

Chapter 7

A week after giving Remus the Wolfsbane potion, on the night of the full moon, Harry deliberately went to bed early so the Marauders could sneak out without having to worry about him. An hour after they left, he climbed out of bed, grabbed his Cleansweep 7 and cloak out of his trunk, and flew out of the window. The night air was cool as he slowly made his way towards the Shrieking Shack. Perching on a limb high up in a tree, Harry sat down and waited.

As the bright, full moon peeked over the treetops, a horrific, scream of pain emanated from the shack. Harry winced in sympathy for Remus as the screams continued for a couple of minutes, the sound growing more inhuman with each passing second. What started as a pained human cry ended as an angry, bestial howl before trailing off into complete silence.

It was almost a minute later when the back door to the shack burst open and a Werewolf shot out towards the tree line, followed closely by a stag and a big black dog. As the three large animals ran around playfully on the edge of the forest, Harry noticed the grass rustling. It was almost like playing Quidditch, he thought. Flying on a broom, looking for an almost imperceptible target. Looking closer, he finally spotted the small brown rat standing on its hind legs to peak over the top of the tall grass.

Despite all of the pain Peter had caused him and countless other families with his actions, Harry couldn't help but smile at seeing the four friends together; young, happy, and alive. It was such a powerful thing for him to see, that tears welled in his eyes.

Just then, Remus paused and looked straight up at him. Grinning, Harry gave him a quick wave before Remus' attention was drawn by Sirius, who barked and took off at a sprint into the forest. Remus turned back to look at Harry just as he mounted his broom, while Peter climbed aboard James' antlers and followed Sirius. Still smiling, Harry turned and flew back to the castle.

The next morning, as Harry left the Gryffindor common room for the Great Hall, Remus ran up to him. He looked around to make sure they were alone before speaking.

“Thank you,” Remus said gratefully, his voice thick with emotion. “I can’t believe it actually worked. I was in control the whole time, it was... incredible.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry said, patting him on the shoulder.

Suddenly, Remus turned and hugged him tightly. Harry froze for a second in surprise before returning the hug and patting his back. When Remus pulled back, he looked away and wiped at his eyes.

“Sorry,” Remus muttered.

“Don’t worry about it,” Harry told him. “I’m just glad I could help.”

Things between Harry and the Marauders got better after that. They weren’t the best of friends, but they were at least friendly now.

The rest of the lead up to Halloween was fairly quiet, with classwork continuing to increase and Harry spending time with his friends. The only other incident of note, was when James and Sirius decided to prank some Slytherins – including Snape – by sticking them to their seats in the Great Hall.

It took Flitwick over an hour to find a way to undo the Charms, which in and of itself was impressive. Of course, there was no way to prove who did it, but Harry saw the knowing looks and sly grins the Marauders gave each other.

Halloween fell on a Saturday, which also ended up being the first Hogsmeade visit of the year. The whole week leading up to it, Alice kept asking Harry if he planned on taking anyone as a date. He made his excuses about not looking for a relationship at the moment, and it felt incredibly odd to have Neville’s mum hitting on him so blatantly. Even though he knew he wasn’t doing anything wrong, it still felt like he was betraying his friend, in a way. Although Harry nearly did burst out laughing when he imagined the look on Neville’s face if he were to see what was happening.

Finally, Saturday morning rolled around, and Harry walked down to breakfast with Lily and her friends. As they sat down and talked about where they wanted to go first – Alice and Dorcas were determined to show Harry the whole village – James walked past with a busty Hufflepuff, his hand slipping down to cup the smiling blonde’s bum just as he passed Lily. The girl gave a playful yelp before giggling. Harry rolled his eyes at the rather blatant attempt to make Lily jealous. She wrinkled her nose as they passed and turned her attention right back to Harry.

“You ready to go?” she asked everyone.

Getting nods all around, they stood and left as a group. Climbing into a single carriage, Harry smiled politely as Mary MacDonald and Dorcas Meadows told him all about the shops in Hogsmeade. Sharing a look with Lily, she covered her mouth as she laughed silently, knowing he was quite familiar with the village.

