

Chapter 25

By the time Harry had fully recovered from his injuries, it was time for the end of year exams. While Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix were worried about their grades, he had other things on his mind. For him, exams were a breeze. He only needed to read a question for the answer to come to mind. Often, his answers would be far more comprehensive than what would be expected of someone his age. Harry knew it was cheating, to an extent, but it wasn't like he could turn it off.

Besides, I have much more important things to worry about besides exams, Harry thought.

With a flourish of his quill, he finished his DADA written exam and walked to the front of the classroom. A few of his classmates glanced up from their parchment to stare at him jealously. That was understandable, considering it had only taken him half an hour out of the two hours allotted. Handing it to Connie, she didn't even read it before marking it with a big red 'O' at the top.

Harry cocked an eyebrow.

"You know enough to teach this class, and I don't like grading exams anymore than you like taking them," Connie whispered.

Harry snorted and shook his head with a smile. Twirling his wand, he conjured a seat next to hers, then put up a Muffliato Charm with a wave.

"Can you set up a meeting with Moody and the others?" he asked.

"Sure," Connie said, looking at him curiously. "But why? Has something come up?"

"No," Harry said, looking out over the classroom to make sure no one was watching them. "Voldemort is going to go on the offensive this Summer, and we need to be ready."

Connie nodded slowly, "I'll set up a meeting after exams."

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Two days later, Connie invited Moody and the others to the Three Broomsticks. While the rest of the school felt relaxed with the end of the year approaching, Harry could feel a storm brewing on the horizon. He expected the attacks this Summer to be worse than they were in his world. Voldemort's ego had been dented more than once, and he wasn't going to take that lying down.

Suddenly, something tapped his brow. Blinking, Harry looked away from the clouds in the sky and down at the redhead lying on his chest.

"I don't like that frown," Lily said. "Exams are over. You should be relaxed."

"It's not exams I'm worried about," Harry sighed.

"Then what's bothering you?" Bellatrix asked.

"Are you worried about our parents?" Narcissa asked.

"No. I have a plan for that," Harry assured her. "I'm worried about this Summer. Voldemort's going to be aggressive, and I don't know if I can keep him in check."

"What can we do to help?" Bellatrix asked, running her fingers through his hair.

Closing his eyes, Harry relaxed and luxuriated in the soothing feeling for a moment.

"I don't know," he said after a moment.

“Harry.”

Lifting his head, Harry looked over at Connie, who was making her way over.

“It’s time to go,” she said.

“Alright,” Harry said.

Rolling Lily over so she was pressed up against Bellatrix, he gave his girlfriends a kiss each before climbing to his feet. Walking over to Connie, they turned and headed towards Hogsmeade.

“Anything new from our man inside?” Harry asked quietly.

“Nothing,” Connie said, shaking her head. “They haven’t had a meeting since the attack on Azkaban.”

“He’s probably trying to figure out what went wrong,” Harry said thoughtfully. “We need to be careful now. It’s likely he’ll be giving his Death Eaters false information to figure out who told the Aurors.”

“So, any information we get is pretty much useless?” Connie asked incredulously.

“Unfortunately, yes,” he sighed. “There’s no way Voldemort doesn’t know someone’s spying on him.”

“Great,” Connie grumbled, running a hand through her short, blonde hair.

“Yeah,” Harry sighed heavily.

"So, what do we do now?" Connie asked.

"Actually, I have an idea," Harry told her.

Taking her hand, he led her inside the Three Broomsticks. After greeting Rosmerta with a smile and a promise to visit over the Summer, they made their way upstairs. Moody, Kingsley, Elizabeth, Greyson, and Jenna were already waiting for them.

"Good to see you on your feet again, Har," Jenna smiled, bouncing forward to hug him tightly. "You had us all pretty worried. You looked half-dead when we got there."

"Thanks for the rescue," Harry smiled. "I don't think we could've held out much longer."

"Enough with this mushy crap," Moody barked. "Is there a point to us being here?"

"Good to see you too," Harry said, rolling his eyes. "But yes, there's a reason I called you here. We need to talk about what's going to happen this Summer."

