

Harry looked at the chess board and then at Daphne, who had yet to take her eyes off the board. He found it cute to see her eyebrows scrunched up in concentration.

“In the interest of our relationship, I extend you the offer of a tie before I make my move.” Harry offered.

“Your mind games won’t work on me, Potter. Your move.” Daphne scowled at him, making Harry chuckle.

“You look like you’re angry.” Harry commented.

Nonetheless, Harry chose to move his Queen from d1 to h5, taking the pawn of Daphne out of the game. He watched Daphne’s black pieces and then at the girl in question.

“The trap is set for the snake. The question is will the snake take a bite of the bait and doom herself on the board?” Harry mused aloud.

Daphne gave him a dirty look and moved her Queen from d8 to e7.

Harry grinned behind his hand and moved his Queen from h5 to h7, cutting down another pawn of his girlfriend. Consequentially, he also placed his Queen right across from Daphne’s King.

“Ha!” Daphne gleefully crowed, eagerly moving her King from g8 to h7, striking down his Queen into two pieces on the board.

While Daphne continued to celebrate her apparent victory over taking down his most powerful piece on the board, Harry was also celebrating in his mind.

“Oh, Slytherin! How low has your house fallen if one of your snakes can’t see a bait when it stares at her face?” Harry mocked as he made his move with quick precision.

Harry moved his white knight from e4 to f6, cutting Daphne’s Bishop from head to the base. The Bishop was split vertically down the middle and fell into two parts on the board. His knight also forced Daphne’s King in check, which caused her to move her King from h7 to h6. Harry was quite prepared for the move, and he responded by moving his other white knight from e5 to g4, once again placing her King in check.

Daphne was forced to move her King from h6 to g5 to avoid the check. Harry immediately played his pawn, h2 to h4, placing her King in check once again. Daphne moved her King from g5 to f4, escaping the check as his Rook was on h1, making it impossible for her to cut down her pawn. Harry didn't let up on the attack and moved his pawn from g2 to g3, once again placing her King in check. Daphne moved her King from f4 to f3, escaping the check again.

Harry happily moved his Bishop from d3 to e2, shielding his king at e1 but also placing Daphne's King in check. He could see the realisation dawn on Daphne's face as the trap he had set was now sprung on her from all sides. He remained silent as she looked at him and then moved her King from f3 to g2. Harry moved his Rook from h1 to h2, placing Daphne's King in check.

Harry looked at the stunned look on her face as she realised her King was now in an unwinnable position. Daphne could not move her King and cut down his Rook on h2 because that'd invite a check from his Knight on g4. So, Harry was not surprised she played the only move she had left. She moved her King from g2 to g1.

Harry responded by moving his King from e1 to d2, opening up his Rook on a1 to keep Daphne's King in check. With a white Rook on h2 and a1, Daphne's King was now done for.

"Checkmate." Harry declared happily.

Daphne scowled at him before sighing and reaching out with her hand. Harry smiled, took her palm in his, and promptly kissed her on her knuckles instead of shaking her hand. Harry smirked at her before he pulled her up from her seat into his lap, using her hand to facilitate the abrupt move. Daphne let out a squeal of surprise at the abrupt change in her seating arrangement. He was quick to wrap his arms around her waist in good order while nuzzling against her neck from behind.

"So, I guess this means you agree to go out on a date with me in the muggle world." Harry whispered against her left ear.

"No, Harry! Stop it! Someone will see us!" Daphne squirmed in his lap, her face gaining a rosy tint trying to break free.

"They'll only see us if they can find us." said Harry, gaining a curious look from Daphne.

"I placed a notice-me-not ward on our cabin and a silencing charm for good measure. No one would be finding us any time soon." Harry smirked.

"Is that so?" Daphne gave him a coy smile, and then she locked her lips with his stealing his breath away.

***** Not a lemon but a lime scene *****

The glass window of their cabin began to get struck by droplets of water noisily attracting their attention.

“A rain? It looks like I’ll have to keep you warm, Daphs.” Harry smirked, pressing a trail of kisses down her neck, sliding her black robes down her shoulders.

“Oh, Harry!” Daphne moaned as he kissed her all the way down to the neckline of the sweater she was wearing beneath her robes.

