

When We Were Young

Chapter 1

(Disclaimer: School starts at age 14, making everyone in 6th year 18 years old. Some ages for characters have been reduced to fit them into the story.)

“Are you sure you want to do this, Harry?” Came Dumbledore deep, rumbling voice.

Harry stopped what drawing runes on the floor, sighed, and looked up at the old Headmaster’s portrait in annoyance. It was probably the tenth time he had asked that that question today alone.

“Yes, I’m sure.” Harry said in an exasperated tone.

“Very well, just remember that this isn’t like a time turner. This spell is more akin to dimensional travel than time travel. Nothing you do will change anything in this world when you come back, and-”

“I know Professor, we’ve been over this.” Harry said as he went back over to the ancient, dust covered tome on the desk.

He doubled and then triple checked his work, making sure that everything was absolutely perfect. This wasn’t the kind of spell that he could muddle through using his rather tried and true method of winging it, then adding more power to make up for any mistakes.

“Alright, everything looks good.” He said mostly to himself, excitement coursing through his veins.

Fawkes thrilled happily and leapt from his perch to glide across the room and land on his shoulder. Chattering and clacking his beak, Harry couldn't so much understand what the Phoenix was telling him, but he understood the intent behind the sounds. It was very similar to the way he had understood Hedwig.

"You want to come with me?" Harry asked in surprise. "No offense Fawkes, but it'd be hard to explain why there are two of you."

Fawkes puffed up his chest and fire started burning from the center of his chest. Harry turned his head and closed his eyes from the bright flash of light. When he opened them again, Fawkes' feathers had turned a brilliant white with black tip on his crest. He also looked incredibly smug, for a bird.

Harry shook his head, but smiled. "Alright, it that's what you want."

Fawkes sang happily and Harry grabbed the bag he would be taking with him. If everything went according to plan, he would be able to go back, spend time with his parents and their friends as students for a year, and then return to this office, without anyone knowing he had left. Normally, going back so far in time was impossible, magic just didn't allow it. Anyone who tried to go back in time more than three days had never returned, and the consensus was that magic itself had killed them to protect itself from such large manipulations. Harry, however, had found a book, written by Rowena Ravenclaw, that theorized that while magic did indeed protect itself, it did so by creating a new time line, not by destroying the person going back.

Secretly, Harry had started testing months ago and discovered that she was right. Instead of destroying anything that went back in time more than three days, magic just separated it into a new time line to preserve the present. No one had been able to return because they weren't in their time line anymore. Fortunately, Rowena had also created a spell that would allow him to not only send him back as far as he wanted, but also anchor him to his original time line and make him return exactly one year from the time he left. As far as he knew, no one had actually tried the spell, but he was determined to make it work. After fighting for most of his life and finally freeing the world from Voldemort just a few months earlier, Harry figured he deserved to be a little selfish.

There was a sigh from the portrait on the wall. "Well, I suppose there is no stopping you. Just, please, be careful, and make sure to keep the Elder Wand hidden unless absolutely necessary. I don't know how I would react to seeing it in your possession."

"I know. I'll be careful." Harry told him.

Walking into the center of the runes he had drawn on the floor, with Fawkes still on his shoulder, Harry took a deep breath and started to chant. Wind blew through the office, scattering loose papers and swirling dust throughout the room. Harry could feel the magic building up, leaving goosebumps down his arms as it tingled over his skin. On the last word of the spell, there was a blinding flare of white light and he felt as if a giant had shoved him in the chest, sending him careening through space and time. Harry opened his eyes to find himself flying at great speed through a long tube made up of scenes from the past. As he went further and further, he could see himself becoming younger as he watched some of the most memorable moments of his life.

Harry tumbled uncontrollably through the air, catching brief glimpses of Fawkes flying gracefully next to him. As he neared the end of his journey, he could see the familiar sight of Hogwarts rapidly approaching. Suddenly, before he realized what was happening, Harry noticed that he wasn't in the tube anymore, and that he was now falling rapidly towards the ground from a great height. A scream left his throat before he could stop it as he desperately fumbled with his wand, trying to pull it out of his pocket. As the ground loomed closer, he managed to free his wand and thrust it out in front of him, towards the ground.

"Arresto Momentum!" He screamed.

