

The tunnel's walls blurred at the sides of his vision as he raced back toward Honeydukes. His mind became focused on only one thing, getting back to Orina and Anya. Time was inconsequential, but he knew that he made it back to the hidden entrance faster than he'd ever done before. He threw it open and didn't even think to close it behind him as he stormed out of the shop.

The lock of the door opened with a wave of his wand and he didn't much care if the Flumes heard him throw it open. There were more important things to him in that moment than being caught outside of the castle or even the existence of the tunnel.

Before he reached the Inn, he saw the smoke billowing up black and heavy into the air. Then there was the cacophony of panicked voices nearby. Harry sprinted right up to the Three Broomsticks and found that the top floor was half on fire.

He charged through the front door, wand in hand. Madam Rosmerta was doing her best to stifle some of the flames on the ground floor as they engulfed more and more of the wood. His wand whipped toward the fire, and he was surprised to feel it resist his magic, but with a small flare of his own will they flickered down to nothing. It was certainly magical fire of some kind but at least it wasn't cursed fire.

"Harry?" There was soot on her face and smoke hanging in the air. It was that smoke that was the bigger danger. *Inhale too much and you'll pass out before the fire ever comes anywhere near you.* He didn't pay the frazzled innkeeper any mind though. He just bounded toward the stairs, "Don't... "

"Get out. I need to go get them." He could hear some of the wood creaking under the stress as it broke down slowly from the assault of the flames, but he pressed on. The flames fell away as he went and he pushed the smoke away from his head with a gust of air from the tip of his wand.

There was a crash as he neared the top of the stairs, and he was treated to the sight of three hooded figures pushing their way into Orina and Anya's room. Their heads were covered with Bubble-head Charms, and they had their faces covered with dark masks. *But not Death Eater masks.* One of the men pushed inside the room, but there was a flash of light and the man cried out in pain from the blinding heat.

The spell that left his wand was a simple Disarming Spell. But he had no interest in control, only in making sure that they were safe. It flashed through the air, bright and angry, cutting through the smoke and crashing the bastard on the left. Their wand went flying as the spell that followed sped down the hall just as fast. A bright blue bolt of energy sent him flying into the dark and smoke. There was an audible crunch as the man hit the door at the far end of the corridor. And just like that there were only two of them.

Some of the ceiling fell between them, "Fuck! They've got help! We've gotta get out of here!" He heard the man scream, thick and raspy to his partner in the room. He turned toward Harry and flourished his wand, "*Depulso.*" The spell was well aimed but splashed against an easily cast shield as he stalked toward the bastard.

Harry's wand slashed through the air as a flurry shot through the air. The man wasn't completely unskilled as he managed to stop the first one with a hastily cast shield. It shattered like glass and he could see the slit of the man's eyes widen in shock. He avoided the next one and seemed to understand that he was in a losing battle because he tried to apparate away. Harry's last spell was a sharp, glinting

arrow that shot through the air. There was a meaty thunk as it hit home before the man disappeared away.

Reaching the doorway, he looked inside the room. Dark smoke was gathering up at the ceiling. Anya and Orina were huddled on the ground doing their best to breath slowly and calmly, but it looked shallow and strained. The heat in the room was nearly unbearable even as he stretched his magic to dampen the flames as he walked inside. Dripping sweat, he couldn't help but notice that the heat didn't seem to bother them but even with their resiliency to it, their eyes were glassy as they teetered on the edge of consciousness.

The man who entered before him laid writhing on the ground, clawing at his own face in agony. There were horrible bubbling burns that would be hard to heal even with magic. *Assuming I let him survive.* He wasn't worried one wit about the well-being of the nameless assailants, he just rushed to Orina and Anya's side. *Note to self, learn the Bubble-Head Charm.*

They both looked at him with vacant eyes for just a moment until realization dawned. An Exploding Hex jumped from the tip of his wand and obliterated the room's window and part of the wall beneath it. He could hear the roof creaking as the beams weakened faster and faster. Knowing that he was running out of time, a wave of his wand wind drove smoke out of the room in a great billow. The air breathed just a little bit cleaner, and he leaned down to pull the girls to their feet, "I know you're weak, but I need you to hold onto me."

Their hands glowed a light red and even singed the fabric of his shirt as they did as he asked. Their grip was surprisingly strong. He pulled them toward the open wall and took them right to the precipice. Without a second of hesitation, he walked all three of them right over the edge. The drop wasn't overly high, only one story up, but he cushioned their fall with a quick spell anyway. They landed on the soft ground in the throng of people that gathered. Some were trying to help while others just watched on in shock.

