

Chapter 3

"Now, who can tell me the best defense against an Inferius?" Professor Hammer asked.

Harry threw his hand up in the air and waved it around eagerly in a perfect imitation of Hermione during her early years at Hogwarts.

"Oh, oh, pick me," he chanted quietly.

Connie shook her head at his antics, her short, blonde hair whipping around her face, but he could see a smile tugging at her lips. Besides the two of them, the room was empty. Harry was currently helping the new Defense Against the Dark Arts Professor practice her lesson plan. Over the last few days, he'd spent quite a lot of time helping her get ready for the upcoming school year.

"Yes, Mr. Potter," she called.

"The best defense against an Inferi is fire, preferably lots of it." Harry answered.

"Correct," she nodded, then looked down at her notes. "Well, I think that covers what I wanted to start with for seventh years. At that point I'd spend some time explaining spells that can produce fire, and effective ways to use it. What do you think?"

"It seems fine to me, but do you plan to go over dueling at some point?" he asked.

Connie nodded, "I'm going to go over dueling for most of the school term with the fifth through seventh years and I'll touch on it quite a bit for the lower years as well. I just want time to get a feel for the students' abilities before I jump into it."

“Probably a good idea,” Harry said with a smile. “Honestly, you’ll do great. You’re already better than half the teachers I’ve had, and you haven’t really even started yet.”

“I’m not sure if that’s a compliment,” Connie said with a teasing smile, remembering the tales he’d told her of his former teachers.

“Well, you haven’t tried to kill me yet. That counts as a win in my book,” he said with a grin.

Connie laughed and shook her head at him. At first, Harry hadn’t been too happy about Dumbledore telling the teachers that he was a time traveler. Now, though, he felt glad that he had more people to talk to. That, and he really couldn’t be upset after telling Lily and Rosmerta on a whim. Besides, he’d never liked keeping secrets anyways.

“We still have the whole year ahead of us,” she teased. “By the way, shouldn’t you be leaving soon?”

Harry checked his watch, “Yeah, you’re probably right. Do you want me to stop by tomorrow?”

“I think I’m all set for my classes, but you can if you want to. I certainly wouldn’t mind the company,” Connie replied.

“Alright, I’ll see you tomorrow then,” Harry said.

With a wave and a smile, he left the classroom and made his way back to the Three Broomsticks. Grabbing his present for Lily, he said a quick goodbye to Rosmerta, who gave him a smile and a wink, and stepped outside. Silently, his body twisted and vanished.

A moment later, he reappeared behind the shed in Lily’s back yard. Not sure who else had been invited, he walked around the house to knock on the front door.

“Harry! Come in, come in,” Lily said excitedly as she answered the door.

Lily surprised him when she hugged him the second he stepped inside. Harry hugged her back and smiled as she led him into the kitchen. Even before she introduced him to anyone, he recognized a few of the faces looking back at him, besides her parents and Petunia, who was scowling in the corner.

“Hey girls, this is Harry. Harry, this is Molly Prewett, Amelia Bones, Marlene McKinnon, Alice Fortescue, Mary Mcdonald, and Dorcas Meadowes,” Lily announced.

“Hello,” Harry said a bit nervously.

He’d known Lily’s friends would be there, but he felt a bit intimidated surrounded by so many beautiful girls. Molly and Amelia were both incredibly curvy red heads with massive chests, though Molly’s hair was more orange than Amelia’s auburn hair. Marlene was the shortest of the bunch, with long, dark hair and a bust to compete with the two gingers. Alice had long blonde hair, a thin, athletic figure, and a bright, welcoming smile. Lastly, Mary looked a lot like Lavender Brown from his time with her curly blonde hair and buxom figure, while Dorcas resembled Katie Bell, with her dark hair, bright hazel eyes, and athletic body.

Ruthlessly, Harry squashed the voice in the back of his head that told him how great Lily looked, especially in a tight t-shirt over her large breasts and even tighter jeans hugging her wide hips.

“So, you’re the new transfer student?” Amelia asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said.

