

“How do I look?”

Harry was packing the last of their things into an ever-expanding bag, but he knew the answer without needing to look up, “Gorgeous.”

“But you didn’t even look...” He knew that she was pouting, he could hear it without seeing it. Making sure that the tent was right on top so that it’d be the easiest to find, he finished what he was doing and looked at the needy veela.

Giving her a wide smile, he told her, “Love, I don’t need to see you to know that you’re gorgeous. You could make a burlap sack look like it would fit right in on the streets of Paris.” She was wearing a pair of short-shorts that left the majority of her long legs on display and a long flannel shirt that he was confident was one of his, if slightly altered by magic. There were a pair of boots on her feet that he doubted she’d ever even considered wearing before.

In fact, the entire ensemble was a far cry from the sort of thing that she would usually wear, but she made it look fantastic all the same. For the briefest of moments, the corner of her lips ticked up, but fell right back into a forced pout. With a roll of his eyes, he walked over to her, “Well, if I’m going to give my honest opinion, I’m going to need to see it from the back too.”

With a mischievous grin, she turned slowly on the spot. Her bum always looked incredible but clad in those shorts, it was absolutely to die for. She made a little knot at the back of the flannel which meant he could see just a peek of her back dimples. When she came back around, she was looking up at him expectantly. With a little sigh, he shook his head, “Apolline, I just don’t think this outfit is going to work.”

Her eyes widened in genuine surprise, “What? Why not?”

“If I walk behind you, I’m going to be so distracted I’ll end up running into a tree, or worse, into a ravine. You look far too good for me to even risk it.”

That made her giggle, “Don’t be silly, I would never let that happen to you.” Pushing up on her toes, she pecked him on the lips as her hands drifted to the waist of his trousers, “Though, I don’t think I will be much better.”

Harry wasn’t wearing anything all that much different from his usual attire, at least not in his opinion. Some proper boots for the rougher terrain they were bound to encounter, but other than that it was just a shirt and a pair of trousers. They were a bit more outdoorsy and rugged than what he usually wore around their lovely seaside town, but nothing particularly impressive. But it seemed to be doing the trick for his girlfriend.

Wrapping his arms around her lower back, he pulled her close, “Well... we’ll just have to make do then, won’t we?”

Kissing her way along his jaw, her fingers were wandering, and he heard the telltale sound of a snap being undone. Unfortunately, at that same moment an alarm charm went off. They had a portkey they needed to take, and considering they were traveling out of the country that sort of thing was quite heavily regulated and it wouldn’t go over well if they missed it.

Apolline scowled as he cancelled the charm. Kissing her on the forehead, he comforted her, "Don't worry, we'll have plenty of time for that later."

"Oh... fine." With that she backed away, even if it was done reluctantly.

The portkey they were using had been sent to them. They simply were waiting for the appropriate time. It was a nondescript length of rope, no longer than a couple of feet. As the clock ticked down, Harry and Apolline went to grab an end each. When it reached 10:30, there was an uncomfortable feeling of a hook behind his naval and a moment later they were whisked away.

They arrived in a forest clearing. The air was clean but dry in the late summer heat. There was a soft breeze that gently swayed the leaves. There was a man waiting for them. He was rather short with auburn hair and a crooked smile.

He was understandably caught off guard by Apolline but was able to shake himself and regain his composure, "Mr. Peverell, welcome to Albania." It was nice that they weren't required to go through the Albanian Ministry and instead had an arrival point much nearer to where they wanted to be, "if you could please stand aside. The other travelers will be here shortly."

They did as he asked. They were quiet as they waited patiently for the next arrivals. It was only two minutes later that two more people were deposited in the clearing. Harry and Apolline shared a look because they most certainly weren't expecting two other people.

One of them was a very familiar redhead, while the other was someone that neither of them had ever seen before. It was a woman with jet black hair, taller than either Lily or Apolline and just as tall as him. She was beautiful with sharp cheekbones, piercing steel-blue and an oval face. She had noticeable curves and legs that some models would envy. And while Harry had never seen her before, there was something oddly familiar about the woman, but in an entirely different way than his first run-in with Lily.

