

Legs shaking, Draco Malfoy straightened, his eyes stuck to the floor. Try as he might, he could not dare to look up at the Dark Lord. There was no one apart from the two of them in the room, and he had never felt as vulnerable as he felt at this moment in time.

“Look at me, Draco,” the Dark Lord’s hiss wafted over him, malicious and commanding. He slowly raised his head, eyes dragging across the floor to the large staircase that led to the Dark Lord’s throne before he finally looked at the face of his master.

“M-my lord,” he whispered, knuckles clenched and toes curled within his shoes. From this far, he could only make out the glowing crimson irises in the darkness, and nothing else. He had never seen a more intimidating sight. Not even the Dementors compared to the Dark Lord, and he had spent an entire year in the vicinity of those foul creatures.

“It flatters me to know you hold me with such high regard, Draco,” the Dark Lord remarked in amusement. “More terrifying than the foulest magical creatures known to wizardkind? That pleases me.”

Draco shivered.

“Alas,” the Dark Lord continued. “That is not why I have called you here.”

Draco watched in surprise as the Dark Lord vanished from his place on the throne before he yelped, falling on his behind as he appeared a few feet away from him.

“Draco... Draco...” the Dark Lord sighed. “This is no way the scion of the Malfoy family should act. On your feet, now!”

Draco hastily shot to his feet, apologizing profusely. The Dark Lord waved his hand dismissively.

“Follow me, Draco,” he instructed and began walking. Draco had no choice but to oblige.

His eyes were affixed on the Dark Lord's cloak as it hovered over the floor. Instead of fabric, it was a shadow that trailed behind him, a mass of malevolent energy that reminded Draco of a Dementor's cloak.

"Ah? I suppose that is an appropriate comparison."

Draco froze at the Dark Lord's remark, remembering that he could read his mind.

"Indeed, Draco," the Dark Lord said in amusement. "It took you too long to come to that realization."

The Dark Lord did not break his stride, and Draco kept following. He looked up when he heard a faint sound, and he saw a door slide open. He frowned. He did not remember there being a door. The Dark Lord stopped at the entrance and finally turned around.

"Come, Draco," he whispered, and apprehensive he was, Draco could do nothing but give a shaky nod. He entered the room behind the Dark Lord, who stepped aside and gestured for him to walk forward. There was a swirling black mass suspended in the air in the middle of the room, and Draco stared at it, fascinated.

"You may get closer, Draco. It is necessary."

Wordlessly, Draco Malfoy walked forward. However, the moment he got closer, his eyes widened and a blood-curdling scream rang out. His knees buckled, and he went tumbling to the floor as his mind was assaulted with some of his worst fears.

His father, degraded in front of the masses before he was butchered like an animal.

His mother, violated in unmentionable ways by unseeing faces of those filthy beasts before she was also killed.

He, reduced to a peasant, constantly tortured and unable to do anything but watch as it all happened to his parents before he joined them.

He did not know how long those scenes continued to play in his mind, on repeat. His throat was raw from screaming. His eyes were filled with tears. His limbs were shaking. And his heart was hammering wildly.

After what felt like an eternity of torture, he felt some force drag him back roughly. He grunted when his back collided with a solid structure and with teary eyes, he saw the Dark Lord staring down at him in disdain.

“Your worthless father has disappointed me time and again, Draco,” the Dark Lord whispered. “And I am at my limit now. I will not say much. That should be enough to show you what would happen should you disappoint me as well.”

Draco could only stare with wide, frightful eyes at the monster who smirked cruelly at him.

“Indeed, young Draco. I am a monster,” he spoke coldly. “But I am the monster who has the supreme power here. Disappoint me, Draco, and all your fears will come to fruition. And believe me, I shall ensure they do.”

The Dark Lord whipped his wand, and Draco cried out when his spine bent backward, pushing his head up. His knees straightened, forcing him to stand on his feet. Paralyzed in place, Draco watched with frightened eyes as the Dark Lord took hold of his left arm and placed the tip of his wand against it.

