

As Nym lay on the table in a heap, she watched Harry and Daphne make out heatedly. Her eyes fell on Daphne's hand that was wrapped around his cock, stroking him to full mast in no time, and she could only let out a weak chuckle. That ritual was one hell of a power-up.

Her mind, however, was occupied with only one thought, and that was to knock some sense into her stubborn aunt.

Everyone had seen how much Narcissa desired Harry, and yet she chose to stay away from him, all for the sake of some sort of superiority complex. They all knew what it was - she wanted Harry to bend to her, and not the other way around. Alas, with so many options around him, Harry held all the cards in his hands. He was not the desperate or the sex-starved idiot in this scenario. She was.

Nym could not lie and say that she wanted this for Narcissa. It was her lust that she wanted quenched. Her lust, and her desire to dominate that hot piece of arse.

It was going to be challenging to crack the hard nut that was Narcissa, however, and for now, Nym devoted herself to watching Harry and Daphne wrapped together in an embrace as the blonde kept stroking him.

"Merlin, you're so bad!" Daphne gasped as Harry's lips found her throat, sucking harshly.

"As if you're any better," Harry grinned, cupping Daphne's bare arse and lifting her in his arms. Her legs automatically wrapped around his waist and she began grinding herself against him. "I bet you're thinking about the same right now. After all, you and Eve look almost the same."

"Oh fuck!" Daphne cried out as she impaled herself on his massive cock just as Harry deposited them on the couch. Leaning back, he held Daphne by her arse, his fingers sinking into her cheeks as he guided her on his cock, drilling furiously inside her.

Her mouth dove onto his and they both moaned in sheer lust as they fucked, his cock drilling mercilessly inside her as he bounced Daphne on his lap. The other three watched on with mounting lust while Nym still lay on the table with a lecherous grin on her face.

"Yeah, pound that bitch!" She cried out hoarsely, and it was as if the shout intensified their lust manifold.

Daphne planted her hands on Harry's shoulders as she pulled back from the kiss and began to bounce up and down on Harry's cock. Her breasts jiggled and trembled, slapping against each other as she bounced, and Harry held her by her arse, squeezing and fondling to his heart's content.

"I don't know when my turn will come," Tracey groaned, and the other two girls nodded silently.

"Very soon," Harry grunted as he gazed at them over Daphne's sweaty shoulder. "Just you wait."

As they grinned, Daphne slammed her lips back against his, pulling him in a needy kiss. Harry could feel her desperation, her desires, and her urgency in the kiss, and it clued him into the fact that her orgasm was imminent.

With one swift motion, Harry turned them over, pinning Daphne against the couch as he hovered over her. Pushing her arms over her head, he planted his lips right on her throat as he began to drill mercilessly inside her.

"Oh fuck!" Daphne cried out in sheer pleasure as she was fucked furiously. She felt him reaching deep within her as he kept her in place, taking her as he meant it. Her hands slid up his shoulders and grabbed him firmly in place, keeping him against her as she began to push back against him, fucking herself as much as he was fucking her.

Daphne's nails dug into Harry's shoulders as he kept ramming into her hard and fast. His thrusts were brutal, each one driving her closer to the edge. Her moans were insistent, desperate cries that echoed off the walls, blending with the sound of skin slapping against skin.

"Harry, please!" Daphne gasped, her voice breaking as she tried to articulate the torrent of sensations flooding through her. "I can't hold on much longer!"

Harry's eyes locked onto hers, dark and intense with lust, and Daphne saw in them nothing but more of this wild, unrelenting passion. He pulled back slightly, his hands gripping her thighs, lifting them higher so he could drive deeper inside her. The angle shifted, sending a new wave of pleasure crashing over her.

"Merlin! Harry! Fuck me!" She cried out.

On the other side, everyone else was eagerly masturbating to the hot sight of Harry fucking Daphne, their arousals intensifying the more they watched. They all yearned for the same, and they could hardly wait for Harry to be done with her so that he could come over and take them, one by one.

"Let go," Harry growled as he gazed deep into Daphne's sapphire orbs, his voice rough with desire. "Just let go, Daph."

She whimpered, her body trembling as she fought the climax building within her. She wanted to resist, to draw out the ecstasy for just a few more moments, but it was useless. His relentless pounding pushed her over the brink.

"Fuck me harder!" she screamed, her voice echoing through the room. "Harry, harder!"

