

“Bloody Potter!” Draco raged in the Slytherin Common Room the next day. “That wretched little half-blood gets away with everything.”

“Are you sure it was him, though?” Theo asked. “I mean, he’s annoying and gets special treatment from everyone but Professor Snape, but he’d never struck me as the mastermind type.”

“I wouldn’t expect a plan like that out of Granger either,” Pansy muttered. “She might be able to memorize books, but that’s all that’s special about her. It helps her test well, but other than that...I saw her lose a game of chess to Weasley once in the Great Hall. Weasley.”

“Father thinks it was him, and that’s enough for me,” Draco hissed. “He can insult my name, dismiss me like I’m nothing, say disgusting things about my mother, break numerous laws, and get away with all of it just because of that damn scar on his forehead.”

“Your father actually said he thought it was Potter?” Theo asked, surprised.

“He said I should steer clear of him going forward, which is proof enough for me,” Draco muttered. “As for him being able to think up a plan like it would have taken to knock out a ministry employee without getting in any trouble, keep in mind that he is dating that disgrace to the Black family now.”

“I don’t get that at all,” Pansy sneered. “What’s so special about him that an older girl like her would even deign to look at him?”

“His godfather has stolen the Black family inheritance from me and named Potter his heir,” Draco explained. “By marrying her daughter to Potter, it will let my blood-traitor aunt reclaim the family name for her own line. That part of it makes perfect sense.”

“I have to admit that’s actually kind of brilliant,” Theo sighed. “If only she’d managed to maintain that kind of discernment and cunning when she picked her husband.”

“Traitors circling all around us, stealing from us and mocking us, and Father wants me to just sit on my hands,” Draco scowled. “It’s infuriating! I’d give anything to take Potter down a peg or two, really show him his place, but...”

“We wouldn’t even know how if your father hadn’t given you a clear order,” Theo sighed. “I’m sorry, Draco; I am. His constant, transparent need to be the center of attention infuriates me too, and I’ve never been directly at odds with him. You seemed to figure out what a problem he is early on.”

“Father asked me to try to get close to him, and I did,” Draco muttered, scowling at the memory. “He rejected me out of hand like I was a common mudblood. I knew immediately what sort of wizard he was, and Professor Snape did, too but the rest of them? Fools.”

“Shame we can’t just beat him,” Crabbe murmured.

“Yeah, that would be fun,” Goyle added, and Draco rubbed his forehead in annoyance.

“The staff would protect him,” he scowled. “No wonder he seemed so confident the other day; the prick knew what he was going to do already.”

“Our best bet would probably be to just keep an eye on him and wait for him to slip up in some way,” Theo reasoned. “Even if Dumbledore would protect him, Professor Snape could take him down a peg if we caught him doing something really stupid.”

“It might be the best we can do,” Draco muttered, scowling down at the fireplace. As the heir of House Malfoy, he was supremely unaccustomed to not getting his way, especially when his father was pulling strings on his behalf, and losing to Potter in this particular matter stung deeply. *“I’ll find a way to get back at you, I swear it.”*

He continued to brood in silence as the conversation around him shifted to other subjects.

“Guess who?” an amused-sounding female voice said as she cupped her hands over his eyes, and Harry grinned. They weren’t Tonks’ hands as he knew them, and that wasn’t her voice, but he doubted anyone else would try that, and his girlfriend could look and sound however she liked.

“I sincerely hope that’s Dora,” he replied, and she giggled, letting him go and twirling around him.

Wrapping her arms around her neck, she asked, “What do you think?”

Harry took a moment to look her up and down, thinking that she looked oddly familiar, though he couldn’t quite place it. She was slightly paler than normal, with dark, straight hair that fell past her shoulders, green eyes, and a straight nose that looked rather slight for somewhat rectangular face.

“I like the look,” he replied. “You look kind of familiar, though.”

“Kind of fami...I’m Jennifer Connelly,” Tonks spluttered. “Labyrinth? David Bowie?”

“Oh, right,” Harry breathed. “I think my aunt and uncle put that on for Dudley once, though I didn’t get to see most of it.”

“That is genuinely tragic,” Tonks replied, shifting back to her normal look, “and something we are totally fixing come the summer.”

“A favorite movie of yours?” Harry asked, wrapping his arms around her waist.

“I wouldn’t say that, but I do like it,” Tonks replied. “I had such a crush on Bowie as a kid.”

“Should I be worried?” Harry asked teasingly, and she giggled.

“I’d take you over any rockstar, baby,” Tonks replied, kissing him softly.

“Miss Tonks, Mister Potter,” McGonagall muttered as she passed them. “A point from both your houses for that inappropriate display.”

“Sorry, Professor,” Harry winced as Tonks backed off.

“Just not in the hallways, you two,” McGonagall sighed. “The feast is starting shortly.”

“Right, right,” Tonks replied, taking Harry’s hand and leading him off. Once they were out of earshot, she whispered, “I’ll note that she didn’t mention the great hall.”

“Probably best not to test our luck,” Harry chuckled, and she grinned, though her face quickly fell as she spotted Hermione nearby.

The brunette looked tired, not excessively so, as she had before the holiday break, but still more than she should have within the first week of being back.

“We need to speak to her,” she murmured, nudging her head in the other girl’s direction.

“Not yet,” Harry replied. “She does seem to be overdoing it again, but if we try to talk to her before she manages to exhaust herself, she’ll just clam up and shut us down. Ron and I both swear that we saw her coming from the direction of the Arithmancy classroom earlier today, but she had been in potions with us and had only gone off to the restroom afterward.”

“Maybe she had a question for Professor Vector,” Tonks suggested.

“We asked about that, and she denied it,” Harry replied. “Ron asked Lavender during Herbology if there had been anything wrong with the bathrooms on the first couple floors around then too, and it didn’t seem like there was. We don’t know why or frankly, how she got up so many floors so quickly and then came down like it was nothing.”

“So something potentially really weird is going on,” Tonks murmured.

“That’s why I want to wait another week,” Harry replied. “If there’s more to this than simple overworking, our best bet to get her to talk will be to go to her when she’s really run down again.”

“What are you two being all hushed about?” Hestia asked as she joined them.

“Just discussing tonight,” Tonks replied, and she nodded. “How’s Chiara doing?”

“Tired and crabby as usual but hopeful in a way she never is around her time of the month,” Hestia replied quietly, and Harry snorted.