“Let’s go to Honeydukes first,” Mary said.

Harry had a lot of fun chatting and laughing with the girls as they moved from shop to shop. Quite often, the other girls would disappear for a bit, leaving him alone with Lily. He didn’t have a problem with that, since Lily was his best friend in this time he was trapped in. It was a bit odd, though, he thought.

The only downside was James following them around, snogging his date at every opportunity in an attempt to make Lily jealous. As lunch rolled around, he even followed them to the Three Broomsticks, where he sat down at the table next to them with Sirius and his date, Remus, and Peter.

Harry spotted Rosmerta serving drinks to a table in the packed pub, and she gave him a bright smile before making a beeline for them.

“There’s my favorite customer,” she said with a wink. “How’s the school year treating you so far? It looks like you haven’t had any problems making friends.”

"It's been great," Harry said with a smile.

"Good, it's about time something went right for you," she told him with a pretty smile. "So, what can I get for all of you?"

They gave her their orders, and Rosmerta gave him a pat on the shoulder and a wink as she left. Harry wished he could have spent more time with her, he really did enjoy talking with Rosmerta. Not to mention the sex was great. Unfortunately, the pub was always too busy on Hogsmeade weekends for them to get more than a few seconds to talk. He'd have to sneak out and stop by for a visit soon, he decided.

"So, how's your Patronus coming along, Lily?" Dorcas asked.

"Good," Lily said. "Harry's a really great teacher, the Charm's just kind of tricky."

"Do you know what it is, yet?" Mary asked.

"Not yet," Lily replied.

"It won't be much longer," Harry assured her. "You'll figure it out soon. I know it."

Lily smiled at him as Rosmerta began handing out their drinks. As she reached over to place a Butterbeer in front of Dorcas, who was sitting on the inside of the booth, she gave Harry a great look at her impressive cleavage. From the sparkle in her eyes, he knew she'd done it intentionally.

"Enjoy," Rosmerta said with a grin.

As the girls went back to their conversation, Harry noticed something felt... off. Before he could put his finger on what it was, there was a loud crash next to him. Looking over, he found Snape sprawled on the ground with Butterbeer spilled all over him. Sirius and James howled with laughter as Snape sprang to his feet with a snarl on his face, seething at them. Seeing Sirius holding his wand in his lap, it didn't take a genius to figure things out. Harry sighed disappointedly and palmed his wand, as Snape drew his.

"Don't even think about it Snivellus," James said, drawing his own wand with a smirk.

"Put those away," Rosmerta barked sternly. "I won't have you lot fighting in here."

"You'll pay for this, Potter," Snape spat. "I know it was you."

"Actually, it was me," Sirius admitted gleefully.

Snape snapped his eyes over to glare at Sirius murderously as Rosmerta walked over and magicked up the mess on the floor and Snape's robes.

"That's enough, now," Rosmerta said.

Growling, his face red with anger and embarrassment as everyone stared at him, Snape spun around, his cloak billowing as he stormed out of the pub. Sirius and James high fived each other as the door slammed shut behind him.

"Nice one," James said with a grin.

"Nice one?" Lily asked disgustedly. "You two are despicable."

"Aw, come on, Evans. He deserved it," James said, grinning crookedly as he swept a hand through his hair.

"He didn't do anything to you!" Lily shouted.

"You wouldn't understand," James told her.

Harry missed Lily's reply as he stared at his glass of Butterbeer, a sinking feeling growing in his stomach.

"Everyone be quiet," Harry said.

"You don't know him like I do," James yelled back.

"Quiet!" Harry yelled, his voice projecting magically throughout the pub.

Everyone suddenly fell completely silent and stared at him in surprise. Harry ignored the looks he was getting as he continued to stare at his glass. As he watched, the still surface suddenly rippled in waves while he felt a light, barely noticeable tremor through his feet. After a beat, he saw and felt it again.

"Harry?" Lily asked in concern.

"Get back to the castle," Harry said, standing up and drawing his wand.

Rosmerta looked at him worriedly as he walked up to her and leaned close to her ear.

