

The heavy oak door creaked shut behind him as Harry entered his bedroom. He walked over and took a seat in the armchair in front of the bed where Hannah and Susan sat together, with Nym joining them as she leaned against the wall. Her arms were crossed as she gave him a nod.

Hannah and Susan had realized that the upcoming discussion was going to be much more serious than their frolicking from some time ago, and both waited with bated breaths to hear what Harry and Nym wanted to tell them.

Harry leaned forward slightly, clasping his hands together as he regarded Hannah and Susan one after the other. "I guess you already have an idea what we're going to discuss."

"Does it concern the plans you told us about? The Statute of Secrecy and how the country operates?" Susan asked, arching an eyebrow, and it earned her a nod from Harry.

"I guess you deserve to know where it all began," he started. "It's not something that came to me on a whim. I'd been thinking about it for a while now – what we've been taught about our world, how things work and the people we're supposed to trust. For a long time, I went along with it all, just like everyone else, because I didn't know any better. Now though..."

He trailed off, and Nym stepped in, her voice uncharacteristically serious. The metamorph's hair was the shade of darkest black, and coupled with her fair complexion and dark red lipstick, she looked oddly like a vampire.

"It's about the cracks in the system. Something that almost everyone ignores, either because they don't notice them at all, or because it's more comfortable to pretend they don't exist."

"You've told us about your misgivings about the Ministry and our society, Harry," Susan said softly. "The corruption, discrimination, indifference towards things that should matter... we agree that the system is designed to protect unworthy people who have found their way to the top and keep everyone else in line."

"Yeah, and you know we stand with you. You'll have our support," Hannah smiled softly.

"I know I do," Harry smiled. "But the worst part about it all is that it's not just the ministry or our institutions, but people who claim to protect us as well."

"He means the Order of the Phoenix."

"Dumbledore's group?" Susan asked in surprise. "Auntie has mentioned them here and there, especially after what happened in the Ministry a few months ago," she explained.

Harry nodded in understanding as Hannah spoke, "I thought they were the good guys."

"They mean well," Nym said, her tone careful. "But they're not perfect. They play it safe. Too safe. And they're too willing to make sacrifices in the name of the *greater good*."

Both the girls were taken aback by the sheer venom in the woman's voice in the end, and similar frowns emerged on their faces when they saw Harry reach out and take her hand, squeezing reassuringly.

His jaw clenched, Harry leaned forward. "We already know how corrupt the government and the Wizengamot is. They let people go off because of their family name or when they are paid off nicely. But what I want to mainly talk about right now is how the path I am suggesting is the only solution we have left."

"You want to discuss the Order," Hannah observed with a frown.

"And Dumbledore," Harry replied, sighing. It took them by surprise and they exchanged a glance. "He's not what he seems either. It would not be wrong to say that he is big part of the problem as well, with no intention to fix anything."

"What do you mean?" Susan asked, her brows furrowed as her eyes regarded Harry.

Harry's gaze darkened, and he leaned back in his chair, his fingers drumming lightly on the armrest as he considered how to articulate his thoughts. "Dumbledore has always been... complicated," he began slowly. "He's a symbol of hope to many, and I won't deny that he's done incredible things for our world. But his methods, his priorities – they don't align with what's actually best for us anymore."

"Dumbledore knows how to play the long game, how to see patterns and connections that others miss. But sometimes, that means he sees people as pieces on a chessboard for him to move around as he sees fit rather than individuals with lives and choices of their own."

Susan frowned at Nym's remarks and she exchanged a worried glance with Hannah who bit her lower lip gently, turning back to Harry. "Are you saying he is... manipulative? That he uses people?"

Instead of replying directly, Harry stared at Susan with a meaningful gaze. "Your aunt must have had a few choice words about him over the years."

Susan did not reply but the look that came over her face was enough of an answer.

"I thought so," Harry commented with slight amusement in his tone, which vanished quickly as his face returned to one of seriousness. He gazed at Hannah who had asked the question and said bluntly, "Yes." He met her gaze head-on and

continued, "He'll justify it as necessary, as being for the greater good. And maybe it is, sometimes. But the thing is, we're not just pawns. We're people, and the 'greater good' doesn't mean much if it destroys us along the way."

