

## Chapter 8

The day following the attack on Hogsmeade, there was a large picture of Harry looking admittedly heroic as lightning shot from his hand to take down the Giant. He wasn't too happy to be the center of attention again, but the sixth- and seventh-year Gryffindor girls had seemingly decided to band together to keep the gossip hounds away. It made him wonder if they had all decided to do it on their own, or if one of them had come up with the idea and shared it with the others.

Harry suspected Lily was behind much of it, but he wasn't planning to ask her about it.

Besides, he thought with a smile, who was he to complain about being surrounded by such lovely company.

Of course, James and Sirius didn't seem too happy by all the attention he was getting. They were quite used to being popular, especially among the witches of Hogwarts, and to see a new student swoop in and steal the limelight had to be a blow to their egos. Harry didn't think it would take long before they did something to regain the school's attention. He just hoped no one was hurt in the process.

Near the end of breakfast, Dumbledore stood from his seat at the Head Table and tapped his goblet with a spoon to garner everyone's attention.

"Good morning, everyone. If I could have just a moment of your time," he said, waiting for everyone to pay attention. "Thank you. Now, in lieu of yesterday's attack on Hogsmeade, we have decided to implement a few small safety measures for the next visit. First of all, the Ministry has agreed to send Aurors to patrol the village while students are visiting. We hope this will deter Lord Voldemort from attempting any further attacks. Secondly, your professors and I will be coming up with a plan to evacuate students as quickly as possible before the next Hogsmeade weekend. Within the week, each house will have a mandatory meeting for all students third year and up to go over everything with you. Anyone who fails to attend will not be allowed to visit Hogsmeade, regardless of whether they have a signed permission slip or not."

As Dumbledore paused, there was quite a bit of chatter and whispering amongst the students. Personally, Harry was just relieved that they hadn't cancelled Hogsmeade visits all together.

"On a related note," Dumbledore said loudly, pausing until the Hall had quieted. "It is my pleasure to announce the formation of a new Defense focused club called the Defense Association, or DA for short, led by our very own Mr. Harry Potter."

The girls around Harry all looked at him in surprise as he smiled back at them and shrugged. He'd only just spoke to Dumbledore about it that morning, and he figured it wouldn't hurt to let him make the announcement.

"Given the nature of this club, only students fourth year and above will be allowed to join," the headmaster continued.

There was a lot of loud grumbling from the younger students.

"That's not fair!" one brave Ravenclaw shouted.

"Indeed, it is not," Dumbledore agreed, causing the students to fall silent. "Which is why Professor Hammer has agreed to hold a club of her own for the lower years."

"But we want Harry to teach us," A young Gryffindor girl, no older than second year yelled.

Harry blushed heavily and hid his face behind his goblet while the girls around him giggled. Glancing at the Head Table, Dumbledore's eyes were twinkling brightly, and Connie hid a laugh behind her hand.

"Unfortunately, as Mr. Potter is still a student himself, his time is rather limited. However, he may be able to lend Professor Hammer a hand, on occasion," Dumbledore told the girl with a grandfatherly smile. "Now, DA meetings for the upper years will be held in the Great Hall on Tuesday's and Thursday's directly after dinner, while meetings for the younger years will take

place on Wednesday's. The first meeting will take place this Tuesday, and for those wishing to join, please see Professor Hammer. Thank you."

"Why didn't you tell us you were starting a Defense club?" Lily asked immediately.

"Honestly, I just talked to Dumbledore about it this morning," Harry said.

Lily frowned slightly but nodded.

"I can't wait to see what Professor Potter will teach us," Alice said excitedly.

"Don't call me that, I'm not a professor," Harry said, though he smiled at her teasing.

"Are you going to give me detention if I do?" Alice asked playfully.

Harry shook his head as he smiled.

+++++

After sneaking out on Sunday night to spend an extremely enjoyable evening with Rosmerta, Harry's mood took a quick downturn. The DA and his defeat of a Giant singlehandedly were all anyone could talk about for the next two days. By lunch on Monday, Harry's nerves began to grow, and by Tuesday, they were almost completely frayed.

