

“JOHNSON SCORES!” Lee Jordan shouted at the top of his lungs. “What a beauty of a throw. Angelina Johnson is playing the game of her life out there. After luring Bletchley almost entirely away from the hoops, one sudden pivot and a perfectly placed throw were all it took to get her third of the game, bringing the score to eighty to twenty. Going into this one, you’d have been forgiven for thinking it was going to come down to the wire, but Gryffindor is on fire today.”

Harry honestly didn’t think there was a greater pleasure than flying that one could enjoy in public. The wind in his hair, the ability to see the world from so far up, and the absolute freedom of knowing that he could go anywhere he liked with nothing but his wits and the broom he was clenching with his thighs. Of course that last one was never entirely true, as there were plenty of places he couldn’t fly, and just then, he was bound to the sky above the Quidditch stadium, but in general, he was never freer than he was in the air. When he’d thought about it before, he’d come to the conclusion that it was probably a lingering reaction to spending so many nights locked away in his cupboard, but that was just about the last thing on his mind just then.

It always amazed Harry and his friends that, while his vision was genuinely terrible, he excelled at not just Quidditch but the position that required him to find the smallest, most irritating ball in the game. He was just really good at seeing moving targets, even if, without his glasses, the world was a big blur. This was doubly impressive given that most of the time, he ended up spotting the snitch first through his peripheral vision, where his glasses didn’t help at all. It was a gift, he supposed, one that made it easy for him to spot the snitch and thus twice as easy to spot larger balls, such as the bludger an audibly frustrated Lucien Bole sent flying towards him without warning.

The crowd screamed, but he’d already started moving before the warning was given, evading the projectile with ease. Madam Hooch blew her whistle, giving Bole a warning that he knew the older boy wouldn’t care about, and he decided to get the bastards back by having fun with Malfoy. Acting like he’d spotted the snitch, he started barreling along at great speed towards the ground.

“I think Potter’s spotted the snitch!” Jordan shouted, and Harry barely suppressed a laugh. Normally he’d have been annoyed to have that announced, but as it wasn’t true this time around, Lee had helped him. He could practically feel Malfoy chasing after him, clearly not having seen the snitch himself and yet being unable to just let his hated rival chase after it.

“A fantastic save by Wood!” Jordan called out. “Flint tried to pull a fast one, but Oliver Wood is a brick wall today. This is a man who knows the eyes of the Quidditch world are on him, and so far he has more than risen to the occasion.”

“He must know that there are more than a few pro team reps here too,” Harry thought to himself. *“I don’t think McGonagall’s had to chew him out once today.”*

Like the Gryffindor team in general, Lee Jordan seemed to be at the top of his game that day, his commentary having been downright professional, and it was funny to see them all taking it so seriously at the same time. He’d been leading Malfoy on a wild goose chase for nearly a minute by then, and as he drew close to Lucien Bole, who, as Peregrine Derrick passed him one of the bludgers, lobbed it at Harry without hesitation.

“Fool,” he thought to himself, sinking down and forcing his broom to break.

The bludger continued past him, nearly hitting Malfoy, who shrieked in sudden alarm and barreled away, narrowly avoiding it. Unfortunately for him and for Bole, his turn to escape the bludger sent him right into the beater’s path, and the two nearly collided directly. The crowd screamed, seeing the two Slytherins clip each other badly and start falling to the ground. Malfoy righted himself

quickly, but Bole, who had taken a direct hit to the arm from his teammate, was forced to land, cradling it in his still-good arm.

“Shit,” Harry thought to himself as he flew away. *“Luckily for him, Pomfrey will fix him up in minutes, but that wasn’t what I had in mind.”*

Seeing Malfoy looking stunned and watching Bole be led to the Slytherin tent to be tended to, Harry took a moment to look around. Lee Jordan had announced another four saves during that whole ordeal, the chasers on both teams playing their arses off, and as the game came close to the two-hour mark, he wanted to put an end to it and finally secure the cup for Gryffindor. As if in response to his very desire, a little flash of gold darted off to his right, hovering not far from where Dumbledore was seated, and he grinned, taking off after it without hesitation.

“If you think I’m falling for that again, I’m...shit!” Malfoy exclaimed as he spotted the snitch and gave chase.

“Potter and Malfoy have actually seen the snitch this time,” Jordan grinned. *“This may very well be it for the final Quidditch game of the year.”*

As one would expect, the Nimbus 2001 that Malfoy was riding was faster than Harry’s Nimbus 2000, marginally so, but still, and as the two flew straight, the irritating blonde did manage to close the distance between them bit by bit. Snitches rarely flew in straight lines, though, and Harry was far better at maneuvering on a broom than his rival. The difference in speed didn’t make up for the difference in skill, and as Harry drew closer and closer to the snitch, they both knew it. Derrick knew it too and tried to move into place so he could stop him, but Fred and George, seeing that Bole was still being tended to, decided to put their full focus on the other Slytherin beater, keeping him too busy to interfere in the seeker race.

“Come on,” Harry thought to himself, his right hand extended as the distance between him and the snitch became one of mere inches. *“Just a little more.”*

He pushed his broom to its absolute limits, flying faster than he thought he ever had in his life, and as he reached out with his other hand, Malfoy tried to grab his robes, desperate to stop him, and yet it was for naught.

“POTTER’S DONE IT!” Jordan exclaimed, jumping to his feet as he cheered. *“With a final score of two hundred thirty to twenty, Gryffindor has won this game, and, for the first time since eighty-six, Gryffindor has won the Hogwarts Quidditch Cup!”*

Harry laughed ecstatically, holding the snitch high above his head. From his first time on a broom, he’d been good at it, a natural in the air, and one with a talent for chasing after and catching small projectiles that couldn’t be anything other than a gift. As he saw Malfoy sulk away on the ground, having landed almost the moment he realized he’d lost, he chuckled to himself.

“If that asshole hadn’t stolen and tried to break Neville’s remembrall back then, I might never have ended up here,” he thought to himself, knowing that he’d not have even considered trying out for the team in his first year, given the rules, and not knowing if he’d have bothered in his second.