He didn't disappoint. With a roar of his own, Harry gripped her hips tighter, his thrusts becoming almost savage. Each plunge sent shockwaves through her body, making her arch and shudder uncontrollably. Her vision blurred, stars exploding behind her eyes as she finally surrendered to the overwhelming bliss.

"Oh fuck, I'm coming!" Daphne cried out, her body convulsing around his cock.
"Harry, I'm coming!"

Her orgasm hit like a freight train, her pussy clamping down on him, milking every ounce of sensation from his throbbing member. Harry felt the delicious pressure building within him, rising steadily until he couldn't contain it any longer. With one final, powerful thrust, he spilled himself deep inside her, filling her with his hot seed.

For a moment, they lay there, breathless and entwined, their bodies still twitching with residual pleasure. Harry slowly lowered Daphne's legs, his hands gently caressing her thighs as they both caught their breath.

"That was... incredible," Daphne murmured, still dazed from the intensity of their coupling.

Harry smiled down at her, his hand moving to cup her face. "You were amazing, Daphne. Absolutely amazing."

She returned his smile, reaching up to run her fingers through his tousled hair. "I love you so much!"

Smiling down at her tenderly, Harry kissed her. Their lips moved together in perfect harmony as they teased each other with their tongues, caressing each other lovingly.

"I love you too, Daph," he whispered, resting his forehead against hers. Slowly, he leaned in closer, his lips brushing her ear. "But I love you all equally, and right now, I can feel three very demanding eyes boring into my back."

Daphne let out a tinkling laugh as she threw her head back, her grip on his shoulders firm. Gazing at him adoringly, she patted his cheek and nodded.

"Go on, you shouldn't keep them waiting."

Chuckling, Harry nodded. "Yes, Ma'am," he grinned and slowly pulled out of her.

Daphne groaned in disappointment as she felt him slide out of her and from her position on the couch, she kept her eyes on the proceedings, just like Nym. She was not surprised in the slightest when it was her sister who attacked Harry first, and all she could do was smile as she watched Tori throw herself at Harry and start to snog the living daylights out of him.

He was one lucky man, but they all were not any less lucky either, and as she gazed at a thoroughly satisfied Nym, she knew the other woman was feeling the same.

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The village of Willow's End was a quaint little hamlet tucked away in the northern outskirts of Inverness. Being so isolated from the usually frequented

wizarding settlements, the village saw little footfall. However, the summer months brought much relief, and with it came the crowds who wanted to enjoy the sights the northern part of the isles had to offer.

Septima Vector, the Professor of Arithmancy at Hogwarts, appeared in the village square under the soft shade of the Scottish Pine tree where the apparition point was. Like the rest of the villagers, she was garbed in a coat with a witches' hat over her head, and a pair of gloves to keep her warm. Her soft, brown eyes darted around, looking for her companions of the day, and she frowned when she saw at least a dozen aurors spread around the square.

She wondered what that was about but did not dwell on it for too long, and started looking around until she spotted them sitting at a little table in a quiet corner café, one with her teacup raised to her lips while the other munched on a slice of pie. With a small smile, she began moving, smiling when her companions noticed her approach.

"Septima, over here!" Aurora Sinistra, the Professor of Astronomy at Hogwarts, called out, waving her friend over. Her companion, Bathsheda Babbling, glanced around and pulled her hand down.

"Stop making a ruckus everywhere, you dolt!" The Professor of Ancient Runes hissed.

"I can see you just fine. No need to be so hyperactive all the time," Septima chuckled as she settled into a chair across from her, taking her hat off and placing it on the table.

"Only when I'm not surrounded by all the idiots in Hogwarts. You won't find me acting like this over there," Aurora corrected. "I really feel like we got into this teaching business too early."

"As you've expressed so many times already," Bathsheda commented, amused.

"Yeah, well, it's not like I can do anything other than complain about it now," Aurora sighed. "Thank Merlin this place exists. No one who knows us and no one to bother us. A perfect little getaway for mid-twenty single ladies like us."

That was something both Bathsheda and Septima could agree with. All three of them were Italian in origin, and they had been blessed with a tanned skin tone that earned them too much undesired attention from the opposite sex. Over time, going out in or around London or any other big wizarding settlement for that matter had become rather irritable. Here, they could spend as much time as they wanted with peace and relaxation in the arms of nature while they enjoyed some fresh tea and pies.

"Beatrice got married last month," Bathsheda remarked casually, picking up the cup of tea that magically appeared in front of her. "I went, but didn't spend much time. Too many intrusive questions."