Orina and Anya took desperate, hungry gasps of the clean air while Harry turned back to the Inn. Summoning Charms didn't work on people, only on objects, but he wanted someone alive to answer just what the hell was going on. So Harry, pointed his wand and willed his magic to pull the man in their room out of the hole. It wasn't a proper summoning charm, more like deliberate accidental magic, if that made any sense, but the man came tumbling out the window to land with a heavy thud against the cold ground. He fell unconscious with another quick spell from his holly wand.

There were pops down at the apparition point as help arrived. Unfortunately, they were much too late to stop any further damage as half of the roof collapsed in on itself. Rosmerta approached them then, worried and sweat-soaked with tears in her eyes, "Oh... thank Merlin, you're alright."

"Sorry... sorry, I couldn't save the inn." Harry apologized. His head felt light as the adrenaline started to fade from his body. The Ministry's workers came down and started doing their best to stifle the flames that remained.

Rosmerta smiled wetly and shook her head, "Oh, you brave young man. Don't you worry about the inn. It's only wood and stone, it can be rebuilt easily enough." She looked at Orina and Anya and stroked each of their arms comfortingly, "I... couldn't get to them... I..." she sobbed slightly, and Anya reached out and took her hand.

"It isn't your fault... Abby," She said with a gentle smile, "No tears for us now. We're safe." Rosmerta took a shuddering breath and gave each of their arms a squeeze.

"Abigail!" Harry looked down the street to see Professor Dumbledore rushing along it. His wand weaved through the air, and he could feel the vaunted wizard's magic extend toward the inn. The fires that remained faltered and flickered out at his command. By himself, he managed to finish the work that the Ministry workers had come to do in just seconds.

"Oh, Albus." Rosmerta stood and headed over to the Headmaster. Harry smiled when he saw the way she turned the man away, trying to do him the favor of hiding his presence. It was thoughtful of her, but he knew there was no hiding from Dumbledore on this. *He already knows I'm here, I'm sure. And I'll need to explain either way.*

For the moment, he was just happy to have his loved ones safe. Whatever the consequences, he would bear them easily if it meant they were alright. They both sagged against him, bone tired, but he could hear soft words from Orina as they teetered on the edge of sleep, "We'll help her... with rebuilding. They were here for us. It's only right."

"I'll talk to Sirius," Harry told her kissing the top of her head, "I'm sure he'd be happy to help. It'll be better than new by next weekend, I'm sure."

He expected her to fight him on that, and if she wasn't so exhausted, she might have. Instead, she just looked up at him with teary eyes, "Thank you... for that and just... for coming."

Harry chuckled, throat soar from the burn smoke, "Anytime... every time." They squeezed him tighter as he guided the three of them over to one of the nearby buildings where they sat and waited. A healer approached them and checked them. Luckily, none of them were much worse for wear. Save a bit of soot and grime on their faces and a few minor burns on Harry, nothing was wrong with any of them.

By the time that Dumbledore came over, the crowd had largely dispersed. Rosmerta was talking to a Ministry worker and the assailant still laid conscious near the wall of the inn. Orina and Anya were asleep against his shoulders, so the Headmaster spoke softly, "Such a lovely evening, a shame that it has been spoiled so terribly." He looked down at Harry over the rim of his glasses, "I hear that you ran headfirst into the fire."

"There was no other choice, sir."

"Oh, of course there was, my boy." Dumbledore smiled, "But you've never been the sort to choose what is easy, particularly when someone you care about is in danger."

"No, there wasn't any other choice." He rubbed circles against their backs, comforting himself that they were alright, "The fire didn't happen by accident." He nodded in the direction of the man, "That one there with two more, they were trying to get to Anya and Orina."

Dumbledore hummed, "I'll inform the Patrol. I'm sure they'll want to talk to you." He glanced in the direction of the inn, "And the other two?"

"One apparated away with an arrow lodged in his body. The other was unconscious inside when the roof collapsed." Harry told him, "I'd say they're injured if they're lucky."

Nodding, the Headmaster sighed, "Sometimes... well, these things are necessary. If we must choose between saving our friends and saving our enemies, it's quite the simple choice." Harry nodded his agreement, as Dumbledore gave him a little smile, "Obviously, given that you were out of the castle well after curfew, there will need to be a punishment."