Nym shifted, her arms still crossed. "You have to understand, Dumbledore isn't evil. He's not Voldemort. But he's so focused on the bigger picture that he's forgotten about the individuals who make up that picture. People like Harry."

"And like members of his Order, both past and present," Harry added quietly, taking Nym's hand. The woman allowed him to pull her close and sat in his lap, leaning against him. "You must know about Nym's mum already. She was a member of his Order, and the caretaker of a few safehouses. Don't tell me he couldn't have done more to protect her. And how did the Death Eaters even infiltrate the safe house? We have no clue, but I refuse to believe that Dumbledore couldn't do anything. He could've definitely done more, but he was probably too busy playing the long game."

Susan's face was pale and she bit her lower lip gently, her sorrowful gaze trained on Nym who was trying her damndest to stay strong. "You think Dumbledore knew about the attack and didn't do anything to prevent it?"

Harry pursed his lips, wondering how much he should disclose here. He did not want to give everything away yet, and with a sigh, he settled on a simple, "Yes."

Susan's eyes widened, as did Hannah's. The blonde whispered, aghast, "So you're saying... what? That Dumbledore lets people die because it fits his plans, whatever they might be?"

Numerous thoughts rushed through Harry's mind and his expression hardened. His fingers pressed tightly into Nym's thigh as he answered firmly, "Yes. And it's not even just that. It's worse."

Harry launched into the story of the prophecy, of how Dumbledore had known from the start that Harry was destined to face Voldemort. He spoke of how he had been raised to believe he had no choice, no life beyond being a weapon in the war.

When Harry revealed the truth about Voldemort's Horcruxes, including the fact that one had been inside him, both girls gasped audibly, listening on in stunned silence as he revealed how Dumbledore had planned for him to die as part of his strategy.

Hannah's hand flew to her mouth, her eyes wide with horror. "He planned for you to... Harry, that's..."

"Unforgivable," Susan finished, her voice shaking. "He raised you to be a sacrificial lamb."

Harry nodded grimly. "Exactly. And I'm not going to let that happen. Not to me, and not to anyone else."

Hannah frowned deeply as she leaned forward, her hands gripping her knees. "So, what do we do about it? If even Dumbledore isn't trustworthy, who is?"

Harry gave a small, bitter laugh. "That's exactly the problem. The truth is, we can't rely on anyone else to fix this. The system's broken, and the people at the top – whether it's the Ministry, the Wizengamot, the pureblood families, or even the Order – are too entrenched in their own ways to change it. That's why we have to act. Why *I* have to act."

Nym shifted on Harry's lap, her hand resting lightly on his shoulder. "That's why we're here. That's why we're doing this. To break the cycle. To make sure no one else has to go through what Harry's been through."

The silence that followed was heavy, almost suffocating. Susan's eyes were glistening, but she blinked back the tears, her jaw set with determination. "You're right," she said quietly. "The system needs to change. But how? It's so big, so entrenched. How do you even begin?"

Harry's expression softened, and he gave her a faint smile. "We've discussed a bit of it already, but I'm going to tell you the rest now. As I said, we'll need rebirth. A complete transformation."

"And you have thought of something," Susan stated, earning a nod from him.

"This is the part that will probably sound... mad," Harry began, his voice quiet but firm. "But it's the only way forward. The only way to make sure the world we rebuild is one worth living in."

Susan tilted her head slightly, her sharp features set with determination. "You mean rebuilding the Ministry?"

Harry shook his head. "No. I mean tearing it all down and starting over. The Ministry, the Wizengamot, the entire structure that props up the old families and keeps everyone else struggling. It all has to go."

Hannah's mouth fell open, her hand gripping her thighs as she leaned forward. "Tear it all down? Harry, that's... I mean, how?"

"By replacing it with something better," Nym interjected, her voice steady. She turned to them on Harry's lap, her hand gripping his firmly. "We've all read about the magical kingdoms of old – the ones that ruled before the Ministry became what it is today. They were flawed too, sure, but they weren't built on corruption and fear."

