

Chapter 9

“Alright everyone, just take a seat for a bit while we set things up,” Harry told the large group of students in front of him. “We’re going to be trying something a bit different today.”

“Finally,” James said, sitting on the floor and leaning back on his arms.

It had been over a month since Harry had started the DA, and with Winter break nearing, he decided everyone was good enough at the basics to move on to something new. As had become the norm, Dumbledore, Flitwick, and Connie sat at the Head Table, watching the lesson while chatting amongst themselves. McGonagall was usually with them as well however, today, she had agreed to help Harry.

After moving the tables out of the way, they began pulling random bits of furniture out of a magically enlarged trunk he had filled earlier using what he found in the Room of Requirement. There were chairs, dresser, a wardrobe, broken lamps, and a few other tattered odds and ends that they spread about the hall.

“Okay,” Harry said, clapping his hands which sent up far more dust than he expected, causing a round of chuckles as he coughed. “Now, since Professor Hammer has been teaching Hexes and Curses in Defense, I thought we could work on incorporating Charms and Transfigurations in dueling. Professor McGonagall has been kind enough to help me with a bit of a demonstration to show you what I mean.”

The students sat up and stared at him interestedly.

“We’re going to be having a duel; one where the only spells we can use are Transfigurations or Conjurations,” Harry continued. “We can use Charms on something we Transfigure, like an Animation Charm, but we can’t cast them directly at each other.”

“What’s the point of that?” Bamford, who had taken to questioning practically everything Harry said after his embarrassment on the first day, asked snidely.

“You’ll see,” Harry told him. “And pay close attention, because once our duel is over, you’ll be breaking up into pairs and doing this yourselves. If you’re ready, professor?”

Professor McGonagall nodded and took up a position opposite him with her wand held at her side.

“Lily, can you count us off?” Harry asked.

Nodding, Lily stood while Harry got into position. As Lily raised her wand, Harry and Professor McGonagall bowed at each other. Even though this was just a mock duel, he still felt adrenaline race through his veins at the challenge in front of him. McGonagall was one of the most talented witches in the world, and while he doubted he could beat her in a setting that favored her so heavily, his competitiveness was driving him to at least put up a decent fight.

The moment sparks left Lily’s wand, Harry went on the offensive, turning McGonagall’s black robe into solid grey stone. Without missing a beat, and before he could even think of a way to try and relieve her of her wand, her robe became slightly transparent as it turned into smoke. With her arms no longer restricted, McGonagall thrust her hands forward, sending the smoke towards him.

As the smoke shot across the Great Hall, it morphed into white cloth that wrapped around his wrists and ankles. McGonagall then turned her wand towards a broken lamp, transfiguring it into a trio of crows that took to the air. Harry quickly changed the cloth holding him still into water that fell to the floor with a splash. Ducking a diving crow, he further changed it into two garden Gnomes made of ice that immediately rushed toward his professor.

Without waiting to see how they did, he turned to the side and changed the drawers of a dresser into three house cats. Landing on the ground, the cat yowled and leapt at the crows that continued to harass Harry.

He turned back to Professor McGonagall just in time to see his gnomes being turned into a virtual cloud of butterflies. With incredible speed, they traversed the distance between them

and enveloped him like a tornado. Harry cats became distracted by the colorful cloud of swirling insects, allowing one of the crows to dive through the mass. A hiss left his lips as its claws dug into his hand, just missing his wand.

With a flick, the crow became a rat. Falling to the floor, it took off running and hid under the wardrobe. A swish caused the butterflies to burst into a cloud of pastel colored dust that flew towards McGonagall. Her view obscured for the moment; Harry rushed to turn a lumpy jumper into an equally lumpy rope. It may not have looked good, but it had the intended effect.

As McGonagall compressed the dust into a single, solid sphere, the rope snaked around her and bound her arms to her sides. The floating, brightly colored ball fell to the floor, the half-finished Transfiguration disintegrating into sand as she struggled to get her wand in a better position.

