Chapter 11

Harry, Penny, Hermione, and Daphne worked long into the night, preparing the ambitious bills they hoped to get passed at the Wizengamot meeting in three days. Under normal circumstances, it took months or even years to prepare these kinds of presentations. They all knew there was little chance of them getting passed before he was out of office, but they all hoped to lay a foundation for the next Minister for Magic to build upon.

There were three main things they decided to focus on. The first was Hermione's Muggleborn Equality Act, a bill designed to make employment opportunities and taxes fairer for Muggleborns.

The second was making the bearing of the Dark Mark itself an illegal act. With that passed, they would be able to check Ministry employees and Wizengamot members for the mark, ridding the Ministry of their poisonous influence.

The final bill they hoped to pass was one that would remove Dementors as the sole guards at Azkaban. Harry knew Britain would never be safe from Dark Lords so long as those Dark Creatures watched over the prison. In their research, Hermione discovered over two dozen incidents of Dark Witches and Wizards convincing the Dementors to join their cause. It was terrifying they had been allowed to stay in place for so long.

As the night grew late, they put down the parchment and lounged comfortably in Penny's living room. Penny curled up in Harry's lap, her head resting on his shoulder as the telly played in the background. Next to them, Daphne and Hermione leaned against each other tiredly.

"Do you think we'll be able to finish this in time?" Harry asked.

"We should be able to," Penny said, flexing her hand. "The real question is, can we do it with getting carpal tunnel."

Chuckling, he took her hand in both of his and massaged the back of it with his thumbs. Sighing contentedly, she kissed the side of his neck and rested her head on his shoulder.

"You should get some Dittany lotion," Daphne said. "It'll help with that."

"We went through gallons of that stuff during NEWTs. I think I have some in the bathroom cabinet," Penny replied. "You can use it if you want."

Daphne climbed to her feet with a groan and walked to the bathroom. They heard the cabinet open and close before she returned with a short, fat tin. Taking her seat between Harry and Hermione, she popped open the lid and dipped two fingers into the thick cream inside.

"Here, let me see your hand," she said, turning to face Hermione and tucking one leg under the other.

Taking Hermione's hand gently, Daphne rubbed the cream all over it and then rubbed it in with her thumbs.

"Mh, that feels nice," Hermione murmured, her eyes falling closed.

Harry smiled and plucked the cream out of Daphne's lap. Taking some with his fingers, he put it back before rubbing it into Penny's hand.

"We should do something when this is all over," he said after a moment. "Maybe we could all go out to dinner. Someplace nice."

"That would be nice," Hermione smiled, opening her eyes to look at Daphne. "Maybe we could make it a double date?"

Daphne froze for a moment before whirling around to face Harry with a glare.

"You told her?" she hissed angrily.

"I didn't," Harry said, raising his hands while Penny watched on amusedly.

"He asked me if I was interested in women," Hermione said with a giggle. "I put the rest together myself."

Daphne closed her eyes and took a slow, deep breath.

"Potter, I swear, you're about as subtle as a Hippogriff in heat," she sighed.

"It's not my fault she's too smart for her own good," Harry said.

Daphne glared at him again before turning back to Hermione with a surprisingly vulnerable look.

"And you're really okay dating a witch and a Slytherin?" she asked softly.

"I never have cared for the house rivalries," Hermione smiled, reaching out to take Daphne's hand in hers. "And I've never really thought about dating a woman until now, but I'm willing to give it a try."

Smiling, Daphne locked eyes with her and slowly leaned forward. Hermione met her halfway, their lips coming together in a soft, gentle kiss. Harry couldn't help but grow excited at the sight. He just hoped that Penny couldn't feel him swelling against her bum. As they broke apart, they smiled brightly and leaned against each other while holding hands.

"So, how long were you planning to wait to say something?" Hermione asked curiously.

"I was going to wait until Potter was out of office," Daphne said. "I thought it might help to give you time to think about it when we weren't working together."

"Then maybe it's a good thing Harry's too curious for his own good," Hermione grinned. "Now, you don't have to wait all Summer for an answer."

"Maybe," Daphne said, glaring over her shoulder at Harry, to which he gave her a cheeky grin. "But I'm not going to let him off that easy."

After talking for a little longer, Harry, Hermione, and Daphne headed home just before midnight. Walking into the kitchen, they let Sirius and Mrs. Weasley know they were back and then headed off to bed. Harry felt like he'd barely closed his eyes before he was roughly shaken awake.

"Get up, Potter," Moody barked. "There's been an attack in Edinburgh. You're needed at the Ministry."

"What happened?" Harry asked, sitting up to put on his glasses and grab his wand.

"Werewolf attack," he grunted.

Cursing, Harry climbed out of bed and walked across the hall to bang on Hermione's door. She yanked it open a moment later, her bushy hair a mess as she rubbed her eyes.

