

Chapter 20

Harry sat in the Room of Requirement, waiting nervously as he looked at Narcissa and Bellatrix. He'd just spent the last hour telling them his life story, finally letting them in on the truth. Of course, both of them had been curious about their own futures, something Harry hesitantly told them about. Fortunately, Narcissa didn't look too happy to find out she'd married Lucius Malfoy, but Bellatrix was harder to read.

"You knew about this?" Narcissa asked, looking at Lily, who was curled against Harry's side.

Lily nodded guiltily.

"I wanted you to get to know me better before I told you," Harry explained.

Narcissa sat back with a frown.

"I'm still not happy you waited so long to tell us," she said. "You've known for months that Bella and I weren't going to turn out like we did in your time."

"I know. I'm sorry," Harry said. "It's just – I didn't know how to tell you."

"Did I really kill Sirius?" Bellatrix asked abruptly, her tone soft and vulnerable.

"A possible future version of you did," Harry corrected her. "You haven't done anything."

Still looking troubled, Bellatrix nodded and then stood. Crossing over to the other couch, she sat down next to Harry and curled up against his side. Wrapping an arm around her shoulders, he kissed the top of her head and rubbed her shoulder comfortingly.

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Narcissa stayed mad at Harry for the next couple of days before she seemed to forgive him and started acting normally around him again. It might have had to do with the fact that he needed her help preparing for Friday's Wizengamot meeting, but Harry was just glad she'd stopped avoiding him.

Friday morning, Harry was excused from his morning classes and met Dumbledore in his office so they could Floo to the Ministry. After a quick trip through the Atrium, they took the elevator down and made the short walk to courtroom twelve.

"Hello, Harry," Charlus smiled when he approached.

"Morning," Harry said with a wave.

"There's a couple of people I'd like you to meet," Charlus said. "This is David Bones, Head of the DMLE, and Damien Greengrass. he owns most of the greenhouses in magical Britain."

"Nice to meet you," Harry said, shaking their hands.

David Bones was a slightly pudgy man with a round face, a jolly smile, and strawberry blonde hair. Damien, on the other hand, was tall and thin with an aristocratic face and golden colored hair.

"Good morning, gentlemen. Ladies," someone said behind Harry.

Turning around, he saw the familiar face of Philston Brown.

"Good morning, Philston," Francine Abbot smiled. "I was so glad to hear you and your wife made it out safely. Is your house salvageable?"

“Unfortunately, it’s not,” Philston said. “You-Know-Who leveled it before he left.”

“And killed his own Death Eaters in the process,” David added with a shake of his head.

“Really?” Harry asked.

That information certainly hadn’t been in the Daily Prophet.

“Yes,” David nodded. “My Aurors reported that they killed three, possibly four, but we found six bodies amongst the wreckage.”

“Well, good riddance,” Philston said.

“At least something good might come of this,” Damien said. “Now that You-Know-Who has made a direct attack on a Wizengamot member, perhaps we can get them to give the DMLE that raise in funds you’ve been asking for.”

“I’ll be asking for that again today,” David agreed. “I think this might be the wake up call some of the other members needed.”

The conversation was interrupted when Dumbledore banged his gavel and called the meeting to order. The first hour was incredibly boring as they went over old business, most small changes proposed to existing laws. When it was finally time for new business, Philston was the first to raise his wand.

“Mr. Brown,” Dumbledore acknowledged.

“Thank you, Chief Warlock,” Philston said. “Witches and wizards, as I’m sure all of you are aware, three days ago, my home was attacked. If not for the swift and heroic action of our

Aurors, I would not be standing before you today. The fact that this Dark Lord would be so brazen to attack my family should be a concern for us all. We can no longer hide from the threat You-Know-Who poses to our world. I propose the DMLE's budget be raised by thirty percent so that we may end this threat as swiftly as possible."

"Thank you, Philston," Dumbledore said. "I can assure you, I share your concerns. Now, I'll open the floor to discuss this very pressing issue."

The first person to raise their wand was a tall, thin wizard with greasy black hair and a smarmy smile across the aisle.

"Mr. Nott," Dumbledore said.

"Thank you, Chief Warlock," Nott said. "While I share your concerns about the safety of the members of this august body, I'm concerned that such a sharp increase in expenses could have profound effects on our economy. Perhaps a more modest ten percent increase to funds would be appropriate?"

David Bones stood next, a frown on his face.

"As Head of the DMLE, I can tell you that a ten percent increase would not be sufficient," he said. "We're still working with the same budget we had after the fall of Grindelwald. Whether his body wishes to admit it or not, if we do not deal with this problem now, there will be war. The faster and more decisive we act, the more lives we will save and the sooner we can all get back to our calm, peaceful lives."

The discussion went back and forth for quite a while, and it was clear to Harry that many of the Darker families wanted to keep the budget increase as low as possible. Eventually, the issue was called to a vote. It was close, but the motion passed by a narrow margin, giving the DMLE a thirty percent increase to their budget.

