

“Oh... yes!” Susan screamed in sheer bliss. Her back arched off the bed, but strong hands kept her hips pinned down. Her copper hair fanned out around her on silk sheets. Her lacy knickers were pushed to the side so that her lover had full access to her dripping, needy quim. He was making full use of it, ravenously devouring her sensitive womanhood chasing her from one peak to the next.

The fingers of her left hand were filled with coal black hair. Her grip tightened in a way she thought was probably painful, but she couldn't help it. Her impressive bust shook within her bra as he refused to give her any reprieve from his prodding tongue.

Finally, she couldn't take the pleasure any longer and pushed him away. His lips were sticky with her essence, and she found the cocky grin he gave her equal parts aggravating and exhilarating.

Kissing his way up her body, little sighs of approval escaped her and only made his emerald eyes smile with self-satisfaction. He licked at her navel, kissed the valley between breasts, and sucked on each of her pale nipples. She sucked an urgent breath of air as he lavished attention on the sensitive nubs and shuddered through a small orgasm. Her tits had long been the envy of most the girls in her year. *And half the girls in the years above and below.* Susan learned early in her self-exploration that she could just about make herself cum simply by playing with her ridiculously responsive chest. *And it appears to be even easier for the right partner.*

As he made his way up her neck, she felt something big and spongy poking at the tender skin of her thigh. *How is that gonna fit in me?* She could feel his heartbeat as his cock pulsed, sending a shiver of need right down her spine.

He must have sensed her trepidation as he kissed her jaw lightly, “We'll go as slow as you want, love. And if you say stop, I stop, yeah?”

Nodding her head shyly, she gasped when she felt him slot his massive head right at her entrance. Her lips hugged his cockhead, and she already knew it was going to be a stretch, “Just... go slow, please.”

Resting his forehead against her own, he smiled, “Of course.” With that he started moving his hips, his girthy shaft splitting her virginal pussy to a point she didn't imagine possible. After the first few inches, he reached her barrier and stopped.

He gave a few subtle thrusts of his hips, prodding at the thin, fleshy barrier, “Go ahead. I'm ready.” She could feel the warm blood as he took her maidenhood. Susan managed to stop from crying out, but she couldn't stop the tears that trickled from her cerulean eyes.

Gentle as he promised, he wiped the tears from her cheeks and only kept going when she gave him permission. Slowly sliding further into her body, the pain receded to be replaced with a deep, wanton pleasure. By the time her lover bottomed out inside her, she felt a bit light-headed, “Fuck... Harry... so deep!” She gasped as he pulled out a few inches and pushed back into her.

“You feel bloody fantastic,” he growled out. He pushed off her and took a hold of her hips. She squeaked as he pulled her to the edge of the bed. He loomed over her looking ready to absolutely ravage her. His eyes locked on hers as he started thrusting, slowly and methodically, making her feel every inch of him. Every vein and ridge of his length felt exquisite against the walls of her gripping hole. As she started panting desperate and needy, his hips started moving faster.

“Yes! So... good!” He gripped her left tit in one firm hand, the soft flesh more than enough to fill his fingers. She hooked one of her legs around his hips, heel digging into the hard flesh of his bum.

“Susan...” He started hammering into her wet slit like a man possessed. The headboard behind her beat a steady rhythm against the wall that carried over the sound of their skin clapping together, “Susan... Susan...” Her name was the only word on his lips.

“Susan!” With a start, the young woman jumped in her bed, nearly falling to the floor, “If you’re not up and in the shower in the next fifteen minutes, I’m sending Pollie in there with a bucket of cold water.”

“I’m up, Auntie.” She called through the door, trying to get her breathing under control. She was flushed and wide-eyed, still trying to come to grips with the dream she’d been so rudely awoken from.

Amelia opened the door and looked in, “Good, we need to get to the station a bit early today. I still need to be at the Ministry today.”

Susan smiled, “You know, I’m old enough to get to the Express by myself at this point.”

