

The room was dimly lit, the air heavy with the scent of sex and the soft, sultry symphony of satisfied moans. Harry, his body glistening with sweat, was buried balls deep inside the busty redhead, their bodies rocking passionately as he kept slamming deep within her.

The room was a tapestry of shadows and light, the flickering fire casting a warm, golden glow on the entwined limbs and flushed skin of the four other naked women scattered about.

Susan's legs were wrapped tightly around Harry's waist, her ankles locked at the small of his back, urging him deeper with each thrust. Her fingers dug into the hard muscles of his ass, her nails digging deep into his skin as she kept him firmly against her.

"Fuck me, Harry," she panted, her eyes wild with lust and her voice ragged with desire. "Fuck me like you mean it."

Harry, his eyes locked onto Susan's, complied with a growl. His hips slammed into hers with a force that made the table shake. With each thrust, the lewd sound of their bodies colliding resonated around the room, filling it with the symphony of their pleasure—a dirty, delicious melody that made the other women in the room squirm in their post-orgasmic haze.

Daphne and Astoria, their bodies entwined on the plush couch, watched Harry and Susan with hooded, satisfied eyes. Their hands roamed each other's bodies with a familiarity that, in a normal world, should never be seen between sisters. However, this world was far from normal.

Astoria's fingers traced the curve of Daphne's breast, her thumb brushing against the hardened nipple, making Daphne gasp and arch into the touch.

"Look at him, Daph," the younger sister whispered, her voice a husky purr. "Look at how he's fucking Susan. He's a god among men, isn't he?"

Daphne nodded, her eyes filled with lust as she watched Harry's body move. "He's insatiable," she murmured, her hand reaching out to trace the curve of her sister's breast in return, pinching her hardened nipple between her thumb and index finger. Astoria hissed in pleasure as Daphne continued, "There's no one else like him."

Tracey, her body draped over the arm of the couch to their left, watched the scene unfold with wide, dilated eyes. Her fingers were buried deep inside her pussy, mimicking the rhythm of Harry's thrusts inside Susan's pulsating snatch. She bit her lip, her breath coming in short gasps as she watched Harry's muscles flex with each movement. "He's so fucking hot, Daph" she moaned, her voice barely audible. "Our man is the hottest fucking man in the world."

Harry, hearing Tracey's words, glanced over at her, his eyes filled with a primal hunger. "You liked it, didn't you, Tracey?" he growled, his voice a deep, dirty rumble. "You liked having my cock inside you."

Tracey nodded, her cheeks flushing with sheer desire. Harry was not like this very often, but whenever he was, it thrilled all his women to no end, and Tracey was no different. "Yes," she whispered, her fingers moving faster as she watched Harry. "I loved it. I want more, Harry!"

Harry smirked, his thrusts becoming more powerful, more deliberate. "You want me to fuck you again, Tracey?" he asked, his voice laced with challenge. "You want me to pound into that tight little pussy of yours?"

Tracey moaned, her body tensing at Harry's words. "Yes," she gasped, her fingers moving faster as she chased her second release. "Oh, fuck yes..."

Harry's eyes flashed with desire as he gazed at Tracey before his eyes shifted to the sisters who kept caressing and kneading each other's delectable assets while they watched.

He smirked at them before he leaned down, his lips capturing Susan's in a fierce, passionate kiss. His tongue plunged into her mouth, mimicking the rhythm of his hips as he continued to fuck her. Susan moaned, her body tensing as she neared her climax. Harry could feel her pussy tightening around him, her body preparing to milk him dry.

Feeling Susan's impending orgasm, Harry reached down between their bodies, his fingers finding her clit and he started rubbing it in tight circles. Susan's body convulsed, her orgasm ripping through her with a force that made her scream into Harry's mouth. Her pussy tightened around him, her body greedily trying to milk him as he continued to pound into her.

Harry held himself still inside Susan once her orgasm crashed through her in earnest. He held her tightly, holding her by the waist as she shivered and moaned, and he leaned down to capture one of her puffy pink nipples in his mouth, nibbling greedily. Susan let out another loud moan as she continued to cream around his cock.