"What do you know?" Moody asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Take a seat, everyone. This is going to take a bit of explaining," Harry said, licking his lips nervously. "I trust all of you, and I hope you can trust me because this is going to be hard to believe. I was born July thirty-first, nineteen eighty-one."

"Um, Harry?" Elizabeth said, her brow furrowed.

"I'm from the future," Harry clarified. "From my first year at Hogwarts onwards, I fought You-Know-Who in one form or another. I finally managed to beat him once and for all in what should've been my seventh year. I can't tell you exactly how I got sent back in time, but I can't go back."

"That's why you're so good a dueling!" Greyson said, snapping his fingers.

Harry smiled, "That's a new development, actually. The first time I beat him was mostly luck, to be honest."

"Get the point, Potter," Moody grumbled.

"In my time, You-Know-Who went on a big offensive this Summer," Harry said. "He killed a lot of families that opposed him, including the Potters. After the Browns escaped right out from under him and the failed breakout at Azkaban, I expect him to be even worse. To make matters worse, we can't trust the information we've been getting any more. You-Know-Who isn't stupid. He knows someone is spying on him now. I expect he'll start giving out false information to weed out the spy."

"Humph," Moody grunted. "You have a plan?"

"I'm surprised you believe him," Jenna said. "You're usually a lot more paranoid."

"I leave this sort of thing up to Albus," Moody told her. "If he says it's true, that's good enough for me."

He looked over at Connie, who nodded.

"You knew?" Kingsley asked, quirking an eyebrow.

"Dumbledore told all the teachers over the Summer," Connie shrugged.

"You can talk about that later," Moody growled.

“Right,” Harry said, clearing his throat. “Since we can’t trust our informant, we need to try and dictate the fight another way. It’s time for us to go on the offensive ourselves.”

“What do you mean?” Moody asked, staring at him intently.

“We start going after Death Eaters,” Harry said. “We need to go after them in their own homes. At the same time, I’ll be meeting Vol – You-Know-Who every time he shows his face. I want him so angry and focused on me that he can’t think about anything else.”

“We can’t turn Death Eaters over to the Ministry without evidence,” Moody said. “Being caught in Death Eater robes and a mask won’t be enough for some of them.”

“Well, since we’d already be breaking the law, we could dose them with truth serum,” Elizabeth said.

“Could work,” Moody nodded. “Crouch would be happy to put them away if we give him a reason.”

Harry pursed his lips unhappily. He didn’t like the idea of doing anything to help Crouch.

“What if we brought in David?” he asked.

“Bones has always been a stickler for the rules,” Kingsley told him. “There’s a good chance he might just turn you in.”

“After he cured Lycanthropy, I doubt it,” Connie scoffed.

“You found a cure!?” Jenna asked.

"It's still being tested, but it looks that way," Harry said, running a hand through his hair.
"There's a Wizengamot meeting tomorrow. I'll talk to him then."

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The next day, Harry walked into courtroom twelve with the rest of the Wizengamot members. After setting a court date for the Death Eaters arrested at Azkaban and the Quidditch stadium, Charlus stood to address the chamber.

"I'm sure by now all of you have heard about the heroic actions of Harry Potter that took place at Scoughall Stadium last week," he began, causing Harry to shift uncomfortably under the attention. "For his bravery, I would like to nominate Harry for the Order of Merlin, first class."

Harry blushed from the applause of the Wizengamot as Charlus sat back down and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Was that really necessary?" Harry asked.

"You deserve it," Francine Abbot said, patting his knee.

"All those in favor?" Dumbledore asked.

The number of wands raised was so overwhelming that it wasn't even necessary to ask who was opposed.

"I believe that means we can add youngest Order of Merlin, first class, recipient and becoming only the third person in British Magical history to receive more than one Order of Merlin to Mr. Potter's list of laudable accomplishments," Dumbledore smiled.

Harry ducked his head as the people around him chuckled and congratulated him.

“Hold your head high, son. Be proud of your accomplishments,” Charlus said.