“You two call it that?” he asked.

“Not around her,” Tonks replied. “Hey, Hermione!”

“Huh?” Hermione asked, turning around and looking at them. “Oh, hey.”

“Are you okay?” Hestia asked.

“Yeah, I just didn’t get much sleep last night,” Hermione replied. “Where’s Chiara?”

“She had a couple questions for Professor Burbage and told me to go on ahead,” Hestia replied.

“Do you have the potion on you?” Hermione asked, and Harry nodded.

“It’s in here,” he replied. “We’re good.”

“Good,” Hermione sighed. “I’ll likely be turning in early tonight, so do let me know how everything goes in the morning.”

"I will," Harry replied, watching her enter the great hall ahead of him.

Even her gait was off, her steps slow and lethargic, and he wondered just what it was that was getting to her. He knew that she was taking a stupid number of courses, and he honestly didn't understand how her schedule worked at all, but she'd assured him that McGonagall had sorted everything out and he truly didn't think that even the excessive workload was enough of an explanation for just how worn down she seemed.

"Something else is going on with her, and I have no idea what it is," he thought to himself. "I doubt she's sick at all, or at least I haven't seen her anywhere near the hospital wing, but something's clearly wrong."

He shook his head, still convinced that they were better off waiting at least a few more days to see if she perked up or not before staging any kind of intervention, and kissed Tonks' cheek before joining Ron at the Gryffindor table.

"If you want a cheap laugh, check out Malfoy," the redhead snickered. "He still looks like someone stole his broom or something."

"The extent to which he genuinely wanted to see Buckbeak executed is actually disturbing," Hermione muttered.

"This is the guy whose response to seeing Filch's cat looking dead and the message on the wall by her was 'you'll be next, mudbloods,'" Ron muttered. "He's rotten to the core, just like his bloody dad."

"You're not wrong," Hermione sighed, shaking her head and helping herself to a healthy portion of shepherd's pie.

"That's enough about Malfoy," Harry said, grabbing a roasted Cornish hen to go with his mashed potatoes and mushy peas. "Slughorn wrote to me today."

"Oh?" Hermione asked, perking up immediately.

"He'll be back in three weeks and is apparently quite eager to meet Elfwynn," Harry replied. "He also had a few questions about my scar, which was odd."

"Everyone asks about the scar, though," Ron said.

"Yeah, but usually in the context of 'Does it still hurt?' or 'Is that really where he hit you?' or other stupid questions like that," Harry replied. "Slughorn's interests were a little more...detailed."

"How so?" Hermione asked.

"He wanted to know how often it bothers me if it does, if it bothers me in my sleep ever, and if there's anything particularly weird about it," Harry replied. "I don't really know how to respond."

"Keep in mind he is a Slytherin," Ron said warningly.

"The man's nearly as old as Professor Dumbledore and attended here long before...Riddle did," Hermione said. "You can't just assume that everyone who's ever gotten sorted into that house was evil; Merlin was, for goodness sake."

“I don’t know how that’s even possible, to be honest,” Ron muttered.

“Actually, that’s a good point,” Harry murmured before Hermione could say anything else. “He and Dumbledore must know each other pretty well, right?”

“They were colleagues for decades before he succeeded Professor Dippet,” Hermione nodded. “If anyone would know about Slughorn, it would be the headmaster or Professor Binns, I suppose.”

“Good luck getting anything out of him,” Ron chuckled.

“I guess I could ask him before replying,” Harry nodded, looking over as Chiara walked in.

She looked almost as tired as Hermione, with similar dark bags under her eyes, and even her hair appeared to be about as disheveled. Despite that, though, there was a pep to her step; the hope that Elfwynn’s potion might keep her from transforming had made even the usual symptoms she suffered during the days of the full moon seem not nearly as bad. She smiled at him when she spotted him, and he smiled back before returning to his meal.

“I can’t imagine what she’s going through,” Hermione whispered. “The mix of hope, excitement, and also wariness in case this doesn’t work out must be enough to drive one mad.”

“It’s something she’s struggled with since she was seven,” Harry whispered back. “If this works...”

“If it works at all, it will be incredible, but if Mister Slughorn and Elfwynn can fix the problems with it...” Hermione said, trailing off for a moment. “It would be revolutionary.”

“What are you two conspiring about?” Fred asked with a grin.

“Conspiring, Harry and Hermione?” George asked. “I think we’ve been a terrible influence, old chap.”

“Nothing worth talking about just yet,” Harry chuckled, finishing the last of his dinner and washing it down with water.

He was about to reach out and cut himself a slice of treacle tart when he spotted a figure through his peripheral vision and looked to see Professor Lupin standing there.

“Mister Potter, when you’re finished here, I’d like to have a word,” he said, and Harry nodded.

“Sure thing, Professor,” Harry replied, cutting a slice of the tart and moving it to a plate. As he grabbed a fork, he said, “I can go now, if you don’t mind me eating on the go.”

“By all means,” Lupin replied, and Harry nodded to his friends before following the man out, figuring that he had a pretty good idea about what this was regarding.

Lupin led him to the nearest empty classroom and closed the door behind them, silencing and locking it before turning back to him.

“The headmaster informed me of what you’re planning for tonight,” he said. “Sirius also tells me that you’re fully aware of...”

“Your little furry problem?” Harry asked. “I am. I guess you’ve already taken your potion and will be heading out soon.”

“As soon as we’re finished this conversation,” Lupin replied as Harry dug into his treacle tart. “What you stumbled across it...it could change so many lives.”

“We’re aware,” Harry smiled. “You are aware of the problems with it, though, right?”

Lupin nodded and said, “I know I can’t take it yet, but I just wanted to make sure that, given that you’re testing it tonight, you’re aware of the dangers involved. You cannot go down into the Chamber at any point once you’ve locked Miss Lobosca up. If it didn’t work and you did...”

“We’re aware of the dangers, but we’ll also be able to monitor Chiara throughout the night,” Harry replied, fishing his two-way mirror from his pocket.

“Ah,” Lupin breathed, reaching out and taking it from him as he began to look wistful. “I hadn’t thought about these things in years.”

“Chiara has the other one, so we will know how this goes immediately,” Harry assured him. “Her accommodations also won’t be too bad tonight either way. The Chamber is durable in case the potion doesn’t work, and if it does, she’ll have a comfortable bed to sleep in.”

