

Fleur had never known a state of such all-consuming need before. Even when Harry accidentally went too far in his teasing the first time they slept together, it hadn't gotten that bad. Restrained from the ceiling, her entire body was covered in feathers, not just the downy little white ones that started to appear when she became slightly too aroused for comfort, but large yellow, orange, and red ones as well. Her face had shifted as well, becoming more angular and avian, and her eyes had turned entirely black. She even had wings, which had sprouted from her back a while ago and looked so distinctly inhuman that no one who laid eyes on her then could have mistaken her for anything but what she was.

The large mirror in front of her was the only thing making her at all aware of just how much she'd transformed but the visual was lost on her. Under normal circumstances she'd have given much thought to how she appeared, being admittedly rather vain, but those were far from normal circumstances. All that she could think about was the raw, throbbing ache between her legs and the madness-inducing emptiness that she felt there. She needed to be filled, she needed to be seeded, she needed...

"CAWK!" she cried, her voice sharp, avian, and harsh.

"She's so pretty like this," a short, fair-haired girl sighed, her big silver eyes raking over her form.

"Powerful too," a black-haired girl grunted, her hands outstretched and enveloped by circles of purple light.

"Is she becoming too much for you?" a crimson-haired girl asked from her throne next to the mirror. She had a glass of wine in her hand and a smirk on her face that Fleur found infuriating.

"No," the dark-haired girl replied. "I just wonder what a terror she'd be if she could learn to control this after you turn her. Could be useful."

"It could," the crimson-haired girl agreed.

"Fuck me, she's wet," a dark-haired man groaned as he ghosted his fingers over her feathery inner thighs, making her scream in frustration.

His throbbing cock was standing proud in the air, beckoning to her like a siren to a ship of sailors. Deep in the locked off-confiner of her mind, that particular thought amused her for some reason, but she had no way of knowing why just then. Her frustration was palpable, and the air around her hot as her power billowed out from her body. She was held in check by the dark-haired girl, or else she'd have burned her way through her restraints by now. All she wanted was to mount that man and ride him until she came. It was her singular desire, and the knowledge that he was so close yet still outside her grasp was infuriating enough to make her scream.

"I think you've suffered enough for tonight, Fleur," the crimson-haired one sighed as she finished her glass of wine. "Fuck her, Harry. I want to see how hard she cums."

"As you wish," the man chuckled, walking behind her. "I just hope she doesn't burn my cock."

"She's feverishly hot right now but not enough to scald you," the black-haired girl assured him.

"I imagine it will feel even better with her so hot," the fair-haired girl smiled. "Maybe with Polyjuice, I could try this sometime."

“We’ll see, Luna,” the dark-haired man chuckled as he lined himself up with her dripping cunt.

When Fleur felt the head of his cock nestle between her heated folds, she went still, weeping with joy at the thought of her torment finally being over. He buried himself to the hilt inside her with one thrust, and she came instantly, promptly passing out.

“Ugh!” Fleur exclaimed as she woke up. Every muscle in her body ached, and she whimpered in pain as she struggled to sit up.

“Hello,” Luna smiled.

“Luna?” Fleur asked blearily, wiping her eyes to help her see more clearly. “Where am I? Where’s Harry?”

“He left, as did Rias and Akeno, and Hermione had already gone before we started playing with you,” Luna replied serenely. “How are you feeling?”

“Sore,” Fleur replied, “and parched.”

A glass appeared before her, and Luna conjured water into it, which she drank happily.

“I figured you would be,” Luna murmured as she sat down next to her on the bed. “I’ve never seen anyone squirt like you did. You were like a fountain.”

“Zat was ze most intense zing I ‘ave ever felt,” Fleur shuddered. “It was almost worth...”

“Are you sorry?” Luna asked, giving her an oddly intense stare for her.

“Oui,” Fleur sighed. “What I did was stupid, and I deserved Rias’ punishment.”

“You did,” Luna said without heat. “Do you at least trust them now?”

“I do,” Fleur sighed. “Rias’ willingness to maintain ze contract until Voldemort is dead, despite her issues with it, is something zat I cannot ignore. She loves ‘im, truly, and ‘is well being is more important to ‘er zan anything. Someone capable of zat is not like ze monsters I ‘eard stories of growing up.”

“Good,” Luna smiled, brushing her fingers through Fleur’s mussed-up silver-gold hair. “We’re family, Fleur, and family can disagree, argue, and even fight, provided we make up later, but we can’t deceive each other.”

“Luna?” Fleur asked, furrowing her brow at the oddly distant look in the younger girl’s eyes.

“What am I going to do?” Luna wept, staring up at the specters of her parents. “Daddy, you were the only family I had left.”

“Oh, sweetheart,” Xenophilius lamented. “That doesn’t have to be true.”

“What?” Luna asked, blinking in confusion.

“What your father means is that someone doesn’t have to share blood with you to be your family,” Pandora explained. “The two of us didn’t after all, and yet we made a family together.”

“You’ve found yourself some wonderful friends, Luna,” Xenophilus said softly, “friends who care a great deal about you.”

“So Harry and the others can be my family?” Luna asked.

“Of course,” Pandora smiled, brushing her fingers through her daughter’s hair on instinct, only to sigh sadly when she recalled that she couldn’t touch her. “You love them, don’t you?”

“I do,” Luna nodded.

“Would you like to be Harry’s wife someday?” Pandora asked.

“I would, though I’d settle for being his live-in sex pet if polygamy isn’t legal in the underworld,” Luna replied.

“She’s just like you were at her age, Panda,” Xenophilus laughed, and Pandora smiled.

“Then he’ll be your family,” she continued, “him and anyone else you let into your big beautiful heart.”

“So I could have a really big family?” Luna asked, her mind swimming with images of her and Harry lounging on a bed after an orgy, surrounded by dozens of sweaty, sated, and beautiful women.

“As big a family as you like,” Pandora assured her. Leaning in, she whispered, “That man of yours seems to have the stamina of a dozen men.”

“Yeah, Harry’s wonderful,” Luna sighed, wiping the tears from her eyes. “Thank you for this.”

“Try not to call us too often, Lunebug,” Xenophilus cautioned her. “The living should remain focused on the living, but if you ever need advice or just really need to chat, we’ll always be here for you.”

“I love you both so much,” Luna whimpered.

“We love you too,” Pandora whispered, her eyes misty.