He had, though, and the rest was history. Looking around at the stadium, he laughed aloud as he spotted Lee hugging McGonagall, who looked too deeply pleased to tell him off, and Snape glaring down at his robes. Eventually, though, his gaze fell on Tonks and he went still. She was beaming up at him, her hair a red and gold lion’s mane she’d done as a show of support. The fact that only

male lions had manes was something she hadn't cared about in the slightest, and she'd happily told more than one person to shove it that morning when they pointed it out.

"Harry!" he heard Katie call out, and he blushed slightly, seeing them all already on the ground huddled together, and he flew down to join them, relishing in the biggest Quidditch win he'd ever enjoyed.

"*Sodding Potter!*" Malfoy thought to himself as he showered, still smarting from his collision with Bole.

He hadn't broken anything, he was sure, but he was bruised and would be for the rest of the day even if he managed to get bruise paste on his hip soon. None of them had said a word as they reached their lockers, each one just as furious as the rest, and he knew well why. He'd spent enough time with the team to know that Slytherin had practically owned the Quidditch Cup through the second half of the eighties.

Hufflepuff had won it once during that stretch, but other than that, between eighty-six and ninety-one, it had been theirs. Their situation wasn't as bad as Ravenclaw's, as they hadn't won it in a decade by then, but knowing that their house had been successful before he got to it was infuriating, and he knew that it was just as bad for the older ones. It was honestly surprising that this was the first time Gryffindor won the damn cup since Potter joined the time, since it seemed like he never fucking lost.

"*I hate that infuriating half-blood so much,*" he thought to himself, so lost in his internal whining that he didn't notice the odd scratching sound behind him until the source of it was mere feet from him.

Whipping around, he stared down and froze at the sight of the animated paper creature jumping around near him. It was tiny, perhaps three inches tall, and in such an unmistakable shape that he knew at once who had sent it. The origami peacock continued to jump around, the animation charms on it working to perfection, and as it realized he was staring at it, it jumped under the water and turned instantly to dust.

He knew that the Quidditch showers were heavily enchanted to stop people who weren't authorized from getting in, both to prevent anyone with untoward intentions from doing anything and to stop the players from bringing their girlfriends in. That his father had managed to get an animated creation past the numerous defensive wards was impressive, though the fact that the peacock had no eyes and couldn't see might have been a greater factor there than he thought initially. No one but his father would use that specific bird to reach out to him, and while part of him wanted to ignore the obvious summons so he could continue to sulk, he knew better.

As he finished up and got dressed, he thought to himself, "*I knew he was there; many of our parents were, but why would he want to speak to me?*"

It had to be important, or he'd have just written a letter, but he had no idea it could be about. If he'd won, he'd have expected congratulations, but as it was, he really couldn't begin to guess what his father might have wanted. Still, he knew better than to keep him waiting and quickly made his way out onto the grounds, finding his father chatting with Professor Snape not far from the Quidditch stadium.

“We must have you over for dinner sometime this summer, Severus,” Lucius drawled, his eyes sharpening as he spotted Draco. “It’s been too long.”

“I’m rarely too busy during the summer months, so that should be perfectly possible,” Severus replied. “Draco.”

“Professor,” Draco nodded.

“I’d like a moment with my son,” Lucius said, his tone flat and final, and the potions master nodded.

“Of course,” Severus murmured. “I should advise you, though, that the headmaster has insisted that all guests who came to watch the final Quidditch game of the year be off the grounds within the hour.”

Lucius bristled at that, still furious that Dumbledore could even demand such a thing of him. When he was on the board of governors, that had come with certain privileges where access to the school grounds was concerned, and it still infuriated him that he’d lost that position. Snape excused himself, leaving the two of them alone, and Lucius looked down at his son.

“You played well, Draco,” he said, taking his son’s hand as if to shake it. “The outcome might not have been what you wished, but you can’t deny that.”

Being praised for losing would have been weird enough on its own for Draco to know that something was afoot here, and as his father shook his hand and he felt the tiny scroll slip into his palm, he nodded.

“Thank you, Father,” he replied, carefully slipping the scroll over to his mokeskin pouch and slipping it in unseen. “Thank you for coming too.”

“Your mother came as well, but she had to slip away right after the end,” Lucius said. “We’ve been quite busy lately dealing with the aftermath of...the incident in Azkaban.”

He lowered his voice significantly at the end of that, and Draco nodded, asking, “Is it anything I could help with?”

Lucius smiled at that and said, “No, it’s nothing for you to worry about.”

“The letter’s not about that then,” Draco thought to himself, not having expected it to be. He still thought it was worth ruling out, though. “Well, I have an essay I need to finish, so unless there’s anything else...”

“No, that will be all,” Lucius said. “I hope you’re studying hard, son. When I was your age, I swear I started spending half my free time locked away in my room reading.”

“You don’t have to tell me not to open a sensitive letter in public,” Draco thought to himself, keeping his face neutral with some effort. “You’ll find my grades are sufficient in the summer. Good day, Father.”

“Good day, Draco,” Lucius nodded, watching him turn to leave and recalling the conversation that had led him to this point.

“I don’t appreciate being summoned,” Lucius muttered a few days earlier, conjuring a mirror to make sure his glamour charms were still perfect.

They were in a stretch of woodlands in the Scottish Highlands, near one of the many wealthy estates that dotted the area, yet far away from even a small muggle village. It should have been far enough away from the wizarding world to be safe, but a man in his position couldn’t afford not to take every possible precaution in a matter like this.

“This won’t take long,” Greyback rumbled as he walked into the clearing, his yellow eyes practically glowing in the dark, moonless night. “I have a plan to deal with our mutual problem within the week, but I could use a little help.”

“Within the...you intend to strike Hogwarts?!” Lucius hissed. “Dumbledore will...”

“I’m no fool, Lucy,” Greyback snarled. “I know better than to tangle with the old man, and I don’t want to get into the castle either. My boys and I have moved into the forest outside of it, and I plan to lure Potter to us.”

“I don’t see how I could help you with that,” Lucius said. “I’m not a professor in the school, and I’m not even on the board anymore.”

“You have a kid there, don’t you?” Greyback asked and Lucius snarled.

“You’re madder than I thought if you think I’m putting him anywhere near you!” he hissed, and Greyback growled.