“Even if it does, she’ll probably not sleep much,” Lupin sighed. “Even outside of the worst aspects of the curse, the days of the full moon are less than pleasant for us.”

“Not to mention the side effects of the potion,” Harry thought to himself. “Dora and I won’t do anything stupid, I promise.”

“Good,” Lupin sighed. “I just wanted to make sure before I left for the night. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I should be getting to the Shrieking Shack.”

“We’ll let you know how it went in the morning, Professor,” Harry said, watching him undo his spellwork and open the door.

“Thank you, truly,” Lupin nodded before leaving.

Harry finished his tart, smiling when the plate and fork immediately disappeared into thin air afterward, and returned to the great hall. Spotting Chiara and Tonks just outside, he went to them and smiled at how his girlfriend lit up at the sight of him.

“Shall we?” he asked.

“It’s a little early yet but sure,” Chiara replied, walking with him. “You’re sure that I can take the potion a couple hours before I need it without issue?”

“It’s good for a full day,” Harry assured her, reaching into his pocket and grabbing the vial. “Elfwynn was clear about that.”

“Good, good,” Chiara replied, taking it from him and immediately chugging the contents. “As far as potions go, that isn’t so...oh!”

“Chiara?” Tonks asked.

"I...I feel lighter," Chiara replied. "The night before this starts I never sleep well, both due to fear and the way that I start to feel agitated by everything. By the first day, I always feel downright uncomfortable in just about every way, like my very skin is rejecting the boy under it, and all that just went away in an instant."

"Do you feel anything else?" Tonks asked, and she shook her head.

"Not yet," Chiara replied. "Honestly, the closest thing I can compare the instant relief to is being hungover and taking the potion for it. That's so cool. Even if it doesn't work, this would be worthwhile."

"Miss Lobosca," Snape called out as he rushed over to them, his inky robes billowing around with every step.

"Professor, we're kind of in a hurry," Harry said, giving him a pointed look, and Snape sneered at him.

"I'm aware," the unpleasant man replied dryly. "I will be escorting you two to your destination, and then you, Mister Potter, will be going. Miss Tonks, you don't need to come with us."

"What?" Tonks asked.

"You didn't think that we'd just trust you three not to mess this up, did you?" Snape asked. "Miss Lobosca, the faculty is willing to go along with this plan, but only on the condition that one among us makes sure that you are secured in your room for the night."

"Professor, I'd like Tonks to come with me," Chiara said, and Snape shook his head.

"No," he replied. "Potter is needed for obvious reasons, and I'm coming along to make sure that he doesn't do something stupid like try to stick around longer than he should. We don't know if this will even work, after all."

"Dora, I'll meet you in the library when we're done," Harry said, not wanting to waste precious time arguing with the dickhead professor lest it ruin their plan and give him reason to call the whole thing a failure later.

"Right," Tonks sighed, glaring at Snape before leaving.

"Shall we?" the professor asked, and Harry led the two of them to Myrtle's bathroom.

"Once you've opened the passageway, you're to leave immediately," Snape instructed. "The staff will be taking turns watching the entrance tonight just to be absolutely certain that nothing goes wrong."

"That won't work," Harry muttered. "I need to unlock a door inside it too, or she'll just be stuck in the entrance tunnel, which would be both cruel and, should this not work, dangerous. The actual Chamber is the secure part."

"Then I'll follow you in," Snape amended, "but after that you are returning with me."

Harry grumbled under his breath but said nothing, wanting to just get this over with and return to his girlfriend.

“Sorry about the trouble,” Chiara whispered to him, and he looked over at the silver-haired girl and smiled.

“You’re no trouble at all,” Harry replied, barely resisting the urge to glare at Snape as they entered Myrtle’s bathroom.

“Harry, welcome ba...what are you doing here?” Myrtle asked, glaring at Snape. “I’ve never liked you, Severus; even as a boy you were...”

“We don’t have time to waste on you, Myrtle,” the man muttered, and Harry chuckled.

“If you’re planning to stay here for even part of tonight, Professor, I’d advise against antagonizing a ghost who could make the place rather wetter than you want,” he said, and Snape glowered at him but remained silent, realizing he was right. Turning to the sink that hid the entrance, he hissed, “*Open. Stairs.*”

The hidden doorway opened and the stairs formed, giving them a clear way down. Drawing his wand, Harry cast *Lumos* and led them down into the depths of the tunnel.

“It’s not...all like this, right?” Chiara asked, looking around the tunnel and feeling less than impressed.

“No, it isn’t,” Harry chuckled. “The main chamber is a monument to Slytherin’s insane ego, while this is just a pathway he never bothered finishing. Truth be told, I might want to get the house elves to make it look less like a mine shaft.”

Chiara chuckled at that, and Harry looked at Snape, who hadn’t said a word since they entered the tunnel, only to see him looking downright disturbed. It confused him for a moment until he remembered the only other time the generally dour man had looked at him like that.

“*He really doesn’t like hearing me speak Parseltongue,*” he realized.

He led them through and commanded the door leading to the actual Chamber of Secrets to open as soon as they reached it before gesturing for them to enter.

“Oh, wow, you weren’t kidding,” Chiara muttered, looking right at the giant statue of Slytherin’s head.

“The Chamber of Secrets,” Snape breathed, sounding awed despite his best efforts. He quickly shook his head and said, “Potter, you let her in, so let’s seal the place up and get going.”

“*Come to me, Slytherin, greatest of the four,*” Harry hissed, ignoring the man, and as the mouth of Slytherin’s statue opened, he handed a rolled-up bit of parchment to Chiara. “The tongues in those snake statues are levers, and when you pull them in this order, it opens the door to the bedroom inside the room in there. Slytherin’s mouth will stay open until the room is empty again, so you don’t have to worry about that.”

“Thank you, Harry,” Chiara said, hugging him, “for everything.”

“Don’t thank me yet,” Harry whispered, letting her go.

Snape cleared his throat, and Harry glared at him before following him out and shutting the door behind him.

“I’m going to go out on a limb and guess that you volunteered for this,” he murmured, looking back at the man as he led him out.

“Someone had to make sure that you didn’t unleash a transformed werewolf on the school,” Snape drawled.

Harry bit back his response to that and stayed silent all the way out of the tunnel, closing the doorway behind him as soon as Snape was out.

“Good evening, Mister Potter,” he drawled, and Harry left without another word, making his way up to the library, where he found Tonks sitting with Hestia.

