

The tunnel was dank, dewy, and horribly uneven until it opened onto a high vaulted chamber with a smooth grey stone floor. Great pillars flanked him on either side, entwined with carved wood. It was wet, having been flooded at some point in the past. At the far end of the room, there was a massive statue of what could only be Salazar Slytherin.

But what concerned him most was the body lying still not far from the base of the great statue. Hurrying across the chamber, water splashed around his feet with every step. He pulled up short when he saw a tall, handsome young man of twenty years or more standing in the light staring up at the founder's statue. He had dark hair and wore Slytherin robes. He'd never seen the man before, but he knew who he was all the same, "Hello Tom."

Here was the person that he knew one day would grow up to kill his parents, the one who was responsible for hurting his classmates this year, and the one quickly sapping the strength from Ginny for himself. The young Voldemort gave him a small, cold smile, "You don't seem surprised to see me."

"Dumbledore never could find the Chamber, but he knew that it was you that opened it. Did you think he wouldn't tell me?"

"The old man like to keep his secrets, but that might just have been because it was me. I always had to be awfully careful around him," Tom scowled, "But now he's been driven out of this castle by the memory of me."

"He's been driven out of this castle by the stupidity of a Minister more concerned with appearances than results and corrupt bastards who still believe in your misguided principles." Harry countered, "Dumbledore told the Minister outright that he thought it was a Basilisk being used to harm the students... by you, and that the school should be shut down after the first attack. But Fudge would hear nothing of it."

Tom laughed mirthlessly, "Of course he wouldn't. Politicians rarely do what's best for people. With the right amount of gold, they can always be counted on to do what's best for the interests of those around them, and barring that the best interests of themselves."

With a jolt, Harry came back to himself, and he found himself in the comforting confines of the Headmaster's Office. There was a light sheen of sweat on his brow and he breathed heavily. Dumbledore placed his wand upon his desk and smiled across at him, "Well done, my boy. You've made outstanding progress in just a few short weeks."

Harry rubbed at his temples irritably, trying to get rid of the headache that was starting, "Doesn't feel like it." They'd been testing his occlumency for hours now. While at first he'd been mildly successful at repelling and recognizing the probes sent his way, growing fatigue made it more and more difficult. And so, with each renewed assault, the Headmaster found it easier to see into some of his memories.

"Remember the very first chapter of the book I gave you. It takes time to master the Mind Arts. That you managed to recognize my attacks and force them out already is a show of steady progress. And it shows in your control of your magic." *At least that much is true.* While it still wasn't perfect, he wasn't hurting anyone in lessons anymore and that'd been his main goal.

The Headmaster looked lost in thought. He still regretted the way that things had gone during his second year, and rightfully so. Despite his best efforts, he'd made mistakes, some of his own making and

some not, that led to his students getting hurt. Harry coughed lightly to get the other man's attention, "Is everything all right, sir?"

"Yes... yes, Harry. I'm afraid I've already kept you more than long enough. Well done again. The same time Wednesday." With that, Harry stood and made his way out of the office. The eyes of the former Headmasters and Headmistresses were all on him as he left. Most of them had become fascinated with their lessons. *It must be more interesting than watching Dumbledore read letters and take meetings all day.*

When he reached the common room, it was already empty. It was a Sunday morning, and Dumbledore was right in that they'd gone longer than usual. Cleaning himself up quickly, he made his way down to the Great Hall for some much needed food. The tables were packed with students, no one in any particular hurry to leave on the weekend. *I must be one of the last one's down*

Looking along the tables, he tried to find somewhere that he could squeeze in and found the perfect place. Walking down the aisle between the Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff tables, he threw his leg over the bench and plopped himself down beside Susan and across from Daphne.

"I'm not going to just pull him..." It was his Slytherin friend that noticed him first and she went quiet. He quirked an eyebrow, as she quickly looked away from him and found her plate incredibly fascinating.

Turning to look at him, he got a big smile from the redhead, "I was wondering where you were." Her hand went to his leg beneath the table and gave him a light squeeze. It didn't leave his thigh after the affectionate gesture though. Since their encounter in the Hufflepuff Basement, these casual displays of affection had become more common.

"I had a lesson with Dumbledore." Harry told them both, filling his plate with food. He started scarfing it down, happy to refuel after an already long morning.