“Watch your tone,” he raged, and Lucius’ wand was in his hand in an instant.

The two trees Greyback was standing between were transfigured to steel constructs a moment later, and as they curled around him, he heated them up until they glowed white and started to spark. The werewolf jumped back in alarm, genuinely surprised by how quickly Lucius had made his move, and he hissed as more trees around him were transfigured, quickly creating a molten cage he had little hope of escaping without injury.

“We are allies of convenience, nothing more,” Lucius glared. “I don’t care what you do to the various muggles and mudbloods of the world, but you will not threaten me. I wasn’t one of the Dark Lord’s most dangerous followers for nothing.”

“Look at the balls on you,” Greyback replied, barking a laugh. “I thought the years had made you soft.”

“Luring Potter out into the woods as you wish to should be simple enough,” Lucius murmured, undoing his heating charms and transfigurations. “He’s craftier than you might think, but at the end of the day, he is an interfering fool with a penchant for heroism. Make him think someone he cares for is in danger, and he’ll run right into whatever trap you wish. I had thought you’d wait until the summer and strike at his home.”

“If he dies, there’ll be a funeral, and I’ll be able to scent everyone else I need to kill to stop that potion from reaching the market there,” Greyback reasoned. “I didn’t want your precious son to

enter the woods himself, to be clear. I just thought that, interfering hero type that he is, Potter might jump at an opportunity to stop your boy if he thought he was up to something in the woods.”

“Hmm,” Lucius mused, shoving his wand back in his makeskin pouch. It felt odd not to have it in his cane, but he could hardly disguise himself and take his most recognizable possession with him. “The two of them do despise each other, admittedly, and Potter is the type to stick his nose in things on a whim.”

“Speaking as someone who has torn noses clean off of people before, that can be very dangerous,” Greyback grinned.

“I’ll see to it,” Lucius murmured. “Oh, and Greyback...”

“Yeah?” Greyback asked, cocking an eyebrow as he took a journal out of his makeskin pouch and tossed it to him.

“If you need to send me any further messages, write them in that,” Lucius replied, suppressing a grin as he felt one of the charms he’d placed on the linked journal latch onto Greyback as planned. If the wolf failed and died, for there was no way he’d ever let himself be taken in alive, that journal would turn to ashes. There was no way to link it to him anyway; he’d been careful about that, but he’d still thought it to be a prudent precaution.”

“What?” Greyback grinned. “You didn’t like the message I sent?”

“Carving coordinates in the corpse of a rabbit is rather a cruder method of communication than I’m used to,” Lucius drawled. “Happy hunting.”

With that, he vanished, genuinely hoping that he’d not hear from the werewolf again, at least not until Potter and Black were dead.

“Oh, fuck, I’m gonna cum!” Tonks cried, her kaleidoscope eyes wide as saucers as she stared up at Harry, who was doing his level best to fuck her into a coma.

They’d been at it for hours, she was sure, their celebration of his victory having turned x-rated the moment they entered the Room of Requirement. Apparently feeling like the king of the world and finally winning the Quidditch Cup had spurred her absolute stud of a boyfriend to find another gear because what had started out as a way for treat him for his incredible performance had turned into a test from him to see if he could make her cum so many times she completely lost touch with reality. She’d gotten him off repeatedly as well, using every trick she knew to suck his soul out before he even touched her, and making him finish inside her twice since, but he had a more dominating lead in that regard than his team had ended with over Slytherin, and she’d long since lost count of how many times she’s screamed his name.

“Cum for me, Dora,” Harry whispered, brushing her sweat-soaked multi-colored hair out of her face and smiling as he stared deeply into her eyes. “I know you can cum for me again, baby.”

His pistoning cock was a relentless throb inside her as he speared her quivering quim again and again, spreading her inner walls to their limit and reaching so deep inside her each time that she swore she could feel him in her stomach. He’d been hitting her favorite spot again and again for so

long that she knew she was going to be quite sore in the morning, but she didn't care at all, not when every wet, squelching, ball-slapping thrust was making her see stars.

She came undone with a squeal of his name, her throat completely raw from the screaming, and he grinned, pinning her arms above her head and picking up his pace. She tried to keep her shaking legs clamped around him, but they were so numb she could barely control them as she writhed and convulsed under him. She'd utterly adored the feeling of him inside her since the first time they had sex, and even that had been enjoyable, but the difference between the boy he'd been when she took his virginity and the man he was now was night and day, and she honestly couldn't believe how mind-melting sex had become between them.

"Shh," Harry soothed as she started weeping, completely overwhelmed by the pleasure that had consumed her.

Wrapping his arms around her, he held her sweat-drenched form to him tightly, running his nails through her hair and whispering sweet nothings in her ear. It was honestly as good as the orgasm itself, and as she sobbed in his arms, the feeling of release added to the endorphins already flooding her brain, leaving her so relaxed she swore she could just slip into a coma then and there. She nearly nodded off, but as her inner walls spasmed with an orgasmic aftershock and she felt just how hard he still was, she snapped back to consciousness and looked up at him in shock.

"You didn't cum?" she asked.

"I've cum three times tonight," Harry replied, kissing her softly. "If you want to just go to sleep, that's fine."

"Bullshit," Tonks muttered, lying back and running her hands through her hair. "Fuck, I don't think I've ever been this sweaty."

"I don't think you've ever been this beautiful," Harry whispered, and she quirked her lips.

"That's just the k-cups, I'm sure," she quipped, squeezing her ridiculously oversized tits together, and he chuckled.

"Oh, they're fucking perfect," Harry replied, palming the heavy mounds and running his thumb over one of the bruises he'd left on her pale skin sucking harder than he'd meant to, "but you know they're not what I mean, even if watching them jiggle and roll across your chest just now was hypnotizing."

"Such a typical man," Tonks chuckled. "I mean it, though, stud, I'm not letting myself sleep tonight until you cum again, so pull out and fuck these babies until you drown me again."

"Well, if you insist," Harry grinned, pulling some of his cock from her pussy when she got a sudden idea and clamped down hard enough to lock him in place. "Um, Dora?"

"Actually, Harry, I have another idea...if you're willing to try it," Tonks said, and he cocked an eyebrow at her.