It must have been pretty obvious, because after his last class of the day, Defense, Connie asked him to stay after. Smiling excitedly, Lily said she'd meet in the Great Hall before leaving with her friends.

"Nervous?" Connie asked with a gently smile.

“A bit,” Harry admitted. “They’re going to be expecting me to teach them all this powerful magic, but there’s a lot to get through before I can start teaching that, if at all. I’m just worried everyone’s going to leave when they see what the club’s really like.”

“That’s how I felt teaching first years,” Connie said with a smile. “You just need to give them a goal. Keep telling them what they’re going to learn next, it gives them something to look forward to.”

“Thanks,” Harry said, giving a weak smile.

“Hey, you’ve run a club like this before, haven’t you?” she asked.

“Yeah, but that was different.” Harry said.

“How?” Connie asked.

Harry opened his mouth, and then closed it with a click when he couldn’t think of a reason it would be that different.

“Exactly,” Connie said. “You’ve got nothing to worry about. Just do what you did in your old club, and everything will work out fine. Trust me.”

This time, Harry gave her a much more genuine smile.

“Thanks, Connie,” he said. “You’re still coming to the meeting, right?”

“Yeah. Dumbledore wants a professor there, just to keep an eye on things,” she told him.

“Okay, good,” Harry said.

Smiling, Connie stood up and grabbed her cloak.

“Come on,” she said, wrapping an arm around his shoulder companionably and leading him towards the door. “Let’s get something to eat.”

+++++

In the Great Hall, Harry sat and picked at his dinner. Despite Connie’s reassurances, he still felt nervous, like he did before a big game. Lily, Alice, and Dorcas did their best to cheer him up, but nothing they said really helped. Still, it was nice to know they supported him.

As dinner came to an end, Harry smiled at Lily and her friends gratefully before standing up and making his way to the Head Table. As most of the professors left, he took a seat next to Connie and waited for the Great Hall to empty. Surprisingly, Dumbledore, Flitwick, and McGonagall stayed as well.

“I hope you don’t mind Harry, but a few of us are curious about this club of yours,” Dumbledore said.

“Not at all,” Harry said, his leg bouncing rapidly under the table.

Leaning over, Connie whispered, “You should probably get started.”

Looking up, Harry saw that all of the younger students were gone, but most of the older students remained. It was by far the largest group of people he’d ever tried to teach. Easily twice the size of the old DA. Swallowing thickly, Harry stood and walked around to the front of the Head Table.

“Excuse me, can I have everyone’s attention,” Harry called out, silencing the crowd. “Can I have everyone please stand in the middle.”

As his classmates squeezed together in the middle of the Great Hall, he waved his wand, sending the House table to stack against the walls on either side of the room. With much more space to move, everyone began to spread out.

“Right, so, we’re going to start out pretty simple today,” Harry began. “I need to see where everyone is at and what we need to work on. For today, we’re going to be sticking with the basics. Which means, speed and accuracy.”

Twirling his wand in a complicated motion, he conjured a dozen wooden shields. The shields spaced themselves out evenly and hovered at chest height.

“First, let’s start with some target practice,” Harry continued. “Line up in front of the shields and, starting with your wand down, cast the Stunning Hex ten times. You should be able to do this without missing.”

“Seriously,” scoffed an older Ravenclaw. “Target practice? That’s first year stuff.”

Harry was tempted to tell him that if he didn’t like it, he could leave, but he saw a number of people nodding in agreement. Sighing, he knew he had to do something.

“Sorry, what’s your name?” Harry asked.

“Joshua, Joshua Bamford,” he said pompously.

“Right, come to the front Josh,” Harry said, deliberately shortening his name.

Bamford grimaced and walked to the front of the group while Harry stood in front of one of the shields.

“Well, go ahead,” Harry said.

“You want me to cast at you?” Bamford asked, eyeing him derisively.

“Yes,” Harry said. “Start at a low ready, then cast.”

Smirking, Bamford got into an awkward stance that left him leaning forward aggressively. After a couple of seconds, his arm snapped up.

“Stupify!” he yelled.

Harry stood stock still as the red, sizzling Stunning Hex flew toward him, only to pass safely over his head by about a foot. Bamford scowled, his face reddening as the people around him chuckled.