“It’s the last time I get to see you for at least four months, so I’m going to see you off.” Her aunt smiled warmly which Susan returned. As much as she would love to have her parents alive and well, she knew she couldn’t have gotten luckier with her aunt there to raise her. *Not every orphan is nearly so lucky.*

However, regardless of how much she loved her, Susan didn’t like the suggestive glint in her aunt’s eye, “Did you have pleasant dreams, Susie? Could have sworn I heard you talking in your sleep... among other things.”

Susan gaped at her aunt, caught off guard. She stammered through a response, “They were.... I mean... Why would you even...”

Amelia openly laughed at her expense, “That good, huh?” Susan didn’t know what else to say, so she grabbed one of her pillows and chucked it at the door. Her aunt let it hit her and only laughed harder, “Again... you...” She managed to get her breathing under control, “you have fifteen minutes to get in the shower. I’ll see you downstairs in forty-five.” With that, a giddy Amelia closed the door behind her leaving behind a red-faced Susan.

Embarrassing as that interaction was for the young woman, she did have to concede the point. *It was a fucking cracker dream to be fair.* Susan could remember every tempting touch with incredibly vivid detail. She’d always known that Harry was a handsome bloke, and like plenty of other girls at Hogwarts she at least half fancied him. *Though, I’m not one of those girls with magical pictures of him in his quidditch kit hanging on my wall.*

Skimming a hand down her black satin nightgown, she bunched it up around her hips and slid her hand down to her covered mound. There was a noticeable wetness on the cotton knickers as she traced a finger against her plump lips. *Fifteen minutes to get in the shower seems like plenty of time.*

Peeling the damp material away from her dripping slit, she couldn’t believe how wet the dream had left her. She sucked in a breath as her fingers brushed against her stimulated sex, “Oh...”

Susan slid a finger along her tiny pink slit, eyes fluttering at the sensation. *I... I don’t think I’m gonna need fifteen minutes.* The dream had left her horny and right on the edge, and even her aunt’s teasing

had done nothing to dampen her desire. With her middle and index finger, she pushed into her wet heat with an audible squelch.

“Huh...” Susan closed her eyes and imagined green eyes between her plush thighs. The palm of her hand grinded hard against the top of her entrance stimulating her engorged clit as she steadily plunged her fingers into her gripping hole. With her other hand, she pulled down the cup of her nightgown, freeing her left breast. The pale globe bounced with each movement of her hand between her legs.

Tweaking her erect nipple, she stifled a cry, “Fuck... Harry...” Her hips bucked off the bed as her juices dripped around her fingers. Her whole body shook, and her hips popped off the bed as she spasmed through a wonderful climax. She reached for one of her pillows and covered her face to muffle the screams that escaped her. Susan wasn’t going to give her aunt any more ammunition for her teasing if she could help it.

When she was finished, she was left panting on her bed, eyes glossed over from the pleasure. As she stared up at the ceiling, despite the rapturous moment she just had, she couldn’t help but lament the fact that she and Harry weren’t closer. *Sure, we’re friendly enough but I don’t know him half as well as Ron or Hermione or even Ginny.*

Susan pushed herself up so that she was leaning on her hands and blew a strand of hair away from her face, “Well, I think I’m just going to have to change that this year.”

With that resolution in mind, she pushed her knickers down her leg, fixed her nightgown and made her way to the bathroom. She showered and managed to get to the kitchen with five minutes to spare. She pointedly ignored her Aunt Amelia’s knowing grin when she got there though.

Harry trudged down the stairs with his trunk in tow, Ron just behind him, “I tell you, mate. This is the year that they finally do it.”

“No, it’s not,” Harry chuckled, “They’re no better this year than they have been the last century. I respect your unflagging loyalty to the Cannons, I really do. Should be a good thing for your relationship with Parvati because, based on your track record with the Cannons, no matter how bleak things look you’re always going to stick by her side but... you’re delusional.” Ron guffawed and smacked his shoulder good-naturedly.

