you that Harry was raised by two Blacks? If he wanted to hurt your students, you would find them in the hospital wing without any evidence of who put them there?”

“Is that a threat?” Snape blustered.

“It’s a warning,” Andromeda said. “You’re second of the day. Perhaps you should heed them. Neither of us will be kind enough to give you another.”

Turning back to Dumbledore, she stood and slung her purse over her shoulder.

“I will not have Harry punished for defending himself,” she said with a challenging glare. “If Snape can’t control his students, they can face their own consequences. I suggest you do something about this bullying problem in your school, headmaster, before it gets out of hand.”

With those parting words, she turned and strode from the office. She could hear Snape complaining as she closed the door, but she didn’t pay any attention to his words. As she reached the bottom of the stairs and entered the hallway, she found Harry leaning back against the wall, waiting for her.

“How much detention do I have?” he asked.

“None,” Andromeda replied, causing him to raise his eyebrows. “And I want you to owl me if they try to give you any. Like I just told Dumbledore, I won’t allow you to be punished for defending yourself.”

“Nice,” Harry grinned. “Thanks, Aunt Andi.”

Andromeda smiled and gave him a hug.

“You shouldn’t have to pay for the mistakes Sirius and your father made when they were young,” she said.

Letting go, they walked side-by-side down the hall. Looking around at the familiar walls, she sighed and ran a hand through her hair.

“This place brings back a lot of memories,” she said.

“Good or bad?” Harry asked.

"Both," Andromeda replied before pointing to one of the entrances to the Transfiguration courtyard. "I met Ted right here in my second year. He was a first year, and he was being bullied by my sister and a few of her friends. They called him all sorts of horrid names."

"Bellatrix?" Harry asked, to which she nodded.

"Dumbledore lets students bully each other so much at this school," she sighed. "It's been going on for decades, and he's never done anything about it. I think even Sirius would admit they were allowed to get away with too much."

"But why?" Harry asked.

"I don't know," Andromeda admitted. "I think part of the reason he lets Snape get away with so much is to make up for how he was bullied as a student, but that's just making things worse, and Dumbledore's smart enough to know that. Or he should be."

Harry hummed in agreement, and they continued down the stairs in silence for a long moment.

"Could you get in touch with Madam Bones for me?" he asked suddenly.

Andromeda turned and raised an eyebrow.

"Do you want to press charges against Snape?" she asked.

"What? Oh, no. It's not about that," Harry said. "That would just be a waste of time. I want to do some test flights with my broom, and I'd rather not cause an incident. Again. Or get chased across England by fighter planes."

Andromeda sighed, "I wish you would stop making those death traps," she said. "Fine. I'll owl her tonight. Just promise me you'll be safe."

"I'll be fine," Harry assured her.

Chapter 20

Dora dropped into the seat next to Harry and across from Hermione at the Gryffindor table and gave her boyfriend a look.

"Why is there a rumor going around that you cursed Snape?" she asked.

The Weasley twins, sitting a couple of seats down, leaned forward excitedly.

"I didn't curse him," Harry said, rolling his eyes.

Quickly, he and Hermione explained what had happened during their Potions class. They all goggled when he got to the part about jamming his wand against Snape's testicles.

"I bet mom was livid," she said.

"I don't know what she said after I left, but she looked as mad as that time you pretended to be her so we could skip classes and go to Salem," Harry said.

Dora whistled.

"How much detention did you get?" one of the twins asked.

"None," Harry smirked.

“None!?” they chorused.

“None,” he grinned.

“You’re our hero,” they said in awe.

Hermione rolled her eyes, huffed, and buried her nose in a book for a couple of seconds before Harry snatched it out of her hand.

“No reading at the dinner table,” he said.

He moved to set the book next to his plate, out of her reach, paused mid-movement, and then handed the book back to her with a look of chagrin.

“Sorry,” he said as she snatched it out of his hand angrily. “Habit.”

Dora snickered.

“Do you normally steal books from defenseless little girls, Harry?” one of the twins asked.

“I’m not a little girl,” Hermione huffed. “Or defenseless,” she added.

“We have a friend at Ilvermorny who likes to study a lot,” Dora explained. “Harry steals her books once in a while to make sure she has some fun.”

Seemingly mollified, Hermione carefully marked her place with a worn Muggle bookmark and set the book down next to her. As she began piling food on her plate, Jenna arrived and plopped down on the bench next to Dora.

"How was class?" she asked.

"Good," Jenna smiled. "Herbology was fun. We trimmed leaves from Venomous Tentacula plants, and Care is taught by this huge guy named Hagrid. He looks really intimidating, but he's actually really nice. Oh, and I made a new friend. Ginny introduced us."

"That's good," Harry smiled. "You didn't have any problems, did you?"

"No," she said, shaking her head and turning to him curiously. "Why?"

"Just curious," he said.

Jenna narrowed her eyes.

"What did you do?" she asked.

"Who me?" he asked, pointing to himself with a perfectly innocent look that drew snickers from the twins.

"I'll tell you later," Dora promised.

They fell into casual conversation as they ate their dinner and were eventually joined by three girls the twins introduced as Angelina Johnson, Katie Bell, and Alicia Spinnet. They were all on the Quidditch team together, and Angelina and Alicia were dating Fred and George, respectively. Once they were finished eating, they broke into groups and went their separate ways. The twins and their teammates headed back to the Gryffindor common room to get started on their homework while Hermione promised to show Harry, Tonks, and Jenna where the library was.

On their way, they ran into Fleur and a few of her classmates, who were heading in the same direction. They made it halfway down the hall on the first floor when they were interrupted.

“Potter!”

The voice was so high-pitched that, for a wild moment, Harry thought a chipmunk was shouting at him. Spinning around, he spotted Malfoy and his two lumbering friends marching angrily toward him. He noticed that the school Medi-witch had been able to fix the boy’s nose, which had shrunk from the potion, but, apparently, hadn’t been able to restore their voices.

Vaguely, he remembered hearing a warning about the dangers of overheating a potion and inhaling the fumes, but he hadn’t been paying enough attention at the time to recall it.

“Yes?” Harry asked, not even attempting to hide the smile on his face.

“This is your fault!” Malfoy squeaked furiously.

“In all fairness, you deserved it,” he replied.

“You’ll pay for this, Potter,” Malfoy hissed, his voice reaching a range that was difficult to hear.

“Tell you what,” Harry said. “Why don’t we take this outside and deal with this like men?”

Taking two steps away, he opened a heavy wooden door that led onto the front lawn of Hogwarts.

“After you,” he said, making a sweeping gesture with his arm.

With an angry huff, Malfoy stormed outside. The two large boys cracked their knuckles menacingly and glared at Harry before following the blonde outside. As soon as the last one had stepped through, Harry slammed the door closed behind them and locked it with a flick of his wand.

“What an idiot,” he exclaimed.

The girls dissolved into laughter around him. Behind them, the door handle rattled as they continued down the hall toward the library. Someone started pounding on the door a moment later, but by then, no one was around to hear it.

~

The next day, Harry was in the middle of Ancient Runes class when there was a knock at the door.

“Enter!” Professor Babbling shouted.

The door creaked open, and Professor Turner hobbled into the room.

“I apologize for the interruption, but Mr. Potter is needed for the Weighing of the Wands,” she said.

“Of course,” Professor Babbling nodded. “Mr. Potter, your homework tonight is to finish reading chapter thirty-two of your textbook. I’ll be available after dinner all this week if you have any questions.”

Harry gave her a cheery salute, stuffed his book and notes in his bag, and slung it over his shoulder. He closed the door behind him as he stepped out into the hall with Professor Turner and followed after her.

“So, what exactly is a Weighing of the Wands?” he asked.

“They need to ensure your wand is in proper working order,” Professor Turner said. “I understand the press will also be there.”

Harry glanced down at his uniform and quickly magicked away a bit of egg yolk on his lapel, tucked in his shirt, and straightened his tie.

“How’s my hair?” he asked, pausing to check his reflection in a passing window.

“Presentable,” Professor Turner said.

Frowning, Harry ran his fingers through his hair a few times until it had the proper ‘just crawled out of bed’ look.

“I’ve been an educator for more than sixty years,” she said as they continued down the hall, “and in that time, I’ve learned a lot from my students. One thing that I fail to understand, however, is your fashion.”

“Girls like bad boys,” Harry shrugged.

“And having the hair of a homeless man gives that impression?”

“Yup,” Harry smiled. “Make sense?”

“Not in the slightest,” Professor Turner said. “In fact, I believe I understand less now than I did a moment ago.”

Harry grinned as they reached the room where the Weighing of the Wards was being held. The door was already open, and he paused respectfully to allow his Headmistress to enter before he did.

They were the last to arrive. Cedric was there with his Head of House, and Madame Maxime towered over Fleur off in one corner. Dumbledore stood in the center of the room with an excentric-looking man with frazzled white hair and large, pale blue eyes.

Near them stood the press. There were two reporters. One of them was a blonde woman with bleach-blond hair, garish makeup, and a lime green tweed jacket. The woman beside her was much younger, possibly in her early to mid-twenties. She had short brown hair, a plain, pale face, and wore a plain blue dress that wouldn't get her spotted from space.

Both of them had brought their photographers. They were both around the same age. One was a witch, the other a wizard, and neither was anything special, but it was easy to tell whose was whose based on the way they dressed.

"1910 called, and they want their cameraman back," Harry muttered.

Professor Turner gave him a pointed look even as a smile twitched at the corners of her lips.

"Ah, just in time," Professor Dumbledore said. "If everyone would gather around, we can begin."

Harry stepped into the center of the room, and Professor Turner stood just behind him. Fleur and Madame Maxime took up a similar position on his left, while Cedric and Professor Sprout took up a position on his right.

"What about interviews?" the blonde reporter asked.

She pinned Harry with a stare, and the predatory gleam in her eyes sent a shiver down her spine.

"Perhaps the Champions will answer a few questions afterward, Rita," Dumbledore said diplomatically. "Now then, this is Garrick Ollivander. He's a world-renowned wandmaker, and he'll be checking over your wands to make sure there are no defects. Garrick?"

“Thank you, Albus,” Ollivander said. “I believe we’ll start with ladies first. Ms. Delacour, if I may see your wand?”

Fleur strode forward confidently and placed her wand in the man’s outstretched hand. Lifting his other hand, he held it lightly between his fingertips, turning this way and that as he examined it closely.

“Nine and a half inches long...,” Ollivander murmured. “Rosewood and... dear me!”

“What?” Rita asked eagerly. “What’s wrong with it?”

“Wrong? Nothing’s wrong,” Ollivander said. “It’s the core. Most curious. Veela hair, I believe?”

“Oui,” Fleur nodded. “One of my grandmuzzer’s.”

A notepad and an acid-green quill suddenly appeared over Rita’s shoulder and began scratching away furiously.

“Remarkable,” he said.

Waving the wand in an arc through the air, he produced a stream of purple butterflies that fluttered around the room before vanishing into puffs of purple dust the moment they landed.

“It’s in fine working order,” Ollivander said, handing it back to Fleur with a smile. “Now then, Mr. Potter.”

Drawing his wand from the holster on his hip, Harry stepped forward and placed his wand in his hand.

“Oh my,” Ollivander said, taking it between his fingertips.

Rita leaned forward eagerly, but when he didn’t elaborate right away, her eyes narrowed.

“Well?” she asked impatiently.

“A Quintana wand, I believe?” he asked, and Harry nodded. “It’s been many years since I’ve seen one of Miguel’s creations. Let’s see... ten inches... rather flexible...made from a most unusual Snakewood... and, is that a Thunderbird feather I detect?”

“Yes,” Harry replied.

“From your familiar?” Ollivander asked.

“No, her mother,” Harry said. “She landed right outside the wand shop and dropped it off.”

“Fascinating,” Ollivander murmured.

He examined the wand for another few seconds before raising it about his head. Nothing seemed to happen at first, and then there was a flash of lightning outside the window, followed by a crack of thunder that rattled the castle.

“A fine wand,” he said, handing it back to Harry. “And, finally, Mr. Diggory.”

Cedric stepped forward and handed his wand to Ollivander.

"As yes," he murmured, smiling softly. "One of my own. Twelve and a quarter inches... ash... pleasantly springy... and containing a single hair of a particularly fine unicorn. I remember it well. It nearly gored me when I plucked it. It's in fine condition... you treat it regularly?"

"Polished it just last night," Cedric smiled proudly.

Harry smirked and leaned toward Fleur.

"Sounds like we need to find him a girlfriend," he whispered.

Fleur covered her mouth daintily and giggled.

"I heard that, Potter," Cedric said as Ollivander waved his wand, producing a large quantity of white, billowing smoke that coalesced into a life-size unicorn that pranced about the room. "In case you missed it, my wand's bigger than yours."

Harry crossed his arms over his chest dramatically while Fleur renewed her giggles.

"It's not the size that matters; it's how you use it," he said.

Professor Truner poked him firmly in the back with her staff.

"If you two are quite finished with the innuendo?" Dumbledore asked, stepping back to the center of the room while Cedric retook his position on Harry's right. "I trust you're satisfied, Garrick?"

"All three wands are in fine working order," the wandmaker nodded.

"Excellent," Dumbledore said, clapping his hands. "Now then, the first task will be on the—"

“Photos, Dumbledore. Photos,” Rita said with a patently fake smile.

“Of course,” he said, smiling patiently.

“And perhaps a quick word from each of the Champions,” Rita added.

The photographers maneuvered the Champions so that the window was behind them and asked them to scooch closer together. Fleur struck a serious, intimidating pose while Cedric went for something Harry thought was supposed to be heroic. With a grin, Harry slung his arms around their shoulders, ruining their posture. As they turned to glare at him, he gave the photographers an open-mouthed grin and two thumbs up just as they snapped a picture.

It took half an hour and dozens of more pictures before they were satisfied. All throughout that time, the reporters took turns asking questions. Rita, in particular, seemed determined to find some sort of scandal.

‘How did you enter the tournament, Harry?’ ‘You and Ms. Delacour seem close. Are you an item?’ ‘As a boy of just fourteen, do you feel intimidated by your competition?’ she asked.

Thankfully, the other reporter, who he learned was Mary from the Salem Herald, was much more professional. She asked questions of all the Champions, not just Harry. After Fleur saw the way the British press were handling the interviews, she pulled the American over to the side and quietly asked for a copy of her article to be sent to her parents so it could be re-printed in France.

During that time, Harry helpfully distracted Rita by giving her the most outlandish and outrageous answers to her questions that he could think of.

“Oh yeah,” Harry nodded. “People duel in the streets all the time in America. It’s like the wild west. I once saw an old lady kill a man for playing his music too loudly.”

"How tragic," Rita said, lips her lips and smiling as the quill and note page floated next to her, writing furiously. "Have you ever killed anyone?"

"Only a couple," Harry shrugged.

"I believe that's enough for one day," Professor Turner said before Rita could ask her next question.

Frankly, Harry was surprised she let him go on as long as she had.

The reporters packed up and left, Ollivander said his goodbyes, and Harry was relieved to find he'd missed class entirely, and it was now time for lunch.

"Oh, Harry," Dumbledore said as he and the other Champions were about to leave. "Before I forget. Our Care of Magical Creatures professor, Hagrid, would like to know if you would allow his class a look at your Thunderbird."

"Sure," Harry shrugged. "I'll have to check with Levina, but I don't think it'll be a problem."

"I'm sure Hagrid would appreciate it," Dumbledore smiled.

Harry smiled back and left with Fleur and Cedric for the Great Hall. They arrived a little later than the rest of the students, and after a bit of cajoling, he convinced his fellow Champions to join him at the Gryffindor table. Harry was just about to ask Dora if she wanted to skip class to go with him to Hagrid's hut when Fleur made a sour face.

"Eet's that boy again," she muttered disgustedly.

Harry glanced over his shoulder and saw Malfoy strutting towards their table with his two lumbering friends.

“This guy just can’t take a hint,” he sighed.

Dora reached over and patted his arm.

“Let me take care of him,” she said.

An intense look of concentration appeared on her face as she closed her eyes. Her hair lengthened and turned black, her face became a bit more angular and aged, and the shape of her body shifted slightly, though it was hard to tell exactly how since she was sitting. Harry grinned when she opened her eyes, and he found himself looking at an exact replica of Narcissa Malfoy.

“Oh, I can’t wait for this,” he grinned.

“Hey, Potter,” Malfoy called, his voice back to normal.

Suddenly, Dora whirled around in her seat with a withering glare. Malfoy was so shocked by the unexpected appearance of his mother that he stepped back, tripped on one of the fat kid’s feet, and landed heavily on his ass.

“Listen, you annoying little shit,” Dora said, her voice mismatched with her face. “Unless you want me to streak through the school wearing this face, fuck off. Got it?”

Realizing that the woman in front of him wasn’t actually his mother, Malfoy furiously got to his feet and glared, his cheeks flushed with anger.

“You-”

He stopped talking suddenly when Dora reached up and undid the top two buttons of her blouse. The top of her black bra was just visible, and the twins leaned over exaggeratedly for a better look.

"I'll do it," she threatened. "Do you want the whole school to see your mom's saggy tits?"

Harry frowned, looked her over, reached around, and grabbed both of her breasts.

"No need to be mean, babe," he said. "These don't feel saggy."

"Potter-" Malfoy growled.

He stopped again when Dora quirked an eyebrow and reached for another button.

"One more word," she hissed.

"Come on, Malfoy," George said. "You're not just going to stand there and take that, are you?"

"Yeah," Fred agreed. "Speak up, man. Say something."

Malfoy glared furiously but kept his mouth shut. Smirking, Harry gave Dora's breasts one last squeeze before letting go.

"Good," Dora said, redoing the buttons of her blouse, which drew disappointed groans from the twins. "Now, fuck off back to your table and leave us alone. And the next time you run your mouth at Harry, I'll be running *mine*, with your mother's face, up and down his cock."

Malfoy fumed silently, his cheeks turning a shade darker before suddenly spinning on his heel. He tried to force his way past his friends, but they were much too large, and he came to an abrupt stop. They blinked slowly for a moment and then moved out of the way so he could storm away furiously.

"That was brilliant!" Fred exclaimed.

"Masterfully done," George clapped.

"Crude but effective," Hermione admitted.

Smiling, Dora changed back to her normal look. Harry wrapped an arm around her waist, drew her close, and kissed her passionately.

"Would you 'ave really done eet?" Fleur asked.

"The streaking?" Dora asked. "No. I might look like someone else, but it's still my body. Sucking Harry's cock while looking like her, absolutely."

"How did you even know what she looked like?" Hermione asked curiously.

"She's my aunt, unfortunately," Dora admitted with a sigh. "Mum showed me a picture of her."

"You're related to Malfoy?" Ron asked, aghast.

"Not by choice," Dora shrugged.

"We are too, Ron," George reminded his brother.

Ron made a sour face.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” Harry said suddenly. “I need to go see Hagrid. Can you show me where his office is, Hermione?”

“He doesn’t have an office,” she told him. “He lives in the hut on the grounds.”

“Really?” he asked, smirking as he turned to Dora. “Feel like skipping class?”

“What do you have in mind?” she asked, eyes sparkling.

~

Fifteen minutes later, Harry and Dora were soaring through the skies above Hogwarts on Levina’s back. As they circled the castle, they spotted the nest she’d built atop Ravenclaw Tower. After a bit of a search, they found Hagrid’s tiny hut near the edge of the Forbidden Forest.

“There,” Harry said, pointing.

Levina followed his finger and dove down. Dora whooped, her arms tightening around Harry’s waist as the wind whipped past.

“Let’s give him a show, girl!” Harry yelled over the rushing wind. “Buzz the tower!”

Leveling out just a few feet above the ground, Levina banked, circling around the hut, and let out a piercing cry. Not a moment later, Hagrid came stumbling out of his hut, accidentally ripping the door off of the hinges in his excitement. Dropping the door, he stared up at the massive bird in awe as it circled around once more before coming into land.

Harry slipped off of Levina's back, helped Dora down, and grinned at the towering man.

"I heard you wanted to teach your class about Thunderbirds."

Chapter 21

"But being from America may be more of an advantage than many first thought," Hermione read. "Coming for a land where disagreements are regularly settled in deadly duels, often in horrendous public spectacles, means that Mr. Potter already has years of experience in dangerous situations over his competitors from more civilized countries. In fact, this reporter has it on good authority that Mr. Potter is already involved in two deaths resulting from duels. While MACUSA has yet to make an official response, rumor has it that one such duel occurred when a jealous husband confronted him after he was found in bed with the man's wife at the age of 16."

Hermione huffed and set down her morning copy of the *Daily Prophet* as the students around her laughed.

"This is ridiculous," she said. "How can anyone believe this tripe?"

"Oh, it gets better," George said, reading his own copy of the paper. "I then asked Mr. Potter what he would miss most about school in America. 'The brothels,' he answered. 'It's a great way to relieve stress between classes.'"