“With all our hearts,” Xenophilus added.

“Luna?” Fleur asked again.

Luna blinked rapidly at her before asking, “What?”

“Are you okay?” Fleur asked, brushing the younger girl’s hair behind her ear.

“So long as we all are,” Luna replied airily.

“Harry, Rias, and Akeno are all understandably upset, but I meant what I said about making amends,” Fleur replied.

“Then we’ll be okay,” Luna replied. “*We’ll be okay. We’ll be okay.*”

“Um, Luna,” Fleur ventured, still sensing alarming emotional distress coming from the other girl, “I’m rather sore just now and desperately need a shower. Could you ‘elp me?”

“Alright,” Luna replied, perking up a little at the idea of showering with her.

Fleur grunted as she stood up, and Luna looped one of her arms around her back while moving one of the Veela’s arms around her shoulders. The room changed at her will, and a large shower formed around them, which started spraying warm water on them the moment Luna finished undressing. Fleur sighed in pleasure as the heat helped alleviate some of the strain in her sore muscles immediately, but most of her focus was on Luna.

At a glance, she seemed to be doing better than Hermione as the two came to terms with their terrible losses, but she’d doubted the blonde was quite as well as she appeared and got proof just then. The idea that she’d hurt Luna as well in her stupid test made Fleur feel even guiltier, and she swore that she’d make things up to her as well, no matter what it took.

“So what exactly is zis plan of yours?” Vinda asked. “I ‘ave ‘umored you up to zis point due to your reputation, but I want some details.”

“You dare question our lord?” Bellatrix hissed, her hand flying towards her wand only to find Vinda’s pointing at her throat. The movement had been so quick that the insane witch was simultaneously infuriated and deeply impressed.

“Lower your wand, Miss Rosier,” Voldemort commanded. “Bella, stand down. We are this woman’s guests after all.”

Vinda lowered her wand and turned to Voldemort, cocking a snow-white brow at the self-styled dark lord. She still didn’t think him particularly worthy of the title, for though he was undoubtedly powerful, he lacked the grandiosity and vision that Grindelwald had always had.

“Shall I, my lord?” Augustus Rookwood asked.

“Go on,” Voldemort nodded, sitting down at the head of the table in Vinda’s dining room.

She pursed her lips slightly at his presumption, and he smiled inwardly. She wasn’t one of his followers and didn’t grovel at his feet as they did, which was one reason why only a handful of his most devout servants were there at the moment. She was powerful, though, and he had need of her, so he was willing to tolerate her to an extent. He would absolutely make clear just who was the most prominent and powerful person in the room, though, and delighted in seeing her irritation at that. Nagini approached him, and he beckoned his old ally, familiar, and horcrux onto his lap, knowing that the image would further unsettle his host.

Rookwood unfurled the map in his hands across the table and said, “Nurmengard’s wards appear to have been strengthe...”

“What is zis?” Vinda asked, interrupting him.

“A map of Nurmengard,” Rookwood replied as though that were obvious.

“Where is ze rest of it?” Vinda asked, glaring at the younger man. “Zis is ze prison tower, oui, but...”

“Oh, you don’t know,” Antonin Dolohov asked. “After the war, Dumbledore tore apart the rest of the fortress. All that remains is this tower.”

“The German ministry keeps these schematics of what remains of it on hand, and a contact of Reinhardt’s managed to get us a copy,” Voldemort added. “Grindelwald is imprisoned at the top and has been since his duel with Dumbledore.”

“Zat man,” Vinda growled, shaking with rage. “If ‘e managed to do zis zan our cause is lost.”

“What makes you say that?” Rebastian Lestrangle asked, curious.

“Ze wards of zat fortress were directly tied to my lord in a way zat I never truly understood,” Vinda replied. “If Dumbledore was able to take the castle apart stone by stone like this, zen ‘e managed to wrest control of zem away. If zey are tied to ‘im, zen we will need ‘im to get my lord out and zat...”

“Is my plan,” Voldemort replied, earning a look of pure incredulity from the older witch. “I learned something very interesting not long ago. Every year on the twenty-fourth of June, Dumbledore visits his old foe. Why he chooses that particular date, I am unsure.”

“It ‘as no significance to me,” Vinda commented. “You seriously intend to try to free my lord while Dumbledore is zere? Are you mad? He’s Albus Dumbledore.”

“Yes, he’s Albus Dumbledore,” Voldemort repeated theatrically. “He’s the Supreme Mugwump of the I.C.W., the Chief Warlock of the British Wizengamot, and has been known since nineteen-forty-five as one of the most powerful wizards in the world. He’s also old and has grown complacent, and I know for a fact that during these annual visits, he brings very few guards.”

“You intend to ambush him,” Vinda breathed. “Do you think you could kill him?”

“I think he’s annoyingly good at not dying,” Voldemort replied tersely, “but my goal would not be to kill him, not that I’d hesitate if I got the chance. I just need to wound him.”

“The wards are tied to him, and so his blood could help us break them down,” Rookwood added. “If we can get Grindelwald out and nurse him back to health, Dumbledore will, even if he survives the ambush, have both him and our lord to deal with then.”

“In exchange for his help taking down our common enemy, I’d be willing to give him free rein in Europe,” Voldemort offered. “Once Dumbledore’s dead, Britain will be mine.”

“If only you’d been able to make this deal during the war,” Vinda said, clearly thinking it over.

“Alas, I only graduated from Hogwarts the year Grindelwald fell,” Voldemort replied. “I...ugh.”

“Master?” Bellatrix asked as he twitched.

“It’s nothing,” Voldemort glared, willing away the sudden headache that seemed to leave as quickly as it came.

Nagini hissed comfortingly at him, realizing that he’d experienced some discomfort, and he ghosted a hand over her cool scales, looking down at her for a moment before returning his gaze to Vinda.

“I came all the way out to Argentina for this because I believe that not only is it possible but that it…” he trailed off and fury welled inside him as he caught the faintest hint of something that shouldn’t have been even mildly possible: a presence inside his mind.

“*Potter!*” he raged mentally, and he instantly felt the presence leave.