Sighing, he reluctantly straightened in his seat. Harry was almost relieved when Minister Bagnold had one of her aides retrieve a medal from her office so they could hold a – thankfully – brief ceremony then and there. After the medal was pinned to his chest, Harry gave a quick wave and then headed back to his seat before anyone could ask him to make a speech.

The meeting mercifully ended a few minutes later. Unfortunately, It seemed like everyone wanted to congratulate him and shake his hand. Harry fixed a wooden smile on his face and left as soon as he could without looking rude. He was lucky enough to catch David just as he was heading toward the elevator.

“David!” Harry called, jogging to catch up with him.

“Hey, Harry,” David replied.

“Can we talk?” Harry asked.

“Sure,” David nodded. “My office?”

“Actually, how about we go for a walk?” Harry asked in return.

David looked at him and raised an eyebrow.

With two soft, quiet pops, Harry and David appeared in an isolated corner of Hyde Park. Walking out from behind a small copse of trees, they made their way onto the paved, winding path. Harry stuffed his hands in his pockets, his fingers gripping his wand and casting a discrete Muffliato Charm around them.

“So, what did you want to talk about?” David asked.

“A couple of things, actually,” Harry replied. “I got a letter from Agatha this morning. She thinks she’s figured out a way to administer a cure for Lycanthropy that won’t be painful.”

“That’s great!” David exclaimed, clapping him on the shoulder. “Looks like you’re well on your way to a third Order of Merlin.”

“Oh, no. Agatha and Andromeda get all the credit for this one,” Harry said. “I had nothing to do with it.”

David chuckled, and they walked in silence for a short while. Taking a deep breath through his nose, Harry broached the subject he’d been avoiding.

“We need to be more aggressive against Vol – You-Know-Who,” he said.

David looked at him sideways and cocked an eyebrow.

“I agree,” he said. “Unfortunately, even with Veritaserum, we’re having trouble getting the names of Death Eaters. They’re working in small groups so that if they’re caught, they can’t rat out the entire organization. Finding the names of the inner circle members is even harder. They’ve used some sort of secrecy spell, and a powerful one at that. The one Death Eater that had any information nearly died when we tried to question him.”

Harry frowned. Instantly, the most likely spell came to mind. Unfortunately, it could only be canceled by the caster. There was no other way around it.

“What’s Crouch’s plan to fight back?” he asked curiously.

“He wants to wait for them to come out into the open,” David replied, his flat tone conveying his unhappiness with the decision.

Harry growled frustratedly and ran a hand through his unruly hair.

“Is he trying to get people killed?” he asked. “Vol – Bugger – Riddle won’t risk Death Eaters he can’t afford to lose. These attacks are a distraction designed to incite fear and draw attention away from his real target, the Wizengamot.”

“The Wizengamot?” David asked, his brow furrowed. “And who’s Riddle?”

“It’s You-Know-Who’s real name. Tom Marvolo Riddle,” Harry said. “Anyways, Riddle isn’t going to try and take the Ministry by force. He’s targeting Wizengamot members to remove the opposition. That’s why he went after the Browns. He wants enough support to get his Death Eaters in office. He’s not trying to overthrow the government. He wants to control it and make people too afraid to fight back when it happens.”

“How do you know all this?” David asked.

“Because I’ve seen it,” Harry sighed.

He knew that if there was any chance of getting David’s help, he’d have to tell him about his past. So, he did. He told him about his seven years fighting Voldemort before being inadvertently sent to the past.

“Well, that certainly explains a lot,” David said after a long moment. “What about my family? What happened to us in your time?”

Harry sighed and looked at him sympathetically.

“You and your wife were killed by Death Eaters when they attacked Diagon Alley,” he began slowly. “I don’t know the details, but your daughter, Susan, survived. Amelia raised her and went on to become the youngest Head of the DMLE ever after Crouch lost the position. Susan – she was a good friend – a Hufflepuff. She even fought with us in the Battle of Hogwarts. You’ve been proud of her.”

“A daughter,” David said to himself before clearing his throat. “You said Crouch lost his position? How did that happen?”