"Someone, please tell me it's true," Fred laughed.

Dora scoffed.

"Only if that's what you call Amanda's bed," she smirked.

Amanda gave her an offended look, reached around Harry, and smacked her on the shoulder.

“Are you calling me a whore?” she asked.

“How long did it take you to sneak that boy from Ravenclaw into your cabin?” Dora asked in return.

“Robert’s a nice guy.”

“His name’s Roger.”

Harry and the others listening couldn’t contain their laughter any longer.

“Bonjour.”

As the laughter died down, Harry glanced over his shoulder and smiled.

“Morning, Fleur,” he said. “Grab a seat.”

Fred and George, looking slightly addled by her Allure, eagerly slid down the bench to make room for her. They only stopped when they bumped into their girlfriends roughly, earning each of them an unimpressed glare. The twins looked at their girlfriends, turned to each other, and swallowed nervously.

“Merci,” Fleur said, smiling at their antics as she took a seat between Harry and Fred.

“Did you read the paper?” Harry asked, lifting a copy of the *Prophet*.

She rolled her eyes.

“Oui,” she said with audible disgust. “Eef you can call zat a paper. Where did she even get some of zose lies?”

“I might have gotten bored and made up a few things while you were talking to the reporter from America,” Harry admitted.

“And she believed you?” Fleur asked incredulously.

Harry shrugged, “I’m not sure if she’s that gullible or just that unethical.”

Scoffing, she flipped her long blonde hair over her shoulder and pulled a newspaper out of her pocket. It was a copy of the *Salem Hareld*, which she set in front of him. On the front page, above the fold, was a moving picture of the three champions. While Fleur and Cedric tried to look impressive, Harry gave them bunny ears, poked them in the side, and was generally being an annoyance. When they turned to glare at him, he struck an exaggerated pose of his own, leading to a bit of laughter before they tried again. Just below the picture sat the title of the article in bold black letters.

Triwizard Champions! A Closer Look at Diggory Delacour and Potter

What followed after that was a well-written article. It briefly discussed each of the Champions, speculated on the upcoming tasks, and discussed how each of them might perform.

“That one’s definitely going in the scrapbook,” Dora grinned, continuing when Fleur gave her an inquisitive look. “Sirius has a scrapbook he keeps of all the news articles Harry has been in.”

“How many times has he been in the paper?” Ron asked incredulously.

“Quite a few,” Dora said thoughtfully. “They did an article when he got spotted riding Levina over Reno; then there was the time he put a crater in a corn field in Iowa with his first broom; then they did one when he broke the sound barrier and got the contract with Lockheed; they did a full page in Dueling International when he won his first dueling tournament; oh, and then there was the whole kidnapping thing. So, yeah, he’s been in the paper a lot.”

“What can I say,” Harry grinned when everyone turned to stare at him. “When you’re good, you’re good.”

“You sound like Lockhart,” Ron grumbled, wrinkling his nose.

“Who?” Harry asked.

“You can explain later,” Hermione said before Ron could answer. “Class will be starting soon.”

“I’ve been excused from morning classes,” Harry grinned. “Hagrid wants me to show Levina to a couple of his classes.”

“Oh,” Hermione said. “Well, I’ll give you a copy of my notes.”

“Thanks,” Harry said, then turned to Jenna. “Want a ride down to class?”

“Ride?” Jenna asked curiously.

~

“Gather round now, gather round,” Hagrid said, beaming and rubbing his hands together excitedly as the class of third years congregated outside his hut. “I got a real treat fer yeh today.”

The entire class jumped when a loud cry rent the air. Some of the girls hid behind their larger classmates as they all turned as one and looked to the sky. A massive white Thunderbird circled above them, and as it turned, they could make out two riders on its back. It swooped down, causing the students to duck and a few to scream, but it leveled out just above their heads and glided effortlessly around Hagrid's hut before flaring its wings and landing softly on the lawn.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Hagrid asked. "Come on then, don't be shy."

As Harry and Jenna slid off of the Thunderbird's back, he strode forward confidently while the class nervously edged closer.

"Sorry we're late," Harry said. "Jenna was a bit nervous about flying."

"Ah, don't mention it," Hagrid said, patting him on the shoulder.

Harry staggered under the light tap while Jenna rushed over to join Ginny and a blonde girl with large, pale blue eyes. He wondered if she was related to Ollivander.

"Now, then," Hagrid said, clapping his hands together. "This is Levina. She's a North American Thunderbird. Very rare and powerful creatures. They can control the weather to an extent, produce lightning, and absolutely love fish."

Levina perked up and chirped softly.

"Ginny, open that barrel next to me hut."

Ginny rushed over and pulled off the lid. Levina shifted impatiently from one foot to the other when she spotted the fish packed inside.

"Easy, girl," Harry said, patting her chest.

“Fresh trout,” Hagrid announced proudly. “Grab a couple and come on up. Let’s see if she’ll let yeh pet her.”

Ginny looked at Levina, glanced back at Hagrid nervously, and then looked to Harry. Shrugging his shoulders, he sat down on the ground and leaned back against Levina’s legs. She took a tentative step closer, then another, and another, until she was within arm’s reach, and then held out one of the trout. Levina snatched it out of her hand, startling Ginny into snapping her hand back. As soon as Levina had swallowed the fish whole, she bent her head down and stared hungrily at the other one. Giggling, Ginny held it out for her to eat and gently reached out to stroke her feathers.

“Well done, Ginny,” Hagrid said, grinning and clapping. “Well done.”

The class gave her a brief round of applause as she rejoined them.

“Who’s next?” Hagrid asked.

As several of the braver students rushed over to the barrel, Harry settled back and relaxed.

~

A day later, Harry had his first Defense Against the Dark Arts class with Professor Moody. He and Hermione entered the classroom early and took seats at the front. Other Gryffindor and Slytherin students trickled in over the next few minutes. When Malfoy entered with his friends, he sneered at Harry and took a seat in the back corner of the room.

Just as the bell rang to signal the start of class, Moody limped into the room and slammed the door shut behind him.

“Alright, listen up,” he barked, coming to stand at the front of the room and leaning on his staff. “Now that we’ve finally finished reviewing what lessons your teachers have managed to cram into your skulls over the last three years, it’s time to move on. You’ve learned a lot about how to deal with magical beasts and beings, but now it’s time you learned how to deal with dark witches and wizards.”

The classes muttered and whispered excitedly, but Harry felt a bit disappointed. He was years ahead of his classmates when it came to dueling, and it was unlikely he’d learn anything new.

“Besides Potter, do any of you have experience dueling?” Moody asked.

Harry glanced over his shoulder. At first, no one reacted, then, with a smug smirk, Malfoy raised his hand.

“Funny, Malfoy, I don’t remember reading about you taking part in any dueling competitions,” Moody said.

Malfoy scowled as the Gryffindors snickered and lowered his hand.

“I didn’t,” he said. “But my father hired a former world champion to tutor me over the Summer.”

“Did he now?” Moody asked. “Well then, why don’t you come up here and give us a demonstration? You too, Potter. On your feet.”

Harry stepped around his table and waited for Malfoy to make his way to the front. The blonde swaggered and sneered the entire way. Stopping across from him, he gripped his wand tightly and took an old-fashioned stance with his off-hand cocked behind and his head. Harry snorted and stood relaxed, his wand still seated in the holster on his hip.

“Right, on my signal,” Moody said.

A couple of seconds later, he tapped his staff on the floor, and bright red sparks spewed from the tip. Malfoy flourished his wand in a wide arc.

“Stupi-”

Harry drew his wand in a flash, let loose a Disarming Hex, and had his wand back in his holster before Malfoy’s had hit the ground. His cheeks went red as he retrieved his wand while the Gryffindors snickered.

“That wasn’t fair,” he complained. “You didn’t say go.”

“You think a dark wizard is going to wait for you to get in a silly little stance before he attacks?” Moody asked, causing Malfoy’s cheeks to further darken.

“I want another duel,” he growled.

Moody scoffed, “This is about determining your skill level, not how fast you can get your arse kicked. Potter’s wand wasn’t even in his hand when you started. You really think you can beat him?”

“Yes,” Malfoy hissed through clenched teeth.

“Alright,” Moody shrugged. “I’ll even count to three for you this time.”

Malfoy glared at Harry and got back into his stance, his muscles visibly tensed.

“One... two... three!”

Malfoy whipped his wand forward aggressively.

“Libe—”

Harry drew his wand and fired off a Bludgeoning Hex, the same spell Malfoy was trying to use on him. The blue spell slammed into the blonde’s midsection, driving the air painfully from his lungs. He dropped to his hands and knees, his eyes bulging as he wheezed for breath. Harry twirled his wand around his finger with a smirk, blew across the tip, and stowed it back in its holster.

“Let this be a lesson to the rest of you,” Moody said, unconcerned with the student gasping for breath. “The two things that will get you into trouble faster than anything else are stupidity and ego. Break up into pairs so I can see what I’m working with. Malfoy, do you need the Hospital Wing?”

“No,” he grunted breathlessly, slowly climbing to his feet.

Moody reached down, grabbed a handful of his robes, and hauled him to his feet.

“Then get back to your desk.” he said, shoving him lightly down the aisle.

Harry returned to Hermione just as Moody levitated the desks out of the way. Soon, the room was filled with dozens of voices shouting incantations.

“What’s with the holster?” she asked, eyeing it curiously. “I’ve never seen anyone use something like that. Is it special for dueling?”

“Oh, this,” Harry smiled. “Nah. It’s a novelty. Sirius volunteered to play a sheriff at a wizarding Wild West park a couple of Summers ago.”

“Then why do you wear it?” she asked.

"Gotta look out for my reputation," Harry smirked.

Hermione rolled her eyes even as her lips quirked up in a smile. For the rest of the class, he helped her with her dueling. She attempted to block a couple of his spells by casting a shield nonverbally, but after waking up on the floor for the second time, she agreed they needed more work. Moody hobbled around the room barking advice but merely nodded approvingly when he passed them.

"Alright, that's enough!" he yelled near the end of class. "We've got a lot to work on and not a lot of time to do it. Read chapters five through seven in your textbooks. Next class, be prepared for a workout. You're dismissed. Potter, stick around."

"I'll see you in Charms," Hermione said.

Packing her bag quickly, she left the room while Harry took his time. Once the classroom was empty, he hopped up on the desk while Moody closed the door with his wand.

"How's your training for the Tournament going?" he asked.

Harry shrugged, "Alright. Not much I can really do since they won't tell us what the task is."

Moody grunted as he sat at his desk, the chair creaking as he leaned back.

"Well, you're talented with a wand, I'll give you that, but you're going to need to know more than stunners and bludgeoners if you want to win," he said, grabbing a sheaf of parchment and a quill.

"Shouldn't you be helping the Hogwarts Champion?" Harry asked, cocking an eyebrow.

“Diggory’s a good lad, but he wasn’t thrown into a deadly tournament against his will,” Moody said, then his voice grew softer. “And Diggory’s dad didn’t save my life in seventy-nine. I couldn’t return the favor to him, so I’m doing it for you.”

Harry swallowed against a sudden lump in his throat and nodded.

“You’re excused from class homework for the rest of the year,” he continued in a stronger tone. “I’ll be giving you different assignments. I want you to start by learning these spells.”

Finishing with a flourish, he handed the parchment to Harry. Taking it, he looked it over and whistled.

“Some of these are pretty nasty... and advanced,” he said.

“That going to be a problem?” Moody asked.

“No, sir,” Harry grinned.

“Good. We’ll see how long it takes you to learn those before we move on. Your other assignment is to find out what the First Task is.”

Harry blinked and looked up from the list.

“You want me to cheat?” he asked incredulously.

“This isn’t a game, lad,” Moody growled. “Someone put your name in that Goblet for a reason, probably because they want you dead. Besides, Diggory’s dad works at the Ministry for the department of Magical Games and Sports, and Delacour’s family is well connected. Do you think they’re not going to find out? If it bothers you that much, tell them. I don’t care. My job is to keep you alive and find out who’s behind this mess.”

"Alright," Harry nodded. "I'll see what I can find."

Folding the parchment, he stuffed it in his pocket.

"Good," Moody grunted and jerked his thumb towards the door. "Get to class. Oh, and Potter, if you see anything odd, you let me know."

Giving him a cheeky salute, Harry left the classroom.

Chapter 22

Dora sat on a bench outside the front doors of Hogwarts, reading an advanced Defense against the Dark Arts book. Jenna sat next to her, her quill dancing across the parchment as she did her Herbology homework. After a long week of getting used to a new school with new teachers and new students, it was finally the weekend.

A giggle broke the early morning quiet. Looking up from her book, Dora scowled at the group of girls gathered not too far away, watching Harry as he jogged around the front lawn. Despite the cool air, he wore nothing but a pair of black cotton shorts and a maroon tank top that was damp with sweat. Each time he passed by the front doors, the girls giggled and chattered in hushed tones.

It irritated the hell out of Dora.

Even the Beauxbatons students ogled her boyfriend as they traipsed the path from the carriage to the Great Hall. She even caught Fleur giving him an appreciative glance, and when she realized she'd been caught, the busty blonde simply shrugged and smirked.

"Good morning."

Dora stopped glaring for a moment and looked up at Hermione.

“Morning,” she grumbled.

“I didn’t expect you to be up this early on a Saturday,” Hermione said as she took a seat next to Jenna.

“Harry wants to go over some spells for the Tournament,” Dora said.

“Where is he?” Hermione asked.

Sighing, Dora pointed.

“Oh.”

“We’ll practice after he’s finished his run,” Dora said, then turned and glared at the giggling girls. “If I can pry him away from his fan club.”

“That’s just Lavender,” Hermione said dismissively. “She’s always like that. It’s why we don’t get along much.”

Dora grunted and crossed her arms over her chest as Harry came to a stop in front of them, panting heavily.

“Whaddya running for?” Ron asked.

Dora glanced over her shoulder and saw he was the rest of the Gryffindor Quidditch team, brooms in hand.

“To stay in shape,” Harry said, interlacing his hands on top of his head.

“What for?” Ron asked, wrinkling his nose.

Grinning, Harry grabbed the bottom of his shirt and pulled it over his head. Dora huffed annoyedly even as she eyed his ripped abs and chiseled chest. Jenna hid her face behind her book, Hermione blushed, Fred and George wolf-whistled, the girls giggled, and Ron’s ear went bright red.

“That is a very good reason,” Angelina said, licking her lips.

While Fred huffed good-naturedly, Dora rolled her eye, pulled a clean shirt from her back, and tossed it at Harry. Once he’d put it on, she stood up, pushed him onto the bench, and then planted herself firmly in his lap.

“Ew, you’re all sweaty,” she said, wrinkling her nose as his glistening arms wrapped around her waist.

With a smirk, Harry pulled her close and wiped his sweaty forehead all over her neck. Dora squealed and tried to push him away, but he was too strong.

“You jerk,” she said, smacking his shoulder.

“Hey, if you get to mark your territory, I get to mark mine,” he said with a crooked grin. “Any guy that gets near you is going to smell me... or think you have really bad BO. One of the two, but either way, I win.”

Dora snorted but couldn’t stop a pleased smile from dancing across her lips. Giving him a quick kiss, she climbed off of his lap.

“Ready to go train?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said, standing and waving to the Gryffindors as they left for the Quidditch Pitch. “We should get closer to the edge of the forest.”

“Why don’t you use one of the abandoned classrooms?” Hermione asked. “I can show you where they are.”

“The spells I’m learning are too dangerous to practice in a classroom,” Harry said, taking Dora’s hand and walking away from the castle.

Hermione frowned and followed after them with Jenna right behind her, “If they’re that dangerous, are you sure you should be learning them?”

“That’s kind of the point,” he shrugged. “Moody wants me to learn more powerful spells.”

“Oh,” Hermione said, looking less hesitant. “Do you mind if I watch?”

“Knock yourself out,” Harry said.

As they reached the edge of the forest, a shadow passed overhead. A moment later, Lavina landed behind them and laid on the ground. Jenna and Hermione sat down and leaned against her large, feathery body for warmth.

“Right, so what’s first?” Harry asked.

“Well,” Dora said, opening her book, “to start with, we’ve got the Crushing Hex, the Lightning Curse, or the Binding Curse.”

“Let’s try the Crushing Hex,” he said.

Dora flipped to the relevant page and held the book out so he could read it. After reading the incantation and memorizing the wand movement, Harry drew his wand, stepped closer to the forest, and picked a large tree as his target. He twisted his wand in a corkscrew motion and added a short thrust at the end.

“Commino!” he yelled.

A dull purple hex left his wand, impacting the tree trunk with a muffled thud. A few scraps of bark fell to the ground, and a couple of dead branches were shaken loose, but it wasn’t nearly as impressive as he’d thought it would be.

“I think you started the incantation too late,” Dora said. “You’re supposed to finish it a moment *before* you finish the wand movement.”

Harry sighed, “This is why I hate using verbal incantations,” he muttered.

He repeated the wand movement, but this time, he used the incantation in his head. A bright, sizzling bolt of violet magic leapt from his wand. It slammed into the tree and reduced a three-foot-tall section of the trunk down to the thickness of a pencil with a loud *crunch!* Large shards of wood were sent flying several feet away. The tree teetered precariously for a moment before the pencil-wide section snapped with a loud *crack*, and the tree fell to the ground with a *crash!*

“Holy shit!” Harry laughed incredulously. “That was awesome! What’s next?”

“We are so getting detention for this,” Dora sighed, shaking her head as she reopened her book. “Let’s try the Binding Curse.”

Harry struggled with that spell much more. It took half an hour for him to get it to work at all, and even then, it was far from perfect. The spell was supposed to produce a thick iron chain that wrapped around the target and tightened the more it struggled. He could conjure the chain, but it didn't animate the way it was supposed to. It flew from his wand and slammed into the tree he was targeting but always fell limply to the ground afterward. After an hour, they decided to move on and ask Flitwick for advice later.

"Alright," Dora said. "Let's move on to the Lightning Curse."

Harry read over the instructions quickly before stepping away from her and raising his wand. He poured his built-up frustration over the last hour as he whipped his wand forward with a slight waggle of the tip.

A searingly bright bolt of blue-white lightning arced from the tip of his wand with a thunderous *crack* and struck a tree standing what looked to Harry to be forty feet away. The main bolt blasted an inches-deep crater into the trunk while the fingers of lightning around it danced across the bark, causing it to sizzle and pop. As he blinked the stars out of his vision, he saw the edges of the bark had turned into glowing embers.

"Shit," he muttered. "Fire!"

Quickly, he and Dora doused the tree trunk with water.

"Well, that wasn't too bad," Harry said.

Levina clacked her beak derisively and glared at the tree. Harry and the girls jumped when a bolt from the blue struck the top of the tree and shattered it. He brought up a shield quickly to protect himself and Dora from the flying splinters while Levina used her back wing to cover Jenna and Hermione. Once the rain of wood had ended, Levina preened smugly.

"Show off," Harry grumbled.

“Bigger fire!” Dora yelled.

“Shit!”

~

Harry spent the rest of the weekend studying, finishing his homework, and mastering the spells he’d learned. On Monday morning, he had Charms class, where he talked about how he designed his brooms, and Professor Flitwick tasked the class with enchanting a toy broom by the end of the semester. Once class was over, he packed his bag slowly, waiting for the students to trickle out.

“Professor, do you have a minute?” Harry asked when the room was empty.

“Of course,” Flitwick smiled. “What can I do for you?”

“I’ve been working on some spells for the Tournament, and I’m having trouble with the Binding Curse,” Harry said.

“That’s quite an advanced spell,” Flitwick said. “What problems are you having?”

“Well, I can conjure the chains fine, but they don’t wrap around things like they’re supposed to. They just fall.”

“Ah, I see,” Flitwick nodded. “That’s because the Binding Curse, unlike the Incarcerous Hex, requires constant focus.”

“Really?” Harry asked. “It didn’t say that in the book.”

“That’s not surprising. The texts that contain those spells are often above Newt level. They expect the reader to know the difference between an instantaneous and a continuous spell just by feel.”

“How do you feel the difference?” Harry asked.

“Here,” Flitwick said, summoning two pillows from a pile in the corner. “Banish the one on the left and focus on how you feel when you do it.”

Drawing his wand, Harry banished the pillow against the wall, but he didn’t really feel much of anything.

“Good, now levitate the other one, but don’t hold it,” Flitwick said. “Just cast the spell and let it go.”

Harry did as he was instructed. The pillow levitated to waist height, and he released the spell. As the pillow fell to the floor, he felt a small but subtle difference to the Banishing Charm. He levitated the pillow again and let it fall. There was a small but continuous tug on his magic that he’d never consciously felt before, which stopped the moment he released the spell.