And that was another irritable aspect of their single lives. In the second half of their twenties now, their relatives had started to become nosy about their personal lives, especially considering they'd never had a man to introduce them to. It was not a matter of scarcity, for they garnered more male attention than they desired, but none of the men seemed right. There had been a few dates over the years, but none seemed to lead to anything substantial. It had led them to bond with each other even more to the point where they shared everything with each other, keeping no secrets between them.

"Ah, the good ol' tale of nosy aunties," Aurora chuckled derisively as Septima nodded sagely, stealing a slice of pie off Bathsheda's plate. The woman merely eyed her warningly before shaking her head with a small smile.

"That's why this place is so good for us. No one to judge, no one to bother us. A perfect place to lose yourself for a few hours," she remarked.

"How was Ireland?" Septima asked casually.

"Bit colder, I guess," Aurora shrugged. "The skies were clear though, just like I wanted. Got a few nice diagrams sorted out. It helped that Mars was so bright. Made the findings easier."

Septima nodded, and a brief silence settled over the trio as they ate and sipped their tea, gazing around at the peaceful little village. People went about their day as usual, and a few old women were sitting around, talking.

Suddenly, the mention of a familiar name attracted their attention and they exchanged a curious look with each other, straining to listen to what the woman sitting at the table to their right was telling her companions in her rough Scottish accent.

"Aye! Morgana, I'd been readin' those nasty wee articles that Skeeter woman wrote last year about the lad, but I never thought she'd be speakin' true! Tae think he'd turn out like that..."

"Wheesht now, ya doaty old hen," one of her companions chided in a scratchy voice. "Harry Potter's a proper hero tae all of us, and that's the truth of it. I dinnae care what that glorified fish wrapper's been printin' about him, he saved us all from You-Know-Who and that's all I need tae ken."

"Ach, seems like every laddie wi' his name in the papers turns intae a right skirt-chaser these days," she clicked her tongue disapprovingly, adjusting her woolen shawl. "Fame goes straight tae their heids like cheap whisky, mark my words."

Brows furrowed, the three stared at the magazine on the other table, recognizing it as the Witch Weekly, and quickly tuned the old bickering women out.

"What do you think that was about?" Septima asked curiously.

"Something about Harry Potter being a skirt-chaser, is all I heard. Guess they published something about him in the Witch Weekly," Aurora shrugged. "Funny, he's never been among the boys to ogle me during our lessons."

"Can't recall it myself either," Septima mused, with Bathsheda nodding in agreement. As the three youngest professors, and female at that, they had been subjected to quite lecherous stares from boys since they'd joined the teaching staff, but only a handful of them had always remained polite and respectful, with Harry Potter being one of them.

The mention of Harry Potter brought something to all their minds though, and silence fell over the table once again, with each woman wondering who would bring the topic up.

"So," Septima murmured, looking into her tea. "These stories that have been coming out throughout the summer... about what truly happened during the final task... and what Potter said... what do you think about them?"

"I trust none of us believe that nothing happened in that maze," Aurora muttered. "The Ministry can say what it wants, but I don't buy it."

"We all are old enough to remember what it was like last time," Bathsheda said quietly. "Tell me you don't feel a similar sense of dread in the air."

"It's not something I ever wanted to feel again," Septima nodded, whispering. "And Potter's condition when he returned... what happened to Diggory... we still have no answers. He saw things. I can tell you that much."

A tense silence settled in, interrupted only by the chattering around them.

"I know Potter's not taken our classes, but I've interacted with him enough over the years to know that he's not someone to make up tales like this," Septima continued. "The way he's been treated ever since he came to Hogwarts... it's wrong. Everything in my bones tells me he's telling the truth. It would be madness to ignore it."

Bathsheda exhaled, glancing around cautiously before she replied, "If it's true... if he's really back... well, I don't know what hope we have. I mean, the Ministry's trying to brush it all under the rug, pretending nothing's changed. If that was not enough, they even had that rag target Potter and Dumbledore for fearmongering."

"It's been a while since another of those articles has come out though, Beth," Aurora muttered.

"And I don't think the Ministry's really trying to brush it all under the rug and doing nothing," Septima said meaningfully. "Tell me, when did you last see so many aurors in this village? And now that I think about it, I've been seeing more aurors around now than until a few weeks before."

"What are you saying? That Fudge has a brain now and he's moving things behind the scenes?" Aurora chuckled mockingly.

"No, but remember what also happened recently? With Sirius Black?"

"How can anyone forget? It's been the talk of the country even now," Bathsheda remarked. "I can't believe the man was innocent all along."