"I always love your ideas, though given how you just said that, I'm guessing this one is out there," Harry replied.

“I’m fully willing to give you a titwank and suck on your knob until you spurt down my throat again, but there is one thing I’ve wanted to try for a while,” Tonks replied. “If you’re not willing, that is perfectly okay.”

“Alright now, I’m curious,” Harry said, and Tonks tilted her pelvis up enough to lift her tailbone off of the bed before growing a three-foot tail and slapping him in the ass with it. Laughing, he went to ask what the point of that was when he felt her tickled his asshole with it and froze.

“It would be more intense than my finger,” she said. “I might actually make you cum hard enough to cry for a change.”

“I’m...that’s...” Harry stammered, curious yet apprehensive.

“It won’t make you gay or anything like that,” Tonks said. “You are still in my pussy, after all.”

“Right, yeah, I know that but...” Harry went to say, and her expression softened.

“Like I say, Harry, if you don’t want to do it, that’s fine and I won’t bring it up again but I can barely feel my legs, I just sobbed like a little girl; you wrecked me so badly, and you’re still hard,” Tonks replied. “I just want to make it as insanely good for you as you always make it for me, and stuffing you full and playing with your prostate while you fuck me would probably help with that.”

“For the record, just because you don’t make me cum a dozen times and completely drench the bed doesn’t mean I don’t love sex, Dora,” Harry said. “It’s the only thing I’ve ever discovered better than flying.”

“Such high praise,” Tonks teased, and he chuckled.

“Shut up, you know what I mean,” Harry sighed. “I guess with the spells I use on you, it wouldn’t hurt...”

“I can make my tail narrow enough to fit in with ease to start with,” Tonks replied. “It’s your fault for suggesting I do this to myself, by the way.”

“My dirty mind is entirely your doing, and you know it,” Harry grinned, kissing her deeply. “You corrupted me completely.”

“Not yet, I didn’t,” Tonks grinned, tickling his ass again. “So, are you willing to try it?”

“Why not?” Harry asked, and she practically glowed, she was so happy. It took him a moment to realize she was glowing, and he cocked an eyebrow.

“Yeah, I didn’t know I could do that either,” Tonks said, shaking her head as she undid the transformation she’d just unwittingly done to herself. “Guess it’s like how my control over my hair color slips away when you’re really driving me wild.”

She grabbed her wand from the nightstand and cast the lubrication charm on Harry. He’d felt it before and cast it numerous times himself, so he knew that the incredibly useful spell cleaned him out, lubricated him, and even made his muscles relax. Despite that, as he felt the blunt end of her tail press against him, he tensed. It was weird, he knew that, and a year ago he’d have been incredibly bothered by what it might say about him that he was doing this, but dating Dora and

spending countless hours entwined with the beautiful metamorph in bed had robbed him almost all his inhibitions, and he found he really didn't care about such things anymore.

"The fact that it's not actually a cock is honestly a comfort," he thought to himself, though a moment later she pressed forward and all thoughts escaped him.

He gasped, letting out a strangled cry at the feeling as the first inch of her tail pushed past his ring, straining against muscles that had never known strain. The fullness was indescribable, intense in a way he could barely fathom, and as he felt his inner muscles clench around her, the sheer pressure inside him took his breath away.

"Relax, baby," Tonks whispered, cupping his cheek and grazing her nails against his scalp as she stared up into his eyes. "I've got you."

"Oh, God," Harry gasped as she pushed forward again, sinking another inch of her tail inside him. "Dora, I...gah!"

The sound he let out as she grazed against his prostate was the most embarrassing he'd ever made in his life, but he couldn't bring himself to care at all. The pleasure wasn't the same as what he felt when he was inside her or even when he came. It was deeper, radiating outward across nerve endings he didn't even know existed. The only previous time that she'd touched him there had been when he was right on the cusp of orgasm, buried in Chiara's mouth, and he hadn't had a chance to truly take in just how it felt. It wasn't as intense as an orgasm, but it wasn't fleeting either, and he couldn't believe just how sustained the pleasure was, especially as she started fucking him with slow, short strokes.

"I should have suggested this sooner," Tonks grinned, loosening her grip on his cock and letting him move again. "Fuck me, baby, fuck me while I fuck you."

"I don't...gah, don't stop...know if I can," Harry whimpered, feeling barely in control of his body as she rubbed that maddeningly intense spot again and again. "Holy fuck, is this what it feels like when I'm hitting one of the spots you love?"

"Probably," Tonks replied, grabbing his ass and pulling him in deeper. "Does it feel like this pressure deep inside you is just building more and more to the point you might go insane if it gets any more intense?"

"Yes!" Harry cried, his voice breaking as she pushed even deeper inside him. "Holy fuck, Dora."

"You're fucking adorable like this," Tonks purred, adoring how expressive he'd become since she first touched his prostate. "Let it all out, love. This was supposed to be a reward for all your hard work this year, not for me."

"You know I...fuck...love making...harder...you cum," Harry moaned, barely able to string a sentence together just then.

He pulled most of his cock out of her clinging depths, wanting to fuck her again, and gasped at the feeling of her milking his length while she worked her tail in and out of him. The pleasure was transcendent, more intense than he'd thought anything could be, and as he worked his way up to a steady pace, he didn't want it to ever end. Tonks cried out as he found the spot at the back of her tunnel again, so turned on by the act of taking Harry as she was that she swore she was already close to another peak.

As he saw her massive breasts start to roll across her chest again, he leaned in and captured one of her hard nipples with his lips, desperate for anything to distract him from the mind-melting pleasure he was drowning in. He was going to cum soon, he knew, and even with the stamina he'd built up, he didn't think he'd be able to stop it. Everything felt too good, too intense, and he was completely losing his mind over it. He knew he wanted to get Dora off again too, though, and as he switched to the other nipple, he started speaking Parseltongue against the hard nub.

"Fuck!" Tonks cried, the sudden pleasure making her lose her rhythm for a second. "Holy shit, I'm gonna cum again."

"Cum with me," Harry begged, reaching down and stroking her taut little pearl with his thumb just the way he knew she liked.