He screamed at the sensation, his throat hoarse and his breath ragged as the smell of burning flesh filled the accursed room. As the Dark Lord pulled his wand away, Draco looked at his arm and his eyes widened.

Mixed feelings coursed through him. Fear intermixed with pride. Pain combined with elation. His lord had bestowed upon him the Dark Mark.

“Take pride in this, Draco,” Lord Voldemort whispered as he stared at the boy. “Take pride that your time has come to prove that you are useful to our cause. And remember what I said mere moments ago. Disappoint me, and I will bring your nightmares to life. And believe me, I will make sure it is as painful as possible.”

Draco felt the Dark Lord relinquish his hold on his body, and he dropped to his knees, kissing the hem of his robes like a faithful servant. The approving nod of his master made him smile.

“I w-will n-never disappoint y-you, m-my lord!” He proclaimed, his voice shaky. The Dark Lord smirked.

“I surely hope you don’t, for the sake of your entire family, Draco.”

Draco nodded emphatically.

“There is something I require of you, Draco,” the Dark Lord said softly, his eyes shining a malicious red.

“I-I will be ho-honored to be of s-service, my l-lord,” Draco whispered reverently. There was no way he would fail whatever endeavor the Dark Lord wanted him to undertake. He would never disappoint the Dark Lord. His pride and honor aside, he could never let *that* happen to his father, his mother, and himself.

However, his eyes opened wide in frightened shock and his blood froze in his veins when the Dark Lord stated his command.

“I want you to kill Albus Dumbledore.”

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“You are sure of this information, Stebbins?” A man clad in dark robes remarked in a low voice, staring at his associate dressed similarly.

“A hundred percent, Macnair,” Stebbins nodded, speaking in a low voice himself. “The boy was with the girl before he went with the Greengrass woman. I’m telling you, that woman has chosen her side.”

They were currently in an unnamed dingy old diner in Knockturn Alley which was the usual place they frequented for their clandestine meetings, and today was no

different. Usually, they discussed small raids that had more to do with fun and less to further their cause. However, today, the news Stebbins had brought was a significant one.

“If what you say is true, we must inform the higher-ups. This could be a brilliant opportunity to deal with the blood traitors, and if we’re lucky, we might manage to nab Potter as well,” Macnair grinned nastily. Stebbins nodded and moved to press the tip of his wand to his dark mark when suddenly his arm was grabbed from the side. Turning to his left, he found himself staring into bestial amber orbs belonging to another of their associates.

“What are ya two? Pussies?” the man grunted with a mocking smirk. “Ya have this huge opportunity and ya wanna waste it away? Slytherins, my arse! Look at’cha, wimps, I say!”

“The fuck you on about, Crump?” Macnair snarled.

Silas Crump, a petty criminal and a werewolf who had recently joined their ranks, grinned nastily. Although nowhere as dangerous as Greyback, Crump didn’t lack in ambition. He looked at Macnair and grinned nastily.

“Think, Macnair,” he implored eagerly. “We got this chance to nab Potter and throw the brat at the Dark Lord’s feet. Whatcha think he’d do when we bring him Potter?”

Stebbins and Macnair exchanged a look before they looked back toward Crump who bared his teeth.

“This nonce here said they got four bitches, aye?” He asked, pointing toward Stebbins. “Enough for us three, innit?”

Macnair drummed his fingers over the handle of his axe he had got leaning against the table while Stebbins rubbed his chin.

“C’mon, lads! Work and fun beckons, and yer wastin’ time? Ya won’t get a chance like this again!” Crump implored.

“The house would have wards,” Stebbins mused thoughtfully.

“Steal that bloody thing Rookwood was talkin’ ‘bout then! For fucks’ sake, lad!” Crump cried out in exasperation.

“Are you mad!?” Stebbins hissed. “That fucking spook will kill us!”