“Wow, I didn’t know we had those. What school did you go to before?” Mary asked with a curious smile.

“I didn’t. I was home schooled by my aunt and uncle,” he answered.

"That must have been boring. I couldn't imagine being stuck at home with my family all day," Dorcas said with a grimace. "Trust me, you're gonna love Hogwarts."

"I'm sure I will," Harry said with a smile as he glanced at Lily whose eyes sparkled.

Over the next couple of hours, Harry slowly relaxed as he talked with his future classmates. Before he knew it, they were gathered in the living room and passing their presents to Lily. Seeing her closest friends giving her some rather mundane gifts like books, Honeyduke's sweets and clothes, he felt a bit nervous about giving her his present. In his excitement over his idea, Harry hadn't considered how it would look. Still, he couldn't stop now. With sweaty hands, he handed her his wrapped gift.

Lily took it from him and ripped it open excitedly. Under the animated wrapping paper was what look like a Muggle film projector, except instead of reels, a crystal ball sat on top. The girls crowded around Lily, staring at it curiously.

"What is it?" Alice asked.

"Er, it's a Memory Projector," Harry said nervously.

"A what?" said Dorcas, tilting her head to the side.

"A Memory Projector. It's works kind of like a Pensieve, but simpler. You copy a memory, put it in the crystal ball, and then tap it to project the memory on a wall," Harry explained.

"I've never heard of that," said Molly, looking at the device doubtfully.

"Er, well, that's because I made it," he admitted.

Everyone in the room turned to stare at him.

“You made this!?” Lily’s mother, Cynthia asked.

“I’ve been working on it for a while,” Harry admitted. “I wanted to make it for my best friend so she could show her parents her memories of Hogwarts and magic, but she moved to Australia before I could finish it. So, I figured Lily might like it.”

That was only a small lie. He had gotten the idea for Hermione to help explain things to her parents when she returned their memories after the war. While they’d been on the run, Harry had taken to designing magical instruments to pass the time, something he found surprisingly enjoyable. Even more surprising, it was something he was pretty good at.

“That’s amazing!” Cynthia said excitedly. “Go on Lily, give it a try. I’ve always wanted to see Hogwarts.”

Lily nodded, setting the projector down facing a blank stretch of wall. Harry showed her how to extract a copy of a memory by pressing her wand to her temple before slowly pulling it away while thinking of the memory she wanted. Placing the silvery strand on the crystal ball, where it was absorbed, she tapped it with her wand.

Everyone went silent as they excitedly watched the projection spring up on the wall. Lily’s parents, Cynthia and Gerald, were especially enthralled as they watched an eleven-year-old Lily board the boat with Alice and Dorcas to make the trip across the lake. Some of the girls began talking about their own memories of the trip and pointing out some of their classmates as the trip progressed. Harry, along with most of the people in the room, burst out laughing when Sirius Black accidentally knocked Peter Pettigrew into the lake. He truly looked like a drowned rat as Hagrid pulled him out of the water.

There were ooh’s and ahh’s as the castle came into view. Harry glanced around and smiled at the awed look on Cynthia and Gerald’s faces. Petunia, who was still hiding quietly in the corner, stared wistfully at the scene before them.

For the next few hours, Lily and her friends took turns sharing fun and humorous memories of their time at Hogwarts. They tried to get Harry to show some of his, but he declined, joking that they would be too boring. Not only would it give away his secret, but he was also far too excited to watch Lily's memories.

Eventually, the guests began leaving one by one. By the time it grew dark out, Harry was the last one to leave. Lily followed him to the door while Petunia disappeared upstairs, and her parents cleaned up in the kitchen.

"Thank you so much for the Memory Projector, Harry. I've always wanted to show my parents what Hogwarts is like," Lily said with a bright smile.

"You're welcome," Harry said as he ran a hand through his hair.

Leaning forward, Lily kissed him on the cheek and hugged him tightly. With one last wave, they said goodbye and she closed the door, both of them with an uncontrollable grin on their faces. Turning around, Harry spotted someone watching him from a window in the house across the street. Severus Snape scowled furiously at him before his face disappeared and the curtain fell back into place. He'd completely forgotten Snape lived so close. Sighing, Harry walked around the side of the house and Disapparated the moment he was out of sight.