“Merlin’s balls, that man’s a prick,” his girlfriend muttered the moment he sat down, having already silenced the area around the table.

“That’s hardly news,” Harry muttered.

“You ever wonder what made him that way?” Hestia asked.

“I just assume he popped out of his mother sneering at the world and that his first word was dunderhead,” Harry replied, making Tonks snort.

“Holy shit, the image of Snape as a baby is hilarious,” she chuckled, and he smiled for the first time since the man came and ruined his good mood.

“The staff are going to be guarding the entrance to the chamber all night,” Harry said and her face immediately fell.

“Oh, shit,” Tonks muttered. “So we won’t be able to...”

“Help her?” Harry asked. “Not this month. Hopefully, if this works out, we’ll be able to convince Dumbledore to just let her be next month.”

“Help...wait a second. What exactly were you two planning?” Hestia asked, knowing full well what side effects Chiara was going to experience if things went as planned.

Harry blushed immediately, not having realized what saying that would indicate to her, while Tonks just grinned at her old friend.

“Don’t ask questions you don’t want the answer to, Hes,” she replied, and Hestia sighed, shaking her head.

“Forget I asked,” she said, chuckling at how red Harry’s face still was. “I guess there aren’t any other entrances to the Chamber, huh?”

“No,” Tonks replied. “Right?”

“N...no,” Harry stammered, pointedly not looking at Hestia. “That was a big part of the appeal of this plan in the first place, remember?”

“That sucks,” Tonks sighed. “I guess we’ll just call Chiara before we head to bed to make sure she’s capable of replying and then apologize in the morning for driving her mad.”

“How did you figure out where the entrance was, anyway?” Hestia asked.

“A bit part of it was learning that Myrtle was killed by the basilisk back when the Chamber was opened the first time,” Harry replied.

“So you didn’t ask the house elves?” Hestia asked, and he just blinked at her.

“Why would the elves...” he went to ask.

“I mean, they would know the place better than most,” Tonks murmured, “but surely they’d have said something if they knew.”

“Unless they knew it as an odd door no one goes through but didn’t know where it led,” Hestia replied. “They’re not generally the most curious bunch, you know?”

“I...I wonder if my dad and the others asked them about the castle when they were making the map?” Harry asked.

“Given the sort of things Sirius says they used to do for fun, they might not have wanted to risk the staff finding out about it,” Tonks replied, and he furrowed his brow contemplatively.

“Something to think about,” Hestia smiled. “Anyway, I was up late last night finishing a paper, so I’m going to turn in. Night, you two.”

“Night, Hestia,” they replied in unison.

“I can’t believe I just brought up our plans for tonight in front of her,” Harry groaned, and Tonks snickered.

“Hes might think we’re perverts, but it’s not like she cares,” she replied, wrapping an arm around his shoulders. “You can lighten up about sex around my friends, Harry. None of us are blushing virgins.”

“Even Chiara?” Harry asked, surprised. “From what you’ve said it sounded like she’s always been really reluctant to date because of her condition.”

“She had a fling with a cute muggle boy over the summer,” Tonks replied. “Knew it wouldn’t go anywhere, of course, but for her, it was nice to just be with someone who had no idea that werewolves were even real, you know?”

“Ah,” Harry nodded. “I’m still pissed at Snape.”

“He’s an asshole but what can we do?” Tonks asked. “Unless there is another entrance to the Chamber, we can’t get to her. Your cloak would hide us, but it wouldn’t hide the door opening up.”

“You’re right,” Harry sighed. “I’ll just have to ask around the kitchen to see if any elves know about doors no one ever uses like Hestia suggested. I could also probably ask Dobby to intercede on my beha...”

“Harry Potter, sir has a job for Dobby?” Dobby asked, appearing on their table out of nowhere, and Harry looked down at him in wide-eyed shock.

“Dobby?” he asked, looking over at Pince to make sure she wasn’t looking their way. “Could you get down from there? I don’t know if house-elves are allowed in here.”

“Dobby can make himself unseen,” Dobby replied, snapping his fingers and disappearing.

“You can seriously hear Harry mention your name from anywhere?” Tonks asked. “You’re not even his elf.”

“Dobby will always keep an ear out for Harry Potter,” Dobby replied, “but it helped that Dobby was already in Hogwarts.”

“You’re working here now?” Harry asked.

“Dobby was very bored after Harry Potter freed him from bad master and asked headmaster if he could work here,” Dobby replied.

“So you’ve been here for a little while, then?” Tonks asked. “Have you heard about any hidden doorways or rooms that no one uses? We’re trying to find another entrance to the Chamber of Secrets.”

“Dobby doesn’t know about doors to the Chamber but...there is one hidden room Harry Potter and Harry Potter’s Tonksie might like,” Dobby replied. “Meet Dobby on the seventh floor, near tapestry of man teaching trolls to dance.”

With that, he disappeared, leaving two confused people behind.

“Who the hell would try to teach trolls to dance?” Harry asked.

“Barnabas the Barmy,” Tonks replied. “I know the tapestry he means. Hestia and I found it in our first year and laughed ourselves silly at the sight.”

“I guess we could check it out,” Harry shrugged, standing up.

He followed Tonks upstairs, figuring that whatever Dobby wished to show them might turn out to be interesting, and chuckled when he finally saw the tapestry she mentioned.

“I’ve walked past this corridor plenty of times before, but I don’t think I’ve ever actually looked too closely at it,” Harry laughed.

“He was clearly nuts,” Tonks smiled. “Dobby?”

“It’s right here,” Dobby replied, appearing before them and pointing at the wall across from the tapestry. “To unlock it, you just need to walk back and forth in front of this wall, picturing a room you want to see, and it will create it.”

“Create it?” Harry asked. “Seriously? What are the limits?”

“Dobby does not know,” Dobby replied. “The elves call it the Come and Go Room or the Room of Requirement.”

“Interesting,” Harry said slowly, not yet sure how real the thing actually was.

He decided, as a test, to picture his bedroom from Privet Drive, knowing that nothing like that existed anywhere in Hogwarts, and walked back and forth as Dobby had instructed. Tonks’ breath hitched when a door suddenly appeared before them, and Harry stood still, looking at it in shock.

“Holy shit,” he breathed, opening the door and looking inside. “It’s real.”

“This room...” Tonks murmured, looking inside.