“You just missed a stationary target less than twenty feet away,” Harry said calmly. “In a real duel, your opponent rarely stands still, and neither will you.”

Grumbling, Bamford fold his arms and walked to the back of the group to sulk.

“Right, if you can cast silently, do it,” Harry continued. “If not, I want to start working on it in your free time. Non-verbal spell casting is essential to improving you dueling. If you need help, ask me or Professor Hammer after the meeting. Any questions?”

There was a bit of mumbling, but no one raised their hand.

“Alright, let’s get started,” Harry said, clapping his hands together.

No matter how many times he taught this lesson, it always shocked him how bad his classmates aim was. Not one person was able to hit the target all ten times, and most of them barely managed better than half. For the next hour, Harry walked around, giving advice and correcting

peoples stance and wand movement. Seeing how discouraged some people were becoming, he decided to add an incentive.

“The first person to hit the target ten times without missing get a Honeydukes girt card worth 5 Galleons!” Harry announced.

Spurred on by the potential reward, everyone began working that much harder. By the time he called them to a halt, no one had won, but they all improved noticeably.

“Right, good work, all of you,” Harry said. “Thursday, we’ll be working on the same thing, and the reward still stands, so practice. Starting now, for the last half hour of each meeting, we’ll be working on the Patronus Charm.”

Several students looked quite nervous at the prospect of learning a notoriously difficult spell, but most just looked excited.

“This is one of the most important spells that I’m going to teach you,” he continued. “Not only are the Dementors a very real threat, but the Patronus can be used to send messages quickly. The Floo can be blocked, Wards can stop you from escaping, but a Patronus can always get through.”

“But aren’t the Dementors under the control of the Ministry?” Amanda Hawthorn, a sixth year Hufflepuff that looked suspiciously like Susan Bones, asked tentatively.

“For now,” Harry said with a nod. “The Dementors follow the Ministry because that’s the only choice they have. You have to understand, Dementors live to feed sorrow and pain. If Voldemort offers them a better deal, one where they can feed at will, they will join him.”

His classmates shared nervous looks with their neighbors at the thought.



"I'm afraid Harry is correct," Dumbledore added. "The Dementors are indeed a very real threat."

"I know it might seem daunting, but I promise you, if you work at it, all of you can learn the Patronus Charm," Harry said. "Lily, Narcissa, could you two come up here please?"

Narcissa marched forward proudly while Lily looked a bit nervous to be standing in front of such a large group of her peers.

"I've been working with Narcissa on the Patronus charm for about two months, and Lily about half that," he told them. "Ladies, if you would?"

Lily hesitated for a moment, then raised her wand.

"Expecto Patronum," she intoned softly.

Silvery mist poured from the tip of her wand and formed a blob in front of her, Harry thought he could make out the beginnings of four legs and a head, but he couldn't be sure. With a look of focused concentration on her face, Lily held the spell for several seconds before letting her arm drop, causing the mist to dissipate quickly.

"Impressive," Narcissa said genuinely.

"Great job, Lily," Harry said with a smile.

"Thanks," Lily said proudly.

"Narcissa?" Harry called.

Straightening her shoulder, Narcissa raised her wand.

“Expecto Patromun,” she incanted confidently.

Silver mist poured from her wand and coalesced into the form of a crow. The bird looked a little fuzzy as it flapped its wings, but for only two months practice, it was impressive to see a corporeal Patronus at all. Narcissa let the crow fly around the hall in a wide circle before dropping the spell. Most of his classmates clapped politely, but some, mostly Gryffindors, refrained.

“Excellent, Narcissa,” Harry told her.

Narcissa smiled at him, lifting her chin proudly.

“Thank you, ladies. As you can see, with practice, you can learn this spell,” Harry said as Lily and Narcissa walked back over to the main group, talking quietly. “The most important part of casting the Patronus Charm is the memory you use. It has to make you feel real joy. Superficial pleasures and short-lived happiness won’t cut it. Unfortunately, for some of you, you may not have a good enough memory that will allow you to cast a corporeal Patronus. That doesn’t mean you shouldn’t still learn it. Even just a shield can buy you valuable time for help to arrive.

