

## Harry and the Beast Within

1.

The werewolf tossed Padfoot to the side. Its golden eyes snapped to Hermione, Ron, and Harry.

"Professor!" Hermione yelled.

"Sirius!" Harry called at the same time.

Those golden eyes carried none of the intelligence and kindness Remus had just hours earlier. The creature leaped toward the trio. Harry stepped out in front, pushing the others behind him. On instinct, he raised his left arm to fend off the bite. He had learned the hard way that it was best to give an animal something to chew on while keeping his main hand free. All those visits from Marge finally paid off.

Except a werewolf was not a dog.

Harry screamed as the teeth tore into his forearm. Some part of him realized that if the jaws had snapped together then it meant the teeth had gone through his bones in the process. He brought his wand around, holding it like a knife, and stabbed it into Lupin's face, aiming for the eyes. A large, clawed hand caught the wand as it wound back for another stab.

The edge of his vision began to lose color. Darkness pressed in on him. Harry gritted his teeth. This was not how he was going to die. There were too many things about tonight that needed to happen. He had to make sure Sirius escaped. He had to make sure his friends survived. He had to keep the dementors away from everyone.

His scream turned into a roar. The wolf paused, considering the strange creature in its maw. It was enough of a break to allow Hermione to blast Lupin with some spell. The werewolf dropped Harry as it tumbled away across the grass.

"Harry!" Someone yelled.

They were too far away for him to make out who it was.

"Get Sirius." He said. "Get him out of here."

He used his good arm to push himself up onto his knees. The world lurched as he tried to stand. There were voices around him. He had lost his glasses at some point. His vision was too blurry.

Harry pushed through the pain and the dizziness. Something was wrong with his right hand. He held it up to see that his wand had been broken. Shards of it pierced his palm and wrist. His hand, while still in one piece, wasn't supposed to bend that way. He tried to move other arm but found it wasn't working the way it was supposed to. He looked down to see that his left arm was covered in blood from the elbow down.

He glared at the direction Lupin had run off. The werewolf was somewhere in the Forbidden Forest now.

"Damn it." Harry grumbled. "How am I supposed to hold a broom with my hands like this?"

The world lurched and his vision went black.

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Three Weeks Later

~ ~ ~

Harry remained unchanged. His body floated above the hospital bed, surrounded in an orb of golden energy. No spells, potions, or rune could get through. They had admitted him to St. Mungo's as soon as they could. The shell had formed once Harry had lost consciousness. Nurses and Doctors had checked on him hourly at first. Now, they got a status update three times a day when they delivered meals to Hermione.

No one was around when the shell began to crack. The golden orb faded away, seeping into Harry's skin as he settled gently onto the bed. He blinked awake. Hospital sheets, no matter the hospital, always felt the same. At first, he expected to be at Hogwarts, but a quick look around the room proved him wrong.

He was in a private room. Flowers and cards covered two of the walls. To his left sat Hermione. She was asleep with a book in her lap. A thin blanket had been draped over her. The impressive stack of books beside her made him think she had been here for a while.

Harry stretched. He was more than happy to find that both his arms were in perfect working order. Wiggling his toes proved that they were doing what they needed to do as well. He had a couple of new scars. A gnarled bite on his forearm mingles with the basilisk fang scar. The palm of his right hand had a string of small starburst where his wand had pierced his skin.

He frowned. That was a nice wand. How would he get a new one?

Other than that, he appeared to be in one piece. Harry swung his legs over the side of the bed. He shifted forward, testing to see if he could hold his weight. The cold floor made him squeak in shock. He froze as Hermione stirred in her chair.

He let out a long, slow breath as she stayed asleep. Harry smiled at her and leaned forward to see what she had been reading. The entire stack focused on healing magic from around the world. As well as common reactions to lycanthrope infection.

Harry looked back down at his forearm again. He had been bitten by a werewolf on the full moon. The chances of him not being a werewolf were so infinitesimal that not even the Potter Luck could save him. At least Hermione and Ron were safe. He would adapt. It wasn't the first time he had been cursed.

"Sirius." He whispered.

He needed to know what had happened to Sirius.

"Hermione." Harry whispered.

No response.

"Hermione." He raised his voice a little louder.

"Harry." She moaned in her sleep.

Something about the way she said his name sent a thrill through his body.

"I need you to wake up, Hermione." Harry tried to keep his voice even.

"Again?" She grumbled. "Three times was enough."

Harry flinched. What was she dreaming about?

"Ten points from Gryffindor, Miss Granger." Harry said in his best McGonagall impression.

"Sorry professor!" Hermione snapped awake. "I didn't mean to fall... HARRY!"

She burst from her chair and wrapped him in a tight hug. Harry returned it, only to realize he was naked aside from a thin hospital gown. He stepped back, taking a seat on the bed, and quickly covering himself with his pillow. She was dressed in a matching set of cloud-patterned pajamas.

"You're awake!" Hermione grabbed his arms.

She quickly examined the bite mark. "Flex your fingers. Any numbness? Are you hungry? Do you need raw meat? Follow my finger with your eyes. Can you see alright? Where are your glasses?"

"I can see fine." Harry soothed her. "Take a breath. Tell me what happened."

She took a deep breath.

"Remus bit you. You fought back, but he broke your arm and destroyed your wand. I was able to push him away with a spell. He ran off into the forest. You passed out and we brought you here." Her voice was shaking by the end. "There was so much blood. I thought we were going to lose you. I thought I was going to lose you."

Hermione leaned forward, kissing him deeply.

"What were you think? Jumping in front of a werewolf? That's reckless even for you!" Hermione continued after she pulled away.

Harry blinked, trying to catch up to what had just happened.

"Did you just kiss me?" Harry asked.

"Yes." She blushed. "Don't distract me. What were you thinking?"

"I was trying to protect you." Harry shrugged. "And Ron too. I didn't want you to get hurt. Or Ron." He leaned in, dropping his voice low. "What happened to Sirius?"

"He escaped on Buckbeak, just like we planned." Hermione matched his volume. "It was almost impossible to get him to leave you. Once they brought you here, he finally had to go. They have a way to reverse the animagus form around the building in case they have a patient that needs to be treated. We couldn't risk it."

"Thank you." Harry hooked a finger on her pants, pulled her in, and planted a quick kiss on her lips.

She gasped.

"What?" Harry asked. "You started it."

"It was in the heat of the moment." Hermione poked his chest. "You scared me."

"How long was I out?" He asked.

"Three weeks." Hermione replied.

Harry froze. "Did you say weeks?"

Hermione nodded. "Not only that. You were wrapped in some sort of magical shield. A cocoon, or egg. Whatever it was stopped everything from getting close to you. No one could touch you."

"I was in a magical egg?" Harry asked. "Oddly enough, that isn't the weirdest thing I have ever said."

"You were bitten by a werewolf." Hermione said softly. "It's been three weeks. They are going to move you to a containment cell. They couldn't take the chance of you transforming."

Harry sighed. "I don't like it, but that makes sense."

A loud sound and a scream made them both jump. Harry hopped from the bed, sliding in front of Hermione, getting between her and the danger.

"Harry." She huffed. "Really! You just woke up. No more heroics."

A rather shocked nurse stared at him from the doorway. Her hands were still held out as though she was holding the lunch tray that was scattered across the ground around her. The nurse hurried out of the room. She returned with a squad of doctors. Hermione stepped back as Harry was put through an extensive examination. An hour later they were finally alone once more.

"So, where are they going to move me?" Harry asked.

"They have a special room for lycanthropes." Hermione sat on the bed next to him.

"You can say werewolf." Harry bumped her shoulder with his.

"Are you sure you're alright?" She asked. "You haven't asked for your glasses. Can you see without them? Do you have any unusual urges?"

"Unusual urges?" Harry chuckled. "Such as?"

"The books I've read say that the first transformation is the worst." Hermione took his hand. She stroked the back of it lightly with her fingertips. "There have been reports of increased aggression, hunger, and."

The last word was lost in a mumble.

"What was that?" Harry asked.

"Mating." She whispered.

"I'm not angry." Harry counted them off. "I am hungry, but not overly so." Another finger. "Aside from having a pretty girl in my bed, I'm not horny."

"Harry!" She giggled.

"Did you just giggle?" Harry asked.

"No." She continued to giggle. "I do not giggle."

"Mister Potter?" A female voice spoke from nearby.