When they reached the kitchen, Molly stood near the floo looking mildly impatient while Arthur had already left for his day at the Ministry. Ginny was at the table with Charlie and Bill. She must have heard the last bit of their conversation, “If things with Parvati ever go as badly as they have with the Cannons, he’ll be black and blue all over. Why would you wish such a horribly abusive relationship on my brother, Harry? I thought you were a better friend than that.”

Ron rolled his eyes, “Yeah... yeah, take the mick all you like, I don’t see either of you with anybody, so I still get the last laugh.” Harry shared a quick look with Ginny and they both smiled widely.

“You’ll have plenty of opportunity this year, Harry.” Charlie said, a wistful look on his face, “Half makes me wish I was back at Hogwarts myself.” The two older Weasley children had been taunting Harry and their younger siblings with this mysterious Hogwarts event for the last week.

“Still not gonna tell us?” Ron asked. Ginny added to it by turning big doe eyes on her oldest brother.

Bill laughed and poked his sister in the side of the head, "You're not five anymore, Gin, that isn't going to work." He said that but, Bill still had a hard time saying no to his only sister and she knew it. Somehow, he'd managed to hold out and keep the secret, much to Ginny's irritation.

Molly tutted, "Charlie, Bill stop taunting them. And you three, you'll find out by the end of the night anyway so no use pestering them."

"Harry's right by the way, Ron," Charlie changed the subject, "the Cannons don't have a hope in hell." "You'll see." Ron said with a shocking amount of confidence given their track record.

Molly checked the clock, tapping her foot impatiently, "Fred! George! If you're not down here in sixty seconds you'll be spending the whole school year at the Burrow."

There was bustling from up above, and the two troublemakers were down within twenty seconds, "Sorry mum," George started.

"We're still gonna get there earlier than ever," Fred added. Molly had been a bit frazzled the last couple days. With all the upheaval at the Ministry, she'd barely seen Arthur and it was grating on her, so they'd all done their best to make the morning as easy on her as possible. Fred and George did their part by coming the first time they were called instead of the fifth... at the earliest.

"Right you are," she gestured toward the floo, "Now let's get going everybody." One by one they each entered the floo and threw a bit of powder into it, "The Leaky Cauldron."

Harry stumbled into the pub. *I'll never get the hang of floo travel.* He heard Ron snicker as he helped him up, "One of these days you'll figure it out, mate."

Harry scoffed, "I doubt that more every time I use it." Ron just patted his shoulder in solidarity.

It was no short walk from the Leaky Cauldron to King's Cross, but there was no closer public floo to the station. As usual he got the odd look from passersby as they noticed Hedwig. His snowy white owl was hard to miss after all. They made the walk in a little over half an hour though, and Harry found himself passing through the metal pillar that separated Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ from the rest of King's Cross.

On the other side, billowing steam just as it had been for the last three years was the scarlet Hogwarts Express. Molly glanced up at the clock, "That must be a Weasley record. We managed to get here with ten minutes to spare."

Bill chuckled, "We certainly never managed it when I was in school." They made their way to the train and stopped to say their goodbyes.

"It was good finally meeting the face behind all the stories," Bill told him, a hand resting on his shoulder, "Keep looking after my siblings, yeah."

"They're the ones who look after me as often as not," It might come off as false humility, but it was the truth. He was lucky enough to have friends who were there for him when he needed them, and he always tried to return that kindness.

Charlie shook his hand, "I'll be sure to say hi to Norberta for you."

"I doubt she remembers me."

"You'd be surprised, dragons are smarter than some wizards. You'll have to come to the Reserve at some point so you can see for yourself." Charlie went off to hug his siblings.

The diminutive Mrs. Weasley engulfed him in a hug, it was comforting and warm, "You be safe now, dear. No more near-death experiences this year, right?"

"I'll do my best, Mrs. Weasley." He wasn't stupid enough to promise something he couldn't guarantee.

She pushed him away so that he was at arms length, "I know you will. Just try to have fun this year." Her eyes glistened as tears threatened to fall. Even after a decade of sending her children off to school for the year, she still missed them every time. He could only offer the mother a comforting smile.