Harry made a note of who voted against it. When he got back to Hogwarts, he'd check the journal Connie had to see if he could figure out which ones were actually Death Eaters. Very soon, it would be time to go on the offensive.

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After the Wizengamot meeting ended, Harry dropped by the Auror Department. After talking to Dawlish, who looked younger but still acted like a dick, Harry found Moody in his office. Knocking on the door, he poked his head inside.

"Potter," Moody grunted. "What can I do for you?"

"You're still teaching the new Aurors, right?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," Moody replied.

"I had an idea," Harry said.

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The next day, Harry led the Defense Association out of the Great Hall and out onto the front lawn near the edge of the Forbidden Forest. He could hear excited chatter behind him when they spotted Moody standing in front of a line of a dozen Auror trainees.

"Everyone, this is Master Auror Alastor Moody and his new trainees," Harry said. "Today, we're going to be using everything you've learned in a practical exercise. For you, these trainees will be Death Eaters. Your task is to start in the clearing two hundred yards inside the woods and make it back here without getting caught. For the trainees, you're escaped criminals they need to capture."

“You’ll be going in in groups,” Moody added. “If you get captured, consider yourself dead. I’ve yet to see anyone captured by Death Eaters make it out alive.”

“Break into groups and come up with a plan,” Harry said.

“And you lot,” Moody barked, staring at his trainees. “Get to work.”

“Sir, who’s in charge?” A dark haired wizard asked.

“Figure it out, Mickelson. I’m not here to hold your hand,” Moody growled.

“Keep it to groups of six,” Harry said.

“But there’s twelve of them,” Sirius complained.

“And you can bet you’ll be facing odds worse than that if you find yourself being attacked by Death Eaters,” Harry replied.

While the DA got into groups, Harry turned to set up a series of Viewing Charms. Taking an old Snitch out of his pocket that he’d prepared earlier, he took out his wand. With a wave, a silvery mist flowed from the tip. The mist formed a circle at eye level and hovered in place. When he tapped his wand to the Snitch, an image of what it saw was displayed on the surface of the mist, the edges rippling slightly.

“Alright, who’s up first?” Moody asked.

“We’ll do it,” James said confidently.

“Well, get in there then,” Moody grumbled.

James, Sirius, Remus, Peter, Frank, and Arthur walked into the woods, the Snitch following silently close behind. It took a few minutes for them to get into position and a couple more for the Aurors to send up sparks to indicate they were ready.

James and his group tried to Disillusion themselves but only had trouble getting it to work properly. Eventually, they gave up and started sneaking through the trees. While they thought they were hidden, the trainees used a series of Detection Charms to find them. The trainees moved in quickly, alerting the group that they were coming.

A brief duel left the entire group stunned and bound, but James, Sirius, and Frank each managed to take out one of the trainees. Moody didn't look pleased as they levitated the six Gryffindor boys back onto the grounds.

"What the hell was that, Mickelson?" Moody barked. "You knew where they were, and instead of using that to your advantage, you charged in and got three of your team killed!"

"But it's not my fault they can't duel," Mickelson said.

Moody marched up to him with a glare and got right in his face.

"You're responsible for your team," he growled quietly. "If that happens out in the real world, you're the one telling their parents they're not coming home. Next time, pull your head out of your arse and think before you rush in. Got it?"

"Yes, sir," Mickelson said nervously.

"Good. Run it again!" Moody shouted.

While Moody was berating his trainee, Harry spent the time going over what James' group had done wrong with the other. The next two groups had similar results, being caught quickly but

putting up a decent fight. It wasn't until Bellatrix led her group of Lily, Narcissa, Molly, Marlene, and Alice that someone managed to escape. Bellatrix fanned her group out under Disillusionment Charms. Any time one of the trainees got too close to one of them, the others would stun them. They made it close to the edge of the forest before the remaining six trainees figured out where they were.

The girls made a mad dash to the grounds, flinging curses and hexes over their shoulders as they ran. It was close, but Alice took a Stunning Hex to the back just as they reached the edge. Lily paused to revive her before running the rest of the way to the grounds to applause.

"Good work," Moody said with a nod.

Leaning from each other, the other groups did a little better. The trainees were getting better, too, especially after Mickelson took a backseat and let a pretty blonde named Jessica Smith take charge. Breaking into pairs, they searched the forest within sight of each other, making it almost impossible for one of them to get stunned without someone else noticing. All in all, Harry thought everyone was learning a lot.

"Alright, good work today," Moody said once the last group had finished, two of the students escaping. "Now, there's one more exercise I want to run."

Harry looked at him curiously as he turned to his trainees.

"You've spent all day learning to deal with a group of witches and wizards near your skill level. Now, I want to see how you do against someone who can wipe the floor with each of you individually. Potter, you're up."

Harry lifted an eyebrow while Mickelson snorted derisively. Moody looked at him with a smirk.