"Get everyone back to the school, everyone. Giants are coming," Harry whispered.

Rosmerta gasped and put a hand to her chest as her eyes went wide. Giving her a serious look, Harry left the Three Broomsticks. Just before the door closed behind him, he heard Rosmerta

beginning to tell the students to get back to the castle. With a flick of his wand, he sent off a Patronus to Dumbledore.

“Shit,” he cursed, as he watched it leave not for the castle, but in the opposite direction.

The sound of birds squawking loudly drew his attention towards the Forbidden Forest. As a second flock of birds took to the air, Harry saw the tops of the trees bending outwards from each other. The ground trembled under his feet again, more noticeable this time. More trees were pushed aside, and then more still, moving closer and closer to the village.

Harry turned around and touched the tip of his wand to his throat.

“Attention all students, return to Hogwarts immediately,” Harry intoned. “Giants are approaching Hogsmeade.”

As people began popping out of shops and looking at him strangely, Harry turned and ran towards the end of the village where the Giant was coming from.

“Harry!” Lily yelled from behind him as she ran to catch up.

Harry turned but never slowed.

“Get everyone back to the castle!” Harry shouted back.

Coming to a stop near the stile at the end of the village, he took a deep, calming breath while rubbing his thumb along the shaft of the Elder Wand. He waited for the Giant to reach the edge of the forest, steadying his breath. There were roughly a hundred yards between the edge of the forest and the end of the village where Harry stood.

Wracking his brain for some kind of plan, he heard several sets of footsteps running up behind him. Turning around, he found Lily, Amelia, and the Marauders sprinting up to him.

“What are you doing?” Harry asked frustratedly. “Get the students together and get everyone back to the castle, now.”

Sirius snorted, “Yeah, like you can stop a Giant by yourself.”

“I know what I’m doing,” Harry said impatiently. “We need to get -”

Harry broke off when he heard the crack of a tree being snapped in half. Spinning around, he spotted a massive hand snapping a full-grown tree like it was a twig. The Giant, wearing only a loincloth and an angry scowl on its face, roared as it peeked out of the edge of the forest.

“Holy shit,” Remus gasped.

Twirling his wand, Harry caused the trees to stretch and twist as they wrapped around the Giant. It roared furiously while ripping its arm away from one tree, only for another to take its place. Harry grunted under the strain of the tremendous amount of magic he was using to hold the Giant in place.

“Get out of here,” Harry said in a strained voice. “Get everyone out of the village.”

“Yeah, right,” James said. “Ready to teach big ugly here a lesson, Padfoot?”

“Oh, I’m always ready,” Sirius replied.

Strutting forward, they raised their wands.

“What are you doing?” Harry grunted, his frustration building.

“BOMBARDA MAXIMA!” they shouted in unison.

“No!” Harry yelled.

But it was too late. Two large explosions hit the Giant and the trees Harry was using to trap it. The trees were blown apart, shattering into a shower of massive splinters. The Giant roared, but the spell did nothing to damage its magically resistant skin. With the trees destroyed, it began ripping itself free.

“Shit!” Harry yelled while desperately trying to entrap the giant again.

“You idiots!” Lily yelled.

“I – I didn’t think it would do that,” James said, paling as the Giant managed to rip itself free of the trees.

Gritting his teeth, Harry jabbed his wand at the exposed bedrock near the stile. The stone cracked and shattered into boulder like chunks the size of Hagrid’s Hut. With a twirl of his wand, the boulders rolled into a pile and stacked themselves, quickly forming a human like shape roughly the same size as the Giant. Halfway between the forest and the stile, the Giant paused and roared at the rock Golem, its muscles and tendons flexing under the skin.

Harry heard gasps behind him. He didn’t like showing this kind of magic in front of them, it was going to bring on a lot of questions he didn’t want to try and answer, but he had little choice at the moment.

When the Giant took off at a sprint towards Harry’s stone Golem, the ground shaking with each thunderous step, he directed his Golem to do the same. They clashed in the middle, both coming to a complete stop while fighting for control.

