

Chapter 45

Harry spent weeks poring over Esmerelda's book cover to cover. He studied every word, researched every hint.

Soul magic seemed to work in one of two ways. It was either incredibly good or horrifically bad. There was no middle ground. For every unique way magicals had found to bond souls in a powerful and profoundly meaningful marriage, they'd also found a new way to enslave and subjugate others in the worst ways imaginable.

While there were no direct mentions of Horcruxes in Esmerelda's book, she made one thing very clear. To understand soul magic, you had to experience it.

Harry tried to find a workaround. He went to Myrtle's bathroom and spent hours sitting on the floor, just trying to feel the magic Voldemort had used, hoping that would be enough. It wasn't. He could vaguely sense something malevolent in the air, but the details, the true understanding of the magic involved, escaped him.

In the end, he decided to visit Pandora and see if she had any insight. He left Hogwarts just after breakfast and walked to the front gate before Apparating to Ottery St. Catchpole. He appeared in the same field Pandora had brought him to. The weather was much cooler now, and the tall grass lacked the insects and Fairies that had been so prevalent the last time.

Trudging through the grass and weeds, he made it to the clearing around the rook-shaped house. Dusting off his trousers, Harry approached the front door and raised his hand. Before he could knock, the door swung open. His fist stopped an inch from Pandora's forehead. She blinked, but looked otherwise completely unbothered. He quickly dropped his hand.

"Good morning, Harry," she said. "Would you like to come in?"

"Thanks," he smiled.

Stepping into the house, he closed the door behind him and then immediately dodged out of the way of a flying model of the planet Saturn that was orbiting the room. So were the other planets, now that he had a chance to look around the room. He followed Pandora into the kitchen, ducking under Jupiter and jumping out of the way of Mercury, which was the size of a marble, at the last second.

"Tea?" she asked.

"Er, no, thank you," Harry said. "Listen, I need to talk to you about your grandmother's book."

"Did it help?" Pandora asked as they took seats around the small kitchen table.

She animated a tea set with a wave of her wand, and despite politely turning down her offer, she poured him a cup anyway.

"Some," he admitted. "I'm still struggling to understand soul magic and how to use it. Esmerelda mentioned a few different rituals, but the only thing she says about how they actually work is that you need to experience it to understand it."

"Very true," Pandora nodded.

Harry waited a moment for her to expand, but she didn't. Sighing, he ran a hand through his hair.

"So, the only way to understand soul magic is to permanently bond my soul to someone else?"

"Oh, no. You don't have to complete the ritual," Pandora said. "You just have to start it. That's what I did with Xeno."

Harry perked up. This was the first good news he'd had in weeks.

"I just have to start it?" he asked. "I don't have to complete the bond?"

"Exactly," Pandora smiled. "Soul magic is unique. It feels so very different from any other type of magic I've encountered. You need to touch someone's soul to understand it."

He nodded and smiled.

"I think I can do that. Thanks, Pandora."

"You're quite welcome," she said as he brought his teacup to his lips. "Do you think Luna liked her name?"

Harry nearly inhaled his tea in surprise. He coughed so hard that tears started gathering in the corners of his eyes.

"What? How?"

He stopped himself abruptly. He'd had enough conversations with Luna to know the answer would only leave him more confused than he already was.

"You know what, I'm not even going to ask," he said. "Yes, I think she was very happy with her name."

"Oh, good," Pandora smiled.

For a moment, Harry thought about asking her what else she knew, but thought better of it. Some mysteries were better left unsolved. They sat and sipped their tea in companionable silence for a few minutes before Harry said goodbye and took his leave.

Rather than Disapparating directly back to Hogwarts, he wandered down the road, lost in thought. He'd have to talk to the girls about this when he got back to Hogwarts. It wasn't a conversation he was looking forward to. Bellatrix and Narcissa were sure to be against it. Soul magic was heavily frowned upon.

Oh, sure, they'd help him, but he'd have a lot of explaining to do. Lily would probably be eager to help. As a Muggleborn, she was less worried about taboos. Maybe he should talk to her on her own?

No, Narcissa, for one, would murder him when she found out.

"Harry!"

Harry stopped and looked to his left. Molly Weasley was leaning over the fence surrounding the Burrow, waving wildly. Waving back, he smiled and walked over to her. He hadn't realized he was so far down the road, but it would be rude to just keep walking by.

He took a moment to look around. It was a small, two-story farmhouse. It had yet to be turned into the tall, rickety structure held together with hope and magic that had become like a second home to him over the years.

"Well, hello, stranger," Molly said, smiling as she placed her hands on her hips. "What brings you by?"

"Oh, just running a few errands," he said. "Your neighbors, Pandora and Xenophilius, work for Dorea's paper."

"Oh, I didn't know that," she said, turning to look at the tower in the distance. "They're an odd sort, but they seem nice enough. We haven't seen much of them since we moved in."

“They’re good people,” Harry smiled. “Odd, but good.”