“He was on track to take over for Bagnold after the war when it was discovered his son was a Death Eater,” Harry explained. “He, along with a few others, tortured an Auror and his wife until they went insane. That cost him the election, and Fudge, the new Minister, put him in charge of the Department of International Magical Cooperation. What most people don’t know is that his wife traded places with their son in Azkaban under Polyjuice potion. She died shortly after from some illness, and Crouch kept his son hidden in the basement under the Imperius Curse. Crouch Jr. escaped years later, killed his father, and spent a year at Hogwarts impersonating Moody. He was instrumental in helping Riddle get his body back.”

“Bloody hell,” David said, rubbing his face with his hands. “I knew Crouch was cold, but Merlin! His own son? And Fudge became Minister? Cornelius Fudge?”

“Yeah,” Harry said. “I still don’t understand how anyone could’ve voted for him. The man was as corrupt as they came. Some of the worst Death Eaters managed to buy their way out of Azkaban because of him. But that’s not important. We need to focus on what’s going to happen this Summer.”

David looked at him curiously.

“Riddle goes on the offensive this Summer,” Harry explained. “He kills several Wizengamot members, including the Potters, and attacks Diagon Alley in broad daylight. Unfortunately, I may

have made things worse. Stopping him at the Browns and foiling the breakout at Azkaban is only going to make him more vicious. People are starting to question him now, and he's going to want to prove how powerful he is."

"Do you have names, dates? Anything we can use to stop his attacks?" David asked.

"No, and even if I did, I've changed so much they wouldn't do us any good," Harry replied. "I know you're not going to like this, but we need to start going after Death Eaters."

Glancing over at Harry, David grunted and shook his head.

"I should've known," he said. "You're the one that's been leaving Death Eaters tied up in the Atrium, haven't you? I should arrest you for that. As much as I want those monsters off the street, it's still illegal."

"Look, Riddle nearly won before he attacked my family because the Ministry couldn't stop him," Harry said. "Even with Bagnold giving them permission to use the Unforgivable, they couldn't. The Death Eaters hit a place and leave before the Aurors can get there. If we don't start going after them first, all we'll be doing is cleaning up their mess."

As they passed the statue of Peter Pan, David turned his back to the water with a sigh and leaned back against the fence.

"What, exactly, do you plan to do?" he asked.

"You can't go after the Death Eaters without evidence, but I can," Harry said. "I need you to make sure they aren't let go, and I don't want Crouch using this to further his career."

"I can't hold them without evidence," David said.

"I'm not asking you to," Harry assured him. "I'll bring you all the evidence I can find. I can even dose them with truth serum before handing them over. You just need to question them before it wears off."

Crossing his arms over his chest, David huffed and stared down at the ground for a long moment before looking back up.

"How many people do you plan to arrest?" he asked.

"As many as I can," Harry replied.

"Alright," David said, nodding his head thoughtfully. "This isn't something that Crouch and the Minister will overlook. We need a plausible reason for you to turn suspected Death Eaters over to me."

Pushing off the fence, he started pacing back and forth, a thoughtful frown on his face.

"So, you're not going to arrest me?" Harry asked, hoping to break the tension.

David snorted and shook his head, a smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

"After all the good you've done? Not likely," he smiled. "As much as I hate to admit it, you're right. Just promise me you're not going to go on a killing spree. A pile of dead bodies will be a lot harder for the Minister to swallow than criminals we can put on trial."

"I'll do my best," Harry said. "You know some of these guys won't go down without a fight."

"Just keep it to a minimum," David sighed. "Alright, here's what we'll do. I'll tell Crouch and the Minister I was approached by a Death Eater who turned against You-Know-Who. You'll need to turn over some known Death Eaters first or ones that you have iron clad evidence against. Once

they think you can be trusted, you can start bringing in the ones they might not expect to be Death Eaters.”

“I can do that,” Harry nodded.

“Will you be working alone?” David asked.

Harry debated on how much to reveal for a moment.

“It’s probably best if I don’t answer that,” he said.

David sighed but nodded.

“There’s one more thing,” Harry added, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a gold Galleon. “I need you to tell me the moment Riddle shows himself. This Galleon is connected to one I have. Just tap it with your wand and think of where he is, and it will appear on mine.”