The final week of Summer passed in a blur. On the morning of September 1st, Harry woke early with Rosmerta's naked body curled up against his side. Over the last week, he'd practically moved into her room at the back of the pub, enjoying her company every night. Quietly climbing out of bed, he made his way to the bathroom for a shower. Just as he was rinsing his hair, the curtain opened and Rosmerta stepped in behind him, her arms wrapping around his middle.

"You weren't going to leave without saying goodbye, were you?" she asked coyly.

"I wouldn't dream of it," Harry replied.

Spinning around in her arms, he pulled her under the spray of water and kissed her passionately. Rosmerta moaned against his lips as he pulled her wet, voluptuous body against him, her soft breasts flattening against his chest. In seconds, Harry's cock was rock hard and throbbed excitedly against her thigh. Reaching between them, she ran her fingers teasingly over his length, her fingertips tracing lines along his shaft.

Grabbing her by her plump behind, Harry picked her up and pressed her back against the tiled wall. Rosmerta squealed laughingly while wrapping her arms and legs around him tightly. He wasted no time in setting her on top of his cock and driving into her welcoming depths.

"Mmh, I'm going to miss you," Rosmerta moaned as she clung to him tightly and kissed his neck.

"Then I'll just have to come visit," Harry said as he started fucking her against the wall.

"You better," she said before breaking off with a moan. "Oh Merlin, fuck me."

Grinning, Harry did just that by pounding her against the wall. Rosmerta's nails raked across his back as she threw her head back with a wanton moan. Leaning back slightly, he watched as her huge breasts, glistening from the water, bounced and jiggled enticingly on her chest. Desperate to feel them in his hands again, Harry pulled out of her and set her feet on the floor. Spinning her around to face the wall, one hand grabbed her tit while the other pressed between her shoulder blades, forcing her to bend over.

Rosmerta braced her hands on the wall and wiggled her ass teasingly as Harry slipped back inside of her. Reaching his hands around her body, he groped and squeezed at her incredible tits as he started thrusting into her again. A groan left his throat at the way her tight, hot folds hugged his length as it hammered in and out of her depths.

Grabbing her hair with one hand, he tugged her head backwards so that he could kiss her again before moving his hand to her shoulder and fucking her even harder.

“Harry,” Rosmerta moaned.

Smiling, Harry gave her a playful slap on the ass as he continued pounding her from behind. Leaning against her back, he reached around and started rubbing her clit. In just a couple of minutes, Rosmerta squealed and trembled as she reached a surprisingly quick climax. Now that she was taken care of, Harry focused on his own peak, his hands caressing every inch of her glorious figure while he continued hammering at her fluttering core.

“I’m close,” he warned her.

Suddenly, Rosmerta pushed back against him and then pulled her hips forwards so that he fell out of her. Spinning around, she dropped to her knees and smiled up at him as she stroked his damp length furiously. Moments later, Harry came with a groan, covering her face and chest in long white streaks. As his climax waned, she took his sensitive tip into her mouth and sucked him clean.

“How do I look?” she asked playfully while striking a pose.

“Well, you’d definitely get better tips,” Harry said.

Laughing, Rosmerta stood up and rinsed herself off.

Two hours later, Harry arrived at King’s Cross Station. Nearing the pillar between platforms nine and ten, he spotted a young blonde girl standing nervously next to an equally nervous and lost looking couple. He might have missed them if he hadn’t heard the owl on top of her trunk hoot as he neared.

“First year?” he asked them with a friendly smile.

“Yes,” the mother answered, still looking nervous. “Do you go to um...”

"Hogwarts?" Harry finished.

"Yes," she said, looking relieved. "The professor told us the platform was between nine and ten but..."

"Yeah, it does seem odd at first," Harry said, smiling at his own memories of his first time. "It's easier than it looks though. Here I'll show you. What's your name?"

The blonde girl bit her lips and looked at him nervously at the question.