His speedy descent slowed and he managed to get his feet under him as he neared the ground to land with surprising grace. Harry stood stock still for a moment to catch his breath as Fawkes landed on his shoulder softly. With a smile, he started laughing in relief. He had made it.

"Mr. Potter! What in the world do you think you are doing!" Demanded a familiar voice.

Turning, Harry saw a much younger Professor McGonagall striding towards him with a pinched expression. The fact that Harry couldn't keep the smile off his face at his success didn't help her angry demeanor at all.

"Of all the stupid-" She stopped mid-sentence and peered at him closely through her square framed glasses. "You're not James Potter. Who are you, and how did you get here?"

"Sorry, Professor." Harry said, trying and failing to wipe the smile off of his face. "I'm Harry, Harry Peverell. I'm a new transfer student. My uncle Mortimer made me a Portkey, but I guess something went wrong and I ended up, up there, instead of down here."

It was a well-rehearsed story, well, except for the part about the Portkey. Harry had done as much research on the Peverell family as possible and forged the papers he would need to get into Hogwarts with Dumbledore's help. It turns out, with the right spells, it was surprisingly easy to make a new identity for yourself.

"I see." She said, peering at him closely through narrowed eyes. "Very well. Come with me. I will take you to see the Head- Oh my, is that a Phoenix?"

Harry looked at his should and had a brief moment of panic. What was he going to call him? He couldn't call him Fawkes.

"Er, yeah. This is my Phoenix, uh, Hermes." Harry stuttered, saying the first names that came to mind.

Fortunately, Fawkes seemed to like the new name and thrilled happily. As he did, McGonagall seemed to calm and her face relaxed.

"Well, it's nice to meet you Hermes. Mr. Peverell, if you will follow me, I'll take you to the Headmaster's office so we can get you settled in." She said, turning on her heel and marching off.

Harry followed her through the winding halls of the castle, looking for familiar faces as they passed students in the halls. He didn't see anyone on the short trip to the spiral staircase that led up to the Headmaster's office. McGonagall knock three times, and they were told to enter. The moment he set foot in the office, Dumbledore stood from his chair and smiled brightly at him, his eyes twinkling merrily.

"Ah, Harry, I'm glad to see you survived your trip unscathed." Dumbledore said.

Harry stopped in his tracks and stared at the old wizard as he chuckled at him.

"Fascinating creatures, Phoenixes. It seems they have a way of communicating with each other that even I wasn't aware of until you arrived." He explained.

Harry looked at the Phoenix on his shoulder who thrilled happily, followed a moment later by the other Fawkes on his perch by the window.

"Well, I guess that makes things easier." Harry said with a shrug as he took a seat.

"Is there something I should know about?" McGonagall asked, looking peeved.

With twinkling eyes, Dumbledore explained to her about who he was, and how he had time traveled. She looked disbelieving at first, but eventually, they convinced her it was the truth, and that he wasn't going to hurt anyone by changing anything.

"Well, that is quite remarkable. I assume your will be joining the sixth year Gryffindor's to spend time with your parents." She said, looking at him questioningly.

"Yes." Harry answered.

"Very well, if you'll follow me to the dorm." She said as she rose from her chair.

They made the trip through the castle to the Gryffindor dorm rooms in relative silence. Harry thought he recognized a very busty, red-haired witch as she ran down the hall, clearly late for class. He didn't get much chance to look at her face as his eyes were inexorably drawn to her massive breasts as they bounced from her running. After getting him settled into the sixth-year dorm, McGonagall led him back down to the Great Hall, where they would wait for dinner, which was only fifteen minutes away. Harry sat at the end of the Gryffindor table, watching the students as they slowly started filing into the Great Hall. He recognized several faces, including all three Black sisters, Alice Longbottom, or Brown as she was still called here, and the busty girl he had seen in the hall earlier, Molly Prewitt.

It wasn't until nearly the start of dinner that he saw his father and the rest of the Marauders enter the room, followed no long after by his mother. Harry felt an immediate attraction to her that surprisingly didn't bother him nearly as much as he knew it would. Lily was an incredibly beautiful witch with long red hair, full lips, and large breasts. She paused in her conversation with a short, curvy girl with brown hair as their eyes met. It was like electricity was running through him and it took an enormous effort to look away from her. A ringing sound echoed through the hall, and everyone turned to see Dumbledore standing while tapping the side of his goblet with a knife.

