

Chapter 14

Harry smiled as Lily walked into the kitchen as he and Cynthia cooked breakfast. Gerald had already left for work, and Petunia was out visiting her boyfriend, Vernon. Although he was glad she was getting along better with Lily and him since he'd given her the Rune carving kit, he was relieved he didn't have to see Vernon.

"So, what do you two have planned for the day?" Cynthia asked while taking a seat at the table.

"Not much," Lily said.

"Actually, I have a few errands to run," Harry admitted.

"Like what?" Lily asked curiously while taking a bite of her eggs.

"You remember that little girl that sent me that letter after Greyback was arrested?" Harry asked, getting a nod from both ladies. "Well, I want to give her mother the recipe for the Wolfsbane Potion, and I made her a dose for the next full moon. It won't cure her, but it'll reduce the pain of the transformation and help her keep her mind. There's a couple of other things I want to check at Gringotts too."

"That's so sweet of you, dear," Cynthia smiled, patting his knee under the table.

"Can I come with you?" Lily asked.

Harry shrugged, "I don't mind."

Lily smiled and looked at her mother to see if it was alright with her. Just as Cynthia opened her mouth, there was a knock at the door.

"Just don't stay out too late," she smiled while climbing to her feet.

Lily beamed as her mother left the kitchen, then turned to Harry.

"Now that Petunia is more accepting of magic, do you think we could pick her up a beginner's potions kit and a couple of books?" she asked.

"Sure," Harry smiled.

"Harry!" Cynthia called from the living room. "There's someone here to see you."

Frowning, Harry shared a glance with Lily and stood quickly. His hand quickly moved to rest on the handle of his wand as he and Lily made their way into the living room.

His shoulders relaxed when he spotted Dumbledore standing beside the couch in his plum-colored robes with a pleasant smile on his face.

"Ah, good morning Harry, Lily," he said.

"Hello, professor," Harry said. "What brings you by."

"Well, I just came for an Emergency Wizengamot session, and I wanted to give you the news in person," Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling. "For saving Hogsmeade and defeating Greyback, the Wizengamot has decided to award you the Order of Merlin, second class."

Harry's eyebrows rose while Lily squealed excitedly and launched herself at him.

"Oh, Harry, that's so wonderful!" she beamed. "I'm so happy for you!"

“What’s an Order of Merlin?” Cynthia asked.

“It’s our government’s highest award for bravery and services to Magical Britain,” Dumbledore explained.

“Oh my!” Cynthia gasped.

“Er, I’d really rather not have all the attention,” Harry said.

“It does come with a couple of other perks, you might say,” Dumbledore smiled. “On top of the ten thousand Galleon reward for turning in Greyback, the Order of Merlin second class gets you another five thousand Galleons and a lifetime seat in the Wizengamot.”

Harry’s eyebrows rose even higher.

Well, guess I don’t have to go to Gringotts now, he thought.

Then, Harry’s brow furrowed in confusion as he looked at Dumbledore.

“How did you know...?” he asked.

“Well, if you’re going to make changes, having a seat in the governing body would certainly help,” Dumbledore replied, his eyes twinkling madly.

Snorting, Harry shook his head.

“Please don’t tell me I have to go to an award ceremony,” he said resignedly.

“Minister Bangold was quite insistent. I managed to convince her to keep it relatively small. It will be held at the Ministry on January second,” Dumbledore said.

Harry sighed and nodded while Lily and Cynthia congratulated him with enthusiastic hugs

“Then I shall see you Friday,” Dumbledore said. “Good day.”

Dumbledore twisted on the spot, then blinked curiously when he found himself still in the same place.

“Er, I put up wards around the house a couple of days ago,” Harry said, biting the inside of his cheek to hold back a laugh.

“Ah,” Dumbledore said while smoothing out his robes. “I’ll just see myself out then. Fortunately, there’s an excellent spot to Disapparate from behind a bakery with the most delicious looking eclairs in the window.”

Harry shook his head with a chuckle as Dumbledore closed the front door behind him.

“That’s your headmaster?” Cynthia asked. “He seems a bit...”

“Odd?” Harry offered. “He is, but don’t let it fool you. He’s still the most powerful wizard I’ve ever met.”

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After Lily and Harry had gotten showered and dressed for the day, he took her hand and Apparate to Diagon Alley. Lily still looked a little queasy when they arrived, but not nearly as bad as the first time.