Rubbing his arm she pushed him away, she gave him one last squeeze and looked from him to Ginny, Ron, and the twins, "Go on then you lot. Only a few more minutes before the train is off." They lugged their trunks onto the train.

"Go find Hermione then?" Harry asked as the twins left them, heading off in search of Angelina and Alicia. Their bushy-haired friend could usually be relied upon to get there early and take up residence in the last cart.

"Yeah," Ron agreed, "I'll find Parvati once I've got my trunk settled."

"You coming, Gin?" Harry asked.

"Don't think so, I'm goin' to find, Luna. I'm sure I'll see you during the ride though." She grabbed her trunk and offered him a smile, "Make good choices, don't do anything I wouldn't do, all that rubbish."

"What would I do that **you** wouldn't?"

Ginny cocked her head in feigned thought and replied deadpan, "Fight a hundred plus dementors off by yourself... among other things."

"Point." Harry conceded, as Ron snickered beside him. *That's becoming a habit today.*

The two lads found their bushy-haired friend easily enough. They got on at the last car for a reason, and there she was studiously reading an absurdly thick tome on arithmancy if Harry were to guess from the title.

"Alright, Hermione?" Harry asked opening the door. She finished whatever paragraph she was reading and grabbed a bookmark to keep her place. He and Ron both hefted their trunks up into the overhead storage.

"Yes, thanks Harry." He could see that she was brimming with questions even though it'd only been ten days since they last saw each other. *Granted, it's been quite the eventful ten days.* "How about you?"

"I'm absolutely brilliant, never better honestly."

"Yes, I can imagine." Hermione grabbed a copy of the *Daily Prophet* that was sitting on the seat beside her, "I knew that the trial was happening obviously, but I was shocked to see that Sirius is free as well."

"It couldn't have worked out any better." Harry said happily.

"You can say that again," Ron leaned back in the seat, kicking his legs up onto the one across from him, "Malfoy in Azkaban for life, most of his fortune seized for damages and compensation, Sirius free, and Fudge out of office... all on the same day."

Hermione scowled and poked Ron's leg, he yelped and pulled them down. She turned to Harry, "Any idea who the next Minister is going to be?"

"There are quite a few names being thrown about. Amelia, Rufus Scrimgeour, Tiberius Ogden, Avery, even Fudge's horrid undersecretary is trying to throw her name into the conversation according to Mr. Weasley, but everybody at the Ministry absolutely detests her." Harry finished with a slight shudder. He hadn't even met the woman but if she was anything like Mr. Weasley described she was a truly vile woman.

"Dad says Amelia doesn't really want it though and that she's backing Rufus, he has more of a stomach for politics but will still make sure the DMLE gets the funding they've been deprived for the past decade under Fudge." Ron explained.

Harry shrugged, "Can't force her to do it and I can't imagine anybody will be much worse than Fudge. The man was all appearances with no substance."

"And how is Sirius?" As she asked that, the bell tolled. With a blaring of its horn the Express started moving. The slow chug of its wheels quickly picked up as it came up to speed and started the long journey north to Scotland.

"Giddy, and rightfully so," Harry informed her, "though a bit peeved today."

"Why?"

"He wanted to see us off, but he was needed at the Ministry. Between taking the Black seat on the Wizengamot, and filing all kinds of paperwork, he just couldn't get away. Then there's the whole mess of getting Grimmauld Place to rights."

"I thought he has a house elf?" Ron asked causing Hermione to raise one questioning eyebrow.

"He does but the miserable little bastard hates him. Kreacher is as likely to kill him as he is to help him, so it's been incredibly slow going."

"I can think of at least one elf who could use a new home, not sure how you'd find Winky though." Both boys still found it hard to believe that Winky was the one responsible for the theft of Ron's wand, but she'd been the one found with it and Crouch hadn't been lenient with her.

"There might be Dobby as well, I don't know exactly what happened to him after I tricked Malfoy into freeing him." *I'll have to see if he'll give me a visit when I get to Hogwarts.*

"I can't believe either of you," Hermione almost shouted. Neither had noticed her growing ire, "House elves are treated like slaves and you're talking about finding them a new master."

