

Chapter 16

“For homework, I want you to give me twelve inches on three specific fire spells and their uses in defensive situations,” Connie said as class came to an end.

“I’ll give her twelve inches,” Avery said suggestively.

“Not without several gallons of Swelling Solution,” Bellatrix sneered.

Harry smiled as Avery flushed in anger and embarrassment. His hand twitched towards his wand, but Nott had enough sense to pull him out of the classroom before he could do something stupid.

“Mr. Potter, could you stay for a moment?” Connie asked.

Nodding, Harry turned to Lily as she stood next to him.

“I’ll see you a dinner,” he told her.

Smiling, she tilted her head up and kissed him on the cheek before leaving with Marlene. James, who had been talking to Sirius, stopped and glared furiously at him before snatching up his back and storming from the classroom. Sighing, Harry turned and walked up to Connie’s desk.

“Harry, I need a favor,” Connie said. “One of the cases I worked on is going to trial on Friday, and I was hoping you could take over my first and second year classes for the day. I should be back before lunch, so you would probably only miss your morning classes. I already cleared it with McGonagall.”

“Sure,” Harry said. “What are you working on?”

“Thank you,” she smiled. “You’ll have the first years in the morning, and both classes are working on the Petrification Hex. The second years are learning the Shield Charm. Oh, and you’ll have full authority to take points and assign detention while teaching. If anyone gives you too much of a problem, let McGonagall know, and she’ll take care of it.”

“Alright,” Harry said.

Glancing around to ensure the room was empty, Connie cast a quick Silencing Charm around them.

“Are we still on for tonight?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Harry nodded. “Meet me at the Entrance Hall at one.”

“I’ll see you then,” Connie smiled as she dropped the Silencing Charm.

Smiling back, Harry waved and left the classroom. Out in the hall, he found Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix talking in hushed whispers. It was an unusual sight, and he was grateful no one else was in the hall. While the girls got along shockingly well in private, they didn’t spend time together publically because Narcissa didn’t want word of her relationship with Harry getting back to her parents.

Sure, most of the Slytherins knew about their secret relationship by now, but they didn’t talk about it for two very good reasons. The first was that they didn’t want to admit to losing two of their most prominent and desirable girls to a Gryffindor, and the second was out of fear of Bellatrix. It was well known within the house of the snakes that she’d left Rudolphus completely impotent. He was too embarrassed to talk about it, but there were rumors that even the healers at St. Mungo’s could cure him.

“Is everything alright?” Harry asked.

“We just got a letter from our father,” Narcissa said, holding up the parchment. “He told us to try and get close to you. He didn’t say it, but I’m certain the Dark Lord is behind this. Father would never risk sullyng our reputation otherwise.”

“Voldemort was bound to take an interest in me after I took out Greyback,” Harry sighed. “So, how do you want to handle this?”

“That’s just what we were talking to Lily about,” Narcissa said.

“Bella and I want to make our relationship public,” Lily told him.

Harry raised an eyebrow at her in surprise, then looked at Narcissa.

“And you don’t?” he asked.

“It’s not that I don’t want to. I was just pointing out that it could make things complicated,” Narcissa said.

“What do you think, Harry?” Lily asked.

“It’d be nice not to have to hide things anymore,” he admitted. “But, if Voldemort is worried about me, this could put you in danger too.”

“I’m a Muggborn with brains; he and his Death Eaters already want me gone,” Lily told him with a shrug.

“So, we’re all agreed then?” Bellatrix asked.

Lily and Narcissa shared a look before both of them nodded determinedly.

“Finally,” Bellatrix grinned.

Grabbing Harry’s tie, she pulled him down for a heated kiss that left him feeling a bit flushed. As soon as she let him go, Narcissa pulled him down to meet her lips while Lily giggled. When she let out a surprised squeak a moment later, Harry pulled back from Narcissa and looked over. He grinned when he saw her and Bellatrix sharing a steamy, tongue filled kiss.

“You girls are far too good to me,” Harry smiled.

“And don’t you forget it,” Narcissa said.

As Lily and Bellatrix broke apart breathlessly, Harry wrapped his arms around their waists and started leading them down the hall.

None of them noticed Connie peeking out of her classroom with a smirk on her face.

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“Harry?”