"You don't say," Septima nodded. "But I believe something's going on behind the scenes, and at least the DMLE is acting in some way."

"That would make sense considering it's Amelia Bones' department," Aurora conceded with a nod. "Still, things are nowhere near the favorable territory."

"Yeah," Septima nodded. "So it's really true huh? He's truly back?"

The three women exchanged heavy glances, as if it had truly started to dawn on them now.

"You know..." Septima's voice dropped even further. "Potter had some very strong points in that interview of his. You heard it by the way, right?"

Both Aurora and Bathsheda nodded quietly.

"Can you really blame him for feeling that way after what he's faced at Hogwarts since he came there?" The former asked softly. "Even one of those events would've been enough for a normal person to run away."

"I don't think any of us truly understood the magnitude of what he'd been going through all these years until it was too late," Bathsheda murmured. "He has all the reasons to believe that the castle is not as secure as everyone makes it out to be."

"And if Dumbledore can't ensure protection of his students..." Aurora trailed off.

Septima lowered her gaze. "I think Dumbledore has done the best he can, but maybe that's the problem. Everyone expects him to be infallible, but he's only human, as Potter pointed out. It's a lot to put on one man."

"Exactly," Bathsheda agreed, her eyes distant. "The whole wizarding world is so quick to idolize him, but sometimes I wonder if Dumbledore himself is spread too thin. There's too much going on for him to manage it all—especially with... him back."

"I've heard Finland has very clear skies. I think a sabbatical from teaching would do me a world of good," Aurora muttered.

The other two women stared at her in surprise before Bathsheda let out a small, slightly hysterical laugh. "That's... well, that's actually rather funny. A few days since that interview, I've been corresponding with the Salem Witches' Institute about a possible teaching position. I mean, let's be honest here. Hogwarts professors are in demand all over the world."

Septima's eyes widened. "You're both thinking of leaving!?"

"You're not?" Both Aurora and Bathsheda asked as one.

Septima shut up abruptly, her eyes darting from one to the other, before she let out a resigned sigh. "Fine. I..." She hesitated somewhat. "I've been in talks with the Arithmantic Society of Cairo myself."

A moment of silence fell over them yet again before Septima broke it with a bitter chuckle. "Look at us. Three of Hogwarts' professors, all secretly planning escape routes."

"Can any of us be blamed here?" Bathsheda asked, placing her cup of tea on the table. "We're academics, not fighters. I can create the most complex runic arrays for protection, but in a direct confrontation? Against Death Eaters?"

"My study of stars can predict many things," Aurora added softly. "But they can't shield me from a Killing Curse."

"And my Arithmantic equations won't keep me safe from a group of attacking Death Eaters either," Septima concluded in a strained tone. "Let's face it. We might know the spells, but we have neither the power nor the refined skills required to cast them in a battle situation."

"It makes Potter's decision even more reasonable, doesn't it?" Aurora asked softly. "He's been at the center of it all for years now, facing things no one should have to face, let alone a teenager."

"He's right about Dumbledore too, as much as it feels wrong to admit. We've all been guilty of placing too much faith in his ability to protect the school," Septima muttered.

"What happened in the tournament was the final straw, I believe," Bathsheda said. "Someone died, for Merlin's sake. And then whatever happened in there, happened."

"Don't forget those students who disappeared as well," Aurora reminded.

"It's telling that none of us can really argue against his decision," Septima observed. "We're sitting here, contemplating leaving ourselves, and we're the adults here. He's not even twenty and has already had more dark wizard confrontations than any of us have ever dreamt of."

"Which brings us to our own plans," Bathsheda said softly, staring at them meaningfully. "Are we really thinking of doing this? Running away?"

"I think," Septima said quietly. "I think that we need to be practical. We can't fight like Filius or Minerva. Our specialties lay elsewhere, and there's no shame in acknowledging that."

"Yeah, you're—"

Aurora was cut off when suddenly, a spine-chilling howl echoed from the trees at the edge of Willow's End. The sound was low, guttural, and distinctly unnatural—a signal, and a menacing one at that. Heads turned all around the village square as villagers froze, their faces stricken with confusion and fear.

"Tell me that wasn't what I think that is," Aurora whispered, her hands gripping the edge of the table as she gazed, wide-eyed, at her equally shocked friends.