“It’s my old bedroom at the Dursleys’ place,” Harry replied, walking inside and looking around. “I can’t say I wanted to ever see it again, but I figured it would work as a good test.”

Tonks and Dobby joined him, with the former closing the door behind her, and as Harry considered how little he really wanted to see the room around him, it shifted according to his desires, turning into his bedroom at Potter Manor.

“This is so cool,” Tonks grinned. “Oh, we are going to have so much fun with this place.”

Harry grinned at that, imagining the sort of fun that she had in mind, though his grin faded somewhat when he remembered why exactly they’d asked Dobby about hidden rooms in the first place.

“Dobby, this is awesome; thank you,” he said, “but one other thing we wanted to know is if there are any hidden doors in Hogwarts that the elves know about but leave alone.”

“No, Harry Potter, Sir,” Dobby replied. “Elves is tasked with cleaning the school, and that includes all rooms that they know of.”

“I ask again, what does Filch actually do here?” Tonks muttered.

“Scowl at things, mostly,” Dobby replied, making them both snicker.

“I guess there aren’t any other ways to reach the Chamber then,” Harry sighed, and Dobby looked thoughtful.

“There might be one way,” Dobby replied. “Krafty, the oldest house-elf here, told Dobby that the Come and Go Room can create doors too.”

“Doors?” Tonks asked, cocking her head. “Doors to where?”

“Anywhere in Hogwarts,” Dobby replied. “Dobby doesn’t know if that includes the Chamber of Secrets, but...”

“Oh, the twins can never learn of this,” Harry breathed as he willed the room to create a door to Professor Lupin’s office, the one room in the castle that he could be relatively sure was empty and opened it to look inside.

“Be warned, Harry Potter, the Come and Go Room disappears when no one’s in it,” Dobby said.

“So if we open a door to another place and then go in without leaving anyone here, we’d be stuck there,” Tonks surmised. “Would you be willing to stay here tonight?”

“Dobby would be happy to,” Dobby replied, and she grinned.

“Give me the mirror,” Tonks said. “I’ll check in on Chiara and see how she’s holding up.”

“Here you go,” Harry replied as he closed the door to Lupin’s office and fished the mirror out of his pocket before handing it to her.

“Chiara Lobosca,” Tonks said, staring into it, and she furrowed her brow in concern when nothing happened for a full five seconds, only for her eyes to go wide as saucers when she finally answered.

“Tonks!” Chiara whined, her flushed face staring into the mirror as she frantically friggged herself. “It’s so bad.”

“You’re still human,” Tonks beamed, biting her lower lip as Chiara gave her a good view of her sweat-soaked, naked form.

“I’ve never felt more like an animal,” the horny werewolf whimpered. “It’s not as bad as transforming, but it’s so much more intense than I thought it would be.”

“Harry and I might be able to come help you,” Tonks said. “Do you want us to?”

“Yes!” Chiara exclaimed. “Come here and I swear I’ll let you both do fucking anything to me.”

“Bloody hell,” Harry muttered as his cock twitched in his pants.

“We’ll see if we can, luv,” Tonks nodded before ending the call. “So, I’d say this was a success.”

“What is wrong with her?” Dobby asked, confused.

“We gave her an experimental potion to help with a problem of hers, and she’s experiencing the side effects we expected,” Harry replied, willing the Room to create a door to the bedroom down in the chamber and grinning when one appeared. “That’s a good sign.”

“We can go help her, but we will need you to keep the room open for us so we can return in the morning without getting into trouble,” Tonks said, and Dobby nodded.

“Dobby will guard room all night,” he declared, and Harry smiled.

“Thanks, Dobby,” he replied, “and...I’m glad that you found a place to work that you like.”

“Hogwarts is better than old master’s manor,” Dobby smiled. “Good luck with helping your friend, Harry Potter Sir.”

Harry and Tonks both thanked him again before heading inside the chamber and quickly shutting the temporary door behind them.

“Holy shit,” Harry thought to himself as he saw the state that Chiara was in.

She was sprawled out across the bed, her clothes scattered about the room, and sobbing with need as she rubbed her clit and pumped four fingers in and out of herself. Harry had seen her figure before when Tonks took her form to mess with him, and he marveled at just how accurate her portrayal had been. Her breasts weren't small, but they weren't large either, and they were jiggling on her chest as she moved about on the bed, her pale pink nipples looking hard as rocks. Her flat, toned stomach, wide hips, and long legs looked just like what Tonks had recreated too, but what truly drew his eyes was the full, untamed forest of silver curls between her legs. It looked completely soaked, and as Harry looked down from there and noticed the large wet spot on the bed, he wondered just how long she'd been at this for.

“Chiara?” Tonks asked softly, and her blue eyes shot open, focusing on them both immediately.

“Help,” Chiara begged, pulling her fingers out of her pussy and sitting up. “I've never been this horny in my entire life.”

“We're here, baby,” Tonks cooed, cupping her cheek and smiling down at her. “Harry and I are going to take such good care of...”

Chiara stood up and captured her lips with her own before she could finish, and Harry groaned at the sight. His cock had hardened the moment he walked in and saw the hyperaroused girl masturbating, and as he watched her start to make out with Tonks, it throbbed almost painfully with need. He'd feared that he might feel jealous at this, even with Chiara being a girl, but it turned out that watching his girlfriend kiss another girl was the hottest thing in the entire world. His wand was out in an instant, and both he and Tonks were undressed a moment later.

Chiara began running her hands over Tonks' bare back and reached down to grab her plump arse, but didn't even look at Harry. Her tongue and her best friend's tangled in their mouths, dueling for dominance as she lost herself in the raw desire coursing through her, and it was only when Harry took one of her hands in his and started sucking on her wet fingers that she even remembered that he was there.

“Fuck, you taste just as good as Dora,” Harry groaned as the werewolf broke the kiss.

“Well, feel free to taste me mo...” Chiara went to say only to trail off into shocked silence as she caught sight of his cock.

Tonks grinned as she saw what had silenced her friend, and she reached down to wrap a hand around Harry's shaft, saying, “I did say he was pretty incredible, no?”

“You said he was big, not that he was part giant,” Chiara breathed, sinking to her knees immediately and adding her own hand to him. “My fingers aren't even close to touching.”

“Fucking hell,” Harry groaned, marveling at the fact that he had two girls touching his cock at the same time.

“You have no idea how much you're going to love this, Chiara,” Tonks grinned. “Sopping wet as you are, you might just be able to take him, and I'm going to love watching you do it.”