He knew something was building inside him, something not focused on his cock as it normally would have been, but deeper inside him, and it was all he could do to keep moving at all as it continued to grow. Nothing he'd ever felt before had been this intense, and he was almost frightened by the thought of how hard he was going to cum, yet he didn't think he'd have been able to ask Tonks to stop if the entire school piled into the room just then.

"HARRY!" Tonks wailed as she came yet again, and Harry let go with a strangled cry of her name, his voice barely sounding anything like him.

The two of them clung to each other desperately, riding out the waves of pleasure together as it seemed to go on forever. For Harry, who was used to orgasms being rather quick things, the more sustained ecstasy would have been overwhelming even if it hadn't been, by far, the most intense thing he'd have ever felt in his life. He spilled what felt like a gallon of cum inside her, every pulse of his cock as he erupted inside her milking depths drowning his brain in bliss, and through it all, Tonks continued to pound him with her tail, the unrelenting pressure of it threatening to drive him insane.

With a silent scream of pure shock, he felt his first orgasm lead right into another one, somehow even more intense than the first, and he collapsed on top of Tonks, his muscles failing him, as the sheer ecstasy of it all completely overwhelmed him. She grunted and rolled them over, resting atop his muscular frame as he continued to twitch and shake under her, filling her up with spurt after spurt of cum. When he finally fell limp under her, panting for breath with ragged, desperate gasps, she pushed herself and stared down into his eyes, grinning at how utterly wrecked he looked as he stared up at her in shock.

"That...Harry...is but a taste...of what you do to me," she panted, pulling her tail from his still quivering hole and making it disappear back inside her form. Resting her head back on his chest, she doodled on his bicep and asked, "See why I'm so obsessed?"

"Love...you," Harry panted, still twitching as the aftershocks of his orgasm racked his body, and she felt her throat grow tight as a wave of emotion washed over her.

"Love you too," she whispered, smiling widely as she felt his arms snake around her.

Exhausted as they were, the two of them fell asleep within moments.

“Should we knock?” Hermione asked the next morning as she and Chiara stood outside the door to the Room of Requirement.

“I don’t know if they’ll hear us,” the werewolf said. “The door’s still here so we know that they’re in there, but...”

Before she could finish that sentence, the door opened and Harry cocked his head at the sight of her.

“Chiara? Hermione?” he asked. “Is something wrong? I know we missed breakfast, but...”

“It’s the weekend and we still managed to get food brought to us,” Tonks said, peering out over Harry’s shoulder. “What’s up?”

“I just overheard something, and I think you two should know about it,” Chiara replied. “Do you have a minute?”

“Yeah, of course,” Harry replied, stepping back and letting them inside the room, which quickly changed into the form of the Hufflepuff Common Room.

Chiara and Hermione followed them inside, both of them noticing that Tonks and Harry seemed to have a bit of a limp.

“Did you get hit hard during the game?” the werewolf asked, and Harry froze, blushing slightly.

“Yeah,” he replied. “Quidditch is always particularly rough when we’re against Slytherin.”

“He was walking fine at the celebration yesterday,” Hermione thought to herself, deciding that she probably didn’t want to know what had happened, given what he and Tonks had obviously been doing in here last night.

“So what was it you overheard?” he asked as he sat down, trying not to wince noticeably.

“Hermione and I met up in the kitchens to have breakfast together, and as we were leaving, I picked up on Malfoy’s voice in a nearby corridor,” Chiara replied.

“What was he up to?” Harry asked. “You wouldn’t be bringing it up if he were just sulking about yesterday.”

“It might be about yesterday, though I suspect what we overheard was something he’d been working on for a while,” Hermione replied, and both he and Tonks grew instantly more serious.

“Those strawberries were incredible,” Hermione sighed as she and Chiara left the kitchen. *“They must have just been harvested.”*

“It was nice of the elves to give us molten chocolate to dip them in,” the werewolf replied, grinning at her. *“I thought you were going to moan when I fed you the first one.”*

“Chiara!” Hermione hissed, and the older girl giggled.

“We’re alone, luv,” Chiara whispered, taking her hands in hers. “These ears pick up on everything, you know.”

“Sorry, I’m just...this is still new to me,” Hermione replied. “My parents are very...proper and public shows of affection like what Harry and Tonks do...”

“We don’t have to be like them, Mione,” Chiara chuckled.

“I’m just still getting used to actually seeing someone,” Hermione whispered. “Our next Hogsmeade trip, we’ll go together, and everyone will learn about us then, but for now, I like it just being our secret.”

“Does make it hot, doesn’t it?” Chiara whispered, leaning in close and smirking when Hermione’s breath hitched and she blushed. “Fuck me, you’re cute when you blush.”

“Chiara,” Hermione whined.

“I...” Chiara went to say, only to freeze when she heard a voice in the distance.

“What is it?” Hermione asked.

“Malfoy,” Chiara whispered, and Hermione stiffened.

“Well, we should get going,” she sighed.

“Yeah,” Chiara nodded, only to freeze again as she heard what sounded like ‘Potter’ and ‘trouble.’ “Mione, follow my lead.”

She drew her wand and, after taking the brunette’s hand, cast disillusionment charms on both of them. The charm wasn’t one of her best, and you could still see the hazy outline of them in clear light, but in the somewhat darker hallways, they were invisible enough. After taking a moment to silence their shoes, she led Hermione towards the source of the sound and came to a halt by the corridor Malfoy was in.

“You got it?” Theodore Nott asked.

“I did,” Malfoy nodded. “It cost me a fair bit, but I managed it. I’m finally going to deal with that wretched little half-blood once and for all.”

“Are you sure it will work, though?” Nott asked. “I mean, Dumbledore openly favors Potter, and we don’t even have any contacts on the Board of Governors anymore.”

“This goes higher than Dumbledore or Hogwarts,” Malfoy grinned. “We’re talking about criminal charges, and even the old man couldn’t outright interfere in that sort of thing, particularly if someone just happens to send a tip to the aurors.”

“Are you sure it can be linked to Potter, though?” Nott asked, and Malfoy nodded.

“I’ve made sure,” he replied. “I know that he’s the one who drugged Macnair and stole that hippogriff that maimed me; he’s had this coming for a while.”