“Get out of here,” Harry grunted, sweat beading on his brow.

“But —” Lily started.

“Lily, please,” Harry begged. “I don’t know how long I can hold it off. I need you to make sure everyone gets back to the castle.”

“But what about you?” she asked in concern.

“I’ll be fine,” Harry assured her. “I’ll Disapparate if I need to.”

Biting her lip, Lily nodded. Walking up to him, she rested a hand on his back and surprised him by kissing his cheek.

“BOMBARDA MAXIMA!” James shouted again.

Harry strained as the Giant roared furiously and fought harder against his Golem.

“Stop it!” Lily shouted at him. “You’re not helping. We need to get the students back to the school.”

“What? And let him take all the credit?” James asked, pointing at Harry.

“This isn’t about taking credit!” Harry yelled angrily. “This is about saving lives!”

“I didn’t mean it like —”

“Oh, just shut up and come on!” Lily barked.

Harry gave her a grateful look as she and Amelia grabbed James and Sirius respectively and began to pull them away.

“Lily,” Harry called when she got a few steps away. “One of you go on ahead and tell McGonagall Dumbledore said to get everyone behind the wards but not to let them into the castle. This could be a trick to slip someone in under Polyjuice. The rest of you need to check every store to make sure there isn’t some scared kid hiding somewhere.”

“Okay,” Lily replied. “Be careful.”

Harry nodded as she left before turning his full attention back to the Giant. Getting an idea, he raised his wand and quickly sent a blue spell high into the sky. The lapse in concentration caused his Golem to lose some ground, but he reasoned it was worth it. While his Golem continued to wrestle with the Giant, the white clouds above his head slowly faded to a dull grey. Moments later, the first drops of rain began to fall, and a low rumble of thunder could be heard.

As Lily and the rest reached the village, she sighed in relief as she saw several of her teachers rounding up students and sending them back to the castle. Quickly, she ran towards Professor McGonagall.

“Professor!” she called out loudly.

“What?” the professor asked briskly.

“Harry said Dumbledore wants you to get everyone under the wards, but not let them into the school. He’s worried someone might try to slip in under Polyjuice,” Lily said.

“Very well,” McGonagall said grimly. “Now, all of you, up to the castle.”

“We’ll help make sure everyone’s out of the village,” James jumped in.

“I appreciate that Mr. Potter, but we have everything under control,” she told him sternly. “I’m sure Professor Dumbledore can hold the Giant off until the Aurors arrive.”

“But Professor, Professor Dumbledore isn’t fighting the Giant. Harry is,” Lily said worriedly.

“What?” McGonagall asked, her eyebrows narrowing. “Ms. Evans, I can see his golem from here.”

“It Harry’s, Professor,” Amelia told her. “We just spoke with him.”

“Dear Merlin, I thought – Alright, Ms. Bones, as Head Girl, I’m putting you in charge of doing a head count. Get the list of students visiting Hogsmeade from Mr. Filch and make sure every student is accounted for. Professor Sprout is at the castle. Tell her not to let any students or residents into the castle.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Amelia replied, taking off at a run towards the castle.

While McGonagall turned to talk to Professor Flitwick, Lily was getting more and more worried about Harry. She knew evacuating the village was important, but she felt like one of the teachers should be going to help him as quick as possible. Just as Professor McGonagall finally turned to go help him, several pops rang out around them. Lily jumped in surprise, and several people screamed. For a brief moment, she feared Death Eaters might be attacking, but then she spotted the bright blue robes and grey beard of Albus Dumbledore. A sigh of relief escaped her as she took in the dozen Aurors surrounding him.

“Albus,” McGonagall called out in relief as she ran up to him.

“Professor, Harry needs help. He’s fighting the Giant,” Lily jumped in impatiently.

Just then, there was a loud crash of thunder, and the light rain became heavier.

Dumbledore looked at her sharply and then took in the scene around him.

“Minerva, continue evacuating the village while we go assist Harry,” he said.

“Yes, sir,” she replied.