“Couldn’t help but overhear your lovely discussion, lads,” a cool female voice came from behind, and Stebbins felt the woman pat his shoulder. They turned around and saw a brunette clad in dark robes smirking at them.

“Who the fuck are ya?” Macnair snarled, grabbing his axe. The woman smirked and sat beside Stebbins, and the man froze when her hand started to stroke his thigh. He looked over and his eyes widened when the woman winked at him.

“Name’s Seraphina,” she replied. “I’ve been looking for ways to get the mark. This seems like a very intriguing way of getting myself noticed, if I say so myself.”

“Got no fucking clue who you are,” Macnair remarked with a suspicious gaze as Stebbins froze. The woman’s hand had ridden higher up, almost touching his throbbing manhood but not quite. He let out a faint noise of disappointment when her hand traveled downward once again. Seraphina looked at him and winked.

“Doesn’t mean we can’t get to know each other now, does it?” She asked rhetorically. “Listen boys. I got quite some knowledge about warding, and you three could use someone like me. Whatever you do with those bitches I couldn’t give two fucks about. I want that mark, and our goals align. Makes sense to help each other out, right?”

Seraphina’s hand rose higher once again, caressing Stebbins’ upper thigh. His eyes glanced toward her only to find her smirking at him.

“Right?” She asked, looking at him with that smirk of hers.

“R-right,” he stammered, and Seraphina’s hand went down toward his knee once again. He turned around to look at Macnair once again. “The lady is right, Macnair.

We can't steal Rookwood's tool, and as she says, she's a dab hand at warding. Makes perfect sense to help each other out."

Seraphina smirked as she leaned forward, and Macnair's eyes instantly shot toward the cleavage now visible through the neckline of her tight robes. Licking his lips, he gave a small nod.

"What say you, butcher?" She asked with a saucy grin. "Should we be off?"

Macnair gulped slightly and gave a shaky nod.

"Let's be off then. It's pretty late already. They must've gone to sleep already."

"Nothing better than to attack someone in their sleep," Seraphina remarked before she stood up and walked away, leaving the two men and the werewolf to stare at her tight rear inside those robes.

"I'm gonna fuck that meat," Crump grunted.

"Don't worry," Macnair replied with a smirk. "Three of us and five of them. More than enough entertainment for the night."

Grinning wickedly, the three stood up and walked out into the alley where they found Seraphina standing with her back against the opposite wall. She pushed off the wall when she saw them.

"Ready?"

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Harry walked out of the nightclub with his arm wrapped around Astoria's waist. The brunette pressed herself close to him, satisfied with how the night had turned out.

“Anything else you wanna do before we head back?” He asked as they walked, looking around at the numerous vehicles whizzing past them.

“I think I’m ready to call it a night,” she replied with a small smile. “You tired me out quite a bit.”

Smirking, Harry looked over and pulled her inside an alleyway, pressing her between his body and the wall. The brunette looked up at him with a smirk when he leaned forward.

“I hope that’s not your limit. Have to repay Tracey for last night, remember?”

“Then what are you waiting for?” She whispered sensuously, and with a smirk, Harry pulled her flush against him and twisted on the spot.

They apparated right into the living room of Greengrass Manor, surprising the three women who were sitting on the couches. One look at the brunette beside him and all three of them knew what had happened already. Daphne and Tracey gave them matching smirks while Evelyn pointedly looked away. Harry chuckled to himself.

“I thought you’d have gone to sleep already,” Astoria remarked in surprise, earning a frown from her mother.

“Forgive me if I’m unable to sleep when my daughter is out so late into the night, particularly when the situation outside is so dangerous,” the blonde woman said firmly. Astoria frowned.

“You worry too much, mum. We were in disguise. Nothing would’ve happened.”

Evelyn frowned and looked over at Harry, and he nodded when he caught her pleading gaze. She gave him a small smile and a grateful nod in return. She knew her daughter will not listen to whatever she had to say. That one was rebellious like that. However, she was sure Harry could make her understand much better and that she would pay attention to his words.

