

Peace and Quiet for Self-Reflection

Harry stood outside the door to the Room of Requirement. Part of him was just curious as to what was inside. The other part of him really wanted some time to himself. He had been trying to think about things through but every time he tried Bella would ambush him. Hermione was his only chance to escape, but she didn't see the issue. Granted, she didn't know that he had traveled through time multiple times, or that Bella had been riding him raw. She encouraged him to spend more time with his 'private tutor' and potentially pursue a Defense Mastery. He didn't have the heart to correct her.

Bella had not been joking about wanting Cassandra to have siblings. Though, her aim was to add them through time travel rather than have them herself. Not that she seemed to be in any hurry to prevent getting pregnant.

Harry didn't think that he had constructed the Room with anything that would lead to another time travel encounter. Somewhere quiet to think. That's all he needed. He tried to ignore the fact that last time that had been his request had led to his first encounter with time travel and his daughter.

Harry opened the door.

"Hello?" He called into the room.

No one answered. He let out a sigh and stepped inside. The Room had taken the shape of an upscale sitting area. It was the type of place that 'gentlemen' would go to smoke cigars and drink liquor while they spoke of business or something that sounded important.

All that mattered was that there wasn't anyone else there and the chairs looked comfortable. He took a seat. An involuntary sigh sounded as the cushion sank to the perfect firmness. He leaned his head back to stare at the ceiling. A slow swirl of colored tiled helped his thoughts flow. The room had even supplied a soft breeze. If he closed his eyes he could imagine drifting on his broom. Flying used to be his escape. Now he was swarmed with people wanting to play a pick-up game of Quidditch or race. The times when he had been able to get out on his own didn't help either. He could adjust to the changes he had made in the timeline easy enough as he went through the day but seeing the obvious differences in broader strokes almost sparked panic attacks.

There were signs of a hastily constructed refugee settlement as well as the scars of the final battle. Flashes of new memories spiked headaches when he caught sight of little things. Moments spent helping people arrange tents. Building fortifications. Passing out meals. All of the small moments that highlighted the changes he had caused.

His train of thought had started to slow. He felt his body start to relax into a state somewhere between sleep and consciousness. Of course, that was the exact moment someone opened the door.

Harry acted on instinct. He rolled out of the seat, the floor shifted to form a barrier to break line of sight. The invisibility cloak swished through the air as it settled onto his shoulders. His wand sprang into his hand. He conjured three school robes and sent them out from the barrier at different directions.

One of the robes was sliced in half before it could clear the barrier. Another was knocked to the ground by a chunk of stone a moment later. The third was left untouched now that they knew they were a distraction.

Harry slowly stood from behind the barrier. His wand held close to his body to stay under the cloak. He froze when he got a look at the invader.

She was a gorgeous redhead that looked about his age. He could have sworn it was Lily Potter. Except she was draped in a familiar invisibility cloak and held the same wand as he did. The scar sat on her forehead was one he knew all too well. The fact that he could see her through the cloak was odd enough. Judging by the look on her face, she could see him as well.

Their wands pointed at each other but neither acted. A flick of her other wrist summoned the Elder Wand into her grip. Harry smirked and did the same.

"That's just freaky." She muttered.

"Tell me about it." Harry shifted the hood back to expose his face. "Lily?"

"No." She shook her head. "James?"

"No." He shook his head in reply. "Harry Potter."

"Hazel Potter." The girl laughed as she removed her hood as well.

"Eighth Year?" Harry asked.

She nodded as her laughter shifted into a chuckle. "Gryffindor?"

"Of course." Harry smiled. "Your parents are Lily and James Potter?"

"Obviously." Hazel got her laughter under control.

"Are they alive?" He allowed himself a small bit of hope.

"No." The remains of her smile faded. "I guess that means yours aren't either."

Harry nodded.

"Mind if I sit?" She asked.

"Go ahead." Harry returned to his chair.

The Room had returned to its previous form before their little spat. Hazel removed her cloak completely to show she wore a black sundress rather than a school uniform.

"What brings you here?" Harry asked.

"Just needed a place to think." She settled into her own chair. "This is nice."

"You don't seemed phased by all of this." Harry smiled at her.

"I live an interesting life." Hazel rolled her eyes. "This isn't the first time I've talked to someone from another world here."

"Really?" Harry blinked. "You're the first for me. From another world, at least."

"You can't just leave me hanging like that." Hazel arched an eyebrow at him.

"Time travel." Harry replied. "That's why I thought you were Lily."

"Time travel." Hazel shook her head. "That's pretty cool."

"It was, until I accidentally changed the past." Harry let out a dry chuckle.

"You're still alive, and in one piece, things couldn't have turned out too bad." She offered.

"Let's talk about something else." Harry suggested. "I came here to do some thinking too. What better way to get my head in order than to talk to another me?"

"Another you?" Hazel crossed her arms. "Excuse me, you are another me."