Harry mental cheered and, with a smile, raised his arm to make another Gnome to send after her wand. Motion out of the corner of his eye caused him to stop mid move and jerk his hand away as another crow dove for his wand. A flick of his wand turned it into a ball of harmless feathers that fluttered to the ground.

Suddenly, his heart dropped into his stomach when the floor under his feet disappeared. Harry felt shockingly cold water envelope him as he fell. Taking a deep breath just before he was completely submerged, he desperately swam up as soon as his downward momentum stopped. His head had just broken the surface to suck in a sharp breath when the water was turned back into stone. With his wand arm extended upwards, he tried to shift it around in his hand to free himself, only to have it snatched from his grip.

Harry looked up and watched helplessly as the final crow dropped his wand into McGonagall's waiting hand before landing on her shoulder.

"Do you yield Mr. Potter?" she asked.

"I yield," Harry said, grinning despite his loss.

At the Head Table, Dumbledore stood and clapped, followed soon after by the rest of the professors and then the students.

With a rare smile, Professor McGonagall waved her wand and turned the floor back into water. Harry gasped at the shock of the cold, scrambling to pull himself out.

“You could have used warm water,” he said, standing up with a shiver.

“Consider it an incentive not to let that happen again,” Professor McGonagall told him.

Thankfully, she quickly dried him off before fixing the floor. Harry smiled as he walked towards her, his hand extended to shake her.

“Great duel, professor,” he said, shaking her hand and taking his wand back.

“You as well, Mr. Potter,” she said. “Twenty points to Gryffindor for an excellent use of Transfigurations.”

Still grinning from the rush of the duel, Harry turned to students who were talking excitedly amongst themselves.

“What’s the point of using Transfigurations in a duel when you can just use a curse?” Bamford asked snidely.

Sighing, Harry resisted the urge to call him up for another demonstration.

“Because no matter how good you are, there’s always the chance you’ll run into someone better,” Harry explained. “Sometimes, you need to do something unexpected to gain an advantage against someone that’s just better than you. This exercise is all about being creative

and thinking outside the box. Any other questions? Alright then, pair up and let see what you can come up with.”

“Just as a reminder,” Professor McGonagall interjected, “I don’t want anyone attempting to use any Human Transfiguration during this exercise.”

“Why?” James asked, looking disappointed.

“Imagine if instead of changing Professor McGonagall’s cloak into stone, I’d done that to her lungs,” Harry said, causing several people to look at him startled. “Or if instead of turning the floor into water, she did that to my blood. Make no mistake, while this exercise is supposed to be fun, Transfigurations is just as dangerous in the wrong hands as any Curse.”

“Precisely,” Professor McGonagall agreed.

“Alright, let’s pair up,” Harry said, clapping his hands.

With some students looking a little worried after that warning, everyone began to break up into pairs and spread out around the Great Hall. What was meant to be a bit of fun quickly turned into an exercise of patience for Harry and Professor McGonagall. While everyone was a fair hand at casting Transfigurations, not everyone was so skilled at reversing them. They spent most of their time darting around the room, fixing spells gone awry, instead of helping their students get better at casting like Harry had expected.

One of the worst offenders was James, who was paired with Peter. Sure, it might have been rather satisfying to see the rat get mummified by his own robes, but Harry really didn’t need to see him in a white flowing dress and gawdy make up, especially when James didn’t know how to fix it on his own. Despite his best efforts, it was nearly impossible for Harry to see Peter as anything other than a traitor.

“Right, I’m splitting you two up,” Harry said after having to stop and free Peter for the fifth time.

“What, why?” James asked.

“Because neither of you are going to learn anything when there’s such a big difference in skill,” Harry said.

He immediately regretted those words when James puffed out his chest smugly. Shaking his head, he looked around the room for a pair to mix them up with. The problem was, there weren’t that many people as skilled at Transfigurations as James. Bellatrix would end up trying to kill him and Narcissa would put him in the Hospital Wing if he managed to embarrass her, leaving just Lily and a few seventh years to choose from.