Harry turned to see an attractive woman with curly black hair in the doorway.

"My name is Andromeda Tonks." She held her hand out as she crossed the room. "I'm one of the healers that have been observing you."

"Nice to meet you." Harry took her hand and kissed it.

Her cheeks flushed. Harry held her hand for a moment longer. He leaned in, taking a small sniff.

"Do I know you?" He asked as he let her hand go.

"You know my cousin." She smiled at him. "Sirius."

"He's innocent." Harry said quickly.

"I know." Andromeda shook her head. "I've been saying that for years. No one will listen."

"Welcome to my world." Harry nodded. "I'm guessing you aren't just here to say hi."

"No." She gave him a small, sad smile. "We need to move you to a secure area. You'll be staying there until after the full moon."

Harry hopped off the bed. "Lead the way."

2.

The room wasn't too bad. It had to have some sort of expansion charm on it as it took up way too much space. The room felt like it stretched the entire floor, but they had passed other rooms to get here.

"We'll be monitoring you." Andromeda said. "And we'll check on you in the morning."

"Thanks." Harry gave Hermione a hug. "I'll be ok."

"I'm supposed to comfort you." She hugged him tightly.

"A kiss for luck?" Harry asked.

She glared at him. Then gave him a quick peck on the lips.

"That doesn't count." Harry sighed.

"Yes, it does." Hermione countered.

Harry stepped forward, sweeping her into his arms. They kissed deeply, his tongue tentatively touching hers. When they stood back up, Hermione had a happy smile on her face. She blushed brightly once she remembered that they weren't alone.

"The full moon is a three-day process." Andromeda smiled at the duo. "Starting tonight you'll spend your time here. In the morning we'll check on you, but you'll stay here until the moon is no longer full."

Harry nodded. "I don't think I'll mind. It looks bigger than the room." He paused. "What about food?"

"There are some stashes of food hidden around the room." Andromeda explained. "It took some testing, but that seems to provide some enrichment to a transformed patient."

Harry sighed. "Here we go."

He stepped into the room. It was like stepping into a forest. He could just make out the ceiling. They had managed to room even have some cloud cover. He paused for a moment taking everything in. Harry followed the sound of running water to find a pool with a waterfall.

Harry shucked off his gown and stepped into the water. It had a gentle slope to it allowing him to get to the depth he wanted without being such a shock. The water was a few degrees cooler than the room. Harry lounged against edge of the magically made pond.

He relaxed, listening to the sound of the waterfall. It was about an hour later when he felt something different. A pressure inside of him was building. It started around his chest, pushing hard against his bones. His skin began to pull taut.

Harry looked down at his hands as they shifted into claws. His skin wasn't growing excess hair. It gained a shimmer. He watched in awe as scales emerged and settled into place. Harry dragged himself out of the water as he felt the muscles in his torso begin to tense. His bones cracked and groaned audibly as they moved to their new placement. Harry closed his eyes tight, breathing through the pain. An intense tingle along his scalp before traveling across his jaw and covering his entire head.

A mighty roar echoed through the room as Harry stood on new legs. His breath came out in ragged huffs, expelling small wisps of smoke each time. He could feel his new body. Power raced through him with every heartbeat. He reveled in the sounds and smells now open to him. Harry let out a long sigh before scrunching up his brow.

Wasn't he supposed to be a mindless beast?

Harry examined his new body at greater length. His skin was now an all too familiar midnight black scales. The last time he had seen them was on the basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets. Thankfully he hadn't turned into a giant snake.

He turned back to the water, hoping to get a look at his new form. His head was hard, sharp angles that he had only seen in storybooks. He would have thought he was looking at a dragon if it weren't for the flame-colored feathers atop his head in place of hair.

He recognized those as well. Phoenix feathers.

Luckily, his eyes were still his. Somewhere in the transformation his scar had vanished. He didn't miss it.

Harry paused for a moment. Were the black scales from the basilisk, or due to his hair color? Would that mean he could kill, or petrify, with a look? There had to be a way to test it without hurting someone.

As a reply, he felt something shift over his eyes. Turning back to the water he saw a slight sheen in his gaze. He concentrated and the shimmery barrier retracted. It slid back into place with little effort. He stood looking into the water, watching his eyes go back and forth for longer than he would have ever admitted.

Only the rumble of his stomach brought him back to the present. The transformation had taken a lot of energy. He needed food.

His new and improved senses led him to a stash of uncooked meat. It looked to be a leg of some sort. Harry was hungry, but raw meat didn't appeal to him. If only he could cook it.

A heat burned in his chest. Naturally, he opened his mouth. A gout of flame covered the leg, charring it nicely. Harry blinked, staring in shock at the slightly overcooked piece of meat in his hand. His hand, that hadn't been damaged or seemingly bothered at all by the fire.

Harry took a bite. It was crunchy and burnt, but damn it was tasty. Harry gnawed on the bone, making sure to get the last little bits of meat. He walked back over to the pond and placed the bone near his discarded gown. Harry didn't want to make some poor interns dig through the room to clean up the mess.

He took his place back in the pond. It was a bit colder than before, but that was probably due to his transformation. Harry tried to process what was going on. He had been bitten by a werewolf, but he turned into some sort of dragon. The scales and protective filter on his eyes were obviously from the basilisk, while the feathers and fire were from Fawkes. He didn't remember seeing the phoenix ever breath fire, but he had been suffering from blood loss at the time.

Harry sighed. There was also the fact that he seemed to still be in control of himself. Did that mean he could still speak?

§Hello?§

Harry huffed. Parseltongue, of course. That was incredibly helpful. A smile crossed his face. He could still write.

He hopped up out of the pond and began to explore the area. It took a little bit, but finally he found a tree that would work. He carefully peeled the bark away from the trunk and set it out on the ground in front of him.

**I'm still me**

**Can speak in parseltongue**

**Werewolf + Basilisk + Phoenix?**

**Need to test if gaze is deadly**

Harry carefully took the piece of bark back to the pond. He placed it carefully by his gown. Now all he could do was wait. Being awake all night seemed like a bad idea. However, he had just woken up from a three weeklong coma. It was time to hunt down those other stashes of food. He wasn't sure how many there were. Harry hoped that he'd be able to get better at cooking them before he ruined them all.

Tomorrow, he needed to ask for something to do.

3.

Harry woke to the sound of the door opening. He hopped from the flat of his back to his feet. Quickly, he grabbed the discarded hospital gown and slipped it on. Last night had been incredibly boring after the first few minutes. He found the hidden food around the room and experimented with cooking them. He found it easier to make a fire to cook with than using it directly from his mouth. His claws made it incredibly easy to strip the meat from the bones. After that he just kind of lounged in the pond. When he got bored with that, he made a little log cabin out of the leftover bones. At some point he had fallen asleep.

The mouthwatering scent of Andromeda Tonks drifted closer as she approached.

**CLAIM.**

"Mrs. Tonks?" Harry called out.

"Yes, Harry?" Her voice was farther away than he expected.

"I don't think it's safe for you to come much closer." Harry could feel his cheeks warming up.

"I know this might be uncomfortable, but I need you to answer me truthfully." She hadn't moved any closer, but she hadn't left either. "You're having an increase in a primal urge. Can you tell me what sort?"

"Um..." Harry looked up to the ceiling.

"Do you want to attack me?" She asked.

"Sort of." Harry replied.

"Eat me?" She pressed.

"Maybe." Harry felt a rumble in his chest.

"Oh." Andromeda gasped. "Mating."

"Yeah." Harry closed his eyes, focusing on his breath.

It didn't help. He could smell her. Her scent was masked by her soap and the cloud of funk that came in when she opened the door. It took every bit of his self-control to stay still.

"Unfortunately, we have to press on." Andromeda spoke after a moment. "You must learn to control these urges if you are going to rejoin society."

Harry nodded. "That makes sense. Just, move slowly, please."

"Understood." Andromeda replied.

He could hear her heartbeat as she drew closer. It was fast, even with her controlled breathing. Harry closed his eyes, trying to think of anything else. He ran through quidditch drills and tried to think of all the wand motions for the spells he knew.

"Harry." She was too close now. "I need you to open your eyes."

Harry shook his head.

"It's going to alright." Her voice was soft and soothing.

"No, it's not." Harry spoke through gritted teeth.

Her scent was intoxicating. He could feel her heartbeat.

"Is there a guy who could do this?" Harry begged.