If he were to guess, she was a good deal older than either of the other women, but then it was hard to tell with magicals. She was wearing travel clothes that made him think she was probably muggle-born or at least a halfblood. *Because purebloods in England twenty years from now still didn't know how to dress with the times so I can't imagine that it's any better now.*

The shared excitement between Lily and Apolline drew him from his own thoughts though. They laughed as they embraced, "It 'as been too long."

Lily rolled her eyes, "It's only been a month."

"Exactly, much too long." Apolline insisted. Neither of them liked the fact that she had to go back to England after her visit to the south of France, but they also understood. Her apprenticeship was something she'd been working at for years, and neither of them would think convince her to abandon it. Fortunately, magic made a long distance relationship much easier.

"Term hasn't even started yet." She let go of Apolline with a chuckle and made her way over to him for a hug, "If you were planning this any later, there's no way that I would've been able to make it."

Leaning into her ear, he told her, "Good to see you. We missed you."

He looked over her head to find the other woman watching their interactions with an obvious curiosity. Letting go of the redhead, he rubbed her arms, "So... who's this?"

Blushing as she realized that she'd forgotten to introduce her companion, she pulled away, "Oh, sorry..." She looked over at the other woman with admiration, "This is Tilly."

"Ahem." Tilly clearly didn't like that particular introduction and Lily quickly made to correct herself.

"Sorry... no, this is Professor Matilda Gaunt."

Her voice was smooth with an air of superiority in it, "Apologies to both of you for intruding. When my newest apprentice informed me of this little excursion, I couldn't help but be intrigued. This forest has a great deal of history to it."

"And I told her she was welcome to come along... even if it was last minute." She worried the corner of her lip, "I would've told you, but by the time it came up you wouldn't have gotten the letter before I needed to leave so..."

Apolline didn't seem the least bit bothered by the addition, shushing the other young woman, "It's no problem, it's just a shame zat Vivienne couldn't make it. She's so looking forward to meeting you." Lily looked visibly relieved at her acceptance, as the young veela turned toward Harry, "Ze more ze merrier, oui?"

While this trip wasn't quite a simple vacation, he couldn't say that he minded either. *Even if it may put a damper on some of our fun.* Considering that wasn't the main reason he was there, he would just have to make do, "Of course, it's lovely to meet you." He said to the professor, "We've heard nothing but good things."

The professor was about to speak, but a cough from the official stopped her, "Now that is all settled, if we could finish up the paperwork, Mr. Peverell." There was a conjured table and a piece of parchment resting on it. At the bottom, there was a line waiting for his signature, "Sign there... and initial there. Once you find that the terms are to your satisfaction."

They were in the northern forest of Albania looking for something very specific, shtojzovalle. They were small fairy-like creatures with supernatural power and incredible beauty. In legends they haunted those who made homes on their land by shaking great chains. Any who stepped upon one of them would find themselves devoured. Though Harry was quite confident that they weren't eaten. But the thing he was most interested in was their tears. They were said to cause death to any human who felt their touch.

They were incredibly hard to come by, when freely given, and were a potent ingredient in various potions as well as a powerful agent in wand crafting. Their use made certain wand cores viable that otherwise would be useless.

Reading through the stipulations and legalities, he found nothing amiss and quickly put a signature on the bottom of the parchment. When he was done, the official quickly rolled it up, "Thank you, and enjoy

your stay." Before he left, he turned and warned them, "While it shouldn't be a problem for you, you should know there have been reports of a shtriga in the forest. They usually are only interested in children, but it is better to be safe than sorry. If you happen upon it and manage to... deal with it, there is a bounty that you could claim."

Harry knew of shtriga, vampiric witches that drank the blood of children and infants, they were a far cry from having the same abilities as the average witch but caught off guard and they could be dangerous. He appreciated the warning, "Thank you, we'll keep that in mind."

There was a soft pop as the man apparated away and left the four of them alone in the forest. Looking at the three women, he said to them, "So... let's get to it then."

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The fire was crackling, the tent was set up, and Harry found himself sitting across from their unexpected addition while the other ladies were working on cooking up some dinner. The first day of exploration hadn't yielded any results, but then he knew that the shtozovalle were difficult to encounter. It was a large part of the reason why very few apothecaries ever had the ingredient available to begin with.