Minutes passed, and as Susan's orgasm subsided, Harry refused to pull out. Instead, he began to move again, his hips rolling in slow, sensuous circles. Susan's eyes flew open, her gaze locking onto Harry's as she felt him move inside her. "Harry," she gasped, her voice ragged with pleasure. "What are you doing?"

Harry smirked, his hips never stopping their slow dance. "You waited so long for me, Sue," he said sensuously, his voice a deep, dirty rumble. "You gave all these girls the chance to go ahead of you. I think that makes you deserving of a reward. I want to feel you come again, Sue."

Susan moaned, her body already responding to Harry's words, to the feel of him moving inside her. She could feel her pussy beginning to tighten around him, her body preparing for another round. She gazed deeply into Harry's eyes, seeing the hunger, the desire, the need reflected back at her. She knew that she was powerless to resist him, that she would give him anything he wanted.

Harry, feeling Susan's body respond to him, began to pick up the pace. Grabbing her legs, he spread them slightly and pulled them up, aligning them against his chest. Susan's eyes widened as he leaned over her fully, her long legs between them, and began to fuck her with even deeper strokes.

Meanwhile, Daphne and Astoria, watching Harry and Susan with hooded, satisfied eyes, intensified their ministrations. Astoria's fingers found their way between Daphne's legs, her fingers slipping inside her, making Daphne gasp and moan into her sister's mouth. Daphne's hands weren't idle either. They were exploring Astoria's body, tracing the curves and valleys, pinching and teasing her nipples that were hard peaks for a while now. She spread her legs even more, giving her more access to pleasure her.

Tracey was already on the edge. Her fingers were buried deep inside her, mimicking the rhythm of Harry's thrusts since the beginning. She bit her lip, her breath coming in short gasps as she watched Harry's body move above Susan's. She could see the muscles in his back and ass flexing with each thrust, and the sweat dripping down his chest. She wanted to touch him, to taste him, to feel him inside her again.

Meanwhile, Susan could not believe she was so close to cumming once again. Already, she could feel the tightness in her lower belly as Harry kept fucking her at this new angle that made him feel even deeper inside her. Her large tits jiggled and bounced against her thighs, her eyes wide and locked with his as he gazed at her with primal lust.

"I can feel it, Sue," he growled, his fingers flicking her clit once again, making her cry out. "Let it go. Let it fucking go!"

As if compelled, Susan exploded around him in an instant, a loud wail escaping her as she shivered violently on the table. She cried, tears streaming down her face as waves of searing hot pleasure coursed through her entire being. She felt weightless and powerless, and even keeping her eyes open felt straining.

Harry, feeling Susan's orgasm, let his own release go. He came with a groan, his hot seed spilling into Susan's pussy, filling her up. He continued to thrust, his body shuddering with each wave of pleasure, until he was completely spent.

Minutes passed as Harry and Susan came down from their high, the latter finally gaining enough strength, and they looked around the room, their eyes taking in the sight of the other women. Daphne and Astoria were locked in a passionate embrace, their bodies moving in sync as they brought each other to the brink of ecstasy. Tracey was watching them, her fingers moving furiously as she chased her own release.

Harry, feeling a renewed sense of energy, pulled out of Susan and moved towards Tracey. He knelt down in front of her, his hands grabbing her hips and pulling her towards him. Tracey moaned, her fingers still buried inside her as Harry's tongue found her clit. He began to lick and suck, his tongue moving in tight circles as he brought her to the brink of ecstasy.

Tracey's body tensed, her orgasm building inside her. She looked down at Harry, her eyes filled with desire and need. "Harry," she gasped, her voice ragged with pleasure. "I'm going to come. I'm going to come so fucking hard."

Harry, hearing Tracey's words, redoubled his efforts. He slipped two fingers inside her, his tongue continuing to tease her clit. Tracey's body convulsed, her orgasm ripping through her with a force that made her scream. Harry continued to lick and suck, his fingers moving in and out of her as he milked her orgasm for all it was worth.