“You're...so big,” Chiara panted, leaning in and smelling his cock. “Smell so good.”

"I...er...bathed this morning?" Harry asked, confused by her reaction, only to gasp as she licked the underside of his cock from base to tip with the flat of her tongue.

"You smell like man, like strong, virile man," Chiara breathed.

She wrapped her lips around his cock then and started bobbing her head up and down, quickly taking half of him into her hot, wet mouth. Harry moaned in pleasure, his fingers sinking into her silver locks, and gasped when he felt the distinct, cold feeling of the lubrication charm hitting his asshole.

"Suck his cock, Chiara," Tonks purred as she crawled behind him and grabbed two handfuls of his taut, muscular ass. "I have something else in mind."

"Tonks, what are you...holy fuck!" Harry squeaked, his knees buckling when he felt Tonks' tongue brush against his sensitive hole.

The lubrication charm also cleaned him completely, he knew, and he'd done this to Tonks often enough to know that she wasn't going to taste anything unpleasant back there, having used it, but it was still mind-blowing to know that she was willing to. Having his ass eaten felt fucking amazing, it turned out, and having Tonks do that as Chiara did her best to inhale his cock was a level of pleasure he didn't know was possible. Tonks circled his pucker with the tip of her tongue, slowly and teasingly, and fought the urge to laugh at the downright hilarious sounds he was making.

"Having fun?" Tonks asked, blowing on his ass and making him gasp again.

"Fuck me, Tonks, that feels so fucking good," Harry whimpered, completely overwhelmed, and she giggled.

"If I'd known I could reduce you to a whimpering mess like this, I'd have done it sooner," Tonks purred before returning to driving him nuts with her tongue.

Chiara swallowed his length into her tight throat, pushing down until she could nuzzle her nose against his pubic hair, and he groaned loudly when he felt her massage his glans with the muscles of her throat.

"You actually took it all," Harry marveled, and Tonks pulled back.

Looking over, she asked, "Wait, really? Oh, good for you, girl."

Chiara barely seemed to hear her, hyper-focused as she was on trying to suck his soul out of his cock. Between her almost desperate blowjob and Tonks' rim job, Harry was in absolute heaven, and he found himself racing towards his orgasm faster than he had since the first time.

"Chiara, I'm gonna cum," he gasped, trying to hold back, and Tonks grinned.

"I don't think she can hear you, stud," his girlfriend cooed, pulling he nail on her right index finger back until it was completely gone. "I think you should just let go."

Without warning, she pushed her finger inside him and curled it down against his prostate, making his whole world go white. He cried out at the intensity of it, cumming hard, and Chiara instinctively pushed down as far as she could, letting him cum directly down her throat. Tonks continued to finger him hard, stimulating the sensitive spot inside him until the pleasure became

almost painfully intense, and only when Chiara fell back, letting his cock slip from her lips and grinning widely, did she relent.

“That was...insane,” Harry panted, sinking to his knees, and Tonks kissed him hungrily.

“Until I make you cum so hard you cry, I won’t have come close to the sort of things you’ve done to me, Harry,” she cooed, and he kissed her again.

“So much,” Chiara breathed, grasping her belly. “I could feel it all flowing down into my stomach.”

“Yeah, Harry cums like a fucking bull,” Tonks chuckled. Palming his balls and making him gasp, she added, “A side effect of having such big balls, I guess.”

“That was fun, and weirdly, it made it easier to focus again, but it did nothing for how damn horny I am,” Chiara said, sitting up on the bed and spreading her legs. “Fuck me, Harry, please.”

“Oh, I’ll fuck you until you can’t walk,” Harry rumbled, his half-hard cock twitching, “but first, I need to taste you.”

Chiara grinned and spread her legs even wider, her breath hitching when he sunk his fingers into her thighs and leaned in, inhaling deeply.

“You’re in for such a treat,” Tonks grinned, sitting down next to her. “His cock is amazing, and it’s honestly like someone made him specifically to satisfy my size kink, but his tongue is honestly even better.”

“I love you for this, Dora,” Chiara smiled, cupping her cheek and kissing her. “I’d have gone mad if I’d had to deal with this on my...oh, fuck!”

Harry grinned, parting her silver curls with his thumbs and leaning in to give her a long, slow lick with the flat of his tongue. Her labia were fuller and fleshier than Tonks usually made hers, giving him plenty to explore with his tongue and lips, and he took full advantage of that. She was so wet that within seconds her fluids were already running down his chin, much to his delight, but though he was sure that he could make her cum with ease if he focused on her clit, he didn’t go right for it, wanting to taste all of her first. She was tangy, salty, and musky, much like his girlfriend, and he found himself no less fond of her taste than he was of hers.

“Oh, fuck, oh, Merlin, yes,” Chiara moaned, squirming on the bed as his tongue danced through her folds. “My clit, please just focus on it before I explode.”

“You’ll explode, alright,” Tonks chuckled, leaning down and capturing one of her pebbled nipples with her lips.

Chiara cried out and fell back, holding their heads, to her as they worked together to drive her wild. She rocked her hips against him, grinding her soaking wet pussy against his face, and when he finally took the hint and started swirling his tongue around her throbbing clit, she screamed.

“Right there, right there!” she cried. “Don’t stop, please don’t stop, please...plea...YES!”

She wailed as she came, her back arching off the bed as her vision went spotty. The whole time she’d been desperately frigging herself she hadn’t managed to get off once, to the point that she felt like she was mere moments from bursting into tears of frustration when Tonks finally called, and

the relief she felt at finally getting off was absolutely euphoric. The sheer ecstasy of it thundered through her veins, making her writhe and convulse as raw, guttural screams spilled forth from her lips. When it finally ended, she slumped back on the bed, panting for breath, and blinked in confusion at the sight of Harry's completely soaked form.

"Wha?" she asked, watching him slick his hair back and reach for his wand so he could dry his glasses. "What...happened?"

"You squirted, babe," Tonks replied. When Chiara flushed scarlet, she giggled and said, "Don't worry about it. I've nearly straight-up drowned him before. Did you even use Parseltongue?"

"No," Harry replied, putting his wand back down. "She was just that horny."

"What?" Chiara asked, still out of it after her mind-melting orgasm.

"In fact, I was thinking of fixing that," Harry grinned, leaning back in.