"Some of them are getting too arrogant. Scare the shit out of them," he said just loud enough for Harry to hear.

Harry smiled and shook his head.

“Alright,”

“Good,” Moody said, then turned back to his trainees. “This is capture at all costs. All restrictions are lifted, and I’ll warn you now. If you hold back, you will lose.”

Grinning at some of the nervous looks he got from the trainees, Harry made his way into the forest.

“I want to lead this one,” Mickelson said.

Harry ignored his confident grin and disappeared into the trees. A short walk later, he was waiting in the clearing for the signal to start. While he waited, he decided that if he was going to try and be scary, he needed to look the part. Waving his wand, he conjured a black cloak and pulled up the hood. Moments later, red sparks shined through the trees.

Making no effort to hide or cover his movements, Harry walked back towards the castle.

“You sure this is a good idea?” he heard one of the trainees ask.

“It’ll be fine. He’s a sixth year,” Mickelson said.

“Moody seems to think he’s skilled,” the other trainee said.

Smirking to himself, Harry watched them from a small hill. Mickelson used a Detection Charm, but Harry had made sure to use the counter charm for it. It was on his list of spells to teach the DA next.

Confident that Harry wasn't around, the two trainees relaxed and continued talking.

"He's just a kid," Mickelson snorted.

Sneaking up behind the other trainee, who was slightly behind Mickelson, Harry petrified him and caught his body before it could hit the ground. Smirking, he set the wizard down before walking up behind Mickelson. Sighing, the trainee cast the Detection Charm again.

"He's hiding," Mickelson said. "Come on, let's go find this kid before Smith does. I'm not letting that bitch take my spot."

"She did a better job than you," Harry said.

Mickelson scoffed, "Yeah, right. I –"

He broke off and froze for a moment before spinning around quickly with his wand in hand. Harry let him get most of the way around before petrifying him. He let him fall flat on his back and then walked over calmly and plucked his wand out of his hand. Eyes wide, Mickelson stared up at Harry's hooded face.

"I'll be back for you once I take care of the others," Harry said. "Hopefully, the Arcomatulas don't come this way."

Smirking, Harry put a discrete but powerful Protective Charm over the two frightened trainees before walking away. Now, it was his turn to use the Detection Charm to find the other. Getting results all over the place, he frowned. He needed a better vantage point. Lifting his wand over his head, Harry launched himself into the air, where he landed lightly on a sturdy branch.

Casting the charm again, he got a better idea of where the other trainees were. It looked like Mickelson had them spread out in pairs. Shaking his head, Harry decided to help them out a bit. Removing the Anti-Detection Charm on himself, he launched himself off the branch. He smiled

to himself as his cloak spread out like wings and let him glide between the branches. Seconds later, he landed on another branch between the spread out groups. It didn't take them long to start moving his way.

They did a thorough search of the ground, but unfortunately, no one thought to look up.

"He's not here," a red haired witch said.

"Could it be a trick?" Jessica asked.

"I don't even know if that's possible," the other witch said, shaking her head.

"Don't underestimate him," Jessica said firmly. "Moody thinks highly of Potter."

"You just think he has a cute arse," the redhead teased.

"Where's Mickelson?" a dark haired wizard interrupted.

"Something doesn't feel right," Jessica said.

"You don't think he's here, do you?" the redhead asked.

"I don't know, but stay on your toes," Jessica said. "There's no way Mickelson wouldn't be here if he could be."

"Jackson's missing too," one of the wizards told her. "He was supposed to be with Mickelson."

"Shit," Jessica cursed.

Harry decided to test them out a bit, curious to see how Jessica would react. Animating a few vines, they slithered like snakes across the ground and wrapped around the ankle of one of the wizards. The vines gave a sharp yank, pulling his foot out from under him with a yelp. The other trainees rushed to his aid, freeing him from the vines and backing up warily.

“Where is he?”

“I don’t see him.”

“Quiet!” Jessica barked. “He’s coming for us. Everyone go back to back. Form a circle.”

It would’ve been a good plan, Harry thought. If he wasn’t perched above them.

Smirking, he waited until they were in formation before casting the notoriously difficult Invisibility Charm on himself and dropping down. His cloak flared like a parachute, slowing him down enough to land silently in the middle of the circle.

“Anything?” Jessica asked.

“Nothing.”

“I can’t see shit.”

“Maybe he got past us?”

“No,” Jessica said firmly. “This is a test. Potter isn’t just going to sneak out.”

Harry smiled in satisfaction at her reasoning.

Sharp girl, he thought.

Building up his magic, Harry dropped his Invisibility Charm and threw his arms out. A shockwave emanated from his body, hurling the trainees several feet, where they tumbled roughly onto the ground.

Lashing out his wand like a whip, Harry lassoed the leg of the redhead with a glowing red rope of magic and yanked her towards him. As the trainees got to their feet, he disarmed her and lifted her up in front of him, his wand to her throat.

“Drop your wands,” Harry said.