“I thought the wards stopped you from Apparating,” she said.

“They stop everyone else from Apparating,” Harry corrected. “Since I put up the wards, I left an exception for me. I’ll do the same for you once you know how to Apparate. That way, if something does happen, I can get to your house and get your parents to safety.”

Smiling, Lily kissed him on the cheek and took his hand in hers as they stepped out into the alley. Since they didn’t need to go to Gringotts now – something Harry was happy about since a family returning from obscurity might raise questions he couldn’t answer – they went straight to the Apothecary. While Lily was picking up potions equipment and ingredients for her sister, Harry spotted some animated stuffed animals across the street.

Once they had everything they needed for Petunia, Harry pulled Lily across the street into the shop.

“I thought Amanda might like one of these,” Harry said, motioning to the menagerie of stuffed magical creatures.

Lily gave him a tender smile and helped him pick one out. After a bit of debate, they decided to get her a stuffed Krup. Since they didn’t know if the little girl was even magical or not, they wanted to make sure it could blend in with the Muggle world.

While the Jack Russel terrier-like animal was certainly cute, the Animation Charms were pretty basic. After paying the smiling witch at the register, Harry took out his wand to see if he could improve it a bit. With just a few charms, the stuffed animal began acting like the real thing. When Harry looked up, he noticed the witch and several of the patrons in the store staring at him with wide eyes.

“Thanks,” Harry said quickly.

Grabbing Lily’s hand, he pulled her out of the store, where she broke into a fit of giggles.

Walking back to the Apparation point, Harry checked his wand for the coordinates to the Tracking Charm he'd placed on the thank you note he'd sent to Amanda and her mother, Sylvia Burns, the day before. Grabbing Lily's arm, they vanished with a twist.

Reappearing about three hundred miles away, they were fortunate enough to have Apparated in an empty car park without any witnesses. Following the Tracking Charm led them to a small but nice home out in the countryside. Walking up to the door, Harry knocked three times.

"Just a moment," a voice called out.

Less than a minute later, a pretty blonde answered the door, her eyes red from crying.

"Can I help you?" she asked, eyeing them curiously.

"Hi, I'm Harry Potter, and this is Lily," Harry said, seeing the woman's eyes widen at the mention of his name. "I have a potion to help Amanda with her transformation, but we can come back later if this is a bad time."

"Oh!" she gasped. "No, please, come in."

Harry smiled as she held the door open and stepped into the house with Lily. A little girl with curly blonde hair and pink scars covering her left cheek and neck stood up from where she was playing with some dolls and hid behind the woman.

"It's alright, love," the woman smiled, running a hand through the girl's hair tenderly. "This is Harry and his friend Lily. He's the one who made the bad man go away."

The little girl's eyes went wide as saucers as she stared up at him.

"Hello," Harry said, smiling kindly. "You must be Amanda."

“Oh, how rude of me,” the woman said. “Yes, this is my daughter Amanda, and I’m Sylvia. I can’t thank you enough for putting that man behind bars.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled.

Dropping down to one knee, he smiled at Amanda as she gripped her mother’s skirt tightly.

“Hello,” he said softly. “Do you mind if I take a look at those scars? I might be able to heal them.”

Amanda blinked twice before looking up at her mother. Smiling, Sylvia nodded her head, and Amanda took a nervous step forward.

“I promise, this won’t hurt,” Harry reassured her.

Holding out his wand, he cleared his thoughts and let the spell he needed bubble to the surface. With a circular motion, the tip of his wand glowed a faint green. Under the light of his wand, the pink scars quickly began to fade until it was just a touch lighter than the rest of her. The scars were still visible, but you really had to look to notice them.

“Thank you,” Sylvia said, her eyes glistening and voice thick with emotion.

Harry just smiled and looked over his shoulder.

“Lily, do you have the present?” he asked.

With her own eyes glistening with unshed tears, Lily grinned and handed him the colorfully wrapped parcel.

“Happy Christmas,” Harry said, handing it to Amanda.

Eyes wide, the little girl took the present and carefully ripped off the paper. A gasp left her lips as the Krup leapt into her arms and yipped excitedly. Its tail wagged as it licked her face with a cloth tongue. Giggling, Amanda beamed down at the small dog in her arms in wonder before looking at her mother.

“Look, Mummy,” she said, holding up the stuffed dog. “Can we keep him?”

“Of course,” Sylvia said with a tear rolling down her cheek. “Why don’t you go play with him while I talk to Harry and Lily for a minute?”