"We can't chance you attacking someone." Andromeda sighed. "If you're having this much trouble with your instincts, I would be worried that you'd see a male as a threat."

Harry nodded. He hated how she made sense.

"Please, Harry." She moved closer. "I need you to open your eyes and look at me."

He did. She was standing a little out of arms reach. Andromeda was wearing a set of healers' robes; her curly black hair was pulled back away from her face. Harry let out a long, ragged breath.

"Well done." She smiled at him.

Harry felt the urge to lunge at her. To claim her. The only thing that stopped him was the glint of a gold band on her finger.

"Are." He spoke through gritted teeth. "Are you married?"

She looked at him. "Oh. Yes, happily."

The urge eased. Harry found himself crossing the distance between them. Andromeda watched him closely. Harry stepped into her personal space. He rubbed the underside of his chin on her neck, marking her.

**PACK.**

That seemed to settle things. Harry vaguely recalled seeing cats do something similar.

"Oh." Andromeda rocked back a bit, with a giggle. "That was unexpected."

"I wanted to..." He blushed. "Claim you."

"And yet here I stand fully clothed and unravished." Andromeda waved a hand at herself. "Well done."

4.

The next two nights were pretty much a repeat of the first. They had him go to the observation room before sundown to be safe. Aunt Andi, as she liked to be called, gave him some exercises to do while he was in his dragon form. He couldn't hold off the change, or swap back during the full moon, but his control remained. Parseltongue was the only language he was able to speak, his mouth couldn't move in the right way to form human words. His diet changed as well. It mostly consisted of meat. He preferred it cooked even in his dragon form. His senses were enhanced in his human form. When he was a dragon, they were even more impressive.

On the second night they were able to observe him fully. In their examination they found out he was something of a hybrid between a dragon and a human. His other form was a bipedal humanoid with black scales and a phoenix feather mane. Both his hands and feet were capped with wicked claws. They were sharp enough to peel the bark from a tree in thin strips and cut into stone. Breathing fire was still something he had to work on. For now, he could manage short bursts.

Hermione had to go back home once he was awake. His days were spent in near-constant rounds of tests which, but he still missed her. Were they boyfriend and girlfriend now? Would that make things weird? How would Ron take it? They hadn't allowed visitors since he woke up.

Thankfully, Harry hadn't missed much during his time in the egg. The healers had called it 'stasis' to sound important, but he knew what it was. He had hatched from an egg. The last week of school had been mostly damage control. They sent students home in waves to make sure everyone was safe. The dementors were attracted to large groups and they didn't want another encounter on the train.

A part of him was annoyed that he never faced one again. All that time through the year practicing how to summon a Patronus only to encounter a werewolf. Another, much larger, part told him he was being stupid and was incredibly happy.

He had spent two weeks of his summer break in the egg though. One good thing about all this was that he couldn't go back to the Dursley's. Even if he could control himself in his other form he still had to shift on the full moon.

Finally, seven days after the full moon and countless tests, Harry was released. He wasn't sure where he was going to go, but he was free. As much as he loved the Weasleys, he didn't think it would be a good idea to be around them. Honestly, he didn't completely trust himself yet.

Aunt Andi walked with him out to the lobby.

"I have an offer." Aunt Andi said.

"Hm?" Harry looked at her.

"Come stay with me." She said. "You're my cousin's godson, that makes you family."

"Would that be safe?" Harry wanted to say yes, but the worry still nagged at him.

"My daughter still lives at home. She's an Auror." Andi dropped her voice to a grumble. "As much as I wish she wasn't. But she knows how to handle herself."

"What about your husband?" Harry asked.

"Ted is a lawyer." Andi answered. "He works just as much as I do. The basement has been magically expanded for nights of the full moon. Ted had it charmed to be a park for my birthday a few years ago. It would be perfect for you. It even has a firepit."

It did sound good. Not like he had any other options. His vague plan was to make his way back to Hogwarts. He was sure that Hagrid would be happy to have a dragon-person around. That and he didn't think that the Forbidden Forest would be as imposing anymore.

Harry had thought that Headmaster Dumbledore would have checked in on him. The old man usually popped in to check on him at the end of the year. The fact that the previous times had been in the hospital was a not-so-happy accident. He didn't want to admit it, but the absence did sting a bit. They had let him know about not going back to the Dursley's via a letter.

He smiled as the door to the lobby opened. The mingled scent of the Weasleys, complete with something that smelled amazing courtesy of Molly, greeted him. His enhanced senses made it hard to carry off surprises, but he wasn't going to ruin it for them.

"Welcome back Harry!" The family yelled as he stepped out into the space.

The entire family, including a couple older guys that he didn't recognize, gathered for him. Molly held a cake that was almost as long as he was tall. Ron rushed over to him. It became clear that the boy had grown in the few weeks. Ron had always had a bit of height on him, now it was very noticeable.

"Harry!" Ron slammed into him with a hug. "What the hell were you thinking? You could have died!"

"Language, Ronald." Molly snapped.

"I almost die all the time." Harry shrugged.

"First the spiders, then the dementors, and now a fucking werewolf?!" Ron's voice got louder as he spoke. "Those are just the ones I was there for. The basilisk, Quirrell, Scabbers, and who knows how many more."

"Ronald Weasley!" Molly stalked over to him. "Watch your language." She turned to Harry. "It's wonderful to see you up and about, Harry dear. They wouldn't let anyone in to visit you. I still don't know how Hermione managed to sneak her way in."

"She did?" Harry asked.

"They had to chase her out every day." Andromeda added.

"Then there's the foolishness about not letting you stay with us." Molly huffed.

"It's not safe." Harry sighed. "I don't want to hurt anyone."

"You would never." Molly gasped.

"Neither would Remus." Harry countered.

A heavy silence settled on the crowd. The scent in the air was a mixture of fear, sorrow, and a subtle undertone of anger.

"Where is Remus?" Harry asked softly.

"He bit a child during the full moon on Hogwarts grounds. A student he was responsible for protecting." Molly replied in a whisper. "The fact that it was you, of all people, was even worse in the eyes of the public."

A stone of dread settled in his stomach.

"What happened?" Harry asked.

"He's in Azkaban." Molly gave him a gentle. "The only reason he wasn't killed was the fact that he turned himself in. Ron told me how important he was to you. I'm sorry, Harry."

Harry nodded. He didn't want to admit it, but he agreed with him being locked away. It was the full moon and he had neglected to take his wolfsbane potion while he was surrounded by students. Sure, the situation was more complicated, but it was still irresponsible of him. Harry could feel the pull of the moon even now. It was like a heartbeat, or drums, that got louder as moonrise approached.

"The Ministry sent a team to investigate Hogwarts." Arthur said as he approached. "They wanted to make sure it was as safe as Dumbledore claimed." He sighed. "He's currently on leave while they continue their investigation."

"And well he should." Molly grumbled. "I always thought he was a great man, but a colony of acromantula so close to the school, what was he thinking?"

"He hadn't reported the incident with the basilisk last year either." Arthur added. "Or the business with the Philosophers Stone the year before that."

"What?" Harry snapped.

"We don't know how he managed it." Arthur shook his head. "Professor McGonagall in acting Headmistress until the investigation is complete."

"St. Mungo's could have provided the antidote to the petrified students that same evening." Andromeda added. "We don't have any on hand, but we have the supplies and a team of Potions Masters."

At least that explained why Dumbledore hadn't visited. Harry tried to think over the last few years. Dumbledore was a great wizard. That was no in question, but now that he thought about it, he wasn't a very good Headmaster. He hid the Philosopher's Stone in the school the same year he hired Quirrell. Then he allowed Lockhart to be a professor. If what Andromeda said was true, which she had no reason to lie, then he could have easily cured the petrified students.

Harry sighed. The world was a lot simpler last summer.

"I've got great news!" Ron bounced on his feet. "Dad scored tickets to the Quidditch World Cup. Box seats! You have to come."

"Is that safe?" Harry looked at Andromeda.

"Of course, it is!" Ron interrupted. "I checked. The full moon isn't for another two weeks after it."

Harry smiled brightly. "I'm in."

"He'll be staying with my family this summer." Andromeda answered the unspoken question. "We're connected by Floo so there shouldn't be an issue."

"We should continue this conversation elsewhere." Percy strode over to the group. "Our party is large enough to cause a blockage for patients."