Ron frowned at her, "Hermione, no offense here, but piss off." She gaped at him, not expecting such a terse response, "House elves die without a bonding to either a wizarding family or a powerful magical residence like Hogwarts. And most of them prefer having a family."

"That's..."

"If you don't believe me, do what you do best and scour the library. Trust me, every book you find on the subject will tell you exactly what I just did." This was one of those moments where Harry was reminded of the fact that Ron was the only one of their trio who was actually raised in the wizarding world.

"They..." It was rare that they saw Hermione at a loss for words, "They should still be treated better."

"Most times they are." Ron countered, "You've just seen two horrible examples, but a good number of wizarding families treat them like they're actually part of the family."

"It should be the law." Hermione insisted. Neither of the boys disagreed. There was no reason house elves should be treated poorly.

However, that line of conversation ended with a knock on the door. Harry opened it to find Padma Patil on the other side. She was wearing a long sleeve turquoise jumper that was rolled up to her elbows and a black skirt that went down to her knees. There was a bag slung over her shoulder. Hesitating just a moment she looked from Harry to Ron and Hermione behind him.

Out of necessity, Ron had gotten accustomed to telling the Patil twins apart without any trouble. He didn't want the headache of calling Parvati by her sister's name when all it took to avoid it was a bit of extra attention to detail, "Padma," He jump up, "I was just getting ready to go find your sister. You wouldn't be able to tell me where I can find her would you?"

"She's two cars up on the left-hand side, should be able to find her easily enough once you're up there. Lavender is with her so the giggling should guide your way." Padma told him.

"Great, appreciate it. I'll see you later." He finished with a wave to Harry and Hermione.

With their ginger friend gone, Harry was left looking at his Ravenclaw year-mate. Padma was slightly curvier than her sister, though her slightly baggy clothing hid it well. There was a softness to her body, though that wasn't to say she was out of shape. As far as he knew, she took part in no sports, but she would show up at the Dueling Club at least occasionally and he'd heard Hermione mention her at the Charms Club

Padma had luxurious, black tresses with eyes almost as dark. She was biting her full lower lip between her teeth, and idly toying with her silver necklace with a 'P' pendant on it, "Hello Harry, Hermione, good summer?"

"Bloody brilliant!" Harry said unable to contain his own joy. It'd been quite a common occurrence over the last two days. *With the exception of the actual rioting it was about as good a summer as I could have possibly imagined.* "But still happy to be going back to Hogwarts as well, you?"

His good mood was infectious it seemed as it made Padma smile. She'd always been the more timid of the twins, but it didn't show in that moment, "Great, I went with my mother to visit my Nani in India. I hadn't seen her in five years and always love to hear her stories."

"I'd love to visit India someday. I've never even been outside of Britain."

"Let me know if you do," Padma offered, "I can tell you all the best places to visit."

"Or I'll just bring you along with me," He said told her casually, not noticing as Padma lowered her head shyly, "better to have a proper guide after all."

"I'd... like that I think," The witch coughed and stepped past him, looking to Hermione, "Um... did you get my letter?"

"Yep!" She looked at Harry, "Do you think you could get my trunk down for me?"

"Of course." Padma sat down beside Hermione and started pulling out a roll of parchment and their summer reading in Arithmancy from her bag.

"Ah, I needed her help with that too. Luckily, I didn't have to wait until the last minute to get it."

Hermione was quickly reading over Padma's work, and smirked at him, "She needs less help than you did, Harry."

"I'm much stronger in the practical than in the theoretical and I make no apologies for that."

"He's right, Hermione." Padma agreed, "You can talk circles around just about everybody on the theory but even you go to Harry if you're really struggling with performing a spell."

Hermione huffed, it was a friendly bit of competition that had developed between them over the years that they both took great pleasure in when they had the upper hand, "Yes, I know," she muttered under her breath, "doesn't mean I have to like it though."