“You drop yours,” Jessica countered.

Harry stared at her and tried to look as frightening as he could.

“Drop your wands, or she dies,” he said.

The trainees exchanged nervous looks.

“There’s nine of us,” Jessica said, trying her best to sound confident. “You’ll never be able to kill her and escape all of us.”

Harry smirked.

“Who said anything about wanting to escape?” he asked.

With a green flash, Harry cast a Paralyzing Charm. It was normally used for medical purposes but could be effective in a duel. It also had the effect of looking frighteningly close in color to the Killing Curse. The redhead dropped to the ground limply, eyes wide open and unmoving. If one were to look closely, they would see that her chest moved slightly as she breathed slowly. Under stress and in low light, the trainees couldn't have done that even if they knew to look for it.

"Samantha!" Jessica screamed in horror.

Harry felt a surge of guilt scaring her so much, but this was something she needed to learn. Lives were at stake. After a second of shock, the trainees opened up with a hail of enraged hexes and curses. Gone were the basic Stunning Hexes, and in came Bludgeoners, Bone-Breaking, and Cutting Curses.

Erecting a dome shaped shield, Harry stood calmly as they crashed harmlessly against it. It wasn't until Jessica cast a Ward Breaking Charm that Harry was forced to react. Twisting out of the way of a Piercing Hex, he swished his wand and created a tornado like wind around himself. It expanded rapidly, causing the trainees to shield their eyes and giving him a moment to change position.

With a magical boost, Harry leapt behind a tree. A wave of his wand caused brackish roots to shoot from the ground around their feet, trapping their feet in place. He waited for a breath before sliding out from around the tree and dropping two trainees distracted with freeing themselves. As more curses came his way, a silver shield sprang from his wand and hovered in front of him.

Loud metallic clangs rang out through the woods, but the shield refused to bend or break. Using a complicated and demanding spell, the air in front of the shield rippled before speeding towards the trainees. It looked relatively harmless, until it hit a tree and shattered the trunk.

"Shield!" Jessica shouted.

The curses stopped, and Harry dropped his shield just in time to see his spell rush over the trainees. Their shields held, but they were all thrown back from the force. More roots shot from the ground to hold them in place. Harry managed to Stun four of them before the remaining three cut themselves free.

Jessica and the two wizards left standing stared at him, eyes wide with fright. Harry marched forward, a silver curse snapping from his wand with a crack. The wizard to the left of Jessica raised a shield, but his curse cut straight through it. A metal band wrapped around the wizard, pinning his arms to his sides and causing him to fall on his back.

"I can't get rid of it!" the wizard yelled, trying desperately to free himself.

"Mark, free him," Jessica said, stepping forward determinedly.

Harry smiled and waved his wand in a corkscrew motion. Jessica flinched and raised a shield, then looked confused when nothing happened. A moment later, the wizard behind her, Mark, screamed as he was yanked into the air by vines. A tiny flick snatched the two wizards' wands from their hands, leaving Jessica facing him alone. Harry sighed when she watched him warily, waiting for him to make the first move.

"Be more aggressive," he growled.

Two basic dueling spells left his wand. The first Jessica ducked, and the second she shielded. Setting her face determinedly, she finally went on the offensive. Harry traded a number of spells with her, gauging her skill. She had a decent knowledge of spells and had a bit of power but lacked the knowledge on the best way to use them. Her dueling technique was basic and wouldn't present any real threat to a competent duelist.

Harry was a little disappointed, but she had potential.

Deciding to end it, he animated some vines to wrap around her wrists. It was shocking how effective an indirect attack like that could be. As soon as her arms were trapped, it was simple to disarm Jessica, leaving her arms splayed out and tied to two trees.

“Not bad,” Harry said. “You need some work, but you have what it takes to become a talented Auror.”

“Fuck you,” Jessica spat. “Moody’ll have your head when he finds out you killed Sam.”

Harry lowered his hood and rolled his eyes.

“Do you really think I’d kill someone in training?” Harry asked.

Turning around, he walked over to the redhead and pressed his wand to her chest.

“Leave her alone!” Jessica screamed, struggling against her binds.

Ignoring her, Harry knelt down and cast the counter charm. Samantha gasped and jerked up, only to be stopped by his hand on her chest.

“Easy,” Harry said soothingly. “Don’t panic. You’re safe. Just give your body a second to adjust.”

“Sam!” Jessica shouted.

Samantha looked at him warily and nodded before relaxing.

“I’m fine!” she yelled to Jessica. “That was horrible. I could see and hear, but I couldn’t move anything.”

“Sorry, but I needed to make a point,” Harry said, smiling apologetically. “Can you move your muscles alright?”

Samantha flexed her arms and legs before nodding. Lifting his hand from her chest, Harry helped her sit up. When she seemed fine, he helped her to stand.

“Oh, thank Merlin,” Jessica said, sagging in relief.

Lifting his wand, Harry released her arms. Jessica stumbled slightly, then rushed over to hug Samantha.