Harry leaned down and whispered in Astoria's ear, "Go on and surprise me now. I want to see what you come up with. I might give you some reward too if I'm impressed."

Astoria shivered, both at the feeling of his hot breath caressing her skin and the anticipation she felt at hearing his words. The possibility of a reward excited her a lot.

Toes curling, the brunette gave him a promising smile and turned around, walking up the stairs toward her room. She could feel all eyes on her as she walked away, and she smirked.

Harry walked over and took his seat between Daphne and Tracey on the couch, chuckling when both cuddled up to him. Evelyn looked at them and smiled.

"Everything's going good, I hope?" She asked, leaning back and crossing her legs. She was wearing a casual nightgown that came to just below her knees, and the fabric rose upward as she made herself comfortable. Harry raised a curious eyebrow. This was the most leg she had shown since he had arrived here.

Focusing on the present, he wrapped his arms around their waists and pulled them closer.

"Never better," he replied with a smile. "And don't worry. I'll talk to her," he finished, gesturing upward with his head. Evelyn sighed tiredly.

"That girl is too rebellious for her own good. She really needs to understand that no matter what plans you might have, the situation outside can worsen at any time. It would be foolish to act as if nothing could touch her, particularly when she is only a schoolgirl," the woman said with a frown.

"I wouldn't have let anything happen to either of us, Evelyn," Harry replied.

"I know, Harry," the woman nodded. "However, it is the height of foolishness to act as if nothing could happen to you or anyone else. It's better to expect trouble and prepare yourselves."

Harry nodded. That was indeed true.

“I guess I spoke a bit too casually last time about Voldemort, didn’t I?” He asked as he looked at Daphne who gave him a small smile.

“What’s this?” Evelyn asked curiously. Harry looked over and explained how he was treating Voldemort like some vermin who shouldn’t be taken seriously, earning himself a disapproving look from the woman.

“Such arrogance is unbecoming of you, Harry,” she commented. “I know you are confident in your abilities and this plan you have developed. However, you should not underestimate him or his forces. There is a reason everyone feared him the last time he was active.”

Harry nodded with a sigh.

“I’m sorry for enabling this behavior, and I’ll make sure to be cautious. Don’t worry, Evelyn. I’ll talk to her.”

“That’s all I can ask,” she replied. “Now wh—”

Whatever she was going to say was cut off when she felt the wards buzz with a warning. Immediately, Evelyn stood up, her wand out as she rushed toward the large window overlooking the grounds.

Harry stood up abruptly with Daphne and Tracey, and the threesome joined Evelyn in looking out of the window.

“What happened?” Tracey asked in concern.

“I felt the warning from the wards. It seems we have some unwelcome guests,” the woman replied.

Harry looked out of the window but failed to decipher anything in the pitch-blackness of the night. Although the grounds were lit up every few yards, they didn't enable him to see beyond the ward line.

"You three stay here. I'll go check it out," Harry instructed. His hand was immediately grabbed by Daphne who looked at him seriously.

"There's no way you're going all alone, you hear me?" She glared. Harry chuckled and gave her hand a reassuring squeeze.

"Don't you worry, Daph. I'll not engage. I'll just see how many there are and that would be it," he replied.

"I'll be coming with you then," Evelyn stated firmly, and before Harry could say anything, she held her hand up. "This is my home, and I'll be damned if I let any of those lowlives get in. You are free to go, but I'll be joining you."

Harry looked at the woman and could not help but sigh.

"Fine, but it will be a tight fit," he said and pulled out the Invisibility cloak. He draped it over himself and held the flap open for her. "Come on in already then."

Surprised, Evelyn nodded and walked under the cloak. Harry looked over at Daphne and Tracey who were staring back with frowns on their faces.

"Go up and warn Astoria. If the situation worsens, we might have to vacate the house," he said, feeling Evelyn tense up in front of him. "Don't worry, that's the last resort," he assured her. The blonde woman nodded.