As Tracey shuddered violently on the arm of the couch, Harry moved away from her. He saw Daphne and Astoria, their bodies entwined, and their eyes filled with desire. He moved towards them, his cock already hardening at the sight of them.

Daphne and Astoria looked up at Harry, their eyes filled with hunger and lust. They reached out for him, their hands grabbing his hips and pulling him towards them. Harry knelt down, his body settling between theirs. He began to kiss them, his lips moving from one mouth to the other, his tongue tangling with theirs as they all moaned and groaned with pleasure.

His hands were not idle as he began to explore their bodies, his fingers tracing the sensual curves, pinching and teasing their nipples to his heart's content. Daphne and Astoria did not shy away either. Their hands kept exploring Harry's body, their fingers tracing the muscles of his chest and abs, and in no time, their hands were wrapped around his hardening cock.

Harry, feeling their hands on him, moaned and began to thrust into their fists. Daphne and Astoria began to stroke him, their hands moving in sync as they brought him to the brink of ecstasy. Harry, not wanting to end it like that, pulled away from their hands and stood up, his cock erect and pointed right between them.

"Who wants to start?" he asked, his voice laced with desire.

Daphne and Astoria exchanged a look, a silent agreement passing between them. They both smiled, their eyes gleaming with mischief. "Together," they said in unison, their voices barely above a whisper.

Harry's breath hitched as they leaned in, Daphne wrapping her lips around the head of his cock, while Astoria took his balls gently into her mouth. He let out a low groan, his eyes fluttering closed as they began to work in tandem, their tongues and lips moving in perfect sync.

Daphne took him deep, her mouth sliding down his length, while Astoria sucked softly on his balls, her tongue teasing the sensitive skin. Harry's hips bucked involuntarily, his hands reaching out to grip their hair for support.

Susan and Tracey did not remain by themselves either. They came over, taking positions by either sister. Together, they reached out and planted their mouths right on the two sisters' pussies.

Daphne and Astoria shivered in pleasure as they continued to suck on Harry while the other two women pleased them, bringing them closer to their second orgasms.

The room was filled with the sounds of their pleasure, Harry's moans mingling with the wet, sucking noises coming from Daphne and Astoria, both above and below. They all took their time, their rhythm slow and steady, building one another up before backing off, only to start again.

Harry's breathing grew ragged, his grip on their shoulders tightening. "Fuck, that feels amazing," he gasped, his voice hoarse with desire.

Daphne and Astoria looked up at him, their eyes filled with hunger and arousal. They felt the two women intensify their ministrations and their eyes widened as they felt their orgasms imminent. They increased their pace, their mouths moving faster, their tongues swirling and teasing around him.

Harry could feel his orgasm building, his body tensing as the pleasure became too much.

With a final, deep suck, Daphne took him all the way to the back of her throat, while Astoria gave his balls a gentle tug with her teeth. Harry came with a grunt, his body convulsing as he spilled into Daphne's mouth. She swallowed every drop, her eyes never leaving his, while Astoria continued to suck softly on his balls, drawing out his pleasure.

Once he was utterly spent, they pulled away from him and immediately slammed their lips against each other as they came on Susan and Tracey respectively. Daphne pulled her sister firmly against herself, mashing their tits together as she shared what she had gathered from Harry with her.

Meanwhile, Susan and Tracey kept a firm hold on the two sisters who were shivering as they make out, their mouths clamped on a pair of pussies as they lapped away everything they got from them.

As Harry came down from his high, he gazed at the four women, his heart filling with gratitude and affection. He knew he was a lucky man, to have such incredible women willing to give him such pleasure. He leaned down, kissing each of them softly, his heart filled with love and desire.

"Where's Nym?" He asked as he pulled away from Astoria who gazed around.

"No idea," Daphne replied, wiping the sheen of sweat over her breasts with her hand. "She was here when you were with Sue, though."

They heard footsteps approaching and together, they turned toward the entrance right when a certain redhead arrived with Nym in tow – the former garbed in their auror robes while the latter was hastily pulling them on as she followed behind her boss.