"I understand." Harry would do it again, all of it, in a heartbeat. *If I hadn't come down to Hogsmeade with Ginny tonight, I might not have been able to get here in time.*

"Wonderful, you'll be serving them with me at the usual time and place." Dumbledore chuckled at the look of surprise that Harry shot up at him, "I've been well aware of your little excursions, Harry. You and I both know it. Just as we both know it is not desire alone that is driving you, but magic." He shook his head and smiled, "Your bravery and loyalty don't deserve a punishment, but I must inform Minerva so..."

"Of course, sir. Thank you."

"Think nothing of it." His blue eyes twinkled bright, "Now, I just need to finish a few things up here and then we can head back up to the castle."

"And Anya and Orina? They lived here."

"I've offered Abigail a place in the castle for the night at the least. Your young friends are certainly welcome as well." With that Dumbledore left him and headed back to the Ministry workers, he pointed toward the man unconscious on the ground. Two of them headed over, bound him and pulled him to his feet.

Harry wasn't paying them too much mind though, as he nudged Orina and Anya awake, "Hey, we're going to head up to the castle." They both groggily nodded their heads and let him help them to their feet.

It was only a few minutes later that Dumbledore gathered them and started heading up to the castle. It was late, the waxing moon hung bright in the sky but little more than a fingernail. *It must be past midnight by now.*

The Headmaster spoke quietly with Rosmerta as they trod the path up to the old castle. Harry and the girls lagged behind slightly, they girls were rightfully tired after the ordeal. When they reached the entrance hall Dumbledore called to the air, "Bert?" A house elf popped to his side and looked up at him expectantly, "Can you please show Abigail here to her room for the night?" He turned to Rosmerta, "I'm sure you remember your way to the Hufflepuff Common Room, but Bert will make sure you get there and get settled."

"Thank you, Albus." Rosmerta gave both Orina and Anya a hug, before she followed the elf to the stairs and down to the basement. Dumbledore gestured for them to follow, and they headed up to the staircase until they were on the second floor.

He stopped on the landing, "Dobby?" Dumbledore called again when it was just the four of them, the free elf arrived at his side and bounced on the balls of his tiny feet as he looked up at Harry, "You prepared a room?"

"Yes, Headmaster." The elf eagerly nodded his head.

“Excellent, please take them to it.” Dumbledore looked to Harry and gave him a reassuring smile, “Try to get some sleep, my boy. And well done.” With that he left them and headed down the corridor toward his office.

“Follow me, Master Harry,” Dobby bounded up the stairs like an excited child. They only needed to go one floor higher before he turned down the third floor corridor and led them right toward the statue of the One-Eyed Witch. It was the room across from it that the little elf opened to reveal a quite frankly immaculate looking room complete with bed, wardrobe, desk and mirror. *And I don't remember that wall and door being in here the last time.*

“I did my best on short notice, great Harry Potter, sir.” Orina and Anya both chuckled at the little elf's enthusiasm even as they finally left his side and moved into the room, “There's a shower through the door and...”

“It's brilliant, Dobby,” Harry cut the elf off before he could really get going, “Absolutely brilliant.” In just an hour's time he'd managed magical plumbing, he couldn't have expected much else. Dobby looked like he was going to explode with excitement as Harry told him gently, “Thank you, I think they're quite tired so...”

Dobby seemed to get his meaning, “Goodnight, Harry Potter, sir and his ladies.” He turned to say the last to Orina and Anya but quickly turned away when he saw that they were stripping out of their clothing. He popped away silently and left the three of them alone in the room.

Harry stood there and watched them as they both got down to their knickers. They understandably wanted to wash the scent of smoke and fire from their skin. Wordlessly, they moved to Harry and helped him out of his clothes as well.

Taking one hand in each of theirs, they pulled him to the shower. The warm water washed the grime from his skin. He didn't realize just how filthy his skin was as dark water ran down his thighs to the drain below. They soaped and washed each other in turns and it was tender and loving as not a word was spoken between them. They just took care of each other.

Normally, his showers were quick, but not this one. The water never went cold, and they didn't leave until the stench of flames was a distant memory. There were towels waiting for them on the wall and Harry made sure they were dry before they did the same for him. He couldn't help but marvel at the way their hair didn't need a bit of work to look its usual lustrous, beautiful silver-blond.

They moved back into the bedroom and Harry noticed that their clothes were neatly folded and sitting on a shelf in the wardrobe. He made to go and grab them, so he could go back to Gryffindor Tower but Anya's hand in his wouldn't let him, “No, stay.”

“Please.” Orina added as they pulled him toward the bed.

He knew that it might cause him trouble in the morning, but then he'd already been absent plenty long that someone was bound to take note. What was a few more hours, “Alright.”