“I’ll be right back,” Harry told them.

Turning around, he walked over to Lily and Alice.

“Hey,” he said.

“Hey, Harry,” Lily said with a bright smile.

“Er, listen, I need a favor,” Harry said, scratching the back of his neck nervously. “I need you to work with James and I need Alice to work with Peter.”

“Please tell me you’re joking,” Lily said, her smiling falling instantly.

“I’m sorry. I could pair them with a couple of seventh years, but they’d just out duel Peter as bad as James does. I’m not saying you’re bad,” he told Alice placatingly. “I’m just saying you’re closer to his skill level than they would be.”

Lily groaned and ran a hand through her long red hair.

“Look on the bright side,” Alice said. “This gives you a chance to embarrass the berk and not get in trouble for it.”

“And I promise to get you something really nice for Christmas,” Harry added.

“Fine,” Lily said, though she didn’t look happy.

“Thanks,” Harry said with a relieved smile.

“You owe me,” she told him.

Nodding, he watched as she and Alice walked over to James and Peter. James looked ecstatic to have Lily as his new partner, and Harry prayed that he wouldn’t regret this. Before he could see how things went, he was distracted by a loud scream.

Walden McNair, who was working with Molly Prewett for some reason, had managed to turn her top into a swarm of angry bees. Molly screamed as she swatted them away from her face, leaving her huge, bra clad breasts to bounce around wildly. Growling angrily at McNair and the other Slytherins laughed, Harry fixed her shirt while Professor McGonagall stormed over, demanding answers.

“It was an accident,” McNair said carelessly. “I was aiming for her tie.”

McGonagall looked doubtful, but Harry knew she couldn’t punish him without proof that he meant to do it. Molly looked mortified, her face and ears glowing red. Harry was not going to let him get away with this.

“Alright, I think we need to split you two up as well,” Harry said, getting a relieved look from Molly and a sneer from McNair. “Bellatrix, you work with McNair. Narcissa, could you work with Molly?”

Narcissa nodded, while a dangerous smirk stretched across Bella's lips. Harry grabbed her hand and pulled her to a stop just as she passed him.

"Be subtle," he whispered.

Bellatrix licked her lips excitedly and nodded, her eyes locked on a now nervous looking McNair. For a moment, Professor McGonagall looked like she might object but, after a moment, she turned away to help someone else.

A yelp drew Harry's attention back over to James and Lily. Surprisingly, it was James who'd yelped and was wiggling oddly while Lily smirked.

"Everything alright?" Harry asked.

"We're fine," Lily told him, her bright green eyes glittering with suppressed laughter. "I was just showing Potter that holding back just because I'm a girl is a bad idea."

Harry snorted at the idea of anyone holding back in any kind of duel against Lily. Charms and Potions may have been her best subjects, but that didn't mean she wasn't highly skilled in her other classes.

"What did you do?" Harry whispered while James was still distracted.

"He wondered if Molly was wearing a thong under her skirt, so I gave him a pair of his own to worry about," Lily told him, her eyes sparkling with mirth.

Harry coughed to cover up a laugh while looking back over at James, who was still wiggling his hips with an uncomfortable look on his face. Patting Lily on the shoulder, he left her to it and started moving around the room again. Things settled down after that, and Harry and McGonagall were able to finally get some real teaching done.

Watching Bellatrix play with McNair was probably the highlight of the night for everyone. Anytime Professor McGonagall wasn't looking, and Harry thought she intentionally turned a blind eye a number of times, Bellatrix would Transfigure his clothes into increasingly revealing and slutty outfits that would viciously attack him before changing them back before McGonagall saw anything. McNair was furious but lacked the skills to put up much of a fight.