"Oh, I'm sorry. This is my daughter Jessica, my husband Paul, and I'm Christina, Christina Clearwater." The woman said.

Harry smiled at the familiar name, wondering how they might be related to Penelope. Smiling at Jessica, he held out his hand.

"I'm Harry, Harry Potter. You want me to show you how to get onto the platform?" he asked.

Nodding shyly, Jessica took his hand and followed him over to the pillar.

"All you have to do is walk straight through that," he said pointing to the brick pillar and causing Jessica to look at him incredulously. "I know, but trust me, it'll work. Best to go at a run if you're nervous. Here, watch."

Checking around for Muggles, Harry walked up to the pillar and then leaned against it. He sank through the bricks, causing the family to stare in wide-eyed wonder. A moment later, Harry reappeared with a smile.

"Come on," he said waving her on.

Swallowing nervously, Jessica grabbed her trolley and ran at the wall. She cringed just before impact the exact way Harry had his first time, but passed through without issue.

“You’re sure she’s alright?” Christina asked nervously.

“She’s fine,” Harry assured her. “You can go through too.”

Looking at her husband, who shrugged, they clasped hands before running at the wall. Harry smiled as they vanished onto the platform and then followed a moment later. On platform Nine and Three Quarters, he found Christina kneeling and hugging her daughter.

“Thank you,” Christina said when she noticed him.

“You’re welcome,” he replied. “Jessica, if you need any more help, just let me know, okay?”

“Okay,” Jessica said, smiling shyly. “Thank you.”

Waving goodbye, Harry made his way onto the nearly empty train. Staring out the window, he watched as more and more families appeared. He watched with a wistful smile as parents said goodbye to their children for the next few months.

So engrossed in his people watching, he startled a bit when the door to his compartment flew open. Whipping his head around, he spotted Lily and Alice in the doorway.

“Mind if we join you?” Lily asked with a smile.

“Not at all,” said Harry, smiling back.

As the train began to fill, Marlene and Dorcas joined them in the compartment. Shortly after the train began to move, Lily had to leave for the prefects meeting, along with Marlene who was a prefect for Hufflepuff. Harry had an enjoyable conversation with Alice and Dorcas until Lily returned, red faced and fuming with soap bubbles stuck to her hair and clothes. Harry did his best to ignore the way it made them cling to her skin.

“What happened this time?” Alice asked.

“Potter,” Lily growled. “He and Black did something that filled an entire car with bubbles! I practically had to swim through it to get back here!”

Fighting a grin, Harry flicked his wand to clean and dry Lily. Blinking in surprise, she looked down at herself and then smiled gratefully at him. After complaining about James Potter for a while longer, Lily finally calmed down and relaxed. The rest of the trip passed uneventfully and, before they knew it, the train pulled into Hogsmeade Station with a puff of steam and squealing brakes.

“Firs’ years! Firs’ years over here!”

Harry smiled as he looked over at Hagrid, who looked to have changed little over the years. He half raised his hand to say hello but remembered sadly that this Hagrid didn’t know him. Jessica, surrounded by a gaggle of other first years, smiled brightly and waved when she spotted him. Harry waved back, causing Lily to look at him curiously.

“I helped her get onto the platform, she’s a Muggleborn,” he explained.

Lily gave him a soft, almost proud smile as they walked towards the carriages.

“Harry!” a voice called out.

Harry turned and saw Narcissa, flanked by her sisters Andromeda and Bellatrix, walking over to him as the students milled around in small groups while waiting for the next open carriage. Harry had wondered how he would feel meeting the woman that murdered his godfather, questioning his ability to control his temper, but the witch he saw now looked nothing like the crazed, demented witch she would one day become. Sirius had told him that Bellatrix hadn't always been an insane, evil witch devoted to a Dark Lord. That she'd in fact been one of his favorite people growing up, but he could never really believe it until now.