Naked they fell into bed together, pulling the sheets over themselves. Harry laid on his back and each of those gorgeous creatures pressed their soft bodies into him, using his chest as a pillow. Despite the

frenetic night, or more because of it, both girls fell into a peaceful sleep in just a few short breaths. Their soft breath tickled his skin as he found sleep easily not long after.

Sunlight pushed through the thin arrowslit window when he woke. There was wonderful warmth emanating from his groin and he could feel soft, pillowy tits pressed against his thighs. He pulled up the covers to see two heads of silver-blond hair down by his hard shaft. It was the first time since they'd been at the World Cup that they woke up together and the last time it'd only been Orina that he found down there.

This certainly wasn't something he'd been expecting given the circumstances of the night before. But he knew that sex was a natural part of their life, and a way of showing that they loved and appreciated him. So, he pushed the blanket away from them and filled his hands with their lovely locks.

He didn't know how long they'd been at it, but he could feel the pressure in his groin growing already as they worshipped his shaft. They worked so perfectly together, never leaving any part of his manhood unattended for more than a few seconds.

*Slurp. Slick. Slurp.* It was Orina that had his spongy crown in the warm heat of her mouth and she was wiggling her tongue against the underside as her soft hand pumped the top half of his shaft. Anya was between his thighs with his bollocks suctioned between her full lips. Her hand was pumping the lower half of his shaft and they were doing this incredible thing where they moved in the opposite direction in perfect sync.

Despite the intense pleasure, they seemed to keep him right on the very edge for an eternity. They knew exactly when to back off, to slow down, to ensure that he didn't quite finish. It was wonderful and torturous, and quite the way to wake up.

His cockhead was an angry, urgent purple when Orina pulled off it and he was leaking precum like a broken sink. Anya moved up to the top of his shaft, licking him from top to bottom, her tongue massaging the pulsing blue veins as she went. She caught the bead of precum and her tongue massaged his slit as she savored the taste. Orina smiled up at him, "Morning."

Knuckles white from the torment of being kept so very close to his peak, his voice was strained as he responded, "Morning."

"A wonderful one," Orina said as she squeezed his sack gently, "I forgot how nice it could be to wake up with you." She gave him a wicked smile and leaned down to kiss the side of his shaft.

"I... uh... wasn't expecting this... after..." He groaned as Anya did a particularly wicked thing with her tongue.

"After last night?" She asked and he nodded, "It was horrible," she admitted, "But we knew that you would come." Pushing her way up the bed, she came up to give him a tender kiss, "This is our way of showing you just how much we appreciate your bravery."

"Not..."

"Very much necessary," Orina stopped him, and Anya gave him a firm squeeze to show her agreement, "We love you... for everything you do. It's against our nature not to show you in this way. So, don't worry. Besides how could we not when you were so hard. Much too tempting, Harry. Much too tempting."

Harry didn't know what to say, so he figured that action would be the best. Orina squeaked as he pulled her in for another kiss. She pressed her beautiful breasts into his body as she melted into his side, but that didn't stop her from helping her friend. Her hand slid down his body and stroked the base of his cock while Anya pushed her way all the way down his length until her lips kissed her friend's hand. Her throat rippled against his crown as she swallowed against him, and that spelled the end for him. With a groan, his hips popped up off the bed and he started firing off into her warm throat, "Oh... fuck... yes."

Orina giggled as he started firing off into her friend's mouth. Her hand went to Anya's head, and she held her there as he filled her stomach with a thick load. They'd done such a fantastic job of edging him that it just went on what felt like forever.

Lessening her hold, Orina let her friend pull off until just his crown was in her mouth. Anya suckled on his tip as he filled her warm, eager mouth with more of his cum. He squeezed his eyes shut as his cock became impossibly sensitive.

When his orgasm was finished, Orina slid down the bed and kissed her. They swapped his thick seed between them and they both shook in ecstasy. They didn't spill a drop, and when they were done, they made sure to lovingly clean his cock. *Damn, what a way to wake up.*

They all could have gone longer, but they also knew not to push their luck. They dressed without any further interruption, and it was only then that Dobby popped in, "Professor Dumbledore asked that you come to his office when you're ready. He says he's fond of Ice Mice."

"Thank you," Orina went and gave the elf a little hug, "You did a wonderful job with the room."

Dobby lit up at the compliment, and he thought he could see him blush, "Thank you, miss." He disappeared after that. They head to the Dumbledore's office together. It was still early and they managed to get there without being noticed. When they reached the gargoyle, Harry gave the password. And both of the girls laughed slightly at the professor's eccentric little habit.