"Thank you, Percy." Arthur patted his son on the shoulder.

Harry followed the Weasley's out of the lobby to a line of fireplaces. Each one had a dish with familiar powder nearby.

"Can you take a cake through the Floo?" Harry asked.

"Don't worry, dear. Stasis charms will keep it safe." Molly tapped the cake a few times with her wand.

Harry waited his turn to go through the Floo. He stepped into the flames and easily strolled out into the Burrow. That was a nice change. He moved to the side to allow everyone else. His senses were assaulted by scents and sounds so hard it made his eyes water. He had to hurry outside to mellow things out.

Everything was so strong. The orchard was a slight relief. Suddenly, he was really glad that he didn't push to stay with the Weasleys. He wasn't sure how he was going to make it through any public gathering. The hospital wasn't nearly as overpowering.

"Are you ok?" Ron hurried out behind him.

"I needed some fresh air." Harry smiled at his friend. "I'm sorry, Ron, but don't think I can go inside."

Ron frowned. After a long moment, he nodded.

"We can meet out here." Ron offered. "If that's too much, at least we tried."

5.

The gathering had to be moved outside. Thankfully, it was a nice night out. Harry didn't know why, but being inside the home itself was too much for him. It was a sensory overload. There was something else underneath it as well. That urge he had first experienced when Andi entered the enclosure. He didn't feel the call to bite someone, to possibly create a companion. It was the desire to claim. Not as part of his pack, or whatever a group of dragons were called, but to mate.

Harry wasn't sure what to make of it. He considered the Weasleys pretty much an unofficial family. Of the lot, there were only two options since he didn't find any of the guys appealing. Ginny was too young, and Molly was married. That didn't make either of them make sense.

It wasn't until Molly served him up a third piece of cake that he narrowed it down. He thought it was just the food at first. Between her need to make sure he had enough to eat, and his increased metabolism he was even putting Ron to shame. Granted, he had better manners, but that was mostly to poke fun at his friend. Ron wasn't that bad. The signs that he had grown up in a large family had left an impact on his behavior.

Molly. It was her. He felt a surge of heat every time she came near. Harry tried to use logic to force the reaction back under his control. Molly was Rons' mother. She was married. Not only would it upset his friend, but she was also married. Arthur was everything that Harry could ask for in a family member. While not really a father figure, he was more like an uncle. It would be a majorly disrespectful.

The other side of the argument wasn't in words. He found himself watching her move. Her choice of clothes wasn't aimed at showing off her figure, but it didn't take much to catch glimpses. She had the perfect figure for mating. Her large breasts would provide plenty of milk for his children to suckle. Each step she took had a small sway. Ron and his siblings were clear proof of her fertility.

He felt a surge of heat every time she got close to him. It was starting to wear him down. He headed back into the Burrow.

"Are you feeling alright?" Molly called after him.

Harry walked faster. He didn't trust himself to answer. The sound of his heartbeat overpowered the gathering outside. He paused to appreciate the difference in volume once the door was closed. His pulse didn't thunder near as much now that there was a barrier between him and Molly.

He made his way upstairs to the bathroom. Some cool water sounded like a great idea. The faucets were charmed to provide the perfect temperature. There was a multistep process that Hermione had tried to explain to him once, but he hadn't paid much attention. Right now, his sole focus was cold water.

The healers had discovered that his standard body temperature was now quite a few degrees warmer. He hadn't noticed much of a change aside from less blankets and lighter clothing. Now, he felt hot. The surge in temperature started in his groin whenever Molly got close. It wasn't an uncomfortable feeling, just an unexpected sensation.

Harry was tempted to strip down and take a cold shower, but he didn't think he could get away with that. It would raise too many questions that Andi would push to be answered. He could wind back up at St Mungo's for more tests. That was not going to happen.

He stripped off his shirt, hung it up on a towel hook, and then started the cold water. Wisps of steam rose from the soft washcloth he started to soak. The mirror fogged up in less than a minute. More steam was released into the room each time he touched the cloth to his body. The upside being that he didn't need to worry about having to explain why he was wet. His skin was dry again in a matter of moments.

A soft knock on the door brought him back to awareness. The thin barrier did nothing to hold back her scent.

"Harry, dear." Her voice was concerned. "Are you alright?"

"Molly." His voice came out as a growl. "I need you to leave."

"Molly?" She teased. "I guess that's better than Mrs. Weasley. Do you need me to get Andromeda?"

"No." Harry closed his eyes. "I need you to leave."

"Harry." Her tone went stern. "There is something you're not telling me."

Harry threw open the door. His bright, rich green eyes glowed as he stared at her. Molly flinched and took a step back without realizing. This wasn't the little boy she knew. His gaze was hungry in a way that she knew quite well. Her eyes traveled over his body to admire his exposed skin. Wisps of steam rose from the fading streaks of water. They only served to enhance the details of his torso. He was lithe, either the transformation had done wonders for his body, or he had gone through a magically overpowered puberty.

"If you don't leave right now." Harry fought against the call to take her right in the hallway. "I'm going to mount you until I'm satisfied."

"Oh." Molly squeaked.

A mixture of relief and disappointment swirled in his head as she hurried back down the stairs. The beast within him roared to chase her down. He *NEEDED* to breed her. It didn't matter if her family was just outside. It didn't matter that she was his friend's mother. She would be the first of many to carry his progeny.

Harry let out a ragged sigh. He stepped back into the bathroom to retrieve his shirt. His body was still too hot, but he couldn't walk around half-naked. He idly wondered if there was a spell to summon ice. There was one for water, surely ice wouldn't be out of the question.

He made his way downstairs. The Weasleys' had a couple of bookshelves in their sitting room. He had scanned through the titles a few times. They had the complete Harry Potter Adventures series as well as a few other selections of magical world fiction. His target was among a few spell books. It only took a moment to find what he was looking for. *Everyday Magic by Lenora Everleigh*.

The selection of spellbook focused on little things that everyone could use like mending for various materials, how to strengthen furniture and walls. There was a selection of potions as well. His goal, conjuration, was toward the back of the book.

He silently thanked Andi for the new wand holster. It stayed in place on his forearm even when he shifted to his dragon form. A flick of his wrist twirled the wand into his grip. The extra flourish wasn't necessary, but it was fun.

"*Glacies Parva.*" Harry copied the motion on the page.

A small sphere of ice appeared in the air. The solid piece was a little smaller than a snitch. His hand snapped out to grab the orb faster than he had expected. He looked down at the steaming sphere in his palm. Harry shrugged. He rolled the shrinking sphere of ice along the back of his neck and. A small groan slipped out as he ran it his forehead. Oddly enough his scar hadn't hurt once since he had hatched.

Harry closed his eyes as the ice did its job. Even in the haze he knew when Molly entered the house. She hurried upstairs without a word to him. He forced his attention back to the sliver of ice as it melted away. It didn't do much to ease the hunger for her, but it was better than nothing.

"Harry." Molly called from upstairs.

He cocked his head to the side. There was a stretch of silence. He had just about convinced himself that his mind was playing tricks on him when her voice sounded again.

"Harry." Molly called again. "Come upstairs, dear."

He followed the siren call upstairs. It led him to the door to the Master Bedroom that was open just a crack. He pushed it open to find Molly lying on the bed covered in a thin sheet. The way it draped over her made it clear she was nude underneath.

"I asked Arthur." Molly gave him a shy smile. "We've been wanting another child."

She pulled the sheet away to reveal her naked form. It was even better than he had imagined. Her skin was smooth even after seven kids, magic probably. He loved magic. Freckles dotted along her shoulders and chest. Her large, bountiful breasts were capped with pink, oval nipples. They were erect, either from exposure to the air or arousal. She spread her legs and ran a finger along her puffy lips. Her scent filled the room. It stoked the fire within him to an inferno.

Harry undressed faster than he had ever before. He was vaguely aware of the door closing behind him. His main attention was on the delicious cunt before him. A little trimmed patch of red hair sent a thrill through him. The hooded look she gave him told him she had trimmed it just for him. Beads of arousal played along her lips.

There was no thought of technique, foreplay, or romance. This was a primal, animalistic call.

Harry leaped onto the bed. He hooked her legs under her knees as he went. Molly let out a little 'oof' as he folded her practically in half. She had just enough room to guide the head of his cock to her opening. He plunged into her the moment his crown touched her wetness.

"Harry!" Molly screamed as he filled her in one thrust.