“Now, close your eyes, and focus on the happiest memory you have. Let it fill you up. Don’t just remember it, feel it, relive it. When you feel ready, hold out your wand and say the incantation ‘Expecto Patronum’.”

The Great Hall was filled with the sporadic shouts as everyone tried the Patronus Charm for the first time. Some got nothing, but most were able to get at least some kind of mist. Harry walked around, helping where he could. With the sheer number of people he was trying to teach, Professors Flitwick, McGonagall, and Dumbledore, as well as Connie, all came over to help. By the time the meeting was over, everyone was able to produce some kind of weak mist.

Despite some of the reservations his classmates may have had in the beginning, everyone looked quite happy by the time they left.

“You were brilliant,” Lily said, a wide smile on her face.

“Indeed,” Professor McGonagall said, coming up behind him. “Very impressive, Mr. Potter. Have you ever thought of teaching as a career?”

“Er, not really,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair.

“Then perhaps you should,” Professor McGonagall said with a rare, if brief, smile.

As she walked away with Dumbledore, Connie came up and patted him on the back.

“You really did do great. In fact, I might steal your idea for accuracy practice for my first- and second-year classes,” she said, then shook her head. “After training for the Aurors, I forgot just how bad most people’s aim is.”

Harry smiled, “The first time I did this lesson, I was in a room surrounded by enchanted mirrors. I thought it would help if people could see themselves casting, but they also reflected spells all around the room. I did learn to sense when a spell was coming real fast though.”

Connie laughed and squeezed his shoulder before bidding him good night. Together, Harry and Lily left the Great Hall. He smiled as she gave him a glowing review of their first meeting.

Rather than return to the common room, where he would no doubt be bombarded with questions about the next meeting, and when he was going to teach them so ‘real magic’ Harry decided to wander the castle for a bit. Lily joined him, and the conversation changed from talk of the DA to something a bit more personal.

“Harry, what were your friends like, before you came here?” Lily asked tentatively.

Harry smiled sadly as he thought of his friends.

“I didn’t have a lot of friends, but the ones I did have were like family,” Harry said, careful not to give too much away. “Ron was my best mate. He could be a bit flaky at times, but he always came back. Hermione was my closest friend though. She was always there for me, even when I probably didn’t deserve it. You’d have liked her; she was absolutely brilliant.”

“Were you two together when you got sent back?” Lily asked quietly.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Hermione was like a sister to me. I loved her, just not in a romantic way. Besides, with everything going on in my life, I never really had much time to worry about dating.”

“What about now?” Lily asked.

“What do you mean?” he asked in return, brow furrowed.

“Do you have time to worry about dating now?” she asked. “Is there anyone you’re interested in?”

Harry looked at her out of the corner of his eye, wondering if she was just curious, or if, perhaps, she was asking for Alice, who seemed interested in him. As they reached the top of the Astronomy Tower, he looked out over the grounds, so familiar, yet slightly different in almost every way.

“There are a few girls I’m interested in,” Harry admitted. “It’s just – difficult, when I can’t tell them who I really am.”

“But you told me,” Lily said quietly, standing just behind him.

“That’s... different,” Harry said with a sigh.

“Harry?” Lily said softly, tugging his arm.

Turning around to face her, Lily reached up and rested her hands on his shoulders. Harry thought she was leaning in for a hug, as she’d done many times before. His eyes widened when she leaned in further, her eyes closed, and lips puckered. Before he could react, her soft lips were on his. Without thought, Harry kissed her back, his hands going to her hips.

Suddenly, his mind registered who he was kissing, and he pulled back sharply. Lily blinked in surprise and looked at him with a hurt expression.

“Oh, um, I thought...” she stammered, her neck and cheeks going red out of embarrassment. “I’m sorry, I – I should go.”

“Wait!” Harry said, louder than he had intended while grabbing her hand. “Just – just give me a minute to explain.”

“It’s fine. Really,” Lily said, refusing to look at him.

As she pulled away from him, Harry ran around in front of her.

“Lily, please. It’s not what you think,” Harry said.

“Then what is it,” she asked, finally looking up at him.