Daphne snorted at his explanation, while Susan could only shake her head in disbelief. Chewing on a piece of bacon, he looked between the two expectantly. It was Daphne that answered his silent question with a fond smile, "Only you could casually mention you had a lesson with one of the most famous wizards in the world like it was nothing."

Susan continued that line of thinking, "You realize that most of the students in this school have never shared more than a dozen words with him, right?"

"I've never given it much thought." Harry admitted, "I've known him since I was a child, and always treated him like he was just another... friend, I guess. We talk, we joke, we tell stories. it's just the way things have always been between us." Both girls could only shake their heads at that.

Further conversation was interrupted by an owl that dropped in front of Harry. The bird offered its leg and the letter on it. He didn't recognize the bird, so with brow furrowed in confusion, he untied it. It was only a short letter.

*We heard back from the Conclave. Come down to the village as soon as possible so we can discuss it. Today if possible.*

*Orina and Anya.*

Both Susan and Daphne were looking at him expectantly, hoping he would tell them what was in the letter. *If it was Hermione, she would've just read over my shoulder.* Running a hand through his hair, he gave both a relaxed smile, "Just a message from a couple of friends."

"Oh, come on! Your eyes lit up when you read it. It must be more than that." Daphne didn't look the slightest bit pleased with his simple explanation.

"It's probably another one of his many... many lovers planning their next liaison." Susan said with a giggle. All three laughed at that, Harry a bit woodenly. *Well, she's half right. It's from my lovers just not to schedule any illicit liaisons.* He still needed to talk to Susan about Orina and Anya, but things had been so busy with the upcoming tournaments that he'd hardly had a moment alone with her.

People were starting to meander out of the hall. *I have a few hours before quidditch practice later. I should be able to get down to the village and back.* Susan gave Harry's thigh another squeeze to get his attention as he ate the rest of his meal absently before breakfast finished, "Daphne and I were gonna head to the library, we've both put off our Arithmancy assignment too long already. Did you want to join us?"

"No... I have something I need to take care of. I'll see you two later." Both girls looked disappointed at the news, but neither of them protested.

Susan leaned in and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, "You know where to find us if you change your mind."

"Of course." With that the two lovely ladies left together.

Finishing up the last bit of his meal, he stood and headed toward the head table, "Professor," he stood in front of Dumbledore and showed him the message he received, "I would like permission to go down to the village this morning."

Looking at him over his half-moon spectacles he chuckled, and handed the paper back to Harry, "I'm afraid I can't give you permission. Without your guardian accompanying you, it would appear as preferential treatment. I'm sure Severus would be in my ear before lunch if you were allowed to leave the grounds when others aren't." Leaning in, the Headmaster spoke so that only he could hear, "Of course, if you had some other means of reaching the village without anyone being any the wiser... that would be none of my business."

Keeping a straight face, he gave a stiff nod, "I understand. Thank you, professor." He beat hasty retreat from the hall, knowing it would take a while to get to the village down the passage he had in mind. Thanks to Sirius, he knew of a couple passages out of the castle. The safest he'd been told of was on the third floor behind the statue of Gunhilda of Gorsemoor.

Hurrying back up to the dorms, he was stopped in the common room by Ron, "There you are mate. Didn't see you at breakfast."

"You don't see much other than your meal at breakfast." Harry needled at his friend.

Ron chuckled, "True, but I was looking for you. I wanted to talk about some of our quidditch strategies before practice today."

"I'm a bit busy right now." Harry tried to push past his ginger friend but was stopped.

"With what? You've been more on top of your assignments this year than Hermione since you barely seem to sleep anymore." Harry quirked an eyebrow at his friend, who shrugged his shoulders, "What? I can be observant when I want to be."

He was saved from coming up with a lie when Ginny spoke from his side, "He promised to help me with some dueling before quidditch practice later. Right, Harry?"

"Exactly." He agreed.

"There see." Ginny gave her brother a look, and while it seemed like he was going to protest for a moment he thought better of it.

"Fine, but we're discussing it after practice." He moved over to the other side of the room and joined Parvati and Dean in conversation.

Turning to the youngest Weasley, he gave her a smile, he gave her a quiet, "Thanks."

"Don't mention it." She gave his bum a light smack, "I've known you long enough to be able to tell when you're up to some mischief."

"Hey, I resemble that remark."