“Alright,” David nodded.

Pocketing the Galleon, they started walking in companionable silence.

“So, who do I end up marrying,” David asked after a long moment.

“Well, like I said, I’ve changed so much it may have changed,” Harry said. “But I know her name was Julia Brown.”

“Julia?” David asked, looking surprised. “My secretary?”

Harry shrugged, "Honestly, I don't know. Susan and I were friends, but she never told me much about either of you."

"What was Susan like?" David asked.

"She was brilliant," Harry smiled. "She was always pretty shy but always stood up to people when she thought they were doing something wrong. She even stood up to her own housemates when they started spreading rumors about me. It happened in my fourth year...."

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When Harry returned to Hogwarts, he searched the Great Hall and the Gryffindor Common room but couldn't find Lily, Narcissa, or Bellatrix. Eventually, he gave up searching and asked Marlene if she'd seen them.

"They left with Arthur and Molly after lunch. I'm not sure where they went, though," Marlene told him.

On a hunch, Harry decided to check the Room of Requirement. The door appeared the moment he stepped in front of it. Pushing the door open, he stopped and stared at the sight that greeted him. Molly stood completely nude in the middle of the room, her hand bound above her head, causing her mountainous breasts to stand up even more than usual, and a gag in her mouth. Meanwhile, Bellatrix prowled around her, tapping a black leather riding crop against her palm. On the bed behind them, Narcissa and Lily were snogging heavily, their hands exploring each other's bodies.

It wasn't until Harry stepped into the room and closed the door behind him that he noticed Arthur. The redhead sat in a chair far off to the side, gripping the arms tightly as he watched Bellatrix circle his girlfriend like a predator toying with its prey.

Smack!

“MHH!” Molly squealed into the gag as Bellatrix brought the crop down swiftly on her full, wide rear.

“I leave for three hours,” Harry said, shaking his head.

Bellatrix looked at him and grinned, her violet eyes sparkling playfully. Behind her, Lily and Narcissa parted, their lips swollen and cheeks flushed.

“Weren’t you two supposed to keep her out of trouble?” Harry asked, raising a brow.

“We did. Molly asked for this,” Narcissa smirked. “She begged us to let her fuck you one more time before the end of the year.”

“Oh, did she?” Harry asked, stalking towards Molly.

She whimpered as he stopped in front of her, a flush covering her face all the way down to the top of her chest.

Smack!

“MHH!” Molly squealed.

Smirking, Bellatrix pressed herself against her back and nibbled her ear. Holding the crop in front of Molly, she dragged it down between her breasts, over her stomach, and then slipped it between her thighs. Molly inhaled sharply through her nose, her eyelids fluttering as she bucked her hips. When Bellatrix pulled the crop free a few seconds later, they all saw the wetness glistening on the tip.

“I got her ready for you,” Bellatrix said, bringing the crop to her lips and licking it clean.

"I see," Harry smiled.

Reaching out, he gripped the base of Molly's breasts. With a squeeze, he shook her plump, perky globes back and forth, smacking them together and watching the way the pale skin rippled and jiggled. Suddenly, a black blur flashed across his vision.

Smack!

Molly screamed into her gag and danced in place as the crop landed sharply on her nipple. The thick, pale pink nub hardened and swelled while it rapidly darkened to the same red as her face. Bellatrix gave the other nipple the same treatment, an excited glint in her eyes.

"That looked like it hurt," Harry said with false sympathy. "Maybe I should kiss it and make it better."

Laning forward, he wrapped his lips around her hard nipple and licked it gently. Molly moaned softly and tilted her head back, thrusting her chest forward. Harry sucked on her nipple lightly before moving over to the other and doing the same thing.

"How long have you been teasing her like this?" he asked curiously.

"A while," Bellatrix shrugged.