Furious didn’t even begin to describe how he felt in that moment. No one had dared even try to peer into his mind since he graduated, and no one had succeeded since Dumbledore took a peek back in his fourth year at Hogwarts. He knew that there was a connection between them and had made use of it when he lured Potter out of Hogwarts with his toys’ parents, but he’d never imagined that it might be used against him. His young foe had, with the element of surprise, managed to catch a slight glimpse, but he’d hurt him on the way in and been detected almost immediately. He wouldn’t succeed again if he was foolish enough to try, and Voldemort almost hoped that he was.

“Did you zink of something?” Vinda asked.

“Yes,” Voldemort replied coolly, unwilling to let anyone realize that something had just happened to him. “My followers and I will be able to lead the charge in ambushing Dumbledore, and I’ll likely recruit more for the task, but what we really need it, people who know the layout of the castle, even just what’s left of it, personally. That was much of why I sought you out to begin with, but it would be even more helpful if we had more of your lord’s old followers. Reinhardt mentioned that there were a few others still around and free, but you were the only one he knew the whereabouts of.”

“I’m surprised ze old man would admit to not knowing something,” Vinda scowled, “but zen, I was surprised to see ‘im come ‘ere in person as well.”

Reinhardt had left almost immediately, having helped as much as he was willing to.

“Do you know where to find more of your old cohorts?” Voldemort asked.

“Oui,” Vinda nodded. “Zis plan of yours ‘as some merit, I must admit. I will reach out to a few old contacts. Provided no one ‘as died since I last checked, zere are nine of us in total.”

“That will do,” Voldemort said with a grin before any of his followers could speak.

Nine of Grindelwald’s old followers might not be much, but combined with those he intended to recruit from further afield, he was confident that it would be enough for what he had in mind.

“Shit!” Harry hissed, rubbing his forehead as he sat up in his bed in the Gryffindor tower, having just been forced to flee from Voldemort’s mind.

Trying to look inside his prophesied nemesis’ mind was something that he’d been tempted to do since he first realized that he could, but he’d held off until he’d learned all that he could from the

horcrux of occlumency and legilimency. The soul shard had still been confident that he would be caught, but as Rias' European connections failed to spot any of their enemies, he'd decided that it was worth a shot anyway, and though he hadn't seen more than a few seconds through the lunatics eyes, he hadn't come away with nothing.

"What the hell is he doing in Argentina?" he wondered.

Whatever the explanation, and he'd be sure to ask Dumbledore just on the off chance that he knew something and was willing to share, it at least explained why they hadn't found any Death Eaters in Europe. He'd gained something even more important, though. Looking through Voldemort's eyes as he peered down at his snake, Nagini, he could say definitively from how the reptile felt that she was a horcrux. The one in his scar was correct, and Voldemort had turned a living being into a vessel for part of his soul.

"We won't be bringing that one to Sirzechs," he thought to himself, scowling.

Capturing horcruxes had been annoying enough when they couldn't physically fight back, and the thought of having to restrain the large snake for transport was less than appealing. He also didn't know if there was any kind of conscious bond between Nagini and Voldemort as there was between the two of them, and the last thing he needed was for the snake to somehow tip off her master about the fact that she'd been captured. She would have to die, and he just had to hope that Sirzechs managed to figure out how to extract a soul shard from a horcrux without breaking it using the remaining two in his possession.

Voldemort knew what he had done, and that was unfortunate, but it was a risk he'd taken knowingly, and he'd gotten something out of it. He wouldn't be trying again, as doing so while his old enemy was on guard would be stupid, but there was always a chance that Voldemort would try to retaliate, which would be fun to deal with. Neither one of them could overpower the other at this point, but he alone likely knew that.

Getting out of bed, he showered and headed downstairs, nearly bumping into Hermione as she entered the common room from the girl's staircase.

"Mione?" he asked, furrowing his brow in confusion when he saw just how distracted the bushy-haired brunette looked.

"Hmm?" Hermione asked, looking confused for a moment. "Oh, Harry. Sorry, I didn't see you there."

"So I noticed," Harry chuckled. "Did you sleep alright?"

"Excuse me," Lavender said politely, and Hermione rushed out of her way, ending up in Harry's arms as he wrapped them around her instinctively the moment her body pressed against his. "You're seriously dating her, Luna Lovegood, and the Beauxbatons champion?"

"It's more like the four of us dating each other," Hermione replied, knowing that enough was out already for there to be no point in hiding any of it, other than the fact that they were all seeing two devils as well.

"Oh, well, if it makes you happy," Lavender shrugged. "If you see Parv, let her know I went to the Great Hall. I'm bloody famished."

“Will do, Lavender,” Hermione replied.

“She was understanding,” Harry murmured, taking her hand and leading her towards the fireplace.

“That’s because she’s thrilled to have confirmation on this piece of gossip,” Hermione replied. “The whole school will know by ten this morning, guaranteed, though with Luna having already let it slip, that was assured either way. Word of warning: we are going to get join offers.”

“Fuck, you’re right,” Harry sighed. “Remind me to tell Luna no preemptively.”

Hermione snorted at that and said, “Worried you couldn’t handle more?”

“We saw full well how much bringing someone new in can complicate things last night,” Harry whispered in her ear, and Hermione sighed.

“Try to see things from her perspective, Harry,” the brunette said quietly. “She cares about you a lot and was worried. Speaking as someone else who cares and worries about you, I can sympathize. I’m sure she realizes what she did was wrong.”

“Oh, that I’m very sure of,” Harry snorted. “I’m just pissed at her for not trusting our judgment if she couldn’t trust...them. Are you okay? You left early last night and seemed spaced out just now.”

“I just had a lot on my mind,” Hermione replied, not at all ready to talk about what she’d discovered after leaving them to punish Fleur. “Do you want to get something to eat?”

“That sounds great just now,” Harry replied.

“Did either of you see Lavender?” Parvati asked.

“She’s in the great hall,” Harry replied. “You want to come with?”

“Love to,” Parvati grinned. “So is it true that you’re dating Hermione and two other girls?”

Harry tried not to visibly wince.

“Another few animal mutilations,” Sona muttered, shaking her head. “Our newest interloper is proving quite elusive.”

“They haven’t escalated yet,” Rias remarked, tapping her nails on her desk. “That’s both a relief and a frustration. People like this usually make their first real mistakes when the thrill of what they’re doing starts to wane and they seek a greater one.”

“Is it possible that it’s someone from Kuoh itself?” Sona asked. “Your focus has been on finding a stray of one variety or another passing through, and maybe that’s a mistake.”