He pulled his hips back until only the head of his cock was inside of her. His hungry, wild eyes met her. On a normal day his green eyes were beautiful with a gentle glow. Right now, they seemed to be alight with an inner flame. He slammed back down once their eyes met.

Harry was harder than he had ever been before. His stroke sessions were quick, quiet, and he was just erect enough to get the job done. The dorm with four other guys didn't lend to much privacy. It was even worse when he had been at Privet Drive. Right now, he felt like his cock was made of stone.

His hips snapped forward. Each thrust ended with a sharp clap as their bodies met. He hammered down Molly with a single-minded purpose. Her silky pussy gripped him so tight it didn't want to let him go.

Molly let out a loud scream as he continued to pound away. Arthur was a considerate lover. At times he would use some naughty language. Rarely, he would give her a light spank if he was feeling feisty. He made sure she had an orgasm every time they made love.

Those gentle peaks were nothing like the raging orgasms that ripped through her body. His cock hard, hot, cock stretched her in a way that her husband never could. Each stroke ended with his broad head smacking against her cervix.

She babbled nonsense and screamed as her eyes rolled back. Another orgasm rocked her body. Harry didn't stop or slow down. He drove her over the edge again and again. The waves of pleasure had overpowered any higher thought process.

Harry thrust once more, hitting deep into her. He let out a low growl as he filled her with his seed. His hips rocked with each rope of cum, desperate to push as deeply as he could. The flame that raged inside of him eased as he released the last shot of his seed. His cum filled her with a comforting warmth that eased the soreness she was sure to feel shortly.

"Oh." Molly gave him a drunk smile. "Harry. That was something else."

Harry kept his cock inside of her. The fire had eased, but it had not faded away fully. He guided her legs back down to the bed.

"Thank you, dear." Molly trailed a hand along his chest. "Could you tell Arthur that I'm a bit tired? My legs are going to be wobbly after that."

Harry arched an eyebrow at her.

"What?" She asked.

"We're not done." Harry started to rock inside of her once more.

Molly opened her mouth to say something. Her words were lost in a moan.

His full hardness returned. This time, his strokes were long and slow. He reveled in the feeling of her cunt. The need to breed her was still there, even if the call wasn't as loud. With strength he didn't know he possessed, he lifted her off the bed. He pulled out of her just long enough to flip her over to her stomach, prone.

"Eep." Molly let out a little sound as the head of his cock slid back inside.

He let out a contented sigh as he settled his full length in her pussy. Her pillowy cheeks bounced with each motion. Harry alternated his speed to watch her shake. Now that he was more aware he could feel when she came. Her pussy would grip his cock in a firm stutter. She was cumming more frequently in this position.

Harry grabbed her wide hips and lifted her up a little. The slight angle let him reach deeper. He switched to shallow, rapid thrusts that made her ass clap. The sight combined with the sensation pushed him over

the edge faster than the first time. Once more he pushed in as deep as he could to let loose the second deposit of hot seed.

Molly dropped her hips back to the bed once he released his grip. Her eyes drooped as she tried to look over her shoulder at him.

"Harry, dear." Molly slurred. "I can't go again."

Harry leaned over to place a kiss on her shoulder.

"I'll be back in a couple of days to make sure you're properly bred." He whispered.

Molly shuddered at the feel of his breath on her skin. She hid her face in her pillow and nodded in reply.

"Good girl." Harry slid out of her.

He admired the view of the cum stuffed cunt. Her cheeks were red from the vigorous slap of their hips.

Harry cleaned the juices from his cock with the skirt she had placed nearby. Molly was fast asleep by the time he was dressed. He left the room and closed the door quietly behind him. Arthur gave him a knowing smile as he stepped out into the garden.

"Harry!" Ron called. "Where were you?"

"I had to cool down." Harry shrugged.

Ron raised his eyebrows. He shrugged as well.

"Alright." The ginger said. "What is that smell?"

"Hm?" Harry asked, then sniffed. He was absolutely soaked in the smell of sex. "I guess it's a perk of being a dragon."

"Perk." Ron snorted. "Andromeda was looking for you. She wanted to take you home."

"Thanks." He smiled at Ron. "I'll find her."

"Have you seen my mom?" Ron asked after a moment.

"I saw her inside." Harry motioned back to the house. "She said she needed some rest."

Ron thought for a moment. He shook his head.

"I never said it." Ron dropped his voice. "Thanks for that night. You jumped in front of a werewolf for me and Hermione. You could have died."

Harry smiled at his friend. He loved Ron like a brother, and he would fight to his last breath to keep his family safe. In a few months they would really be family. Harry stifled a laugh.

6.

One thing he had noticed was that Floo travel was incredibly easy now. He could step through without a problem. His balance was impeccable. Plus, the fire seemed to listen to his will. It wasn't perfect, but it was something to explore.

Andi had gone through first to let him know the address. Their house was closer to a Muggle home rather than magical. It was similar to the Dursleys while being completely different at the same time. This place exuded love and care instead of sterile and hostile. The furniture looked used, but well maintained.

"Welcome home." Andi smiled at him.

Harry felt a rush of warmth in his chest. He cleared his throat to remove the lump that had formed. Two words had practically broken him.

"Thank you." Harry flashed her a misty smile.

"Let's see if anyone is home." Andi rested an arm along his shoulder. "Ted! Nymphadora! Harry's here!"

Her voice was loud, but not so much to hurt. That was good. He still wasn't sure how he would adjust to life once he was back at Hogwarts. Remus was able to do it. Harry hoped that his level of control would come in handy.

"Mother!" A female voice called back. "I told you, call me Tonks."

A young woman with bright purple hair strode into the room from the hall. She flashed him a smile. Harry sniffed the air on instinct. She had a complex, multi-layered scent. It was like standing in an open field while the wind gently passed by. Wildflowers, rushing water, sunlight, and the smell of fresh rain whirled around her along with the undertone of familiar sweetness that he couldn't quite place. The dragon urged him to get closer. It called to him to bury his nose in her neck as breath deep.

"Nymphadora is a beautiful name." Andi sighed.

The sound of her voice snapped him out of his haze. Nymphadora stumbled a little but caught herself before it became more. Harry could have sworn her leg had lengthened for a moment.

"Wotcher, Harry." She flashed a smile at him. "Call me Tonks. Haven't seen you since you were an ickle First Year."

"We went to school together?" Harry tilted his head to the side.

"I was a seventh year Hufflepuff. You were a firstie." Tonks replied.

Harry squinted at her. "You were a Beater!"

"That's me." She smiled brightly at him. "Glad to make an impression."

"I'd say." Harry returned the smile. "You about took my head off."

"What happens on the pitch, stays on the pitch." She shrugged.

Harry smiled at her. Nym smiled back. A rush of familiar heat flared. He shook his head to clear his thoughts. His focus needed to be elsewhere.

"Why don't you like to be called Nymphadora?" He asked.

"You get one free." She glared at him.

"I'm serious." Harry said.

"Seven years of people calling my Nympho?" She crossed her arms. "You tell me."

"What about Nym? Can I call you that?" He asked.

Tonks took a deep breath. She bobbed her head from side to side.

"Sure." She said. "Nym is fine for you."

Andi smiled as the two spoke.

"Is your father here?" She asked.

"No." Nym shook her head. "I haven't seen him."

"Hm." Andi sighed. "Did you want to show Harry around while I check in on your father? He's been working himself too hard lately."

"Sure." Nym nodded. "I'm off for the next couple of days."

"I love you." Andi said to her daughter. "I'll be gone for an hour at most. It's been a long day."

The Floo flashed as Andi stepped through the flames. Nym stared at him for a moment with an ever-present playful smile.

"Are you hungry?" She asked.

"The Weasleys had a 'welcome back' dinner." Harry blushed at the other thing that had happened there.

He had been out of the hospital for about three hours now. That brief stretch of time had been better than the entirety of the last year.

"How is the Ginger Storm doing?" Nym asked. "It's been a while since I've seen them."

"You know them?" Harry asked.

"Charlie was in my year. Until he got his apprenticeship in Romania." Nym looked like she wanted to say more but thought better. "Ready for the tour?"

"Yes." Harry nodded.

"This." She motioned to the room they were in. "Is the Floo Room. Can you guess why we call it that?"

Harry chuckled.