Taking the handle of the crop, she rubbed the rough leather against Molly's dripping folds. The busty redhead inhaled sharply and made a choking sound as she rolled her hips. The moment the crop touched her red, throbbing clit, her entire body shuddered, and her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

Stepping back, Harry stripped out of his clothes. Molly stared hungrily at his erection and tried to move towards it, only to be stopped by the rope holding her hands above her head. Grabbing his wand, Harry cut the rope attached to the ceiling but left her wrists bound. Molly winced

slightly as she lowered her arms, showing how long she'd been trapped in that position. With a quick stride forward, Harry wrapped his arms around her, gripped her bum, and lifted her off her feet. In three quick steps, he carried her over to the bed and dropped her onto the mattress.

Bellatrix crawled onto the bed next to her and laid down on her side. Slowly, she dragged the tip of the leather crop over Molly's skin. As Harry lined himself up with her dripping entrance, Bellatrix raised it up and brought it down with a *smack*! Molly squealed into her gag at the same moment he plunged into her depths. She came instantly, showering him in arousal while she thrashed on the mattress.

"Take that gag off. I want to hear her," Harry said.

Bellatrix grabbed a fistful of Molly's orange mane and roughly yanked her head up. Reaching behind her head, she loosened the gag and tossed it aside. Molly's moans filled the room as she continued to climax for several more seconds before sagging tiredly.

"Oh, Harry," she moaned.

Smiling, Harry grasped both of her tits and started thrusting back and forth. The fleshy mounds jiggled alluringly with each impact of his hips.

"Look at these fat tits," Bellatrix said.

Again, she brought the crop down sharply on her nipple. Molly yelped even as her walls spasmed around him, hugging his length as he plundered her depths. A moment later, she smacked her other nipple, leaving them both red and throbbing. Still, she never uttered a single complaint. Instead, she wrapped her legs around Harry and dug her heels into his bum, wordlessly begging him to move faster and harder.

He gave her what she wanted, slamming his cock in and out of her flooded core. As she arched her back, letting out a truly whorish moan, Bellatrix trailed the riding crop down her body until it came to rest on her clit, the very tip brushing Harry's shaft. Molly raised her head and stared

down at the crop, fear and anticipation warring in her dark blue eyes. Bellatrix smirked as she climbed to her knees. She rubbed the crop against her clit lightly while wrapping her hand around Molly's throat.

"You dirty little whore," Bellatrix purred, tightening her grip.

Lifting the crop, she paused and let it hover threateningly while she smirked at Molly's wide, panicked gaze. Harry couldn't see her eyes, but he could feel how excited she was. His length was drenched in her arousal as her depths fluttered around him.

Suddenly, Bellatrix brought the crop down. At the last moment, she pulled back, slowing the leather tip to land with a light tap. The impact may have been light, but it was still enough to cause Molly to gasp and buck her hips desperately. Bellatrix shook the crop up and down, slapping her clit lightly but rapidly as Molly writhed on the bed. She gasped for breath while her depths clamped down around Harry's length. Her back arched, and her eyes went wide before she threw her head back and screamed.

Harry grunted as her spasming depths coaxed a sudden climax out of him. As he erupted in her core, Bellatrix smiled maliciously and continued tapping her clit. Molly screamed and gasped, tossing and turning on the bed. Eventually, the feeling became too much and she pulled away from him. Using her bound hands to cover her leaking folds, she rolled onto her side and curled into a ball. Her body twitched as she panted, each exhale coming out as a shuddering breath.

Rolling over onto his stomach, Bellatrix gave Harry no respite as she took him into her mouth. Staring up at him, she grabbed his bum and pulled him forward, burying his length to the hilt in her throat despite the occasional gag. Harry gasped as she brought his sensitive cock back to a full erection. Smirking at him with her eyes, she slowly pulled back and turned to the left.

"You can go now," she said.

Harry blinked in confusion until he remembered Arthur was still there.

“Uh, right,” he said.

Tucking himself back into his trousers, Arthur fixed his clothes and stood.

“Um, Molly?” he asked.

“She’ll meet you later,” Bellatrix said dismissively as she stroked Harry’s shaft. “I might want to play with her some more. Unless you have a problem with that.”

“N-no, no. Of course not,” Arthur replied, his eyes darting over to his ravaged girlfriend. “Er, I’ll see you back in the common room, Molly?”