Smiling, Amanda rushed forward and hugged Harry tightly.

“Thank you,” she said softly.

Letting go of him, she ran back over to her dolls and began showing them to the dog as it jumped into her lap. Harry smiled as he climbed back to his feet.

“That’s the first time she’s spoken since...,” Sylvia said before trailing off tearfully. “Sorry, would you like some tea?”

Leading Harry and Lily to the kitchen, she pulled out a wand and flicked it at the kettle.

“Here, this is for Amanda too,” Harry said, pulling seven small vials of a red, bubbling potion out of his pocket and setting them on the counter. “It’s called the Wolfsbane Potion. Give her one dose every night leading up to the full moon, with the last dose on the night of the full moon itself. It should help with the pain and let her keep her mind during her transformation.”



“Thank you,” Sylvia said tearfully.

Harry smiled and pulled a slip of parchment from his pocket.

“This is the recipe,” Harry said, handing it to her.

Sylvia took it from him, her grateful smile turning into a concerned frown as she read it over.

“I was never that good at potions, and some of these ingredients are pretty expensive,” she muttered with a sigh. “Money’s been a bit tight since my husband left.”

Sylvia’s lip quivered as she tried not to cry, but it was only a moment before tears ran down her cheeks. Lily rushed over and hugged her gently while rubbing her back just as the kettle began to whistle.

“I got it,” Harry said.

Flicking his wand, the tea began making itself as Lily guided Sylvia over to the table. While the two women sat, Harry grabbed two cups of tea floating in the air and set them down in front of them before taking a seat on the other side of the table.

“I’m sorry,” Sylvia said after a moment. “It’s just - my husband – ex-husband, Mark, he had a gambling problem. He wouldn’t say anything, but I’m positive Greyback went after Amanda because he owed money to the wrong people. The bastard left the morning after she was bitten, and I haven’t heard from him since.”

“That’s terrible,” Lily said, her green eyes glistening with sympathetic tears.

“I don’t know if I’ll be able to afford to keep the house, and now this potion...”

"I'll take care of it," Harry said. "Professor Slughorn already brews it for a friend of mine. I'm sure he wouldn't mind brewing an extra dose. I'll owl it to you."

"No, I couldn't," Sylvia said, wiping the tears from her face.

"I insist," Harry said, conjuring a handkerchief for her.

Sylvia looked like she wanted to argue but looking over at her daughter giggling as the stuffed dog jumped all over her, her shoulders sagged, and a small smile stretched her lips.

"Thank you," she said softly, wiping her eyes. "I didn't even know where I could take her on the full moon where she wouldn't hurt anyone."

"With the potion, she should be fine in the backyard – as long as you put up some wards," Harry said.

"I can do that," Sylvia nodded, looking relieved.

"I have a friend that's a Werewolf," Harry said thoughtfully. "I can't make any promises, but I'll talk to him and see if he'd be willing to owl you. He'd be able to answer any questions you might have better than I can, and it might help Amanda to have someone else she can talk to about it. Especially when she gets older."

"Your friend, does he go to Hogwarts with you?" she asked with a hint of hopefulness.

"Yeah," Harry nodded.

"Do you think they'd let Amanda go to Hogwarts too?" Sylvia asked. "I didn't think they let Werewolves into Hogwarts, but if your friend can go, maybe..."

"I'll talk to Dumbledore about it. I'm sure he'll let her go as long as she follows the same safety measures our friend does," Harry assured her.

"Mummy! Mummy! Look!" Amanda exclaimed excitedly.

All three of them looked over to see the little girl up a crayon drawing of a stick figure next to what looked like a little dog.

"That's beautiful, sweetheart," Sylvia said with a loving smile. "Come on, let's go put this on the refrigerator."

Harry and Lily stayed for another hour before they left. Sylvia thanked them profusely, and Amanda gave each of them a hug. Lily was especially taken by the little girl, and her eyes misted over as they said goodbye.

"That was really nice of you," Lily said, taking his hand in hers.

Harry shrugged modestly, "I never thought it was right, the way most witches and wizards treat Werewolves."

"No, it's not," Lily agreed firmly. "There's a lot of things that aren't fair in the wizarding world."

Seeing the fire in her eyes, so similar to the way Hermione did when she saw an injustice, Harry couldn't help but smile. Squeezing her hand, he pulled her behind the hedgerow and kissed her. Smiling as they held each other, Harry Disapparated.