As McGonagall turned away to speak with Professor Flitwick, and Dumbledore left with the Aurors, Lily bit her lip thoughtfully as she hesitated. After a moment, her worry over Harry won out, and she took off after the Aurors.

“Lily, wait!” James yelled.

He ran up behind her, his shoes slapping wetly on the rain-soaked cobblestones, trying to grab her arm. Angrily, Lily ripped her arm out of his grasp and glared at him.

“Don’t touch me,” she hissed.

“It’s too dangerous, you could get hurt,” James protested.

“I’m not going to fight it, I just want to make sure Harry’s okay,” Lily snapped.

James grumbled, but Lily ignored him as she tried to look around the Aurors to spot Harry. Relief flooded through her when she finally spotted him, still fighting the Giant.

A bright flash of lightning bloomed overhead, followed by the loud crack and rumble of thunder. Suddenly, when they were still a couple hundred feet away from Harry, Dumbledore came to a halt.

“Shields!” Dumbledore shouted over the pounding rain.

A huge, transparent blue shield popped up in front of him. The Aurors too, threw up shields in front of themselves.

“Protego!” Lily enchanted.

Looking through her shield, Lily watched Harry thrust his hand up into the air with his wand aimed at the Giant. She gasped in fear when his Golem crumbled into a pile of boulders and the Giant roared in triumph before rushing at Harry.

“No!” Lily gasped.

A split second after the word left her lips, a blinding bolt of lightning shot from the sky. Instinctively, Lily closed her eyes while the Giant let out a roar so loud it rattled her bones. Peeking her eyes open, she saw the bolt of lightning still arcing from the sky to Harry’s raised hand. As if channeling the lightning through himself, another bolt shot from the tip of his wand, striking the Giant in its chest.

“Bloody hell,” James gasped

The Giant stumbled backwards before toppling over backwards, a large, smoking scorch mark in the center of its chest. The ground shook as it crashed to the wet earth, nearly knocking Lily off her feet. The lightning ended and Harry dropped to his knees. Dumbledore and the Aurors lowered their shields and rushed forward.

“Surround it!” Dumbledore shouted. “Stunning spells when I say!”

While the Headmaster and the Aurors stunned and bound the Giant, Lily sprinted over to Harry.

“Harry! Harry, are you alright?” Lily asked.

“I’m fine,” he panted tiredly.

As he started climbing to his feet, Lily grabbed his arm and helped him up. Pointing his wand into the air, he let off a yellow spell, high into the air. Like a tap being turned off, the moment it hit the clouds, the rain stopped, the clouds thinned, and the sun began to peek through.

“Is everyone alright?” Harry asked.

“Yes, everyone’s fine,” she replied with a smile.

“Good work, lad,” an Auror said, walking up to them alongside Dumbledore.

“Thanks, Moody, right?” Harry said, shaking his hand.

“Aye,” the man said with a nod.

“Indeed, excellent work,” Dumbledore said.

Harry looked at him with narrowed eyes.

“Let me guess, you got called away for an emergency at the Ministry that didn’t actually exist,” Harry said.

“Mhh,” Dumbledore hummed with a nod. “And it seems the person who supposedly sent the owl has no memory of sending it.”

“Forgery, Imperius, or lying?” Harry asked.

“I suspect forgery. However, I can’t rule anything out,” Dumbledore said.

“Great,” Harry said sarcastically. “I had Lily tell McGonagall not to let anyone into the castle yet. I was worried this might be an attempt to sneak someone into Hogwarts using Polyjuice.”

“A wise decision, though unlikely,” Dumbledore said thoughtfully. “I suspect this was merely Voldemort’s way of testing our response to a threat while spreading fear. It’s likely he had someone watching to report back to him.”

Harry and Dumbledore exchanged a meaningful look before Harry sighed and shrugged. Lily had the feeling she was missing something and decided to ask him about it later in private.

“It was bound to happen eventually,” Harry said cryptically.

Dumbledore nodded and then there was another series of loud pops. Harry regained his strength out of nowhere, grabbing Lily by the arm and yanking her behind him while leveling his wand in the direction of the sound. Half a second after Harry, James scrambled to get his wand up and moved in front of her as well. Harry relaxed a moment later when he realized it was just more Aurors showing up.