Another snarl came, a monstrous growl followed by the chilling laughter of a guttural voice. "Well, well, isn't this a quaint little place," Fenrir Greyback sneered, stepping into view at the far end of the square. His bloodshot eyes gleamed with malice as he was flanked by a small group of werewolves, ragged and wild, their clothing torn and stained. At Greyback's side, his newest plaything, none other than Lucius Malfoy, stood with a sullen, defeated expression. His once-pristine robes were shredded, his head shaved with patches of blonde hair sticking out erratically, and his face bore the brutal marks of submission. His eyes were downcast, and his demeanor was unfathomably servile.

"Remember what I said, Malfoy," Greyback growled, snapping his fingers toward a cluster of frightened villagers. "Run along now. Give them a nice scare before I get bored."

Lucius's jaw clenched, humiliation flashing in his eyes, but he obeyed. With a look of disdain, he charged toward the villagers, wand in hand, casting menacing hexes that sent the people scattering and screaming. Other werewolves fanned out behind him, eagerly wreaking havoc, tearing through market stalls and upending tables, their claws flashing as they snarled and lunged.

"Bloody hell," Aurora murmured, her face draining of color as she instinctively pulled out her wand. "That's Greyback."

Septima and Bathsheda exchanged grim looks, their own hands going to their wands. Fear was written all over their faces but their resolve stood strong.

"We can't just stand by," Aurora whispered as the aurors engaged the werewolves. "Not with those villagers out there. We've got to help."

"You're right," Bathsheda nodded resolutely. Septima followed suit, tightening her hold on her wand.

The three witches stood, their wands raised as they moved toward the fray, weaving through the panicked crowd to join the small cluster of Aurors who were already holding the line against Greyback's pack. Spells erupted all around them in a blur of color and light—stunners, hexes, and curses as the Aurors tried to push the werewolves back.

Septima aimed her wand and fired a powerful stunner at a large, ragged werewolf tearing through a market stall. The beast reeled back, momentarily stunned, but then shook off the spell with a snarl, glaring at her with gleaming

yellow eyes. She bit her lip and steeled herself, unleashing a flurry of spells to keep it at bay.

Aurora was locked in combat with a gangly werewolf lunging at her with a twisted snarl. Her wand moved in rapid, precise strokes as she fired a series of bright-blue binding spells, momentarily ensnaring it in a net of magical ropes. The beast thrashed wildly, but she held firm, tightening the ropes with all her might.

“Septima, watch out!” Batsheda shouted as a smaller, feral werewolf darted toward her friend, its claws extended. She quickly cast *Impedimenta*, and the creature stumbled, its movement slowing as if it were moving through water.

Septima seized the opportunity, aiming her wand with a steady hand. She cast a silent *Petrificus Totalus*, and the werewolf stiffened and fell, immobilized.

Despite their efforts, the werewolves kept coming, like an unending tide of savage faces, claws, and snarling mouths. The Aurors were holding the line, but just barely, and several had already fallen back with injuries. The odds were turning against them fast.

“Where’s the reinforcements?” Aurora muttered through gritted teeth, sweat trickling down her brow as she sent another werewolf reeling with a forceful *Expulso*. The beast crashed into a nearby wall, dazed but far from defeated.

Septima cast another banisher, panting with the effort. “We can’t hold them off forever,” she whispered, glancing around frantically. “If we don’t get help soon...”

She was cut off when she heard a feral growl behind her. Her eyes widened in shock and she spun around, finding herself barely ten feet away from none other than Fenrir Greyback.

He leered at her, his grin wide and wicked, his fangs glinting in the late afternoon sun. Blood stained his hands and matted his hair, and his eyes gleamed with a predatory hunger as he took in the three women, standing defiant but clearly exhausted.

“Well, well,” Greyback chuckled darkly, licking his lips as he took a step toward them. “Look what we have here. Three lovely exotic ladies who thought they could stand against me.”

Septima’s hand tightened on her wand, but she felt a chill crawl up her spine. She’d heard the stories – everyone had. Fenrir Greyback didn’t just kill; he recruited, reveling in turning innocents into monsters, enslaving them to his twisted will.

Greyback took another step forward, his gaze sweeping over them hungrily. “Imagine the fun we could have. Imagine what I could make of you, all of you. My little pets. My precious playthings. You’d make such fine additions to my pack.”

Lucius Malfoy, standing behind Greyback, cast a disdainful glance at the women, his face twisted with a sneer. He kept his wand tightly held in his hand, his

scarred face unsettling them. He was fully committed to his role as Greyback's servant.

The three friends shared a look, their faces pale but determined. They wouldn't go down without a fight—not to this monster. Taking a deep breath, Septima raised her wand, standing tall as she aimed at Greyback.