"I don't know if I'm ready for THAT!" Chiara shrieked at the top of her lungs, cumming again completely without warning.

The faint sound of hissing in the background was an important clue, she was sure, but in that moment she couldn't possibly think about it, with her mind so utterly consumed by pleasure. Wave after mind-blowing wave of pleasure rocked her entire body from her head to her toes, and she surrendered to it completely. Her vision went white, and she felt like she was lost at sea, rocking about in a maelstrom of ecstasy that seemed to be lighting her very soul aflame. She screamed and screamed, her orgasm continuing seemingly without end, and by the time it did finally subside, she was sobbing.

"...gone overboard," she heard a man say, sounding sheepish, but she paid him no heed, continuing to rest her head on a muscular chest.

The distinct scent of man made her insides flutter, and she opened her eyes, looking up at Harry.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," Tonks, who she realized was spooning against her, her large full breasts pressed up against her back, added, "are you okay, Chiara?"

"I need more," Chiara shivered, looking back at her, and Tonks laughed.

"Wow, that potion really fucked you up, huh?" the metamorphmagus asked. "Fuck her, Harry, fuck her brains out."

"Please," Chiara begged, rolling over once Tonks moved out of the way and getting up on her hands and knees as quickly as her shaky legs would let her.

"What an arse," Harry breathed, palming her thick, round cheeks.

"I know, right?" Tonks asked. "I've been modeling mine after hers for years."

“I might not have the biggest tits in the world, but I do have quite the ass,” Chiara grinned, gasping when she felt him brush something that felt about as thick as her wrist against her still-soaked pussy. “You’re going to fucking destroy me.”

“That’s the idea, Chiara,” Tonks grinned, running her nails through her hair. “Once Harry here has ruined you for all other men, you’ll have to come be our live-in sex pet forever.”

“After how hard I just came, I don’t care if you’re joking or not,” Chiara laughed, and Tonks giggled.

“I was, but good to know,” Tonks smiled.

“Tonks, let me eat you out,” Chiara purred. “You more than deserve it for this, and I’d always wanted to try it.”

“You don’t have to twist my arm,” Tonks grinned, crawling in front of her, lying down. As she spread her legs, showing off her bare mound, she added, “Just wait until Harry pushes his cock inside you, though. That can be quite the shock the first time, and I’d really rather you didn’t bite me.”

“It’s not like I’d spread the curse if I did,” Chiara said, smiling widely at that thought, “though I’ll wait if you want. You ready, Harry?”

“I’ve been ready since I first tasted you,” Harry rumbled, brushing his cock through her folds again before lining himself up with her opening.

He paused then, looking at Tonks, and she smiled as she realized that he was waiting for permission. He’d done plenty of things with her friend so far, but this felt different. She’d be the second girl he’d ever buried himself inside, the only one other than his girlfriend, and he wanted her to specifically say it before he did so.

“Fuck her, Harry,” Tonks breathed. “Fuck her pretty little brains out.”

“Yes, please fuck...gah!” Chiara cried as he pushed forward and the head of his cock popped inside her. “Oh, fuck.”

“See what I meant?” Tonks purred.

Chiara’s mouth hung open, her eyes going wide as saucers, and he let out a low, throaty moan as she felt him push another couple inches of his cock inside her.

“You’re so fucking big!” she moaned. “I knew you were bigger than Clive, like twice the size of him, honestly, but you feel even bigger than that.”

“That’s the muggle boy you slept with?” Harry asked, pausing to give her a chance to adjust to him.

She nodded, grabbing the sheets on either side of Tonks so hard that her knuckles turned white as she tried to relax her inner muscles.

“That burns so much it’s insane,” she breathed.

“Really?” Tonks asked, surprised.

“I guess you could reshape yourself enough to let you shag Hagrid if you wanted, but for us mere mortals, stretching burns a bit, yeah,” Chiara laughed. “It’s not too bad, and fuck, does it feel good too, but I can already tell that I’m going to limp around all day tomorrow.”

“I’ll wait here,” Harry said. “Just let me know when you want me to move again.”

“No, do it,” Chiara breathed. “Go slow but don’t stop completely until you’re either in as far as you can go or I tell you to.”

“Okay,” Harry nodded, pulling his cock back about an inch before thrusting forward more.

Chiara let out a string of whimpers, gasps, and moans over the next few minutes as he eased inch after inch of his thick cock inside her, conquering her insides in a way that previous lover had never managed to. Even with her being as wet as she was, it was still an insanely tight fit, and she only grew sorer as he stretched her out, but bit by bit that burning feeling passed until all she felt was the sublime pleasure of being filled completely. When she felt Harry’s hips come to rest against her pillowy ass, she gasped and looked back at him in shock.

“Wait, I...I took the whole thing?” she asked.

“That’s even more impressive than you proving that you have no gag reflex,” Tonks marveled. “I honestly thought no non-metamorph would ever manage to take the whole thing.”

“You’re so fucking tight,” Harry groaned, running his hands up from her hips to her narrow waist and back. “Just let me know when I can move, luv.”

“Feels like you’re in my stomach,” Chiara whimpered, reaching under herself to feel her belly, and her eyes went wide as saucers as he did so. “Morgana’s tits, I can actually feel you.”

She moved up onto her knees and looked down, laughing at the absurdity as she realized that she could actually see a bump in her lower belly.

“Your cock’s so big I can see it through my skin,” Chiara giggled. “That’s insane. I might never be the same again.”

“My offer to be our sex pet stands,” Tonks quipped, and Chiara grinned, lowering herself back down and leaning in towards her old friend’s visibly slick pussy.

“We’ll see,” she said. “Do you two mind that I don’t shave at all?”

“Not really,” Harry replied.

“It’s not like I shave,” Tonks grinned, and Chiara rolled her eyes.

“Lucky bitch,” she laughed before leaning in and giving her dewy pink labia a kiss.

Tonks gasped, immediately reaching for her head, and Chiara grinned, licking her slowly from her hole to her clit.

“Fuck me, Harry,” she begged, gasping when he pulled most of his cock from her depths, brushing against seemingly every nerve ending in her sensitive tunnel.