With a parting nod to Daphne and Tracey, Harry pulled the cloak over them and vanished from view. Twisting on the spot, they apparated close to the ward line but far enough so that the sound of the apparition could not be heard by their attackers.

"We'll be walking the remaining distance," Harry whispered, his mouth near Evelyn's ears. The woman shivered involuntarily and gave a shaky nod as Harry's hand came to wrap around her waist, his hands resting on her flat belly as their bodies remained

pressed up against one another under the constricting cloak. A small gasp escaped her lips when she felt him hardening behind her. His pelvis was flush against her rear, and she could feel his length brushing against her.

“You always carry this cloak around you?” She asked softly in an attempt to both take her mind off the feeling of being flushed against his solid frame and to fill the silence.

Harry nodded with a small smile. “It belonged to my dad. I never let it out of sight,” he replied.

“Must be some cloak to last so long. Normally, these last only a few years,” the woman remarked. She felt him shrug behind her.

“I see them,” he whispered suddenly. A small portion of the cloak was open in front of them through which they could see everything, and Evelyn started to look around, trying to spot their adversaries. She heard a chuckle from behind her before her eyes widened when Harry gently grabbed her chin and turned her face over to the right.

“Look closely, beyond the boundary rods,” he instructed. Biting her lips softly, she looked over. She found them immediately. There were four in total, with three standing and looking around while the fourth was bent over what she knew was the junction where the ward met the ground.

“Looks like they have a warder with them,” she whispered. “Although a warder cannot bring the wards down, with enough power and knowledge, one can create a small gap through and enter.”

Harry nodded and led them closer to the intruders.

“How much time more, woman!?” A large, dark-haired man with a massive axe slung over his shoulders snarled. Harry quickly recognized him as Macnair, the ministry executioner.

“Let her do her job properly, Macnair. Warding is a delicate subject,” the middle-aged man accompanying them replied.

“Har! Didn’t know ye were a warder, Stebbins,” the scratchy voice of the final man standing made them look at him keenly, and Harry felt Evelyn freeze in front of him. His arms around her tightened.

“That’s a werewolf,” she whispered, a slight panic in her tone. Harry took her hands and clasped them with his over her belly.

“It’s fine. We can deal with them,” he whispered with absolute confidence. The woman turned her head slightly to look at him, and Harry could see the apprehension in her blue orbs. He gave her a reassuring nod. Shakily, the woman nodded back.

“I’m not a warder, Crump, but I know it is hard. Let the lady work her magic,” the man they now knew as Stebbins retorted before looking at the woman who was kneeling on the ground with her wand out in front of her, its tip glowing a faint red as she worked on the wards.

“Can you feel any other spot on the wards where there are people around?” He asked Evelyn softly. The blonde closed her eyes for a moment, feeling the wards around the property before she shook her head.

“Good then,” Harry nodded. “It means there are only these four. We can take on them.”

“Are you sure that’s the best option?” Evelyn asked with a frown. “What about contacting the aurors?”

“Don’t think they’ll get here fast enough,” Harry shook his head. “Also, they’ll simply chuck this lot in Azkaban where the dark tosser will simply break them out. No, what we need is a permanent solution.”

Evelyn’s eyes widened and she turned her head around to look at him. Harry gave her a serious nod.

“You think this lot would’ve let us live after getting past the wards? There are four of you women inside the house. What do you think they would’ve done to you all if they

succeeded?” He asked firmly. Evelyn’s lips pursed as she turned around to glare at the quartet. Harry looked at her and smirked.

“Good choice. Let’s go,” he whispered.

Harry cast a quick notice-me-not charm around their vicinity and levitated them over the boundary. Looking over, he smirked when he saw their would-be assailants were lost in their own world.