"Now, this is the important part." She led him over to the doorway. "The Floo is connected to the door. This door will shut if the Floo is accessed by an unknown party. It's enchanted to be strong enough to take a cluster of Bombara Maxima at close range."

"Because of the war?" Harry asked.

"Yeah." Her shoulders slumped. "My mom was kicked out of the Black family when she ran away and married my dad. They are Pureblood fanatics; my dad is muggle-born. Her entire family went dark so it was possible that one of them would pop in for a visit."

Harry winced.

"Exactly." Nym led him out into the hallway. "Ooky-spooky Dark Lord could hijack the Floo network too. He had people who could lock down Apparition. No way out, nowhere to run. That room seals if the wards are tripped too. We have other ways to get out of the house."

"Wow." Harry said. "That's impressive."

"Enough depressing stuff." Her smile returned. "This is the kitchen. We don't have a house elf, but it's open for you to use. Help yourself if you need it. Don't expect me to make you anything, I stick to the simple stuff."

"I can cook." Harry said.

"Sweet." Nym smiled at him. "You'll have to show me."

"Gladly." Harry flashed a smile back at her.

"That is the dining room, we only use it for holidays. There's a table in the kitchen that we usually use." She resumed the tour. "Next door is the living room and study. TV, Couch, desk, and couple of bookshelves. The usual."

"You have a TV?" Harry asked.

"This neighborhood is mostly half-blood and muggle-born." She explained. "You wouldn't know from the looks of it."

"Nice." Harry whispered.

"This is the door to the basement." Nym motioned to the door by the kitchen. "I'll save that for last. Mom said that you'll be spending the full moon down there."

"Yeah." Harry nodded. "You know about that?"

"Of course, you're going to be living with us." Nym chuckled. "That and Aurors are made aware of any new known werewolf as a precaution. Either to provide assistance getting them away from the public on the full moon, or possibly containing their rampage."

"Yikes." Harry muttered.

"Mom says you've got things under control?" Nym looked at him from the corner of her eye.

"I can even talk." Harry smiled at her. "Parseltongue, but it's something."

"That's true then?" She asked. "The Parseltongue thing?"

Harry nodded.

"Sweet." Nym bumped him with her shoulder. "That's old family magic. Like mine."

"Like yours?" Harry tilted his head to the side.

Her hair went through a myriad of colors before settling on pink. Then her nose shifted from human to a pig and back again.

"I'm a metamorphmagus." She said. "Shapeshifting magic. It's old Black family magic. Like Parseltongue for the Potters."

"That's awesome." Harry whispered.

"So, you're like a were-lizard?" Nym led him upstairs.

"Dragon." Harry corrected. "It makes the most sense."

"How?" Nym chuckled.

"I'm a lizard-man that can breath fire." Harry shrugged. "It made sense to me."

Nym made an affirmative sound.

"The best I can figure it out was that the werewolf thing blended with everything else in my blood." Harry said with a shrug.

"Everything else in your blood?" Nym asked, her voice raised with each word. "You can't just drop that and not tell me more."

"In my second year I was bitten by a basilisk." Harry explained. "Then I was healed by phoenix tears. I think that everything got all jumbled."

"That sounds impossible." Nym stared at him for a long moment.

"Welcome to my life." Harry shrugged. "Impossible is just something that happens."

Nym chuckled and shook her head. They arrived at the second-floor hallway.

"This is the bathroom." Nym motioned to the first door. "That's my room." The door opposite it. "And your new room." The door beside the bathroom. "The door at the end is the master bedroom. They've got their own bathroom too."

She paused. Her eyes narrowed.

"You better not hog the bathroom in the morning." She bumped him with her shoulder again. "I get grumpy if I don't get a hot shower."

Harry couldn't help but picture her in the shower. Her laugh made it clear she knew.

"Your room was the old guest room so it's kind of bland." Nym opened the door. "I'll take you to town to get you some stuff to make it homey. Your stuff should be here soon too."

Harry looked at the décor. It was a standard suburban guestroom. There was a queen bed in the center of the room that was pressed against the wall. It was covered in a flower-pattern blanket that everyone seemed to own. The dresser was a bigger than the barely-functional one at Privet Drive.

"Thanks." Harry flashed her a bright smile.

"Come on." Nym waved him back toward the stairs. "Let's check out the basement."

7.

Andi and Nym had undersold the basement. Halfway down, the stairs changed from the standard indoor type to stone and packed earth. He could smell trees, following water, and sun-warmed grass. The sound of birds stopped as he arrived on the level. He sniffed, there was a distinct lack of animal scent.

"Fake birds?" He tilted his head to the side.

"Illusions." Nym nodded. "All the ambience with none of the poop."

Harry chuckled. There was a stone path that branched off into a few different directions. Little strips of wild grass poked out between the tiles. It didn't look like the type he'd seen around Privet Drive.

"Mom said you're in control during the shift?" Nym asked again.

Harry nodded.

"That's good." She sighed. "I wasn't looking forward to buying some poor creature for you to hunt."

"I don't know." Harry shrugged. "That could be fun."

Nym gave him a flat stare. He broke into a smile.

"I'm not that much of an animal." He walked deeper into the room. "Something to do would be nice. It gets really boring."

"You could just sleep." Nym suggested as she walked beside him.

She didn't direct him where to go, they simply wandered.

"Not really." He shook his head. "The transformation is like a double-shot of adrenaline. It takes a while to burn off, so I've got like four hours to just do whatever."

The path led to a pond with a small waterfall. He could see a stream created to circle around to make it a complete circuit.

"We used to have fish." Nym said as they stopped on the bank. "Real ones. That was when I was still in school though. Now that everyone has their own thing going on we didn't want to neglect them."

"There isn't like a magical timer or something?" Harry asked.

"Could be." Nym shrugged. "I don't remember the last time I was down here. As the new girl I get all the crap shifts. I'm either sleeping or on duty until I get some more experience."

"Today?" Harry raised his eyebrows.

"I've got a class XXXXX creature in my house." Nym bumped his shoulder with her own. "You're my new assignment for a while."

"Oh." Harry blinked. "I hadn't thought of that."

"Sorry." She gave him a small smile. "If it helps, this is the first vacation I've had in over a year. They can't call me away."

He closed his eyes and took a deep, calming breath. Logically, he knew that he was now a monster. It made sense that they would want to be careful. A sudden hunger sparked into a wildfire as he caught a new scent. His eyes snapped open. They gave off a soft emerald glow as his gaze locked on Nym.

Nym stared back at him. A wicked smile played along her lips.

"Fancy a swim?" She asked.

"Sure." He smiled. "If my trunk is already here then I should have some trunks."

"Pfft." Nym rolled her eyes. "It's just us."

She kicked off her shoes and undid the button on her pants. He watched as she wiggled her hips to slide the jeans down. A lump formed in his throat as he saw she took her panties with it. She shot him a challenging look before she removed her top as well.

"Well?" Nym arced an eyebrow. She stood completely nude before him.

His mouth watered. She was lithe with firm, pert breasts, and a surprisingly plump ass. The little bush at the apex of her legs was bright pink.

"Like what you see?" She cocked her hip to the side.

Harry nodded without realizing it.

"Come on then." Nym strode over to the water. "I don't want to be the only one naked."

Harry stripped out of his clothes in a fast and efficient manner. The movements had become familiar to him over the stretch of the full moon. He needed to be quick if he wanted to save the clothes from being torn to shreds. Logically, he knew it was magic that changed his body, but he still couldn't believe how much bigger his body got after the transformation. He was easily two feet taller, not to mention the dense muscle and bone his dragon form had. It only made sense because of magic.

Further thoughts of such matters were banished as Nym popped up out of the water. Her body from the belly-button up dripped water. The magical sunlight danced along her skin. Little rays caught drips of water to create miniature rainbows across her body. Her eyes drank in his body. She winked at him then turned and swam farther into the pond.

He wasn't the strongest swimmer. In truth, he had only done so a handful of times. Most of which were at the Burrow in the last couple of years. Before that it was one bad experience that he'd rather not think about.

For that reason, he didn't bother trying to dive in, or do an obnoxious cannonball. Instead, he waded into the water, then pushed himself flat. Something instinctual took over his movements. He slid through the water with no wasted motion. It had to be a side-effect of his other form, similar to how he was stronger and no longer needed his glasses.

He caught up to Nym faster than she expected. She let out a sharp cry as he grabbed her leg. Harry popped out of the water beside her with a broad grin on his face. They were close enough to touch and he REALLY wanted to touch her.