Since it needed to be freely given, there was no way of gathering them unethically. Not that Harry would have any interest in such a thing anyway. That was the exact reason why he'd started going on these excursions, so that he knew exactly where he was getting the ingredients and raw materials for his work.

The professor had been relatively quiet during the day but incredibly attentive, clearly listening to every word said between them. She would offer the odd insight but other than that kept her own company. He still wasn't entirely sure what had convinced her to come along for the journey. Not that he was of a mind to pry about it, but if they were going to spend the next few days together it only seemed right to try and get to know her a bit.

Throwing another log on the fire, it took him a moment to find something to say, "Lily really is looking forward to her apprenticeship. It's obvious with the way she talked about it."

The corner of Tilly's lip turned up into a smile, "I'm looking forward to having her work under me. She's been one of my favorite students for years, and only the second person I've taken on in... decades now. There are very few students who meet my exacting standard."

"Oh, who was the other?" He was curious if it was anybody he might know. From the way that Lily talked about it, it was clearly a great privilege but there hadn't been a Matilda Gaunt in his own timeline.

"Bellatrix Black was the last just a few short years ago, and she's gone onto to do great things." Harry tried to hide his reaction to the name, but from the way her eyebrow ticked up just slightly, it was clear that she caught it. *Bellatrix is a completely different person here, no different than Lily. Might not have a murderous bone in her whole body for all I know.*

She made no mention of it as she continued, "Though from everything I've heard about you, both from Lily and some of my contacts around the continent, I reckon I would've been willing to work with you if the opportunity presented itself."

Harry was still reeling from the mention of Bellatrix, but managed to regain his composure, "That's flattering... can't help but wonder why you would've been curious about me to begin with?"

"New wandmakers are a rare thing. The long-standing reputations of families that have been in the practice for millennia almost guarantee it." She was staring at him, the flickering flame dancing in her eyes, "So when I heard there was a new one about, one who was British yet working in France and had never stepped foot in Hogwarts, I was intrigued. And given the sterling reputation you've built for yourself in a very short time, it shouldn't be any surprise to you that people would take an interest."

Harry knew that he was an anomaly, in more ways than the obvious, "In my experience it's usually parents getting ready to get their kids their first wands that are interested in my reputation."

"Like much of the wizarding world, wand makers have become stagnant." There was a touch of derision in her voice, but some small amount of pity as well, "Ollivander's supreme cores make up the vast majority of every wand made, and not just in Britain."

"And I've bucked the trend."

"Exactly," It was the first time he saw a full, genuine smile on her face, "The very fact you're here speaks volumes about how you view your craft. There are very few makers who'd be willing to take the time to procure the ingredients you're after to improve one wand in a thousand that might never find a match." It was genuine praise, and he couldn't help but smile back.

"Dinner!" Apolline and Lily emerged from the tent, more than one dish levitating behind them.

"It smells delicious." Harry told her as she settled down beside him. It was a fresh bouillabaisse that was one of Apolline's favorite. He'd had a hard time not chuckling about that when he'd found out given his first interaction with Fleur what felt like a lifetime ago.

Apolline kissed his cheek and grinned, "Of course it does, we made it." The soup spoon moved of its own accord and filled their bowls, "Now everyone dig in."

Tilly took one mouthful and moaned at the taste. Lily snorted out a laugh while Apolline gave her an absolutely devious smile. Wiping at her mouth, she didn't even blush as she said, "It tastes even better than it smells."

Apolline took a spoonful of her own bowl, "I can tell. I'll take it as a compliment, non?"

For a few minutes, they just ate in comfortable silence before the young Frenchwoman beside him spoke up, "So, Tilly," there was no correction at the new familiarity, "tell us a little about yourself. I'm sure you 'ave 'eard far more about us, after all."

Her eyes darted over to Lily, almost like she was calculating in her own head before she finally decided to speak, "Well, I grew up in a town called Little Hangleton with my mother and father."

Harry felt his stomach drop as his mind raced. *It's just a coincidence, don't over think it.* What she said next shattered any chance of that, "My mother was a muggle from a rather wealthy family, her name was Tahlia Riddle."