“There’s palpable magical power in whoever is doing this,” Rias replied, shaking her head. “If anyone in town had that kind of power, I think that one of us or a member of our peerages would have noticed them by now.”

“Well, if you need help, I’m available,” Sona offered.

“The last ritual site was a little sloppier than the others, and the perpetrator left a trail of blood droplets,” Rias explained. “I have Koneko and Akeno following it now to see if they find further clues.”

“Were there footprints?” Sona asked curiously.

“No, which tells us almost as much as the prints themselves would have,” Rias replied.

“Your prey can fly,” Sona nodded. “Probably not a local then.”

“Not unless someone here has been hiding what they are the entire time we’ve been here,” Rias replied. “I already checked out the handful of newcomers who arrived within a few months of the first incident and found no reason to suspect any of them.”

“Hmm, well, my offer stands,” Sona murmured. “See you later.”

“Later, Sona,” Rias smiled.

The Sitri heiress turned and left, opening the door to the Occult Research Center’s clubroom just as Akeno went to.

“Oh, hello, Sona,” Akeno said warmly.

“Akeno,” Sona nodded. “I was just leaving.”

“Of course,” Akeno replied, letting her pass.

“Anything?” Rias asked.

“No,” Akeno replied, shaking her head. “The lunatic flew off and either vanished the blood after about a mile, or it ran out. Either way, there was nothing nearby to suggest where they went after that.”

“Damn,” Rias hissed.

“Rias, I figured you were a little tired when we left Hogwarts, so I didn’t bother asking about it, but...you were unusually gentle with Fleur,” Akeno said. “I was wondering why.”

“Messing with the ritual like that was stupid, and the results...” she trailed off as the faintest hint of a reddish collar, appeared around her neck and took a deep breath. As it disappeared, she continued, saying, “They’re going to take some getting used to. Don’t think I didn’t notice you laughing.”

“In the moment, I realized that it was an oversight on our part and found the prank aspect of it funny,” Akeno admitted, wincing.

“To answer your question, I was gentle because I realized that I could use this,” Rias replied.

“Harry, Luna, and Hermione care about her, and I enjoy her company well enough, despite how plainly she’s distrusted us. What I saw in her eyes last night suggested that I did significant damage to that distrust, and that was why I was so lenient. I’m fascinated by the Veela and wonder if having one under my sway might enable me to reach out to more of them.”

“You want to improve ties between them and devils?” Akeno asked.

“It won’t be easy if Fleur’s an example of how they’re taught to react to us, but I think it could be beneficial if I could pull it off,” Rias replied. “They might not be succubi, but their power is impressive. At minimum, I’ve given myself an opportunity to spend months training Fleur and seeing if it might be possible to make her a loyal member of my peerage. If her loyalty can be secured, then from there, I’ll have an in with their community and can see where that takes me.”

“She does seem powerful,” Akeno commented. “Restraining her as I did wasn’t easy. Devilry would only enhance her abilities too.”

“The devils of old rejected the Veela because they weren’t succubi, because they weren’t an answer to our fertility problem,” Rias mused. “I thought that was short-sighted and stupid when I first learned of it as a girl, and I still do.”

“One thing you might be overlooking is how touchy the Phenexes find the subject of them,” Akeno reminded her. “They’re already less than thrilled with you as it is, and anything that could be construed as a further insult could cause your family problems.”

“Fucking Riser,” Rias muttered under her breath. “It’ll be something to worry about later if I even manage to gain Fleur’s complete trust. I wouldn’t even think of turning her without it, given everything.”

“Of course,” Akeno nodded. “I’m going to go check on Koneko. I had Kiba accompany her while she tried to sniff out our elusive lunatic because I figured you’d want a report as quickly as possible.”

“If she thinks she’s lost the trail, then call them back,” Rias ordered, and Akeno nodded before disappearing in a magic circle.

Rias walked over to the chess set she kept in the corner of the room and picked up one of the intricately carved pawns, rolling it between her fingers as she pondered a number of different things.

“*It’s impossible,*” Hermione thought to herself for probably the thousandth time over the last couple days. She had never been happier in her life for a weekend than she had been for that one.

She’s spent most of the previous day in a daze, and that day wasn’t any better. If she’d had classes, she honestly feared that she’d have had trouble paying attention. How could anyone pay attention to even something as incredible as magic when they had stumbled across something the very existence of which shouldn’t have been possible at all? She’d hidden away in her dorm room most of the weekend, avoiding both the uncomfortable looks she got from the other students over her relationship news and her lovers, who she knew she wouldn’t be able to focus on for long. Even speaking with Harry the other morning had only managed to distract her for a few minutes before she found herself staring off into space again, pondering how what she’d found in the Room of Requirement could be possible.

The room was a wondrous thing, able to create things with startling ease, but it still followed the rules of magic. It could not create food for them, for instance, and it shouldn’t have been able to create books that had no way of existing, especially with the parameters that had been given to it.

She's spoken to Ravenclaw's portrait, seeking answers, but only managed to confuse the ancient witch even more than she was confused.

"...from fiction?" she'd asked. *"What the devil do you mean?"*

She knew they were all going to look at her like she'd gone insane, and she was beginning to wonder about that herself, but she couldn't keep herself from talking to someone about this any longer, and so she made her way up to the Room of Requirement, finding Luna sitting outside the bedroom, reading a book.

"Hey Hermione, did you know that Professor Dumbledore and Grindelwald were lovers?" Luna asked, and Hermione choked on her own spit.

"What?!" the brunette coughed.

"Are you okay?" Luna asked, concerned. When Hermione just nodded and gestured for her to explain, she added, "I found one of Dumbledore's old journals from before the war in the latest pile. It had notes on all kinds of nifty spells that he and Grindelwald worked on together, including a really cool, dark one Harry's going to like that separates friends from foes and then burns the foes, because burning the friends would be mean."

"Could you get back to the thing you nearly made me choke to death on?" Hermione glared.

"Oh yeah, and they used to have sex all the time," Luna continued, giving her the book. As Hermione read through the passage she'd left it open to, her eyes growing wider and wider as she did, the blonde added, "I wonder if not having a gag reflex is a key part of being a dark lord. I'll have to get Harry to ask the one in his head."

"Oh God!" Hermione exclaimed, slamming it shut. She really didn't need that image.