Harry leaned forward, his green eyes blazing with conviction. "Imagine a kingdom, ruled not by politicians who care only about their power, but by people who understand the value of fairness and strength. A kingdom where not only every witch and wizard, but every magical being has a place. Where not just the ones with the right bloodlines matter. That's what I'm fighting for."

Susan's brow furrowed. "And you would be... the king?"

Harry nodded. "Not because I want power for myself, although I won't say the prospect does not excite my ambitious side. I want great things in my life, like any other person, and this responsibility appeals to me. It's also because someone has to lead. Someone has to make the hard choices, and I've been doing that my whole life anyway. I'd rather take the responsibility than let it fall into the wrong hands."

Hannah's voice was small and uncertain. "And you think people will follow you? After everything that is going on and will happen?"

"Many already are," Nym said firmly, crossing her arms. "You're not the only ones questioning the system. There are others who believe in Harry's vision – who know he's the only one willing to do what needs to be done."

Susan let out a slow breath, her gaze fixed on Harry. "It's... ambitious," she admitted. "But it's not wrong. You're right about the Ministry, and you're right about the old families. They've had too much control for too long."

Hannah nodded reluctantly. "I mean... it's just... a lot to take in. But I can see why it has to happen."

The foursome sat quietly for a long moment as Hannah and Susan pondered on everything that had been revealed to them. Meanwhile, Harry gazed at Nym who gave him a small nod of encouragement. He took a deep breath and nodded. This was the most personal – and potentially divisive – part of his proposal.

"There's one more thing," he said carefully. "To make this work, I'll need to form alliances with the old families. Not the ones loyal to Voldemort, but the ones who still have power and influence. And the best way to secure those alliances... is through marriage."

Both Susan and Hannah stared at him, their expressions a mix of surprise and confusion.

"Marriage?" Susan repeated, her tone incredulous.

"Not just marriage," Harry clarified. "Polyamory. It's an ancient custom in the Wizarding world, even if it hasn't been widely practiced in recent years. A lord with multiple family lines to preserve is expected to take a wife for each line, and sometimes mistresses as well."

Hannah flushed deeply, her eyes darting between Harry and Tonks. "And you're saying... you're going to do that?"

Harry nodded, his voice steady. "Yes. You must know Daphne Greengrass, I believe? She and I have grown close over the past year and we both love each other. She knows everything, and she is going to be my first wife. Even though her father is

no more, her family is one of the oldest and most respected in Britain, and she shares my vision for the future.”

Susan’s eyes narrowed slightly, her sharp mind working through the implications. “And us? Is that what your true game is here?”

Harry leaned forward, his expression earnest, and he decided to be brutally honest with her. “Susan, I respect you more than most. Even if we ignore the fact that you’re brave, intelligent, and strong, and your family name carries weight, even after everything that’s happened, the mere fact that you never stood against me even when majority of Hogwarts students, and almost the entirety of your house was deriding me means more than I can express. And you already know how much I desire you. Is it truly that surprising that I’d want you to be my wife?”

Susan’s breath hitched, but Harry didn’t give her a chance to respond yet. He turned to Hannah, his gaze just as steady. “And Hannah, your loyalty and kindness have always been your greatest strengths. You too have always supported me, and even argued in my favor against your housemates, which is not an easy thing to do. I know it might come off as offensive, but I’d like you to be my mistress, if you’re willing.”

The room fell into a heavy silence, broken only by the faint crackle of the fire. Susan’s expression was unreadable, her hands clenched tightly in her lap. Hannah looked overwhelmed, her cheeks flushed and her lips parted as though she was struggling to find the right words.

“I want you to be honest with us here, Harry,” Susan intoned softly. “Who are you involved with, and what are they to you?”

Seeing no reason to hide anything, Harry told them about all the women he was involved with and what their relationship was or would be in the future. They were shocked to discover that Harry had claimed Evelyn Greengrass—the matriarch of House Greengrass as his mistress, and how Nym had also acquainted herself with all three Greengrass women and Tracey Davis.

“I also hope to turn Pansy Parkinson to our side,” Harry revealed, taking them by surprise once again.

“Parkinson!? That bitch!?” Hannah exclaimed.