“Huh,” he said. “I never noticed that before. Thanks, professor.”

“My pleasure, Mr. Potter.”

Bidding him farewell with a quick wave, Harry slung his bag over his shoulder and made his way down to the Great Hall. It wasn’t time for lunch yet, but he had a free period. He was thinking about grabbing a snack and going outside to practice the Binding Curse with his newly gained understanding of how it worked when he spotted Jenna, Ginny, and Luna working on their homework at the Ravenclaw table. Grinning, he plopped down heavily on the bench between Ginny and Jenna, facing backward, and rested his back against the table.

“Morning, ladies,” he said, smiling charmingly. “Need any help?”

Ginny blushed heavily and hid her face behind her hair, Luna blinked and cocked her head to the side, and Jenna smiled.

“We’re working on our Transfigurations homework,” Jenna said. “McGonagall wants eight inches of parchment on turning hedgehogs into pin cushions by Friday. We’re almost finished. Would you mind checking them over?”

“Sure,” Harry shrugged.

“How did you get rid of your Wrackspurts?” Luna asked suddenly, cocking her head to the other side.

“Get rid of my what now?” Harry asked curiously.

“Wrackspurts,” Luna repeated, blinking her wide blue eyes as she straightened her head. “They’re invisible magical creatures that fly into your ears and make your brain fuzzy.”

“Huh,” Harry said thoughtfully and shrugged. “Don’t know. Maybe it’s my cologne.”

“I don’t think so,” she frowned. “Wrackspurts don’t have noses.”

“No one cares about your made-up creatures, Loony,” Malfoy said as he swaggered over, accompanied, as always, by Crabbe and Goyle.

“Like your opinion,” Harry said.

“Oh, you’re going to care a lot about what I have to say, Potter,” Malfoy smirked. “My father’s close, personal friends with the Minister, you see. He told me in a letter this morning what the First Task is going-”

“Hold that thought.”

Reaching to his left, Harry grabbed an apple out of the bowl of fruit and tossed it at Malfoy, who caught it confusedly.

“Start over and take a bite when you’re done,” Harry said. “It’ll make you look like more of an asshole.”

“What are you on about, Potter,” he sneered. “Have you gone mental?”

“Look, Malfoy,” Harry sighed. “If you’re going to keep doing this whole evil arch-enemy thing, then I need you to at least try to look cool. I’ve got a reputation to protect here.”

Fuming, Malfoy shoved the apple into Goyle’s chest. The larger boy took it and stuffed it in his pocket.

“Are you even listening to me?” he growled. “I’m trying to tell you I know what the First Task is!”

“Really?” Harry asked, casually picking up another apple and polishing it on his shirt. “I doubt it.”

“Are you calling me a liar, Potter?” Malfoy hissed.

“Well, yeah,” Harry shrugged. “Tell you what. How ‘bout we make a bet? You tell me what the First Task is, and if you’re right, I’ll pay you twenty Galleons.”

Smiling, he propped his elbows on the table behind him.

Malfoy scoffed, "As if I'd fall for that."

"I could always beat it out of you," Harry said. "We both know I could out-duel you and your friends in my sleep."

He took a bite of the apple and smirked as he watched the blonde's cheek turn red. Malfoy aimed a finger angrily at Harry and opened his mouth to speak.

"Is there a problem, gentlemen?" Professor McGonagall asked, approaching quickly.

Harry swallowed and smiled.

"No, ma'am," he said. "Malfoy and I were just having a nice chat. We're actually getting along great."

Grinning, he took another bite. Malfoy's eye twitched.

"I see," McGonagall said skeptically as she glanced between the two of them. "Still, I think it would be best if Mr. Malfoy returned to his table."

She gave him a pointed look, and Malfoy spun on his heel with a huff. When he glanced back over his shoulder halfway to his table, Harry smiled and waved the fingers that weren't holding his apple mockingly. McGonagall sighed and continued on her way to the head table.

"He's right," Luna said to Ginny. "Eating an apple made him look most disagreeable."

Grinning at her, Harry took another bite.

~

Two days later, Harry was having dinner with his classmates, laughing at the twins' latest tale, when McGonagall stopped behind him.

"Mr. Potter," she said, getting his attention. "I need to see you in my office for a moment."

"What did he do?" Dora asked accusingly.

Harry raised his hands innocently.

"He's not in trouble," McGonagall said. "Madam Bones is arriving soon to talk to him about some broom tests he wanted to perform."

"Nice," Harry grinned, getting to his feet. "It's been so long I thought they were ignoring me."

"I doubt that's the case," McGonagall frowned. "Follow me."

He gave Dora a quick kiss on the cheek and ruffled Jenna's hair as he followed her out of the Great Hall. They walked in silence through the halls to her office on the second floor, just outside the Transfigurations Courtyard.

"Have a seat, Mr. Potter," she said as he looked around her office curiously. "Biscuit?"

She opened a tin full of cookies and offered them to him. Shrugging, Harry took one and popped it into his mouth.

"Ooh, those are good," he said, taking a second. "What are they?"

“Jammy Dodgers,” McGonagall replied.

Harry nodded and made a mental note to ask Aunt Andi to send him some when the Floo suddenly flared to life. Stuffing the rest of the cookie in his mouth and wiping his hand on his pants, he watched as an older witch with a monocle over her right eye stepped into the office. She was a couple of inches shorter than Harry, with her dark red hair done in a tight bun similar to McGonagall’s. Her black robes were plain, with the exception of the Ministry insignia embroidered over her left breast.

“Good evening, Amelia,” McGonagall said. “Mr. Potter, this is Amelia Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. Amelia, this is Harry Potter.”

Amelia straightened her robes and approached him with her hand extended.

“Mr. Potter,” she said. “Nice to finally meet you.”

“Pleasure,” Harry said around a mouthful of cookie and shook her hand.

Conjuring a plain, uncomfortable-looking wooden chair next to the desk, she took a seat, and Harry did the same.

“I apologize for the delay,” Amelia sighed. “My office has been overworked and understaffed for the last few months. What sort of tests were you looking to perform?”

“I wanted to do some high-altitude test. See how high I can go,” Harry said.

“And you can do that without alerting the Muggles?” Amelia asked.

Harry frowned, "No. I wouldn't bother asking for permission if I could do it without anyone finding out. Muggle radar is good enough that it can pick me up even if I'm under a Notice-Me-Not Charm."

"They've never spotted broom riders before," Amelia argued.

"That's because most brooms fly too low and slow to be picked up," Harry said. "Military radar is designed to pick up fast-moving objects even if they're as small as a broom."

"Alright," she said, pursing her lips. "How do the Americans keep you from being discovered?"

"They talk to the Muggle government and tell them to ignore it," Harry shrugged.

Amelia frowned and shared a look with McGonagall.

"I'll have to bring this up with the Minister," she said after a moment. "I'm not allowed to communicate with the Muggle Government."

"Really?" he asked, surprised.

"I'm surprised the Americans have such open communication with the Muggle government," McGonagall said. "I was under the impression they had more restrictions on secrecy than most countries."

"They do," Harry acknowledged. "But they pay Squibs to work with the Muggles. It keeps them from revealing the secret because they get two paychecks, and it keeps us up to date on what the Muggles are doing. It's hard to avoid them finding you if you don't know what they're up to."

“That’s an interesting approach, but unfortunately, we don’t have a system like that,” Amelia said. “I’ll talk to the Minister and see what we can do.”

“Would it help if I asked Sirius to have MACUSA talk to him?” Harry asked.

“I don’t think the Minister would appreciate that,” Amelia frowned.

Harry grinned.

~

Three days later, he had permission to conduct his test flights on Saturday night between eight and midnight. On Friday, Harry took his latest broom to Flitwick for one last once-over before his flight. The Charms master gave him the all-clear, so on Saturday night, Harry and Dora quietly made their way to the top of the Astronomy Tower.

“Do you want to ride on the front or the back?” Harry asked.

“Front,” Dora said.

Mounting the broom, he waved Dora over. She swung her leg over the handle and rested her back against his chest as he wrapped his arms around her. A quick push off of the ground was all it took to begin their ascent. Harry spiraled upwards, steadily gaining speed as they rocketed through the low cloud cover and into the clear night sky. The stars winked at them against the black velvet background.

Harry leaned over Dora to check the watch strapped to the broom handle as he pushed the broom higher. As he watched the second hand tick clockwise, nearing the seven, Dora patted his arm.

“Harry, look,” she said.

Harry looked over and smiled at the world below them.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” he asked.

“It’s amazing,” Dora said in awe. “You can even see the curvature of the Earth.”

Grinning, Harry pushed his broom further until the second hand reached ten. It had reached one hundred thousand feet without issue. The climate and atmospheric Charms were holding perfectly.

“That’s it? We did it?” Dora asked.

“Yup,” Harry grinned. “We’ve officially flown higher than any other witches or wizards ever have.”

“That’s my man,” she smirked.

Twisting around, she grabbed the back of his head and mashed their lips together. Harry kissed her back passionately for several seconds before she finally pulled away, lips swollen and cheeks flushed.

“So, what’s next?” she asked.

Harry grinned and pointed up at the glowing, full moon hanging in the night sky.

“You want to go to the moon?” Dora asked incredulously.

“Eventually,” he nodded. “I think it’s time wizards and witches caught up with the Muggles, don’t you?”

“Harry Potter, first wizard on the moon. It has a nice ring to it.”

“I have a lot to figure out first, but maybe one day. Ready to head back?”

“Can we just fly around for a bit? This view is incredible.”

Harry and Dora floated high above the Earth for a couple of hours before the time forced them to head back. Grinning, he gripped the broom tightly, nosed over, and flew down at top speed. Dora shrieked as they hurtled back towards the ground, reaching a top speed of Mach 6. When the ground began to grow a bit too large for comfort, he slowed to a leisurely speed and ghosted over the Forbidden Forest.

“What’s that?” Dora asked, pointing to the right.

Harry looked and furrowed his brow when he spotted an orange, flickering light among the trees.

“Is that a fire?” she exclaimed.

“I don’t know,” he said.

Turning his broom, they flew closer, but Harry slowed to a crawl when he spotted human-shaped shadows dancing in the light. Six witches and wizards sat gathered around a fire. Nearby, there were just as many tents, and a little further than that were three enormous iron cages. Suddenly, a stream of fire spouted from one of the cages and lit up the entire clearing.

Dora gasped, and Harry grinned.

“Dragons.”

Chapter 23

Harry and Dora took seats at the Gryffindor table, discussing plans to meet in the library after class to research dragons when Hermione suddenly rushed over and plopped down next to him.

“I got a perfect score on my Transfiguration exam!” she beamed excitedly.

“That’s great,” Harry smiled, patting her shoulder.

“I really need to thank you,” she continued. “That tongue trick you showed me really helped.”

Harry opened his mouth to tell her he was glad it helped but froze when he heard Dora’s fork clatter loudly onto her plate. He turned slowly and met her furious glare, her hair spiky and bright red.

“Tongue trick?” she hissed dangerously, pinning Hermione with her stare. “What tongue trick?”

“Harry told me about how your tongue knows what something feels like,” Hermione said, her head tilted in confusion. “It’s really helped me picture objects in my mind. Was he not supposed to tell me?”

Harry smirked as Dora’s hair went limp and the bright red color of her hair drained into her cheeks, leaving it light brown.

“Oh,” she said awkwardly. “I thought you were talking about something else.”

Hermione's brow furrowed, "What did you think I meant?" she asked.

"Yeah, Tonks, what other tongue trick could Harry possibly know?" Angelina smirked.

Next to her, the Weasley twins wagged their eyebrows suggestively. Harry watched as the realization dawned in Hermione's eyes, and her cheeks went just as red as Dora's.

"Nothing," Dora said, quickly turning back to her breakfast and focusing on her plate. "Forget I said anything."

"Oh, no. Now, I'm really curious," Angelina grinned. "Care to share with the class, Harry?"

"After seeing how much trouble I almost got in, absolutely not," he said.

"Must be some trick to make Tonksy blush like that," One of the twins grinned.

To his left, the other twin jumped. A pained hiss left his lips as he raised his leg and rubbed his shin.

"Oi, what was that for!" he yelled. "Fred said it!"

"Ah!" Fred yelped suddenly.

Raising his leg onto the bench, he rubbed his shin as Dora glared at him.

"Don't call me Tonksy," she glowered.

"Seems like you need to use that tongue trick a bit more often," George muttered.

He yelped and brought his other leg up onto the bench, and a moment later, Fred did the same. They grumbled to themselves and rubbed their shins under Dora's glare.

Later in the day, as Charms was coming to an end and students began filing out of the classroom, Harry stayed behind.

"Professor Flitwick, do you have a minute?" he asked.

"Of course, Mr. Potter," Flitwick smiled, climbing the stack of books to sit at his desk. "What can I do for you?"

Harry slouched in the chair across from him.

"Hypothetically, if I wanted to stop something big and heavy, what spell would I use?"

"Ah," Flitwick said, his eyes glinting knowingly. "Hypothetically, there are a wide variety of spells you could use. It all depends on exactly how big the object is and what it's made of. I'd recommend *Halbert's Advanced Charms for the Discerning Wizard*."

"Thanks," Harry said. "And, hypothetically, if I needed to protect myself from fire?"

"You might want to check *Among the Fire and Flames* by Agnus Bittle," he smiled. "That should lead you in the right direction. If you find a specific spell you need help with, I'd be happy to provide assistance."

"Right," Harry smiled, pushing himself to his feet. "Thanks, Professor."

"Anytime, Mr. Potter."

Harry made his way down to dinner before he and Dora retreated to the library for the evening. In addition to the books Flitwick suggested, they scoured the shelves for any books that would help him tackle a dragon.

They weren't as helpful as they'd hoped. Every book they came across recommended at least a dozen highly trained witches and wizards to take on a dragon. The writers seemed to think facing a dragon alone was a suicide mission and merely suggested making sure your affairs were in order before attempting it.

Fortunately, the books contained enough spells that he and Tonks were able to cobble together a rough plan to contain the dragon for a time. After their research, they didn't think the tournament organizers were crazy enough to task them with killing a dragon singlehandedly, but without more information, they didn't know precisely what the task would be until just before it started.

Harry and Dora created a list of spells he would need to learn for the task and decided to call it a night. As Harry was putting away some of the books he didn't need, he looked up and spotted a title that sparked his interest.

Dragon Riders of the Middle Ages

Plucking the book from the shelf, he looked around to make sure Dora wasn't in sight and quickly stuffed it in his bag.

Together, they headed back to the Ilvermorny train for the night. They spent a couple of hours doing homework before heading to the room they now shared. Harry came out of the bathroom dressed for bed and spotted Dora sitting at the edge of the bed, looking unusually pensive.

"You okay?" he asked.

Dora looked up and bit her lip.

“Yeah.”

“Are you worried about the task?”

“No,” she said, then shook her head quickly. “I mean, I am, but that’s not what’s bothering me. I feel like I owe you an apology for the way I acted this morning.”

“What?” Harry asked, confused. “You mean about the thing with Hermione? It’s fine. I thought it was pretty funny.”

“It was,” Dora said, smiling briefly. “But I feel bad my first thought was that you would cheat on me. I know you wouldn’t. And, well, it got me thinking about something.”

“Like what?” he asked.

“Something I’ve always wanted to try but was too nervous until now,” she said as she stood, then sternly added, “Just don’t forget it’s still me in here.”

She closed her eyes and scrunched up her face. Her face and body shifted as her hair grew and darkened until Harry was staring at Hermione Granger.

“Whoa,” he said, his eyes widening.

“What do you think?” Dora asked, the sexy, teasing smirk looking out of character on Hermione’s face.

She held her arms out to the side and spun around. Harry had only ever seen Hermione in her Hogwarts uniform, which left much to the imagination. Dora was wearing a tight T-shirt and a pair of thin cotton pants, giving him a much better look at her body. Hermione was thin, and her

bust was small compared to what Dora usually wore, but as she spun around, his eyes fell on her surprisingly thick, round bum.

“She’s got a nice ass,” Harry smiled.

Climbing to his feet, he wrapped his arms around Dora’s waist and pulled her close. He focused on her eyes and tried to ignore the face they were attached to. While Dora could change the shape and color of her eyes at will, Harry was certain he’d always be able to tell it was her by the way she looked at him.

“Are you sure about this?” he asked.

“No, but I want to give it a try,” Dora admitted. “I mean, I change myself all the time.”

“Yeah, but not into other people,” Harry said. “The closest we’ve come to this is that time you turned yourself into Princess Jasmin, and I got to play Alladin.”

“That was fun,” Dora smiled, wrapping her arms around his neck. “Let’s just give it a try.”

“Alright,” Harry shrugged.

Pulling her close, he kissed her passionately and slipped his hands down to her ass. Dora had shifted her body into countless shapes since they’d started sleeping together, and he’d had the pleasure of groping every ass imaginable, but something about knowing that he was groping the ass of a girl that was real, that he had talked to just a couple of hours ago, made the moment substantially more exciting.

Dora moaned against his lips as his hands kneaded her ass and pulled her against him, grinding his rising excitement against her firm thigh.

A thought occurred to him, and he suddenly pulled back. Before Dora could question him, he spun her around and pulled her back flush against his chest, his excitement sandwiched between her plush cheeks as Dora blinked at their reflection in the full-length mirror attached to the wall.

Harry wrapped his arm around her waist and kissed her neck. Watching her expression closely, he grabbed the hem of her shirt and tugged upwards. Dora readily lifted her arms, and they both watched as her – or perhaps Hermione's, Harry wasn't quite sure how to think of it – upper body was exposed. Dora's eyes glimmered with excitement as he slid his hands up her stomach and cupped her small, pert breasts. She gasped when his fingers traced the small, reddish-brown but perfectly circular areolas surrounding her short, fat, crinkled nipples.

They were quite nice. Though small, they were perky, bouncy mounds that fit her thin frame beautifully. But it did raise a question in Harry's mind.

"Hermione's got nice tits," he remarked, giving them a soft squeeze. "But is that what they really look like?"

"I had to guess a bit," Dora admitted, nibbling her bottom lip in a very Hermione-like fashion. "I won't know exactly what she looks like unless I see her naked."

Harry throbbed excitedly against her ass.

"Now, there's a thought," he grinned.

Dora gasped when he took her nipples between his fingers and rolled them gently. Her eyes gleamed, following his right hand as it trailed down her body and came to rest between her legs. For the first time since they'd faced the mirror, her eyes closed briefly as she tilted her head back and moaned.

"How about we show Hermione that tongue trick," he whispered.

Harry kissed her neck and let go of her. Walking over to the nightstand, he picked up his wand and brandished it at the mirror. With a few precise flicks and a wave, he created a duplicate, levitated it above the bed, and stuck it to the ceiling. Dora was staring up at it curiously when Harry lifted her up and tossed her on the bed. He grinned as he hooked his fingers under the waistband of her pajama pants and panties. They came free with a tug, sliding down her long, muscular legs.

Harry's eyes fell on her groin. Dora normally kept her mound completely bald, but now there was a small, trimmed, triangular patch of curly brown hair. Her slit was also missing the small lips that he was used to. Instead, there was just a pair of taut folds.

Crawling onto the bed, he kissed his way up the inside of her thigh and glanced up at her face. Dora wasn't looking at him. Her eyes were riveted to the mirror on the ceiling. Harry smirked against her soft skin as he laid down on his stomach between her legs and peppered her mound with kisses. He planned to tease her a bit, but he could already see how excited she was. Arousal glistened on her tight folds as it leaked from between her hidden lips.

Dora gasped when he placed a kiss directly on her heated petals. Her fingers threaded through his hair as he slipped his tongue in between and traced it from bottom to top, flicking her swollen clit as he passed. Harry glanced up at her as he worked. She remained staring at the mirror, her perky breasts wobbling slightly as she thrust them into the air.

He reached up to cup one and toyed with the thick, hardened nipple as he lazily explored her folds.

It didn't take long before she started tugging at his hair, impatiently guiding his probing tongue toward her throbbing clit. Playfully, he avoided it until her grip became painful, and a desperate whine left her lips. Pressing his tongue to the swollen nub, he ungulated it slowly.

Dora gasped and then released a long, low moan. Her hips bucked off of the mattress, and Harry released her breast to hold them down with his arms. Extending his tongue, he placed it flat against her clit, pictured a snake, and hissed. The tip vibrated wildly as he recited the history of the Golbin War of 1789. Dora arched her back, writhing her hips wildly against his face. Harry

held on to her thighs tightly while continuing to lash at her folds. Her arousal flooded his tongue and dripped down his chin.

A low, guttural moan left her lips as her legs began to tremble. With a gasp, her body jerked. She clutched his head to her leaking core as she whined and whimpered before suddenly forcing him away. Harry sat back and wiped his chin with a smirk as Dora writhed through the rest of her climax. It was incredibly hot to see the body of the normally up-tight Hermione Granger thrash around so wantonly.

