

Summary: An ancient law founded long before the time of Merlin awakens after Harry strikes down Voldemort. Now the oaths of all the Death Eaters transfer to him. Bound to his service, the war criminals must now hand over their fealty, wealth, and even their wives and daughters to satisfy the ancient rite.

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A Step To The Left

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“You know when I first contacted the two of you for help, it was supposed to be for Harry’s public image, not his cock.” Daphne huffed.

Hestia giggled and slumped onto the couch next to the blonde. Flora handed her a glass of wine, her twin sipping idly on a flute of red pinot herself.

“You should have thought of that before bragging about how good he was in bed, love.”

Hestia laughed.

Daphne grimaced to herself. “I was drunk!”

“Oh yes, and so very willing to spill every juicy detail.” Hestia smirked. “Though truth be told you played *down* how good it was. He was-” The petite girl shivered at the memory.

“Exquisite.”

Daphne rolled her eyes and looked to Flora. “Your sister is a harlot, you know this yes?”

The mute girl smirked devilishly and nodded, prompting her sister to throw her a faux glare.

“Traitor. I seem to remember you slobbering all over his cock like an excitable pixie, or am I wrong?” Hestia said with a demure smile.

Flora shrugged and took a sip of her wine, more than willing to admit when her sister was right.

“Our lord’s bedroom skills aside, we do have the first phase of our plan ready. All we need now is for Harry to play his part.”

“His part?” Daphne said with a furrowed brow. “And what would that be?”

Hestia and Flora shared a look, a silent conversation passing between them before Hestia turned to her with a smirk.

“Simple, we need him to host a ball.” She said with an excited tone.

Daphne groaned and set her glass of wine aside. “He’s not going to like that.”

Hestia shrugged, leaning back against Flora’s chest comfortably. Under normal circumstances they would keep up the pretense of two cold, calculative Slytherins.

Their disposition of icy stoicism and identical deliberate movements was meant to unnerve people, set them on edge, throw them off their game. All in order to give them the upper hand.

Plus Hestia thought it was quite fun.

Not around Daphne though. They had found a close friend in the blonde when everyone else was intent to avoid them at Hogwarts. The twin’s own icy demeanor was outmatched by Daphne’s own, and the Greengrass heiress soon took them under her wing teaching them just how to keep your cards as close to your chest as possible.

Little moments like this, where her and Flora could unwind were rare, especially around others. But Daphne was an exception.

“He doesn’t have to like it, he just needs to do it.” Hestia scoffed. “Flora and I shall make all the necessary preparations. Harry just needs to show up and pretend the whole thing was his idea.”

Flora nodded behind her as she wound an arm around Hestia’s midsection. Daphne sighed from across the couch and set her wine flute aside.

“It won’t be easy, but I’ll do my best to... persuade him.”

“Flash your tits at him. That’d be more than enough to persuade me to do anything you wanted!”

“...Again Flora, your sister’s a whore.”

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“How did I let you talk me into this?” Harry growled as he adjusted his tie.

Daphne hummed and finished clasping an expensive emerald brooch around her neck.

“I’m very persuasive.” She said offhandedly. From her left Pansy snorted as the girl finished applying her eyeliner.

“I believe that’s code for ‘she sucked your cock’ my lord.” The brunette muttered.

Harry scowled and smacked the former Slytherin witch on the arse, causing her to jump with a squeak.

Daphne laughed lightly at the two before turning away from the large vanity they all stood before. She stepped from the bathroom and into her old bedroom. Greengrass Manor, while not as grand or as exquisite as many others in Britain, was still quite the monolith to behold.

The marble walls and polished ebony oak floors accentuated the expensive tastes of an ancestor long passed. The art lining the halls and ballroom showed off her extensive family history, one that would continue thanks to Harry dealing with the Notts.

Perhaps one day he would help her family line continue even further. After all, as the future Lady Greengrass, she would need an heir.

She shook those thoughts from her head, ignoring how...excited that idea made her.