"If I can have everyone's attention for just a few moments? Thank you. Now, as some of you may have noticed, we have a new student with us tonight. Please welcome Mr. Harry Peverell." Dumbledore announced, pausing to allow the students to politely clap. "Mr. Peverell was sorted in my office earlier today, and he will be joining the sixth-year Gryffindors. Please, make him feel welcome."

Dumbledore waved his hand, making food appear on the tables and sat down to eat. Looking down the table, he could see a worried looking Remus whispering to his other three friends. Harry made a mental note to tell Dumbledore about the Wolfsbane potion so they could brew it for Remus. Seeing the rat faced traitor sitting so close to the people he got killed was more difficult than he had thought it would be, but he knew there was nothing he could do just yet.

"Do you mind if we sit here?" A female voice asked from behind him.

Turning, Harry gulped nervously when he saw that it was his mother, Lily, and her friend that had come to join him. Shaking his head and making room for them, Lily took a seat next to him, while the brown-haired girl sat down across from them.

“I’m Lily Evans, and this is Marlene McKinnon.” She said in introduction, holding out her hand.

“Harry Peverell.” He said, shaking her hand.

Her skin felt wonderfully smooth and soft, and a tingle ran up his arms as they touched. They held hands for much longer than was normal, staring into each other’s brilliant green eyes, only breaking out of their staring when Marlene giggled at them. Harry and Lily mirrored each other’s movement as they blushed and looked away.

“So, Harry, why are you only coming to Hogwarts now? Did you go to a different school?” Marlene asked.

As they ate, Harry gave them his rehearsed story of how he was home schooled by his uncle, Mortimer Peverell, who came from a line of squibs and had only just started showing magic again, in Harry. He told them that his uncle had taught him as much as he could from books, and they hadn’t let him go to Hogwarts due to their hatred of how wizards treat squibs. He had only been allowed to go to school now, because the magic he needed to learn was too dangerous to be taught without proper supervision. Harry answered all of their questions easily as they questioned him for most of the meal. He felt bad for lying to Lily, but he didn’t really have much of a choice. It wasn’t like she would believe the truth anyways.

After dinner, Lily offered to show Harry around the grounds. Marlene went off to the library as they exited the castle and strolled around the Black Lake, talking about anything and everything they could come up with. Lily even flirted with him and Harry found himself flirting back, feeling completely at ease around her. Before they knew it, it was nearly curfew, and it was dark outside. As they made their way back into the castle, still chatting and laughing happily, they heard a hiss at their feet. Lily quickly checked her watch.

“Oh, no. It’s after curfew, we can’t let Filch catch us.” Lily said in a harsh whisper.

Grabbing his hand, she took off running down the hall, pulling him along. Racing along the hallway, Harry pulled her to a stop only half way down.

“What-”

“Shh.” Harry whispered.

Up ahead, they could hear Filch huffing and gasping as he ran down the hall. With Mrs. Norris behind them and Filch ahead of them, he knew they had to hide. Pulling Lily across the hall, he opened a door to a broom cupboard and they squeezed inside. Yanking his invisibility cloak out of his pocket, Harry threw it over them. Pressed close together, he could feel her panting breath against her neck and the tips of her breasts brushing against his chest. Lily tried to shift into a better position and ended up tripping slightly. She landed against Harry's chest, and he wrapped his arms around her waist to keep them from falling over.

“Sorry.” Lily whispered, biting her lip as she looked up at him, but not trying to move away from him.

Harry smiled at her. “I don't mind.”

They both went silent and stiffened as they heard Filch stalking the hall outside the door. Lily hugged herself to him tightly as his footsteps approached their cupboard. Suddenly, the door was wrenched open violently.

“Ah-ha-oooh” Filch's triumphant exclamation turned into a groan of disappointment when he didn't see them like he expected. “I know you're around here somewhere.” Filch growled, slamming the door closed.

As they listened to his footsteps getting further and further away, they both let out a relieved sigh at the same time. Staring at each other, neither made a move to pull away or leave the closet. Harry watched as she licked her full, pink lips, making them glisten in the flickering torch

light. Before he realized what he was doing, he dipped his head down and pressed his lips to her in a light, gentle kiss. That light kiss seemed to light a fire in Lily as she grabbed the front of his robes and pulled him closer, smashing their lips together. Her hands moved from his robes, up to his head where she ran her fingers through his hair while her lips moved against his. When her lips parted, Harry slipped his tongue into her mouth, sliding it along her and drawing a moan from her.