He thrust back inside, filling her up again and he quickly set a measured pace, still letting her get used to the feeling of him inside her. She moaned and mewled, holding still as she began to explore Tonks' pussy with her tongue. When her old friend began to moan, she figured that she was doing well enough and began to rock herself back against Harry in time with his thrusts.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," he thought to himself, picking up his pace as he felt Chiara relax a little around him. *"Before the summer I had never kissed a girl, and now, half a year later, I'm having a threesome with my girlfriend and one of her closest friends. I'm so fucking glad Tonks tracked me down like she did."*

"Just like that, just like...fuck!" Tonks cried as Chiara wrapped her lips around her clit and started sucking on it. "Fuck, that feels so good."

"Could you make it bigger for me?" the werewolf asked, and she nodded, making her clit grow until it was as big as her pinky finger up to the first knuckle. She immediately started swirling her tongue around it, delighting in every gasping cry Tonks let out as she squirmed under her, before sucking it back into her mouth.

"She could probably straight-up grow a cock if you wanted to blow her instead," Harry grinned as he started fucking her harder and faster.

"Has she ever done that for you?" Chiara asked teasingly, and he went still.

"No, I..." he spluttered, and Tonks chuckled.

"Relax, she's only teasing," she assured him. "If you manage to take her ass sometime over the next few days, I could grow a cock and fuck her with you."

"I'm sorry, what?" Chiara asked. "You think I could take that monstrosity up my ass?"

"Your ass can handle more than your pussy, honestly," Tonks replied, "and it's not something you have to even think about if you don't want to. I just think it would be fun to fuck someone like that for once."

"Maybe later you can fuck my throat while Harry pounds me," Chiara replied. "For now, though, I want to see if I can make you cum like this."

"You're doing a good bloody job so far," Tonks sighed. "We'll have to see later if I find it as intuitive as you do."

"I love my life," Harry murmured to himself as he started fucking Chiara again, and both girls giggled.

He picked up his pace again, fucking her with long, hard strokes, and he groaned when he saw her plump cheeks start to jiggle and ripple with each impact of his hips. She had begun to flutter around his length too, her orgasm fast-approaching, and he grinned when he heard her moans begin to sound more desperate.

"Yes, yes!" Chiara cried. "Fuck me, you horse-hung bastard! Fucking destroy me!"

“Is that what you want?” Harry growled, leaning down until his lips were right by her ear. “You want me to fuck you until I’ve ruined you for all others, don’t you? Until you have no choice to by Dora and my little sex slave?”

“Shit!” Chiara screamed, his words making her insides clench around him. “Gah, don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t...FUCK!”

She squealed as she came hard, clinging to Tonks’ right leg as though she’d float away without it while she writhed and thrashed in pleasure under Harry.

“Babe, could you finish me off?” Tonks asked. “I’m so clo...HARRY!”

She screamed as he pressed his tongue against her clit and began speaking Parseltongue.

“I really can’t believe this is my life now, and it’s all thanks to you, Dora,” Harry hissed. “I love you so much more than I think I could ever truly put into words.”

The two women continued to convulse on the bed, their orgasms consuming them completely, and only when Chiara went limp under him did Harry stop and pull his cock from her depths.

“You didn’t...cum?” the werewolf asked.

“After he cums once...it takes him...forever these days,” Tonks panted. “Fuck me, Harry.”

“Is that a request?” Harry asked, crawling between her legs, and he grinned even as she continued to try to catch her breath.

“What do you think?” Tonks purred, and he didn’t hesitate to bury himself to the hilt inside her, making her gasp and wrap her arms around him. “Chiara, sit on my face while he fucks me.”

“You don’t have to ask me twice,” Chiara grinned, crawling over and moving to straddle her head.

As she lowered herself down onto Tonks’ mouth, the metamorph made her tongue prehensile and enlarged it before pushing it inside her. Chiara gasped and reached out to Harry for support, shivering when she saw the sheer desire in his lust-darkened eyes as he wrapped his arms around her.

“By the time we’re done with you tonight, you won’t be able to move a muscle,” he grinned and she returned the look.

“You promise?” she asked teasingly, gasping when he kissed her and started kneading her supple breasts.

As the three of them moved together, losing themselves in a dance of pleasure, they all knew that this was going to end up being a very, very long night.

“No more, no more...can’t!” Chiara cried, overstimulated nearly to the point of pain, and Harry groaned, pulling his softening cock from her battered depths.

How many hours it had been since they joined her in the chambers or how many times they'd all cum were two questions none of them could hope to answer. He had cum inside both of them repeatedly, confident in the contraception charms they'd both used, and watched them slurp his loads from each other's pussies each time, though as he looked at Tonks' barely conscious form, he doubted she'd be doing it that time. He rolled onto his back, and Tonks immediately moved over, resting her head on his chest and smiling widely when he wrapped an arm around her.

"Totally...doing this again," she yawned.

"Promise?" Chiara asked, giggling hysterically, and Tonks reached over and tugged on her shoulder.

She took the hint and rolled over, resting her head on Harry's chest in front of Tonks' and the metamorphmagus kissed her.

"Yeah," Tonks replied.

Harry's cock twitched at the sight, and Tonks, having felt it, looked at him incredulously.

"Seriously?" she asked. "After all that?"

"The two hottest women I know kiss in front of me, my cock is going to react," Harry replied. "I can't help it."

"I've created a monster," Tonks sighed, making him snort.

"I can't feel my legs; she sounds like she could pass out any second, and you could probably still get hard again?" Chiara asked. "I'd say monster is putting it mildly."

"Well, it's a good thing since we're going to do this again tomorrow," Harry chuckled, and Chiara sighed.

"This has been the greatest night of the full moon I've ever known," she sighed, tearing up. "I...I don't know how to repay you guys."

"I think you just did," Tonks teased, and she laughed.

"Shut up, I'm trying to be serious," Chiara replied. "Thank you, both of you, seriously."

"You're our friend, Chiara," Harry replied. "Of course we were happy to help you."

Chiara sniffled at that and clung to him and Tonks harder, though she slowly relaxed as she fell asleep. The metamorphmagus relaxed the moment she heard her friend's breathing grow slower and steady, and quickly drifted off thereafter, leaving Harry the only one still awake. He was tired, exhausted, really, and yet his mind was racing. He had no idea what this would mean going forward, if fucking Chiara was going to be something that they did on the nights of the full moon for as long as it took Slughorn and Elfwynn to fix the flaws in the potion, if she was going to become a sort of second girlfriend to him, or anything in between. He also had no idea what he was going to do about Hermione's strange situation. Just then, all he did know was that he was happier than he'd ever been in his life, and he just hoped dearly that he'd get to stay that way going forward.