“And your fazzer?” Apolline was entirely unaware of Harry’s growing shock as he realized exactly who this woman was, exactly why there was something oddly familiar about her.

“Magnus Gaunt, younger son of Marvolo Gaunt,” She said the latter name with nothing but vitriol, “A vile man who believed in blood purity despite what it did to his line.” Since he was looking at his current universes’ iteration of Voldemort, it was hard to believe the utter disdain in her voice for the very idea.

“Zey were one of ze oldest families in Britian, non?”

“Very good, yes,” She was impressed by Apolline’s knowledge, “though not quite as old as the Peverell’s, though I have an ancestor from that family line as well.” That was said to Harry, “Mine was the second brother, while I wager yours must have been the first. My understanding is the Potters married into the third.”

It was hard for Harry to think of anything to say given the circumstances, but he managed, “I was never given the full details about the connection. All I know is that Gringotts determined I was the sole inheritor.”

Tilly hummed her understanding before she continued, “Anyway, the Gaunts were directly descended from Salazar Slytherin and unreasonably proud of it. I can only imagine what the man himself would have thought had he seen what became of his line.”

It was clear that even Lily didn’t know this part of her professor’s life, “What do you mean?”

“They were absolutely destitute and with the exception of my father, border-line illiterate and bereft of any real magical talent. Years of inbreeding stunted their magic and their growth, and several horrible decisions left them with nothing to their name but some rather valuable heirlooms of their house.” She snorted derisively at the very thought, “Centuries of fixation on pure blood only made them weak.”

Harry couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Two small changes, a daughter where there could’ve been a son, and son where there could’ve been a daughter and he was looking at a very different person. It went a long way in explaining why he couldn’t find one scrap of information about Tom. *He simply never existed here.*

“And your fazzer managed to escape zis fate, ‘ow?” Apolline asked. There was rustling in the trees behind their tent, but each of them was listening to her story so intently they paid it no mind.

“He wanted nothing to do with his father’s pathetic fixations, the same ones that still mire the British Ministry to this day. While he wasn’t an exceptional magician by any stretch, he had enough potential to receive a Hogwarts letter, and he had more than enough determination and ambition to rise above the circumstances of his birth. He still runs a successful warding business to this day.” There was obvious affection in her voice, something Harry was sure Tom never would’ve been capable of. *What did he call his father... ‘a filthy muggle’?*

“And you said that your mother came from a wealthy family?”

“Oh, yes... they weren’t very fond of my father when he first took an interest in her, but she was smitten so there wasn’t much they could do about it.” A little smirk came to her lips, “It helped that he was rather handsome, and there’s something to be said for a self-made man.”

Apolline took his hand, and had a knowing little smile, “On zat much we can certainly agree.” It brought a bright warmth to his chest to hear her say it, but it was short lived as he saw something then at the edge of the tree line just on the edge of the fire’s light.

“He is impressive...” Whatever else Tilly was going to say stopped dead as Harry quite suddenly surged to his feet, wand in hand. The professor’s eyes widened in alarm, and she was shockingly fast to respond. He would’ve understood if she fired a spell at hi, given he was aiming almost right at her, or really, right past her.

The professor trusted him more than he would’ve thought, or she he had enough skill to recognize where he was focused. Given what he knew of her counterpart, it was likely some combination of the two.

A great wooden spike launched from his wand at incredible speed. Tilly’s hair blew from the swirl of wind as there was a loud thud, the breaking of wood, and a horrid, unearthly wail. As he moved toward the trees, Lily and Apolline both had their wands out as well.

Pinned to a sturdy oak was an old, hideous woman with sallow skin, moth-eaten clothing, and thin hair. She had a crooked nose, sharp teeth and a six-foot-long spike buried in her chest that slowly leaked ichorous blood. The creature grasped at the spike trying feebly to pull it free.

Tilly was the first to speak up as they watched the shtriga struggle, “Well spotted... and nice spellwork too.” Harry couldn’t help but chuckle, simply because it was such a professor’s response to what happened.

“It looks like you just took care of that problem.” Lily said with a bit of a grimace as the shtriga tried to wrench itself free yet again., “I’m curious why it was stalking us to begin with. I thought they preyed on children and infants.”