“Sorry,” he said to her sheepishly.

“It’s fine,” Lily told him with a smile.

Lily rested her hand on his arm, feeling it tremble under her touch. James scowled and crossed his arms as he glared at Harry's arm as if it had offended his mother.

"Ms. Evans, why don't you, Mr. Potter, and Harry head back to the castle?" Dumbledore asked. "Harry, we can speak more on this tomorrow. Get some rest."

Harry nodded., "Alright. Nice meeting you, Auror Moody."

Moody nodded, then Harry, Lily, and James turned to leave.

"I like that kid," Lily heard Moody say.

Harry looked utterly exhausted as they walked back towards the castle. Considering all the magic he used, she couldn't blame him. She'd never seen magic that powerful actually cast before. Truthfully, she was a bit in awe of what he had done.

When they got back to the castle, Harry immediately went back to the dorm for a nap. He woke back up just in time for dinner, where he ate a lot more than he usually did.

Of course, the entire school was talking about what he'd done by the time he woke up. Fortunately, Lily and her friends seemed determined to keep the gossipers away from him, something he was extremely grateful for. That didn't stop them from asking him questions of their own, however, but their questions were more about the magic he'd used than anything else.

Lily and Amelia were especially interested in the Golem he'd made. Harry tried to explain it the best he could, but even he didn't know that much about it. The Elder Wand had done most of the work, and the information he did know about it, he didn't know where it came from. Harry was really starting to think Dumbledore was right about him becoming one of the Deathly Hallows.

As he talked to Lily and Amelia, he spotted Bellatrix staring at him from the Slytherin table. Her violet eyes sparkled with lust and a level of devotion that was almost frightening. And she wasn't the only one.

Are all Slytherin girls obsessed with power, Harry wondered.

As they left the Great Hall, Narcissa came up to him and, under the pretext of thanking him for stopping the Giant, slipped a note into his pocket. Harry slipped off to the bathroom on the way back to the common room so he could read it.

7th floor, after curfew

Harry smiled to himself. It was a good thing he'd had that nap earlier, he thought.

It was late by the time Harry finally slipped out of Gryffindor Tower. Quickly, he made his way to the Room of Requirement where the door appeared the moment he approached. When he entered, he was a bit surprised to find both Narcissa and Bellatrix waiting for him. Bellatrix ran up to him, dropping straight to her knees and frantically opening his pants.

"Bella," Narcissa said with a sigh.

"What brought this on?" Harry asked, although he had a good idea.

"We both saw you fight the Giant today," Narcissa said as she slipped down off the bed and sauntered up to him, her hips swaying. "We hid behind the Apothecary. You were incredibly impressive. I've never seen magic like that before."

Harry wrapped his arm around her waist just as Bellatrix took him into her mouth. Looking down at her sister, Narcissa smirked.

“Bella couldn’t contain herself, she started masturbating as soon as you created that Golem,” she told him.

Harry smiled as he looked down at Bellatrix and reached out with his free hand to stroke her cheek.

“Were you being naughty, Bella?” Harry asked.

With his rapidly hardening cock still in her mouth, she looked up at him with a hooded gaze and nodded her head gently. Chuckling, Harry shook his head amusedly. Looking at Narcissa, he figured it wouldn’t hurt to show off a little bit more. Snapping his fingers, all of their clothes shot off of them and scattered across the room. Narcissa gasped in surprise while Bellatrix moaned around his length.

Pulling Narcissa close, he kissed her hard while caressing one of her large, perky breasts. Meanwhile, Bellatrix repeatedly choked herself on his cock. She made obscene, wet gagging sounds each time she forced him into her tight throat. With two girls to take care of tonight, Harry didn’t want to finish too soon, so he pulled back from Narcissa and regrettably removed his length from Bellatrix’s suckling mouth.

Bellatrix pouted up at him like he’d just taken away her favorite toy. Smiling at her, he held out his hand to help her to her feet.