Ginny rolled her eyes at him, "Normally, I'd be all for joining you, but I don't have your insane energy and I don't want to be knackered before practice later so... I'll wait down here. Still need my brother to think we're headed off together." He bounded up the stairs and retrieved his invisibility cloak.

When he came back down, Ginny was waiting for him by the portrait hole with a big smile on her face, "Ready?" He gave her a nod and they exited the portrait of the Fat Lady and stood alone in the corridor, "So where are you off to?"

"Hogsmeade, to see Orina and Anya." He told her the truth.

"Oh..." she bit her bottom lip before giving a small shake of her head, "That's almost enough to make me want to come with but... I really do want to relax before I practice so... next time?"

Harry chuckled, "Sure... if that's what you want."

"Very much want." She leaned up and gave him a kiss on the cheek, and reached around to give his bum a squeeze, "Off with you before I change my mind and do something I'll really enjoy... but regret later." Ginny turned and headed toward the enchanted staircase while Harry made for a secret passage that would get him to the third floor quicker.

A few minutes later he found himself standing in front of the statue of the One-Eyed Hag, "*Dissendium*." Just like Sirius said, the hump of the statue opened to reveal a short slide down to a passage.

It took him nearly an hour on foot to reach the other end. With his invisibility cloak on, he opened a hatch in the basement of Honeydukes and hurried inside. No one was down there as he made his way up the stairs and through the sweet shop. He slipped out the door and hurried toward the Three Broomsticks.

It'd become such a normal part of his life, happening nearly every day, he didn't even pay it any mind as his cock hardened in his trousers. Though he was rather surprised at the timing of it, it'd become rather predictable in the last week or so. Unlike before when it could be any hour of the day, it happened at night, after dinner and luckily for him, when he was alone. *Or not I suppose if what's happened with Ginny and Susan is anything to go by.*

He followed behind a middle-aged witch as she went into the Three Broomsticks. He didn't really care if Rosmerta saw him. *She likes me well enough that she wouldn't tell anyone up at the castle anyway.* But he wasn't there to make small talk with the innkeeper, not to mention the situation in his trousers. So, he just made his way to the stairs and headed toward the rooms where he knew he'd find his veela lovers.

When he reached the door, he tried to open it only for it to be locked. There were charms on each of the inn's rooms that meant they only opened from inside or with the right key. So, all he could do was knock and hope one of them was inside. *Knock. Knock. Knock.* He could hear nothing within, the rooms were also charmed to ensure the privacy of the patrons within. But he was in luck as the door opened to Anya's beautiful face, her blue eyes peered through the crack in the door, but she kept her body hidden from view.

"Who's there?" He heard Orina ask from within.

Sounding irritated, Anya replied, "No von." Before she could close the door, he removed the cloak from his head.

"That's not nice, I'm right here." He watched as her sapphire eyes lit up in joy, "I came as quick as I could." She quickly pulled him into the room, closing the door and locking it behind him. The sight on the bed had him throbbing in his trousers intensely.

Orina was bent over the edge of the bed, legs spread wide and tiny little slit dripping down her thighs. Her big, soft tits were pressed to the mattress and wrapped in a satin white bra. There was a pair of similarly colored, skimpy knickers wrapped around one of her ankles, "Fuckin' Merlin... looks like I interrupted you two."

She looked over her shoulder at him, and a sultry smile came to her lips the second she saw him, "You're never interrupting, just making things better. Much, much better."

Something she said amid their lovemaking the last time he'd been in this room came back to him then. *She said that they'd been helping each other... and implied it was almost every day.* His jaw dropped from the connection he'd just made as Anya stepped around him and over to the bed. And while her nude body was certainly jaw-dropping that's not what caused it this time.

His other veela lover was bare naked save for a pair of pink ankle socks, and somehow that made it all the sexier. Her beautiful bust bounced with each step until she stood beside her dearest friend's upturned bum and ran a finger through her damp sex. With a naughty little smirk, she brought that digit up and licked the juice that stained it off with her tongue.

As enticing as that sight was, he fought to hold onto his train of thought and not get mired in his own lust, "It's been you two... together... that've been causing it."

Both girls turned their captivating blue eyes toward him, and he could feel the warm greeting of their allure as it washed over him, trying to coax him into bed, "Vat?"

He stepped closer to the bed, eyes glued to the beautiful sight of Anya toying with the lips of Orina's pussy again, "Almost every day since our first time together, I've had these overwhelming surges of... desire. I've just gotten used to them at this point."