“Let’s play a bit then,” he whispered to Evelyn, who could only look on in surprise as a piercing hex shot toward an unsuspecting Crump’s exposed throat. However, the werewolf showed why its species was so feared as it dodged out of the way quickly, brandishing its wand and looking toward where the curse had come from.

“Fuckin’ hell! Get yer wands out, ya morons!” Crump shouted and fired a bonebreaker in their direction. Harry pulled her flush against him, and Evelyn’s heartbeat skyrocketed as his hands grabbed her firmly. She could feel his biceps pressing against the sides of her tits, pushing them together and creating a rather enticing view of her cleavage which Harry couldn’t help but glance at.

The curse was way too off-target, and they didn’t even need to move.

“Someone’s here,” Stebbins whispered, looking around.

“Way to state the obvious,” Macnair retorted sarcastically and pulled his axe off his shoulder. The absolute brute of a man cried out loud and swung his axe in a horizontal arc, and this time Evelyn felt Harry’s hand clamp on her mouth as his knee hit the back of hers. He pulled her down with him to their knees, and Evelyn’s eyes widened. Her plump rear was right over his hardened member that was almost threatening to push through her satin robe. Her toes curled and she felt herself getting wet as the curse sailed past harmlessly over their heads.

It seemed time had stopped for her as the shocking predicament she found herself in dawned on her. The manhood of the man who was also her daughters’ lover was pushing against her puckered hole, occasionally touching her lower lips as well, and before she could catch her bearings, Harry stood up and stepped out of the cloak, leaving her hidden inside. She saw him gesture with his hand for her to step toward the outer boundary of her property, and she absentmindedly walked to her right

under the cloak. Try as she might, she could not help but push her hand under her nightrobe and touch herself.

“Aye aye, the wonderboy shows himself,” Crump grinned nastily.

“Shut up, you filthy mongrel. I’ve no interest in talking to you. Who’s the boss here?” Harry said dismissively, not even looking at the werewolf.

Crump’s mouth twisted into a feral snarl as he bared his sharp teeth. It was not a full moon tonight, yet he barely looked like a human.

“I assume it’s you, Macnair?” He asked, looking at the wizard who stood there with his axe slung over his right shoulder.

“So you do remember me, Potter,” Macnair smirked.

“Kinda hard to forget such an ugly face,” Harry chuckled, to the other wizard’s ire. “Although I must admit, you do give Umbridge a run for her money. Now that’s some competition right there.”

“You filth!” Macnair shouted and swung his axe, sending a multitude of cutting curses straight at Harry. Meanwhile, Crump aimed with his wand and shot forward a vicious bonebreaker yet again, this time at Harry’s throat.

Harry swatted the bonebreaker aside and weaved through the cutting curses as he aimed to close the gap between himself and the other three wizards. A few cutting curses were either swatted away or shielded against.

Meanwhile, Evelyn had one of her fingers between her teeth, biting softly to keep her moans at bay as she stared at Harry easily holding his own against three wizards. Two of her fingers were furiously thrusting inside her gushing quim while her thumb rubbed her clit, stimulating her. All the while, it was the image of Harry thrusting inside her that kept playing in her mind as she drove herself to her climax.

Harry smirked and conjured a score of sharp knives and swords before banishing them toward the group of wizards who all raised shields. The weapons collided with their shields before Stebbins suddenly went limp and fell, unconscious.

“The fuck!?” Crump shouted and quickly turned around just as the barrage of weapons ceased. His eyes shot open as he came face to face with the wand of the very woman who had been aiding them with breaking the wards. “Ya bitch!”

His words were cut off as a powerful banisher sent him crashing against the trunk of a tree, knocking the wind out of him.

Meanwhile, Macnair quickly revived Stebbins and the formerly unconscious wizard was immediately forced on the defensive as he shielded himself from the woman’s spells once again.

Harry had a few questions. He had been left surprised when the woman turned on her accomplices, and he had only watched in amusement as she sent the werewolf crashing against a tree before engaging a revived Stebbins who looked like he’d rather be anywhere than here.