As always, they spent the last half hour working on the Patronus Charm. By now, more than a dozen people were able to get an indistinct blob, and most others could produce a strong mist. It was slow going, but everyone was steadily improving. Soon, he would need to find a boggart for them to practice on.

As the meeting ended, Harry caught Bellatrix looking at him expectantly. In return, he sent her a small smile and a nod. Violet eyes lighting up in excitement, she sauntered out of the Great Hall, several eyes being drawn to her swaying backside. A moment later, Harry caught sight of James waddling his way to the door, pausing to shake his leg before continuing on his way with the rest of the Marauders.

"Quite an eventful night," Dumbledore said, stepping up beside him. "And a very interesting lesson."

"I just hope they got the point," Harry said.

"I'm sure at least two of them learned a very valuable lesson this evening," the headmaster said, his blue eyes twinkling and drawing a chuckle from Harry.

"Harry, are you coming?" Lily asked.

"You go ahead," he told her. "I have to clean up."

"Do you want help?" Lily offered.

“No, that’s alright. It shouldn’t take me long,” Harry said.

Lily hesitated a moment before nodding and walking with Alice, Mary, Marlene, and Dorcas back to Gryffindor Tower. Harry bade Professor Dumbledore good night before starting to clean up the Great Hall.

“An excellently prepared lesson,” Professor McGonagall said.

“Thanks, professor,” Harry replied as he levitated the furniture back into the trunk.

“Next time, however, I would appreciate it if you didn’t ruin a perfectly good robe,” she added, raising an eyebrow.

“Oh, right. Sorry about that,” he said with an apologetic smile.

“I’ll chalk it up to the cost of teaching this time,” Professor McGonagall said. “Good night, Mr. Potter.”

“Night, Professor,” Harry replied.

As Professor McGonagall left, Connie followed her after smiling and giving him a thumbs up. Waving, he turned back to finish packing everything away. After all, there was a very naughty witch waiting for him just outside the Great Hall.

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Lily was walking from Gryffindor Tower to the Library to pick up a book she needed for homework when she spotted Harry walking with Bellatrix Black. Over the last few weeks, she’d

noticed how the normally strong-willed, independent witch looked at him with a nearly worshipful gaze at times.

Of course, she'd known that Harry was friends with Narcissa for quite a while but seeing him being so friendly with Bellatrix was quite surprising, given the Slytherin's reputation.

Out of curiosity, Lily changed direction and followed them from a distance. At first, she thought Harry was simply taking another path to the common room, but when they passed the sixth floor and headed for the seventh, it piqued her interest even more.

What were they doing up here, she wondered.

Peeking around the corner, she watched with a furrowed brow as Harry paced back and forth in front of a bare stretch of wall. Amazingly, the wall melted into a door, revealing a room she'd never known about before. Before she really had a chance to think through her actions, Lily slipped out her wand and cast a quick Sticking Charm, preventing the door from latching closed behind them.

Biting her lip, she really thought about whether she should be following Harry and spying on him like this but, in the end, her irrepressible curiosity got the better of her. Tapping the top of her head with her wand, Lily Disillusioned herself and crept up to the door. Cautiously, she slowly cracked the door open to peek inside.

She barely managed to stifle a gasp when she spotted what they were doing. Harry had his back to the door while Bellatrix knelt in front of him. Though she couldn't see anything, the movements made it clear what she was doing. Lily felt a mess of jumbled emotions run through her as Harry ran his fingers through Bellatrix's curly black hair.

"Mmh, good girl," he said in an affectionate tone. "Though I'm not sure how this is supposed to be your reward."

Bellatrix pulling back a surprisingly long way as she stared up at Harry.

“I love sucking your cock,” Bellatrix said.

Lily’s loins throbbed at the filthy words. Despite the jealousy she was admittedly feeling, she couldn’t deny the arousal she felt at what she was witnessing. She just wished that Harry would turn so she could get a better look.

Just as that thought passed through her mind, she heard footsteps quickly approaching behind her. After a second’s hesitation, she moved out of the way just as Narcissa strode purposefully around the corner. Lily waited with bated breath as she walked straight up to the door and pushed it wide open.