“So, who’s going first?” Harry asked.

“Me,” Bellatrix said immediately.

Narcissa sighed and shrugged her shoulders, which did wonderful things to her breasts.

“Fine, I’ll wait,” she said.

Grinning, Bellatrix pulled Harry over to the bed and bent over in front of him. Harry shook his head with a smile and smacked her ass while lining himself up with her entrance. She was absolutely soaked as he sank into her. He couldn't help but groan as he filled her tight depths. Pinning her head to the mattress, he pulled out of her slowly before slamming back in. Next to them, Narcissa crawled onto the bed and posed on her side as she played with herself.

Grinning, Harry grabbed a handful of Bellatrix's hair and pulled her head back as he looked at Narcissa.

"Why don't you let Bella take care of you?" Harry asked.

Bellatrix moaned and tightened around him while Narcissa looked at her thoughtfully. After hesitating for a long moment, she shuffled over to her sister. Harry throbbed with excitement, surprised she was actually going along with it. As soon as she got into position, Bellatrix didn't hesitate to attack her folds. Narcissa gasped before throwing her head back with a sultry moan. As her hands tangled in Bellatrix's hair, Harry let go and gripped her full, round cheeks as he plowed into her.

As he pulled her cheeks apart to watch his cock slide in and out of her, he ran his thumb over her wrinkled hole. Bellatrix moaned and bucked back against him, her walls tightening around him.

"Fucking whore," Harry said, smacking her ass hard. "But you're my whore, aren't you?"

"Yes," Bellatrix hissed before going back to licking Narcissa, who arched her back and groped roughly at her own breast.

Holding out his hand, Harry wordlessly summoned the Elder Wand. With a single tap, he lubricated her backdoor and made sure she was loosened enough he wouldn't hurt her. Tossing his wand aside, he pulled out of her depths and pressed his engorged head against her wrinkled hole. Pushing firmly but slowly, her tight hole gave way to his swollen head as he sank inside of her.

Bellatrix let out a deep gasp and Harry paused, worried it might be more pain than she could handle. As she squirmed and moaned, he realized she was cumming from just that small penetration. Snorting, Harry held her hips still and continued pushing into her. By the time he was halfway in, Bellatrix was a moaning, panting mess. Narcissa resorted to holding her by the hair and rubbing her folds against her lips to get her own pleasure.

As Harry began sawing back and forth, slowly sinking deeper with each new thrust, Bellatrix gradually came back to the present and returned to licking her sister's glistening slit. When he finally sank to the hilt, he paused to enjoy the incredible heat and tightness surrounding his cock.

Pulling completely out of Bellatrix, he held her cheeks apart and watched as her hole gaped open before slowly closing back up. Pressing his head against her backdoor, he drove all the way into her roughly. Bellatrix writhed as she came again, screaming into Narcissa's mound.

Harry wondered if it was wrong that he was really starting to love this crazy bitch.

Grabbing her shoulders, he focused on his own pleasure as he pounded into her hard and deep.

"Bella!" Narcissa gasped suddenly.

Harry grinned as he watched her climax while grinding her mound all over Bellatrix's face. Watching Narcissa's breasts bounce enticingly as her body trembled, he sped up his thrusting into Bellatrix's tight bum. Bottoming out, he groaned as he filled her rear with several powerful jets of hot cum. A low moan left the tired witch under him.

After catching his breath, Harry pulled out of Bellatrix and gave her ass a light swat before climbing onto the bed and lying down. Narcissa kissed him as she curled up against his side.

"You're cleaning that before it goes anywhere near me," Narcissa told him, pointing at his wilting length.

"Fair enough," Harry said, shrugging with a grin.

Reaching down, he grabbed Bellatrix by the hair and pulled her head up to his crotch. Without complaint, she opened her mouth and began cleaning him with her tongue. Narcissa smiled and shook her head at her sister before leaning into Harry and kissing him passionately. He cupped her breast with one hand and caressed it, knowing Narcissa preferred being treated more gently than her sister.

It's going to be a long night, Harry thought as he smiled against her lips.