Without the crazed eyes and years of Azkaban marring her looks, Bellatrix was a stunningly beautiful witch, along with her two sisters. Unlike Narcissa, who had blonde hair, Bellatrix had black, curly hair, while Andromeda's was straighter and dark brown. Both of them had the same striking, violet eyes and curvy, busty figures. If not for the hair and Andromeda's two-inch height advantage, they could pass as twins.

"Hey Cissy, how'd the test go?" Harry asked.

"Passed with flying colors. Professor Hammer seemed to think it was a forgone conclusion when I told her you taught me," Narcissa said with a smirk. "These are my sisters, Bellatrix – she's in your year – and Andromeda, she's a seventh year. All in Slytherin, of course."

As Harry greeted the other two girls, he suddenly became aware of the tension around him. It wasn't like he was used to with Malfoy, where it felt as though curses could start flying at any second, but more a level of distrust between Slytherins and Gryffindors one would associate with a traditional school rivalry. Even Bellatrix, who he'd expected to start screaming invectives, remained polite, if a little tense.

"How was France?" Harry asked, ignoring the tension.

"Pleasant, but boring. My mother refused to let us go anywhere outside the property," Narcissa said with a shrug.

"Why's that?" Lily asked curiously.

“She didn’t want us near the Muggles,” Andromeda answered with a roll of her eyes. “I swear she loses more of her sanity every day.”

There was a moment of awkward silence that was thankfully broken by the arrival of a long line of carriages.

“Would you like to ride in the carriage with us?” Narcissa asked Harry. “It’d be nice to catch up.”

“Sure,” Harry said before turning to Lily. “I’ll see you back at the castle?”

“Okay,” she replied, giving him the same look Hermione used to that told him he’d be answering a lot of questions later.

Lily and her friends boarded the carriage in front of them, and Harry took a moment to pat the Thestral pulling his carriage on the shoulder when no one was looking. When Narcissa, Andromeda, and Bellatrix stood in front of the door and waited, he looked at them curiously. Narcissa rolled her eyes and gestured with her head towards the door. Getting the message, Harry opened the door for her and then held out his hand to help her in. Narcissa smirked at him as she climbed inside, followed shortly by her sisters. Shaking his head, he climbed up after them and closed the door.

Andromeda and Bellatrix sat on one side, facing the back, while Harry sat next to Narcissa facing them.

“So, you’re the one Cissy was sleeping with this summer?” Bellatrix asked bluntly.

“Er,” Harry mumbled, looking to Narcissa who merely rolled her eyes.

“Yes, I told you that already,” she answered for him.

"You know the boys in our house won't take to kindly to that if they find out," Bellatrix told him.

"I'm sure I can handle it," Harry said.

Bellatrix raised a brow, smirking at him.

"Normally, I'd say you're getting in over your head, but something tells me you're different," she replied, an excited glint in her eyes.

The rest of the trip was spent talking about classes and gossip, but Bellatrix kept glancing at him with a look he didn't quite understand. The group parted ways when they reached the castle. Harry joining Lily and her friends at the Gryffindor table, while the Black sisters made their way to Slytherin. He couldn't help but notice the way their eyes dulled and their posture stiffened when they were approached by a group of boys led by Lucius Malfoy.

"So, how do you know Narcissa?" Lily asked the moment they sat down.

"I ran into her at Hogwarts," Harry said. "She needed help with her Defense so I offered to help. We ended up becoming friends."

"Really?" Alice asked in surprise. "Those three have never been friendly with anyone."

"Surrounded by that lot, I'm not surprised," Harry said, eyeing the LeStrange brothers as they sat on either side of the sisters.

"They're not all bad," Lily said quietly with a hint of sadness.

She glanced over at the Slytherin table, but looked away quickly, her expression going from sad to angry. Harry followed her gaze and spotted Snape, long, greasy hair covering his face as he constantly looked over at Lily.

"I didn't mean Slytherins, I meant wannabe Death Eaters," Harry told her. "Actually, by now, they probably are Death Eaters."

"You really think so?" Alice asked doubtfully.

"Voldemort," everyone around him, with the exception of Lily, flinched at the name, "likes to recruit young, before people really know what they're getting into."