Thankfully, a knock sounding at her door helped with that.

"Come in!" She called.

The door opened a crack, and Hestia's head popped in. "Guests are starting to arrive. You three almost ready?"

Daphne nodded, pointedly ignoring the small giggles coming from the bathroom along with the occasional small moan. "Almost. Are the representatives here?"

They had chosen to use the ball to further gain public attention by collecting charitable donations for many of the non-profit organizations that cared for those displaced by the war. Children, elderly, those infected by Greyback and his ilk, and even the small family owned businesses forced to close. It was a two-birds-one-stone situation. They gained a positive public reception while also aiding various good causes. Many of the old fools invited would donate in hopes of improving their image as well.

Hestia shook her head. "No but it shouldn't be very long now. I suppose Harry would like to speak to them first?" At Daphne's nod the girl replied with a smile. "Perfect, I'll make sure to have photographers nearby as well. Ta!"

With that the petite witch dashed off to finish preparing and no doubt harass more than a few guests.

Daphne turned, summoning her expanded handbag with nary a thought, and poked her head into the bathroom.

“C’mon we need to- Oh for Merlin’s sake!” She groaned.

Harry looked to her with a sheepish grin, while Pansy was far too busy biting back a moan as his cock pierced her cunt from behind, her hands gripping the side of the sink in a white knuckle grip from where she was bent over the vanity.

“I wasn’t even gone for- Oh forget it! Five minutes! Then the pair of you better be downstairs and looking presentable!” She said with exasperation. With that she left in a huff, muttering curses of foolish men under her breath.

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Harry watched Daphne leave with a twinge of guilt, though the feel of Pansy’s cunt gripping his cock far outweighed any remorse in his mind.

Pansy whimpered and pressed her bum against him pleadingly. Her dress was hiked up far above her waist, showing off every inch of her gloriously fat arse. Harry groaned, his cock sinking even deeper into her folds.

“We don’t have much time. Daphne will have our heads if we’re late.” He murmured in her ear, palming her voluptuous ass appreciatively.

“Then you better fuck me as hard as you can!” Pansy gasped.

Harry grunted in response. Gripping her hips, he pulled his hips back and slammed his cock into her dripping slit as hard as he could. There was no slow and steady build up, no soft foreplay. Only the desperate hunger to pound her like a rutting animal.

Pansy arched her back with a deep moan. She whispered soft curses under her breath as her pussy trembled around him. Despite their hurried pace, Harry couldn't help but stare at Pansy in the mirror.

Once she had been the pug-face bully that occasionally harassed him throughout the halls of Hogwarts. Now, she was a refined beauty, with pouty red lips, a smooth heart-shaped face, and smokey eyes that stared back at him sexily. Her mouth was agape with ecstasy, the lids of her eyes half-hooded in lust. He could see her round tits, trapped within the confines of her dress, bounce with every ravage thrust.

Sometimes it was hard to wrap his head around it. The fact that many of the women in his life now were ones he once saw as some of his greatest enemies years ago was mind-boggling to tell the truth. More the fact that they now served him in a magically binding oath. Narcissa, Pansy, Daphne, Astoria, Isabella, even Bellatrix fucking Lestranger for Merlin's sake! Luna was the only one who he was even friends with before out of all of them, and yet Narcissa (formerly) Malfoy was his unofficial, official, mistress.

Whatever deity's sick sense of humor this was, Harry really wanted to thank them.

Regardless if it was odd, he'd be lying if he said he *wasn't* incredibly fucking lucky. He wouldn't trade any of the girls for the world.

His sentimental thoughts were shattered as Pansy suddenly *clenched hard* around him. Her body stiffened and the brunette released a shuddering scream of pleasure. Harry groaned as her pussy quivered around him, her climaxing cunt doing all it could to milk him for his seed.