"You think..."

"That it's when you two are together that it happens, yes." Absently he dropped a hand to Orina's bum and wrapped his other around Anya's hip, "I thought it was just my magic becoming accustomed to being entwined, and the destruction of the Horcrux," *which is probably part of it*, "but this is... definitely part of it too." Their new jobs even explained why it'd become more predictable lately.

*Squelch. Squelch.* Anya prodded at Orina's dripping sex more aggressively at that news, pulling a moan from her friend's throat. Her other hand dropped to the waist of his trousers, and she toyed with the snap, "So you're hard for us right now... because we've been fucking each other for last five minutes."

"How terribly naughty of us..." Orina said low and throaty, wiggling her bum as he squeezed the smooth flesh, "to make you so desperate... so hard... and not be there to take care of you."

Giving him a wicked smile, Anya unsnapped his trousers and wiggled her hand into his pants, "I think he's had a few other naughty vitches to take care of him though... so it's not all bad." He sucked in a sharp breath of air as she wrapped her delicate digits around his length.

Orina whined in her throat, "Our fault... our responsibility." Pushing back with her hips, she started grinding her bum needily against his upper thigh through his trousers.

"I think she wants to make it up to you... and I think she's right... we should both make it up to you." She brought both hands to the waist of his trousers and pushed them down his legs. His member popped free, bouncing up to slap against his abs through his shirt. Taking hold of him with both hands, Anya pressed her thumb against the underside of his glands and coaxed a bead of pre-cum that she gathered on her palm and started working into his shaft.

Gripping him around the base, she slapped his shaft against Orina's bouncy bum. She giggled at the wanton moan it pulled from her friend, "Do you want it?"

"Yes, please." She said, quick and eager.

"But he filled your little pussy the last time he was here. Shouldn't it be my turn?" Anya pushed and pulled his cockhead through her puffy pussy lips, teasing them both terribly.

"You can have turn too! We both know he can go more than one round!" The veela on the bed was shameless covetous of his cock. She tried to push back against him when Anya teased her again, but her friend pushed against her bum to stop her.

"He might not have enough time though." Without warning, Anya guided him all the way into the welcoming heat of Orina's pristine pussy before pulling on his hips and helping sink into his lover. Harry threw his head back with a groan and Anya smiled up at him, "Luckily, I have solution."

Leaning up, she pulled Harry into a deep kiss which he returned happily. Her nails came up to dig into his chest through his shirt before she pushed away from him. There was a sexy little smirk on her full lips as she turned her back to him and hopped onto the bed beside her friend. What she did next caught him by surprise.

Draping herself over Orina, she pressed her beautiful breasts into her friend's wonderfully sculpted back. The soft, pillowy flesh spilled out to the side so he could see their incredible curves from the back. Then she moved her bum so that he was looking at two perfect backsides stacked right on top of one another. There were four pink, inviting holes on display for him. Anya's pristine pussy dripped with arousal and a strand of her essence fell right onto Orina's smallest, tightest hole.

The erotic sight had him pulsing inside of the gripping heat around his member, making them both groan. Anya looked back at him, her sapphire eyes dark with lust and need, "Now you can fuck us both."

Harry didn't need to be told twice. One hand dropped to Orina's hip while the fingers of the other found Anya's dripping heat. *Squelch*. Shoving deep into her sex with his cock, his digits plunged into Anya's. He quickly started gathering speed, humping against the two beautiful bums in front of him. Watching with rapt attention, he loved the way the flesh jiggled and wiggled, the pale cheeks turning redder with each powerful thrust.

As they rutted against each other the room was filled with the heady smell of their lovemaking. The allure became palpable around them, and just drove their passions higher. Anya kissed at the back of her dearest friend's neck, gentle, feather-light little kisses that made her shiver and whimper. Trapped beneath Anya's weight, she could do nothing but take every snap of his hips, as he used and abused her silky sheath, not that she was complaining one bit. Every time their bodies smacked together, she moaned or whimpered or cursed or just thanked him for fucking her.

Grabbing her friend's platinum blonde, tresses, she pulled her head up and nipped at her ear, "Do you like that naughty girl? Do you like having that cock back in your hungry little hole?"