Harry mussed Hermione's hair, making her yell indignantly and smack at his hand, "Well, I'll leave you two to it. I already had it explained to me once and that was enough for me."

Walking through the carts, he waved to some of his year-mates and stopped to talk with a few of them as well. Dean, Seamus and Neville were playing a game of Exploding Snaps. Ron had Parvati in his lap as Lavender doddered on about something. Anthony Goldstein, Justin Finch-Fletchley and Earnie McMillan looked as though they'd completely forgotten one of their summer assignments as they worried over mostly blank stretches of parchment. Susan waved at him from her compartment with Hannah Abbott and Megan Jones.

As usual, the new firsties as well as some of the other younger years stared at him as he passed. Even with his scar mostly faded, people still knew who he was, and he couldn't stop the reaction he got from them. He stopped to grab a couple of Cauldron Cakes from the trolley lady when someone called his name.

"Potter!" He turned to see Blaise Zabini looking at him from the entrance of one of the compartments he'd just passed, "Come here for a second." Harry didn't have the same animosity with Blaise as he did

Malfoy or Parkinson. He wouldn't call them friends, but they'd worked together on a Charms project the year before and gotten along well enough.

Turning around he made his way to the compartment and was welcomed in, sitting inside were Daphne Greengrass and Tracey Davis. None of the three of them were openly hostile toward him or his friends like Malfoy and his ilk, "What can I do for you, Zabini?"

Daphne watched him with piercing steel-blue eyes. If he had to wager a guess, he would say that the Greengrasses had Veela blood in their line somewhere, even if it was generations before. The often stoic young woman was widely regarded as one of the most gorgeous girls at Hogwarts. She was slender but with curves in all the right places, with nary a blemish in sight on her creamy skin. When standing she was only a few inches shorter than him. She had a heart shaped face and golden-blond hair.

While Daphne eyed him stonily, Tracey gave him a small, welcoming smile. She looked nothing like her friend though she was still a beautiful girl. She had chestnut-brown hair that fell to her waist, and soft, light brown eyes that always seemed to be smiling. It always surprised Harry that the girl wasn't on the Slytherin quidditch team because she looked the part of an athlete. *Or it would if I didn't know that Flint is a bastard who won't let girls on the team.*

The two girls were the closest of friends, which was hard for outside observers to believe because they were as drastically different in temperament as appearance.

The dark-skinned boy offered Harry his hand, "Thanks."

Harry quirked one eyebrow up in question, but shook the hand anyway, "You're welcome... but what exactly are you thanking me for?"

"Dealing with Malfoy."

"You're going to need to elaborate." Obviously, he knew that he'd been instrumental in Lucius' downfall and that it would have repercussions for Draco as well, but he wasn't sure exactly what they were talking about.

"Without the threat of his father's wealth and position," Tracey started explaining, "Draco is nothing more than an average wizard without any real teeth. Every Slytherin from second year to seventh is tired of his bullshite, even the ones who actually support his way of thinking." The brunette scrunched her nose up in distaste and Daphne sniffed irritably, "Our housemates have already been making it clear to him that he can't get away with his stupidity anymore." He imagined that Tracey had it rough in Slytherin, she was one of very few half-bloods among their number and he couldn't imagine Draco ever let her forget it.

"We are a house that values our connections, and he's made it nearly impossible to develop them appropriately these last three years." Daphne told him, "I grew up quite close with Susan Bones and haven't had a proper conversation with her in years all because the hassle it would cause me in my house to be seen," she used air quotes, "'getting friendly with one of those useless 'puffs.'" *Yeah that sounds like Malfoy.*

"So, without Malfoy sullyng the good name of Slytherin, you might finally be able to make some friends outside of your house?" Harry teased.

“Without him ranting and raving about the inferiority of the rest of the school, as well as threatening anybody who even thinks to make friends outside of the house, yes.” Daphne was deadly serious.