“Must say, your kind surely knows how to pick allies, Macnair,” Harry taunted. The wizard turned to glare at him before he flung another volley of cutting curses toward Harry, who tsked in annoyance before batting them away. He felt something coming toward him from his left and quickly ducked down. A conjured knife sailed right through where his head had just been and he saw Crump flanking him from the side.

Stebbins and the woman were engaged in their battle, leaving Harry to deal with two wizards.

“Ya had to interfere, didn’t ya?” Crump snarled. “We was gonna have some fun with the bitches inside. Couldn’t let us have that, could ya?”

Suddenly, he flung himself to the side as a sharp icicle pierced the air, grazing the side of his neck. Eyes wide, he looked at his attacker and found himself looking at a disheveled blonde woman wearing a nightrobe that left little to the imagination as to what lay underneath. He licked his lips lecherously and grinned as he stood up when the telltale smell of her arousal reached his sensitive nose.

“Well, well, well, look at’cha! Did I interrupt somethin’, m’lady?” He stared her up and down before his eyes fell on the spot between her legs. He licked his lips once again. “I’ll happily make ya ma bitch. Ya be happy to know I’ll—”

Whatever filth he was about to spew was cut off as a massive sword shot toward him and he threw himself to the side as it embedded on the trunk behind him.

“Don’t ya dare, ya brat!” He shouted as he stared at Harry before he abruptly shut up. Harry was giving him a deathly stare as he stalked forward, and Macnair quickly swung his axe, sending a large horizontal cutter straight at him.

Harry didn’t even break his stride as Evelyn shielded him against the curse before she rounded on Macnair.

“Over my dead body, you bastards!” She snarled and whipped her wand forward. Off to the side, Harry kept stalking toward Crump who could only stare, shocked, into the eyes of this predator. His animalistic senses were screaming at him, recognizing the superior creature and overcoming his human senses that wanted him to lash out. The beast within him was cowering under that powerful gaze, seeing the black aura that surrounded this devil.

Death. It was the embrace of death. There was no other answer.

Harry smirked to himself and flicked his wand once again, intensifying the deathly aura he was emitting. The spell attacked one’s opponent mentally, breaking one’s resolve to fight. Very similar to a dementor’s aura, yet very different. A very useful spell indeed.

Crump let out a whimper, not dissimilar to a dog’s whine as Harry reached him. This one was not a powerful wizard, nor was he a strong werewolf. If Harry had to guess, he didn’t even have a mark. A cutting curse to the sleeve told him that much. Disdainfully, he spat to the side. This was a petty thug who had decided to attack them with those two Death Eaters just to rape and violate his women. This one had to die alongside his other two accomplices who had surely brought him with them only because he was a werewolf. They would die for having evil intentions toward his women.

He would see what to do with the woman who had been working on the wards, or rather, acting to work, but the fate of this mutt and those two wizards was sealed.

The werewolf was now bowed low in front of him, its hands behind its head as it rubbed its face into the ground, whimpering.

“You don’t deserve any more of my attention,” Harry said with a scoff and fired a withering curse at the creature’s head.

The werewolf let out a loud wail that sent a chill down the spines of its fellow criminals who looked over. That was all their opponents needed. The other woman’s stunner collided with Stebbins, sending him tumbling over while Evelyn’s blasting hex hit Macnair in the shoulder, tearing his left arm off and sending him crashing against another tree.

Harry stared as the werewolf withered away until not even its corpse remained before he walked over to join Evelyn near Macnair, who was holding his bloodied shoulder that was missing an arm with a vice grip in a condemned effort to stave off the blood loss.

Evelyn had a few scratches on her face and her robe was torn in places, exposing her bare skin. His eyes lingered on her body, aware that she had her eyes on him and knew that he was checking her out. To her own surprise, she let him take her in.