With a final slam of his hips forward, Harry drove his cock as deep as possible into Pansy's climaxing quim and released. His cock pulsed it time with the brunette's heavy twitches, erupting with jets of molten hot cum deep inside her cunt. Together, they let out twin sighs of contentment as their respective climaxes ebbed away.

"Was that you trying to persuade me as well?" He laughed a little breathlessly.

Pansy giggled and rocked her hips back and forth, forcing a groan of pleasure from his lips. "Maybe. Depends if that earned me another allowance increase."

"Perhaps. You can try to 'persuade' me some more after the ball if you really mean it."

"Deal!"

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The ballroom of Greengrass Manor was filled to the brim. From political leaders, to Quidditch Stars, to even goblins from Gringotts, everyone who was anyone was in attendance, eager to rub shoulders with each other.

Photographers milled around the edges of the room, snapping the occasional photo of various societal elites shaking hands and greeting one another.

When Harry finally stepped into the room, it was like thousands of tiny lumos spells all going off at once. The photographers went wild, snapping as many pictures of the Man-Who-Won as they could. No doubt Harry's slightly annoyed expression would be plastered all over every tabloid and newspaper in Magical Britain by this time tomorrow. He did his best to ignore the annoying buzzards. Instead he turned his attention to the rest of the crowd. Familiar and unfamiliar faces alike dotted the populace. Some friends and many who were anything but. Still, it wouldn't do to go about cursing many of the

fools in attendance. He doubted Hestia and Flora would appreciate that, especially after going through all the trouble of arranging such an event.

“Ah Lord Potter!” Hestia said, as if summoned by his thoughts alone. “Wonderful for you to join us. May I introduce Madame Moretti of the International Lycan Care Foundation!”

Harry smiled warmly at the bronze-skinned woman. She smiled back, her full red lips curving into a small delicate grin while her amber eyes ran up and down his body pointedly. As if he were a juicy piece of meat and she a hungry lioness.

“Charmed Lord Potter. Call me Valerie, please” The woman said, extending her hand. Her voice purred with a light Italian accent, almost sultry in its sound. It seemed to be the natural state of the woman. Much like Isabella, her form oozed sex, from her long legs, to her shapely hourglass figure, ending with a rather scandalous dip of her dress down the valley of her breasts.

He took her hand, recalling many of Narcissa’s etiquette lessons over the months, and brought it to his lips with a small kiss. “The pleasure is mine, Valerie. Your organization means a great deal to me. One of my closest friends suffered from Lycanthropy and I know he would be proud of the work you’re doing.”

The curvaceous Italian smiled with a mouth full of white teeth. He couldn’t help but notice the way she leaned forward slightly, giving him a rather unobstructed view of her bountiful cleavage.

“It is our hope to help all those who suffer from the curse. Our belief is that, while there may not yet be a cure, we can still do more to make the treatments for Lycanthropy widely available.” She spoke with an impassioned tone.



Harry nodded and gave the woman a thankful nod. "And you have my support while you do so."

"Thank you Lord Potter. I do so look forward to...working with you." She purred.

"Ahem" Hestia barged in between them, an icy smile on her face while her eyes bore into the Italian woman's own. "Thank you, Madame Moretti. Apologies, but Lord Potter has other guests to greet as well. Please enjoy the rest of the ball."

The brunette then turned and hooked him by the arm, pulling him away before the woman could get another word in edgewise.

"She was..."

"Practically throwing herself at you, yes." Hestia said with a roll of her eyes.

"That's one way to put it. Please don't tell me that'll be a common theme tonight?" He asked pleadingly. While the woman was certainly beautiful, it was still unnerving to be stared at in such a way. Complete strangers flirting with him was not his idea of a fun night.

"Hmm, no promises. You are after all the most eligible bachelor in Britain. Though I suppose bachelor is stretching the truth more than a bit." Hestia said with a small laugh, pointing at the small forest green choker around her neck.

Harry rolled his eyes with amusement and turned his attention to the next charitable representative.

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"This is going well, don't you agree?" Daphne turned to Flora with a raised brow.