Feeling his erection pulse with need, he stripped out of his clothes and crawled over to Dora. He leaned down and claimed her soft lips before sitting back and maneuvering her until she sat on her hands and knees, facing the mirror on the wall. Harry pressed his throbbing erection against her ass, sandwiching it between her firm, muscular cheeks.

His eyes met Dora's in the mirror, and they maintained eye contact as he slowly pulled his hips back and lined himself up with her entrance. He watched, fascinated, as his engorged head split open her taut folds. They stretched obscenely around his girth as he sank into her slinging depths. His attention was drawn back to the mirror when Dora moaned, her face flushed and eyes riveted to the reflection.

Grinning, Harry gave her ass a quick spank and thrust his hips. His hands mauled her firm cheeks as he spread them open to watch himself slide in and out of her tight crevice. Arousal glistened wetly on his shaft.

Eventually, he glanced back up at the mirror and caught Dora's eyes. Her pupils were dilated, her cheeks flushed, and her breath came in heavy pants. Gathering her thick, bushy mane, Harry tossed it over her right shoulder while leaning over the left. He pressed against her back, creating as much contact as possible. One hand slid up her torso to cup her breast as he met her eyes and kissed her neck and shoulder tenderly.

"Hermione looks hot getting fucked, doesn't she?" he whispered.

Dora moaned and closed her eyes as a tremble ran down her spine. When she opened them again, they bore into his with a burning passion.

“Fuck her harder,” she panted huskily.

Harry smiled and sucked roughly at her pulse point before straightening up. Sliding his hands over her ass, he gripped the swell of her hips, just below her thin waist. He pulled back until just his swollen tip remained trapped in her moist heat and then surged forward, the impact of his hips causing her muscular cheeks to ripple and bounce. Dora cried out as he set a furious pace, filling the room with the loud, wet smack of skin against skin.

Her hands gripped the sheets so tightly that her knuckles turned white as her body jolted to the beat of his thrusts. Despite that, her eyes never left the mirror. Harry could see her eyes taking in every detail, from her bouncing breasts to her rippling cheeks to the faces she made. Her eyes met his briefly, and when they did, her entire body shuddered as she released a long, low groan.

It was all too much.

“I’m close,” Harry grunted. “Where do you want me to cum?”

Dora panted and paused for so long he thought she might now answer.

“Face,” she gasped.

He groaned and almost erupted right then but managed to yank himself free of her clutching depths swiftly. Dora crawled forward, jumped off the bed, and knelt in front of the mirror. Harry followed her and stopped slightly to the side so he wasn’t blocking her view.

He wished she would look up at him, but she was too enthralled by the reflection. Stroking himself furiously, he erupted with a groan. White streaks splattered across her face. One side got more than the other, and some clung to her long, curly hair because of the angle he was at.

It wasn't until he finished and stepped back that he realized Dora was pleasuring herself manically. Her perky breasts jiggled as her arm moved wildly. He could hear how unbelievably aroused she was as she stared, open-mouthed and panting at her reflection. In moments, she brought herself to a screaming climax. Her body bucked uncontrollably, arousal dripping on the floor as she rode out her peak.

Harry's spent length gave a throb, valiantly trying to rise to the occasion. As Dora knelt on the floor, panting and spent, he caressed the top of her head.

After a quick shower to clean off, they crawled into bed, still naked. Dora, back to her usual look, laid her head on Harry's chest and closed her eyes tiredly.

"That was fun," she said. "But just so we're clear, this doesn't give you permission to fuck Hermione. Or anyone else."

"I know."

"Good. I like your dick. I'd hate to have to cut it off."

Harry chuckled softly and kissed the top of her head. He waited until a faint whistle came from her nose, a sure sign that she was asleep, before reaching over the side of the bed and pulling *Dragon Riders of the Middle Ages* out of his bag. Using one hand, he awkwardly flipped it open and began to read, a smile rapidly growing on his face.

“Listen up!” Moody shouted. “We’re done going over basic shield charms. If you still haven’t got it, practice on your own time. And yes, Granger, it will be on the test.”

Harry smirked as Hermione sheepishly lowered her hand.

“Next week, we’ll be studying ways to block more powerful spells, including the Unforgivables,” he growled. “Read Chapter Seventeen in your textbooks this weekend. Class dismissed. Potter, stay behind.”

Harry sighed and waited for the classroom to clear out before approaching Moody’s desk. The grizzled Auror dropped into his chair heavily and sighed.

“You figured out the first task yet?” he asked.

“I know it involves dragons, but I don’t know exactly what they want us to do,” Harry said.

“Good,” Moody nodded. “What’s your plan?”

“It’s hard to come up with a solid plan if I don’t know what I’m supposed to do,” Harry shrugged. “Dora and I have been looking for ways to hide from it, distract it, and restrain it.”

“Not a bad idea,” Moody grunted, removing his wooden leg and resting it up against the desk. “You need help with anything?”

“Not yet,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I only started looking into it yesterday.”

“Well, if you need help, my door is always open.”

Moody pointed his wand at the door, and it slowly swung open. Taking that as his dismissal, Harry nodded, shouldered his bag, and stepped out into the hall. Hermione was waiting for him, leaning her back against the wall.

“You’re not in trouble again, are you?” she asked.

“Not this time,” Harry grinned.

They made their way down to the hall, and when they reached the corridor, Dora broke away from her friends and joined them.

“Do you want to go to the library again after dinner?” she asked, looping her arm around his.

“I think it would be better to practice spells for a couple of hours first,” he suggested. “No point in looking up all these spells if I don’t learn any.”

Dora nodded while Hermione tilted her head curiously.

“What spells are you learning this time?” she asked.

“Just some stuff to prepare for the First Task,” Harry said.

“Do you mind if I watch?” she asked.

Harry caught Dora’s eyes and smirked.

“That seems fair.”

She pinched the inside of his arm, but Harry gritted his teeth against the pain and grinned unrepentantly. As they passed by one of the courtyards, he spotted Fleur and a few of her friends standing in a corner, talking in hushed tones. His feet slowed unconsciously, and he wondered if they were talking about the First Task. Not far away, he spotted Cedric sitting on a bench. He smiled and laughed, carefree.

"I'll be right back," Harry said.

Kissing Dora on the cheek, he slipped from her loose grasp and walked purposefully into the courtyard. Several heads turned to look at him curiously, but he ignored them.

"Hey, Fleur, you got a second?" he asked.

She nodded, and as she turned to her friends while Harry turned around, stuck two fingers in his mouth, and whistled loudly.

"Hey, Cedric!" he shouted and waved him over.

Cedric looked at him curiously as he got to his feet. Harry led them both over to an empty corner under the shade of a large tree.

"So, either of you been out to Forbidden Forest lately?" he asked.

Fleur quirked her lips and nodded while Cedric looked confusedly between them.

"Can't say that I have," he said. "Why? Did I miss something?"

"Dragons," Harry said. "Three of them. One for each of us."

Cedric's eyes widened, and his face paled drastically. He quickly turned to Fleur for confirmation.

"Oui, eet's true," she said. "Madame Maxime showed zem to me last night."

"Dragons!?" Cedric whispered hoarsely. "They want us to fight dragons!?"

"I don't think we have to kill them," Harry said. "We probably just have to get past them or something."

"Oh, great," Cedric muttered sarcastically. "That makes me feel so much better."

"Sorry," Harry shrugged.

Cedric waved off his apology.

"Bloody hell," he sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "Thanks for the warning, Potter. I can't believe they weren't going to tell us."

"Don't mention it," Harry smiled. "I kind of found out by accident, so I figured if I go down for cheating, I might as well take the two of you down with me."

Fleur giggled, and Cedric snorted and shook his head.

"Now zat we all know, may ze best man win," Fleur said.

With a wave, she turned and rejoined her friends. As a group, they turned and left the courtyard. Smiling, Harry patted Cedric on the shoulder and made his way back over to Dora and Hermione.

“From the look on Cedric’s face, you told him about the dragons?” Dora asked.

Harry nodded as Hermione turned to them with a startled look.

“Dragons!?”

~

Harry spent the next week training relentlessly for the First Task – so much so that he stopped working on his class assignments, much to Hermione’s horror.

The biggest issue he faced, by far, was finding a way to protect himself from the dragon’s fire. In their search of the library, they couldn’t find a single spell capable of stopping it. So, instead, Harry focused on Transfigurations. He found a spell that made the earth flow like water and then solidify into any shape he desired. It was mainly used for landscaping, but among their books, they found an account of a wizard using it to protect himself from a rogue dragon.

Even with Professor Turner’s help, it was an intensely difficult spell to learn, and there just wasn’t enough time for him to master it. In practice, Harry could only create piles of rock and dirt in the shape of waves pulled straight from the ocean, but it would be enough to shield him temporarily.

On the day of the task, the Great Hall buzzed with excitement while Harry tried to hide his nerves. Dora clung to him tightly, her hand barely leaving his long enough to let him eat. She insisted on accompanying him to the tent, and for once, Professor McGonagall relented without a fight. They walked down to the arena silently, hand-in-hand, and paused outside the door. Wordlessly, Dora hugged him firmly, her head resting on his shoulder.

As they embraced, the others arrived and slipped inside one by one. Fleur was the last to enter. She paused as if she wanted to say something but gave up and settled for giving them a forced, nervous smile before disappearing through the flap.

Knowing their time was at an end, Dora stepped back, grabbed the front of his robes, and pulled him down for a steamy, demanding kiss.

"If you make it out of this in one piece, I'll turn into Fleur and let you fuck her as hard as you want," she whispered.

Harry stared into her worried gaze as he smiled softly and gave her one last lingering kiss.

"I'll be fine," he promised. "I'll see you soon."

As he turned to enter the tent, she held onto his hand as long as she could, until his fingers slipped from her grasp. Everyone turned to face him, and Harry fixed a grin on his face, even as anxiety well in his chest.

"Ah, Harry!" Bagman said cheerily. "Fantastic! We can begin. Now, what was I supposed to say?"

Crouch huffed in annoyance and tugged at his suit jacket.

"The egg," he prompted.

"Ah, right!" Bagman exclaimed, snapping his fingers. "Of course, how could I forget? Your task is to steal a Golden Egg from the nest of a mother dragon."

He paused for dramatic effect but failed to get a reaction. The silence pressed on until Crouch cleared his throat loudly.

"The bag," he said, glaring at the back of Bagman's balding head.

“Right,” Bagman said.

He perked back up as he pulled a leather pouch from the pocket of his robes. Something inside it moved as he loosened the drawstring at the top.

“No, then, time to choose your dragon,” he smiled excitedly. “Ladies first, if you would, Ms. Delacour.”

Nervously, Fleur reached into the bag and pulled out a closed fist. When she opened it, a tiny green looked up at her and hissed.

“The Common Welsh Green,” Bagman said ominously.

Harry raised his hand to reach into the bag next, but Bagman swung past him and offered it to Cedric.

“Mr. Diggory.”

Cedric looked startled momentarily, then steeled himself and reached into the bag. When he opened his fist, a blue dragon glared at him and let out a little roar.

“The Swedish Short-Snout,” Bagman said before quickly turning to Harry and offering him the bag.

Harry reached inside and immediately grimaced when sharp teeth dug into his finger. Grabbing the tiny object tightly in revenge, he pulled it out and opened his hand. A scarlet and gold dragon unfurled its wings, and a jet of bright red and orange flames extended several inches from its mouth before the end bloomed outward.

"The Chinese Fireball," Bagman announced with a grin. "Now, your order has been determined by which dragon you chose. Mr. Diggory will be first, Ms. Delacour second, and finally, Mr. Potter. Any questions?"

"Where do we go once we 'ave ze egg?" Fleur asked.

"Oh, right! I nearly forgot!" Bagman exclaimed with a chuckle. "There's an exit on the other side of the arena; you can't miss it. We also have a team of trained dragon handlers on standby in case you get into trouble. If at any point you feel unable to continue, simply send up red sparks, and they'll come to your aid."

"We will, however, be forfeiting the task," Crouch added.

"Right, thank you, Barty," Bagman smiled. "Anything else? No? Then, we can begin. Mr. Diggory, you may begin at the sound of the canon."

Bagman and Crouch left while Madame Maime, Professor Sprout, and Professor Turner stayed back for a moment to wish their students good luck. Once they, too, had gone, Harry, Cedric, and Fleur stared at each other in tense silence before they all turned away. Harry lounged on a couch, trying to conserve his nervous energy for the task ahead. Cedric, meanwhile, paced back and forth, muttering under his breath, while Fleur set her model dragon down on an end table and glared at it thoughtfully.

The sound of an explosion caused them all to jump, and Cedric paled drastically. Taking a deep breath, he turned to face the entrance to the arena.

"Good luck," Harry called. "Try not to get, you know, eaten or anything."

Cedric looked over his shoulder and cracked a small smile.

"You, too, Potter."

Squaring his shoulders, he marched determinedly through the flap. Harry briefly heard the roar of the crowd before the flap fell back into place, and the tent was plunged into silence once more.

"I guess they don't want us to know what's happening," he sighed.

"Oui," Fleur said, still staring at her dragon.

A couple of minutes later, she turned away suddenly, marched over to the couch, and plopped down next to Harry with her arms folded over her chest.

"Zis wait is 'orrible," she said.

"I know," Harry said. "I'd rather just get it over with."

Fleur nodded, and they waited in companionable silence for several more minutes until the sound of the canon caused them both to jump. Nervously, Fleur climbed to her feet and straightened her robe.

"Good luck," Harry said sincerely.

She managed a small smile before turning suddenly and pulling him into a tight hug.

"You too," she whispered.

Harry returned the hug briefly, and he could feel her body shaking as she stepped back. He watched her close her eyes and gather herself before marching out of the tent with her head held high.

The wait was horrible. Harry's stomach tied itself in knots as he tried to get his nerves under control. He stood up, paced, sat back down, stood back up, poured a glass of water, took a single sip, and then paced again as he waited for the canon to sound again. When it did, he was once again startled.

"I hate that fucking thing," he grumbled.

Standing in front of the flap, he took a deep breath, tightened his grip on his wand, and strode forward. The bright light of the sun blinded him, and the moment he set foot outside, AC/DC's *Shoot to Thrill* blasted through the arena. Harry blinked his eyes and looked around. Surprisingly, it didn't take him long to spot Dora's bright pink hair in the crowd. She cheered loudly among his classmates, holding a record player above her head.

"Our youngest Champion appears to have his own theme song," Bagman chortled on the microphone, his voice carrying through the arena.

Harry grinned and shot her a wave before he turned back to the arena. It was about the size of a Quidditch pitch and made of hard-packed dirt. Numerous large boulders were scattered around, and at the very end, he saw the scarlet and gold Chinese Fireball.

Pictures didn't do dragons justice, he decided. The thing was massive. It had to be fifty feet long, at least, with an even greater wing span. The bright red, armored scales along its back looked to be the size of frying pans, and they glittered in the sun. It eyed the cheering crowd nervously, and between its legs, Harry caught a glint. The Golden Egg sat in a nest with several other very large, very real dragon eggs. Finally, behind and to the right of the dragon, he spotted the exit, where two dragon handlers waited, wands ready.

Casting his eyes about, Harry nodded to himself. Yeah, he could work with this. With his head bobbing to the music, he charged forward.

The dragon turned its attention away from the crowd and glared menacingly as he ran forward. Moving protectively in front of her nest, she roared loudly.

“Potter isn’t wasting any time!” Bagman announced loudly. “He’s charging straight at the dragon. This could be dangerous. I hope he has a plan.”

Harry continued running closer until he saw the dragon open its mouth. At the first sight of flames, he turned sharply and ducked behind a large boulder. The flames rushed past and exploded outwards. A wave of unbearable heat washed over him, forcing him to cover his face with his robes. It vanished a moment later, but the dragon’s fire was much hotter than he’d anticipated.

Fortunately, he did have a plan. He would lure the dragon close while using the rocks for protection. When it was away from the nest, he would use a Binding Charm to hold it in place long enough to grab the egg and run for the exit.

Peeking around the edge of the boulder, he raised his wand and froze.

The thick iron chain holding the dragon in place with a giant collar jangled mockingly as it turned and spewed fire in his direction. Harry ducked back behind the boulder and covered his face with his robes.

“Fuck!” he yelled in frustration.

Hunkering down behind the boulder, he thought quickly. His landscaping spell was practically useless. Against that kind of heat for any prolonged amount of time, he’d roast in an oven of his own making. Fighting it was out of the question, and he was too close and too visible to try and distract it. His only option was to get it away from the eggs long enough to grab the one he needed, but for that, he needed to get rid of that chain.

Harry took a deep breath, popped back around the edge of the boulder, and unleashed a powerful Breaking Charm. He had just enough time to watch one of the links shatter into a dozen pieces before he was forced to duck back from another gout of flames.

“Oh dear!” Bagman cried. “It looks like Potter accidentally hit the chain with that spell!”

The ground rumbled under Harry’s feet as the dragon walked closer. He moved to the other side of the boulder, peeked out, and sent a Blasting Hex at the dragon. It exploded harmlessly against its thick scales, but it roared furiously and spewed searing flames in his direction. Moving back to the other side, Harry hit it again. Then back to the other side and hit it again.

He felt like he was playing a deadly game of Whack-A-Mole, but the dragon came no closer.

“Oh, come on!” Harry yelled after his fifth attempt.

The dragon screeched angrily, remaining firmly planted between him and her eggs.

He knew he needed a new plan and cast his eyes around the arena as he wracked his brain for ideas. And then he spotted the massive, slanted boulder right next to the dragon. The far end was just a couple of feet tall, while the other end stood over twenty feet high right over the dragon’s back.

Immediately, his mind turned to *Dragon Riders of the Middle Ages*. He hadn’t planned to try and ride the thing. Not really. But with his plan in shambles, it felt like fate was tempting him. And how many people could say they rode a dragon?

“Dora’s going to kill me,” he muttered to himself.

But even that thought did nothing to dissuade him from the idea.

With a wave of his wand, Harry created a wall of rock and dirt between the boulder he was hiding behind and the slanted boulder closer to the dragon. The dragon eyed it suspiciously and began to move in that direction, but before it could get far, Harry popped around the other side of the boulder and fired off another Explosive Hex. It whirled around and fired off another jet of

flames. Hiding behind his raised robe, Harry waited until they died, fired off another Hex, and then immediately sprinted along the wall he'd created to the other boulder.

The roar of the crowd and the rush of flames covered his footsteps as he safely reached his destination. Cautiously, he climbed onto the boulder, crept to the top, and peered over the edge. The dragon was still looking at the other boulder and had no idea he was now above it. Taking a deep breath, and before he could talk himself out of it, Harry planted his foot on the edge and jumped.

As the wind whipped past his ears, he quickly used a spell he'd practiced only a few times in secret, conjuring a rudimentary harness and reins. They formed just as he landed painfully on the dragon's back. He barely had time to register the pain in his testicles before the dragon roared and bucked. Harry held on for dear life as it tried to shake him off.

"Great Scott, I think he's trying to tame it!" Bagman shouted.

The dragon stumbled around the arena, moving the massive boulders it bumped into and destroying his conjured wall with a single stomp. Slowly but surely, it moved further from the nest. Once it was far enough away, Harry could jump off, restrain it, and-

With a single flap of its wings, it took to the air. Harry gripped the reins tightly as he watched the arena shrink below him. Despite his fear, he could stop the elation that swelled within him.

He was the first person in living memory to ride a dragon.

"WOOO!" he shouted.

And then the dragon turned and dove down toward the Forbidden forest.

"Shit!"

Harry flattened himself against the dragon's back and closed his eyes. They crashed through the top of the trees. Branches snapped all around him. The longer, thinner ones that didn't whip painfully against his body.

The dragon cut a wide swath through the treetops before it let out a roar and pulled up sharply. Harry tightened his grip on the reins and grunted with the effort it took to hold on. His feet kicked at the dragon's back as he tried to find purchase on the harness. Just as the dragon's upward climb stalled, he managed to wedge his feet between the straps of the harness and its body.

Harry breathed a sigh of relief, his position more secure, and then his stomach plummeted as they fell towards the ground. Wrapping the reins around his hands, he heaved backward with the full weight of his body.

"Pull up!" he shouted.

The dragon's wings caught the air just feet from the ground. They soared around the edge of the cliff upon which Hogwarts was built. All the while, the dragon lurched and twisted, trying to throw him off. Harry held on tightly, the reins cutting into his hands and his feet digging under its scales. On one particularly forceful lurch, he looked past the dragon's head and saw the covered bridge getting dangerously close.

His eyes widened, and he yanked on the reins. The dragon just roared furiously and pumped its mighty wings. Harry was preparing himself for a painful collision when he heard a familiar cry. Levina appeared from the other side of the bridge and perched on the top with a threatening screech. The dragon pulled up at the last second, but its tail still took out a section of the roof, sending Levina back into the air. She appeared beside Harry a moment later, eyeing him worriedly.