“She can be reined in, and even though my main motivation behind going after her is to say a massive ‘Fuck You’ to Malfoy, it would send a highly positive signal if the heiress of a Death Eater family was on my side.”

There was logic in that argument, and they acquiesced to the same. Finally, Susan spoke, her voice direct and firm. “So you have your sights set on me and Hannah, and my... aunt as well?” She finished with a faint dusting of red on her cheeks.

"I think it's you who's got your eyes on your aunt, Little Bones," Nym said teasingly, making both Hannah and Harry chuckle. The latter gave the redhead a soft smile.

"Because I know you all will understand what I'm trying to do, and you'll stand by me. Because deep down, you all want to live your lives to the fullest and also ensure the welfare of our society," he said simply. "It's about building a foundation for the future. And I can't do that without people I trust."

"You plan to entrust your heirs with this country," Susan whispered in realization.

"One big family to rule it all," Harry nodded. "I know I won't live forever, and as much as I want to both do good by the people and fulfil my ambitions, I want to enjoy my life as well. Tell me if there are other better ways to go about it."

"I'm not gonna tell you that for sure," Hannah responded with a rueful chuckle. "I'd already prepared to share you, Harry. I'm surprised with just how many more women I'll have to share you with though, but I believe I can manage. And considering how they're all getting along so well," she gazed at Nym with a meaningful glint in her eyes that the metamorph reciprocated in kind, "I'm sure we all would be happy together."

"Believe me, it's not as strange as it's become these days. Polyamory has been a part of our world for centuries. It's just not common anymore. Our relationships are based on trust and communication. No one would be forced to do anything they're not comfortable with."

"You've ensured proper distinction between the wives and the mistresses though?" Susan asked pointedly, a different side of her taking over. This was analytical, finding out any holes he had missed in this grand plan of his. Harry smirked as he gazed at her.

"There will be," he nodded. "I know what complications might arise, Susan. Adequate measures will be taken. Don't worry about that. I know it all sounds a bit transactional, but I care about all of you. Deeply. This isn't just about politics and strategy. It's also about building something real with people I care about. People I want by my side. We might not come to love each other instantly, but I have full faith that with time, we would all be a closely knit family full of love and responsibilities."

A long stretch of silence ensued as Hannah and Susan sat silently, mulling over the revelations, and there were too many to consider.

"It's... a lot," Susan began softly before a smile curved on her lips. "But I believe in you, Harry. And I believe in what you're trying to do."

Hannah nodded, a grin playing on her face. "Me too. I don't truly know if I'm ready for the massive coven that you are forming around yourself, but hey, I've

always been the one to dive in headfirst and think of solutions later. Pretty sure I'll be fine."

Nym grinned as she climbed off Harry's lap. She stepped forward, wrapping an arm around each of them, bringing them in a firm embrace. "We'll work on that reckless initiative of yours," she said, gazing at Hannah who grinned back. "Welcome to the revolution, ladies, and let me assure you, it's going to be one hell of a ride."

"Of more than one kind, I hope," Susan remarked suggestively, making them all chuckle. She mimicked Hannah as she wrapped her arms around Nym, and the three women held each other in an embrace.

Meanwhile, Harry sat in the armchair, his back straight as he leaned back and regarded them. He watched Nym's hair slowly morph from dark black to crimson and a smirk emerged on his face when he saw her hands wandering behind the two girls.

He merely watched the scene unfolding in front of him. Nym, now fully transformed into Amelia's form once again, stood between Hannah and Susan as she groped their delicious behinds.

"I believe you two could do with a bit more practice for when the time truly comes," *Amelia* whispered as she pulled back, and their eyes widened when they saw the form she had taken. Turning to Susan, *Amelia* smirked. "Especially you, Sue."

Her fingers trailed lightly down Susan's arm, sending shivers through the young witch. Susan's breath hitched, her eyes clouding with lust in an instant. She heard Harry chuckle, and her eyes shifted to him, who remained seated in the armchair, his expression amused. Meanwhile, *Amelia's* other hand was already working its magic on Hannah, whose cheeks flushed crimson as those talented fingers found their way beneath her blouse, caressing her flat belly and slowly inching upwards.