"Amelia? What is it?" Harry asked as he fully turned around.

The redhead lost herself for a moment, her eyes taking in the sight before her. Her gaze lingered on her naked niece for a second too long before she gazed at Harry with hunger and desire. Quickly though, she shook her head.

“Get dressed quickly, Harry. We’ve got to move.”

Harry sensed the urgency in her voice and moved immediately, grabbing his wand from the table nearby. With a quick flick, he summoned all their clothes in the middle, and the four young women quickly sorted everything out. With another flick, they were all dressed, albeit casually, and Harry strode toward Amelia and Nym, his brows furrowed slightly.

“What’s wrong?” He asked as he walked, the rest falling in step behind him.

“Werewolves,” Amelia replied grimly. “They’ve attacked the little village up north in Scotland.”

“Near Hogwarts?” Astoria asked, and Amelia shook her head negatively.

“High up north. A small village with barely fifty magicals living there,” Amelia replied. Fleur joined them right at the bottom of the staircase as she rushed out of the basement, her hair slightly askew and her wand already out.

Amelia nodded at her and continued, “As planned, aurors are stationed in every wizarding settlement, no matter how small. Willow’s End is no different. We received reports of the attack minutes ago.”

“Given you’re not sending more aurors, something tells me this is personal,” Harry observed.

“It’d take more time if I sent aurors. And it’s Greyback,” Amelia replied as she pulled out a rope, and that did it.

With a sneer, Harry grabbed it, followed by Nym, Fleur, and Daphne. Those three were the only ones deemed ready to go in a high-stakes fight by now.

“You should’ve said it earlier,” Harry growled, and in an instant, they vanished with the swirl of the Portkey.

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“Fucking exotic bitches! You’re more trouble than you’re worth, but I’ll make you pay for that,” Greyback growled. He raised his clawed hand, ready to bring it down on Bathsheda, when an errant spell lanced through the air, striking Greyback and sending him sprawling back.

The werewolf’s snarl was cut off as he stumbled, his eyes blazing with fury as he regained his balance. He glared at the newcomers who stood at the edge of the clearing, their wands raised and their faces determined.

Harry’s steely eyes, filled with anger, locked onto Greyback and he glared with loathing.

"Potter, you again," Greyback spat, his voice dripping with malice. "Good that you came. This just became a whole lot more interesting."

Harry nodded at Amelia and instantly, all five of them fanned out, their sharp eyes assessing the situation. He saw a battered and bruised young woman crouching protectively over two unconscious ones and his eyes widened when he realized who they were.

"Daph!" Harry shouted, gesturing toward the three women, and the blonde's eyes widened as well. She saw Professor Babbling frantically casting spells on Professors Sinistra and Vector, her hands shaking.

"Should've brought Nat," she muttered under her breath.

Meanwhile, Greyback gestured sharply, and his pack of werewolves, a snarling, slavering mass of fur and muscle, surged forward. "Shred them!" He let out a guttural growl.

Harry moved first, his wand a blur of motion as he fired a volley of spells in quick succession. A powerful Blasting curse sent a werewolf flying backward into a tree, the impact splintering the trunk. A silent Diffindo sliced through the air, narrowly missing another beast as it lunged at Fleur. He did not stop to worry though, knowing she could deal with it, and closed in on the leader of the pack who stood, watching on from where he had fallen.

The beautiful veela, her face contorted in a snarl, was a whirlwind of grace and power. She met the werewolf's charge head-on, a swirling vortex of air, conjured with a flick of her wrist, slammed into the creature, sending it spinning off balance. Then, with a sharp twist of her wand, she unleashed a hail of icy shards that tore through the beast's thick hide, eliciting a howl of pain.

"That's my girl," Daphne thought with a feral grin as she shielded the three professors from any errant spell that might strike them and the werewolves who seemed keen on taking advantage. A series of strategically placed Impediment Curses slowed down the werewolves attempting to flank her. Suddenly, a werewolf jumped toward her, and Daphne did not hesitate for even a second. A sharp icicle shot out of her wand, striking the creature right beside the sternum. The beast froze mid-lunge, its eyes widening as the sharp blade pierced its thick hide, stabbing it right through.