"Harry? What-"

"Werewolf attack in Edinburgh. We need to get to the Ministry," he told her.

Eyes widening, she nodded and closed the door.

"I'll be right there!" she yelled.

Harry turned towards the stairs just as Sirius ran up. As he began knocking on doors to wake up the Order members staying there, Harry made his way to the Floo. The moment he stepped out into the Auror Office, he was nearly run over by a trainee rushing around in a panic. Making his way through the fervor, he found Amelia talking quickly with Matilda, Kingsley, and Scrimgeour.

"What's happening?" Harry asked.

"We have confirmed sightings of between six and eight Werewolves attacking Edinburgh," Matlida told him. "The rapid response unit is on scene and keeping them contained. We're just about to send in everyone on call as soon as they arrive."

Harry nodded, but something didn't feel right about this. Voldemort had to know the Ministry was equipped to handle even that many werewolves. What would he gain from this?

"Amelia," Harry said, unknowingly interrupting her mid-sentence. "I think we need to call in everyone."

"Why?" Amelia asked, her brow furrowed. "The on-call Aurors are more than capable of handling this."

"Because I think there's more to this," Harry said. "What does Voldemort gain from throwing away the lives of Werewolves when he's trying to recruit as many as he can to his side?"

"You think this is a diversion?" Matilda asked.

"I don't know," Harry sighed. "But this attack just doesn't make sense on its own. He could be waiting for the Aurors to be busy dealing with the Werewolves before sending the Death Eaters after them, he could attack the Ministry, or he could go after Azkaban. I just don't know."

"You're right. Gibbons! Call in every available Auror now!" Amelia shouted before turning back to Harry. "I'll send a small squad to keep an eye on Azkaban, and we'll keep the rest here. They'll be able to respond in seconds if something comes up."

Harry nodded gratefully just as Hermione caught up with him.

"I sent a Patronus to Penny and Daphne," she told him.

"Thank you," he said before filling her in on what was happening.

While he was doing that, Scrimgeour was rounding up the arriving Auror.

"Listen up!" he barked. "We have eight confirmed Werewolves loose in Edinburgh. Your mission is simple. Kill on sight!"

"No!" Harry shouted. "Until we know what's going on, I want them brought in alive."

"I'm not risking the lives of my Aurors to catch a few beasts!" Scrimgeour growled.

Before Harry could respond, Amelia grabbed his arm and pulled him to the side.

"This is standard protocol," she whispered urgently. "Any Werewolf that proves to be a danger to humans like this is put down on sight."

"I don't care," Harry said angrily. "We don't know what's going on, and until we do, we're not going to go around killing everything. I want them brought in alive and held for questioning. Kill only if absolutely necessary."

The room went silent and stared at him during his rant. Scrimgeour fumed, his face turning red while Amelia frowned unhappily.

"Is that understood?" Harry asked forcefully.

"You heard the Minister," Shaw said, addressing the team he was leading. "Kill only as a lost resort. Let's get those Portkeys ready."

Growling, Scrimgeour spun around and grudgingly told his Aurors the same thing.

"I hope you know what you're doing," Amelia said unhappily.

She turned and walked back over to Matilda, who gave him a respectful nod. Letting out a sigh, Harry tried to let go of his anger.

"You did the right thing," Hermione said, rubbing his back. "It's awful the way the Wizarding World treats werewolves."

"I just hope it was the right decision," Harry said, doubts creeping into his mind. "If Voldemort attacks someplace else and the Aurors are still busy rounding up Werewolves…"

Hermione bit her lip. Not knowing what to say, she wrapped her arms around him, giving him as much comfort as she could. A few moments later, Penny and Daphne arrived in their pajamas along with Marcus and Kim, just as the Aurors Portkeyed away. Harry quickly filled them in on what was happening while they listened to the reports coming in.

"We've got a lot of bodies here, Amelia," Shaw said over the enchanted Wireless. "It looks like some sort of festival going on."

Harry felt the bottom of his stomach drop out while Hermione gasped behind him.

"Send any survivors you find to St. Mungo's," Amelia told him. "They're prepared for incoming."

"Understood," Shaw said, the sound of panting and heavy footfalls in the background. "We've spotted one Werewolf and are in pursuit."

While Amelia coordinated the teams on the ground, Matilda kept track of the Aurors on brooms. They flew above the city, tracking the Werewolves they could see, and relayed that information to the Aurors on the ground.

"One in custody," Shaw called a couple of minutes later.

Amelia leaned over to another microphone.

"Detainment team to the ready, prisoner incoming," she said, the words echoing from down the hall to the holding cells.