“I’m so sorry,” Jessica said softly.

“It’s fine,” Samantha said, pulling back to smile at her.

“I’m sorry for the scare, but I needed to see how you would react,” Harry told Jessica. “You’re good at tactics, but I needed to know you weren’t going to break down or start throwing around Killing Curses.”

Jessica studied him closely for a long moment before nodding.

“Where are Mickelson and Jackson?” she asked.

“Back that way,” Harry said, jerking a thumb over his shoulder. “They’re Petrified, but I made sure to shield them. Come on, let’s get everyone up and get out of here.”

Several minutes later, they walked back onto the grounds just as the sun was starting to set. Everyone except Moody clapped enthusiastically.

“Smith, front and center,” Moody barked.

Jessica swallowed nervously as she came to stand in front of the grizzled Auror.

“Under the circumstances, you did good. But you made two mistakes. What were they?” Moody asked.

Jessica chewed her lip thoughtfully for a moment before answering.

“We split up too much in the beginning, and I let Potter dictate the fight,” she replied.

“Close,” Moody nodded. “Your first mistake was letting Mickelson take charge when you knew you could do better. If you want to make it in the corp, you need to stand up for yourself. Your second mistake was waiting for Potter to show up. Always have a goal in mind, even when you’re defending. Being proactive gets shit done and leaves less time for fear to set in. Circling up was a good idea, but you could’ve used Detection Charm to look for him.”

“We tried that, but we couldn’t find him,” Jessica said.

“Try lookin’ up next time, lass,” Moody said.

Jessica closed her eyes and cursed quietly.

“Back in line, Smith,” Moody said.

When she got in line next to Samantha, Moody started pacing in front of them.

“When Potter asked for this, I wasn’t sure it was a good idea,” Moody continued. “Now, I see he was right. Putting you in a realistic exercise showed a lot of faults. All of you need to work on

your dueling. Mickelson, keep that ego of yours in check, or I'll toss you out on your arse. You made the same fucking mistake you did the first time, even after Smith showed you how it was done. If you can't work with your team and learn from them, the Aurors will have no use for you. As trainees, I don't expect perfection, but I expect you to fucking learn.

"Smith, you showed good leadership potential, but your dueling is shite. Work on that. As for the rest of you, I saw some strengths and a lot of weaknesses. Tomorrow morning, be ready to work your arses off, or don't come in."

Receiving nods from his trainees, Moody turned to Harry.

"Send me an owl in a couple of months so we can run this again once I have a chance to whip this lot into shape," he said, jerking a thumb at the trainees.

"Will do," Harry said, shaking his hand.

Nodding, Moody turned and led his trainees towards the gate. Jessica turned back to look at him with a thoughtful look on her face for just a moment, making him curious about what she was thinking. Shaking off those thoughts, he turned back to the DA.

"Great work today," he smiled. "I'm proud of the way all of you performed. Next week, we're going to go over what you did right and what could be done better. For now, give yourselves a pat on the back and go get something to eat."

The DA left smiling happily and chatting loudly as they walked up to the castle.

"You were brilliant," Lily said as she bounced over to him with Bellatrix and Narcissa. "I think Bella liked it, too. She looked like she was about to cream herself when you walked up behind Mickelson."

"That prick deserved it," Bellatrix said, sliding up to Harry and wrapping an arm around him.

"Is that why your hand went under your skirt?" Lily asked with a smirk.

"No, that was because Harry flew without a broom," Bellatrix smirked back.

Narcissa rolled her eyes while Lily giggled.

"Can we go eat? I'm starving," she said.

Smiling, Harry wrapped an arm around her waist, kissed her temple, and started towards the castle.

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"Should we bring some of our new lingerie?" Bellatrix asked Narcissa as they walked towards their dorm.

Being the weekend, they planned to stay the night with Harry in the Room of Requirement.

"I'm not sure if I want to reward him just yet," Narcissa replied.

Bellatrix rolled her eyes.

"He didn't do it to hurt us, Cissy," she said. "And can you honestly blame him for not saying anything? It sounds insane. Besides, would you have rather ended up married to Lucius and raising his spawn?"

"Of course not," Narcissa said. "I'm glad he decided to give us a chance, especially after everything we did to him. I just wish he'd trusted us enough to tell us earlier."

“He did trust us,” Bellatrix said. “He just took a little longer to tell us about that part, that’s all.”

Narcissa pursed her lips thoughtfully as they reached the entrance to the Slytherin Common Room. Walking downstairs to her dorm, she grabbed a change of clothes. Looking at her wardrobe, she debated over what to take before grabbing a new set of lingerie. Leaving the dorm, Narcissa met up with Bellatrix in the hall and followed her up.

Unfortunately, they ran into the last person she wanted to see.

“Narcissa, Bellatrix, I’d like to have a word,” Lucius said.

“Too bad,” Bellatrix said.