Looking into her shimmering green eyes, Harry finally understood why everyone told him he had expressive eyes. Just from a single look, it was like he could feel her hurt and embarrassment mixed with curiosity.

“It’s... complicated,” Harry said, his thoughts running a mile a minute.

In the end, there really was only one choice he could make. Pulling out his wand, he locked and silenced the door to the tower.

“Have a seat,” he said, sitting on the parapet surrounding the edge of the tower.

Hesitating for just a moment, her arms crossed over her chest tightly, Lily walked over and sat next to him, her eyes glued to the floor.

“You’re one of the few people that knows I’m from the future, but there’s some things I haven’t told you. I –” Harry paused and took a deep breath while running a hand through his hair. “I always planned on telling you eventually. I just wanted you to get to know me first without who I am getting in the way.”

Harry snorted and shook his head, “I never thought this is how it’d come out.”

“What are you saying, Harry?” Lily asked impatiently.

Sighing, he took a deep breath.

“My name is Harry James Potter,” he said. “I was born July thirty first, nineteen eighty-one, to James and Lily Potter.”

Lily looked up at him, her brow furrowed. As their green eyes met, he could see the moment it clicked as her eyes widened and she covered her mouth with her hand.

“No!” she gasped.

Harry smiled sadly and nodded.

“I’m -” she started, then broke off.

“My mother,” Harry said. “Or you would be, if I hadn’t come back.”

“Wait. Are you saying I have to marry James Potter?” she asked incredulously.

“No,” Harry said suppressing a laugh. “Look, when I was sent back in time, I went so far back that the timeline split to protect itself. It’s why I can’t go back. Dumbledore could probably explain it better, but basically, I created a completely different timeline. This world’s future is still being written. You don’t have to do anything that the Lily Evans in my time did.”

“But won’t that mean you won’t exist?” Lily asked.

“No, because I already exist,” Harry said, causing Lily to tilt her head in confusion. “I know, it makes my head hurt just thinking about it. I think the best way to look at it is that it’s more like I’m from an alternate universe rather than the future. This timeline, and my old one, no longer have anything to do with each other.”

“But-” Lily started, then stopped and shook her head. “Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair again.

“I wanted to know what you were like,” Harry admitted quietly. “I never got to know my mum before she was killed. All I had was the memory of the night she died, and a few stories people

told me. I wanted to know what she – what you, were like as a person. I was worried that if I told you everything, you'd act different around me. I know it was selfish, but..."

"I understand," Lily said, resting her hand on his arms while looking away thoughtfully.

"I really am sorry," Harry said.

"It's alright," Lily said. "It's a lot to take in. I can understand why you didn't want to tell me."

Harry sighed in relief that she wasn't angry at him and gave her a small smile.

"I can't believe I married James Potter," she said suddenly with a grimace.

Harry couldn't help but laugh.

"I know he's pretty immature right now, but he's not really a bad person," he said, his smile fading. "Apparently, he changes a lot over the summer when his parents die. Something else I need to try and stop."

"What happens to his parents?" Lily asked.

"Voldemort goes on the offensive over the summer," Harry explained. "A lot of people that oppose him are killed, including the Potters. James was out visiting Remus when they attacked. Sirius told me it took over twenty Death Eaters to finally take them down."

"Oh," Lily said quietly. "I didn't realize things were that bad."



“No one does,” he told her. “That’s part of the problem. No one in the Ministry took him seriously until it was too late. The Ministry was weeks, maybe even days away from falling when he came after me.”

“That’s when you stopped him?” Lily asked, remembering the small parts he’d told her before.

“Maybe,” Harry said with a shrug. “I think it was my mum that stopped him. It was her sacrifice that protected me and made his Killing Curse rebound. I just happened to be her son.”

“So, do I -”

“No!” Harry said sharply, causing Lily to startle. “That’s not going to happen this time. I’ll make sure of it.”

Lily smiled at him and nodded. Both of them fell silent, and Harry couldn’t stop from wondering what she was thinking. It was a couple of minutes until she finally spoke.

“So, what does that make us?” Lily asked.