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"Where are we?" Lily asked as they reappeared in an alley that looked distinctly Muggle.

“London,” Harry said with a grin. “I thought we could get something to eat.”

Lily beamed as he took her hand and led her out into the busy city. Wandering the streets, they found a nice Italian restaurant where they ate. Afterwards, they made their way to a clothing store, where Harry picked up some new clothes. Being on the run for a year hadn't done his already worn looking wardrobe any favors.

By the time they were done, the sun was already beginning to fall, and the temperature started to drop. With their errands done, they Apparated back to Lily's house, their cheeks and noses slightly rosy but with wide smiles on their faces.

“Have fun?” Cynthia asked with a knowing look.

Harry was glad his cheeks were already pink as he felt himself blush while Lily happily told her about everything they did. Any hope he had about hiding his blush vanished when Lily told her about how he was helping Amanda and her mother.

“I'm going to go send a letter to Remus,” Harry muttered, ducking his head as Cynthia smiled at him proudly.

Dashing up the stairs, he shook his head as he heard them giggle behind him.

The rest of the evening passed relatively normally, although Petunia was acting a bit nicer to him and Lily. As he'd hoped, not that she could do some magic of her own, even though it was limited, she had less of a reason to be a jealous bitch. After dinner, she even asked Lily a few questions about runes.

Oddly, Gerald, Cynthia, and Petunia all seemed to grow tired at the same time and called it an early night. When they'd disappeared upstairs, Lily got up and then sat in his lap with an impish smile.

“What did you do?” he asked amusedly.

“I got tired of mum interrupting us, so I slipped some Sleeping Draught in their tea,” she said, smiling unrepentantly.

Harry stared at her for a moment and then laughed incredulously.

Straddling his lap, Lily wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. As their lips and tongues danced, Harry slid his hands down her back and squeezed her jean-clad ass. Lily’s fingers combed through his hair as they snogged on the couch for several minutes. By the time Lily pulled back, flushed and breathless, one of his hands had made its way under her shirt and cupped her breast over her bra.

With a promising smile and an excited sparkle in her eyes, Lily climbed off of his lap and grabbed his hands. Pulling him off the couch, she led him up the stairs to her bedroom.

“Can you put up a Silencing Charm?” Lily asked, her breath coming faster in anticipation.

Sensing her nervousness, Harry pulled her close and ran his fingers lightly up and down her spine.

“Are you sure you want to do this, Lily?” he asked, his own nerves growing as he looked at her beautiful face.

“Positive,” Lily said firmly. “There’s no one else I’d rather have my first time with. I – I love you.”

Harry felt his heart swell as he smiled brightly. All his life, he’d longed to hear those words from her. The fact that it wasn’t quite in the same context as he’d imagined made little difference.

“I love you too,” Harry whispered softly, his fingers stroking her cheek.

Kissing Lily tenderly, he waved his wand, silencing and locking the door and then putting up a weak Muggle Repelling ward just in case. This time, they wouldn't be interrupted.

As he set his wand down on the nightstand, Lily grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it up and over his head. Smiling, she ran her hands over his muscled chest, making Harry chuckle when her nails tickled his ribs.

Grabbing the bottom of her jumper, he pulled it up over her head, exposing her large breasts trapped in a red bra. Pulling her close once more, Harry kissed her fiercely as he reached behind her back and popped open the clasp of her bra. Lily yanked her bra off quickly, carelessly tossing it to the floor and then moaning as their bare torsos pressed together. When Harry pulled back a moment later, Lily licked her lips nervously as he stared down at her body.

Her large, perky breasts jutted from her chest, capped with puffy, bright pink puffy areolas and stiff nipples. Sliding his hands up from where they rested on her hips, Harry glided them up her thin waist and over the bottom of her rib cage until he cupped both of the soft, smooth orbs in his hand. Her pale skin was completely devoid of any blemishes, not a mole or freckle in sight.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered.

Lily smiled, her hands moving up to the back of his head and pulling him forward. As their lips met, Harry circled his thumbs over the tips of her breasts, drawing a sound somewhere between a moan and a whimper from her lips. Smiling against her lips, Harry backed her up to the bed and then gently laid her down on the mattress.

Pulling his lips from hers, Harry kissed down her chin, over the column of her throat, and then sucked lightly at her collarbone. Lily moaned as he continued trailing kisses down her chest until his face was buried between her breasts. Even on her back, they still stood impressively from her chest. She inhaled sharply as her smooth mounds brushed the rough stubble on his cheeks.