Apolline stepped up closer to his side, pressing into his arm. While she was plenty talented, the young veela wasn’t much of a fighter and didn’t pretend to be so she was more than happy to hide behind him. The moment she came fully into the light, the shtriga stopped her futile attempts and stared longingly at her... or more specifically at her abdomen.

The struggle only lasted a short while longer as the creature hunched lifeless against the tree trunk. The body shrunk and decayed in seconds until there was nothing left to remember it by but the blood on the spike and a small lump of crystalized blood.

“I think I might be able to answer that question.” Silently, Tilly cast a spell and Apolline’s stomach glowed a bright green, “It would appear that you’re pregnant.”

Harry’s eyes widened, probably comically, as he could only stare at Tilly in utter astonishment, “What?” He felt a soft hand squeezing against his forearm possessively as Lily made a noise of excitement at the

news. Then he felt it flare up around them, Apolline's allure suffused the air thick and powerful in a way that he'd never quite experienced before. If anything, the little bit of adrenaline and his show of magic only made her that much more amorous and they were all feeling the effects.

The professor just arched an eyebrow, as a light flush came to her cheeks. He didn't know if it was that her inhibitions were lowered from the allure or if she was just incredibly direct, "Considering the amount of cum you pumped into her pussy during Lily's last visit alone, is it really much of a surprise?"

"What?!" If the last thing she said caught him off guard, that essentially hit him harder than a troll. Lily was completely red in the face, and very much embarrassed at her mentor's blunt statement. As Harry turned an accusing eye to the redhead, Tilly cut in.

"Oh, she didn't tell me... but I'm a natural Legilimens and she couldn't stop thinking about it from the moment she got back from France." She didn't sound the least bit repentant about that fact, "And since I'm teaching her Occlumency, it was inevitable that I would see some of her escapades."

Lily had a hand on her face as she said forlornly, "Tilly... really?"

"It's not as though he has anything to be ashamed of, quite the opposite in fact. He did a more than admirable job keeping both of you satisfied and full to the brim." The smile that came to her lips was undoubtedly sexy, "Honestly, I'm surprised you aren't pregnant too."

Apolline was oblivious to the conversation going on between them as she was entirely fixated on Harry. One of her dainty hands slipped to the inside of his trousers to give his bum a squeeze as her other ran along his front to press against the insistent bulge that she'd caused with her almost overwhelming allure.

It was taking a great deal of effort for him to focus on anything other than the now preternaturally horny veela next to him, and she was making it harder by the second. Leaning up against him, she squeezed his throbbing manhood as she spoke in hurried, desperate French, "My love, I need you... now! Right now! I don't care if she knows. I don't intend to be quiet. Gods, I don't care if she watches... she's welcome too, they're both welcome to, but tonight you are mine." She kissed against his jaw as her hand dipped below the waistband of his trousers, "Take me to bed... I won't ask again."

The shtriga was long forgotten now. Her mind was on one thing and one thing only and with the press of her allure it was difficult not to simply take her there in the forest. Lily was faring little better, and even Tilly seemed to be dealing with some of the effects. He could just make out the press of her nipples against the thin material of her blouse.

Deciding that he could only deal with one issue at a time, he picked her up. She wrapped her legs around his waist and grinded against him even as he walked them back to the tent. It was a proper wizarding tent, and so had separate rooms and was fully equipped with a kitchen.

Harry wasted no time in getting them into the bedroom as Apolline kissed and sucked and nipped at his neck and jawline as she grinded her hips against him. It was incredible to watch as she somehow



managed to undue the snap of his trousers and pull his cock out into the air. He groaned low in his throat as she started jerking his length without hesitation.

He heard a surprised sound of approval and realized that Tilly and Lily followed right along behind them. *Apolline did say they were welcome to watch...* Depositing the needy veela on the bed, he wasn't sure if it was deliberate or accidental magic, but he found himself completely bare as she kept tugging on him.

Sucking him into her mouth only briefly, just enough to coat him in her spit, she looked up at him with adoring eyes, "Make love to me... in the way that I know only you can..." Leaning back on her elbows, she spread her legs obscenely wide, her pink slit winking open to reveal the deep red of her glistening sex. The tops of her thighs were stained with her juices, the simple knowledge that she was carrying his child, their child, enough to leave her absolutely dripping.