"Lead it back to the arena!" he yelled.

The Thunderbird flapped her wings and overtook the dragon with ease. It roared, spewing a jet of flames from its mouth. Harry screamed a warning, but it was lost in the rush of wind and the

roar of the fire. Levina twisted out of the way, looked back over her shoulder, and screeched angrily.

The dragon chased after her furiously as they soared back toward the arena. As they got closer to the ground, it flew even faster. Harry quickly realized that the dragon was so fixated on Levina that it wasn't concerned with how close the ground was getting. He yanked at the reins as they passed over the crowd, but it was useless.

Levina flared her brilliant white wings and leveled out feet from the ground. The dragon flapped furiously to stop itself, but it was too late. They crashed into the ground with such force that Harry was thrown from its back. He hit the ground hard and rolled for several yards before coming to a stop.

A surge of adrenaline numbed the pain and pushed him to his feet. The dragon was dazed but recovering quickly as he whipped his wand forward. Harry grunted with effort as thick, iron chains burst from the tip and wound around its body like a snake. The dragon roared and rolled, trying to free itself, but the chains only squeezed tighter.

Knowing they wouldn't hold for long, he turned and sprinted for the nest. The sound of snapping metal and a terrible roar filled the arena as he scooped up the egg and made for the exit as fast as his legs could carry him. The dragon handlers passed him on his way through the gate, wands raised.

"And he's done it!" Bagman shouted. "What a performance from our youngest Champion."

Harry skidded to a stop just past the gate and found himself in an infirmary built under the stands. There were only three cots, and two of them were occupied. Fleur and Cedric sat up to look at him. Fleur had a white bandage wrapped around her left thigh, starting at her knee and disappearing under her skirt, while Cedric had thick, orange paste covering half of his face.

"Hey," Harry said, panting heavily.

Madam Pomfrey clucked her tongue and pointed to the empty cot to Fleur's left.

"Bed," she barked.

Wiping the sweat from his brow, Harry walked over and collapsed tired onto the cot.

"Dragons."

Pomfrey shook her head disapprovingly and waved her wand over him. Grabbing a goblet of water from the stand next to the bed, he drained half of it in three gulps.

"Well, you seem to be fine besides a few minor bumps and bruises," Pomfrey said. "You three rest while I go speak with the judges."

She left through a door on the other side of the room, and Harry turned to Fleur and Cedric with a grin.

"So, how'd it go for you two?" he asked.

"Not as spectacular as yours," Cedric smiled. "I transfigured some rocks into sheep to distract the dragon and then Disillusioned myself to sneak over to the nest. It worked pretty well until the dragon tried to eat one. It burned my face before I got out of there, but Pomfrey says I'll be right as rain in a few days."

"What about you?" Harry asked Fleur.

"I used a charm to put the dragon to sleep and took ze egg," she said, her lips quirking up smugly.

"How'd you get burned?" Harry asked, nodding toward her bandaged leg.

She frowned and looked away from him to stare at her injured leg.

"I did not know dragons snore," she said.

Harry snorted and then tried to stifle his laugh when she glared at him. He was saved from her ire when Madam Pomfrey returned.

"The judges would like you to return to the arena for your scores," she said.

Harry shared a look with Cedric and Fleur before they all got to their feet and walked back through the entrance they'd come in. The stands burst into applause as they turned around and looked up at the judges.

"Thank you. Thank you," Dumbledore said, causing the crowd to quiet down. "An excellent performance from all of our Champions. Now, it is time for your scores. We have all conferred, and out of a possible fifty points, in third place is... Mr. Cedric Diggory of Hogwarts!"

The cheer was subdued, and while Cedric looked disappointed, he didn't look upset as he waved.

"While we were impressed with his use of transfigurations and the Disillusionment Charm, we agreed that his plan was lacking, and he sustained the worst injuries," Dumbledore said.

"However, it accomplished the task, so we award you forty-two points."

The applause was a bit louder this time but quieted quickly.

"In second place... Mr. Harry Potter of Ilvermorny!"

Harry smiled and waved as the crowd cheered. Fleur caught his eye and gave him a tiny smirk.

“We were impressed by his use of spells and the sheer audacity of riding a dragon,” Dumbledore smiled. “While his plan was certainly the most entertaining, we believe it was also needlessly risky, and while he was the least injured, he also took the longest to complete the task and caused the most damage.”

He paused momentarily, his eyes twinkling as the crowd laughed.

“We award you forty-five points.”

The crowd cheered again, and for the first time, he realized the Ilvermorny section was larger than he expected.

“And, finally, in first place, we have Ms. Fleur Delacour of Beauxbatons!”

The Beauxbatons section exploded with cheers, and Fleur smiled, her shoulders straight and head held high.

“Yes, well done,” Dumbledore smiled. “Her plan was elegant in its simplicity, and her mastery of the Sleeping Charm was impressive. She was injured in the attempt. However, we believe that to be a simple case of bad luck. She was also the fastest to complete the task. As a result, we award you forty-six points!”

Harry and Cedric clapped along with the crowd as Fleur smiled proudly.

“Well done to all of you,” Dumbledore said after a long moment. “The Second Task will take place on January the twenty-fourth. Your clue to what it will be is contained within your eggs. I wish the best of luck to all of you.”

The crowd applauded lightly, and the Champions turned to leave when Dumbledore stopped them.

“Just as a final note, to celebrate the completion of the First Task, a party will be held in the Great Hall. All guests and visitors are invited.”

The crowd cheered again, and Harry, Cedric, and Fleur left the arena. As soon as they stepped outside, Dora leapt into Harry’s arms, wrapping herself around him.

“You did it!” she screamed.

He hugged her back, and his smile turned into a grin when he spotted Michelle and Jenna a short distance away.

“Hey, you made it!” he said, setting Tonks on her feet.

“Dora’s parents sent me a Portkey,” Michelle smiled.

Turning to Dora, Harry kissed her briefly and then wrapped an arm around her and Michelle’s shoulders.

“Come on, we have a party to get to, and there’s someone I want you to meet.”

Chapter 25

Harry barely made it out of the stadium before Sirius grabbed him in a bear hug.

“That was brilliant!” he cheered. “You rode a bloody dragon!”

“That’s not something to be happy about,” Andromeda said with a huff, crossing her arms over her chest as Sirius released him. “Was that really necessary?”

Harry shrugged.

“Seemed like a good idea at the time.”

Sighing, she dropped her arms and pulled him into a tight hug.

“You’re going to make me go grey,” she muttered.

“Sorry,” Harry murmured.

As she stepped back, Marlene took her place.

“The important thing is he made it out safe and sound,” Ted smiled as he wrapped an arm around Andromeda’s shoulders. “And in second place, no less. Not a bad showing.”

“You were great!” Jenna said, surging past her mother as she let go of him and wrapping her arms around his chest.

“Come on, we should get up to the castle,” Sirius said. “I’m sure your classmates are going to want to congratulate you.”

Harry looked around and noticed several familiar faces.

“Whoa, did you bring the whole school?” he asked.

“No,” Sirius laughed. “Just a few students and parents who could afford an international Portkey.”

As they moved with the crowd toward the castle, a few of Harry’s friends and classmates made their way over to him. They congratulated him and patted him on the back. A few of the girls smiled flirtatiously, but by this point, he was pretty sure they were doing it just to get a reaction out of Dora. He smiled at the way she practically wrapped herself around his arm.

When they eventually made it into the castle, Harry led the group over to the Gryffindor table.

“Hermione!” he yelled, waving her over.

She made her way over to him, while Harry looked around behind him, grabbed Michelle by the hand, and yanked her forward.

“Hey!” she yelled.

She stumbled to a stop next to Harry just as Hermione reached them. He gestured between them with a wide smile.

“Hermione Granger, Michelle Brackenridge,” he said. “Michelle, this is Hermione.”

“Hello,” Hermione said with a little wave.

“Hi,” Michelle replied, fixing her glasses.

Wriggling his arm free from Dora’s grasp, he wrapped an arm around Hermione’s and Michelle’s shoulders with a grin.

"You two are going to get along great!"

"Is he always like this?" Hermione asked.

"Unfortunately," Michelle told her. "You just have to learn how to handle him."

Her elbow suddenly dug sharply into Harry's ribs, and he backed away quickly with a wince.

"Harry, stop bothering those girls," Andromeda sighed.

"I was just making introductions," he said. "Anyways, Hermione, this is Andromeda Tonks and her husband Ted. That's Sirius Black, and that's his girlfriend Marlene McKinnon."

"Hello," Hermione said, smiling politely. "It's lovely to meet all of you."

"It's lovely to meet you too, dear," Andromeda smiled.

They all took seats while people continued to pile into the Great Hall. The brash Gryffindors and the rowdy Americans got along surprisingly well. Fortunately, McGonagall and Professor Turner were around to keep things from getting out of hand.

After a raucous lunch, Gabrielle dragged Fleur and Apolline over to say hi. Cedric joined them shortly after they sat down and introduced everyone to his parents, Amos and Eliza Diggory. They ended up getting into a discussion of the task and what the eggs might be for.

"I bet there's something inside," Harry said. "Maybe we have to find a way to break it open?"

"Or make eet hatch," Fleur suggested.

Cedric opened his mouth to speak, but stopped when Amos patted him roughly on the shoulder.

“Now, Cedric, don’t go giving away your ideas,” he laughed. “You can’t help out the competition if you want to be Champion.”

Cedric turned to Harry and Fleur with an apologetic look.

~

Dora left the Great Hall briefly to use the bathroom. As she stepped out of the stall, she spotted Fleur fixing her hair in the mirror. Remembering her promise to Harry for making it out of the First Task in one piece, she stepped up beside her and struck up a conversation while discreetly trying to guess her measurements.

“Hey,” she smiled. “That was some Task, huh?”

Fleur scoffed and shook her head.

“Eef I ‘ad known zey would make us fight a Dragon, I am not sure I would ‘ave entered,” she admitted.

“Well, you still did pretty good,” Dora smiled. “You’re in first place.”

“Merci,” Fleur smiled.

“It’s just too bad the boys probably don’t remember anything,” Dora teased as she glanced in the mirror to gauge the size of her breasts. “I swear some of them almost popped in their pants as soon as you used your Veela powers.”

“Eet’s called ze Allure,” Fleur corrected, wrinkling her nose cutely. “And I’d razzer not zink about what zose men do in zeir pants.”

“Hey, if I had to see, you get to hear about it,” Dora smiled, adjusting her legs until they were the same length as Fleur’s to get a feel for her body.

“At least ‘Arry doesn’t lose ‘is mind around me,” Fleur sighed. “You are very lucky.”

Dora looked at her reflection curiously.

“What does that have to do with anything?” she asked. “It’s not like I’m a Veela.”

Fleur met her eyes in the mirror and flashed a knowing smirk.

“Do you know why I don’t affect ‘im?” she asked.

“Because he’s strong-willed?” Dora asked.

“Zat ees part of eet,” Fleur acknowledged. “But ze real reason ‘es so unaffected ees because ‘e loves you. Men ‘oo are een love are not affected by ze Allure.”

“Really?” Dora asked, smiling happily.

“Oui.”

They stood in companionable silence for a long moment. As Fleur stepped back from the mirror and turned to leave, Dora decided to take a risk. Besides, if Fleur said no, she’d just do it anyway and not tell her about it.

“Hey, Fleur,” she called. “I’ve got a weird question to ask you. Do you mind if I turn into you when I have sex with Harry tonight?”

Fleur turned back to her in surprise, tilted her head to the side, and furrowed her brow.

“‘E asked you to do zat?” she asked.

“No,” Dora replied, shaking her head. “I kind of offered to do it if he made it out of the First Task in one piece. We’ve been trying a bit of roleplaying lately, you know, to spice things up.”

Fleur blinked, shook her head, and smiled.

“I don’t mind,” she shrugged.

Suddenly, her eyes sparkled mischievously, and she smirked. Drawing her wand, she locked the bathroom door.

“What are you doing?” Dora asked curiously.

“Eef you’re going to be, zen you need to know ‘ow I look,” Fleur said. “I don’t want you to give ‘Arry ze wrong opinion of me.”

Before Dora could respond, Fleur pulled a single clasp over her left shoulder and her silky blue robe pooled around her feet. She wasn’t wearing a stitch of clothing underneath.

“Whoa.”

The party in the Great Hall continued until after dinner, when the visiting students from Ilvermorny and Beauxbatons had to leave to catch their return Portkeys. The families of the Champions and the remaining visitors left shortly after. Gabrielle's farewell was particularly tearful, and she hugged Harry one last time before Apolline led her from the hall.

Once the guests had left, Harry and Dora returned to their train, where several of their classmates broke out Firewhiskey, mead, and Butterbeer they'd purchased earlier in the day. After a few hours and several drinks, Harry lounged in a comfortable chair with Dora curled up in his lap.

"Let's go to bed," she whispered huskily, nibbling on his ear. "I have a surprise for you."

Harry lifted an eyebrow, smiled, and stood, cradling her bridal style in his arms.

"Goodnight, everybody," he said.

Knowing smirks and drunken cheers greeted his announcement as he carried Dora to their room and kicked the door closed with a bang. She giggled when he dumped her on the bed and crawled on top of her. They kissed passionately, but she quickly pushed against his chest and slipped out from under him. Rolling off the edge of the bed, she smirked and pulled her shirt over her head.

"I had an interesting conversation with Fleur earlier," she said.

"Really?" Harry asked, only half listening as his girlfriend stripped out of her tight, ripped jeans.

"Yep," Dora grinned, unclasping her bra. "I told her I was going to fuck you as her tonight, and do you know what she did?"

Harry lifted an eyebrow in surprise while Dora unclasped her bra and stepped out of her panties.

“No idea,” he said, smirking and staring at her breasts.

“She got naked for me so I could get everything right.”

Dora closed her eyes, scrunched up her face, and her body began to shift. Her legs grew longer, and her curves grew more pronounced. Her breasts expanded, but lost none of their usual perkiness, while her waist narrowed and her hips widened. Luscious, long blonde hair grew from her head and fell down her back. Harry sat up and stared unabashedly at Fleur’s perfect body.

“And I got a good, long look,” Dora said.

She tried to saunter forward, but stumbled on her unusually long legs. With a grin, Harry caught her around the waist and pulled her down onto the bed on top of him. One hand landed firmly on her perfectly round, firm ass, while the other cupped and caressed one of her heavy breasts. His lips latched onto her long, pale neck.

Dora moaned and tugged at his clothes. They rolled around on the mattress as she undressed him, until he was naked and she was once again on top. She rubbed Fleur’s tight, wet folds over his length before suddenly spinning around so she was facing the foot of the bed and the mirror on the wall. Harry grabbed two handfuls of her thick ass and spread her open. Dora shimmied and moaned as they worked together to line him up with her entrance and then sank down onto his length.

Fleur’s face twisted in pleasure as Dora began to ride him, hands braced on his shins. Her large, pert breasts bounced wildly, rippling and jiggling as they collided. The large, round, bright pink nipples and areolas danced in the reflection. Meanwhile, Harry had a front row seat to the best ass he’d ever seen shaking as it rode and fell over his lap. Her thick cheeks bounced like they were made of rubber each time they impacted his thighs. He sank his fingers into the taut muscles underneath the porcelain skin and spread them open while he watched her tight folds swallow his shaft.

As fantastic as the view was, Harry wanted to see her from the front. He'd always been more of a tit man. Raising his hand, he gave her ass a firm swat.

"Climb off for a sec," he said.

Dora groaned and rolled to the side. Harry quickly spun around so his head was facing the foot of the bed and guided her back over him. She sank down on his length with a moan and braced her hands on his chest as she started riding him again. His hands sought out Fleur's breasts.

"Oh, God," Dora gasped when he teased her nipples.

Harry smiled and looked up at her face, but she was entranced by the view in the mirror. He left her to enjoy the view while he groped and caressed Fleur's body to his heart's content. Dora's riding gradually grew more vigorous until she practically slammed herself onto his lap. Her ass clapped loudly, almost like applause, each time it slapped against his thighs. Harry gripped her hips firmly and drove himself into her furiously to match her pace.

With a scream, Dora shuddered and fell on top of him as a thunderous climax ravaged her body. He held her tight and continued gently rocking his hips until she collapsed bonelessly, panting for breath. As he lay there, letting her recover, an idea came to mind. Smirking to himself, he held out his hand and focused. After several seconds, his clothes rustled. A few seconds more, and his wand leaped from the pocket of his jeans and landed firmly in his palm. With a grin, he unstuck the mirror from the wall and reattached it to the ceiling above the bed.

Tossing his wand aside, Harry rolled Dora over and began moving his hips. She groaned, and her nails raked along his back as she stared into the reflection.

"Do you think Fleur's imagining what we're doing right now?" he whispered.

Dora moaned and shuddered. Her arms and legs wrapped tightly around him.

“She’s probably in her bed, fingering herself right now, wishing she was you,” Harry said.

Dora shook and panted through another, smaller climax. Her tight walls fluttered around his length as Harry drove himself into her harder and faster.

“Where do you want me to cum?” he panted.

“In her,” she replied breathlessly.

Harry smirked at her phrasing as he focused on his own pleasure. Grabbing one of Fleur’s tits tightly, he hammered into her roughly. Dora gasped and arched her back as he speared into her over and over until he finally reached his peak and erupted inside of her. He slammed his hips forward and held himself as deep as possible as he emptied himself in her welcoming depths. Breathlessly, he collapsed on top of her. Dora hummed contentedly and shifted back to herself while combing her fingers through his hair.

“You know, Fleur said something else interesting,” she said.

“Hm, what’s that?” Harry asked tiredly.

“She thinks the reason you’re not affected by her Allure is because you’re in love with me,” Dora told him.

Harry snorted.

“I could have told you that.”

Lifting himself up, he placed a long, lingering kiss on her soft lips. When they separated, he rolled off of her and then pulled her to his chest.

"I love you, Dora."

"I love you, too."

~

The next morning, Harry and Dora were tiredly eating their breakfast when Fleur suddenly appeared and sat down across from them with a smirk.

"Good morning," she said. "'Ow was your night?"

"Long and tiring," Harry grinned.

"But good, non?"

Harry smirked as Dora scooted closer and gripped his arm possessively.

"Oh, it was great," he said.

"Good," Fleur said. "I 'ate to disappoint."

"Why do I feel like I'm missing something here?" Amanda asked.

"Because you are, and you don't need to know what it is," Dora replied sharply.

Amanda raised her hands in surrender and turned back to her breakfast. Fleur flashed Dora a victorious grin, causing her to let out an irritated huff.

“We should get to class,” Dora said abruptly.

She climbed to her feet and pulled Harry with her. They’d barely made it out of the Great Hall when Dora pinned him against the wall and pressed her lips against his neck. She sucked hard on his skin, leaving behind a deep purple bruise, and then suddenly bit him lightly. Harry yelped more out of surprise than pain and checked his neck for blood. All his fingers came away with was her saliva.

“See you after class,” she said, turning and strolling down the hall.

Fleur had followed them into the hall and covered her mouth as she tried to suppress a laugh.

“Did she bite you?” she asked incredulously.

“Yeah.”

“I’m sorry,” Fleur said, struggling not to laugh. “I just wanted to tease ‘er. I didn’t think she would do zat.”

“It’s fine,” Harry smiled. “You wouldn’t believe how wild she gets in bed when she gets jealous like that. Tease her all you want.”

Fleur laughed, shook her head, and turned toward the stairs.

~

Harry and Dora slammed their hands over their ears as an earsplitting shriek filled their room. Lights from the inside of the golden egg danced on the walls and ceiling.

“CLOSE IT!” Dora shouted.

Harry grimaced and uncovered his ears. As quickly as he could, he slammed the egg shut and twisted the latch closed.

“What the fuck was that!?” Dora yelled.

“I have no idea,” Harry said. “A Banshee, maybe?”

“If that was a Banshee’s scream our organs would be liquified,” she pointed out. “Ask Hermione when we get to the Great Hall. She’s smart. If she doesn’t know, write Sirius. Maybe they know something.”

Harry nodded and stuffed the golden egg into the corner of the room and hid it under a pile of dirty clothes so it wouldn’t accidentally open. Turning back to Dora, he smiled as he watched her cycle through several different hair styles and colors. Slowly, he walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist.

“You know, next week is a Hogsmeade weekend,” he said. “How about you and I sneak off to London for dinner? Just the two of us?”

Dora stopped mid-transformation, smiled brightly, and turned to kiss him on the lips.

“That sounds perfect,” she said. “Just what I want for my birthday. But I still expect gifts.”

Harry chuckled and kissed her neck. Leaving their bags behind, they trekked back up to the castle for dinner. Quickly, they found Hermione and took the seats next to her.