"It does make the whole war a little sadder, though," Luna pouted. "Imagine having to fight someone you used to love."

Hermione shook her head and wished that her mind wasn't so completely consumed by what she came to talk to her friends about that she could give actual thought to what she'd just learned. She imagined that her headmaster had put significant effort into hiding his past with the man who his legendary duel with built his considerable reputation.

"Are Harry and Fleur around?" she asked, putting the book on the table and shaking her head.

"They're in the bedroom," Luna replied. "They're just talking, so I came out here to give them privacy."

"There's something I need to talk to you three about, preferably Akeno and Rias too," Hermione said, walking towards the bedroom.

"Is it as interesting as what I learned?" Luna asked.

"Somehow even weirder," Hermione muttered, quietly opening the door.

"...really didn't like being put in the position of having to take sides between you either," Harry scowled.

Between how tired he looked and how puffy Fleur's eyes were, Hermione knew at a glance that they had been having this conversation for a while.

"I know," Fleur muttered sadly. "I zou...to ze extent I zought at all, I just imagined that it would be a simple change zat could set my mind at ease. I didn't imagine it going as poorly as it nearly did. Ze idea zat I nearly ruined something done for your protection..."

"Did it work at least?" Harry sighed. "Do you finally realize that they're good and not out to eat my soul or something?"

"I do," Fleur nodded. "I promise I will never do anything like zis again."

"Alright," Harry nodded, kissing her softly, and when he pulled back, Fleur had tears streaming down her cheeks.

Wiping them away, he kissed her forehead softly and she smiled, wrapping her arms around him just as he noticed that the door was open crack.

"Hermione?" he asked.

"Hey," Hermione sighed, opening the door. "Is now not a good time?"

"No, please come in," Fleur replied, wiping her eyes. "Is something wrong? You seem...tense."

"Do you know if Rias and Akeno are specifically busy right now?" Hermione asked.

"Not as far as I know," Harry replied. "*Rias, do you and Akeno have a minute?*"

"*Yes, actually,*" Rias replied. "*Feel free to summon us.*"

"Rias Gremory and Akeno Himejima," he called out, holding out a pair of summoning papers, and Fleur tensed up.

"It's okay," Luna murmured, taking her hand. "They'll get over it after they tease you into a state of hyper-aroused madness a few more times."

Fleur certainly hoped so.

"Harry, is something wrong?" Rias asked as she arrived.

"Hermione wanted to talk to all of us," Harry replied, turning to the brunette, who took a deep breath.

"To be honest, I don't know where to begin," Hermione sighed.

"I usually find the beginning to be the best spot," Luna chimed in, making her smile despite herself.

"I guess that would be best," Hermione chuckled. "The day after...the day after my parents were murdered, I needed something, anything, to distract me. I ended up finding what I was looking for with Harry, but before that I tried helping Dobby copy books. While doing that, I came across one that I took to be a collection of letters from my favorite author."

“Is that what I found you crying over?” Harry asked, recalling the awful day.

“It was,” Hermione nodded, reaching into her book bag and pulling out the one she’d found. “Rias, can you read this?”

“Of course I...what language is this?” Rias asked.

“I’ll get to that,” Hermione replied. “You can read it, though.”

“Yes,” Rias replied. “As I’ve said, Devils can read anything, provided it’s written in a real language. This says, ‘The Last Days of Gondolin.’”

“Holy shit,” Hermione breathed, her heart and mind both racing at the implications of that. Reaching for the one she’d found the other day, she handed it to Rias and asked, “And this one?”

Flipping through it, Rias said, “It appears to be a journal of some kind. There’s a little inscription on the first page...‘property of Feanor.’”

“These can’t exist,” Hermione breathed, leaning back against the nearest wall.

“Why not?” Harry asked. “What are these books?”

“The language they’re written in is Tengwar,” Hermione replied. “It was invented in the world of Arda, in the land of Aman, by the elf King Feanor and was in reality invented by the English author J.R.R. Tolkien.”

“What?” Akeno asked blankly, a sentiment shared by the others.

“These books don’t exist,” Hermione explained. “Tolkien was a phenomenal writer with a terrific imagination, and the world he invented was rich, but he didn’t write these books. The library has given us things that should not exist.”

“Could they be fan works?” Rias asked. “It’s not uncommon for fans of various manga to create fiction in the same style, featuring their favorite characters.”

“There are thousands of them, Rias,” Hermione sighed, shaking her head. “As popular as Tolkien’s works remain, if that kind of project had been undertaken, word of it would have spread. Beyond that, though, there isn’t a single word in any of them written in Roman characters. No signatures, no addendums in languages commonly spoken here. There is nothing I’ve found that suggests that these books are of a terrestrial origin.”

“So what? The Room gave us books from another world?” Akeno asked incredulously.

“A world that doesn’t exist,” Hermione hissed. “It’s fiction; beautiful fiction, but fiction. I haven’t been this confused since before Professor McGonagall told me that the strange things that happened to me were magic.”

“Thousands of them?” Rias asked, flipping through the first book she’d given her. “This is remarkably detailed.”

“It’s a dense, handwritten book with a couple instances that look like errors were made and corrected,” Hermione said. “I don’t read Elvish, so I didn’t know what it was about, but it looks just like some of the old handwritten English manuscripts here in that regard. I know that for the final iteration of the library, we didn’t specify that it give us all books ever written on Earth because we wanted things written in Heaven and the Underworld as well, and if this looked like it was written on another planet by a species we don’t know anything about, then that would be one thing. Chances are there is life somewhere else out there, and maybe some of it is intelligent enough to be able to write things down. Arda isn’t real, though, and I don’t get how the Room, for all its awesome power, could create books never written, from a world of fiction.”

“The author would have conceived of the world he created having written works,” Akeno threw out there. “Maybe, as bizarre as it sounds, the room is so powerful that it has created not just books written but books conceived of too.”

“That’s not what we asked for, though,” Rias pointed out. “We were specific about the written part. I made sure that that included typed and printed works as well, just in case the Room was oddly anal for some reason.”

“I have nothing,” Harry said, looking down at one of the elven books. “If this wasn’t written, it wouldn’t be in the Room. It’s in the Room; therefore it was written, though how the hell it could have been, I have no idea.”

“Or where,” Hermione muttered.

“Maybe it was written on this...you called it Arda?” Luna asked.

“It’s not a real place, Luna,” Hermione insisted.