“It wasn’t worth the trouble before,” Blaise continued, “as loathe as we were to see the good name of Slytherin dragged through the mud by that pillock. His father held undue power in the Wizengamot, the Board of Governors, and with Minister. It would’ve been foolish for any of us to actively piss him off only to have it hurt our families. Going to Snape was pointless, and even Dumbledore couldn’t do anything about Lucius’ potential reprisals. So really, Harry, thanks.” It was the first time that he could remember one of the Slytherins calling him by his first name.

“Right,” Harry grinned widely at all three of them and was surprised to see a slight upturning of Daphne’s lips, “well, I look forward to finally getting to know you this year then. I’d love to get started now, but I was going to speak with someone. But I’ll see you lot later.”

“Potter!” Daphne stopped him. She stood primly and surprised him by wrapping her arms around him in a warm hug. It was the first time that he’d ever seen the young woman show any physical affection to anybody. *She must have hugged her younger sister at least once... and probably Tracey as well.* But no, he couldn’t recall it ever happening.

Tracey and Blaise looked gobsmacked. Daphne didn’t pay them any mind though, “Lucius forced my father into signing a marriage contract years ago between my sister, Astoria, and Draco by exploiting some mistakes my grandfather made before his passing.”

“Right?” He wasn’t going to complain about having a lovely lady hugging him, but he wasn’t really seeing the reason behind it.

“My father managed to include some stipulations in the contract, and because of Malfoy’s incarceration and their House’s general loss of status, my father was able to break the contract.” Daphne pulled away and looked him in the eye, “Because of you my sister is free of a contract that’s been over her head since she was a child. I can’t thank you enough.”

“Huh... well, I’m always happy to help.” He gave her a crooked smile.

He could tell that wasn’t the response that she was expecting. She cocked her head to the side, “We never bought into Draco tripe about you. But you are different than I expected.”

“Stick around long enough and you’ll find that I’m full of surprises.”

Daphne shook her head, amused, “Goodbye, Harry.” He winked at her and opened the compartment door.

Shutting the door behind him, he continued his search for Ginny still slightly flabbergasted by that entire interaction. Harry found it hard to believe that all the Slytherins had spent the last three years under Malfoy’s thumb but then he’d been there to hear the litany of crimes and horrors Lucius was willing to inflict on others. *I can see how that could cause enough fear to force others to follow his lead.*

It was two more carts before he found Ginny sitting alone with Luna, there were two more trunks in their compartment as well. One was Demelza Robbin’s the other Sue Li’s. “Do you think you’ll ever manage to find the Crumple-Horned Snorkcack?”

“Oh, yes.” Luna said with her usual airiness, from behind a copy of the Quibbler, “It’s only a matter of finding the right way of approaching them.” Harry spent only a little time with Luna over the past two years, but he knew enough that others thought of her as odd. Ginny certainly didn’t care though, always sticking by her childhood friend. For his part, he found it irritating that people who lived in a world of magic could be so narrow minded with regards to what was possible.

“Hello, Harry Potter.” Luna’s protuberant silver eyes found him as he opened the compartment door. She always looked slightly surprised, so it was hard to tell if she really was, but he wasn’t expecting her to be confused and start waving at something invisible around her head, “I think you brought Wrackspurts with you. Surprisingly nice ones though.”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to Luna.” He shut the door behind him. He would prefer this conversation be had in private but, knew things wouldn’t stay secret forever. *And I can’t see Luna running around the school spilling all my secrets.*

“I don’t feel fuzzy.” Ginny assured her friend.

Luna looked her over curiously and shrugged her shoulders, “Must have left already. They do tend to flit about.” She went back to reading the Quibbler and Harry sat down beside Ginny.

The redhead immediately laid down so that her head was in his lap, “You’re a comfier pillow than the wall.”

“How sweet,” Harry chuckled and offered her one of the Cauldron Cakes he got from the trolley lady. She took it from him gratefully, and as she opened it, he swallowed thickly. He knew that this could become an awkward conversation quite quickly, “Gin... there’s something I need to tell you.”

“Alright.” Ginny chewed slowly. She caught his eye and could tell that he was serious.