“Hey, Hermione, I got a question for you,” Harry said. “What screams like a Banshee?”

“Um, a Banshee?” Hermione answered uncertainly. “Is this a riddle or something?”

“No,” Harry laughed. “I opened the egg, and all it did was let out a God-awful screech. Do you have any idea what it could mean?”

Hermione furrowed her brow in thought.

“Not off the top of my head,” she said eventually. “But I can help you research it in the Library.”

“I’m really not a fan of libraries,” Harry said.

Hermione gave him an unimpressed look.

“What if you take over as my research assistant?” he asked. “I can pay you.”

Her brow furrowed in a glare, and Harry sighed.

“Fine.”

Chapter 26

“So, we’ve got Banshees, Sirens, and the Drekvac,” Hermione said. “They’re all known for loud screams.”

Harry rocked his chair back on two legs, threading his fingers behind his head with a sigh.

“Well, the scream of a Banshee would have killed me, and Sirens usually imitate women in distress to attract men, so I don’t think it’s either of those,” he said. “I have no idea what a Drekvac is.”

“It’s native to eastern Europe and looks like a dog or a fox with the back legs of a kangaroo,” Hermione told him. “It’s said their scream heralds death.”

Harry grimaced.

“Lovely,” he said.

He propped his feet up on the table, but Hermione quickly slapped them aside, causing his chair to slam back on all fours.

“Stop that before you get us kicked out,” she hissed. “And besides, we shouldn’t rule out a Banshee. I doubt a recording of a scream would hold the same power as if it came from the real thing.”

“Banshees are native to Ireland, aren’t they?” Harry asked.

Hermione nodded.

“It’s probably that then.”

“But we can’t be sure,” Hermione said pointedly. “I’d like to listen to the egg myself so I can judge it better.”

Harry shrugged, “It’s your eardrums. You can come to the train after dinner and I’ll show it to you.”

She perked up excitedly.

"Is that allowed?" she asked.

"I didn't ask," Harry grinned.

"Well, maybe you should," Hermione said, beginning to pack away her books.

"I've found it's better to ask for forgiveness rather than permission most of the time," he smirked.

Hermione rolled her eyes and muttered, "Of course you do."

But as she tried to jam another book into her overstuffed bag, he noticed an envelope with her name on the outside written in familiar handwriting. Smirking, he snatched it from her bag.

"Is this from Michelle?" he asked.

Hermione ripped the letter from his hand with a glare and stuffed it deep in her bag.

"Not that it's any of your business, but yes, we've been corresponding," she said haughtily.

Harry grinned.

"I know you two would have a lot in common."

Hermione blushed lightly as she finished packing her bag and they left the library.

~

After dinner, while Tonks went off with Jennifer and Amanda to get started on her homework, Harry escorted Hermione to the Ilvermorny train. The air was crisp and cool as they traversed the ground. They waved to Hagrid on their way past his hut, and Harry pulled open the door with a flourish. A set of metal steps neatly unfolded from the side of the car.

"After you," he said.

Hermione stepped inside, and Harry smiled as she gazed around in wonder. The car they'd entered was at the front, just behind the engine, and used as their common room. Several students were lounging on couches and in chairs near a gently cracking fireplace. Most of them had books in their laps, but one couple had tucked themselves into a corner and sat amorously close.

"What do you think?" Harry asked.

"It's nice," Hermione smiled. "You know, other than being much bigger on the inside, I'm surprised by how Muggle everything feels."

"American wizarding society is much closer to No-majs than they are here in Britain."

The response hadn't come from Harry, and Hermione turned quickly to face Professor Turner.

"Oh, hello, Headmistress Turner," she said, doing a nervous half curtsy. "I didn't mean to intrude, but Harry invited me to help with his egg."

"You're more than welcome, my dear," Professor Turner smiled. "Mr. Potter isn't doing anything against the rules... this time."

They both turned to look at him.

“What?” he asked innocently.

“If he gives you any problems, give him a good hex,” Professor Turner said, patting Hermione on the arm.

“Hey!” Harry protested loudly. “That’s harassment!”

“Feel free to make a complaint,” Professor Turner said as she turned to talk away.

Harry smiled and shook his head as she entered her quarters and closed the door.

“Come on,” he told Hermione. “My room’s all the way at the back.”

“You two seem close,” she noted as they traveled down the hall.

“I’ve spent a lot of time in her office,” Harry admitted with a grin.

“Are you ever not in trouble?” she asked.

“Of course,” he smiled, to which he received a disbelieving look. “Hey, believe it or not, I get away with stuff much more often than I get caught.”

He opened the door to his room and stepped inside while Hermione shook her head.

“That’s not a good thing,” she muttered.

Stepping inside the room, she looked around curiously while Harry uncovered the egg in the corner of the room and set it on his study desk. Hermione walked over and studied it closely.

“The clasp is on top,” he said.

Stepping back, he covered his ear as she reached up and gave the clasp a twist. The three leaves of the egg sprang open with a click, and then a disturbing scream filled the room. Hermione backed away and covered her ears with a cringe. She stared at the glittering, wobbling center of the egg for several seconds before uncovering her ears and snapping the egg closed. Harry uncovered his ears as blissful silence reigned.

With a furrowed brow and a puzzled look, Hermione dropped into his chair and crossed her arms over her chest.

“What do you think?” Harry asked, grabbing Dora’s chair and pulling it over.

“Well, before I saw the egg, I would have said a Siren was the least likely, but that bubble of water in the middle *has* to be a clue, and it fits. Sirens live near water to attract sailors.”

“Okay, so it’s a Siren,” Harry said.

“But it doesn’t make sense,” Hermione said, bouncing her leg agitatedly. “Sirens aren’t dangerous if you know what you’re dealing with, and I don’t think they would scream like that. There must be something we’re missing.”

She bit her lip thoughtfully before suddenly springing to her feet.

“I need to go back to the library.”

Harry didn't even have time to get out of his chair before she was out of the room. Leaning back in his chair, he smiled and folded his hands behind his head.

"Less work for me."

~

Showing Hermione the egg wasn't as helpful as he'd hoped. They spent a week researching after class and hadn't found anything useful. A Siren was still their best guess, but neither of them was confident that's what he would be dealing with. In the meantime, Harry started looking into spells to control and manipulate water, since they were both convinced the second task would be in or near water.

On Saturday, they took a much-needed break, in Harry's opinion, from the library. Early in the morning, while Dora was in the shower, he snuck out of the room and jogged over to the greenhouses where he borrowed a handful of red roses. He made it back just as Dora was leaving the bathroom and presented them to her with a flourish.

"Happy birthday!" he said cheerfully.

Smiling, Dora took the roses, grabbed the front of his shirt, and pulled him in for a searing kiss.

"Thank you," she said softly. "So, what did you get me?"

Harry grinned.

"What? Couldn't find it?" he teased.

"No," Dora pouted. "Now, gimme."

Smirking, Harry walked over to her wardrobe and dug through the clothes piled at the back. A few moments later, he returned with a small, flat, colorfully wrapped package.

“Sneaky,” Dora smiled. “I’ll have to remember that for Christmas.”

Taking the package from his hand, she tore it open gleefully. Inside were two front row seats to The Weird Sisters. Dora squealed and hugged him tightly with a wide smile on her face.

“You’re the best!” she exclaimed.

Setting the roses and tickets on the desk, she grabbed him by the hand and led him out of the room. They made their way up to the castle with Jenna and the rest of their classmates and had a quick breakfast before they were back outside, waiting in line for the carriages. Harry’s attention was pulled away from Hermione, who was describing Hogsmeade, when he spotted the black, skeletal, winged horses pulling the carriages.

“Whoa, what are those?” he asked, stepping closer for a better look.

“What are what?” Hermione asked.

“The things pulling the carriages,” Harry said.

The girls shared an odd look.

“Harry, there’s nothing there,” she said. “The carriages pull themselves.”

Harry snorted, “No, they don’t. Look.”

He raised his hand and patted one of the horses on the back. It felt as bony as it looked, but huffed happily at the attention.

“Whoa, let me try,” Dora said.

She walked over and waved her hand through the air searchingly. Harry grabbed her by the wrist and guided her hand until it rested on the horse’s back.

“Sick,” Dora grinned. “I wonder why I can’t see it.”

“Only those who have seen death can see Thestrals.”

They turned and saw Professor Flitwick had made his way to the front of the line.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped. “Why didn’t I think of that!”

“They’re quite rare,” Flitwick said. “And while I hate to ruin a learning moment, there’s quite a line starting to form.”

Harry looked back over his shoulder and saw a line of students going all the way back to the entrance of the castle.

“Right, sorry,” he said.

With an apologetic wave to the growing crowd of cold, grumbling students, they boarded the carriage. The Thestrals seemed to know the moment everyone was aboard, and without a visible signal, they began to move. It took several minutes for them to reach the village of Hogsmeade. They climbed down from the carriage, and Harry gave the Thestrals a farewell pat on the shoulder.

“So, where do you want to go first?” Hermione asked.

“We’re not meeting my parents at the Three Broomsticks until lunch,” Dora said. “Why don’t you just show us around until then?”

“Alright,” Hermione said, looking around briefly before picking a direction. “Over here is Zonko’s...”

Hogsmeade was tiny compared to Salem, and fairly boring in Harry’s opinion, but it was quaint, and the people were nice. He was also surprised to learn that parents didn’t visit on the weekends. There were always a few visiting Salem to see their kids. It seemed like parents just sent their kids off to Hogwarts and forgot about them until the holidays.

As the village clock chimed noon, they made their way back to the Three Broomsticks. Sirius, Marlene, Andy, and Ted were already there, chatting with the busty barmaid. On the table sat a small pile of presents and a large, white cake.

“There they are!” Sirius said loudly, drawing the attention of everyone in the pub. “Happy Birthday!”

Hermione looked torn on whether she should stay or not, so Harry grabbed her by the arm and dragged her over to the table. Several of their Ilvermorny friends stopped by to offer their congratulations and brought with them some of the friends they’d made at Hogwarts. Some professors, like Flitwick and Hagrid, stopped by briefly, though they spent most of their time talking to Sirius, Andy, Ted, and Marlene.

While Dora was busy opening her presents, Harry sidled up to Sirius.

“Did you get them?” he whispered.

Sirius grinned crookedly, reached into his pocket, and pulled up a pair of plastic cards. Harry glanced at them quickly. They were a pair of Muggle IDs. Then he took a closer look at the names and scowled.

“Harold Potter the third?” he hissed.

“I thought it would make you sound older,” Sirius smirked, “you know, and a bit more posh.”

“Older? It makes me sound like I’m sixty with a combover.”

“Exactly!” Sirius grinned.

“Dick,” Harry muttered, stuffing the IDs in his pocket.

“You’re welcome,” he said cheerfully.

~

A few hours later, Harry and Dora left the Three Broomsticks and made their way to the edge of the village. Arm in arm, they turned on the spot and Disapparated with a *crack*!

A moment later, they reappeared in an empty alley in the middle of London. Carefully, they stepped over a couple of trash bags, wound their way between some bins, and stepped out onto the sidewalk. Harry led Dora to a restaurant Ted had recommended, where they shared a light dinner before making their way back out onto the streets of London.

For two hours, they explored the city and did some shopping. Dora stared longingly at a tattoo parlor, but ultimately walked away. Permanent ink didn’t work well with a constantly shifting body. As they wandered down the street, they came across a nightclub with glowing neon lights

and thumping bass. Grinning, she pulled him over to the front door, which was guarded by a very large man with a bald head wearing a black t-shirt and carrying a clipboard.

"IDs," he said boredly.

Harry handed them over, and the man looked them over. Then he looked at Harry, looked back at the ID, and looked back at Harry before handing them back.

"You," he said, pointing to Dora, "can go in." Then he pointed to Harry, "You'll have to wait in line."

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder, gesturing to a long line of people that ran down the sidewalk and around the corner. Irritatedly, Harry pulled a small wad of twenty-pound notes out of his pocket and slapped them on the clipboard. The bouncer looked at the money, glanced back at Harry, and raised an eyebrow.

"I'm going to kill Sirius," he muttered.

He slapped a hundred-pound note on the clipboard. The bouncer smiled, pocketed the money, and unclipped the velvet rope blocking the entrance.

"In you go," he said.

Harry took Dora's hand and pulled her into the club. The bass was so loud inside that it thumped through his whole body. Purple lights light up the large main room they stepped into. On the left sat a long glass bar worked by three very pretty bartenders with low-cut tops. The center of the room was a wide open dance floor filled with people. On the right, on a raised platform, a DJ stood over his equipment, bobbing his head to the music.

Grinning, Dora pulled him out onto the dance floor. Over the next few hours, they downed a dozen drinks and danced until their feet hurt. Eventually, they stumbled back out onto the street and drunkenly ambled down the sidewalk.

“This has been the best birthday ever!” Dora declared, kissing him on the cheek.

Harry smiled, wrapped an arm around her waist, and kissed the top of her head. Coming to a crossroads, he paused, looked both ways, and furrowed his brow.

“Er, which way do we go?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” Dora shrugged.

Harry sighed.

“Alright, let’s find an alley and we’ll just Apparate back to Hogsmeade,” he said.

Dora frowned and jabbed him in the side with her finger.

“We’re not Apparating drunk,” she told him firmly.

“We ’ll be fine,” he said, drawing out the word ‘fine.’

“I’m not getting Splinched on my birthday,” Dora said.

“Fine,” Harry said.

Looking closer at the signs, hoping to see something he missed, he spotted a blue and white sign with a familiar name on it.

“I know how to get us back,” he declared confidently.

They walked down the street for several more minutes before they reached a large stone building with two massive, half-circle windows. Dora squinted at the sign that read ‘King’s Cross Station’ and frowned.

“This isn’t the Leaky Cauldron,” she said tiredly.

“I couldn’t find it,” Harry smiled. “But I have another idea.”

Pulling her into the station, he led her over to the pillar between platforms nine and ten and leaned against it casually. Together, they disappeared into the wall and stepped onto platform nine and three-quarters. The gleaming red Hogwarts Express sat on the tracks amongst the empty platform.

“There’s no one here,” Dora muttered.

“Not a problem,” Harry grinned.

Letting go of a confused Dora, he climbed onto the engine car and opened the unlocked door.

“Harry!” she yelled, climbing on after him.

It took her a little longer to get to the top than it did Harry, and by the time she was inside, he was already twisting valves and pulling levers.

"You don't know how to drive a train," Dora said, crossing her arms over her chest.

"How hard can it be?"

Harry pulled his wand out of his pocket and focused on a single thought as he gave it a flick.

Drive.

A lever shot forward, the brakes hissed, and then the train chugged into motion. Harry turned and grinned at Dora as the train slowly left the station.

"See," he said.

"Harry, we can't just steal a train," she said.

"It's not stealing, it's using," Harry argued. "It's meant to take students to Hogwarts. We're students, and we're going to Hogwarts."

Dora shook her head and stumbled as the train took a turn. Rushing over, Harry caught her before she could fall over.

"Come on, let's find you a seat," he said.

Leading her carefully back through the train, he led her over to a couch in the first car and took a seat next to her. Dora crawled into his lap and kissed up the side of his neck. She paused briefly to nibble playfully on his earlobe.

"You're lucky I'm too horny to be mad at you," she murmured.

Harry smiled as she slipped her hands under his shirt and pushed it over his head. They kissed as they slowly stripped each other, taking long breaks to kiss and suck at the newly exposed skin. The last article of clothing to be removed was Harry's pants. Dora fell on her ass as she pulled them free with a tug. Crawling back up to her knees, she wrapped her hand around his erection.

"I love your cock," she murmured drunkenly.

She shot forward and wrapped her lips around him. Harry groaned as she quickly bobbed her head up and down. His hand landed gently on her head, and his fingers curled in her bright pink hair. With a gentle push, he sent her lips lower until she'd swallowed his entire length.

"Fuck," he grunted.

Looking up at him with violet eyes, she hollowed her cheeks. Harry groaned, grabbed a handful of her hair, and dragged her roughly back up until her lips came free with a *pop*. Tilting her head back, he kissed her passionately before pulling her to her feet. They stumbled as he backed her up to the large window.

He spun her around. Dora gasped as her chest pressed up against the cold glass, and then groaned when Harry slipped into her depths. The dark countryside rushed by as he began to thrust harshly. Dora's sweaty hands squealed against the glass, scrabbling for something to hold onto.

Harry yanked her head back roughly and swallowed her moan with a demanding kiss. His hips hammered forward steadily but roughly, his thighs crashing against her ass with a loud slap. With a trembling, warbling moan, Dora came undone around him. Her body went taut, muscles vibrating like a bow string, before she sagged and nearly collapsed. Reaching back, she pressed a hand against his stomach.

"Wait," she said.

Harry paused, and she stepped forward so that he slipped out of her. Spinning around, she leaned back against the window breathlessly and crooked a finger with a sultry smirk on her lips. He surged forward, lifted her up, and speared back into her welcoming depths.

They went at it for over an hour, all over the train car, until they were finally spent and passed out, Dora stacked on top of Harry, on one of the sofas.

~

In the early hours of the morning, Madam Rosmerta woke to the sound of squealing brakes and the hiss of steam. She rolled over to go back to sleep before she registered what she'd heard and sat up abruptly. Throwing off her blankets, she quickly climbed out of bed and walked over to the window.

The sun was just starting to peak over the horizon, so it was still too dark to see much, but she could make out the hulking silhouette of the Hogwarts Express. She blinked curiously at the sight, unheard of for this time of year, when she spotted movement along the platform. There was just enough light to make out a man and a woman stepping off the platform and running, hand in hand, toward the road to Hogwarts.

"Sirius wasn't kidding," she muttered tiredly.

Shaking her head, she walked back to her bed and climbed under the covers, grateful that when the Aurors investigated, she could honestly say she hadn't seen who got off the train.

Chapter 27

"... So, if anyone has any information about who borrowed the Hogwarts Express last night, please speak to me, or your Head of House," Dumbledore said, finishing his speech.

Harry and Dora studiously focused on their breakfast. He had no idea how Dora was able to keep such a straight face, but Harry was struggling not to laugh. Everyone in the hall kept glancing his way, his friends and classmates shot him knowing grins, and the Weasley twins looked like they were going to deify him.

"I can't believe you," Hermione hissed furiously.

"Me?" Harry asked innocently. "Do you really think I'd steal a train?"

"Yes!"

"Mate, no one else in this school has the stones to pull off something like that," one of the Weasley twins said.

The other leaned forward eagerly.

"How'd you do it?"

"Oh, come on," Harry said, feigning an air of exasperation. "Do you really think you could just hop on the Hogwarts Express and drive it? There must be Security Charms on it. It was probably a disgruntled employee."

No one looked the least bit convinced, and frankly, Harry was a little insulted. He thought it was a perfectly reasonable explanation.

"Oi, heads up," one of the twins whispered.

Harry glanced over his shoulder and sighed when he spotted Snape approaching him swiftly. He'd avoided the man for weeks and stopped attending Potions altogether. He'd hoped that would be the end of it, but apparently, the man wasn't willing to let go of his grudge.

“And just where were you last night, Potter?” Snape sneered, folding his arms over his chest. “I have it on good authority that you and your little girlfriend left the village without permission.”

“I gave them permission,” Professor Turner said, her staff clicking on the hard stone floor as she hobbled over. “However, it does raise a good question. Where did you go last night, Mr. Potter?”

“I took Dora out to dinner for her birthday,” he told her.

Snape arched an eyebrow, and his beady eyes gleamed victoriously.

“To London, perhaps?”

Harry scratched his chin thoughtfully.

“You know, I’m not really sure,” he said. “I don’t really know the country that well yet.”

Snape’s eyes narrowed. Pushing the Weasley twins apart, he rested his hands on the table and leaned forward menacingly.

“Don’t play stupid with me, Potter!” he spat.

“What time did you get back to the carriage?” Professor Turner asked.

Harry opened his mouth to respond that he didn’t know, but Jennifer jumped in before he could get a word out.

“I think it was around two in the morning,” she said thoughtfully, looking back over her shoulder.

“And how do you know that, Ms. Vasquez?” Professor Turner asked.

“They forgot their Silencing Charms, again,” she said.

Amanda nodded while Snape grimaced in disgust and straightened up. Turning back to Harry, Jennifer mouthed the words, ‘you owe me.’

“That was hours before the train arrived in Hogsmeade, according to witnesses,” Professor Turner said. “It appears Mr. Potter couldn’t have been on the train, unless someone can refute Ms. Vasquez.”

She looked around questioningly. Harry smiled as his classmates shook their heads.

“Well, then,” she said, turning to Snape. “I believe that’s settled.”

Snape shot Harry a parting glare, spun on his heel, and stomped back to the Head Table. Professor Turner smiled as she limped after him.