“Friends?” Harry asked hopefully. “I mean, it’s really hard to look at you as my mum, and I don’t think you’re ready to have a son,”

Lily snorted and shook her head vigorously.

“But,” Harry continued, “I do care about you. It’s hard not to.”

Lily smiled and leaned against his side.

“Friends, then,” she said.

Smiling in relief and joy, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders.

+++++

Later that night, Lily laid wide awake in her bed long after her roommates had gone to sleep, her mind still reeling. Harry was her son, she thought. Or would have been, if things had been different. Part of her wanted to be angry, but it was hard to be mad at someone who had been through so much. She couldn't imagine how he dealt with it all, or what she would have done in his position.

Still, despite everything she'd learned, one thing lingered on her mind more than anything else. Reaching up, she touched the tips of her fingers to her lips. Even hours later, she could still imagine what it felt like to kiss him. For that brief moment, everything had felt right.

Now, it was all so confusing. They were related, yet they weren't. She was his mother, and yet at the same time, she wasn't. Despite the chaotic thoughts running through her mind, her body was much more certain, and it wanted Harry.

Biting her lip, Lily let her hand slowly run down her body. Heat poured off of her excited core as she cupped it lightly. Even with the conflicting thoughts and emotions coursing through her, she couldn't stop from touching herself more firmly as she imagined what might have been, had Harry not stopped himself from kissing her.

Lifting up the oversized shirt she wore to bed, Lily slipped her hand under her panties and traced a finger along her hot, damp slit. A muffled whimper left her lips as a pleasurable tingle ran up her spine. Closing her eyes, she pictured Harry holding her close as their lips met, his tongue caressing hers. Reaching under her shirt, she cupped her full, perky breast, imagining it was Harry's large, calloused hand gripping it roughly.

Slipping two fingers between her taut lips and into her dripping folds, she ground her palm against her throbbing clit as her digits sank deeper. Lily's teeth sank into her lip painfully, desperately trying to keep a needy moan from escaping. Images of Harry pressing her up

against the wall of the Astronomy Tower, his thick finger plunging into her depths as he groped at her chest sent a shudder through her body. The thrill of the taboo, of knowing that they were, in some strange way, related, only made what she was doing that much more exciting.

Grabbing the hem of her shirt, Lily pulled it up and stuffed it into her mouth as she pumped her fingers in and out of her sweltering core. A muffled whimper left her throat while images of Harry continued running through her mind. Her palm brushed her engorged clit, causing her to gasp and thrust her bared chest towards the ceiling.

What would Harry do if he saw her now, she wondered. Would he turn away in disgust, or would it excite him as much as it did her? Would he join her on the bed, replacing her fingers with his mouth?

Lily clenched her teeth so hard it hurt as she fingered herself furiously. Eyes still closed, she pinched her nipple hard with imagining looking up to see a pair of bright green eyes, nearly identical to her own, staring back at her. She could practically feel the weight of his body on hers, the warmth of his breath on her neck as he sat poised at her entrance, ready to ravish her.

Pushing a third finger into her depths, Lily whimpered as she stretched her tight folds. Thrusting her hips up into her hand, she shook her palm back and forth so fast it felt like it was vibrating. Her body hunched in on itself, her large, perky breasts trembling as her body shook. As she climbed ever closer to a tremendous peak, green eyes, dark, messy hair, and a crooked smile filled her mind's eye.

"Harry," Lily gasped in a desperate whimper.

Throwing her head back, her mouth open in a silent scream, Lily's breath caught in her throat as she tumbled over the edge. Her arousal gushed out of her, soaking her fingers and the sheets below as her body went rigid. A powerful spasm ran through her as she experienced the most powerful orgasm of her life. Writhing on the mattress, Lily panted heavily as she desperately tried to stay quiet. Her firm breasts bounced wildly as she shook, her hips bucking rhythmically.

After riding out her climax, Lily fell limp, her breath coming in short gasps. Despite the scent of her arousal permeating the air within her curtains, she was too spent to try and change her drenched panties. Pulling hand back and fixing her shirt, she rolled onto her side. Unable to keep her eyes open, Lily drifted off the sleep with thoughts of Harry still running through her mind.