Eventually, he moved over to her right breast, kissing all around the base before making his way to the center. Lily arched her back and gasped when he took her nipple between his lips. With a moan, she pulled his head forward, a tremble running up her spine when his teeth grazed her sensitive nub.

“Harry,” she breathed quietly.

Smiling, Harry kissed her nipple one last time before kissing his way down her body. The moment his hand brushed against the waistband of her jeans, Lily lifted her hips impatiently. With a chuckle, he popped open the button, pulled down the zipper, and tugged them down her legs. As he tossed her jeans aside, Lily grabbed her red panties and pushed them off quickly. Dropping them to the floor, she suddenly bit her lip in trepidation and kept her legs pressed together.

Stroking her thighs gently, Harry kissed her knee as their eyes met. Staring at him for a long moment, she relaxed and opened her legs. Smiling tenderly, he kissed the inside of her knee, then paused and blinked when he caught sight of her smooth, hairless mound. Quirking his lips, he looked up at Lily questioningly, her cheeks going slightly pink.

“I saw that Bellatrix and Narcissa didn’t have any hair down there, so I thought...,” Lily trailed off.

Grinning, Harry kissed the inside of her thigh and worked his way up. Her breath shuddering with anticipation, Lily gripped the sheets as she stared down at him with wide eyes. Meeting her gaze, Harry placed a kiss on her taut lips. With a gasp, she gasped, her mouth hanging slightly open as she panted.

Harry ran his tongue between her folds, the taste of her excitement coating his tongue, and then placed a kiss directly over her clit. Inhaling sharply, Lily closed her eyes and lay back on the pillows while rolling her hips. As he continued running his tongue between her folds, one hand caressed her thigh while the other reached up to gently grope one of her breasts.

As Harry rolled her nipple between his fingers and traced his tongue around her hooded nub, Lily moved her hands from the sheets to the back of his head. Threading her fingers through his hair, she tugged his head forward while rolling her hips. Roughly pulling his lips up to her clit and tapping him in place, Harry smiled against her folds and wrapped his lips around the bundle of nerves.

Lily moaned wantonly, arching her hips off the bed. Harry took the opportunity to take his hand off her thigh and slid it under his body. Wetting the tip of his middle finger in her arousal, he slowly eased it into her steaming depths.

“Oh, God!” Lily gasped.

Harry slowly sawed his finger back and forth while he continued to lick, kiss, and suck at her clit. After a couple of minutes, he slipped a second finger into her impossibly tight depths.

“Harry!” Lily gasped.

Arching her head back into the pillows, she tugged his hair almost painfully, grinding his nose into her pelvis as she rolled her hips frantically. Panting and moaning almost constantly, Harry knew she was close to the edge. Pushing his fingers deep, he massaged her depths while lashing at her clit furiously.

Lily went completely stiff, her back arching sharply as her breath caught in her throat. A moment later, she cried out, her depths clamping on his fingers as she drenched them in a gush of excitement.

After a long moment, her body sagged bonelessly to the mattress, and her legs released his head. Harry slipped his fingers out of her and sat up, a grin stretching his lips as he looked down at her. Lily lay on the bed, her chest and face flushed as she panted heavily. Her were closed, a relaxed, contented look on her face.

Standing up, Harry slipped out of his trousers, freeing his stiffness from the tight confines of his jeans. He debated with himself for a moment before slipping his boxers to the floor as well. A gasp drew his attention back to Lily, who was staring wide-eyed at his rigid length, a hint of hunger in her gaze.

Her eyes followed him unblinkingly as he climbed back onto the bed and between her legs. Hesitantly, she reached down and took him in hand.

"It's so hot," Lily said, then her eyes widened when she realized she'd spoken aloud.

Harry chuckled, causing Lily to relax and laugh as well. Looking back down at his throbbing length, she licked her lips as she stroked him lightly. Breathing in deeply at the pleasurable sensation, he crawled over top of her and kissed her deeply.

Dropping his hips slightly, Harry pressed the base of his shaft against Lily's heated folds. Both of them moaned from the sensation. Grinding himself against her mound firmly while she continued to stroke the tip, Harry broke the kiss and rested his forehead against hers.

"That feels so good," Harry murmured.