Flora smiled and nodded, her eyes flicking around the crowd with a professional attentiveness. While Hestia was the 'face' of the duo, meaning she did all of the talking

and 'selling' of their clients, Flora was their background enforcer so to speak. The one who put out any fires that popped up on occasion. Tonight, she was on the prowl for anyone who'd dare try and cause a scene. Party crashers were rare but never unlikely. "I still think Narcissa should have come. Even if her attendance may have caused some...tension between the lighter families, she is still an expert with political gatherings such as this." Daphne commented idly.

Flora nodded, agreeing with the blonde's point.

Daphne hummed to herself. She couldn't begrudge Narcissa her decision to stay home. Tonight Harry needed to appear independent and having the former Malfoy matron hovering over his shoulder the entire night would only show the opposite. Especially considering there were those who still believed Narcissa to be a blood purist. The older woman had made the decision to play it safe, content to allow her and Pansy to take the lead while she stayed home and 'babysat the Italian bitch' as she put it.

Daphne nearly pitied Isabella. The woman's attitude had not improved by much in the last couple weeks and as such she still held Narcissa's intense ire. The buxom bronze-skinned woman deserved it though in Daphne's opinion. She was, after all, a major bitch.

Like she said, she *nearly* pitied the woman.

Suddenly Daphne felt a tap on her arm. Turning her head, she was greeted by Flora's abnormally serious face. The short brunette tilted her head forward, gesturing towards the center of the room.

Standing amongst the crowd was none other than Lord Archibald Selwyn. The grey-haired gentleman was standing poised with a champagne flute in one hand while

politely shaking the hand of another Wizengamot lord, one of the neutral faction members to be more precise.

“That could be a problem.” Daphne muttered. Beside her, Flora nodded with narrowed-set eyes.

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“... it's preposterous I tell you! Some upstart boy thinks he can swan about tearing down thousands of years of our beloved institution simply because he threw a few spells at some psychotic hooligan?!”

“Oh yes Lord Stefford, completely unreasonable. Should we all follow your example then and roll over to every ‘psychotic hooligan’, as you put it, that comes our way?”

Daphne said with a sickly sweet tone.

The older brown-haired man jumped slightly at her arrival. “Miss Greengrass I did not see you there! I-I was merely telling Lord Selwyn that Lord Potter’s new bill seems a little- er- too ambitious.”

“Yes I suppose it would be too ambitious for a man like you. After all, the only bill your family has ever presented in the last three generations was one that raised import tariffs on brass candle fixtures. Tell me Lord Stefford, what is it that your family business manufactures again?”

“I- Well I- Lord Selwyn?” The man stammered, his mustache twitching nervously as he glanced towards the older Lord.

“I do believe Miss Greengrass has a point Hubert.” Selwyn said with a raised brow.

“While Lord Potter’s bill certainly is ambitious as you say, I for one believe the

Wizengamot could do with a little more ambition. As a proud Slytherin alum, I find it to be a most redeeming quality don't you think Miss Greengrass?"

Daphne smiled politely at the name, the icy mask slipping into place effortlessly. "Why yes, Lord Selwyn. If a fraction of the Wizengamot had Lord Potter's ambition- Well, then perhaps 'hooligans' such as Tom Riddle would never rise to power." She hummed, pointedly looking towards the nervously shaking Lord Stefford.

Lord Selwyn's lips quirked ever-so-slightly upward at her remark. "Indeed. Perhaps we can discuss Lord Potter's ambitions a bit more in-depth some other time? Perhaps with Lord Potter himself over dinner?"

Daphne peered at the man, searching for any sort of ulterior motive under his mask of stoic geniality. Finding none, Daphne nodded and smiled. "I shall relay your invite to Lord Potter. Enjoy the ball Lord Selwyn. Lord Stefford." She dismissed with an icy glare towards the latter.

She turned to walk away, intent on finding Harry and warning him of Selwyn's presence. However, she took all of two steps before something impacted her shoulder.