Several Aurors raced into the room, wands at the ready. Curious, Harry took a few steps to the side to have a look. The Aurors formed a circle around a big red 'X' painted on the floor. When the Werewolf was Portkeyed in, stunned, and wrapped in heavy iron chains, they hit it with three more Stunning Hex before levitating it into a cell.

Letting out a breath, Harry walked back over to listen to the reports. His heart sank when he heard more and more calls of bodies being found, but very few survivors. The Aurors captured five more relatively quickly, but the last two put up quite the chase. One found its way into a museum, forcing the Aurors to chase it through the maze of rooms and halls. The last one stayed on the streets, and the Aurors were forced to slip up into three groups to finally corner it.

"Any word from Azkaban?" Harry asked once the Obliviators were sent in.

"All clear," Aamelia told him. "Same with the Atrium, and we haven't had any calls about Death Eaters. It looks like it might be over."

"So, we got dragged out of bed for nothing?" Dawlish asked grumpily.

"I think it's safe to send everyone home," she continued, ignoring him.

Checking his watch, it was just past four in the morning. From what he knew, most of the Aurors not on call would need to come back in at six to start their shift. Yawning widely, Harry nodded.

"Alright, everyone," Amelia said. "Thank you for coming in, but it looks like the worst is over. Go home and get some rest."

Some grumbled as they got to their feet, some just looked relieved, and a few decided to stick around until the start of their shift.

"You should go get some sleep too, Minister," Amelia said without turning to him. "I'll let you know if anything else comes up."

Harry knew she was still upset with his decision, but frankly, he was too tired to care. Slowly, he climbed to his feet.

"You all did a great job tonight, everyone," he said. "Thank you for coming in. I'll be in my office if anyone needs me."

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Harry was woken abruptly by a loud knocking on his door. Sitting up, he lifted his head from the desk with his glasses askew and a sheaf of parchment stuck to his cheek. Bright light streamed

in through the enchanted window behind him. He pulled off the parchment and fixed his glasses just as his door opened, and Amelia poked her head in.

"Is this a bad time?" she asked.

"No," Harry said, running a hand through his hair.

Glancing across the office, he spotted the girls still sound asleep. Penny had enlarged the couch so they could all fit on it. Harry had tried to sleep with them, too but gave up after an hour. His mind just wouldn't stop wondering what Voldemort was trying to accomplish.

"Just try and be quiet. The girls are asleep," he said, gesturing to the couch.

Nodding, Amelia took the seat across from him and set a thick fold on the desk.

"I owe you an apology," she said softly. "We just finished interviewing the werewolves we captured this morning. You were right; something was wrong. All of them were captured by Death Eaters in the last two days. They held them prisoner in an undetermined location before Portkeying them into Edinburgh just before moon rise."

"What?" Harry asked, his brow furrowed. "But why would…? He knew. He knew how the Aurors would respond. He wanted them to be killed. We would've driven the Werewolves right to him. They'd have no choice but to join or be the next victim."

"That was my conclusion as well," Amelia said. "Though it took me a little longer to come to it. You made the right choice last night. Had I followed protocol, every Werewolf in the country would've been on his side by the time the sun came up."

"Bloody hell," Harry groaned, rubbing his face.

"We still need to determine what to do about the Werewolves we captured last night," Amelia told him. "All of them cooperated fully and allowed themselves to be questioned under Veritaserum. To complicate matters, one of them is Auror Shaw's daughter, Megan Shaw."

"You've got to be shitting me," Harry said.

"I wish I was," Amelia said. "He's been sitting with her since we discovered who she was. Ordinarily, any Werewolf that poses a risk is put down or exiled. The Ministry has never made an exception before. I probably don't need to ask, but I will anyways. Would you like barrister Tonks to press charges?"

"No," Harry said, shaking his head.

Amelia nodded and made a note on a piece of parchment.

"You need to know, this will cause an uproar with the public," she warned. "I just got the numbers an hour ago. Thirty-four dead, all but two were Muggles, and fourteen are still being treated at St. Mungo's. All of them are at risk of being infected if they survive."

"Fucking hell," Harry said, taking off his glasses to rub his face. "I'll make an announcement over the wireless and explain what happened. Hopefully, that will calm people down."

"It's probably your best option," Amelia nodded. "This also brings up the question of how they found those people. I suspect the Death Eaters have a copy of the Werewolf registration ledger. Either they have an old copy, or someone in the Ministry is leaking them the current one."

"Can't we just get rid of it?" Harry asked.

"We could, but I have another idea," Amelia said. "I'd like to move the current ledger to the Minister's office but leave a copy in the DCRMC office. If they have an old copy, there isn't much we can do other than advise Werewolves to move. If someone is giving them information, we

could make a few alterations to the ledger and hopefully lead Death Eaters into a trap or find out who's behind the leaks."

"I'm fine with that," Harry nodded.

"I'll talk to my Aurors and come up with a plan," Amelia told him. "Do you have anything else you want to add?"