As she moved towards the door, Lucius stepped in front of her. She glared and reached for her wand, but Narcissa stopped her from drawing it.

“What do you want, Lucius?” Narcissa asked.

“I have it on good authority that our world is about to go through some major changes. It’s not too late for the two of you to... reconsider where your loyalties lie,” Lucius said with a smirk.

“You-”

“Bella,” Narcissa said sharply, cutting her sister off before turning back to Lucius. “Tell me, Lucius, did this *authority* tell you what happened at the Browns?”

Lucius looked at her with pursed lips and a sharp gaze but didn’t answer.

“No? I didn’t think so,” Narcissa said. “It was Harry that sent that usurper you follow running off with his tail between his legs. Did you know three of the Death Eaters that died that night were killed by You-Know-Who? I don’t know about you, but I’d rather not follow a man who would kill me because he had a temper tantrum.”

“You’re making a very big mistake,” Lucius hissed, his grey eyes flashing angrily. “The longer it takes for you to realize that, the worse off you’ll be when you realize the truth.”

“We’ll take our chances,” Bellatrix said, rolling her eyes. “Now, if you’ll excuse us, we’re going to go fuck Harry.”

Drawing her wand in a flash, Bellatrix sent him stumbling back with a smirk before linking her arm through Narcissa’s and leading her to the door. Once they were in the hall, she stowed her wand.

“Are you sure that was a good idea?” Bellatrix asked.

“You-Know-Who knows who Harry is and killed everyone on his side who was there. Putting some doubt in their minds when he asks his father about it can only help,” Narcissa said.

“Good point,” Bellatrix said.

“That’s why I’m the brains, and you’re the wand,” Narcissa grinned.

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Narcissa and Bellatrix were the first ones to get to the Room of Requirement. Taking the lingerie out of their bags, both of them changed. Narcissa had chosen a lacy white set of bra and panties, complete with stockings and a garter belt. Bellatrix wore a black set where the bra had a strap above and below her breasts but absolutely no cups, leaving her large, perky breasts jutting out in the open.

"You know, the point of lingerie is to excite the imagination," Narcissa smirked.

"I prefer easy access," Bellatrix said.

As Narcissa rolled her eyes, the door opened. Lily entered with her arm wrapped around a crying Marlene. Harry followed in after them, closing the door and pausing to stare at the Black sisters' outfits.

"What's wrong?" Narcissa asked.

"When we went to the dorm after dinner, the whole house walked in to find her boyfriend, Mark, kissing Agatha Jones," Lily explained. "She needed to get out of there, and I didn't want to leave her alone."

"I'm sorry. I know you probably had plans with Harry. Oh!" Marlene gasped when she lifted her head and spotted the girls' outfits.

"It's fine, Marlene," Narcissa smiled. "I'm sorry your boyfriend cheated on you."

With a thought, Narcissa changed the room around them. Two couches appeared next to the fireplace, just a few feet from the large, soft bed.

"I just want to know why he did it," Marlene said sadly. "Was I just not good enough?"

"Of course, you're good enough," Lily said adamantly.

Bellatrix snorted, "Sounds like you're too good for him if you ask me."

Grabbing Harry's hand, she pulled him over to the couch and pushed him down between her and Narcissa. A smirk twisted her lips when she saw his eyes following her bouncing breasts as she sat.

"I should go. I don't want to ruin your evening, too," Marlene said.

"No," Lily said.

"Nonsense," Narcissa agreed. "We have all night to spend time with Harry."

"So, this is where you disappear to on the weekends?" Marlene asked Lily with a small smile.

"Yeah," Lily replied with a smile of her own. "It's hard for all four of us to spend time together during the week, so we come here on the weekends."

Marlene nodded before her expression turned sad again, and tears started to leak from her eyes.

"Oh, Mar," Lily said, hugging her friend.

"Would it help if we hexed him?" Bellatrix asked.

"Bella," Narcissa scolded, although Marlene let out a weak chuckle.

"I'm sure we could arrange for you to be paired with him during the next DA meeting," Lily grinned. "He's pants at Defense anyways."

"Or, you could get back at him another way," Narcissa said with a smirk. "How do you think he would feel seeing you with another guy?"

"I don't know if anyone would be interested," Marlene said, shaking her head.

"Are you kidding?" Harry asked, "Every straight guy in the school fancies you."

Marlene blushed and looked down shyly.

"It's true," Lily said, rubbing her back.

Marlene shook her head, "I don't think I could use someone just to get back at Mark."

"You could use Harry," Bellatrix offered with a grin. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind."

"Snogging one of the prettiest girls in the school, definitely not," Harry said.

Marlene blushed even harder and looked up at Harry in surprise. Seeing the wide grin and intentionally lecherous look on his face, she cracked a smile and let out a laugh.

"Why don't you tell us who you're interested in, and we can try and set you up with them?" Narcissa asked.

"I don't know," Marlene said thoughtfully. "Most of the good ones, like Harry and Frank, are already taken."