“Well,” Harry began as soon as they were out of earshot. “I guess the drinks are on me next weekend.”

His classmates cheered quietly.

Hermione was so furious with Harry that she refused to go with him to the library. Dora had a project to finish for Charms, so he ended up sitting at one of the tables, alone, with a pile of books. He’d been there for a couple of hours when Jenna approached him with Ginny and Luna in tow.

“Do you mind if we sit with you?” she asked.

"Of course not," Harry said, kicking one of the chairs out from under the table. "You know you don't need to ask."

Jenna smiled gratefully and took a seat. Ginny sat on her left, looking away shyly, and Luna sat on her right.

"What are you working on?" he asked curiously.

"We have a report for History of Magic," Jenna replied.

"Ah," Harry said. "Well, if you need help, I'll do my best, but I'm pretty useless at history."

"Are you taking Care of Magical Creatures?" Luna asked.

She bent her whole body to the side and tilted her head to try to read the book he had open across from her.

"No, this is for the Tournament," he smiled. "We think it has something to do with Sirens and the lake."

"Why not just ask the Selkies?" Luna asked.

"There are Selkies in the lake?" Harry asked, abandoning his book.

"Oh, yes," she nodded. "There's a whole colony of them in the lake. Myrtle showed them to me. They have lovely singing voices."

"They sing?"

"Oh, all the time," Luna said. "But only underwater. I wish I could hold my breath longer. One tried to sing above water so I could listen to the whole song, but it sounded very different. Like a scream. Gave Professor Flitwick a terrible fright."

Harry's eyes widened, and he grinned.

"Luna, you're a lifesaver!" he said loudly.

The librarian leaned around the corner and shushed him, but he ignored her and raced through the stacks, looking for a book about Selkies.

An hour later, he raced into the Great Hall for lunch and slid into the seat next to Dora.

"I figured it out," he said.

"Figured out what?" Dora asked.

Fleur, who he hadn't noticed when he sat down, looked around Dora curiously. Harry hesitated for moment before deciding she'd likely figure it out soon anyway, and answered.

"The egg."

"How did you do that?" Hermione asked sharply.

"Luna helped me," he told them. "There's a Selkie colony in the lake. Above water, their voice sounds like screams, but underwater, they sing."

"So, we 'ave to listen to eet underwater," Fleur said.

Turning her gaze out the window, she looked at the lake and shivered.

“I do not look forward to going in zere.”

“There must be a bathtub in this school you can use,” Dora said.

“There’s the Prefects’ bath,” Hermione told them. “But it requires a password to get in.”

A thoughtful look crossed Fleur’s face. Standing up, she walked a couple of steps toward the Hufflepuff table and tapped one of the older boys on the shoulder. The moment he turned around, everyone close to Fleur felt her Allure. Most of the boys stared at her dumbly, but the one she was focusing on got the brunt of it and stared up at her with wide eyes and a wide-open mouth.

“Bonjour, Roger,” she said flirtatiously. “You are a Prefect, oui?”

“Oh, uh, yeah. You bet!” Roger grinned dumbly.

“Could you give me ze password to ze bazroom? Ze showers, zey are so... boring,” she said after taking a moment to search for the right word. “I want to let ze soap soak into my skin.”

Fleur ran her hands from the top of her chest to her hips. Roger and every other boy who could see her followed their movement with rapt attention.

“Pine Fresh,” he replied dreamily.

Fleur smiled brightly.

“Merci.”

Her Allure vanished, she spun around, and walked back to the Gryffindor table. Several boys stood up or leaned over to get a better look at her ass as she walked away. She retook her seat with a smug, self-satisfied smirk.

“You could have just asked a professor, you know,” Hermione said waspishly. “They would’ve let you use it if they knew it was for the tournament.”

Fleur shrugged.

“Zis way was faster.”

Harry grinned and turned to Dora.

“Feel like taking a bath after lunch?” he asked.

She grinned in return.

Half an hour later, Harry and Dora entered the Prefects’ bath. It was larger than he expected. The ‘bath’ was really more of a round, shallow pool. At the back, dozens of taps were arranged in three rows. There was so much copper that they resembled the pipes of an organ. Above the taps, a Mermaid made of stained glass gave them a friendly wave.

“Whoa,” Dora said. “If we had something like this at Ilvermorny, I would’ve tried to become a prefect.”

“Me too,” Harry smiled. “We probably would’ve been kicked out in a week, though.”

“Probably,” she admitted.

There were privacy screens on either side of the room for changing, but they ignored them and stripped down, folding their clothes and placing them on a bench. Harry got a bit distracted staring at Dora’s naked body, so she reached the pool first. The water came up to the bottom of her ribcage before she dipped down momentarily to wet her hair. He slipped into the pool and crept up behind just as she resurfaced. Wrapping his arms around her, he kissed her neck and slid his hands up to cup her breasts.

“Mmh, that’s nice,” she murmured, closing her eyes. “But let’s see what that egg has to say first. Then we can play.”

Harry mentally sighed disappointedly, but let her go and waded over to the edge of the pool where he’d let the egg. Just as he picked it up, the door creaked open. He turned, and Dora crouched deeper into the water. One arm covered her breasts, and the other covered the junction between her legs.

Fleur stepped inside and smirked.

“Bonjour.”

“Fleur!” Dora hissed. “What are you doing here?”

“Ze same zing as you,” she said, holding up her egg.

“We’re naked!”

“So?” Fleur said. “Eet’s only a bath.”

She turned her gaze to Harry, her eyes raking over his exposed chest, and quirked the corner of her lips. Dora spun to face him, and he immediately raised his hands in deference. He wanted no part in whatever decision she made. He'd get himself in trouble with one or both witches, no matter what he said.

"You 'ave already seen me naked, non?" Fleur asked.

"I didn't *ask* you to get naked," Dora muttered, her hair turning a darker shade of red, a sure sign she was feeling slightly embarrassed. "Oh, fine. Get in."

Fleur smiled brightly and gave her robes a tug. The clasp came undone, and they fluttered down to land in a pool of blue silk around her feet. It was like they were designed to come off as easily and sensually as possible. She wore an elegant set of white lingerie underneath, and without a shred of embarrassment, unclasped her bra.

Harry tore his eyes away from her perfect breasts and glanced at Dora. She was just as enraptured by the sight as he had been, and her body was reacting. Her breasts grew larger, her hips wider, and her waist narrowed. Smirking to himself, he waded over and wrapped his free arm around her chest.

As he turned his attention back to Fleur, she stepped out of her panties and sauntered into the pool, her hips swaying hypnotically.

"Mine first, or yours?" she asked with a suggestive smirk.

"Mine," Harry grinned. "Ready?"

The girls nodded, and they all took a deep breath before ducking under the water. Harry took a moment to admire the way their bodies moved, then twisted the clasp on the egg. A beautiful song filled his ears, but it carried a dark warning. It quickly became clear that they would need to search for something hidden in the lake, and they would only have an hour to find it. As soon as the song finished, they resurfaced.

“Zey’re going to make us go in za torrid lake?” Fleur grimaced.

“Sounds like it,” Dora nodded. “I don’t suppose you know a way to hold your breath for an hour.”

Fleur smirked, grabbed her wand from the edge of the pool, and tapped herself on the top of the head. A clear bubble surrounded her head. It looked like she’d stuck her head inside a fish bowl. Suddenly, she ducked her head back under the water. The bubble warped and fluttered around her head, but remained in place.

“Right, the Bubble-Head Charm,” Dora said.

They waited for Fleur to resurface, and when she didn’t after several seconds, and it became clear she was using it as an excuse to get a good, up close look at Harry’s manhood, she sighed irritably and dragged her back up. The bubble popped the moment she surfaced.

“Shouldn’t you check your egg to make sure it says the same thing?” Dora asked.

“No need,” Fleur smirked. “I already know what eet says.”

“What?!” Dora barked.

“I used a Translation Charm,” Fleur shrugged.

Harry had to bite his lip to keep from laughing at the look of outrage on Dora’s face.

“I can’t believe you! You did all this just to get a look at my boyfriend’s junk?!”

Fleur's face wrinkled in disgust.

"You Americans," she scoffed. "Why must you use such 'orrid terms. Zat ess not junk."

"That's not what that means!" Dora yelled, throwing her hands up in the air. "Did you really do this just to get a look at Harry's dick?"

"Non," Fleur admitted. "I wanted to know eef 'is egg was different."

"And the show was just a bonus?" Dora asked.

"Eet wasn't ze show as I was 'oping to see," Fleur sighed. "I knew I should 'ave waited longer."

"What?" Dora asked incredulously.

Fleur shrugged unembarrassedly.

"You made me curious," she said. "You were me, but I know what I look like during sex. I want to see what you and 'Arry look like togezzer."

"You could've just asked," Dora said, folding her arms over her chest.

"Zis was more fun," Fleur smirked.

Dora sighed and rolled her eyes.

"Well," she said, glancing at Harry. "I suppose it's only fair."

Harry shrugged. Dora didn't need any help talking herself into going along with what Fleur wanted.

"Alright, you can watch, but don't touch," she said, aiming her finger warningly at Fleur.

Fleur smiled and nodded. Grabbing Harry's arm, Dora pulled him to the side of the pool.

"Sit on the edge," she said.

Harry levered himself out of the pool and sat with his legs dangling in the water, his erection fully exposed.

"Oh la la," Fleur smiled.

Lifting herself out of the water, she sat sidesaddle on the edge of the pool, one leg dangling in the water, the other extended in front of her. Unabashedly, she spread her legs open, leaned her weight back on one elbow, and caressed her folds with her free hand.

Harry's attention was drawn back to Dora when she wrapped her warm mouth around his cock. With her tongue, she lavished attention on his swollen tip while slowly bobbing her head. Hissing pleurably, Harry ran his fingers through her short, pink hair and raked his nails lightly across her scalp.

Fleur moaned as she sank two fingers into her depths. Her full, firm breasts wobbled alluringly in time with the movements of her arm. Harry leaned back on his arms feeling like the king of the world as he watched a gorgeous Veela finger herself while his girlfriend gave him a blowjob. He saw Dora watching Fleur out of the corner of her eyes, unconsciously matching the movements of her mouth the blonde's fingers.

As Fleur pushed her fingers deep between her folds, Dora extended her tongue and plunged down until her nose hit Harry's pubic bone. Her tongue lashed back and forth, tickling his balls.

“Impressive,” Fleur smiled.

Dora pulled back slowly, hollowing her cheeks as she sucked hard. Harry groaned as she came off the tip with a loud, wet pop.

“Perks of being a Metamorphmagus,” she shrugged with a grin.

Lifting herself out of the water, she crawled over Harry and straddled his waist. Dora licked her fingers and used them to lubricate her folds. She spent a moment rubbing herself before grabbing his length and lining it up with her entrance. The girls moaned in unison as she slowly sank down to the hilt.

Dora planted her hands on either side of Harry’s head and started rocking back and forth. He grasped her swaying breasts, kneading them firmly and tweaking her hardened nipples. They got lost in each other as their coupling grew more passionate. Their faces drifted closer together, and just before their lips met, they heard a loud, low moan.

Together, they turned to look at Fleur. She fingered herself furiously, mouth hanging partly open with a slightly glazed look in her eyes. Her breasts wobbled furiously on her chest, crashing into one another from the movements of her arm. It took Harry a moment to realize her Allure was flooding the room, stronger than he’d ever felt before. His mind felt cloudy, his cock throbbed harder than it ever had, and he felt an indescribable need to finish.

Dora must have felt it too, because she rode him with abandon. She braced her hands on his chest and rolled her hips frantically.

“Oh, God,” she groaned, eyes fixated on Fleur as her nails dug painfully into his skin.

Fleur echoed her moan, and the girls fell into sync. The movement of Dora’s hips matched the speed and pace of Fleur’s arm. Their breath came in hard pants, made more difficult by the hot, humid air.

Fleur's mouth fell wide open, her body shuddered, and her breath stuttered. Dora wasn't far off her climax either. Harry could see it in the twitches of her muscles, the way her breath hitched, and the fluctuating color of her hair. They came at the exact same moment, crying out loudly. Fleur hunched in on herself, trembling, while Dora arched her back.

Harry grabbed Dora's hips, thrust twice, and flooded her depths. The three of them descended into a series of moans, groans, and grunts. Eventually, they came down from their sexual high. Fleur rolled to her side, flushed and panting, while Dora collapsed on Harry's chest.

The stained glass Mermaid peeked at them between her fingers, but quickly closed the gap when she noticed Harry looking. He chuckled and caressed Dora's back. She seemed totally spent, but Fleur's Allure had kept him rock hard and ready to go. He was just considering rolling her over for round two when the door creaked open.

Dora turned her head, her eyes wide, and hugged herself to his chest to cover herself. Fleur covered her breasts with her arm and glanced backwards in an unintentionally sultry pose. The door swung open, and Cho Chang entered. She made it two steps before she locked eyes with them and froze.

"Oh!" she gasped, blushing heavily.

"Hey, Cho," Harry said, waving over Dora's back.

"S-sorry," Cho stammered. "I'll just..."

She took a step back, turned, and ran straight into the door, which had closed behind her. Wrenching the door open, she fled the room and slammed it shut behind her.

"You don't think she'll tell anyone, do you?" Dora asked.

~

"Please, tell us it's true," Ron said as soon as Harry, Dora, and Fleur sat down for dinner.

"What's true?" Harry asked.

"Everyone's saying you had a threesome with Fleur in the Prefects' bath," Seamus said, leaning forward eagerly.

"It wasn't a threesome," Dora said, glancing at Fleur, who shrugged. "Things just... got a little out of hand."

"How out of hand?" Ron asked.

"Don't spare us the details," Seamus added.

They shrank back from Dora's glare.

"I just watched," Fleur clarified. "'Arry ees very impressive."

Dora somehow managed to look offended and smug at the same time. Then, she suddenly turned to Jenna and leveled a finger at her.

"Don't tell my mom," she said. "She'll never let me hear the end of it."

Jenna cracked a smile and raised her hands in surrender.

"I won't."

Their conversation was interrupted when Dumbledore stood and tapped his fork against his goblet.

“If I can have everyone’s attention,” he called. “I have an important announcement to make. This year, as part of the Tournament, we will be hosting a Yule Ball for fourth years and above; however, you may invite someone younger if you wish.”

Several of the girls squealed excitedly.

“For our younger students, Professor Sprout will be hosting a Christmas party in the Hufflepuff Common Room, open to anyone who wishes to attend,” he continued. “Dress robes must be worn. The Ball will start at eight o’clock on Christmas Day and end at midnight. Professor McGonagall will be holding dance lessons in the unused classroom near her office every Sunday until break begins. Our three Champions will perform the traditional opening dance, so a date will be mandatory. If you have any other questions, please ask your head of house, or in the case of our guests, your headmistress. Thank you.”

The hall erupted in loud conversation.

“I guess that’s why they had dress robes on the supply list this year,” Amanda said.

“I didn’t,” Harry said. “I’ll have to owl Sirius.”

“Well, at least you have your date figured out,” Jennifer said.

Dora smiled smugly and leaned against Harry, who wrapped an arm around her.

“Who do you think will ask us?” Amanda asked.

"I don't know, but I think we might have to wait in line," Jennifer said, nodding across the table.

They all looked over. There were dozens of boys from every year staring at Fleur. As soon as she looked at them, they quickly turned and pretended they hadn't just been caught.

"Hey, Fleur," Amanda said. "Toss some of those boys our way when you're done with them."

Fleur smiled and tossed her hair over her shoulder.

Chapter 28

Harry watched the build-up to the Yule Ball with amusement. Half the boys made fools of themselves asking Fleur to the Ball. Perhaps the funniest was when Seamus and Ron decided to ask her. They psyched themselves up over breakfast, their faces solemn, as if they were about to go to war. Just before classes started, they stood up as one.

"May the best man win," Seamus said.

Ron nodded, and they turned to the Ravenclaw table. The initial rush of invites had died down after the first day, so Fleur wasn't being constantly being bombarded. Now, they took place sporadically throughout the day, and she seemed to have a sixth sense when it was about to happen. Even though her back was to them, when they got within a few steps, she turned suddenly and looked at them with a raised brow.

Ron and Seamus froze in their steps like startled baby deer. There was a long moment of silence that grew more awkward the longer it stretched. Ron's face grew steadily redder until he finally cracked.

"WILL YOU GO TO THE BALL WITH ME?!" he shouted, his words coming out so fast they merged together into a garbled mess.

The confusion was plain on Fleur's face. Her English was good, but not good enough to decipher his rushed proposal. A look of abject horror washed over Ron's face, and before she could answer, he bolted from the Great Hall. Muffled snickers filled the hall as they watched him go before, slowly, everyone turned their attention to Seamus.

The Irishman's face was as red as Ron's. He opened his mouth, and a high-pitched, pathetic squeak escaped. Slamming his mouth shut, he turned back to the Gryffindor table and marched back to his seat. He bowed his head over his untouched bowl of cereal as Dean gave him a commiserating pat on the back.

The twins, however, were less sympathetic. They teased Ron and Seamus mercilessly for days. Every time they got within eyesight of Fleur in the halls, they bolted away like mice hiding from a cat. The twins used that to their advantage and took to calling out her name when she wasn't around. On one occasion, Seamus managed to squirm his way into a suit of armor to hide, and on another, Ron took a rather spectacular dive into a rose bush.

After a few days, they realized what was happening and stopped reacting to the twins' taunts. Of course, that's when they'd call out Fleur's name when she was actually there. It took two weeks before the twins finally let up.

Slowly, everyone started to pair off for the Ball. Fleur agreed to go with Roger Davies; the twins were taking their Quidditch teammates, Angelina and Alicia; Jennifer and Amanda got invited by a couple of seventh years Harry only knew in passing from Hufflepuff, and Hermione had found a date, but refused to tell anyone who it was. Apparently, Ron had asked her, and it had turned into a fight when she told him she already had a date. In retaliation, she adamantly refused to tell anyone who it was.

On Christmas morning, Harry and Dora spent an hour opening gifts from their family with Jenna in their carriage. Jenna hadn't been invited to the Ball, and confessed she didn't have much desire to go in the first place. Luna had invited her to spend the evening in Ravenclaw Tower, and she was perfectly content to do that instead.

They spent the morning as a family. They Floo called Sirius, Marlene, Andromeda, and a Ted from Professor Turner's carriage to wish them a Merry Christmas before making their way to

breakfast. After they ate, they spent some time with Levina until they got too cold and headed back into the castle to warm up. They stayed there, talking and laughing with their friends, until just after lunch, when the professors kicked everyone out to decorate the hall.

Soon after they returned to the carriage, Dora got pulled away by Jennifer and Amanda to start getting ready for the Ball. Harry stayed with Jenna, playing games and catching up on anything in her life he'd missed until the clock chimed five o'clock. While Jenna made her way up to the castle to join Luna, he made his way to his room to get ready for the Ball. It felt odd without Dora there, but it also meant he was ready within an hour. He returned to the common area and found several of his male classmates, all waiting for their dates.

He snorted to himself. They looked like they'd gotten dressed up to wait at the dentist's office. Plopping himself on the couch, he kicked his feet up on the coffee table.

"A Galleon says they come out with five minutes to spare," he said, slapping a golden coin on the table.

"Seven minutes," Michael said with a smirk. "It's a long walk to the castle."

The other boys quickly broke out their wallets and made their bets. Precisely eight minutes and thirty-two seconds before the Ball was scheduled to start, the door to Jennifer and Amanda's room creaked open, and a dozen girls stepped out. Marcus quietly collected his winnings while the others hid their disappointment and stood to greet their dates.

Dora looked so unlike her usual self, it took a moment for Harry to spot her. She looked gorgeous. Her dress robes were dark purple and glittered in the light. She'd grown her hair out to shoulder length and styled it into an elegant bun. It looked darker than usual, closer to Harry's black hair than her preferred dark brown. As it caught the light just right, he could see odd strips colored the same dark purple as her dress.

Even her face looked slightly different besides the makeup she wore. It wasn't easy to tell exactly what she'd changed, but as Harry got closer he thought the tip of her nose looked slightly slimmer and her cheekbones looked a little more pronounced.

"You look beautiful," he said, pulling her close and kissing her softly.

"Don't get used to it," she smiled. "This took way too much work."

Harry smiled back, wrapped an arm around her waist, and fell into the flow of students slowly making their way toward the exit. He helped Dora down the stairs, but she still stumbled on her dress despite his help. Rolling her eyes annoyedly at his smirk, she hooked her arm through his and dragged him towards the castle.

It was freezing cold outside, and even though it was a short walk, Harry took off his cloak and draped it over her shoulder, a move his classmates, escorting their dates, hurried to copy.

Even though the doors to the Great Hall were wide open, there was some kind of spell acting as a barrier to keep the heat in. Harry took his cloak back while Jennifer and Amanda separated from the group to greet their waiting dates.