“That’s good, I suppose,” Molly said. “Well, I’m glad you happened by. I was just getting ready to send out the wedding invitations. Why don’t you come inside and grab yours?”

Harry smiled brightly.

“Sure,” he said, stepping through the gate. “Congratulations. When’s the date?”

“July 15th,” she told him, leading the way to the kitchen door.

Stepping into the house, Harry immediately felt at home. The kitchen looked and smelled just as he remembered. Well, maybe not exactly the same. The air lacked that slight tinge of burnt hair caused by the twins’ many homegrown experiments.

Molly bustled into the living room, which looked smaller than he was used to. The fireplace sat against the back wall next to the stairs instead of being adjacent to the kitchen. As she flipped through a large stack of white envelopes, he continued gazing around curiously. He noticed the absence of the Weasley family clock. If he remembered correctly, it had been a wedding gift from Arthur’s mother.

Thinking about the extended Weasley family, he thought about Molly’s twin brothers, Fabian and Gideon. He knew they died in a Death Eater attack at the height of the first war. Harry hoped he’d be able to end the war before that happened. It felt like he was so close.

He was drawn out of his thoughts when Molly turned around, envelope in hand. She’d also undone a couple of buttons on her dark blue dress. It was an unseasonably warm day, but it wasn’t that warm. Harry lifted his eyes from her generous cleavage as she handed him the invitation. A light pink flush colored her cheeks.

“Here you are.”

He took the invitation and tucked it in his pocket.

“Would you like to stay for lunch?” she asked, her voice lilting hopefully.

“I just ate,” he said.

Her face dropped disappointedly, and he smiled before continuing.

“But that’s not the real question you wanted to ask me, is it?”

Molly’s eyes widened, and her cheeks flushed a deeper red.

“I-I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Oh. Well, then, I suppose I should just be on my way,” Harry said.

“Wait!” she yelled before he could even fully turn away from her. “I-well, I-uh.”

“Come on, Molly. Just say what we both know you want,” he said.

“Ooh, why do you always do this to me?” she huffed.

Harry took a sudden step forward. Grabbing Molly’s hips, he pulled her closer, pressing her voluptuous body against his. She inhaled sharply and stared up at him with a wide, excited stare.

“Because you like it,” he smirked.

Molly blinked, and her blush ran all the way down to her chest.

“Fine,” she said. “I want you to take me to the bedroom and shag me rotten. There, are you happy now?”

“The bedroom,” Harry smiled. “I haven’t even seen the rest of the house yet. Aren’t you going to give me a tour first?”

Molly looked confused, her brow furrowed. She opened her mouth to question him, but a firm look stopped her in her tracks.

“Well, alright,” she said.

Harry took a step back and smiled.

“As you can see, this is the-”

“Take off the dress first.”

Molly froze and let out a trembling breath. She hesitated for only a moment before she unfastened the rest of the buttons and left the dress pool around her feet. Her knickers weren’t much to look at, just a plain, white set made for function over fashion, but her body certainly was. Her mountainous breasts slipped out over the edge of her bra, and the waistband of her knickers hugged her wide hips.

“Now the rest of it,” he said softly.

She hastened to comply. Reaching behind her back, she unclasped her bra and tossed it onto the floor before quickly stepping out of her knickers. Her hands fidgeted as if she was unsure

what to do with them as she stood stark naked in her own living room. Harry drank in the sight of her huge breasts, standing out from her chest in defiance of gravity. He waited several seconds, until she shifted uncomfortably, before gesturing towards the kitchen.

"After you," he said.

Molly took a deep breath and walked past him, her generous curves bouncing and rippling enticingly. He followed after her, eyes locked on her full, round ass.

"This is the kitchen," she said awkwardly. "There's the sink, and the stove, and this is the table. Over there is the-Ah!"

Harry waited until she turned, and with a forceful push, bent her over the kitchen table. The same table he'd spent hours at, talking with his friends, doing homework, and enjoying home-cooked meals. Now, he was going to use it for a purpose he never would've imagined back then.

Gripping Molly's cheeks roughly, he spread her open lewdly. She gasped and glanced over her shoulder, embarrassed, but her folds glistened with arousal. Harry smirked, let go with one hand, and brought it down in a firm spank. Then another, and another. Molly grunted with each stinging strike. Her hands gripped the edge of the table tightly as he turned her pale, rippling cheeks red.

He must have spanked her a couple of dozen times before Harry stopped and released his straining erection. His cock sprang loose eagerly and, without giving her any warning, he plunged into her sweltering depths.

"Morgana's tits!" Molly gasped.

Harry wasn't as comfortable with dirty talk as Bellatrix was. It just didn't come naturally to him. Now that he thought about it, this was the first time he fucked Molly without her. But he could still give Molly what she wanted.

Grabbing a fistful of her coppery hair, he drove into her depths with slow, powerful thrusts. Molly moaned wantonly, but Harry wasn't satisfied. Pulling out of her entirely, he grabbed her legs and flipped her over onto her back. Swiftly, he speared back into her and grasped both of her breasts. He kneaded them roughly, the pale white globes bulging between his fingers as he sawed in and out of her depths.