"Hey, Marlene?" Bellatrix called. "Do you mind if I have a little fun with Harry while you three talk?"

"Bella," Narcissa sighed.

“What?” Bellatrix asked innocently. “If it bothers her, I won’t. That’s why I asked.”

“It’s fine, really,” Marlene smiled. “I don’t want to stop you spending time with Harry. You two can do whatever you like while we talk.”

“Thanks,” Bellatrix grinned.

Sliding off the couch, Bellatrix dropped to her knees, her breasts dragging along Harry’s leg. Marlene’s eyes widened as she reached for his belt.

“Sorry,” Lily said. “I can create a separate room for us if you want.”

“Aw, but it’s so much more fun with an audience,” Bellatrix pouted as she pulled Harry’s half hard length out of his trousers.

“Um, it’s alright,” Marlene said, staring at Bellatrix as she playfully kissed Harry’s shaft. “Are they all that big?”

As if she hadn’t meant to say that out loud, she blushed a moment later when the words registered.

“From the rumors I’ve heard, he’s pretty big,” Lily smiled.

Marlene unconsciously leaned to the side for a better look while Bellatrix bent down further to suck on his balls. Realizing what she was doing, she straightened up with a blush and looked at Lily.

“Seeing that doesn’t bother you?” Marlene asked.

"No," Lily smiled. "I like watching Harry with other women, but it's fine if that's not your thing. It isn't for most women."

"It helps that all of us are dating each other, and it's not just the three of us dating Harry," Narcissa said.

"Oh," Marlene said, her eyes moving back to Bellatrix as she kissed her way up Harry's shaft and wrapped her lips around his swollen head.

"You can go over for a better look if you want," Lily offered.

Marlene realized she was leaning to the side again and sat up straight.

"Um...", she said, hesitant to answer.

Smiling, Lily took her hand and stood up. Marlene stood nervously and let the redhead lead her over to the other couch. Lily pushed her down into the seat right next to Bellatrix before squeezing in between her and the arm of the couch.

Bellatrix ran her hands up Harry's legs and bobbed her head down, taking the majority of his length between her lips. Looking up at him with her bright violet eyes, she somehow managed to smirk around his girth and sucked hard as she raised her head. Harry groaned and reached down to play with her breasts. When she pulled off of him completely, he used his grip on her breasts to pull her up for a kiss.

Bellatrix smiled against his lips and wrapped her breasts around his length, rubbing the warm, smooth mounds up and down his shaft. He bucked his hips, causing her to chuckle and pull back to watch his tip peak out from between her impressive cleavage.

"Why are you men always so obsessed with our breasts?" Narcissa asked teasingly.

“They’re breasts,” Harry said as if it should be obvious.

“I bet he’d love to do this to Marlene. She’s got a great pair,” Bellatrix smirked, looking over at the short, thin, yet incredibly busty brunette. “You want to give it a try?”

Marlene blushed heavily and stared at her with wide eyes.

“Not everyone’s as big a slut as you are, Bella,” Narcissa said, rolling her eyes.

“Only for Harry,” Bellatrix smirked before tilting her head down and sucking on his tip for a moment. “Besides, you see how much he likes Molly’s, and Marlene’s are even bigger than hers.”

“Wait, isn’t Molly dating Arthur?” Malene asked.

“He knows,” Lily assured her. “It’s a bit of a long story. Molly tried to give Arthur a Love Potion, but it turned out to be a Lust Potion in the back of Witch Weekly, and Harry drank it instead.”

“Bellatrix thought making her sleep with Harry until the Potion burned itself out was a good punishment,” Narcissa added, rolling her eyes.

“Molly told Arthur what happened, and he found it exciting,” Lily finished with a shrug.

“He’s a cuck,” Bellatrix grinned. “So, you want to try?”

Marlene bit her lip and looked over at Lily nervously.

“You can if you want to,” Lily smiled.

"I - Well, I've never, um...", Marlene stammered nervously.

"Relax," Harry said, wrapping his arm around her shoulders. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to."

He was a bit surprised when she leaned into him. It seemed to him that she wanted to try but was nervous about trying something she'd never done before. Reaching over with his free hand, Harry curled his finger under her chin and turned her head so she was facing him. Leaning down slowly, he pressed his lips to hers, kissing her softly.

Marlene inhaled sharply through her nose and froze for just a moment before kissing him back. Smirking, Bellatrix sat back, grabbed Marlene's hand, and placed it on his length. Pulling back with a flush running all the way down her neck, Marlene stared down at her hand and stroked him lightly.

"It's so smooth," she whispered.

"Try gripping him a bit harder," Narcissa said, curling herself up against Harry's other side.

While Marlene followed her instructions, Bellatrix shuffled over to Lily with a grin and opened her jeans. Smiling, Lily lifted her hips before pulling off her jumper. Moments later, her bra and panties joined the growing pile of clothes on the floor.