So, he told the story of the night of the World Cup final but in far greater detail than she’d heard it before. Particularly the ones about the Lust Potion and what it took to burn it out. Luna made no sign that she was really listening but, Ginny was paying rapt attention.

“So, you saved her life... by sleeping with her?” Her brow was furrowed in thought, though what it was he couldn’t say.

“Yes...”

She snorted a laugh, “Only you, Harry.”

“That’s not all though,” He said causing her to still, “Orina and I... slept together as well... and they told me that their magic became... entwined with mine.” He thought he heard Luna hum as if in understanding but didn’t pay it any mind.

“What does that mean?”

“That they’re going to be a part of my life. That I’ll be their only partner. That anybody I’m with in the future would have to understand that.” He explained as delicately as he could think to. Ginny wasn’t yelling, or worse, at him, so he took that as a good sign.

Ginny didn’t look him in the eye, toying with a button on her shirt, “I think I’d be okay with that.”

“What?” He remembered Orina’s words to him after their morning together. *Tell any you wish about us. It won’t be the problem you are probably imagining. That’s what she said. I didn’t think she’d actually be right.*

“I did tell you that I’ve always been taught to share. And I can’t tell you why... but it just doesn’t bother me. I’ve always been able to appreciate a fit girl so... if anything... it turns me on.” She gave him a wink, “I never thought I’d think that way, but I’d rather share you than have none of you at all.”

“I thought you were just saying that in the heat of the moment. To...” He glanced at Luna.

“To make you harder and hotter.” She finished for him, “Don’t worry about Luna, Harry. She isn’t going to tell anyone what we’re talking about. And she’s my closest friend so... I bound to confide in her.”

“Besides, no one would believe a word of it anyway.” Luna dropped the paper to look at them, “They would think it’s just more crazy nonsense from Loony Lovegood.” Both Harry and Ginny frowned at that, thinking that was terrible but also fully aware that she was probably right.

“You’re sure?” He didn’t want her to regret that decision. He gently stroked her flaming hair.

“As sure as I can be without actually going through with it.” She assured him.

They were interrupted as the compartment door suddenly banged open. Standing there with their wands already pointed were Malfoy and his two buffoons. *I expected him to try something but not on the train.* On instinct Harry’s wand was in his hand with a spell on his lips, “*Protego.*”

“*Bombarda.*” The curse didn’t bounce from his shield but died against it like it never existed in the first place. Two more followed and suffered the same fate. After his conversation with Dumbledore, he knew that it could be potentially dangerous if he returned with a spell of his own and he didn’t really care. Brandishing his wand, he had every intention of plastering them against the opposite wall.

Luckily for him, the two ladies in the compartment with him were more than capable with a wand and fired off spells of their own. Bats started growing from Malfoy’s nose and attacking him while Crabbe and Goyle found themselves petrified on the floor.

“Get them off me!” Draco’s panicked screams along with the rest of the commotion drew the attention of the cart’s other occupants. Many of them were openly laughing at his predicament.

Cedric Diggory came charging up the corridor. His prefect badge gleaming on his chest, and he looked furious, “What in Merlin’s name is going on here?” He cast a silent *Finite* just to cease Draco’s obnoxious screaming.

“Draco and his goons attacked us,” Harry explained to the Hufflepuff, “well me anyway. I’d reckon it was in retaliation for what happened to their fathers.”

“Right,” Cedric looked to Draco, “Anything to add?” Draco had the good sense to keep his mouth shut. Cedric grabbed him by the back of the shirt and pushed him up the corridor toward the front of the train. He simply levitated the petrified Crabbe and Goyle, “Looks you’re going to be having a meeting with the Headmaster when we arrive.”

He heard a Slytherin seventh year speaking to one of his friends, “How he got into the house of the cunning, I’ll never know. He’s more impetuous than most of Gryffindor.” Harry couldn’t agree more and only hoped that Draco’s abrupt fall from grace and privilege would teach him a lesson.

Fortunately, the rest of the journey north was entirely peaceful.