“Maybe it is,” Luna shrugged.

“No, it was invented by a muggle man born in England,” Hermione sighed. “He was born in the eighteen-eighties, around the same time as Dumbledore, if memory serves, and died in the seventies. His work is the product of his own imagination.”

“What if it isn’t, though?” Luna asked. “What if it’s a real place and he just had visions of it somehow?”

“He was a muggle,” Hermione pointed out.

“Maybe that doesn’t matter,” Luna smiled. “Maybe there are other worlds in other places all over, and some kind of cosmic transference gives knowledge of it to specific people in other worlds. The gods are real; are the muses real too?”

“Yes,” Rias replied automatically as Hermione just stared at the blonde, completely stunned.

“Zat would mean zat possibly every story ever told, zat didn’t actually ‘appen on Earth, could, ‘ave actually ‘appened somewhere else,” Fleur pointed out, speaking for the first time since the devils arrived.

“That’s not...I mean...” Hermione spluttered. Looking to Rias, she asked, “Could that be true?”

“It seems highly unlikely that every fictional tale was real, as I’d like to think that humanity has some degree of imagination, but it’s not impossible that some stories did come from other worlds,” Rias replied, struggling to think over the blonde’s odd theory. “There exists between Earth, Heaven, and the Underworld a realm we call the Dimensional Gap. Ruled over by an enormous red dragon, the one mentioned in the Bible, it is vast and incredibly dangerous. If there are other worlds beyond the three I mentioned, I’ve never heard of them.”

“Actually, those books might not be the first ones we’ve found that weren’t written here,” Luna piped up. “Do you remember the book I found the first day that we looked through the library, the journal of that Dran Draggore guy?”

“Vaguely,” Harry replied.

“I asked a few of the professors and Madam Pince if they had ever heard of him or this temple called Darkmoon, and they just stared at me like I was mad,” Luna continued. “I’m used to people looking at me like that, so I didn’t think anything of it, but maybe he wasn’t actually from around here.”

“That book was written in English, so it’s from another world that raises even more questions,” Akeno pointed out.

“Ze ritual!” Fleur exclaimed, immediately leaning back when Rias and Akeno both glared at her. “I just mean, you did say zat ze language it was in was similar to Lucifer’s language but distinct. Maybe ze ritual itself was from another world too.”

“That...would both explain more and cause even more confusion,” Rias muttered, looking down as she considered the possibility.

The ritual definitely seemed to be of devilish origin, but it was also too useful to have been forgotten entirely. The Incubus Succubus project had been lost for millennia, but it was still remembered because it was so important to them. It was possible that it was lost before more than a handful of people knew of it, and they all died in the process, but what if there was another world of devils out there somewhere?

Hermione slumped down and was happy when a chair appeared below her. The idea was fanciful in the extreme and seemed impossible, but then again, the magical world she lived in seemed impossible to her before she learned of it. Her first thought was to wonder if it could be possible to visit other worlds, but if even Rias thought the gap was dangerous, that was likely a bad idea.

“Regardless of the truth of this, if we’re dealing with books beyond what’s been written in the three worlds, then this is an even bigger job than I realized, and it’s time to bring in help,” Rias announced. When she got a couple questioning looks, she explained, “I was holding off on telling my parent just what we’d found here because I wanted to shock them with the whole completed collection, but if we have no idea just how many books could be here, then I need to tell them and get my family’s servants to help.”

“Why were you holding off?” Harry asked.

“It’s not like I’m a disappointment or anything, but when your brother is Sirzechs Lucifer, it’s hard to ever really feel impressive,” Rias admitted, smiling slightly when Akeno wrapped an arm around her. “This library is something that every single devil in the underworld would kill for, and it will be a tremendous boon to my family. I just wanted to make a show of presenting it. That was a

mistake, though, and I'm going to pop over to Gremory Castle now if there's nothing else to go over."

"I happen to think you're beyond impressive," Harry whispered in her ear, earning a wide smile from the redhead.

She kissed him softly and pulled back, turning to Akeno and saying, "Are you coming?"

"No, I think I'm going to stay here," Akeno purred, wrapping her arms around Harry's neck.

"Oh, goody," Luna smiled, undressing herself with a wave of her wand. Seeing Fleur turn to leave, she asked, "Aren't you staying?"

"Non," Fleur replied. "I am still tired from last night. 'Ave fun, zough."

The truth was that she was probably going to feel awkward around Rias and Akeno for a little while, but she was also still sore and deeply satisfied. Being teased within an inch of her sanity and then fucked into oblivion like she'd been a couple nights ago sated her in a way that she didn't think possible. It was her second time experiencing it, and though it was abject torture in the moment, she could not deny that it was amazing too. She said her goodbyes and left as Luna pulled Hermione up out of her chair.

"You're overthinking," the short blonde said.

"I know I am," Hermione chuckled. "It's just...after spending years here, I thought that I'd stopped finding impossible things."

"The world is full of impossible things, Hermione," Luna murmured. "That's the best part of it."

Hermione smiled at that, and Luna pulled her down for a kiss, which she returned happily. On the bed, she could hear Akeno moaning already and looked to see that Harry had undressed her and was kneading her large breasts, going back and forth between her pebbled nipples and teasing the nubs with his lips, tongue, and teeth.

"I could worship these forever," Harry groaned, making her giggle.

"I wouldn't object," Akeno sighed, holding his head tenderly. "You're so good at that."

"He's good at all of it," Hermione purred as she joined them on the bed, fully nude as Luna had just finished undressing her. "It's no wonder none of us can get enough."

"I haven't seen much of you this weekend," Harry said, looking to Hermione. "Was that because of the strange books? Because I thought it was people finding out about...us."

"No, that I'll just deal with," Hermione shrugged. "It isn't like they weren't going to eventually, and most seem to have suspected that you were dating one of us."

"Sorry, I just thought it was obvious and Ronald was being dense," Luna murmured.

"Like I say, Luna, people would have caught one eventually," Hermione sighed, "though if you want to make it up to me."

“Can I do so by licking your vagina?” Luna asked enthusiastically. “It’s really tasty and you make the cutest noises when you cum.”

Hermione stared at her nonplussed for a moment as Akeno giggled. “I wouldn’t say no.”