Having just reached the second floor on their way to the Great Hall, Harry and the girls looked over at the sound of his name.

Molly, hand in hand with Arthur Weasley, rushed over to them. Harry smiled at seeing the two of them together.

“Could I talk to you for a minute?” Molly asked.

“Sure,” Harry said.

Smiling nervously, she opened the door to a nearby abandoned classroom and held the door open. As he walked inside, Harry belatedly realized it was the same room he had pulled Molly into after drinking that Lust Potion. Closing the door, he was a bit surprised when she locked and silenced the door. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Bellatrix smirk as Molly turned to face them nervously.

“Everything okay, Molly?” Harry asked.

“Oh, yes. Everything’s fine.” Molly said, smoothing her skirt restlessly. “I just didn’t want to be overheard. I don’t know if you’ve heard, but Arthur visited me quite often over the holidays, and we’ve started dating.’

“That’s great!” Harry said with a smile.

“And it’s all thanks to you,” Arthur said, smiling happily as he looked over at Molly. “If you hadn’t told me she was interested in me, I may never have worked up the courage to ask her on a date.”

“I also told Arthur about what happened when I tried to slip him that Love Potion,” Molly said, blushing.

“Oh,” Harry said, feeling his own face heat up.

“You mean the Lust Potion that made Harry fuck you like a Knockturn Alley whore?” Bellatrix smirked.

“Bella!” Harry exclaimed, his cheeks burning.

"It's alright," Molly said. "That's actually what we wanted to talk to you about. You see, Arthur liked hearing about it, and we were wondering if – if we could do it again while he watches."

Harry's jaw dropped open as he stared at Molly. Looking over at Arthur, the redhead smiled and shrugged a shoulder even as his ears turned red.

"But – I –" Harry stammered.

"Could you give us just a minute," Narcissa said.

"Of course," Molly nodded, not meeting anyone's eye.

Grabbing Harry's arm, Narcissa pulled him into a huddle with Lily and Bellatrix, a quick Muffliato Charm giving them some privacy.

"What do you think?" Lily asked.

"Are we seriously considering this?" Harry asked.

Narcissa gave him a pitying look before turning back to Lily.

"I'm fine with it," she said. "Having a connection to the Weasley and Prewett families would be helpful."

"I don't need connections," Harry said.

"You do if you want to change things," Lily told him with a pointed look.

As he grimaced, recognizing her point, Lily and Narcissa turned to Bellatrix.

“I just want to watch him make the slut scream,” Bellatrix grinned.

Lily covered a laugh while Narcissa sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose.

“I guess that’s a yes,” Lily smiled before turning to Harry. “Go have fun.”

“You’re serious about this?” Harry asked.

“I’m sure,” Lily said, moving closer, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him.

Shaking his head in disbelief and smiling, Harry pulled back and turned to Molly.

“The girls said yes. Are you sure you-”

Harry cut himself off when Molly rushed forward and dropped to her knees. Her fingers fumbled with his belt as she tried to undo it as fast as she could.

“What a slut,” Bellatrix laughed as she, Lily, and Narcissa took seats.

Molly blushed but remained silent as she opened his trousers and pulled out his cock. Harry chanced a glance over at Arthur to find him watching raptly as his girlfriend stroked him to hardness. Looking back down at Molly, he wondered if she and Arthur had done anything like this in his old timeline.

“Don’t just stare at it. Suck it,” Bellatrix said.

“Bella,” Narcissa reprimanded her even as Molly leaned forward and took him into her mouth.

Harry groaned and ran his hand through Molly’s shoulder length ginger locks. Enveloped in the hot, wet cavern of her mouth as she swirled her tongue around his length, he thrust his hips forward, driving himself deeper. Hissing in pleasure, he guided her head up and down his shaft, pushing her lips further down with each bob of her head. When she reached about two-thirds of the way down his cock, his head hit the back of her throat and caused her to gag.

“Surely you can do better than that,” Bellatrix said.

Standing up, Bellatrix walked over and knelt down behind Molly. Roughly grabbing a handful of Molly’s red hair, she looked over her shoulder at Arthur.

“If you can’t teach your whore of a girlfriend to properly suck a cock, then I will,” Bellatrix told him snidely.