"Sue," *Amelia's* voice was smooth as honey, dripping with both immense seduction and the care of a guardian. "Why don't you let me take care of you properly? As I should've been doing?"

Susan bit her lip, as the thrill of the forbidden desire coursed through her. She knew it was not her aunt, but how was she truly meant to separate what she could see and hear from what she knew?

Her touch was too mesmerizing to resist, and all she could do was nod, her body trembling with excitement. Not too long ago, she had eaten this woman out, and now, there would be more.

*Amelia's* lips curved into a devious smile as she pulled Susan closer, her hands deftly unbuttoning the younger witch's blouse.

Hannah, meanwhile, found herself eager to explore this hot piece of ass. It might not be Amelia Bones herself, but she sure looked and felt like it. She leaned forward

and her lips found her neck, nibbling and kissing along the sensitive skin. Her fingers fumbled with the hem of her shirt, eager to explore further, and as *Amelia's* head lolled back under her ministrations, she managed to pull the shirt out of the skirt, deftly unbuttoning it and pulling it off her sexy frame.

"Fuck, you're so hot," Hannah whispered as she kissed *Amelia*, who let out a soft moan as she undressed Susan.

Meanwhile, Harry watched, mesmerized by the erotic display of three alluring witches caressing and playing with each other. His cock twitched in his trousers, hardening with each passing moment. He could hear Maria's excited whispers in his mind, and he could not tear his eyes off the sight. The taboo nature of the situation, even if not in reality, only heightened his arousal.

Susan was standing there, clad in only her red lace bra and knickers. In no time, *Amelia's* hand had slipped beneath the bra, cupping her breast with perfect ease. The younger redhead gasped, her nipples hardening instantly under her faux aunt's touch. *Amelia's* thumb brushed teasingly over the puckered nub, drawing another breathless moan from Susan's lips.

"Such soft, perfect tits," *Amelia* murmured, her voice low and intimate. "I could spend hours just playing with them."

Susan whimpered, torn between her arousal and the sheer taboo nature of what they were doing. Her knees buckled slightly as her faux aunt continued her ministrations, her body surrendering eagerly as it responded to her advances.

Hannah, growing bolder, slipped her fingers under *Amelia's* skirt, pushing her panties to the side. Her fingers found the slick warmth within, and the redhead arched her back, pressing herself more firmly against Hannah's exploring digits. The sensation was intoxicating, intensifying her arousal.

"Don't you stop," she panted, her voice slightly strained with pleasure. "That feels good."

Hannah grinned as she complied, her fingers moving faster, delving deep into *Amelia's* folds. She could feel the older woman shuddering beneath her touch, her muscles clenching rhythmically around her fingers. *Amelia's* breaths came out in short, sharp gasps, her body tensing as she approached the edge.

Harry took that as his cue to join in. He stood up and walked over, assuming his position behind Hannah. He tugged at her blouse, pulling it open to reveal a black lacy bra underneath. He threw it to the floor and unsnapped the bra instantly, pulling it off her busty frame. Hannah grinned filthily over her shoulder at him, pushing her arse back to rub herself against his groin.

His fingers wasted no time in finding their target, and Hannah moaned when he began tweaking her hardened nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. This

intensified the movements of her hand buried beneath *Amelia's* skirt, and the redhead groaned, her head falling forward against Susan's neck as she continued to play with the younger redhead's tits.

Hannah withdrew her fingers from *Amelia's* slick folds, bringing them over to her mouth. She reached out with her tongue to taste her wet juices before she pushed it back. Harry eagerly latched on to her digits, his tongue rolling around the slick fingers as Hannah smirked lewdly.

Hannah's hands were quickly replaced, however, as Susan reached down and pushed three of her fingers inside her faux aunt in one go. The older redhead moaned out loud against Susan's neck, her hips buckling uncontrollably against her hand and her body writhing with the effort of holding back her orgasm.

However, all the hopes were futile as with a final, desperate cry, *Amelia's* climax overtook her, her body convulsing as waves of pleasure washed over her.