"Easy there, dragon boy." Nym teased. "Your tail is poking me."

Harry scrunched his brow in confusion for a brief moment. Then he realized what she meant and scooted back to give her more space.

"It pops up around sexy women." He teased right back.

Nym tilted her head back and laughed. She kissed him on the tip of his nose. He desperately wanted to pull her in for a deeper kiss. His eyes must have shown his desire. Her pulse had increased.

"You're fun." Nym dropped her voice to a whisper. "I think we'll get along."

"I think so too." Harry lowered his voice to match.

"But I'm not that easy." Nym splashed at him.

Harry sputtered as she swam away. They spent the next hour in the pond. Their touches never went beyond a playful squeeze every so often. She shot him the occasional smile that teased potential for something in the future.

"I'm calling it a night." Nym said as she swam to the shore. "You should too."

Harry followed her out of the water. He had an erection since he had first seen her naked. Even after the time swimming he was still hard. Seeing her strut in front of him with the water streaking down her skin made it almost painful.

"Not tonight." Nym winked at him. "We've got time."

Harry let out a ragged breath. He stayed in the water until she was dressed. Steam rose off of his body and he was dry by the time he reached his discarded clothes.

"I'll see you in the morning." Nym called over her shoulder. "You're making breakfast."

Harry shook his head. She was going to be trouble.

8.

Harry knew that Nym hadn't been serious about breakfast, but he wanted to do it. He woke up before her and headed to the kitchen. The cabinets were stocked with a decent selection. He noticed each one had a lightweight status enchantment to keep things fresh. Due to that, all of the produce looked like it had just been picked and the bread was perfect.

He found the little enchantments around the room incredibly interesting. The stove looked normal but ran a rune array. As was the sink. There was some sort of enchantment on the floor tiles to make them not slippery. The pans, knives, and even the cutting board were imbued with magic.

All of the discoveries made the process of making breakfast pass quicker than expected. Bacon, eggs, and homemade hashbrowns. He didn't know if she drank coffee, or tea, so he made both. Tea was the classic drink, but coffee made sense for her profession. Everything smelled wonderful. It made his mouth water and his stomach rumble.

Harry paused.

It wasn't the food that had tickled his senses. The familiar hunger had mingled with the process of preparing breakfast. He sniffed. Someone had entered the house. The wards hadn't been triggered so that meant they were welcome. Their scent was one he didn't recognize so it wasn't Nym, or Andi. He really hoped that the hunger for Andi stayed dormant. Marking her as pack seemed to calm things. Of course, he hadn't spent much time with her after that.

He had been asleep by the time she had gotten back home last night. Still, he had been around her long enough to recognize her scent. The woman was younger, closer to Nym in age. They had similar undertones as well. A distinct type of leather and some sort of ash that wasn't from Floo travel. Everything else was different though. A hint of morning rose to her sweat.

The sensation had snuck up on him.

"Good morning, Harrykins." Nym called from the hallway. "You actually made breakfast?"

"It smells so good." The new voice said.

Harry turned to face the duo. Nym was dressed in a pair of shorts and a band T-Shirt that hung off of one shoulder. Her hair was still bright pink. The playfulness in her eyes told him she knew exactly how she had left him hard and frustrated last night. It took a considerable amount of willpower not to just pounce on her right in that moment.

Beside her stood a dark-skinned woman with an athletic build. She wore a mixture of muggle and wizarding fashion that gave the impression of an enchantress with an office job. Her hair had a slight crimson color to it that mingled nicely with the natural black. She was cuter side of pretty.

He didn't miss the way she sized him up either. The flare of her nostrils and brief growth of her pupil showed she was attracted to him. That was a secondary reaction though. She scanned his posture, hands, eyes, and searched for any subtle muscle tension.

"Good morning." Harry replied. "I didn't know if you liked coffee or tea in the morning, so I made both. Who is this?"

"Hestia Jones." The young woman inclined her head.

"Another Auror." He stated rather than asked.

"She's my partner." Nym smiled brightly at him.

Harry arched an eyebrow at her.

"For this assignment too?" He asked.

Hestia nodded.

Damn. He guessed there were worse problems than being around pretty women. A thought struck him.

"Did they purposely assign another woman?" Harry asked.

"Yes." Hestia answered before Nym could.

"The Boss Lady was worried that your inner dragon wouldn't like a new male in the area." Nym wiggled her eyebrows. "Encroaching on your harem, you know."

"Not in those exact terms." Hestia sighed.

Harry chuckled as he began to work on breakfast once more.

"Is Aunt Andi coming too?" Harry served up three spots at the table.

"She leaves early in the morning." Nym shook her head.

Harry tried to ignore the fact that Hestia kept the table between them. She made sure to have her wand hand free through the entire meal as well. From the looks of it, she was rather practiced at it. Nym sat beside her. She placed her wand on the table next to her plate like it was another piece of silverware.

He paused for a moment. The knives, spoons, and forks were all silver. It was only now that he noticed it. He didn't seem to have any adverse reactions to the metal.

"Is this silver?" Harry asked as he held up a spoon.

"Yeah." Nym replied between bites.

Hestia lunged from her seat. She plucked the spoon from his hand with surprising speed. He saw it skitter across the tabletop as she held his hand to inspect it for damage.

"Nothing." Hestia addressed Nym. "We should let HQ know."

Harry couldn't stop the rumbling purr that came from her extended contact. Her skin was soft, but he could feel the callouses from steady use of her wand. The rush of air she caused by her sudden movement covered him in her scent. There was a palpable tension in the room. Both Aurors studied him. Nym no longer had her easy smile. Instead, she studied him with an intense look. For some reason, that stoked the burning hunger for them even more.

"Ladies." His voice came out with a slight growl. "I need you two to relax."

The growl didn't help ease the tension.

"You both smell very, very good." The growl rolled into a purr as he spoke.

"Your eyes are glowing." Nym fought to keep her voice even.

"Please." Harry closed his eyes.

A deep calming breath only served to take another hit of their combined scents. How was he supposed to go to Hogwarts if he couldn't control himself around only two people. There were bound to be many, many more girls that smelled this good. Not to mention the people who would threaten him. He could not afford to rip Malfoy's head off, or mount Katie in the hallway.

Harry blinked. Katie? Why had she popped into his head as an example? Sure, he had a little crush on her in first year. It was only natural with the hugs after winning games. The kiss on the cheek led to some improper dreams over the summer. Maybe he should ask her out this year. As long as he was still allowed on Hogsmeade trips. He knew that he would have to control himself to even around groups of other people.

The run-away train of thought helped him calm down. Harry cursed Remus for the first time since this all happened. He had thought this new life was a blessing so far. At times like these it would help to have someone with experience to talk to. Harry settled back in his chair. The two Auror were still tense, but he no longer felt like a snake about to strike.

"Do you know any werewolves?" Harry turned his attention to the food before him.

"No." Hestia replied.

She had retreated to the other side of the table but hadn't taken her seat. Her wand was in her hand. It was angled down at the table. A small flick of the wrist would aim it at his center mass.

"Of course not." Harry grumbled.

He distracted himself with the bacon. At the time he hadn't realized he had made the usual amount that he had for the Dursleys. It turned out to be a good thing. His appetite had increased since this all began. Plus, it was bacon.

"Is there a chance I could talk to Remus?" Harry asked softly.

"I could ask." Nym offered. "Why?"

"It would be great to talk with someone who's gone through this." Harry sighed.

"I'll ask." Hestia offered.

Harry finished up his plate. He set it in the sink and watched as it was magically scrubbed clean. It floated to a drying rack on the counter nearby.

"I'll be downstairs." Harry didn't look at the two as he left the room.

They already made his mouth water. The fact that he could smell how aroused Nym was did not help matters in the least.

9.

Harry swam around the small pond. The water was nice and cool with his increased body temperature. He hadn't been the strongest swimmer before. It seemed that the basilisk portion of his new physiology fixed that. Thinking himself as a were-dragon was a lot easier than trying to determine what type of chimera he truly was. The phoenix tears and the basilisk venom had mingled into something else. It was possible there might be true were-dragons out there. He would have to ask Hagrid. If he could even manage to get to the point where he could return to Hogwarts. What mattered was adjusting to the animal urges.