Arthur swallowed visibly and stroked himself over his pants as Bellatrix forced Molly’s head forward and sent Harry’s cock straight down his throat. While Harry groaned in pleasure, he realized that they were actually enjoying the humiliation Bellatrix was putting them through.

“That’s better,” Bellatrix said.

Molly, her eyes clenched shut and nose pressed firmly against his groin, gagged and drooled onto her white dress shirt. Smirking, Bellatrix casually reached around and groped her large breasts while turning to look at Arthur.

“Has she ever sucked your cock like this?” she asked.

“No,” Arthur muttered.

“I didn’t think so,” Bellatrix sneered.

Letting go of Molly’s hair, her head shot back, and she sucked in a deep breath. Bellatrix tore her shirt open as she coughed and tried to catch her breath. Yanking it off of her, she tossed the ruined garment to the floor and then unclasped her white bra. Molly’s full, perky tits bounced into the open.

Hearing a moan, Harry looked over and throbbed excitedly when he spotted Narcissa on her knees with her face buried between Lily’s legs. Lily, her face flushed, ran her fingers through Narcissa’s hair as she watched Bellatrix lead Molly’s mouth back to his cock. Again, Bellatrix forced Molly to take him into her throat, but instead of holding her there, this time, she jerked her head back and forth.

Reaching out behind himself, Harry wandlessly summoned a chair. When Bellatrix let Molly take a breath, he sat down and reached out to fondle her huge breasts. Smirking, Bellatrix let him take control of Molly’s movements while she removed her own top and bra. Harry smiled at her and let Molly work the top of his shaft while he pinched and rolled her nipple lightly. When she moaned around his length, Bellatrix flipped up the back of her skirt and slid her hand under her panties. Pulling it out a moment later, she smirked and showed him her glistening fingers before turning to Arthur.

“She’s dripping,” she told him.

With a groan, Arthur opened up his pants and took himself in hand. Harry tried not to feel smug when he noticed that he was a good deal larger in both length and girth.

“No wonder she wants to fuck Harry,” Bellatrix said.

Molly yanked her head back and narrowed her eyes at Bellatrix.

“I think it perfectly fine,” she said.

“Of course you do,” Bellatrix said sarcastically. “That’s why you could wait to get on your knees, was it?”

Before Molly could respond, Bellatrix reached around, grabbed Harry’s shaft, and slapped it across her face. Molly squeaked and looked at his cock in surprise before it slapped her again and again. Bellatrix cackled before shoving her mouth back down on his length until her lips touched his base.

While holding her head down with one hand, Bellatrix pulled off Molly’s skirt and ripped off her panties with the other. When she was done, she fisted Molly’s hair and yanked her back.

“Stand up,” Bellatrix ordered, pulling her to her feet by her hair.

Giving her a push, Molly straddled Harry’s lap and eagerly impaled herself on his cock with a moan.

“I didn’t even tell you what to do,” Bellatrix sneered. “You just couldn’t wait to fuck him, could you?”

Molly whimpered as Bellatrix smacked her ass and Harry groped her tits.

“Say it, you whore,” Bellatrix demanded while smacking her ass again. “Tell me you like Harry’s cock better than your boyfriends.”

“N-no,” Molly stammered, her hips rocking back and forth as she panted.

Bellatrix smirked at Harry, “Fuck her.”

Moving his hands to Molly's hips, Harry lifted her up a few inches before dropping her while lifting his hips. Her large, pillowy breasts bounced as she started jumping up and down on his length. Leaning forward, Harry buried his face between her breasts as she moaned wantonly. When she suddenly stopped a moment later, he looked up to find Bellatrix holding her in place by the shoulders.

"Tell me, or you can go fuck your boyfriend, and I'll fuck Harry," Bellatrix whispered.

"I – I love it!" Molly cried. "I'm sorry, Arthur! It just feels so good!"

Arthur's only response was to grunt as he came all over himself. Bellatrix cackled while Molly looked at him in shock, even while she started moving again. Moving away and stripping out of her skirt, Bellatrix grabbed a couple of desks and moved them together. Seeing what she had in mind, Harry stood up with Molly and walked her over to the desks. Laying her down on her back, he started thrusting into her.

Molly threw her head back with a moan, only to find herself looking up at Bellatrix's glistening mound.

"Lick," Bellatrix said.