Luna beamed at her and pushed her down next to the buxom devil, kissing her deeply. Harry continued to lavish Akeno’s breasts with attention, but when Luna started kissing her way down along Hermione’s soft, flat belly, he smirked and followed suit. The blonde seemed to realize what he had in mind and slowed down, pressing her lips again and again against Hermione’s soft skin as she moved in time with him.

“Ahh!” Hermione gasped as Luna nuzzled her taut clit with her nose.

“Do you want to have a cunnlingoff?” Luna asked, making Hermione laugh.

“What?” Harry asked, amused.

“A pussy eating race,” Akeno explained with a grin.

“It will only be fair if you don’t use parseltongue,” Luna added.

“Yes, we wouldn’t want you cheating now,” Hermione laughed, spreading her legs wider.

“Fine, you’re on,” Harry replied. “What are the stakes?”

“Winner goes down on the loser in the morning?” Luna suggested.

“Wouldn’t that be the other way around?” Harry asked, sounding amused.

“Why would it be?” Luna asked, genuinely perplexed, and Harry just snorted.

“I guess you’re right,” he grinned.

He buried his head between Akeno’s plush thighs, and the raven-haired devil sighed in pleasure. Luna’s fingers pressed into Hermione’s hips, holding her in place as she started lapping at her heated sex. The brunette mewled, snaking her fingers into Luna’s blonde locks and pressing her face against her pussy. Bringing those she loved pleasure was one of the younger girl’s favorite things, and she had gotten a lot of practice eating pussy over the last few months, something that showed clearly as she quickly began to drive Hermione insane.

“Ahh, fuck!” Hermione cried as Luna pushed a finger inside her and curled it upward, finding her g-spot with practiced ease.

Her tongue danced across her swollen clit with rapid, featherlight swipes as that finger was quickly joined by one more and then another. Harry opted for something different, knowing that Akeno appreciated teasing above almost everything. His tongue glided through her folds, pressing against her sensitive flesh with just enough pressure to stimulate her. She whimpered and sighed, grazing her nails against his scalp as he went. Where Luna focused on Hermione’s clit almost exclusively, fingering her as she did, he touched Akeno’s only ever for a short flick of his tongue at a time. Each time he returned to it, the sensation was even stronger than the last, and when he finally decided to move in for the kill, she couldn’t help but scream.

“Yes!” Akeno shrieked as he wrapped his lips around her taut, throbbing pearl and sucked. “Right there!”

“Don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t stop!” Hermione chanted, her whole body shaking as she soared towards her peak.

Luna’s silver eyes were locked onto hers, and as her thighs tightened around the blonde’s head, they shone with mirth and pride. Hermione’s hands left her head, and she grabbed the sheets on either side of her, digging her fingers in as if she feared she’d float away otherwise. Akeno’s hand met hers a moment later, and she looked into the lust-darkened purple eyes of her other lover, seeing the same pleasure and lust that she knew was clear as day in her own.

“Fuck, Harry, I’m getting...ugh...close!” Akeno cried as the coil of burning hot pressure in her core grew maddening.

“Mmm, so am I!” Hermione moaned. “You’re so good, Luna, so bloody good.”

The blonde smiled at that as she knew she would and started sucking gently on her clit while pumping her fingers in and out of her rapidly. Between the constant gentle pressure on her clit and the rapid **thrumming** of her fingers against her sensitive g-spot, Hermione’s brain was swimming in pleasure. It built steadily, consuming her mind entirely, and she swore that she was going to bloody worship Luna for this later.

“Oh fuck, don’t stop!” Akeno cried, right at the edge of orgasm. “Don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t...”

“FUCK!” Hermione squealed as she came hard, her back arching off the bed as she saw stars.

“Hmm, I guess Luna won,” Harry shrugged, grinning evilly down at Akeno, who squawked indignantly.

“You...you did that on purpose,” Akeno babbled, not nearly as angry as she sounded.

“Not at all,” Harry replied with a grin. Flipping her onto her belly, he pulled her up by her hips and, fisting his cock, leaned in and whispered, “I can’t truly complain, though.”

While she was looking, he grabbed his wand and silently cast a spell that he knew would drive her mad before pushing inside her quivering pussy in one thrust.

Akeno’s eyes went wide as saucers, and she shrieked, “YES!”

“Sit on...my face,” Hermione panted, grinning from ear to ear as she came down from her high.

“Okay,” Luna smiled, kissing her softly before crawling into position.

“Harder, harder!” Akeno screamed.

Harry grinned and picked up his pace, pounding her so hard that her arse rippled and jiggled with each rough impact of his hips. Reaching out, he grabbed her ponytail and tugged as he brought his hand down on her arse hard. The sound of the slap echoed through the room, though it was drowned out completely by Akeno’s scream.

“FUCK!” she squealed, her vision going spotty as she hovered right at the edge of ecstasy. “You’re such a perfect stud.”

“You taught me well,” Harry grinned, spanking her other cheek. “I know what you like. I know what drives you wild. I know exactly what makes a dirty little pain slut like you scream.”

He punctuated each sentence with a hard spank, and Akeno thought she was going to lose her mind. Her screams grew deafening, but she barely heard them, her senses going numb as pleasure beyond pleasure built within her. She hadn’t noticed him cast anything but realized that she had to be under the effect of an orgasm denial charm, and she clawed at the bed.

“Please make me cum!” she begged.

“It would...oh wow, I love your tongue, Hermione... be nice of you,” Luna murmured as she ground her dripping wet pussy on the brunette’s mouth.

“Akeno doesn’t like me nice, though, do you?” Harry asked.

“N...no,” Akeno whimpered.

“Beg me more,” Harry commanded as he fucked her even harder, and she shivered.

“Please make me cum, Harry,” Akeno whimpered pitifully.

“Is that what you call me?” Harry asked, pulling her up by her hair and reaching around to cup one of her breasts. Pinching the nipple, he whispered in her ear, “Is that a submissive little slut like you would really call someone you wanted to make you cum?”

“Holy shit, Harry,” Akeno shuddered, breaking character for just a moment. “Please make me cum, Master!”

He let her go, grinning as she fell forward onto the bed and reached under her. He needed his wand to cast the orgasm suppression charm still, but he could dispel it wandlessly.

Pressing his fingers against her clit, he undid the charm and growled, “Cum for me, you whore!”

“HARRY!” Akeno squealed as she came hard.

“Shit,” Harry grunted as he felt her spasm around him.