Finally, Harry tapped his wand against her nightrobe and repaired it before walking close to her and gently wrapping the string tighter around her waist, earning a smile from the woman. However, something was different about that smile. Something had changed between them, and Harry reckoned the change was for the better. He held her by the waist for a moment, caressing her sides as he returned her smile before the sound of someone walking toward them made him turn around.

Looking over, he saw the woman coming toward them with Stebbins levitating in front of her, and Harry’s eyes widened when she came close. Her features had changed, and in front of him stood none other than Nymphadora Tonks clad in that woman’s clothes.

“Tonks?” He asked in surprise.

“Wotcher, Harry!” The pink-haired woman waved her hand cheerfully. “Merlin, you’ve no idea how relieved I was that you came when you did. I sent the Order a message about this, but look at them. No one’s to be seen anywhere. Idiots. This could’ve been dangerous, you know? I’ll be sure to give them a piece of my mind at the next meeting.”

“Hold up,” Harry raised a hand. “What are you doing here? Why were you with this lot?”

Tonks sighed. “Mad-Eye asked me to patrol Knockturn in a convincing disguise to keep tabs on Death Eaters and their buddies. They love that alley, you see. I’ve been doing this for a couple of nights now, and tonight, I overheard this lot plotting to attack Greengrass Manor to, as they said, have some fun,” she said distastefully with a glare toward Macnair who glared back, “and to nab you so they could deliver you to their lord for some brownie points. I had no idea you were here though. When I heard about their plans, I had to intervene.”

“By pretending that you were helping them when you were instead plotting to capture them. How gullible are you, you greedy bastards?” Harry laughed mockingly at Macnair who spat blood. He looked at the deep wound on the man’s shoulder and shook his head.

“You’ve lost a lot of blood already. Don’t think you’ll survive without prompt healing,” he remarked. “As I see it, Macnair, you have two options. You could either die a slow death, or I could make it painless. Your left arm is gone, so it’s not as if you could fuck off to your master now.”

He chuckled at the man’s look of shock.

“Oh yeah, I know how that fucking mark works. No need to look so surprised. So? What will it be?”

“W-wait a minute, Harry,” Tonks said quickly, eyes wide. “Killing when they are unarmed? We’ve got them here. Won’t capturing them be enough? Staining your hands with blood is not necessary when we’ve got them subdued.”

Harry sighed and looked at the woman who was parroting Dumbledore's narrative. Staring into her brown orbs, he flicked his wand, decapitating Stebbins. Tonks jumped in shock and looked at Harry with wide eyes.

"I don't take prisoners, Tonks," he stated firmly with a cold look on his face. "Not when the people I care for are threatened. You can go away if you're going to parrot that bullshit rhetoric about capturing and second chances. I believe in permanent solutions."

Tonks stared at Harry in abject shock, as if she couldn't believe what he was saying.

"I've lost too much to this group of thugs, Tonks," he continued. "And you think simply stunning and capturing them is gonna work? That did a whole lot of good to us in the last war, right? It helped you tonight as well, didn't it? Remind me what happened when you stunned that one? His buddy here revived him instantly, that's what."

Tonks remained silent and only flinched slightly as Harry flicked his wand and decapitated Macnair as well.

"Listen, Tonks," he sighed. "I understand this might seem cruel and unnecessary, but tell me this lot deserves to live. Rape, murder, torture, abuse, arson, and so much more. Tell me you truly believe we should let them live."

Tonks stared at him with a deep frown. "Harry, I get where you're coming from, but—"

Whatever she was going to say was cut off as a silvery lynx materialized in front of them. The Patronus turned toward Tonks and in the deep voice of Kingsley Shacklebolt, it said, "Death Eaters attacked two of the Order's safe houses. We responded at once, but we were too late. The raid was led by Bellatrix Lestrange. You need to come at once, Nymphadora."

Tonks' eyes opened wide and before anyone could move, a loud crack echoed as the woman apparated away, leaving Harry and Evelyn staring at her vacant spot in silence.

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To be continued...