On the other side, Nym fought with a ferocity and grace that belied her usual clumsy self. She moved like a wraith, weaving through the melee, her wand a blur. Spells flashed from her wand tip: a Binding Curse that wrapped a werewolf in invisible chains, a Stunning Spell that dropped another mid-leap, and a Bludgeoning Curse that sent one sprawling with a sickening crunch.

Amelia, taking charge as Harry had silently indicated, directed their attacks with the precision of a seasoned commander. A wave of her wand sent a cascade of rocks tumbling down a nearby slope, crushing two werewolves beneath the landslide. With every flick of her wand, thick walls of thorns erupted from the

ground, creating temporary barriers to separate the pack and give whoever needed it the room to maneuver.

Greyback grew increasingly furious with how the battle had turned tides after Potter and his whores arrived as he saw his new dogs not only getting pushed back but either impaled, stabbed, cursed, or outright torn apart in front of his eyes. His feral gaze locked on none other than that blasted Harry Potter who shattered another of his mutt's head, blood and gore exploding all around, and turned his eyes to him.

The vicious werewolf charged toward Harry, his claws extended, and his fangs bared in a vicious snarl.

"Come at me, you fuck!" Harry hissed, lashing out with a powerful bone-breaker that Greyback barely dodged. The werewolf's instincts flared, sending a jolt of fear through his skin, and immediately, he pulled his wand out, much more reserved than before.

"Not acting like a mutt for a change, huh?" Harry taunted.

Greyback snarled and flung an ugly gray curse at Harry who almost dodged it, but at the last second, he realized any of his women could be behind him. He erected a powerful shield, and the curse collided with it, sending him skidding back a few inches as a resounding boom echoed all around them.

"Come, Potter. Let's play," Greyback jeered, and Harry's eyes hardened.

Lucius, meanwhile, hung back, his scarred face contorted in a sneer. He cast spells sporadically, trying to disrupt their coordination. He had seen how they were fighting, and he knew he was no match for either of them. Amelia Bones and the mudblood-loving sister's daughter, he could understand, perhaps even the veela slut. But he could not believe how two students just out of their fourth year could fight with such devastating effect. The realization dawned on him in an instant. They were training—undoubtedly for the war that was on Britain's doorstep, and suddenly, Potter's reason behind pulling out of Hogwarts made a whole lot of sense.

He eyed the half-blood with a sneer. The bastard had defiled his Cassie. He had stolen her from him—his property! Oh, how Lucius wished he could curse the little shit's head off his carcass for his daring. Alas, his lord had prohibited everyone from fatally injuring Potter, and no matter how strong his hatred, he could not even think of defying his lord.

He kept flinging spells at the five randomly, trying to distract them as much as he could while Greyback and his werewolves advanced on them. He saw the Greengrass girl holding back a pair of wolves as she stood protectively in front of those three women, and he took aim. A bone-breaker shot furiously towards Daphne and Lucius almost rejoiced, but his celebrations were cut off as Amelia intercepted the curse, the malicious bolt of yellow exploding mid-air with a resounding crack.

Daphne gave Amelia a thankful nod as she refocused on the werewolves, and she heard Professor Babbling continuously cast healing spells at her two colleagues, and by the sounds of it, she was having a hard time.

Bathsheda worked feverishly, her brow furrowed as she ignored everything going around him, surrendering herself and the safety of all three of them to their saviors. Droplets of sweat slid down her face as she concentrated on the large gash at her side where the errant spell had struck her. She deftly cut her clothes, grimacing at the wound that bled profusely and began chanting. She felt the strain it took on her – the dark magic resisting every effort to reverse the damage.

“Merlin, I can’t...” She whispered, cursing herself and her incompetence. She had already failed with Septima, and now, she could not heal Aurora either. It made her feel worthless, and she took her eyes off them, taking in the scene around her.