Molly looked a little startled and tentative, but Bellatrix didn't hesitate to sit on her face. Smiling, Harry groped Molly's chest, his fingers sinking into her soft mounds. Leaning forward, Bellatrix pulled him in for a heated kiss. A moment later, he felt a hand sliding across his back. Pulling back, he turned to see Lily smiling at him. Giving him a quick kiss, she laid down next to Molly while Narcissa dove down between her legs.

Harry thought Lily looked incredibly sexy as she bit her lips and moaned. Unconsciously, he began thrusting harder into Molly. Pushing her legs apart, he watched as her folds hugged his shaft each time he pulled out and then wrapped around him when he thrust back in. Molly started bucking her hips, and a low whine left her lips the harder he thrust.

Suddenly, she went stiff and let out a muffled scream into Bellatrix's mound. Her legs trembled while her walls spasmed around his cock. Groaning, Harry buried himself as deep as possible and flooded her depths as he tipped over the edge. As if they had planned it, Lily and Bellatrix both followed them a moment later.

After a minute to catch their breath, Harry pulled out of Molly while Lily and Narcissa fixed their clothes. Bellatrix hopped off of the desk, her breasts bouncing wildly, and smirked at Arthur.

"She's all yours," she said.

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As the hour hand on Harry's watch ticked over to two, he grabbed her invisibility cloak and slipped out of bed. This time of the morning, no one was awake, and not even the teachers or prefects were still patrolling the halls. Even with his trusty cloak, he could have easily made his way down to the Entrance Hall without being caught. There, he met Connie, who was waiting in a darkened alcove.

"Ready to go?" Harry asked.

Connie nodded, and Harry held open the cloak. She had to press herself tightly against his side so they could both fit under it. Wrapping his arm around her waist, they slipped out of the front door and out onto the grounds.

"Where are we going?" Connie asked.

"The forest of Dean," Harry said, trying to ignore how her curves felt pressed against him. "I don't want to use the Taboo from the same place more than once."

"Good idea," she said.

As soon as they made it out of the front gate, Harry tightened his grip on her waist and Disapparated. A moment later, they reappeared in a thick forest lit only by the light of a half moon. Letting go of Connie, he threw off the cloak and tucked it into his pocket.

"I think we should set up some traps this time," Harry told her. "They might start sending more now that a few have been caught. If Voldemort shows up, Disapparate and meet back at Hogsmeade."

"Alright," she said.

Nodding, Harry started laying out charms that would animate vines and roots to wrap around anyone that stepped into the area. Seeing what he was doing, Connie added a charm of her own that would cause the ground to sink under their feet. Once they were done, Harry handed Connie his cloak, and she vanished from sight.

"Voldemort," Harry said.

Stepping back into the shadows, Harry waited tensely with the Elder wand gripped in his hand. As first one minute ticked by, then two and three, his worry grew. Were they on to him? Were a dozen Death Eaters about to descend on them?

After nearly five minutes, three Death Eaters appeared. Immediately, they sunk into the ground up to their hips while their arms were tied up by roots and vines. Two Stunning Hexes from Harry and one from Connie had them out of the fight before they even realized they were in one. Taking a deep breath to calm his racing heart, he summoned their wands and levitated them out of the ground.

"That was easy," Connie said. "For a minute there, I was getting worried."

"Me too," Harry admitted as he removed their masks.

All three wizards reeked of alcohol, which explained why they'd been so easy to beat.

"Do you recognize any of them?" he asked.

"The one on the left is Joseph Greene, life long scumbag but no one important. The one on the right is Francis Burke. He works as a clerk at the Ministry. I don't know the one in the Middle," Connie told him.

"Burke's probably our best bet, then," Harry said. "Can you hold open his mouth?"

Nodding, Connie knelt next to the dark haired wizard and forced open his mouth. Kneeling down on the other side, Harry pulled a leather bound journal out of his pocket and set it on the ground. Taking his wand, he pointed at the inside of Burke's mouth. After a moment, there was a wet pop as one of his molars came free and floated out of his mouth. Connie wrinkled her nose but said nothing.

Setting the tooth on the journal, Harry used a combination of Recording and Listening charms to link the two together.

"Clear the blood," Harry said, levitating the tooth back into the air.