Harry shook his head.

"Then I'll get back to work," Amelia said as she stood. "Get some rest, Minister."

"Harry," he corrected out of reflex.

She gave him a small smile, "Get some rest, Harry. You no good to us if you're exhausted."

Harry blinked in surprise as she left the office. That was the first time she'd called him by name since he'd taken office. As soon as the door closed behind her, the girls sat up. Chuckling, he shook his head.

"So, I take it you heard everything?" he asked.

"I told you you made the right choice," Hermione said smugly.

"You did," Penny smiled. "But we can talk about that later. Come get some sleep, Harry."

"I don't know if I can," he replied softly. "My brain just won't shut off. I have to deal with the fallout from this attack, we need to finish those bill proposals…"

"That can wait a few hours," Penny said firmly. "Come get some sleep."

Standing up, Harry stretched and made his way over to the expanded couch. Laying down on the end next to Penny, he groaned at the ache in his back from falling asleep hunched over. Crawling over to him, Penny wrapped an arm around his waist and laid her head on his chest. The girls settled back down to sleep, but he stared at the ceiling, his mind running wild. There was so much to do in the few days he had left as Minister, and it felt like he'd never get it all done in time.

"You really are stressed, aren't you?" Penny asked.

"Sorry," Harry said. "Why don't you three get some more sleep, and I'll get some work done?"

"You need to rest," Penny told him.

Before he could reply, she rolled over and whispered to Daphne and Hermione. He caught a word here and there, but not enough to understand what they were talking about. Hermione sat up, picked up her wand, and waved it at the door, the lock audibly clicking into place. He looked at her curiously, only for Penny to roll over and kiss him passionately. He could feel her bare breasts rubbing against his chest through their thin t-shirts. By the time she pulled back, he felt flushed and breathless.

"You need to relax," Penny smiled.

Scooting down, she grabbed the waistband of his pajama pants and started tugging them down.

"Penny!" Harry exclaimed.

Quickly, he glanced over at Hermione and Daphne. They were both lying on their sides, watching him closely. Hermione blushed red while, behind her, Daphne looked at him and smirked.

"Consider this payback," Daphne told him.

Swallowing thickly, Harry turned back to Penny just as she pulled his waistband down past his length. She hadn't even touched him yet, and he was already hardening in excitement. Wrapping her hand around his shaft, Penny smiled up at him and stroked him lightly until he was completely hard.

"I didn't expect it to be so… big," Hermione murmured.

"Gee, thanks, Hermione," Harry said, rolling his eyes and smiling teasingly.

He knew the familiar banter probably sounded out of place, but it helped make him feel better about the situation.

"I didn't mean it like that," Hermione said while Daphne and Penny giggled.

Suddenly, the top of his length was enveloped in a hot, wet cacoon, drawing a gasp from his lips. Penny swirled her tongue around him, causing him to shudder and groan pleasurably as she bobbed her head up and down. It was an amazing feeling, and Harry couldn't believe she was doing this with Hermione and Daphne lying just feet away. Glancing over at them, Daphne cuddled against Hermione's back while they both watched Penny's head bob up and down raptly. It was absolutely surreal.

Turning his full attention back to Penny, Harry brushed her long blonde hair out of the way so he could watch her lips move up and down his shaft. The sight was so erotic that he nearly climaxed on the spot. He tried to hold off as long as he could. The feeling was incredible, and he wanted it to last as long as possible. Despite his best efforts, he knew he couldn't hold back for long.

Glancing back at Daphne and Hermione, his eyes widened. Daphne was kissing and sucking at Hermione's neck, her hand under her shirt and cupping one of her breasts. Hermione's shirt had

ridden up so far that Harry could see her small, perky breast. He could even see Daphne's fingers tugging at her hard, pink nipple.

"Bloody hell," Harry groaned. "I'm going to cum."

Penny sucked so hard the breath left his lungs. Her hand stroked his shaft rapidly while her lips remained wrapped tightly around his swollen, throbbing glans. Tightening his hands into fits, Harry grunted as he erupted in her mouth. He fought to keep from thrusting his hips but couldn't stop his muscles from clenching. Penny swallowed around him as he filled her mouth, moaning lightly and sending pleasurable vibrations through his sensitive length.

As he came down from his climax, he collapsed back onto the couch tiredly. Penny sucked lightly one last time before letting him slip from her lips with a wide smile. Crawling up his body, she kissed him on the lips and laid back down next to him.

"Feel better?" she asked.

"That was incredible," Harry said, his mind blissfully blank.

Giggling, she kissed him on the cheek and ran her fingers through his hair. Harry closed his eyes, savoring the comforting feeling.

"Get some sleep, love," Penny said softly.

As he drifted off to sleep, he heard the girls whispering around him.