“You’ll need to keep it hidden until you’re ready to spring the trap,” Nott said. “Where is it now?”

“In the Forbidden Forest,” Malfoy replied. “There’s an old, dead oak tree a good ways from the giant oaf’s hut, and I stashed it in its trunk. Everyone’s going to be focused on exams soon, and that will be the perfect time to strike.”

“I must say, I’m impressed,” Nott said. “Why tell me, though, and why so far from the common room?”

“I need help, and Crabbe and Goyle, well...” Malfoy trailed off.

“Understood,” Nott chuckled. “For the right price, I’m sure I could be persuaded.”

“How mercenary of you,” Malfoy drawled. “You know I can pay.”

“Good,” Nott nodded. “Now let’s get back before Pansy or one of the others starts asking questions.”

“One last thing,” Malfoy said, taking a piece of parchment out of his robes and handing it to Nott, who unfurled it and cocked an eyebrow at him. “Potter’s dating my metamorph cousin and has an annoying habit of figuring things out. Going forward, we’ll work out pass phrases to use when we meet to discuss this just in case.”

“Do you really think that’s necessary?” Nott chuckled and Malfoy scowled.

“I’ve learned not to underestimate him,” the blonde replied. “Let’s go.”

Chiara and Hermione backed away, letting the two Slytherins pass them by as they both wondered what they were going to do.

“So Malfoy’s plotting to frame me for a crime?” Harry surmised. “Can’t say I’m surprised.”

“What?!” Tonks exclaimed. “This is a little more than a schoolyard prank we’re talking about here. When I get my hands on that little shit stain...”

“Going after him now might make things worse,” Chiara pointed out. “We don’t know what it is he has or what crime he intends to frame Harry for. For all we know, he could intend to frame you for attacking him.”

“In which case actually attacking him would add fuel to the fire,” Harry nodded. “This is an escalation on his part, but we’re talking about a boy who tried to have an animal killed this year because it scratched him. He’s hated my guts for years, and in our last confrontation, I wasn’t exactly subtle in telling him to fuck himself.”

“He’s a walking, talking superiority complex,” Hermione muttered. “He’s been taught since he was born that he was naturally superior to most of the species because of his pure blood, and since he got here, you’ve outshone him in every way. You’re wealthy, so he doesn’t have that over you; you’re a more capable wizard, a better Quidditch player, you’re more popular and better looking...”

“Probably have at least three times the dick,” Tonks muttered, only to wince as Hermione’s jaw dropped. “Sorry, Hermione.”

“The point is you are, *despite being a half-blood*, better than him, and he can’t stand that,” Hermione said, recovering quickly. “I really didn’t think he’d escalate things like this, though. I’d say we should tell the professors, but we don’t actually have anything actionable here.”

“If questioned, he’d deny it, and it would be his word against ours,” Chiara scowled.

“I’d just meet him in Nott’s form while you distracted the asshole, but he thought of that,” Tonks muttered. “I’m honestly surprised he’s that smart.”

“We could stun him and search him for the scroll,” Harry suggested.

“Like most purebloods, he carries a mokeskin pouch around,” Hermione said. “We saw him shove it in his pouch as he passed by us and...”

“I wouldn’t be able to get it out,” Harry sighed, pulling the map out of his own pouch. “I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.”

“Malfoy’s in the library right now and Nott’s in the Slytherin Common Room,” Chiara murmured. “What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know,” Harry sighed. “I’ll see if I can meet with Dumbledore and get his advice. The last thing I want to do is tell Sirius.”

“Yeah, he’d freak and do something rash,” Tonks sighed, not wanting to think about how Sirius would react to the idea of someone trying to frame his godson for a crime.

“What do you want us to tell Ron and Hestia?” Hermione asked.

“Tell them everything but make sure that Ron doesn’t go after Malfoy,” Harry replied. “For the moment, he doesn’t know that we know he’s up to something, and that gives us an advantage.”

“I’ll make sure we’re all here when you get back from Dumbledore’s office,” Tonks said. “This time of year I can’t imagine he’s terribly busy.”

“Actually, Dumbledore’s in the halls right now, so I might be able to catch him before he gets there,” Harry murmured, stuffing the map back in his mokeskin pouch. “I don’t know the current password, and getting the gargoyle to pass anything onto him can be a pain.”

“Go, we’ll go get Ron and Hestia,” Tonks said. “Hermione, I saw Ron in the Gryffindor Common Room.”

“I’ll get him; you go get Hestia,” Hermione nodded, and the three of them took off, leaving Chiara to mind the room.

“Now, what is it that was urgent?” Dumbledore asked as he sat down and gestured for Harry to do the same.

“Chiara and Hermione overheard Malfoy and Nott speaking earlier, and it sounds like they’re up to something,” Harry replied, and Dumbledore cocked an eyebrow. “We think they’re planning to frame me for a crime.”

“That’s a serious accusation,” the aged headmaster said. “What exactly did they hear and why aren’t they here now?”

“I’m faster, and they went to gather the rest of our friends,” Harry replied. “They heard Malfoy say that he had something stashed out in the woods that he could link to me and that the aurors would be interested in. He was clear it was something that you wouldn’t be able to help me with.”

“I think Mister Malfoy drastically overestimates his own abilities,” Dumbledore said dryly, and Harry snorted.

“He generally does, but still...” he murmured.

“Did he intimate at all that his father was involved in the plot?” Dumbledore asked.

“No he...actually they didn’t hear him mention his father at all, which is odd,” Harry replied. “He rarely goes through any conversations without bringing him up.”

Dumbledore quirked his lips at that and nodded.

“Mister Malfoy and you have been rivals here since you arrived,” the old wizard said, “and this year, that rivalry worsened, I’m aware. I would be disheartened but not shocked if he took some action against you, but if he thinks he can land you in prison by bringing some sort of cursed object in or whatever he’s come up with and trying to tie it to you, he is woefully misinformed. It’s actually quite difficult to frame another wizard or witch for a crime under normal circumstances. Had your godfather been given an actual trial back in the day, he’d have been acquitted easily.”

“So you think he heard about what happened to Sirius and just misunderstood how unique the circumstances were there?” Harry asked.