A twirl of her wand vanished the blood, and Harry placed the molar back into its socket with a Healing Charm.

"This journal will record everything he says and hears, but it will only trigger the Alert Charm when it detects the words 'kill,' 'my lord,' or one of the unforgivables," Harry said, handing her the journal.

"You want me to hang on to this?" Connie asked.

“It’ll be easier for you to check it if something happens,” Harry told her with a shrug. “If something happens, I won’t be able to check it while I’m in class.”

“And if something does happen, what do we do?” Connie asked. “We can’t exactly take this to the Aurors without getting arrested.”

“I know,” Harry sighed. “Hopefully, we’ll get enough warning to save someone if there’s going to be an attack. This is mostly so we know what Voldemort is up to. I know he goes on the offensive soon, but I don’t know the exact dates. Let’s Obliviate these guys and get out of here.”

Nodding, Connie altered their memories so they remembered showing up and finding nothing. A few seconds later, they were back at the gates of Hogwarts.

“Do you want to come back to my quarters for a drink?” Connie asked.

“Sure,” Harry smiled. “I could use a drink.”

Throwing the cloak around them, Harry and Connie wrapped their arms around each other to fit better as they climbed up to the fourth floor. Connie’s quarters were down the hall from the Defense classroom, not in it like all of the teachers Harry remembered. Taking the cloak off, Harry stuffed it in his pocket while Connie grabbed a bottle of Firewhiskey and a couple of glasses. Sitting down on the couch, she poured half a glass for each of them and then passed one to him.

“Can I ask you a personal question?” Connie asked as they sipped their drinks.

“Alright,” Harry said.

“How did you end up with three girlfriends?” she asked.

“Honestly?” Harry asked.

When Connie nodded, Harry leaned forwards as if to impart a great secret.

“Not a fucking clue,” he said.

Laughing, Connie slapped his shoulder lightly.

“Seriously, the girls are convinced that me sleeping with witches will somehow help me change the world,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I have no idea how they came up with that, but I’m not going to argue with them.”

“You sleeping with more girls than just Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix?” Connie asked, her eyebrow raised in surprise.

“Yeah,” Harry admitted. “I’ve been seeing Rosmerta when I have the time since shortly after I got here, and Molly accidentally slipped me a Lust Potion she read about in Witch Weekly that she meant to give to Arthur Weasley.”

Connie tilted her head to the side and looked at him oddly.

“Has anyone ever told you your life is weird?” she asked with a smile.

“They might’ve mentioned it,” Harry smiled as he sipped his whiskey.

“So, do they know you’re from the future?” Connie asked.

“Lily does,” Harry said. “I haven’t told Narcissa or Bellatrix yet, but I should soon.”

“Did you know them in your time?”

“Sort of,” Harry told her. “Lily was killed in the war, Narcissa was married to Lucius Malfoy, and Bellatrix was actually Voldemort’s biggest supporter.”

“Before you got here, I could see that happening,” Connie said after a moment. “I know you lost a lot coming here, but I’m glad you did.”

“Me too,” Harry said. “I miss my friends, but I have a chance to make sure they never have to ever see this war outside of the history books. If I’m lucky, I’ll be able to save some of the people that didn’t make it through the first war too.”

Downing the rest of his Firewhiskey, Harry turned more serious.

“This summer, I want to use the Taboo to take out as many Death Eaters as possible,” he said. “I could use some help, but I won’t lie. There’s a good chance Voldemort will show up at some point.”

“Why not ask Dumbledore and the Order for help?” Connie asked.

“The Order gathers intelligence and reacts to attacks. Dumbledore has never used them to attack. It’s one of the few things we disagree about,” Harry said. “Don’t get me wrong, what they do is important, but someone needs to fight back. Besides, outside of the Aurors in the Order, the rest would be liabilities.”

Connie nodded thoughtfully, “I’ll help. I might know a couple of Aurors that might be willing to help too, but I’ll have to talk to them first.”

“As long as you trust them,” Harry said. “I should get to bed. Thanks for your help, Connie.”

"You're welcome," she said with a smile.

Standing up as he did, she surprised him by pulling him into a hug.

"Good night, Harry," Connie said.

"Night," Harry replied.

As he left her quarters, he missed the speculative look she gave him, and the way her eyes dropped to his bum.