Harry wasn't sure if she did it on purpose, but the motion drew his eyes to her breasts. He shook the thought away. Too many encounters in the Room had skewed his expectations.

"Oh yeah?" Harry challenged. "First year, fought a troll and killed a possessed teacher."

"Quirrell." Hazel replied confidently. "His fake stutter was so annoying. Who did you save from the troll?"

"Hermione." Harry replied.

Hazel scrunched her nose. Harry laughed.

"Not a fan?" He smiled. "What about you?"

"Parvati." She replied. "Weasley wouldn't stop teasing her about her make-up. How are you friends with Granger? She's smart, sure, but she's so annoying." She paused. "Please tell me she's not your girlfriend."

"No." Harry laughed. "She's my best friend. She was on my side through everything. Do you mean Ron Weasley, Percy, or one of the twins?"

"The twins play pranks; they don't insult people." Hazel glared at him. "Percy had his nose in the air so often that his only interaction with first years was tripping over them."

"Ron, then." Harry sighed.

"Ron." She rolled her eyes. "He's your friend too?"

Harry bobbed his head from side to side. "It depends on the year."

"That settles it, we're not the same person." Hazel stated dryly. "Second year, basilisk?"

"Yeah." Harry replied. "Who helped you?"

"Parvati, Padma, and Lavender." Hazel answered. "Parvati didn't give her sister a choice in joining our little group. Lavender was a package deal."

"How did you kill it?" Harry asked.

"Sword of Gryffindor through the mouth." Hazel showed her forearm. "You?"

"I did too." Harry showed his matching scar. "Did Ginny have the diary?"

"Ginny Weasley?" She shook her head. "Neville Longbottom. Why would Ginny have the diary?"

"It's a long story." Harry sighed. "I'm guessing that means that Voldemort was in your world too?"

Hazel let out a sigh and nodded.

"Did you grow up in the Muggle world with the Dursleys?" Harry had to know.

"Who?" She looked at him quizzically.

"The Dursleys." Harry repeated. "Petunia, Vernon, and Dudley."

"Aunt Petunia?" Hazel said slowly. "Aunt Petunia raised me. She never married."

"Hm." He didn't feel like getting into that entire story. "We aren't exactly the same then."

"Obviously." She motioned between them. "How did you defeat Riddle?"

"Had to find his horcruxes and destroy them." He ran a hand through his hair. "Then we dueled. I took a killing curse to the face to destroy the last one."

"We used a ritual to bind the horcruxes in a homunculus to destroy it." Hazel offered without prompting.

"Pulled the piece right out of my skull. We didn't realize that it would summon Riddle too. Riddle and I were sealed in the ritual circle until the containment wards dropped. Dumbledore had used his magic to fuel the ritual. Riddle killed him. He absorbed the homunculus and made himself whole again."

"Fuck." Harry blew out a deep breath. "How did you kill him?"

"Cut his head off with the Sword of Gryffindor." Hazel gave him an evil grin. "He was so busy monologuing about how the world would bow to him. I was laid out on the ground with blood all over my face. He never saw it coming."

Harry didn't even try to contain his laughter. He wiped the moisture from his eyes. The smile stayed on her face as she watched him laugh.

"That is awesome." Harry said once he regained the ability to speak.

"Thank you." Hazel said. "So... what now?"

"All the other times have ended in sex with the occasional unexpected pregnancy." The words flowed out of his mouth before he could stop them.

His face burned and he suddenly found his shoes to be very interesting.

"Damn." Hazel whispered. "Pregnancy?"

Harry nodded.

"How many?" She asked.

Harry held up four fingers. It was her turn to laugh now. He shot a hollow glare at her.

"Well, I always did want a big family." She said as her laughing eased.

"Three are older than me and one is a female version of Neville." Harry muttered.

That started her laughing again. She started to regain her ability to speak. Their eyes met and her laughter started up again. She shook her head and drew her wand.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked.

"*Dienogest*." Hazel pointed her wand at herself. "It would be a shame to break tradition."

Harry's jaw dropped.

"I'd like to skip the pregnancy portion of it." She stood and slipped the straps of her dress off her shoulders. "If you're game, that is."

Their eyes met. He could see the confident light in her eyes that hid the shadow of uncertainty. It was a look that he had given many times in the past. The expression usually came before he did something crazy or stupid.

This leaned more to the crazy side of things.

Her dress straps were held in place by the barest of tension. Harry stood. He closed the space between them. The moment seemed to last forever as his hands reached out to her shoulders. It took only a touch for the straps to drop from her shoulders. The dress fell to the floor to reveal the matching black bra and panty set. They weren't anything fancy, but she still looked amazing.

"You're drooling." Hazel smirked.

"Do you blame me?" Harry chuckled.

She shrugged. It made her breasts bounce nicely.

"I'm not taking off anything more until you join me." She challenged.

Harry had recently learned many efficient ways to remove clothing. His favorite was a bit of wandless magic. He snapped his arm to the side. His clothes tore away from his body and landed in a perfectly folded pile. It was fast if a bit flashier than he liked.