“That is most likely the case,” Dumbledore nodded. “I’ve worked at Hogwarts for decades, and I’ve come to learn how students generally think. If I were forced to guess what Mister Malfoy has in mind, I’d say that he likely paid one of the older Slytherins to smuggle in something illegal, which he plans to tell Professor Snape he saw you bring in in the hopes that he will call in the aurors so they can cart you away. There are two major flaws with that plan, though.”

“If you’re going to say that Snape wouldn’t go along with it, I...” Harry went to say and Dumbledore gave him a flat look.

“Professor Snape and whether or not he would be the only two people in this school authorized to bring in the aurors are myself and Professor McGonagall,” Dumbledore replied. “In the case of an emergency, that’s different, of course, but I sincerely doubt that Mister Malfoy is plotting to cause an emergency just to try to frame you for it. Even Tom didn’t go that far in his third year.”

“And he killed someone here,” Harry nodded. “You’re probably right, Professor. Malfoy’s...many things I probably shouldn’t say in front of you, but he’s not Voldemort.”

“Precisely,” Dumbledore nodded. “Thank you for bringing this to me, and know that I will keep an eye on Mister Malfoy and deal with him appropriately if he actually acts on whatever he’s planning. You said he stashed whatever he intended to use in the forest?”

“In the trunk of a dead oak tree,” Harry nodded, and Dumbledore furrowed his brow.

“The centaurs clear away dead trees when they find them, not wanting them to dry out and become fire risks,” he murmured. “The only part of the forest that they don’t maintain is the area in which the acromantulas make their home.”

“That, I’m sure they wouldn’t mind seeing catch fire,” Harry quipped, and Dumbledore chuckled.

“It’s more that they don’t dare venture there,” he replied. “Well, as I said, I’ll keep an eye on Mister Malfoy, but let me make one thing clear. The staff will handle this, Harry. You and your friends are to stay out of it and focus on your upcoming exams. You don’t need the distraction just now, and we’ll have a far better chance of catching Mister Malfoy in whatever he’s planning if he continues to think he’s working in complete safety.”

“Alright, Professor,” Harry nodded. “Thank you for believing me.”

“I have no reason to think you’d lie to me,” Dumbledore smiled. “Good day, Mister Potter.”

“Good day, Professor,” Harry replied as he stood up and turned to leave, spotting Fawkes flying outside through the window.

He left Dumbledore’s office and made his way back to the Room of Requirement, where he found a red-faced Ron pacing back and forth.

“What that spoiled asshole needs is a good punch in the face,” he spat. “All this over a damn Quidditch game! I mean, I love the sport too but...”

“It’s not over the bloody game,” Hermione muttered. “This is about Buckbeak.”

“Oh,” Ron replied. “That actually makes more sense. Malfoy should still be punched but...”

“No one’s punching Malfoy, at least not yet,” Harry said.

“What did Dumbledore say?” Tonks asked.

“He believed me, which was nice,” Harry replied, “and he said that he thinks Malfoy’s plan is probably stupid.”

“He said that?” Hestia asked.

“He didn’t put it that way, of course, but apparently one can’t just contact the aurors and get them to come to Hogwarts on a whim,” Harry replied, and Hermione slapped her forehead.

“I’m so stupid,” she muttered. “The Headmaster of Hogwarts has rather extraordinary power over the castle, given that its charter is far older than the ministry. He has to invite law enforcement onto the grounds for them to be allowed in, and, except in the cases of unequivocal emergencies, that is entirely at his discretion. Hogwarts: A History has a whole section dedicated to the headmaster’s power here, and I just...”

“We were freaked out; it’s understandable,” Chiara said, ghosting a hand over her arm.

“Given what we went through this year with Sirius, we have plenty of reason to fear the potential stupidity of law enforcement,” Harry sighed.

“My chosen career path,” Tonks muttered, shaking her head. “What else did he say?”

“He’s going to keep an eye on Malfoy, subtly, and then deal with whatever he tries to pull,” Harry replied.

“That’s it?” Ron asked.

“Well, if I thought he’d be willing to chuck him off the Astronomy Tower, I’d have asked, but I didn’t think he’d go for it,” Harry said sarcastically, and Ron snorted.

“No, I just mean...they’re just waiting for him to cause trouble?” Ron asked.

“They can’t really do much more,” Hestia replied. “All they have now is the word of two students who said they overheard him plotting to do something. He could be completely full of shite and talking out his arse to impress Nott, for all we really know. I’m not saying that’s the case, but...”

“No, I get it; it’s just...we almost went a whole year without anything too bad happening,” Ron muttered. “It was nice for a change. With the dementors being told to bugger off so early they barely counted.”

“I wonder why Dumbledore was so powerless to stop them,” Chiara murmured.

“The minister argued that Sirius’ escape constituted an emergency, and Professor Dumbledore must not have thought he’d win if he fought it,” Hermione shrugged.

“It’s still Malfoy we’re talking about,” Harry muttered. “He’s annoying, and he’s a spoiled little prick, but it’s not like he’s that dangerous. He didn’t mention his father, did he?”

“No, why?” Hermione asked.

“He went a whole two minutes without mentioning his father?” Ron asked in mock surprise. “Must be a personal record.”

“Dumbledore specifically asked, and I just wanted to make sure,” Harry replied.

“That makes sense,” Tonks nodded. “Malfoy’s a little pissant, but Lucius, he’s dangerous. If he were involved, this would be very different.”

“We remember all too well what he pulled last year,” Hermione scowled. “The professors will be up to the task of keeping Malfoy at bay, I’m sure.”

“I just wish we knew what it was he thought he could use against me,” Harry sighed. “How certain did he sound that this would work?”

“As certain as I’m sure he sounded that he’d finally beat you in Quidditch yesterday,” Hermione replied.

“Hermione has a point,” Chiara said. “He could be wildly wrong about how effective whatever scheme he’s come up with might be.”

“That seemed to be Dumbledore’s general conclusion,” Harry replied.

“If you want to find out, we could go looking for it,” Ron said, and every girl in the room turned to glare at him.

“We’re not traipsing through the Forbidden Forest looking for a needle in a haystack,” Hestia muttered.