*Squelch.* The lewd sound that came from her tiny slit as he stretched her open was drowned out by her downright slutty moan as he filled her with every inch. When he was buried to the hilt, her fingers drifted down to her abdomen, fingers lovingly stroking her taut belly that would slowly grow with their child. Lacing his fingers with hers, they held their hands there together as he started thrusting into her.

Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as she met each of her thrusts with her hips. They moved together in perfect sync, their rhythm just right as they got lost in each other. They made love uninterrupted and entirely in their own world.

For a time, nothing was said between them as they just let their bodies do the talking. But then Apolline simply needed to speak. Her words were breathy, whispered for him and him alone, "I love you... I love you... the way you make me feel... the way you take care of me... the way you put up with my every demand... I love you... and I can't wait to have our first baby."

Her pussy twitched around his pistoning prick, trying desperately to coax the load from his balls, but he didn't let up. Pushing through that incredible rippling grip to drive her mad with lust, he kept pounding into her even as her girlcum gushed thick and creamy, coating the base of his cock and dripping down to the bed beneath her bum.

Whimpering with every new thrust, she clawed at his abs with her fingers. They were sharper than normal, almost sharp enough to draw blood, but even in her lust-addled state, she wouldn't do anything to hurt him, "Not fair..." Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as another hand appeared from his right to tug on one of her pale pink nipples.

He'd been so intensely focused on his first lover, he hadn't even felt the bed dip as they were joined. Lily was next to her, one hand cradling her head as the other tweaked that stiff nipple. She let out a moan of her own and it was only then that he noticed that Tilly was there as well, laid out between Lily's thighs lapping away at her honeypot like it was the most delectable thing in the world. Lily's other hand was tangled in her dark tresses.

Apolline's allure flared again, and they all groaned at the feel of it. The veela demanded attention and there was no way that he was going to deny her. Taking her hips in his hand, he pushed her body so her

back was bent slightly and only her shoulders were touching the bed. This new angle meant that every plunge of his cock bumped against that wonderful spot deep inside of her.

It didn't take long before her mouth opened in a silent scream as she shuddered uncontrollably. Her walls tightened even harder than before, and she squirted around him. Her juices staining his lower abs and trailing down along the slope of her own to pool in her belly button. For a moment, she just laid there twitching in a cum-induced haze.

But it was worth remembering that she was veela, a woman with an incomparable passion passed down from generations of her ancestors. The fact that Harry regularly met her exacting standards was a feat in itself, but he wasn't surprised when she recovered in mere seconds.

Quicker than seemed possible. She spun them around so that he laid beneath her. Her eyes were dark, her voice husky, "Your turn now... give me what's mine."

Harry heard a whimper from beside him that quickly turned into an ear-piercing scream. He'd only heard that sort of reaction to one thing before and given who Tilly was, he had a feeling he knew exactly what she was doing to Lily, "Oh god... oh god... right there."

His face was turned back to Apolline as she growled down at him, "You will have time enough for them another time. Tonight, you are only mine..." She started bouncing on him, her clutching heat hugging against him in a way he counted his blessings he was lucky enough to experience.

Sitting up, he hugged her close to his chest, "I'm yours always... not just tonight."

Apolline made a noise of approval as she kept rutting against him. They stayed there together, so close, kissing and sharing quiet words of affection. It finally came to end when she reached down behind her to stroke his bloated ball sack.

He felt a strange heat, like nothing he'd ever experienced before. It sent euphoria right up his spine and there was no holding back any longer. The noise that came from his throat was primal as every nerve in his body lit up at once. He held her tight as his cock bucked almost violently in her depths and painted her walls white.

Mewling adorably, Apolline slowly rotated her hips as her pussy rippled around him, draining every last drop he had to offer. Her nails slowly dragged along his back as he twitched through the last of his peak. When she spoke against his ear, he could hear the smile in her voice, "You know... I will expect you to make an honest woman out of me... and a proper proposal of course..."

Harry chuckled as he chided her, "Demanding... but I think I can manage it." He felt her squeeze around him as she started moving her hips again, and he knew that he was in for a long and memorable night.