The only year he knew of where the Professor didn't use his usual love of sweets was when the Philosopher's Stone had been hidden away in the room. It had caused Quirrell and Voldemort on his head no small amount of frustration in the few months it was there.

Walking up the spiral staircase, they could hear voices from inside the office before they even reached the door. Harry opened it for Anya and Orina, and some seven pairs of eyes went to them as they entered, not to mention all the portraits. There was a Patrol Officer he didn't know, Auror Shackbolt, which he wasn't expecting, Madam Rosmerta, Sirius, Remus, McGonagall, and Dumbledore all talking amicably.

"Ah, there they are. Come in." Dumbledore greeted them.

Sirius hurried over to Harry, and seemed to be checking to make sure he was alright. Before he even had the chance to accost him, Harry cut him off, "Don't worry, I'm fine. And don't bother telling me not to do it again when you know I will."

His godfather could only shake his head with a huff, "Taking away all my thunder." He clapped him on the arm, "Just do me a favor, don't go charging into anymore fires head on. I don't want to be grey before I'm fifty, and I think you're going to manage it."

“Yeah, I’m pretty sure that I can see a bit of it right there.” He pointed at his temples, and Sirius actually squeaked and tried to pull his hair into view.

“He’s right.” Remus added flatly, which only caused Sirius to conjure a mirror and check for himself.

Shacklebolt snorted at Sirius’ antics but turned to Orina and Anya, “Ladies, if you wouldn’t mind coming with me? Just to the study up there so I can get your stories.” Harry gave each of them a squeeze and they followed the Auror out.

“Won’t you sit, Harry.” Dumbledore gestured to a chair.

He did, asking before his bum even touched the cushion, “So, why does this require an Auror?”

“Because of the assailant that survived.” Dumbledore told him, even if he really shouldn’t. The wizard always had a way of ignoring rules when he didn’t like them, they were quite similar in that regard, “It wasn’t a random act directed at your two young friends because of their heritage or beauty.”

“Of course not.” Harry shook his head, angry, “So why?”

Dumbledore scowled, “His memory was drastically altered. He knew only what he’d been hired to do, and how much he was meant to be paid. He had no recollection of who hired him, or where and the false memories that were implanted were thorough. To break the charms would mean breaking his mind. Only somebody of significant skill could manage such a thing and so, Amelia thought it best to assign an Auror.”

“Are Orina and Anya still in danger?” Harry asked.

“Possibly,” Dumbledore admitted, “Which is something we must discuss.”

Rosmerta spoke up then, sounding guilty, “Much as I love them, I can’t protect them at the Inn if someone really means them harm.”

“Nor should you have to,” Sirius assured her, “I suggested that they come and stay at Grimmauld Place. Iliyana was furious when she heard what happened and would much rather them somewhere they’re safe.”

Dumbledore was watching him intently, his crystal blue eyes missing nothing, so he saw perfectly how Harry’s jaw ticked in irritation at that. He tapped his fingers against the desk, and gave Harry a little smile, “It has merit of course, but I think there might be a different course that will see them just as safe.”

“Albus?” McGonagall spoke for the first time.

“Hogwarts of course,” Dumbledore said happily, “It would allow the girls to go to and from their work without trouble, at least after a conversation with the Flumes. And I believe they would feel safer knowing that Harry was nearby.”

“Yes, because what are two more guests?” The Scottish woman said a bit irritably, he imagined that was directed more toward him than the Headmaster though, “You can’t just hide them in the castle. People will notice and ask questions.”



“Of course, they will, and I will devise a sufficient story. Perhaps our history class could welcome a guest instructor, in the form of Matriarch Iliyana, and she brought two of her own to experience the splendor of Hogwarts.” He turned to look at the Transfiguration Professor, “There are any number of stories that might be devised, and I’m sure that both Olympe and Mila would be happy to aid me should I ask.”

McGonagall sighed, “Very well, Albus.” No doubt she thought it was rewarding him for some blatant rule-breaking. *Not that she’s never done it herself. First year on the quidditch team ring any bells.*

“We’ll give them the options and let them choose.” Sirius said, though from the smirk on his face. He probably already knew what they would decide as well.

They only needed to wait a few more minutes before Shacklebolt came back with Orina and Anya, “Harry, with me please?” As he followed the Auror into Dumbledore’s private study, he couldn’t help but feel a little lighter. *Somehow out of this whole mess, they’re only going to be closer.*