Molly didn’t reply. She looked half asleep as she continued to occasionally twitch and shudder.

“Don’t worry. I’m sure she’ll tell you just how much more she likes fucking Harry than you later,” Bellatrix smirked.

Harry would’ve stopped her if it wasn’t for how obviously excited Arthur was. Pulling his robes around himself to hide his growing erection, he nodded, his face bright red.

“R-right,” he said.

Pausing at the door, he turned and looked back at Molly one last time before slipping out into the hall and closing the door behind him. As Bellatrix returned her lips to his cock, Lily smirked and picked up the discarded riding crop. Worried she might bite down from the surprise, Harry pulled away from Bellatrix, causing her to look up at him, confused.

Smack!

With a scream, she grabbed her ass and spun around to glare at a smug Lily.

“Oh, so that’s how you want to play,” Bellatrix grinned.

Lily’s smile fell, her eyes widening when Bellatrix suddenly leapt at her. Wrestling the crop away from Lily, she straddled her waist and grinned. Bellatrix gripped her shirt and tore it open with a sharp yank, sending buttons flying.

“Let’s see how you like it,” she grinned.

Trailing the tip of the crop across her breasts, she brought it down lightly on Lily’s pale cleavage, causing her to gasp.

“Bella,” Lily moaned.

Smirking, Bellatrix lifted her skirt and rubbed the rough handle against the front of her knickers, drawing a frustrated groan from the redhead’s lips. Harry was distracted when Narcissa took his hand and pulled him onto the bed. Pushing him onto his back, she straddled his waist and kissed him passionately.

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As Harry walked down to breakfast the next morning, he smirked as he watched Lily and Bellatrix shift uncomfortably in their seats. The two of them had taken turns spanking each other with the crop all night in an attempt to get one over on the other.

“Morning,” Harry said, kissing each of his girlfriends before taking a seat between Lily and Narcissa.

“Good morning, Harry,” Arthur greeted him with a bright, cheery grin.

Next to him, Molly smiled happily and waved before she leaned against his side.

“So, Harry,” Alice smirked. “Would you care to explain why Lily and Bella are squirming so much?”

Looking around to see if anyone else was paying attention, he leaned over the table and waved her closer. Alice leaned forward and looked at him excitedly.

“No,” Harry said, leaning back in his seat with a grin.

Alice pouted while everyone around her giggled.

“What are your plans for the Summer, Harry?” Marlene asked.

“I’m not entirely sure yet,” Harry replied thoughtfully. “The first thing I need to do is look for a house. Not that I wouldn’t mind staying with Lily or the Potters, but I want my own place, you know?”

“Didn’t you just build a house at the Wolf’s Den?” Mary asked.

“Yeah, but that’s a place for Werewolves to stay when they need it. I don’t want to live there,” Harry said. “I’m sure I’ll find a place. But, besides that, I’ve got a big project going on at the Wolf’s Den, and we’ll be opening up an Enchanting shop in Diagon Alley.”

“Ooh, do you have any job openings?” Dorcas asked excitedly. “My mum wants me to get a job this Summer, and I’ve always wanted to get into Enchanting.”

“Sure,” Harry smiled. “Just stop by the Wolf’s Den and ask for Paula. She’s managing the project. I’ll let her know you’re coming.”

“Thanks, Harry,” Dorcas grinned.

A flutter of wings announced the arrival of the morning post. Spiraling down from the rafters, a large, black owl landed in front of Narcissa and extended its leg. Nervously, she reached out and untied the letter. With a sharp bark, the owl took to the air.

“What do Mother and Father want?” Bellatrix asked with a frown.

“They want me to invite Harry over to meet them tomorrow,” Narcissa said, folding the letter with a troubled look.

“Perfect,” Harry smiled.

Narcissa turned to look at him sharply.

“You know this is a trap,” she whispered nervously. “They’ll try to hand you over to You-Know-Who.”

“I know,” Harry said, rubbing her back reassuringly. “I knew something like this would happen as soon as they told you and Bellatrix to get close to me. Don’t worry. I have a plan.”