Susan watched on in awe, her eyes trained on the face of her aunt, contorted in sheer ecstasy, and it sent her own arousal to a fever pitch. She needed more, and she needed it now. Without thinking, she grabbed *Amelia* and pushed her down on the bed, positioning herself between the older woman's legs.

*Amelia's* eyes fluttered open as she was slammed on the soft bed, and a lazy, satisfied smile spread across her face as she spread her thighs wide, offering herself up to Susan.

"Go on, my dear niece. Eat your aunt's orgasmic pussy."

Although Harry played with Hannah, tweaking her nipples with one hand while the other thrust in and out of her gushing quim, his eyes remained fixated on the faux pair of aunt and niece on the bed. Susan was bent over at the edge, her plump arse hiked high in the air, and the massive wet patch on her thong had turned the fabric almost transparent. He enjoyed the sight as he pleased Hannah, watching Susan lower her face, her tongue darting out to taste her faux aunt's slick folds.

*Amelia* let out a guttural moan, her hands tangling in Susan's hair as the younger witch began to devour her with reckless abandon.

Hannah, wanting more of this arousal, began to hump herself against Harry, and while one hand kept a firm hold on his that remained pushed inside her pussy, the other reached behind her and made quick work of his trousers. She let them fall on the floor and Harry stepped out, allowing Hannah to wrap her hand around his throbbing prick. While Harry shoved his fingers in and out of her, Hannah began to hump her bare arse against his cock, trapping him between her plump arse cheeks, and started to jerk him off.

"Oh fuck yes," Harry groaned, planting his lips against Hannah's neck, and the blonde eagerly tilted her head to the side, allowing him as much access as he wanted.

The foursome, divided into pairs of two, moved in perfect harmony, their bodies entangled in a dance of pure carnal lust. On the bed, *Amelia's* moans grew louder and more desperate as Susan kept eating her out, all the while imagining it was her aunt she was pleasuring – giving her everything she had missed out on for so many years – and she relished in the cries that kept intensifying. She knew the woman was teetering on the brink once more, and all it did was embolden her. Her tongue worked tirelessly, tracing every contour of her faux aunt's inner walls, while Harry's fingers relentlessly pounded into Hannah on the other side.

Harry knew he was ready. Hannah was pumping his cock eagerly, wrapping her palm all over his length. She was gathering all the precum he could give her and slathering his length with his slick release, and all the while, he kept thrusting his fingers in and out of her. All the while, he kept his eyes on Susan's sexy arse that was thrust high, and *Amelia's* spread legs where the younger redhead had pushed her head in.

"Please, Harry..." Hannah's voice broke him out of his reverie, hoarse and pleading, and he felt her align him against her entrance. She rubbed the head of his prick against her wet opening, and as Harry withdrew his fingers from her gushing quim, she pulled them up to her mouth and sucked them off wildly.

Her eyes were full of lust and arousal as she gazed at him over her shoulder, his cock slick with her juices and poised at her entrance.

"Fuck me, Harry."

The raw need and desire in her voice sent him over the edge, and Harry pulled his fingers away from her face. Hannah's eyes widened, not in shock, but in arousal, when Harry grabbed her by the throat and slammed his lips against hers in a searing kiss, his lips crushing hers with a force that sent her reeling. His other hand roamed freely over her body, groping her large tits and exploring every inch of her ivory frame as if claiming her for his own.

He manhandled her, taking her ahead with him until they reached the bed, and he roughly turned her around, planting her arse on the bed. Breathless, Hannah gazed up at him, a wild grin on her face.

"Spread your legs," he commanded, his voice raw with desire, and Hannah agreed eagerly. She watched, utterly enraptured, as Harry leaned forward, aligning himself against her wet opening, and she waited with bated breath.

To his left and Hannah's right, Susan had increased the pressure and intensity of her licking, and she suddenly used her teeth to bite gently at her faux aunt's clit.

The effect was instantaneous.

With a final, earth-shattering scream, *Amelia* shattered into a million pieces, her body spasming wildly as a massive orgasm ripped through her.

The scream triggered something raw and primal within Harry, and with his hand wrapped around Hannah's throat, he slammed forward, and with one firm push, he buried himself to the hilt inside her.

To be continued...