“We wouldn’t be going in blind,” Ron argued. “Chiara, you...well, you have to know them pretty well, right?”

“Ron,” Hermione hissed.

“I’m sorry, but wolfsbane keeps you aware of yourself, right?” Ron asked.

“It does, and I...I am more familiar with the forbidden forest than most,” Chiara replied.

“It’s not like Malfoy could have hidden whatever he has too far into the place, right?” Ron asked. “He’s a bloody coward; always has been. He probably went about fifty feet in, stuffed whatever he has in a knot in some tree, and then ran away like his hair had caught fire.”

“That’s another thing,” Harry said. “Dumbledore was confused by the idea of him finding a dead tree to use as a hiding place. Apparently the centaurs maintain the place pretty well.”

“Actually, yeah, I haven’t run into too many dead trees in all the nights I’ve spent running around there,” Chiara murmured.

“So it would be even easier to find,” Ron argued. “I’m just saying that it wouldn’t really be like trying to find a needle in the haystack. We can assume Malfoy didn’t go far into the forest because he’s Malfoy; we have someone here who knows the forest well enough to guide us, and we’d be looking for a dead tree, something there aren’t many of.”

“We could just let the professors handle this,” Hermione muttered. “This isn’t like the Stone debacle where none of them believed us or last year where only Harry could access the thing we needed to stop. Professor Dumbledore believed you and is more than capable of foiling a plot by a third year.”

“She does have a point,” Hestia said.

“I get it, I do, but...he’s just such an arsehole,” Ron muttered. “Even ignoring that his father is one of the most evil pieces of shit this side of Azkaban, he’s been nothing but awful to all of us the entire time we’ve known him. He’s tried getting us in trouble before, was downright giddy at the idea of the heir of Slytherin killing all the muggleborns, has called Hermione a mudblood more than once, and tried to get an innocent animal killed this year because he was too stupid to do what he was told. If we found this thing and gave it to the professors, maybe it would be bad enough for Malfoy to finally get kicked out of here. He’d bloody deserve it, and it would serve his prick father right for what he did to Ginny last year.”

By the time he was finished his rant, the redhead was breathing heavily, more furious than any of them had ever seen him, and he looked sheepish when he saw how they were looking at him.

“Sorry, I just really hate the bloke,” he added.

“I can’t deny that it would be incredible to not have to deal with his whiny arse next year,” Harry muttered.

“He is a genuinely terrible human being,” Hermione added.

“I guess the outer edges of the Forbidden Forest aren’t too dangerous, right?” Hestia asked, looking at Chiara, who shrugged.

“Honestly, outside of the full moons, only the acromantulas’ territory is that dangerous,” she replied. “The centaurs aren’t the most welcoming bunch, generally, but they wouldn’t actually harm students, and their territory is deeper in than I’d expect us to have to go.”

“Plus, we would have six wands on hand,” Tonks said.

“And you, at least, are genuinely dangerous with yours,” Harry smiled, and she grinned.

“Damn straight,” Tonks smirked.

“Okay, but there would have to be rules, given that we’re about to break several,” Hestia said flatly. “Tonks, you’re the best fighter here, so you’re up front with Chiara. I’ll hang back and you three are staying between us. We follow Chiara’s lead; none of us wander off or stray from the group at all, and if she says we need to go, we go.”

“It’s not a full moon, so we don’t have to worry about Professor Lupin,” Chiara murmured. “Actually, we might want to tell him what we’re doing. He knows the forest even better than I do.”

“He’d stop us, though,” Ron pointed out.

“We wouldn’t tell him before we left,” Chiara clarified. “I could write a note, fold it into an airplane, and charm it to find him after a certain amount of time has passed. That way we make sure that if something goes wrong, we’ll have back up on the way.”

“If we get back before then, we just burn the note and that’s that,” Tonks nodded.

“As much as I trust Dumbledore, I’d also really like to know what I’m dealing with here,” Harry murmured, still disturbed by what had happened to Sirius.

“We’ll need to work out a real plan here,” Chiara murmured, taking out a roll of parchment from her bag and setting about drawing a rough map of the forest.

The others gathered around, each hoping that they’d manage to foil Malfoy’s plot before he ever had a chance to act on it.

Meanwhile, in the library, the boy in question sat alone, revising for his upcoming exams and wondering just why his father wanted him to make Potter think he was storing some weapon in the woods that he could use against him. The note he’d slipped to him, which had flown out of his

hands and burned to ashes as he finished reading it, had contained an account of a tale that his father claimed to think he'd find funny, though he knew instinctively that it had to mean more.

"I heard about this funny little tale the other day and thought you'd enjoy it," the note had read. *"Years ago, a wealthy pureblood man, faced with a half-blood rival he just couldn't seem to put in his place, let the man's friends overhear that he had something he planned to use against him. It was, he said, hidden away in an area that they were both **forbidden** to enter, and when the half-blood went searching for this apparent weapon, he was caught and finally brought low. A little bit of cunning that I thought you'd find amusing. Your Father."*

Going over the lost note in his mind again, Draco considered just why his father would choose to go to the lengths he did. If he'd been sent that as a letter, he'd have thought it odd but given it little thought, but actually seeing him in person and handing it over as he did meant he wanted him to act on it, and so he had.

"If Potter gets caught out in the forest, he'll end up in detention, but it won't go beyond that," Draco thought to himself, wondering just what his father had planned for the annoying half-blood.

He knew better than to investigate himself, as his father would never advise him to wander into the Forbidden Forest, and after his experience in his first year, he doubted he'd ever even consider stepping foot in the cursed place again, but he was curious. Still, he supposed he'd just have to wait and see what happened. Potter and his friends would try to pin it on him, he was sure, but he could just deny ever having spoken to Nott, who would also deny that the conversation ever happened, and even if he were questioned more thoroughly, for some bizarre reason, it wasn't like he actually knew anything about the apparent plot.

"Father wrote a letter to me that no longer exists telling me a story that has no bearing on anything," Draco thought to himself in amusement. *"If Potter and his friends happen to act on the lie I told Nott, that's on them."*

Grinning to himself, he put all thoughts of the Gryffindor out of his mind, knowing that his part in whatever was going on was already done.