"You shouldn't say his name," Alice said with a shiver. "There's still a Taboo."

"Really?" Harry asked, perking up.

He'd had an idea before on how to use the Taboo against the Death Eaters but hadn't had the confidence to use it during the last war. Now though, Harry knew what he was truly capable of.

"You didn't know?" Dorcas asked incredulously. "How could you not know. It's been all over the Prophet for months."

"I'm not a fan of the Prophet," he muttered.

Any more questions the girls had for him were made to wait when McGonagall entered with the first years. As the hat sang its song of unity, Harry's eyes scanned the head table. Connie, or Professor Hammer as he was supposed to call her now, winked at him when he made eye contact. Soon, the first years were sorted, and the feast appeared. Harry hadn't paid too much attention to the sorting, only looking up when he heard a familiar name. He didn't pay much attention to Dumbledore's yearly speech either, having heard similar ones for years.

When it was time to leave, Lily and Remus gathered the first years together. Even here, Remus looked old and tired. It occurred to Harry that the Wolfsbane potion had yet to be invented. Fortunately, he'd worked hard to memorize that particular potion incase his godson, Teddy, should ever need it. He felt a little guilt at the thought of stealing someone else's work but pushed it to the back of his mind. Besides, he thought, maybe it would lead to someone making a cure sooner.

Making his way up the stairs, Harry spotted his father, James, and his other best friends just ahead of him. Sirius looked so young and free that it made his heart ache. Pettigrew as well looked far too innocent, but in his case, Harry didn't much care. Odd how he could see Bellatrix differently, but Pettigrew he couldn't bring himself to forgive. He would need to think on it more later.

Pausing in the Common Room, Harry took a deep, fortifying breath. Now came the hard part: talking to James Potter. He knew his father wasn't the best person at the moment, not yet the man that he would eventually become. The thought of meeting him for the first time was both terrifying and exhilarating all at once.

With trembling hands, he pushed open the door to the sixth-year dorm.

Sirius, James, and Pettigrew all turned to look at him and froze in place, staring at him.

"Er, hello," Harry said with a small wave.

"Who're you?" Sirius demanded.

"I'm Harry Potter, I just transferred here," he said.

"Potter?" James asked. "Are we related?"

"Distantly, I think," Harry replied, trying to smile through his nervousness.

"You two do look a lot alike," Pettigrew said, looking between them.

"Yeah," Sirius said, a smirk forming on his face. "Hey, Prongs, looks like we found your long lost brother."

Or son, Harry thought.

"Very funny," James said, rolling his eyes. "I'll write dad, he should be able to look it up. What are your parents' names?"

Harry swallowed thickly, "I don't know. They were killed when I was a baby. My Uncle wouldn't tell me anything about them. They didn't get along I guess."

"Oh, sorry mate," James said, the atmosphere turning awkward.

"Is this bed free?" Harry asked, pointing to the only bed without a trunk in front of it.

"Yeah, sure. Help yourself," Sirius said.

While Harry took his trunk out of his pocket and enlarged it – he'd been too paranoid of someone finding his belongings from the future to let the Elves take it – the Marauders huddled together and whispered to each other. Harry didn't need to see the looks directed at him to know what they were thinking. The four of them were a tight knit group, and now he was here to crash the party. Between Remus being a Werewolf, their Animagus abilities, the map, and their pranks, they had a lot of secrets to hide.

Harry wasn't sure what to do. While he'd love to be a part of the group, it would take time for them to trust him. Besides that, his father and Sirius weren't exactly the kind of people he wanted to spend time with. He didn't hate them, not by any means, but they certainly had a lot of growing up to do. He knew this was the year Sirius would nearly kill Snape and his dad would

save him. Like many times before, Harry wondered if he should stop it, or let things play out. How would it change things, he wondered.

A short time later, Remus joined them, looked especially worried. Again, the Marauders whispered amongst themselves, leaving him feeling like an interloper. Maybe he could get moved to a different dorm, he thought. Changing into his pajamas, Harry climbed into bed and closed his curtains.

Hopefully, things would look better in the morning.