Lily smiled as their identical green eyes met. Slowly, Harry pulled his hips back, and Lily lined him up with her entrance. As he rested there, poised to enter her depths, she moved her hands up to his shoulders.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked.

"I'm sure," Lily said.

Harry smiled but still hesitated. This would irrevocably change their relationship, and there would be no going back. Harry searched inside of himself, but still, no matter how familiar her

face and eyes were, there was no part of him that saw her as his mother. She was just Lily, his wonderful, beautiful, intelligent friend that he cared for deeply.

Kissing her lovingly, Harry eased forward.

Lily gasped, her nails digging into his shoulders as he slipped inside of her. Her folds stretched around his girth as he slowly sank deeper into her incredibly tight, sweltering depths. When he was about halfway inside of her, Lily bit her lip and whimpered.

“Lily?” Harry asked in concern, holding still.

“I’m fine,” Lily said, her strained voice belying her words. “Just – give me a minute. You’re a lot thicker than my wand.”

Smiling slightly, Harry leaned down and kissed her. Moaning into his mouth, Lily moved her hands up from his shoulders and wrapped them around his back. After a few moments, she tightened her legs around him and rolled her hips. Inhaling sharply through her nose, she moaned and did it again. Taking that as his cue, Harry pulled back slightly before sliding back in just a little deeper.

Lily moaned again, bucking her hips and pulling her lips from his.

“Don’t stop,” she panted softly.

Harry smiled and thrust again. He got into a rhythm where he pulled most of the way out before sliding back in slightly deeper than before. In only a couple of minutes, he sank into her depths up to the hilt and hissed from the pleasure. After going so long without sex when he had gotten so used to spending the night with Narcissa and Bellatrix, Harry reveled in the feeling of her amazing depths.

Settling into a gentle rhythm, Harry stared down at Lily, her eyes sparkling lustfully.

“Faster,” she breathed. “Please.”

Harry smiled and did as she asked, pulling back further and plunging in faster. Arching her back, Lily thrust her chest into the air and moaned salaciously. Resting his weight on one arm, Harry grasped one of her breasts and squeezed it firmly. Eyes fluttering open, she grabbed the back of his head and pulled him down for a demanding kiss.

Smiling against her lips, Harry slid his hand down to her hip and then rolled them both over. Lily pulled his lips away from his and then blinked at suddenly finding herself on top. With a grin, Harry bucked his hips up while pulling her down by the hips.

“Oh!” Lily gasped, rolling her hips unconsciously.

Chuckling at her slightly unfocused gaze, Harry ran his hands up her sides and cupped her breasts.

“You’re so beautiful, Lily,” Harry said.

Smiling, Lily tossed her dark red hair over her shoulder and rocked her hips experimentally. Staring down at the point where they were connected, she bit her lips and lifted herself up before lowering herself back down. It took a couple of minutes to find her rhythm, but soon she was bouncing up and down on his rigid length, rolling her hips each time she bottomed out.

Harry moved his hands down to her hips and savored the feeling of her hot, slick folds hugging his shaft. Her perky breasts bounced enticingly on her chest with her movements, and her nails dug into his chest. Gradually, her movements grew rougher and more frantic, her eyes glazing over as she panted.

Growling, Lily’s eyes burned brightly, and she bounced up and down on him, her hair whipping around her head wildly.

“Yes!” she hissed. “I’m close.”

“Me too,” Harry told her, gripping her hips and thrusting up, his thighs meeting her rear with a clap.

“Oh, God!” Lily gasped.

Harry couldn’t take his eyes off Lily as she rode him frantically. Her movements became wild, lifting nearly all the way off of him before slamming herself down on his cock. Each time he plunged into her fluttering depths, a low grunt was forced from her lips. Throwing herself forward, her hands landing on either side of his head, her eyes blazed as he drove up forcefully into her. A tremble ran through her body before she stiffened and arched her back.

“Harry!” Lily screamed.

Grunting, Harry grabbed her hips and buried himself as deep as possible as he exploded. Lily’s eyes and mouth flew open with a gasp as jets of hot cum splashed against her depths. Her hips jerked spasmodically, and she collapsed on top of him, her face buried in the crook of his neck with a trembling moan.

It was several moments before either of them moved. Lily sat up, kissed him tenderly, and smiled as she let him slip out of her before curling up against his chest. Smiling, Harry grabbed his wand off the nightstand and set an alarm. Slipping it under the pillow, he held Lily gently as they drifted off to sleep.