Opening her robe, he slid his hands inside, caressing her sides and back over her white button up shirts. Heat quickly built up in the cramped cupboard, so Harry threw off the cloak and dropped it to the floor. Lily seemed to take this as some sort of signal as she grabbed his robe and pushed it off of his shoulder where it fell to join his cloak on the floor. Harry quickly pushed her robe off of her before they pressed their bodies close together again. With a swipe of his hand, Harry cleared the waist high shelf along the wall, knock piles of brushes and rags to the floor. Wrapping his arms around Lily's thighs, he lifted her off her feet and carried her over to the shelf, where he sat her down on it.

Lily spread her legs around him as he pressed his solid erection against her, making them both moan in pleasure at the friction. Harry reached up to her neck and pulled off her tie while they continued to kiss heatedly, both still grinding their hips together. Running his hands along her sides, he let his thumbs brush against the bottom of her breasts, gently caressing them through her shirt and bra. When she didn't make a move to stop him, he moved his hand further up, lightly cupping her full, round breast in his hand. Lily moaned and thrust her chest into his hand, squashing her soft mound against him. Harry took that as permission and started squeezing and massaging her large breast, feeling her nipples hardening against his palm.

While he groped her chest, she reached up, pulling off his tie, and then untucking his shirt from his pants. Once his shirt was free, Lily stuck her hands underneath and ran her hands over the muscles of his abs, making them twitch under her touch. Harry moved his hand from her breast and rapidly undid the buttons of her shirt until it was completely open at the front. Putting his hands back on her heaving chest, he slid his hands under her bra and cupped both of her warm, bare breasts, the smooth, soft mounds more than filling his hands. While he played with her breasts, Lily moved her hands down, around his waist and grabbed his ass, pulling him roughly against her core as she ground her hips forward.

Trailing his hands down her smooth, toned stomach, Harry slid his hands down her thighs until he reached the hem of her bunched-up skirt, and then moved them forward again, this time under the heavy fabric. Gliding his hands along her muscular thighs, he didn't stop until he felt

the waistband of her panties brush against his fingertips. Grabbing the waist band, he gave them a gentle tug down. Lily immediately lifted her hips, giving him time to pulled her damp, silky panties down her legs to the knee. Finally breaking the kiss, and panting heavily, Harry stared into her smoldering green eyes as he pulled them the rest of the way off. As he did, he took a moment to enjoy the sight before him.

Her dark red hair was a wild mess and her lips were dark and swollen from their kiss. Her shirt was completely open, revealing her lace black bra that sat awkwardly on her chest, show the bottoms of her breasts. She looked disheveled, wanton and beautiful, and he had to have her. Dropping to his knees, Harry ran his hands up her wonderfully thick thighs, moving her skirt up with his hands. Her beautiful lips came into view, bald and glistening with her arousal. Looking up at her, he kissed up her leg, starting at the knee. As he moved up her leg, he could smell her excitement, the heady, musky scent filling his nostrils. Nearing his goal, he watched as a small drop of her arousal trailed down her lips and between her full, round cheeks.

Spreading her legs wide, Harry placed a gently kiss on her inner thighs, right next to her drooling lips. Lily stared down at him, her green eyes darkened with lust as she panted in anticipation. Unable to restrain himself any longer, he kissed her lips, directly over her swollen, throbbing clit. Her moisture coated his lips, giving him a taste of her for the first time as she gasped and bucked her hips. Threading her fingers through his untamed hair, she pulled his face forward, urging him on. Harry opened his mouth and dove in, kissing and sucking as his tongue assaulted her clit, pressing down hard and then flicking and swirling. She let out a long, wanton moan that went straight to his cock while he worked furiously to please her. More of her arousal dripped down into his mouth and down his chin, saturating him with her scent.