Molly threw her head back and groaned when he sped up his thrusts. Leaning over her, he kissed her fiercely as he pounded her into the table. Their lips broke apart momentarily so they could catch their breath before colliding again. His hands never left her breasts, squeezing and mauling her glorious mounds.

When Harry straightened up, he finally let go to plant his hands on the table. He fucked Molly as hard and as fast as he could. Her breasts bounced wildly while she threw her head back and let out a pleasure-filled shriek. She clawed at the table with her nails as her folds fluttered around him. Harry grunted and bit his bottom lip painfully when she came to stop his own climax. He stilled, teetering just on the edge, while she writhed under him.

It took several moments for her climax to subside, and several more for him to feel like he could move without exploding. Slowly, he eased out of her, his cock swollen to a deep, angry red. Molly lay on the table, panting, eyes closed.

"Don't fall asleep on me yet," Harry said. "You still have to show me the rest of the house."

Molly sat up and stared at him incredulously. Then, her eyes dropped to his cock and glittered excitedly. Sitting up, she slid off the table onto wobbly legs. She took a moment to catch her balance before walking back toward the living room. Harry followed, stripping off his clothes as he went.

He fucked Molly in every room of the house. She bounced on his lap while he sat on the couch, roughly groping and slapping her bouncing tits. He bent her over the sink in the bathroom and forced her to stare at herself in the mirror as he hammered her from behind. He even took her doggy style at the top of the stairs. Through it all, he made sure not to finish.

Eventually, they made it to the bedroom, where Harry pinned an exhausted Molly to the mattress. She wrapped her arms and legs around him, letting out tired, pleasure-filled groans as he fucked her furiously. He pounded her spasming depths until he erupted inside of her. The long edging caused him to fill her to the point she was leaking when he finally pulled out.

Completely spent, Harry rolled over and fell asleep. He woke hours later with Molly cuddled up to him, sleeping soundly with her head on his chest. Careful not to wake her, he slipped out of bed and got dressed. Making his way downstairs, he slipped outside and made his way down the driveway. Before he reached the edge of the wards to Disapparate, Arthur appeared in front of him with a loud crack. He met Harry at the gate with a smile.

“Harry!” he said cheerfully. “Good to see you again. What brings you by?”

“Hello, Arthur,” Harry smiled. “I just happened to be in the neighborhood. I didn’t intend to visit for long, but Molly insisted. You know how she can be.”

Arthur smiled and nodded before Harry’s meaning registered, and his eyes widened.

“Sorry to run, but I really need to get back to the castle,” Harry grinned.

Patting Arthur on the shoulder, he slipped through the gate.

“And where is Molly, exactly?” Arthur asked.

“Still in bed, I imagine,” Harry smirked. “She’s a bit tired. Oh, and Arthur, sorry about the mess.”

Arthur’s face flushed in a combination of excitement and embarrassment. Before he could respond, Harry Disapparated silently and reappeared outside the main gate. Head down, hands in his pockets, he trudged his way back up to the castle.

Molly had been a fun and much-needed distraction, but he had serious issues to consider.

~

Later that night, after dinner, Harry led Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix to the Room of Requirement. It only took him a few minutes to fill them in on what Pandora told him, but the resistance he expected never came. Much to his surprise, they immediately set about arguing over who would do the ritual with him.

"I should do it," Lily said. "I've been reading Esmerelda's book, and I think I have a good grasp of what to expect."

"This is ancient magic," Narcissa argued. "Something I have much more experience with. Have you even been part of a ritual?"

"Well, no," Lily admitted. "But according to Esmerelda and Pandora, this isn't like any other kind of magic."

Narcissa folded her arms over her chest, and they stared at each other, neither willing to give an inch. Harry sighed softly and watched, hoping they didn't turn to him to make the decision.

"I think you're both forgetting something," Bellatrix said with a smirk. "I'm pants at rituals."

Lily and Narcissa shared a confused look.

"And how is that supposed to help you?" Narcissa asked.

"Because that means that we'll need the two of you on the outside, performing the ritual and making sure nothing goes wrong," Bellatrix said triumphantly.

Lily and Narcissa shared a long look.

“Damn it,” Lily muttered.

“She’s right,” Narcissa conceded disappointedly.

As one, they turned to look at Harry, who shrugged. He was staying out of this at any cost.

“It’s settled,” Bellatrix grinned. “So, when are we doing the ritual?”

Lily sighed heavily.

“In three weeks, on the solstice,” she said. “It’s safest to do it on a night with more magical importance.”

“If you’re doing the ritual, then Lily and I get Harry first tonight,” Narcissa said.

Without waiting for a reply, she grabbed Harry and pulled him towards the bed. Lily followed, already shedding her clothes.

“That’s not fair,” Bellatrix whined. “It’s three weeks away.”

Harry fell back on the mattress as his three girlfriends crawled towards him like lionesses stalking their prey.

Maybe distracting himself with Molly hadn’t been such a good idea after all.