"Not today," she said, her voice steady. Aurora and Bathsheda flanked her with fierce expressions on their faces, their wands raised and ready.

Greyback laughed, a low, rumbling sound that sent shivers down their spines. "Oh, we'll see about that, ladies. We'll see."

Before they could react, he lunged forward with predatory speed, aiming directly at Septima. She barely had time to raise her wand before his clawed hand swiped down, catching her across the shoulder. Pain shot through her, and she stumbled back, crying out as she clutched her shoulder, her wand shaking but still raised.

"*Confringo!*" Aurora shouted, sending a blast of fire at Greyback. He dodged it with terrifying ease, his lips twisting into a wicked grin as the curse blasted a tree apart.

"I can tell you've never fought before," he taunted, his gaze darting between them, hungry and calculating.

Bathsheda moved swiftly, stepping in front of the injured Septima. "Over here!" she yelled, casting *Diffindo* with precision. The spell struck a werewolf that had been lunging toward them, slashing through its shoulder and sending it howling in pain. Another one leapt forward, knocking her to the ground. Her wand clattered from her hand, and she grappled with the creature, twisting desperately as it snapped its jaws, inches from her face.

"*Reducto!*" Aurora's voice rang out, and the werewolf was blasted away mid-lunge, giving Bathsheda just enough time to scramble back to her feet. She retrieved her wand, her hand trembling but her eyes determined.

"This is madness," she gasped, as another werewolf, mangy and wild-eyed, charged toward her. She aimed, sending a powerful stunner forward, and barely managed to knock it back. But the momentary relief was short-lived; Greyback was already closing in again, his eyes fixed on her like a predator savoring his prey.

Septima, clutching her bleeding shoulder, aimed her wand through the haze of pain. She focused on Greyback, gritting her teeth. "*Reducto!*" she shouted, hoping to at least slow him down. The spell hit, but it only seemed to enrage him further.

"You think you're safe behind your little parlor tricks? These pathetic spells?" Greyback snarled, stalking forward, his pack following in his shadow. He waved Lucius forward with a menacing growl, and Lucius obeyed, raising his wand against the three women with a sneer.

"Play only, mutt," Greyback grinned.

"*Expulso!*" Lucius cast, sending an explosion of dirt and stone into the air around Aurora, who raised her arm to shield her eyes. She staggered, dust filling her lungs as she coughed, but she managed to cast *Protego* just as Lucius fired another spell. The shield held, but just barely.

Meanwhile, Bathsheda darted around a cluster of rubble, her eyes wide and frantic as she cast a banisher at an approaching werewolf. The beast stumbled back, its ears flattened, but it quickly recovered, snarling as it advanced on her again. She glanced at Septima, who was still pressing a hand to her shoulder, her face pale. Her eyes widened when she fell over in a heap, the loss of blood taking its toll.

"We can't keep this up!" Bathsheda cried, her voice thick with desperation. She cast a wild *Incendio* at Greyback, creating a wall of flame that briefly held the werewolves at bay, but only for a moment.

Aurora nodded grimly, her wand flashing as she fought to keep the creatures from closing in on them. "Where are the reinforcements?" she shouted, her voice strained as she deflected another curse from Lucius, who smirked despite his own bruised and battered appearance.

Suddenly, a heavy blow caught Aurora in the ribs, knocking her to the ground. She gasped, clutching her side, the pain blinding as she strained, her eyes wide. Before she could recover, Greyback loomed over her, his yellow eyes gleaming with a vicious light. He raised a clawed hand, poised to strike.

"Not today," she hissed, summoning every last bit of her strength as she jabbed her wand upward. "*Bombarda!*" She snarled.

The spell exploded in his face, sending him reeling back, but the impact echoed through her own injured ribs, leaving her breathless. She could feel it deep within herself. She had cracked several ribs, and perhaps even more bones in her body.

Greyback's fury grew as he steadied himself, snarling. "Fucking exotic bitches! You're more trouble than you're worth, but I'll make you pay for that," he growled. He raised his clawed hand, ready to bring it down on her –

And then, out of nowhere, a spell arced through the air, slamming into Greyback and sending him sprawling back.

He straightened almost immediately and his head swiveled to the side as he glared at the newcomers, his yellow eyes bulging in rage.

Aurora and Septima could see or hear nothing that happened thereafter as they succumbed to unconsciousness. All they saw was a pair of glowing emeralds approaching at a rapid pace right before their eyes shut.

To be continued...