Marlene unconsciously stroked Harry faster as Bellatrix ran a finger between Lily's folds.

"Such a pretty pussy," she said.

Leaning forward, she buried her face between Lily's legs and lapped at her folds. Letting out a low moan, Lily fisted her hair roughly and wrapped her legs around Bellatrix's head.

“Wow,” Marlene breathed.

She turned back to Harry just in time to see Narcissa toss her bra to the floor and give Harry a passionate kiss. Chewing her lip thoughtfully, she let go of Harry’s length and took off her jumper. In the moment that her eyes were covered, Harry and Narcissa turned to look at her. Marlene’s massive breasts cover nearly all of her chest and were held up by a lacy red bra. Looking away with a blush at the attention, she wrapped her small hand around Harry’s shaft and started stroking him again.

“Here,” Narcissa said.

Taking Marlene’s hand, Narcissa knelt on the floor. Marlene hesitated for a second before dropping to her knees in front of Harry, his throbbing length towering in front of her. Shuffling behind her, Narcissa wrapped an arm around her waist, her breasts pressing into Marlene’s bare back.

Slowly raising her arm, Narcissa lifted her mountainous breasts and slipped Harry’s tip between them before lowering her breasts back down. Marlene stared down at her own chest as his tip peeked out over the top of her cleavage.

“Feel good?” Narcissa asked.

“Brilliant,” Harry grinned.

Smiling, Narcissa leaned over Marlene’s shoulder and swirled her tongue around his head. Marlene let out a quiet gasp when she felt her tongue brush over the smooth skin of her breasts. With a kiss on the tip, Narcissa pulled back.

“Push them together and move them up and down,” she whispered in Marlene’s ear.

As Marlene did as she was instructed, Narcissa moved her hair out of the way and started kissing and sucking at her neck. Marlene moaned quietly as she watched Harry's swollen head disappear and then reappear between her breasts.

After a few more strokes, Narcissa deftly unhooked her bra and slowly pulled it away from her body. Marlene bit her lip nervously as Harry stared down at her chest.

"Merlin," he breathed. "You're incredible, Marlene."

Blushing, she nonetheless smiled happily at the compliment. Reaching down, Harry ran his hands along the sides of her breasts until they replaced hers completely. Gripping them firmly, he pulled her up and then bent down to bury his face between them. Marlene giggled when he shook his head back and forth.

Smiling, Harry kissed each of her nipples before sucking on one lightly. When he pulled back, he dragged her further forward and kissed her on the lips. As they kissed, Narcissa reached around, pressed her soft, gigantic globes around his length, and moved them up and down. With a moan, Harry broke the kiss and sat back.

"Give the tip a kiss," Narcissa said.

Biting her lip, Marlene looked down at the bright red head peeking up from her cleavage and licked her lips. Leaning her head down, she gave the tip a quick kiss. Harry groaned, his fingers combing through her hair. Smiling to herself, she did it again and again. Before she realized what she was doing, Marlene had her lips wrapped completely around his head, her tongue swirling around it.

"I'm going to cum," Harry warned her a moment later.

Not sure what to do, Marlene hesitated. Suddenly, she felt him swell in her mouth just before he erupted. She jerked back in surprise, swallowing the thick, slightly salty fluid in her mouth. Harry groaned, and a white jet launched from his tip and into the air before falling back down

to splatter on her breasts. Marlene watched in fascination as four more jets landed on her pale skin before he eventually stopped.

“Oh, God,” Lily gasped.

Marlene looked over at Lily and watched as her friend came all over Bellatrix’s face. She had a tight grip on the Slytherin’s curly black hair, yanking it roughly. Her attention was pulled back to her breasts with a gasp when she felt a tongue run over her skin. Looking down, she found Narcissa licking her breasts clean. Smirking, she sat up and showed what was on her tongue.

Cupping Marlene’s cheeks, Narcissa leaned forward until their lips met. Marlene responded tentatively at first, but the excitement and naughtiness of the moment got to her, and she quickly started kissing her back.

“Girls, why don’t we take this over to the bed?” Harry suggested.

Marlene bit her lip nervously and stared down at his intimidating length.

“I don’t think I’m ready for that,” Marlene said. “I think I should call it a night here.”

“Okay,” Narcissa said. “You can always join us next weekend if you want to do this again.”

“You were brilliant,” Harry smiled, stroking her cheek.

Marlene smiled and stood up, more excited than embarrassed, as he stared at her chest. There was still some cum on her chest, but she left it there, enjoying the rather naughty feeling as she put on her bra.

“You sure you want to go, Marlene?” Lily asked.

"I'm sure," Marlene smiled back. "Thanks for, well..."

"You're welcome," Lily said.

After pulling on her jumper, Harry walked up to her and gave her a gentle kiss. Marlene smiled as she pulled back and turned towards the door. Just before leaving, she turned back and watched as Narcissa straddled him on the bed and sank down on his length.

Her wand was going to see a lot of use when she got back to the dorm.