She saw her student and former student fight with such ferocity. She watched Harry Potter as he kept pushing the notorious Fenrir Greyback on the back foot, his wand weaving destruction as he killed numerous werewolves in the process with not even a furrow of his brows. Even though he was not her student, she had always known he was powerful, but seeing him fight Greyback like this, flinging spells that no student should even have heard about let alone cast, was as disbelieving as it was breathtaking.

Her only student present, Daphne, stood sentry over them, her wand a blur as she fought every werewolf that so much as looked in their direction, her vicious spells tearing through their ranks as if they were nothing. She had known the girl for two years now, but she could’ve never imagined she would ever see this side of her, or even see her with Potter, of all people.

The same held for Miss Delacour. She had no idea the Frenchwoman had returned to Britain. She had seen her compete in the Triwizard Tournament, and she knew the woman had been the second most unfortunate champion of the four. That belief was getting vindicated here as she watched her fight with a grace and ferocity that was equal parts beautiful and terrifying.

Her former student, Miss Tonks, was a formidable auror in her own right, a force to be reckoned with on her own. She flung curses around as if they were nothing, a snarl on her face as she glared hatefully at the creatures who kept coming back. Bathsheda had to wonder just how many werewolves Greyback truly had at his disposal.

Amelia Bones, meanwhile, coordinated with whatever remained of the auror force, which was barely a couple of injured witches, to secure a perimeter around them as she tried to prevent as much damage to both the village and the rest of the fighters as she could.

Bathsheda gulped at the sight of her surroundings, and her face set in one of determination. Taking a deep breath, she turned back to Aurora and grimaced as she took in the wound. Steeling herself, she went back to work. She might not succeed, but she couldn’t just accept defeat so easily. She had to keep trying until the end.

On the other side of the clearing, Harry parried another of Greyback's bone-breakers, slamming it into the ground right in the middle. The explosion sent dust and debris in the air and Harry took advantage, transfiguring them into molten lava that he flung straight at the werewolf.

Greyback snarled as the burning rocks tore through his tattered clothes, leaving burning trails of pain across his skin. He followed it up with a powerful banishing charm, sending Greyback crashing through a thicket of trees, snapping branches like twigs. However, that was not enough to keep him down. He was back on his feet in no time, his rage undiminished as his eyes shone with sheer barbarity.

Snarling, he charged towards Harry once again who, feeling as if he was constantly pushing a mad dog back, flung a Blasting curse right where Greyback was about to step. The werewolf swerved to the side at the last second but he could not escape the impact that sent him crashing against another large tree.

Harry made to move but was soon pounced on by five more werewolves that came snarling at him. Clicking his tongue, he began to weave through them, his wand a blur as he shielded himself from their claws and either killed them outright or put them out of commission.

Through the throng of creatures prowling around Harry, Lucius aimed for Harry's knees and fired a cutting curse, watching in slow motion as the crimson bolt lanced through the air. A massive grin slowly began to form on his features when the curse shot through the gap between two werewolves but it vanished instantly when Harry caught the crimson curse mid-air and swatted it back where it came from. Lucius barely had time to react as the curse caught his arm.

An unholy shriek pierced the air as the scarred man fell over, his left arm cleaved right through the elbow, the limb falling on the ground alongside him.

Greyback rejoined the fray just as Harry dispatched the last werewolf and turned his attention to the bald fuck who'd been playing interference from the distance since the beginning. He was forced to halt in his tracks as Greyback snarled, "Crucio!"

Harry's eyes hardened as he summoned a dead werewolf in the path of the curse. Before Greyback could react, lifeless arms shot out of the ground and grabbed his ankles, violently pulling him down. The werewolf snarled and thrashed recklessly but the arms kept him pinned against the ground.

His eyes devoid of any emotion, Harry walked over slowly, dispatching any werewolf that tried to jump him with a mere flick of his wand, slicing clean through them. His companions watched on as they dispatched the final few werewolves that had remained.

Harry came to a stop right in front of Greyback who kept struggling against his bindings as he growled, glaring up at Harry with utter loathing. Harry gazed back for a long time before he turned to the mewling man on the ground, tearfully reaching out for his severed limb.