"Omph! Do you mind?!" She hissed, glaring at the fool who just collided with her.

The man in question was a rather haggard-looking bloke, despite the fanciful dress robes hanging from his thin frame. His face sparked a flash of recognition in Daphne's mind, but for the life of her, she couldn't place his name, only that she'd seen him before.

"Apologies." He gruffed out, before turning and scrambling away.

Odd. Daphne shook the interaction from her mind, far too focused on finding Harry within the crowd to pay the fool any mind. Still, he did look familiar...

Before she could contemplate the gaunt figure further, a shock of raven-black hair caught her attention through the crowd.

Weaving around the dancing couples and chattering groups, Daphne made a beeline straight towards Harry. He was speaking stiffly to some lord or another. She wasn't sure who, or if they were even a lord at all. Regardless she wound her arm around Harry's tightly, effectively getting Harry's attention while simultaneously cutting the individual off mid-sentence.

"Apologies for the interruption, I'm afraid I must borrow Lord Potter for a moment." She said graciously, pulling Harry along by the arm without giving the man so much as a chance to say farewell.

"Daph' what are you-"

She shushed him, looking around quickly before pulling him out through the garden exit. There were few people outside. Most were still busy kissing each other's arse in the main ballroom and had yet to venture out to the large expanse of hedges and flower bushes that comprised her family estate.

Soon enough she found a suitable private corner through the hedges.

"Well this is familiar..." Harry muttered behind her, staring pointedly at the small bench near her mother's prized marble fountain.

"What?" She asked puzzled.

Harry shook his head. "Nothing. Ask your sister. What's this about? You told me I couldn't sneak off and yet now you're dragging me away yourself!"

"Oh hush." Daphne rolled her eyes. "I needed to speak to you privately. Selwyn is here."

Harry straightened up immediately. "Thought you said he wouldn't show?"

“Well, obviously I was wrong!” She huffed and crossed her arms. “I approached him. He seems to be playing nice. Though he was chatting up a representative from the neutral faction, no one of consequence, but Flora will keep an eye on him in case he speaks to anymore...influential members.”

“You think he’s trying to build an opposition against us?” Harry asked.

Daphne shook her head. “No, he’d be an idiot to do so openly at least. Besides, he has no choice but to vote for our bill thanks to the oath. No one would join him knowing that he’d be forced to vote for it regardless.” She sighed. “I think he’s more than likely gathering support in general. What for? Well, that’s anyone's guess.”

“Then we either hope Flora can catch something or we’re back at square one.” Harry pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration. “Hopefully that’s the worst that comes out of tonight.”

“There is another thing... Selwyn wants to have a conversation with you...over dinner.”

Daphne said slowly.

“Great so not only does he crash my party, he dares to ask me out on a date.” He sighed exaggeratedly. “This Lord stuff isn’t as fun as I thought.”

Daphne giggled and wrapped her arm with his. “Awe cheer up. At least tonight you get to go home with a certain sexy blonde wrapped around you.” She said with a smirk.

Harry laughed and opened his mouth to respond, yet the words died on his lips. Daphne watched in confusion as his eyes suddenly widened with panic before a deranged voice filled the air.

“DIE YOU FILTHY HALF-BLOOD! AVADA KEDAVRA!”

Daphne watched in horror as a bolt of green crackling energy came barreling towards them. The man from earlier, the thin haggard fool who'd bumped into her now stood with wide crazy eyes full of malice. His wand still sparked with the energy of the killing curse and his lips were curved into a wicked smile.

Harry moved instantly, pushing her away with all his strength. Daphne reached towards him, a scream of terror on her lips as the spell careened towards him. He wouldn't have enough time to dodge the spell. The deranged wizard was too close, he only had enough time to push her away.

Daphne watched in horror as the crackling green killing curse impacted Harry's chest and he dropped to the ground, unmoving.

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Author's Note

Cliffhanger anyone? :)

Thanks for reading!