“You should at least lock the door if you’re going to start without me,” Narcissa said, much to Lily’s surprise.

“I thought I did,” Harry replied.

As he turned to look at Narcissa, Lily got her first glimpse of exposed erection. Long, thick, and glistening with Bellatrix’s saliva, she felt her cheeks flush, and her folds dampen as she stared at it. Without realizing what she was doing, Lily slipped into the room to get a better look a moment before Narcissa closed the door. As the lock clicked into place, she realized too late she was now trapped inside. There was no way she could unlock the door and slip out without one of them noticing.

“What took you so long?” Harry asked, still looking at Narcissa while fisting his hand in Bellatrix’s hair and guiding her mouth back to his length.

It was quite surprising to see such a normally strong witch kneeling so submissively in front of him and staring up with an almost reverent look on her face. Though not nearly as surprising as it was to see someone as kind and gentle as Harry so carelessly shove his length down her throat. Lily bit her lip to hold back a moan as she rubbed her thighs together as she watched Bellatrix’s lips stretch wide to accommodate Harry’s impressive girth.

“I had to deal with Malfoy and McNair,” Narcissa said, shrugging off her robe and loosening her tie.

“Did they give you any trouble?” Harry asked, his protectiveness coming through even as he roughly dragged Bellatrix’s lips up his length by the hair.

The kneeling witch moaned long and low as she continued to stare up at Harry with a hooded, lustful gaze.

“Nothing I couldn’t handle,” Narcissa assured him with a smile as she stripped out of her school uniform.

Lily couldn’t help but compare herself to the busty blonde as she dropped her bra to the floor and stepped out of her panties. She was happy to note that her own breasts weren’t much smaller than hers, but Lily thought her bum was better. Bending down, Narcissa picked up her wand and, with a flick, sent her sister’s and Harry’s clothes flying off to land in a neatly folded pile.

Licking her lips, Lily eyes raked over Harry’s athletic frame. His muscles were much more defined than she would have expected, and the various scars marring his skin gave him a rugged look she found hopelessly attractive.

Why was this turning her on so much, she asked herself. Sure, she knew she was attracted to Harry, but shouldn’t she be more jealous seeing with not one, but two other women? Shouldn’t she be desperate to leave, rather than desperate to touch herself?

Realizing there was no escape, and there was no controlling the reactions of her own body, Lily put her back against the wall and slid down quietly to sit on the floor. Careful to move slowly, she slipped a hand under her skirt and rubbed her heated mound through her panties as Narcissa stalked towards Harry with a smirk on her lips.

Running her hands up his chest, she grabbed the back of his head before pulling him down for a searing kiss. With their bodies pressed together, Bellatrix was trapped between them with Harry's length buried to the hilt in her throat. Neither of them seemed to notice, or even care as she began to gag, her face turning red from lack of oxygen. Lily bit back a moan as she rubbed herself firmly, her eyes locked on the brunette as she began to squirm.

When Harry and Narcissa finally parted, Bellatrix pulled back sharply to suck in a desperate breath. Long, thick strings of saliva dripped from his long shaft and swollen head as she caught her breath.

With a smirk, Narcissa brushed the single of blonde hair behind her ear before dropping to her knees behind her sister. Gathering Bellatrix's hair up into one hand, Narcissa trailed the other up her stomach to grope one of her slightly larger breasts roughly while guiding her mouth back to Harry's member.

Narcissa held her at the tip, leaned forward to kiss her cheek while looking up at Harry, then shoved Bellatrix forward. Her battered throat let out a loud squelch before she gagged hard while Harry groaned. Narcissa gave the nipple between her fingers a sharp twist, then slid her hand up over Bellatrix's throat. For the first time, Lily noticed the distinct bulge in the pale, delicate skin of her neck from Harry's length.