Lily wrapped her strong legs around his head, trapping him in place and tightening her grip in his hair. Listening to her gasps and moans, and the way she was wildly bucking her hips against his face, Harry knew she wouldn't last long. Wrapping his lips around her sensitive clit, he sucked hard while flicking it furiously back and forth with his tongue. Her breathing became uneven and wild as her chest heaved and the muscles of her stomach spasmed from the intense pleasure. He could feel her overexcited clit pulsing against his tongue in time with her rapid heartbeat. Reaching up, Harry pushed her bra up over her breasts and gripped the soft, pliable mound tightly in his grasp while pinching her hard, protruding nipple sharply between his fingers.

Lily let out a high pitched, but quite whine as her body tensed and her legs squeezed almost painfully around his head. A river of juices gushed from her lips as she reached her peak, filling

his mouth while her whole body trembled around him. Harry sucked hard on her clit, continuing his assault of her delicate nub throughout her climax, driving her pleasure to greater and greater heights. After several long seconds, her body finally started to relax, releasing him from her death grip. Harry finally backed off of her clit, laying light kisses around her leaking slit. Kissing his way up her stomach, he paused at her heaving breasts, capped with pale pink nipples and puffy areolas. Wrapping his lips around one the tip of one of her breasts, he sucked gently, making her moan softly as she tenderly stroked his hair. Laying a few more open-mouthed kisses around her breasts, he worked his way up to her mouth.

He hesitated in kissing her, wondering if she would be bothered by the mess around his face. He needn't have worried as Lily cupped his cheeks and kissed him deeply on the lips, her tongue slipping into his mouth and moving languidly against his own. Suddenly, there was a commotion outside the cupboard as multiple people could be heard running passed, followed a few moments later by Filch as he stumbled by, huffing and cursing under his breath.

"Dammit!" Harry growled in frustration. "We should go before we get caught." He said reluctantly.

Lily nodded, but pulled him back when he made to move away.

"I'll make it up to you." She told him in a sexy purr while she rubbed the large bulge in the front of his pants.

Harry's cock pulsed against her hand, begging for attention. Smiling at her, he kissed her briefly on the lips before moving away from her. Quickly, they both got dressed and he wrapped the invisibility cloak around them as they cautiously exited the cupboard. The whole way back to the tower, Harry's throbbing cock rubbed against her jutting ass as they walked, something Lily certainly noticed going by the smug smile she gave him over her shoulder. Harry vowed to introduce her to the Room of Requirement, as soon as he could think of an excuse for how he found it.

Chapter 2

Harry woke up in his dorm to find himself alone, the Marauders having already left, presumably for breakfast. He had yet to actually talk to his father, James, since arriving in the past. When he had gotten back from spending time with Lily, his four new dorm mates were already asleep. He had stayed up most of the night, arguing with himself over what he had done with Lily. After hours of lying awake in bed, he'd finally come to a decision. He was going to live his life how he wanted to and to hell with what anyone else thought. In a year, he would be going back to his time, which would be unaffected by anything he did here. Originally, he had come to this time to spend time with his parents and Sirius, to get to know them better. Now that he was here, he saw it as more of an opportunity to take a vacation, to do the things he was always too afraid to do in his world. The strange, intense attraction he felt for Lily was puzzling, but it wasn't anything he was concerned about.

With the resolution in mind to just enjoy life in a more peaceful time, he climbed out of bed and dressed for the day. Looking at the clock, he realized he didn't have much time left to eat before classes for the day started, and he still needed to get his schedule from Professor McGonagall. Rushing through the halls, he slipped behind tapestries and into hidden passages to make his way through the castle as fast as possible. Arriving at the Great Hall, Lily spotted him and waved him over. As he walked past the Marauders, James watched him narrowed eyes, a disgruntled expression on his face. Harry knew it wouldn't be long until they had a confrontation, he just hoped it didn't ruin any chance of them being friends. He knew James wasn't the great man he would become one day, and he hoped to be able to help him get there a little sooner this time. Lily smiled as he sat down, her bright green eyes sparkling while she took his hand in hers under the table.

"Morning, Harry." She said happily.

"Morning." Harry said, smiling back as he loaded his plate with one hand.

"Did you give her a love potion or something?" Marlene asked from across the table.

"Marlene!" Lily scolded her, blushing in embarrassment.

"What?" She asked with a faux innocent expression. "Guys have been begging you to go out with them since third year, especially Snape and Potter, and you always turn them down. Now,

he shows up, hasn't even been here a day, and you're all over him." Marlene turned to look at Harry with a teasing smile, ignoring her sputtering and blushing best friend. "So, what did you use? Amortentia?"