“Shut up, you dirty cur,” Harry said darkly. “I’ll get back to you soon.”

Ignoring Greyback, Harry slowly began to walk over to the weeping man, absently feeling Amelia and Nym walking towards him as well. As he reached him, Harry gazed at the faint outline of the Dark Mark that still swirled disgustingly on the severed arm and kicked it away with a sneer. With his foot, he rolled the man over so that he was facing up.

Disgusted, Harry gazed at the heavily scarred face that was totally unrecognizable. Deep gashes formed of claw marks adorned his face, with dried blood covering all the wounds. Most of his nose was missing, and so was a chunk of his lower lip. Combined with his scarred and bald head with patches of blood in places and tufts of light blonde hair scattered about—something that screamed his hair had been violently pulled out—the man looked positively hideous.

“So you’re a werewolf as well, huh? Must be a different one if you can’t turn without the full moon like the others,” Harry remarked, flicking his hand to shut the man up. His cries ceased just as Amelia and Nym arrived.

“He’s my mutt!” Greyback snarled. “Get away from my dog, Potter!”

Harry eyed Greyback out of the corner of his eye. “I can see your handiwork well enough, Greyback. Poor sod.”

A rasping cackle left Greyback’s lips as he glared at Harry.

“Our lord was merciful that he gave that bastard to me. I would’ve skinned him alive if any of my mutts had turned out to be such a disappointment.”

“I’ve no doubt you would’ve,” Harry nodded, staring at the scarred man whom he could not identify but it seemed he knew who he was, considering the way he was glaring at him with so much loathing. “You better do something about those eyes of yours, asshole. I don’t like the way you’re looking at me.”

The man’s glare intensified and Harry saw his lips start to move. Against his better judgment, he took off the silencing charm.

“—and’t stolen them away from me, this wouldn’t have happened! You caused this, you bastard! I’ll kill you! I’ll kill you!”

Nym promptly kicked the man’s hand that was reaching for his wand, snapping his fingers, and he howled in pain. The voice was too scratchy, and they all had a feeling that he had been tortured so much that his voice had broken.

“Ha! Oh, you evil Potter! See what you caused. Could’ve had any cunt out there, but you wanted his brat to get your cock warm.”

Everyone gazed at Greyback in confusion for a few seconds before Harry abruptly turned back to the scarred man. His eyes bored into his, searching for any sign of confirmation. His mind flashed back to another memory he had of him—the same glare in his eyes when he had freed Dobby outside Dumbledore’s office.

“Malfoy!?” Harry asked in shock, as Greyback laughed.

“Attaboy!” He crowed as everyone stared at the broken man in shock. He was utterly unrecognizable!

Suddenly, Lucius began to jerk from side to side, to their confusion, before black tendrils emerged from the bleeding stump. In an instant, the severed arm shot back towards him, attaching itself back where it used to be, the faint Dark Mark coiling as the serpent snarled.

The mark was no longer there, but Voldemort’s magic was still commanding.

Grim-faced, Harry leaned back as Greyback laughed.

“You will die, Potter! And so will your whores! But not before you all are abused and defiled in ways you’ve never even dreamt of! You can keep killing, but you’ll never eliminate the darkness!”

His arm reattached, Lucius stirred, feeling sense returning to him. The Dark Lord might have unmarked him, but he had not taken the emergency portkey away, and that would be his salvation today. Fuck Greyback, and fuck Harry Potter and his bitch of an ex-wife. They could all rot in hell for all he cared.

He moved swiftly, pulling out the portkey from his pocket.

“Port—”

He blinked as the portkey flew off, and before anyone could react, the lifeless arms pinning Greyback to the ground crumbled as the air swirled around them, the werewolf vanishing out of thin air.

Harry and his companions stood shock-still, trying to make sense of what had just happened, and so did Lucius who stared at the spot where Greyback had just been, his eyes wide in disbelief.

As Harry gazed at the same spot, realization dawned on him. His face contorted into one of frustration as he let out a guttural cry filled with disappointment in himself.

“FUCK!”

To be continued...