Slipping her hand inside her damp panties, she bit her lip and shuddered as her finger ran between her wet lips. With the other hand, Lily reached up, loosened her tie, and undid the top three buttons.

With a tight grip on Bellatrix's hair, Narcissa jerked her head back and forth rapidly. The room was filled with the sound of loud, wet gags and squelching as she willingly choked on Harry's shaft. Streaks of mascara ran down her cheeks as tears fell from her eyes, and thick, slimy strands of spit dripped from her lips to her heaving chest. Yet, despite all of that, she never took her violet eyes off of Harry's face.

Yanking her sister's head back, Narcissa leaned forward, kissing her throat and squeezing one of her large, pale breasts as Bellatrix panted and coughed. Bending down, Harry kissed her on the lips and, with his hands on her rear, lifted her from the floor with shocking ease. Lily felt her

core throb with need as he carried her over to a bed that had suddenly sprouted up out of nowhere.

Harry tossed Bellatrix onto the mattress, then caressed her cheek in a surprisingly tender gesture before his hips snapped forward, burying all of his considerable length into her depths with a single thrust. Bellatrix cried out and arched her back while Narcissa crawled onto the bed and laid on her side next to her sister. Despite everything she'd seen so far, Lily was still shocked to see them pull each other into a heated, tongue filled kiss.

As she watched Narcissa's long fingered hand grope Bellatrix's swaying breast, her green painted nails teasing over the stiff, puffy pink nipple, her own fingers followed a similar path under her bra. Biting back a whimper, she sank two fingers into herself, before she realized with a jolt what she was doing.

Why was she watching them instead of Harry? She wasn't interested in witches, Lily thought.

Shaking her head, she turned her eyes back to him as he drove into Bellatrix with long, powerful thrusts. Her eyes moved slowly from the point where he penetrated her, her taut inner lips clinging to his thick shaft, up his body to his face. Seeing the way his bright green eyes lit up in a combination of desire and affection sent another bout of conflicting emotions washing over her.

Lily couldn't help the excitement she felt, but a part of her, growing ever larger, wanted to see him staring at her with that same expression. Oddly, the jealousy she'd felt earlier had waned, totally eclipsed by her own excitement and lust at what she was seeing.

Suddenly, Bellatrix ripped her lips away from Narcissa with gasp. Arching her back, a low, trembling moan escaped her throat as her body tensed. Narcissa slid her hand up and gripped her slender neck as Bellatrix began to shake and writhe. Lily panted through her nose, her palm grinding against her clit as she watched the other witch climax hard. The slapping of skin on skin from Harry's hips colliding with her thighs and ass took on a wet tone as she drenched his shaft in her arousal.

As Bellatrix panted for breath, her eyes closed in bliss, Harry pulled out of her, his shaft rock-hard and his head engorged to a menacing red. Narcissa smiled sultrily as she reached out for his hand and pulled him onto the bed. Sitting up, she pushed him onto his back where she had been a moment earlier, then swung her leg over to straddle his waist. Lily had a perfect view as she watched Narcissa lean forward, line him up with her entrance, then then sink down, driving him into her depths.

Meanwhile, Bellatrix rolled over and curled up against his side. Harry ran his hand over her hair, caressing her head like a favored pet.

It was then that Lily realized a large part of the excitement she felt was derived from seeing two powerful, strong-willed witches essentially giving themselves to him. Especially seeing Bellatrix act so submissively towards Harry was something she found extremely, and unexplainably, arousing. As a virgin in every sense of the word, what Lily was watching had her questioning everything she thought she knew about what she liked and wanted.

She unconsciously found her fingers moving in time with Narcissa's hips as the brunette witch began bouncing on his waist. In almost a complete contrast to the rough, animalistic pounding he had given Bellatrix, Harry and Narcissa's movements were far slower and more sensual. With the hand that wasn't absently stroking through Bellatrix's long, curly hair, Harry caressed Narcissa's body with a light, almost teasing touch.