Daphne kicked off her shoes and then threw away the woollen gloves on her hands. She was quick to slide her hands into Harry’s hair, threading through the locks of black hair as Harry rained down kisses on her body. Her eyes widened when Harry suddenly picked her up with his hands holding her posterior. She was unceremoniously slammed against the cool surface of the glass window of their cabin, and she was forced to wrap her legs around Harry’s waist and lock them behind him.

“I...” she didn’t get to say anything as Harry smashed his lips against hers, drowning out her concerns.

She didn’t know how long they stayed that way because her lungs were hungry for air when they eventually pulled apart. She was breathless, but her hunger was not just for air, as she wanted more from her boyfriend. Suddenly, she felt one of Harry’s hands take hold of her sweater near her left shoulder and drag it down the side.

Daphne closed her eyes as a pair of warm lips pressed against her skin near her collarbone and slowly dragged downwards, leaving a trail of warmth. She had to hold on to Harry’s body as he took hold of the right sleeve of her sweater and dragged it down her shoulder as well. Pretty soon, her sweater was dragged down her shoulders all the way down her breasts.

Daphne pushed herself off the glass window and straddled Harry when they fell on the seat. She made quick work of his sweater and threw it aside before her hands went exploring his finely shaped muscles.

“Hey, not fair.” Harry protested, tugging at her sweater, making sure to convey what he wanted from her.

“Why should boys have all the fun?” Daphne asked, smirking at him before forcing his hands above his head and leaving a trail of kisses all over his body.

They cuddled and kissed and spent the rest of the train ride enjoying the warmth of each other’s bodies in the cabin while the Hogwarts Express blazed through the tracks at high speeds despite the rain.

***** Lime scene ends *****

When the train finally came to a halt at King's Cross, Harry and Daphne made themselves presentable and exited the train compartment with their trunks in hand. They exchanged a playful look before they searched for their families.

"Look! I can see my father." Daphne said, pointing further west from their position.

"Don't forget about our date. I'll be picking you up on Sunday." Harry whispered as they made their way towards Daphne's father.

"All right. Now, behave, you rogue." Daphne muttered, jabbing his side with her elbow when he sneakily squeezed her waist.

"Daphne." Damien Greengrass hugged his daughter before turning to Harry to shake his hand.

"You need to come with me, Harry. You and I have some matters to discuss." said Damien, with seriousness in his grey eyes.

Harry looked at Daphne's father with a raised eyebrow.

"You mean, right now?" Harry asked curiously.

"I'm afraid so, yes." Damien nodded.

"Father. What's this about?" Daphne asked, frowning at her father.

"That's not your concern, daughter." Damien said curtly to his daughter before turning to Harry.

"Harry, you wanted to talk about something important, right? I also have something important to share with you, and it'd be better said in the privacy of my home. Please convince Sirius. We'll be waiting here for you."

The seriousness Harry saw in Damien Greengrass' eyes made him realise something strange was afoot.

"Excuse me for a moment." Harry told them before going about on the platform, looking for Sirius.

Harry wandered around the crowded platform for a while before he found his godfather in the company of the Weasleys. To his surprise, there was Mad-eye Moody and Tonks by Sirius' side.

'Dumbledore, you crafty old coot.' Harry thought, realising Moody and Tonks were on Order business, which meant they were here to keep an eye on him.

He could not tolerate Dumbledore's stooges and spies anywhere near his vicinity. He had made that pretty clear to Sirius, which was one reason why Sirius refused to join the whole Order business or even allow the Order to function out of Grimmauld Place.

"Hey, Sirius." Harry waved at his godfather, pushing his trolley along towards the group.

"Harry! You look like a proper evil-genius rebel leader. I think your father will be quite proud of all the ruckus you caused in Hogwarts." claimed Sirius, hugging him straight away.

“Well, I’m just happy to keep the Marauders’ spirit going in Hogwarts. Besides, the toad-woman deserved it. Nobody messes with we lions and gets away with it.” Harry smirked.

“Toad-woman!” Tonks snorted, grinning from ear to ear.

“Are there more of that size in the Ministry?” asked Fred, butting in with a faux excited voice.