He stood before her completely nude. Her eyes devoured the sight of him hungrily.

"Sweet Morgana." She whispered as her gaze settled on his cock. "Quite the wand, Harry."

"I haven't had any complaints." Harry smiled back at her.

Hazel pulled herself back to the present. She held up a hand and snapped. Her bra and panties vanished only to reappear on his folded clothes. Now it was his turn to stare. She was gorgeous. Her breasts were bouncy and pert with delicious pink nipples. A little strip of red hair highlighted the top of her lower lips.

"Sweet Morgana." Harry whispered.

"Are you mocking me?" She scrunched her face up.

Harry shook his head. He couldn't hold back anymore. His hands went to her breasts. He squeezed and groped before he started to kiss and lick her nipples. She rewarded him with a throaty moan. Her hand started to stroke him to hardness while her other trailed over his chest.

Her fingers paused their exploration of his torso when she noticed a string of hickeys along his collar bone. She shook her head. A wicked look flashed across her face. She leaned forward, her mouth latched onto an open patch of skin and started to suck and bite.

Harry smirked and shifted his grip to cup her naked rump. Hazel grinned and jumped as he lifted her. She wrapped her legs around his waist. His waking cock ground against her heat. Their lips met in a frenzied kiss.

Hazel moaned as she felt his fingers probe her moist cunt. She felt him part her lower lips and deftly slid a finger inside. Her moan was muffled against his lips as he inserted another finger. She lost focus on the kiss when his fingers moved around to search for her special spot.

Harry took advantage of her distraction. He dominated the kiss. His tongue invaded her mouth as his fingers explored her pussy. She shuddered at the onslaught of pleasure. There was nothing she could do but hold onto his shoulder for balance.

"Should we stop?" Harry asked. His fingers didn't pause their movements.

"Don't you dare." Hazel growled as her body shivered.

Harry grinned and guided his now achingly hard cock to line up with her gushing cunt. He captured her lips in a kiss once more and pushed forward. The head of his cock glided inside of her. It stretched her wider than she expected. Hazel gripped his shoulders tighter as lights flashed behind her eyes. Harry didn't stop. He pushed further, slowly stretching her pussy to accept his girth.

Hazel panted as she felt their bodies meet. She had never been touched this deep or stretched this far before. Granted, she had only been with a couple of guys, but he put them both to shame.

"You are so big." She moaned.

"That's because you're so tight." Harry let out a pleased sigh.

Her legs wrapped tighter around his body. His grip held firm on her ass. The Room shifted to provide a solid surface to press against. His cock slid out of her before he pushed back in. Each thrust had a bit more power behind it.

Hazel let out a loud moan. Right now, she didn't care if Petunia herself walked in on them. The steady thrusts made her pussy give way to his cock. Somehow, he reached deeper. The apex of each motion hit his cock inside her heat.

"Oh. Ohhhh. Ohhh fuck. Fuck." Hazel screamed out as her pleasure peaked.

Her body shook as the orgasm hit her hard and fast. Harry groaned as his cock was squeezed by her hot, tight pussy. He gritted his teeth to stop himself from cumming too soon.

Hazel wrapped her arms around his neck. She pressed her wonderful tits against his face. Harry greedily nuzzled her cleavage. He captured her nipple in his mouth.

"Morgana!" Hazel screamed as another small orgasm ripped through her.

Harry continued on, sliding in and out of her. He mercilessly pounded her into the conjured wall. Hazel shook with each thrust. Her head lolled from side to side as she was lost in pleasure. Slowly, he pulled back and thrust forward with one hammering snap of his hips. Hazel bit down on his shoulder to muffle her scream.

"Fuck." Harry growled.

Hazel lifted her head from his shoulder and let out a wordless scream. His cock swelled inside as he reached his end. Her body jolted as he erupted inside of her. His grip tightened as he rocked his hips with each rope.

"Oh." Hazel rested her head on his shoulder. "Wow."

Harry nodded. She slowly lowered her legs back to the floor. They both rested against each other as their breathing started to calm.

"Yeah." Harry chuckled. "Wow."

"Thank Merlin I used that spell." Hazel kissed his cheek. "You filled me to the brim."

"Give me a minute and I'll do it again." Harry gave her a roguish grin.

"Next time." Hazel shook her head. "I need to get back."

"I don't know if we'll see each other again." Harry whispered.

She sighed. "I know."

Their lips met in a gentle kiss.

"It was nice to meet you, Harry." She looked deep into his eyes.

"It was nice to meet you, Hazel." He replied.

The sweet moment broke as she smacked his ass.

"Pull your wonderful cock out already." Hazel teased. "I can't go falling for an alternate version of myself."

"An alternate version of me, you mean." Harry teased back.

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Harry stepped out of the Room. The door behind him vanished. A stone settled in his heart. He really hoped to see her again.

On the upside, there were no migraines this time.