The witch riding him tilted her head back and moaned, her long nails leaving light pink tracks on his skin as she drew them down his chest. Against her will, Lily found her eyes constantly darting back to Narcissa's fully, perky breasts, her tight, fit bum, and her taut folds as they stretched to accommodate Harry's thick length.

"What would your parents think if they saw you like this?" Harry asked, his low, almost growling tone sending a shiver down her spine. "Riding a Half-bloods cock."

Narcissa's only answer was a moan and an increase in the speed of her hips.



“Mother would be furious,” Bellatrix said, smirking at the thought. “Aunt Walburga would disown us, and father would only care about the money he couldn’t make from selling us.”

Narcissa whimpered, her hips rolling as she bottomed out. Lily could tell from her movements that she was getting close, and she felt herself nearing the edge.

“Maybe you could cuckold him,” Bellatrix suggested excitedly. “Show mother and father what a real wizard looks like.”

“Oh Merlin,” Narcissa gasped with a shuddering breath.

“Then Harry could do whatever he likes with us,” Bellatrix continued. “Imagine how the portraits would react to seeing him fuck us all over the house as he pleased. Show them just how pathetic our parents have become.”

“Fuck!” Narcissa shouted.

Lily bit her lip hard to keep from doing the same as they climaxed in unison, the thought of seeing Harry completely dominating one of the Pureblood families that hated her simply for existing pushing her over the edge. As warmth and pleasure exploded through her body, she watched as Harry grabbed Narcissa’s ass in a tight grip while driving his hips up into her. After just a few thrusts, he buried himself inside of her with a deep groan. Lily shivered as she watched his balls contract and the root of his shaft pulse, knowing he was cumming inside of the witch on top of him.

Closing her eyes, Lily rested the back of her head against the wall as she rode out her climax. It was a good few minutes before any of them moved.

“Don’t you have an essay to finish?” Narcissa asked.

Lily's heart leapt into her throat as her eyes sprang open. A wave of relief washed over her when she found Narcissa looking not at her, but at Bellatrix, who glared at her.

"Don't look at me like that," she said. "It's not my fault you procrastinate."

"You should go finish your homework," Harry said.

Bellatrix's glare instantly vanished as she pouted up at him. Harry chuckled and ran his hand through her hair, causing her to close her eyes and turn toward his touch.

"Go on, I'll see you tomorrow," he told her.

Sighing, Bellatrix gave her sister one last glare before kissing Harry on the lips and climbing out of bed. All eyes in the room turned to watch her curvaceous figure as she quickly got dressed. Trotting back over to the bed, she leaned over to kiss Harry again. Sneakily, while their lips were locked, she reached out and twisted one of Narcissa's nipples, causing her to yelp.

"You bitch!" Narcissa yelled, rubbing her reddened nub.

Bellatrix smirked as she tried to pull back, but Harry's arm wrapped around her waist. The smug expression on her face faded quickly under his stern gaze. She stared at his face, seemingly not daring to move as he reached down and lifted her skirt. Harry's hand raised and both Lily and Bellatrix both waited with bated breath.

Suddenly, his hand flew down and smacked her full, round cheek hard enough to make the flesh ripple. Bellatrix yelped, then moaned even as a pink handprint began to appear on her pale globe.

"Behave," Harry growled.

Bellatrix looked up at him contritely while swaying her ass in the air as if hoping for another spank. Shaking his head, Lily saw the corners of his lips twitching into a smile.

“How am I supposed to punish you when you enjoy it?” he asked rhetorically.

Bellatrix gave an impish grin and continued to wiggle her hips. Harry fixed her with a stern gaze, and Lily nearly gasped as she felt his magic envelope her like a warm, heavy blanket.

“Go finish your homework, or tomorrow I’ll tie you up and make you watch as I spend all night with Narcissa,” he threatened.

Bellatrix bowed her head before climbing off the bed and walking quickly from the room. As the door closed, Harry’s magic vanished, leaving Lily feeling a bit empty in its absence.