“If there are, just have them sent to Hogwarts.” said George, standing by his twin’s side with a playful gleam in his eyes.

“We’ll make them into broken little things and send them back in a matchbox.” they finished in unison.

“Stop it, you two. You’ll not do anything of the sort. If I hear you two caused any sort of problems in the school again...” Molly Weasley growled, letting the threat hang while smacking the twins behind their heads.

“Mum!” the twins whined.

“Sirius, you’ll have to take my trunk home. I was invited to Daphne’s home by her father.” said Harry.

“Wait, what?” Sirius blinked owlshly.

“We need to talk about certain matters.” Harry said, looking at the people listening in on their conversation.

“All right. Can’t that wait for some other day? You just arrived from Hogwarts.” Sirius frowned.

“Don’t worry. Mr Greengrass will bring me to Grimmauld Place after our talk.”

“I suppose that’s all right.” Sirius said hesitantly.

“Now, wait just a minute, laddie. You can’t go with Greengrass willy-nilly.” Moody barged in, his giant eyeball spinning erratically.

“I can’t?” Harry glared at the former auror. “There seems to be some misconception here. No one decides what I can or can’t do, especially, you, a stranger.”

“This is not the time or place to argue it out, Potter. I’m here on orders of Dumbledore.” Moody growled.

“Then too bad for you because I don’t give a rat’s ass about what Dumbledore thinks.” Harry hissed, taking a step closer to the retired auror so that he was staring straight into the man’s eyes. “Do not ever presume to tell me what I can or can’t do again. Pass that along to Dumbledore as well. I’ll live my life the way I like it, not by the dictates of the Headmaster of Hogwarts.”

“Are you mad, Potter? We are at war with the bloody Dark Lord!” Moody hissed.

“No. I’m at war with Voldemort. You all are mere spectators, including your precious Dumbledore, who had refused to act and sat on his ass all these years doing nothing while murderers and terrorists roamed free. So do what you’ve always done and do nothing while I fight and finish the war

that you useless fossils could never fight or win." Harry snapped back and abruptly turned on his heels, walking away from the group.

"Moody, no. Let Harry go. He knows what he's doing."

Harry could hear Sirius say.

"I'll be back in a jiffy, Sirius." Harry waved at his godfather before disappearing into the crowd.

Harry managed to traverse the crowded platform once more and found Damien Greengrass and Daphne, who were now joined by Astoria.

"Let's go then." said Harry.

Damien nodded and reached out with his hand. When Harry took the man's hand, he felt the telltale sign of apparition. He felt like he was being squeezed through a narrow tube, and the floor disappeared beneath his feet as time and space bent before magic for the fast-paced teleportation.

Harry nursed a warm tea in his hand as he sat together with Daphne at the breakfast table. Sitting across from them on the table was Daphne's sister Astoria, who was suspiciously eyeing them.

"Where were you on the train Daphne?" Astoria asked.

"I was in a cabin." Daphne answered in a clipped tone.

"Where? You were not with Tracey. I checked." Astoria eyed her older sister suspiciously.

"I was with other friends." Daphne said, scowling at her sister.

"What other friends?"

"Just eat your breakfast, sister." Daphne bit out, glaring at Astoria.

"Harry." Evelyn Greengrass called from the stairs. "Damien is ready for you."

Harry exchanged a smile with Daphne before he left the breakfast table and climbed the stairs.

"Thanks for the breakfast, Mrs Greengrass."

"My pleasure, dear." Evelyn smiled.

Harry climbed the stairs all the way to the top floor, and he found Damien Greengrass standing near an open window overlooking the front lawn of the Greengrass manor.

"So, Harry. What did you want to talk about? I gathered it must be something important when Daphne said you wanted to meet me personally."

“And I also gather you have something to say to me if you wanted me in your home right after I arrived.” said Harry.

“True.” Damien nodded, looking at him while turning his back on the window. “Please take a seat, and you may go first.”

“Thanks.” Harry nodded, sitting on a red cushioned armchair. “The Dark Lord has been gathering allies from Giants, Vampires, Werewolves and Dementors. I have decided to strike at the Giants and knock them out of the war before they become a dangerous factor. I know their location, and I mean to see them dead or force them to sit out of this war.”