A gush of fluid squirted from her quivering cunt soaking his balls and the bed under them as she writhed in ecstasy. He continued to fuck her through her orgasm, prolonging her pleasure as he did, and when she fell flat on her belly, he went with her. Burying his face in the crook of her neck, he licked the salty sweat from the slender column and nibbled on her ear.

“Love...you,” Akeno panted, still shaking, though she visibly tensed a moment later when she realized what she’d said.

“I love you too,” Harry smiled, turning her head and kissing her softly.

It was completely incongruous with how roughly he'd just fucked her, and he laughed at that, as did she a second later. Pulling out of her, he rolled her over and brushed a few loose hairs out of her face.

"That was...oh right there...so sweet," Luna beamed, still perched atop Hermione's face.

"I hope you realize you're stuck with me now," Akeno quipped, smiling up at him, though he saw a hint of concern in her eyes for some reason.

"I certainly hope so," Harry replied, making her laugh giddily.

"You know, I think we've neglected these two so far," Akeno smirked, looking over at Hermione and Luna. "Would you like Harry to split you in half with his big, thick cock, Hermione?"

"As if either of you need to ask," Hermione replied, pushing Luna up just enough to let her speak before pulling her back down onto her face.

"Fuck her, stud," Akeno grinned, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him. "She's been completely consumed by what she discovered in this room for a couple days. All that tension isn't good for you, and this is one hell of a tension breaker."

She wrapped her hand around his cock as she spoke, and he hissed.

"Does that mean this qualifies as health care?" Harry asked with a grin.

"We could suggest it to Madam Pomfrey," Luna suggested. "There are quite a few girls in this school who act so very unpleasantly. Maybe your penis could make them nicer."

"I'd rather leave it to you five alone," Harry replied, unsure of whether or not he should laugh, since she seemed serious.

"Okay?" Luna shrugged. "Oh fuck, just like that!"

Harry crawled between Hermione's legs and spread them further, grinning as she shivered at his touch. Lining himself up with her dripping wet pussy, he pushed forward, slowly burying himself inside her. He heard her muffled cry even over Luna's moans and smiled.

"More, more, more!" Luna cried, beginning to shake as she soared towards her peak.

"I think you could use a little help," Akeno murmured, leaning in and wrapping her lips around one of Luna's pebbled nipples.

"Oh yes!" Luna sighed, hugging her to her chest.

Harry pulled her in for a kiss, though the moment he did, she let out a wordless cry of pleasure. He and Akeno held her steady as she came, watching her writhe and shudder in delight. Harry picked up his pace, fucking Hermione harder and faster, and the brunette bucked her hips up in time with his thrusts, meeting them eagerly.

"Harder!" she cried as Luna slipped off her face and fell into the embrace of Akeno, who flew her aside.

“Gladly,” Harry practically growled, leaning in and kissing her, groaning at the taste of Luna’s pussy on her lips.

Through the corner of his eye, he saw Akeno cuddling the panting blonde, and he smiled, happy with the knowledge that no matter what life threw at him or how little it often made sense, he could lean on these incredible women he loved with all his heart and who loved him in turn. He’d had so little love through his life that he couldn’t help but take all that he could. That would likely be a trait that devilry would amplify, he realized, but he could almost hear Luna in his head say that there was no such thing as too much love. As Hermione wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him in closer to her, he wasn’t about to argue with that sentiment.

“Alright, the runes are carved behind this hinge as Borgin said,” Draco muttered to himself.

As the man had thought, they were slightly damaged, having been scratched when the cabinet was dropped, by the look of it. Luckily, there were ways to redo them, but it took a few steps, the first of which was drawing the magic infused into the damaged runes out first. With his wand in his hand, Draco carefully siphoned the magic out of the carved wood and into himself, letting it flow harmlessly away.

He kept his breathing steady and his mind utterly focused, knowing that he could harm himself, himself in ways that would be nearly impossible to explain to Pomfrey if he messed it up. One by one, the tiny, intricately carved runes were rendered powerless, and once it was done, he took a moment to steady himself and repeated the incantation he’d spoken a dozen times by now.

“*Harmonia Nectere Passus*,” he hissed, watching with satisfaction as the scratches on the wood filled in.

The carved runes did too, but there was no getting around that, and drawing his enchanted athame, he set about carving them back in. He had to move slowly in this task, carefully, because if he messed it up at all, he would have to start over, but his restless nights were getting to him, and in a moment of rushing, his hand slipped, and he drew the point of the blade across his left hand between his index finger and thumb.

“Damn it!” Draco exclaimed, dropping the knife and grabbing his bleeding hand as quickly as he could, both out of reflex to soothe the sudden pain and to prevent his blood from getting on the cabinet.

He grabbed his wand and marched out of his room towards the nearest restroom, nearly running into Theodore Nott in the process.

“Watch where you’re going,” he hissed, wincing in pain as he stumbled into the room.

“What the hell did you do?” Nott asked, noticing his bleeding hand.

“I was practicing carving runes,” Draco replied through gritted teeth, slamming the door behind him.

He rushed over to the nearest sink and ran warm water over the gaping wound, growling at the pain of it. He still had his wand in his hand and cast a quick healing charm, watching the deep cut seal up in seconds. As he washed it, he happened to catch his reflection in the mirror and was startled by it. He was paler than normal and had growing bags under his eyes. He didn’t need to wonder where they came from, as it felt like it had been weeks since he last slept properly.

Letting out a shuddering breath, he closed his eyes and tried to relax himself with soothing thoughts. Alas, the only thing that he found soothing at all these days was the very thing that filled his dreams and made it so hard to sleep: revenge fantasies. Just seeing Potter and his sluts in the hallways was still enough to make his blood boil, and if anything, it was getting worse.

“By Merlin, I wish I could kill him myself,” he thought as he dried his hands.

The Dark Lord had made his word on the matter clear, though, and Draco had heard enough from his parents to know that disobeying him never ended well. He had promised him Potter’s head, though, and that promise was all that was keeping him from lashing out every time he saw the scared freak, his little lunatic, his mudblood, or his Veela whore. He’d heard the rumors that Potter was bedding all three of them and nearly attacked the person who told him.

“Calm down,” he mumbled under his breath, trying to slow his racing, enraged heart. “He’ll get his in the end. He’ll get his.”

Draco would make sure of it or die trying.