“You were right,” Narcissa said softly.

“About what?” Harry asked, looking at her curiously.

“Bella,” she answered. “She was heading down a dark path before you came into her life. I just wish there was a way we could be with you without being disowned.”

Lily blinked, shocked that the two of them were willing to be kicked out of their families just to stay with Harry. It meant things were much more serious between them than she thought. Despite that, she couldn’t bring herself to feel as upset or jealous as she thought she should.

“We’ll figure something out,” Harry assured her.

“My father is already in negotiations with several families for me and my sisters,” Narcissa told him. “I suspect we’ll all be under contract by the beginning of the next school year.”

“Don’t worry,” Harry said, kissing the top of her head. “I have a few ideas.”

Harry and Narcissa talked for a while longer before finally getting dressed and leaving the room. Once she was alone, Lily stood up and rubbed her bum, sore from sitting so long on the hard stone floor. Fixing her clothes, she dropped the Disillusionment Charm hiding her and snuck out into the hall. With so little foot traffic on the seventh floor, she walked over to one of the windows, cast a Cushioning Charm on the sill, and sat down to stare out at the grounds, thoughts racing through her mind.



“Are you okay Lily?” Marlene asked the next morning at breakfast. “You’ve been really quiet.”

Harry looked up in concern as Lily smiled.

“I’m fine, just stayed up a little too late studying,” she replied.

Nodding, Harry turned back to his breakfast only for a moment before his heart leapt when he caught sight of a white owl winging its way into the Great Hall. For just a brief moment, he thought it was Hedwig, but that hope died quickly as the owl ignored him completely as it flew to the Head Table, dropping a package wrapped in plain brown paper in front of Professor McGonagall.

Pushing his morose thoughts aside, he watched as she opened it to reveal a black, silk lined robe. Immediately, her eyes landed on Harry, who smiled and gave her a wink. With a small smile of her own, McGonagall took off the robe she’d worn to breakfast and put on the new one while Connie and Professor Sprout gushed over it.

It had cost a good bit of gold, but Harry had ordered it from Madam Malkin’s, complete with several protective Charms. Fortunately, she’d had Professor McGonagall’s measurements on file, so it hadn’t taken long to make, though he did have to pay extra for the rush delivery.

“Please don’t tell me you fancy Professor McGonagall,” Alice said teasingly.

“Alice,” Mary whined, wrinkling her nose cutely.

“I owed her a new robe after I ruined one during our duel last night,” Harry explained.

“That was really nice of you,” Lily told him with a smile.

“So, what’s everyone doing for Christmas?” Dorcas asked.

“Probably just staying home with my family,” Lily answered.

“Same,” Alice said.

“My parents are taking us to France to go skiing for a week,” Marlene replied with a grin.

“What’s that?” Mary asked.

“It’s a Muggle sport where you put long sticks on your feet and ride them down snow covered hills,” Lily explained to her Pureblood friend.

Both Mary and Alice looked at her oddly, causing Harry to smile.

“I’ll see if I can find a picture to show you,” Lily said.

“Ok,” Mary said. “Anyways, I’ll probably spend time visiting family, nothing too exciting.”

“What about you, Harry?” Alice asked.

“I’m staying at the castle,” he answered with a shrug.

The girls fell into an awkward silence after his reply.

“I can ask my parents if you can stay with us,” Lily offered.

“I don’t want to be a bother,” Harry said, shaking his head.

“You’re not a bother,” Lily told him firmly. “I write them tonight. I’m sure they’d be fine with it.”

Harry could tell just by the look in her eyes that Lily had already made up her mind and, to be honest, he did quite like the idea.

“If you’re sure,” he said.

“Positive,” Lily said with a nod.

“Thanks,” Harry said.

The two of them shared a smile before Mary asked her a question about skiing. Harry sat back with a smile as he watched her, suddenly having a reason to look forward to Christmas this year.