Damien Greengrass stared at Harry with a stunned look.

“You want to attack a pack of Giants?” Damien asked incredulously.

“Yes, so that Voldemort is denied access to an army of Giants.” said Harry.

“How do you plan on killing off a bunch of Giants?” Damien asked, humouring Harry for a moment.

“Using Fienfyre. I suppose it’d go more smoothly if you were to give me the help that you promised in bringing down Voldemort and his army.”

Damien’s mouth dropped open as he stared at Harry’s brazen claim of using one of the most potent dark spells known to wizardkind to finish off a tribe of Giants.

“Are you even hearing yourself? You want to use Fiendfyre against some Giants?” Damien asked incredulously.

“At least you have to give him some points for sheer audacity, Damien.” Perenelle amusedly said, silently climbing the last few steps of the stairs leading to the room.

Harry turned his head to stare at the ancient alchemist, who also happened to be his maternal grandmother.

“I wasn’t expecting to see you here, grandmother.” Harry said, keeping his eyes on Perenelle Flamel, who moved as silent as a cat and plopped down on a chair nearby.

“Yes, I tend to give unexpected visits to the people that interest me.” Perenelle said airily. “Now, you were saying something about how you were going to use the Fiendfyre curse to destroy a pack of Giants supporting that snake-faced boy.”

Harry took a deep breath to calm himself as he felt some hint of condescension from the older witch.

“Yes. If I have some support, I can take out the Giants using the Fiendfyre curse. You promised me that you’d help me with Voldemort and his army. So, give me the help that I need.”

“Oh, I’ll give you the help that you need, but you won’t be going around using the Fiendfyre curse in the open. When you are all grown up and capable of actually controlling that curse, then you can go around using that curse on some poor creature for all I care. But until then, you won’t even mention that curse in a conversation. Am I clear?”

The sheer audacity of the woman to air out commands on him was preposterous! Harry was just about to give her a piece of his mind when his grandmother decided to talk over him with an interesting offer.

“Instead of the Fiendfyre curse, I have a better spell that’d take care of your Giant problem. I’ll give you five days to master the spell. If you can master the spell I teach you, you can go on your little adventure to take down the giants with a specialised team of hit-wizards I provide as a support team.”

Harry was a bit stunned, and the offer took all the wind out of his sails. A spell that could potentially take down the Giants ought to be a powerful spell, and there was no doubt in Harry’s mind that such a spell would come in handy when he inevitably faced off against Voldemort. Not to mention, he was getting some quality knowledge of magic from an ancient witch who had survived centuries by dealing with many Dark Lords.

“What do you say, grandson?” Perenelle asked, smirking at him knowingly as if she already knew the answer.

“All right. I’m game.” Harry said after a moment of thinking it through in his mind.

“Good. You go and rest for today. From tomorrow onwards, I want you to present yourself at Greengrass Manor at seven sharp in the morning. Damien will transport you to my place where I’ll teach you. However, if you fail to grasp the spell, you’ll abandon your little misadventure and take proper training that I provide and fight the war based on my strategy.”

Harry stared at his grandmother with utter confidence.

“I’ll agree to that deal so long as you vow to provide me with all the nuances of the spell you intend to teach me. I’ll need to be given all the details about the spell and proper lessons.”

“Naturally. In fact, I shall give you a head start.” said Perenelle, pulling a small leather-bound book from her robes.

“Here, take this.” Perenelle offered the book to Harry. “The spell that I’ll teach you is on page 43.”

Harry stood up and took the offered book.

“So, sharp seven in the morning tomorrow.” said Perenelle, climbing to her feet. “I hope you’ll not be late. I hate tardiness.”

Without so much as a glance or by her leave, Perenelle swept past him and took her leave from the Greengrass Manor.

Harry didn’t pay that any mind as he immediately turned the book to page 43 to see what kind of spell his grandmother was supposed to have him learn. Harry could only grin like a loon when his eyes traced the large bolt letters on the aforementioned page of the book.

Spell no18: Protego Diabolica

“Okay. Now that’s a spell worth learning.” Harry muttered, already looking forward to the lessons his immortal grandmother promised.