"Should we join them?" Dora asked, nodding toward the doors to the Great Hall.

Harry looked over and spotted Cedric standing next to a pretty Asian girl. He shrugged, but led the way to them nonetheless.

"Hey!" Cedric said with a wide, handsome grin. "You guys look great!"

"Aw, thanks, Cedric," Harry said with exaggerated shyness.

Dora snorted and smacked his arm.

"This is my date, Cho," he continued.

"Nice to meet you," Harry said. "Any idea what we're supposed to be doing?"

Cedric shrugged.

"Just wait, I think," he said. "McGonagall didn't say anything other than to meet her outside the Great Hall. Oh, here come the Beauxbatons. They cut it close."

Harry turned and watched the Beauxbatons students enter the hall, led by Madame Maxime. Unsurprisingly, Fleur drew most of the attention. She wore a set of light blue dress robes that were less robes and more just a strapless dress that appeared to be held up entirely by the shelf created by her impressive bust. As the other girls broke away to meet their dates around the clustered Entrance Hall, Fleur looked around until she spotted Roger near the stairs.

He gaped at her like a goldfish, completely unmoving until she took him by the arm and physically dragged him over to their little group. Cedric snapped his fingers in front of his face, which finally caused him to snap out of it.

"Er, wow, you look beautiful," Roger managed in a strangled voice.

"Merci," she said.

She shared a brief look with Harry that conveyed the totality of her exasperation, then she spotted Dora, and her eyes widened.

"Tonks, you look magnifique," she said enthusiastically. "I love your 'air."

"Oh, thanks," Dora said, patting her bun. "It took forever. I like your dress. My mum would have a fit if I wore something like that."

“But ‘Arry wouldn’t mind, non?” Fleur smirked.

Dora snorted, “I don’t think he minds it now,” she said, looking at him pointedly.

Harry looked up at the ceiling.

“What dress? Hey, have you seen the icicles hanging from the ceiling?”

Dora lightly smacked his arm, and the others chuckled.

“Subtly, mate,” Cedric said.

Harry looked down with a grin, and they fell into an easy conversation. Well, five of them did. Roger was busy staring longingly at Fleur and didn’t utter a word. As his eyes scanned the hall for Professor McGonagall, wondering when she’d show up, Harry spotted a familiar face at the front entrance.

“Hey, it’s Michelle,” he said excitedly.

“Really?” Dora asked, craning her head around to look. “What’s she doing here?”

Harry shrugged and raised his arm to wave her over, but before he could finish the motion, someone met her at the doorway. It took a moment for him to recognize her, but when he did, his eyes widened.

“No way!” he gasped.

“Is that Hermione?” Dora asked. “No wonder she wouldn’t tell us who her date was.”

They met Harry's eyes through the crowd, and he arched an eyebrow. Hermione ducked her head and blushed while Michelle met his gaze, smirked, and shrugged.

"I can't believe she didn't tell me she was coming," he said, shaking his head. "Oh, I'm going to tease the shit out of them."

"Be nice," Dora hissed. "They're probably really nervous."

Harry's plots of revenge were interrupted when McGonagall finally arrived and directed everyone except the Champions into the Great Hall. They waited for several minutes until the doors opened again and they were allowed to enter. Cedric and Cho entered first, followed by Fleur and Roger, and Harry and Dora walked in last. There was a round of polite applause as they walked to their table and took their seats.

Dinner was fairly boring. They ordered their meals and talked amongst themselves while the heads talked in their own little group. Harry found his own amusement by kicking Roger in the shin every time he started drooling over Fleur's cleavage. He was pretty sure everyone knew what he was doing, but they never mentioned it.

Soon enough, the meal was finished, the tables were moved out of the way, and it was time for the first dance. Dora nervously took her position across from him and took a deep breath.

"Just let me lead," he whispered reassuringly.

She nodded, and then the music started. She stumbled at the start, but it actually went pretty well after that. The opening dance only lasted for a minute before other couples made their way out onto the dance floor. With most of the attention off of them, Harry pulled Dora close and just swayed to the beat. She smiled at him, relieved, and lay her head on his chest.

"This is nice," she murmured.

Harry hummed in agreement and kissed her temple. They danced for a couple of songs before a faster beat started, and Dora asked for a break. The moment they were off the dance floor, she removed her black high heels and dangled them from her fingers.

"I hate these things," she muttered.

She dropped them on the floor and kicked them carelessly under the drinks table the moment they reached it. Harry smiled as he poured them both a glass of punch. He was just about to turn to her when he spotted the Weasley twins sitting nearby. They looked concerningly pleased with themselves and watched him expectantly. Raising a glass to his nose, he took a sniff.

Alcohol. Strong alcohol.

"This isn't going to turn me into a canary or anything, is it?" he asked quietly.

The twins looked at each other as if intrigued by the idea, but when they turned back to him, they shook their heads.

"Nah, just good old Firewhiskey," one of them said.

"We snuck into the kitchens and added it to the vat downstairs so the professors can't just vanish it either," the other told him.

"It's a bit strong," Harry said.

"We might have added a little extra to the bowl," one said.

"Give it a bit of a kick, you know," the other added. "Spice things up."

Shaking his head with a smile, Harry turned to Dora and handed her a glass.

“The twins spiked it,” he warned.

“Oh, good,” Dora sighed.

Taking the glass, she downed half of it and grimaced. While Harry was busy paying attention to her, Fleur appeared out of nowhere and took the glass from his other hand.

“Ah, Merci,” she said.

“Fleur, wait!”

It was too late. Fleur tipped the glass back and downed all of it in two big gulps. Her eyes bulged comically, and she went red all the way down to the top of her breasts before she started coughing hard. Harry patted her back until she got her breath back.

“What is zat!?” she asked angrily.

“The twins spiked the punch,” he told her. “I tried to warn you.”

“Disgusting,” she muttered, straightening back up.

“Oi, that’s Ogden’s finest, that is,” one of the twins said.

Fleur glared at him and drew her wand so fast Harry didn’t even see where she drew it from. Fred and George leaned back in their seats and eyed the tip warily.

"Don't you 'ave dates to attend to?" Fleur asked pointedly.

"You know, I think she has a point, Fred."

"Too right, George."

The twins stood up and rapidly disappeared into the crowd. With a grimace, Fleur filled her cup with water from her wand and took a sip. Harry drew his wand from his pocket and surreptitiously vanished the punch in the bowl. It was empty for only a moment before it magically refilled itself. Dora refilled her cup and took a sip.

"Oh, that's much better," she said.

Fleur looked at her dubiously, and Dora offered her the cup.

"Here, try it."

Taking the cup and eyeing the red liquid suspiciously, Fleur took a sniff, and then a small sip.

"Better," she acknowledged before she wrinkled her nose cutely. "But I still prefer wine."

"Of course you do," Dora said, rolling her eyes and pouring herself another glass. "So, where's your date?"

"In ze corner, enthralled," Fleur admitted with a shrug. "I couldn't dance wiz 'im anymore. I didn't mind ze staring, but he kept stepping on my feet."

"I'm sorry," Dora said, reaching out to give her a consolatory pat on the arm.

Fleur shrugged.

“It ‘appens.”

“Do you want to dance with Harry for a bit?”

Fleur looked at her, her brow raised in surprise, and then smiled.

“Oui.”

“You sure?” Harry asked.

Dora nodded, took his hand, and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

“You know I don’t like dancing that much. We can take turns. Go on,” she insisted.

Turning to Fleur, who was watching them hopefully, he shrugged and gave Dora a kiss before offering her his arm.

“Shall we?”

“Oui,” Fleur smiled.

They made their way out onto the dance floor, garnering several curious looks. Fleur moved with such effortless grace that Harry felt like he was stumbling around trying to keep up. He couldn’t help but appreciate the way her dress clung to her curvaceous figure as she spun and twirled with a dazzling smile.

Harry switched from Dora to Fleur every couple of songs, but eventually, after more than an hour, he needed a break, and the girls needed to use the bathroom.

~

Dora stood in front of the sink, checking herself in the mirror, while Fleur did the same next to her. Her bun had come loose in a couple of places, and as she reached up to tuck the stray hair back in, she realized just how badly her scalp stung from the unusual position her hair had been held in. Wincing, she pulled her hair out of the bun entirely, shortened her hair back to her preferred length, and combed her fingers through it.

“That’s so much better,” she said in relief.

Fleur finished touching up her makeup, looked over, and smiled.

“Zis ‘as been fun, non?”

“I’m not a big fan of dressing up, but yeah, it’s been great,” Dora smiled.

“Zhank you for letting me dance with ‘Arry,” she said gratefully. “Zis night would ‘ave been so boring if you hadn’t.”

“You’re welcome,” Dora said, her smile turning teasing. “I really don’t mind as long as you promise not to steal my boyfriend.”

“Of course not,” Fleur said, a teasing sparkle in her eyes. “But I wouldn’t mind borrowing ‘im.”

Dora rolled her eyes, “Not happening.”

"Zat's too bad," Fleur said, stepping away from the mirror.

She moved behind Dora, trapping her against the sink. Dora's eyes widened as she felt her breasts press against her shoulder blades. The scent of a light, airy perfume filled the air as a hand landed lightly on her hip. Fleur's hand slid slowly around to her stomach and then up slightly, stopping just below her right breast. Dora's breath hitched as her pulse raced and her stomach squirmed.

"We could 'ave so much fun togezzer."

Fleur's warm breath ghosted over her cheek a moment before she kissed it softly. She flashed a wide, sparkling smile, and then she was gone, flitting through the door. Dora let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding and rested her hands on the sink, desperately trying to get her thoughts and emotions under control.

She wanted to blame the Allure, but she hadn't felt it, and she doubted Fleur would use it on her. She hadn't needed to.

~

"So, she just wrote you a letter asking you to the ball?" Harry asked.

"Well, yes," Michelle said.

"Huh. So, you two are..."

Michelle and Hermione looked at each other for a long moment.

"Seeing where things go," Michelle said, taking Hermione's hand in her own.

Hermione smiled and nodded before she turned to Harry and bit her lip nervously.

“You’re not going to make fun of us, are you?” she asked.

“Oh, I’m going to tease the shit out of you,” Harry said. “That’s what you get for not telling me.”

“But I was trying to keep it from Ron!” Hermione argued.

“That’s not an excuse,” Harry said.

Hermione folded her arms and pouted.

“If you’re done questioning us, can we enjoy our date before you start teasing us?” Michelle asked.

“Alright, but just one more question,” Harry said.

Michelle sighed, “Fine.”

“Can I watch?”

Michelle’s slap on his shoulder was so loud that several couples looked over curiously as Harry rubbed his arm and grimaced.

“Ow! Alright. Alright.”

Michelle and Hermione let the table and moved back out onto the dance floor. Harry was only left sitting by himself for a few seconds before Fleur and Dora joined him. Dora's hair was different than when she'd left, but more worryingly, she looked noticeably flustered.

"Everything alright?" he asked, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

She nodded and opened her mouth to respond.

"If I can have everyone's attention," Dumbledore said from the stage. "We have a surprise guest for you this evening. It's my pleasure to introduce the Weird Sister!"

The hall erupted into applause as the Weird Sisters took to the stage and played one of their most popular songs. Dora grinned, took Harry's hand, and pulled him to his feet. They took one step toward the dance floor before she suddenly stopped and turned back to Fleur.

"Are you coming?" she yelled over the music.

Fleur smirked and climbed to her feet. Together, they led Harry onto the dance floor, and he found himself sandwiched between the two as they danced, jumped, and gyrated. The next two hours passed in a blur of bumping, grinding, and grazing, slightly inappropriate touches.

Surprisingly, Dora never complained about the rather sensual moves Fleur pulled regularly. In fact, more than once, she turned him to face the smiling blonde so she could get even more daring. Harry made sure to keep his hands clear of anywhere that might get him into trouble, but he didn't complain when Fleur ground her soft body against his.

The night began to wind down, and the dance floor slowly started to empty. Harry's feet were aching, but he was having the time of his life. He shared one slow dance with Fleur, and then another with Dora, and just when he thought the night was at an end, his girlfriend led him and Fleur toward the front door.

Not a word was said as she pulled them across the lawn and down to the Ilvermorny train. It was quiet when they stepped inside. The students who were inside had already gone to bed. Dora pulled them into his private room at the end of the train. As Harry closed the door behind him, Fleur took Dora in her arms and kissed her passionately.

It was the single hottest thing he'd ever seen in his life. Dora kissed her back, their tongues tangling as she slowly backed toward the bed. They tumbled onto the mattress as they made out furiously. Harry removed his cloak and tie, but otherwise stayed in the middle of the room, watching, worried that any sudden move might bring the amazing sight to an end.

Dora and Fleur eventually broke apart breathlessly. They stared at each other for a long moment before turning as one to look at Harry. Fleur chuckled sultrily and bent down to whisper into Dora's ear. He couldn't hear what she said, but whatever it was, Dora nodded in agreement. They separated and crawled to the edge of the bed, where they lay on their stomachs.

Dora crooked her finger at him, and Harry took a couple of steps closer. She immediately unbuckled his belt and opened his slacks. His eager erection bounded out the moment it was free and bobbed in front of them.

"Impressionnant," Fleur whispered.

Dora smirked, grabbed Harry's hips, and pulled him forward as she parted her lips. He groaned pleasurably as she bobbed on him several times before taking him deep in her throat. She held him there for several seconds as he caressed her hair before pulling back and angling him towards Fleur.

The blonde leaned forward, and Harry's cock twitched excitedly. She paused with her lips a hair's breadth away, looked up at him, and smirked knowingly. Then, she swallowed him whole with the same effortless grace she'd shown all night. Harry groaned and glanced worriedly at Dora, but she wasn't watching him. She was watching Fleur devour his cock, her breathing heavy and cheeks flushed.

As soon as Fleur pulled back, Dora took her place. Harry tilted his head back and closed his eyes with a groan. He fought to stave off his climax as they passed him back and forth between them, deepthroating him with an ease and frequency that made his toes curl in his shoes.

They either sensed he was getting close or perhaps they just got bored, but they switched from deepthroating him to making out around his shaft. The visual was incredible, but physically less stimulating, giving him a moment to calm down and get himself under control. They worked their way up and down his shaft, their plump, glossy lips and delicate tongues meeting around him.

Eventually, after several passes up and down, they abandoned his cock and fell into a tangle of limbs as they kissed passionately. Their hands tugged and jerked until their robes were tossed carelessly aside. Harry stripped out of his clothes as he watched them explore each other's bodies with their hands, lips, and tongues. As soon as he was as naked as they were, he climbed onto the bed.

He wasn't sure who pulled him, but he was quickly flipped onto his back. Dora, on his left, pulled him in for a heated kiss before Fleur did the same on his right. Reaching out with her hand, she pulled Dora over until all of their lips met in a messy threesome.

Suddenly, Dora sat up and mounted his waist. He only caught a glimpse of her lining him up with her entrance before a pair of delicate pink folds appeared above him. Fleur lowered herself against his mouth, and Harry kissed her just as Dora sank down onto him with a groan. Harry focused on pleasuring Fleur to distract himself from the incredible sensation of being buried deep in his girlfriend.

He could see it, but he could feel Fleur lean forward and then heard the smacking of lips as they made out over him. Dora rode him hard and fast, moaning into Fleur's mouth as Harry lashed her clit with his tongue.

Dora was close. He could feel it in the way she moved. She pulled away from Fleur's lips and groaned loudly as she reached her climax. As she shuddered and moaned, Fleur ground herself against his lips. Eventually, Dora rolled to the side and lay next to them.

“Harry, show her that trick I like,” she whispered in his ear. “Make her scream.”

Harry closed his eyes, pictured a snake, and hissed.

Fleur squawked and stiffened, her eyes going wide. Her hand clenched into tight fists around the sheets. Her body shuddered, and a low keen built in her throat. Her arousal coated his mouth as she came suddenly and violently. Her body vibrated like a taut bowstring for nearly a minute before she sagged and collapsed on top of him.

Turning her head to the side to look at Dora, she licked Harry’s glistening shaft and placed a kiss at the base before crawling over between her legs. Dora spread them willingly, a flush running up her neck as she watched Fleur kiss her way up the inside of her thigh.

“Please let ‘im fuck me,” she begged in a deep, sultry tone. “I need to feel eet.”

Dora took a shuddering breath and nodded. Fleur kissed her folds, drawing a deep groan from her lips. Harry leaned down to kiss her softly, lovingly, before climbing onto his knees behind Fleur. Resting one hand on her spectacular ass, he lined himself up with her entrance and looked to Dora, giving her one last chance to object. When she didn’t, he slipped into her depths.

All three of them groaned in unison. As he thrust slowly, he took the opportunity to finally explore Fleur’s body with his hands. He cupped her breasts, groped her ass, and caressed her thighs. All the while, he kept his eyes on Dora as she writhed on the mattress from Fleur’s talented tongue.

Fleur grew impatient and rocked back against him. Straightening up, he grabbed her hips and sped up his thrusts. They grew harder and harsher as he watched Dora grow closer and closer to her climax. She held a handful of Fleur’s blonde hair as she bucked her hips and panted heavily. As she visibly neared her second climax of the night, Harry neared his own. His fingers sank into Fleur’s hips as he pounded her furiously. Somehow, she kept pleasing Dora until she cried out.

Lifting her head, she started chattering loudly in French. Harry didn't know what she was saying, but her tone told him everything. She was right on the brink, just as he was. He slammed into her savagely, his hips clapping against her thick ass until she finally tipped over the edge with a scream. Harry was far too past the point of return to even think of pulling out. He buried himself to the hilt and erupted in her depths.

Slowly, they collapsed to the mattress. Slipping from her folds, Harry rolled to the side. Kissing Fleur on the shoulder, he crawled over to Dora and caressed her cheek. She smiled up at him, and they shared a soft, loving kiss, right before Fleur's Allure flooded the room. Harry's erection immediately returned.

Fleur looked up at them, eyes sparkling, and slowly crawled over Dora. They kissed briefly before she turned to Harry.

"I want to 'old her as you fuck her."

Harry didn't even think as he moved between their spread legs and speared back into his girlfriend. She moaned before a kiss from Fleur silenced it.

They went at it for hours in every position imaginable. Fleur's Allure kept Harry hard and their bodies eager. It was an incredible, memorable night for all of them, but one of the highlights for Harry happened at the very end. Dora was exhausted, panting from the countless orgasms she'd experienced that night, but Fleur was still ready to go. She cuddled up to Harry's side as Fleur rode him. They watched her magnificent ass bounce before she suddenly stopped, pulled him out, and positioned him at her wrinkled entrance.

"No way," Dora gasped.

They watched, entranced, as her tiny entrance expanded around him. Fleur groaned, slowly lowering herself until she was seated back on his lap.

"Does it hurt?" Dora asked.

“Non,” Fleur panted. “It feels so good.”

She started riding him slowly, cautiously, as Dora sat up and crawled around to watch from the other side. Fleur smirked and sat up straight to give her a better view.

“Merlin, he’s stretching you,” Dora said.

“Mmh, I know,” Fleur murmured. “Is cock ees so big.”

Dora looked up at her, smirked, and suddenly pushed her back. Fleur squealed as she landed with her back against Harry’s chest. They both looked down at Dora curiously.

“Wreck that ass, babe,” she said.

The words had barely left her mouth before she attacked Fleur’s folds. The blonde gasped while Harry grasped her breasts and did exactly as he was told. He wrecked her ass. He pounded it. He owned it.

Fleur was rendered a moaning, screaming mess as he hammered his cock up into her tight butt while Dora devoured her pussy. Together, they drove her to a string of orgasms. One rolled right into another before Harry flooded her depths. Finally, her Allure faded, they collapsed into a pile under the covers, and fell into a deep, blissful sleep.

~

It was mid-morning on the Ilvermorny train, and the students were slow to get ready. They were still tired from the Ball, a little hungover, and it was far too cold to head up to the castle first thing after waking up. They sat around the common area, chatting about their night when the door to Harry’s room opened, and Fleur Delacour stumbled out.

She was wearing her dress, but had Harry's cloak draped around her shoulders. Her lips were swollen, her hair was mussed, and dark, purple love bites decorated her pale skin. She walked with a noticeable, but slight limp toward the exit, but with a small smile on her lips. They all watched her leave before turning back to the door to Harry's room.

Harry and Dora stumbled out of the door looking utterly exhausted. Their hair was a mess, there were dark bags under their eyes, and they sported the same love bites Fleur had. The room fell silent as they staggered over to the couch and collapsed next to each other.

"Harry Potter," Marcus said, breaking the silence. "You're a legend."

Dora snorted as the boys broke into cheers. Chuckling, Harry turned to her and nuzzled her cheek.

"I love you," he whispered.

"I love you, too," she whispered back.