"I fucking... love it... I wish... we could do this...every day." The ridiculous, buttery grip of her sex got even tighter as he plowed her to her peak. Her sex had no desire to let him go as it tried to coax the cum from his balls, but he managed. With effort he pulled free of her needy hole, both her asshole and pussy flexed and pulsed as she came, trying to milk a cock that was no longer there, "No... put it back..."

But Harry wasn't listening. No, while Orina twitched through her climax, Harry aimed his creamy cock higher and sunk his length into Anya's welcoming heat. His first lover threw her head back in pure bliss and bowed her back. Unlike her friend, she wasn't trapped one bit, so she instantly started pushing her hips back to meet his. Their lovemaking wasn't gentle, both of them using the other to chase their pleasure.

Despite the decadent sensuality of it all, Harry was still aware that this wasn't the reason that he'd come to Hogsmeade, and the longer they fucked the less time they had for his real purpose there. *I could always visit again tomorrow... or the next day... or the next... if we don't get around to it.*

That rational part of his brain didn't stop him from loving every second of filling Anya though. His bollocks slapped against Orina's puckered hole every time he thrust back into Anya's desperate pussy. He could feel her wet digits rubbing at that insanely tight entrance and scraping against his bollocks.

Anya's legs started to quiver as she neared the edge. Grabbing her silken hair right at the base, he pulled on her, forcing her back to bow until he could lean down and kiss her as she looked at him with wide, sex-drunk eyes, "You shouldn't... tease 'Rina so much. Your naughty little pussy... has missed this... just as much as hers."

"More..." She admitted with a sexy whimper, "Please... sucking you in the store... wasn't enough. I needed you... deep... soooo deep... inside of me." Harry could feel his climax approaching as he fucked her to her peak. A squirt of pussy juice escaped the airtight seal of her puffy lips and splashed against Orina's firm cheeks. Their other lover was plunging her own moist fingers into her sex, chasing a second climax of her own as they fucked on top of her.

"Please... please fill me." Anya begged, voice pure sin.

"You earned it together," Harry pulled his cock from her vibrating depths with a pop, "so I think you should share." Despite her orgasmic shudders, Anya managed to pull herself off of Orina. Both girls listened intently and fell to their knees at the foot of the bed. They stared adoringly at his cock, as their soft hands joined together to work in tandem to milk his load from his cock.

"Fu...fuck." With that exultation, his cock swelled in their grip, and he started shooting thick ropes cum. The first shot covered Orina from her chin up to her hair, her pink tongue flicked out of her mouth and her eyes rolled to the back of her head as she reached her second peak from the decadent taste. His cock kept pulsing, and by the time he was done, he'd left both beautiful young veela covered in his seed.

When they leaned into one another and started kissing his cum off one another, he genuinely couldn't believe his luck, "You two are... incredible." *I must be the luckiest wizard alive, or this is fate's way of apologizing for Voldemort.* His musings were interrupted by a knock on the door. Before he could react Orina, was on her feet and headed to open it. *She must be joking.*

With her face still stained with the evidence of their lovemaking, she opened it and stepped aside to let the person on the other side in. On instinct he went to cover his manhood, but forgot to as he watched another incredibly beautiful woman step into the room. Though she was obviously older than either of his two lovers, she looked fantastic.

Speaking in Bulgarian, she looked at Harry with piercing blue eyes. Her voice was like honey, and whatever she said caused Orina and Anya to giggle. Looking at Anya, she told him, "She says that we chose well."

"Well... you didn't really choose."

"If I could've chosen. I would've chosen you." His heart swelled at that, even as he offered her a hand up from her knees. He got a wide grin for the gesture. Both young women were completely at ease naked around their elder, and it made him feel a bit more at ease. *Though I would prefer not to be standing here with my fuckin' knob out.*

Leaning in, he whispered, "Who is she?"

"Iliya, one of the Matriarchs of our Conclave." She must have noticed his discomfort as she grabbed his cock, and put back into his trousers for him, "We asked for help from them, and they sent her."

"Is that a good thing?"



“It means that they are confused by our circumstances, too. Someone needed to come personally to get better... understanding of things.”

“Oh.”

Iliya spoke again, her gaze still boring into him. Whatever she said caused both Anya and Orina to drop their jaws in shock, “What?”

It took a moment for Anya to snap out of it to answer him, she swallowed and looked at him still obviously dazed by what she’d heard, “She... she says that you have an allure.”

“What?” *How the fuck did that happen?*