Even under the water he could hear the door open. It wasn't until he broke the surface to get another breath that the scent hit him. The now familiar Nym and Hestia were overpowered by someone else. Something else.

Harry burst from the water. He landed in a crouch and scanned the area.

"He knows I'm here." An unknown woman said.

"Harry!" Nym called. "We brought someone for you to talk to."

"A werewolf." Hestia added.

Harry sniffed the air again. There was an undertone of the forest to the woman. He forced himself to relax. For now, he wasn't a threat. Steam rose from his body as he waited. Nym and Hestia led another woman, the unnamed werewolf, over to him. Harry had fought the urge to swim naked, so he didn't feel as exposed. A quick charm on his boxers made them waterproof which was good enough.

"Harry?" The woman asked. "I'm Ginger."

"American?" He replied with his own question.

"Canadian." She smirked.

"You asked for a were-wolf." Nym presented the woman like a prize. "Here she is!"

Hestia pinched the bridge of her nose. Ginger gave the smallest hint of a smile.

"I was about your age when I was bit." Ginger scanned the area.

The Canadian wore a comfortable looking black top and a flowy skirt. A thick fabric bag hung on her shoulder. She found a bench that had been carved to look like a log and took a seat. Harry didn't realize how tense he had become until the muscles in his shoulder eased. Body language had more of an impact in his life now.

"Are you two going to get along or do I need to get a spray bottle?" Nym asked.

Ginger gave her a flat look.

"Fine." Nym huffed. "We'll leave you two to talk."

"There are alarm charms if things get violent." Hestia dropped into an official tone. "The room will lock down and a squad of Aurors will be called."

Ginger shifted the look to Hestia. The two Aurors left. It wasn't until they heard the door click shut that Harry and Ginger faced each other once more.

"It's a bitch, right?" Ginger smirked at him.

She pulled a pack of cigarettes from her bag. Harry arched an eyebrow as she used a muggle lighter to spark it up. He wrinkled his nose at the smell.

"Yeah, yeah." She rolled her eyes. "They're bad for you. Not anymore. Were-wolves heal too fast for these to hurt us. It helps muddle all the smells too."

Harry nodded. The smoke had already blocked out the surrounding scents. Not in a good way. His disapproval must have been clear on his face. She shrugged and snuffed it out then tucked the now dormant thing behind her ear.

"They didn't tell me much." Ginger leaned back. "You've gone through your first full transformation?"

Harry nodded. He got dressed as she spoke.

"The first one is the worst." She sighed at the memory. "My sister figured out wolfsbane, but we were injecting it like insulin. It wasn't until some witches found me half-dead and stuck as a wolf-creature that I was able to turn back. That potion your people have saved my life."

Harry settled onto the bench across from her.

"They said you're a dragon?" She scrunched up her face at the question.

"Sort of." Harry shrugged. "It's the easiest way to put it."

"Yeah." Ginger nodded. "I wouldn't call what I become a wolf. It looks like a mutant hairless bear fucked a monkey."

Harry chuckled.

"How are you doing with the urges?" She asked.

Harry ran a hand through his hair. He shrugged.

"The day after I was bit I fucked a scumbag." Ginger leaned her head back and stared up at the ceiling.

"He was an asshole. I wouldn't have spit on him if he had been on fire before. He ate his dog once he started to change. I have no idea what happened to him after that. I had my own problems."

"I haven't eaten anyone yet." Harry gave her a small smile. "It's the other part that I have to fight."

"A horny teenage boy?" Ginger gave a dry chuckle. "Who would have guessed?"

"It's more than horny." The smile dropped from his face. "The beast in me wants to breed. Some women have a scent that makes my mouth water. I don't want to rip some guy apart because I see them as an invader or mount some poor girl against her will."

"Have you?" Ginger leaned forward.

"Have I what?" Harry asked.

"Killed or mounted someone?" She locked eyes with him.

"No." Harry shook his head.

"Then you should be fine." Ginger shrugged. "If you've made it this far without blood on your hands then you're doing better than most. What's the problem?"

"What's the problem?" Harry gawked at her. "I don't know if I can control myself around more people. How can I go to school like this? I can think of five people off the top of my head that I might disembowel on sight."

Ginger gave him her now-signature flat look. She took the cigarette from behind her ear and lit it up again. Two long drags later she finally spoke.

"If you're going to keep this shit up then I'm going to need these." She patted the pack on the bench.

"This isn't a joke." Harry growled.

"Calm down." Ginger shook her head. "You don't need to be so dramatic."

"Dramatic?"

"You're a wizard, right?" She asked.

He nodded.

"From what they've told me, magic can do all kinds of crazy things." Ginger continued. "Accidental Magic, they called it. Did you kill anyone when you sparked off one of those prematurely?"

"No." Harry glared at her.

"Did you want to?" She pressed.

"Yes." Harry admitted.

"You've had years to adjust to power." She shrugged. "This is just another flavor. You didn't rip my head off the moment I walked through those doors. You haven't fuck those bitches bowlegged even though they're dripping for you. What is there to worry about?"

"That isn't the same." Harry groaned.

"I'm a fucking werewolf in your territory." Ginger took another drag. "Your instincts should be screaming at you to rip me apart. You haven't even flashed."

"Flashed?" Harry asked.

"Your eyes." Ginger leaned forward. "Brace yourself."

Her eyes flashed gold for a moment. Harry felt a flare of rage rush through him. He gripped the edge of the bench to stop himself from launching himself at her. Splinters bit into his palms. He focused on that sensation. Seven along the edge of his left hand, two in that thumb. Four splinters on his right hand, nine in his palm.

"It's a subtle threat." Ginger leaned back and focused on the cigarette in her hand rather than him. "You can learn to do it on command. At first it's just something that happens when you're agitated."

Harry let out a rough breath.

"Again." Ginger shook her head. "You're being dramatic. I've run into others of our kind that would have tried to kill me for even mentioning it. You've got some insane control."

"Thanks." Harry gave a single, dry laugh.

They sat in silence as Ginger finished her smoke. She ground it out on her palm before she tossed it on the ground. Harry glared at her. She rolled her eyes and picked it up. After a moment she tucked it in a side-pocket on her bag.

"See." She gave him a smug smile. "No problem."

Harry cocked his head to the side in confusion.

"That was a blatant insult." She explained. "You're not human anymore. Your brain doesn't work the same. It's the things you don't expect that will set you off."

"I won't tear a guy's throat out for insulting my mother?" Harry asked.

"Not unless you would have before." Ginger said. "They're just a little yapping dogs. You are a monster."

Harry nodded. Oddly enough, that did make him feel better.

"Thanks." Harry let out a sigh. "I appreciate it."

"Glad to help." She shrugged. "My life would have been so much easier if I had someone to talk to."

"Did they bring you all the way from Canada just to talk to me?" Harry asked.

"Nah." She waved his question away. "My sister and I are traveling around the world studying the different types of werewolves. I was in the neighborhood."

"You have a sister?" Harry asked.

"Younger." She nodded.

"Is she...?" He let the question hang.

"Yeah." She sighed. "I bit her during my first full change. We knew about wolfsbane by then and were able to keep it at bay for a while. She thought she killed me. Werewolves are a lot harder to kill than people think. I had to track her down, show her I wasn't dead, and that I'd gotten help. I helped her adjust too. Guess you could say I'm a pro at it."

Harry rolled his eyes.

"Now what?" He asked after a moment.

"I." She said. "Am going to get back to work with my sister. You are going to stop being such a dramatic bitch and see which one of those ladies upstairs has dibs."

"Dibs?" Harry laughed. "Right."

"You can lie to yourself." Ginger laughed along with him. "But you can't lie to your nose." She stood. "Nice meeting you Harry. My sister will probably want to talk to you before we leave England. You're close enough to a were-wolf to count."

"See you then." Harry stood as well. "Thanks."

Harry walked with her upstairs. She knew the way to go but it felt rude not to.

"No blood and you've both got your clothes on?" Nym teased. "I owe Hestia lunch."

"See you around, Harry." Ginger waved as she headed for the front door.

He waved back. His eyes dropped to watch the swish of her skirt as she walked.

"Oh." Nym said in a sing-song tone. "You two got dressed before you came up. Smart."

"Please." Harry huffed. "We'd still be down there."

"Big words." Nym teased right back.

Harry shrugged but didn't say anything more. Nym studied him for a long moment.

"Hestia went out to get lunch." She broke the silence. "Hope you like Chinese."