"I didn't use a love potion on her...It was blackmail." Harry dead panned.

Marlene broke into a fit of giggles and Lily slapped his arm, but there was a smile tugging at her lips. Harry smiled at her and winked just before some cleared their throat behind him. Looking over his shoulder, he saw Professor McGonagall behind him, trying not to look pleased.

"Mr. Peverell, it good to you fitting in so well with your classmates." She said, handing him his class schedule. "Ms. Evans, I trust you can show him where his classes are?"

"Yes, ma'am." Lily replied, her cheeks still pink.

McGonagall nodded and handed the girls their schedules, then moved off down the table. After a few more minutes eating and talking with Lily and Marlene about classes and Professors, the bell rang. Climbing off of the bench, the three of them made their way to their first class of the day, Defense Against the Dark Arts. Apparently, even in this time the curse over the defense post was in effect. This year, they had a new teacher that no one knew anything about. Given the teachers he had experienced, Harry wondered if his habit of being attacked by the Defense professor would follow him though time.

The class was mostly full by the time they arrived, and they were the last three to enter the room. The room was full of chatter as the students waited for the professor to arrive. Harry kept his hand on his wand inside his pocket, just in case. Fortunately, it turned out to be unnecessary as they found a table for the three of them at the back. A moment after the second bell rang, the door to the professor's office opened and a stunningly beautiful woman that looked to be in her mid-thirties with long dark hair and a thick, curvaceous figure entered the class room. Her sharp, intelligent blue eyes took in every detail as she looked over the students.

“Good morning. I am Professor Desire Cauldwell and I will be your Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. This year, we’re going to be focusing on dueling. At this point in your education, I expect you to know all of the spell we will be working with. I will be teaching you how and when to use them to their greatest effect. For today, you’re going to pair up and mock duel with each other so I can get an idea of where you are at. Stand up, wands out, and find a partner.” Cauldwell said, moving the tables to the sides of the classroom with a wave of her wand.

Lily looked between Harry and Marlene, clearly torn with who to pair up with. Before Harry could offer to find someone else, Marlene beat him to it.

“You and Harry can pair up. I’ll go work with Amelia.” She said, nodding over to a red-headed Hufflepuff with massive breasts. Harry recognized her as Amelia Bones, more because of her resemblance to Susan Bones than anything else. “I know how much you want to check out his wand.”

“Marlene!” Lily yelled, scandalized.

With a jaunty smile, Marlene skipped over to Amelia, her huge breasts bouncing under her thick robes. Looking at the two girls, he briefly wondered which had the bigger breasts, they both looked quite close in size. Mentally shaking himself from his perverted thoughts, Harry and Lily took their places and began trading spell. While they worked, Professor Cauldwell made her way around the room, asking students their names and getting them to perform spells for her. It was about halfway through class before she got around to examining Harry and Lily.

“Can I get your names please?” Professor Cauldwell asked as she approached.

“Lily Evans.”

“Harry Peverell.”

“Right. Mr. Peverell, could you please cast a few basic incapacitation spells at Ms. Evans?” She asked.

Nodding, Harry verbally cast several spells at Lily, all of which she was able to block, though his binding hex, Incarcerous, nearly got through. Cauldwell made a few notes on her clipboard and then signaled for him to stop.

“Good. Now, Ms. Evans, if you could do the same to Mr. Peverell?” She instructed.

Lily sent several spells at Harry, all of which he was able to easily block non-verbally. She had only cast about half the spells that Harry had before Cauldwell stopped them.

“Stop. Ms. Evans, are you able to cast any of those spells silently?” The professor asked.

“No, ma’am.” Lily answered, looking almost exactly like Hermione did when she didn’t have an answer to a professor’s question.

“That’s alright. This isn’t a test. I’m just trying to figure out what we need to work on.” Professor Cauldwell assured her. “Please continue.”

Harry easily defended against the rest of the spells Lily sent at him. Giving them a nod, Professor Cauldwell left, moving on to the next pair of students. Harry and Lily continued their mock dueling for a while longer, with Harry giving her a few small pieces of advice. He was glad she wasn’t offended and was actually eager to learn from him. He knew from his time teaching the DA that some people didn’t like to be given advice from their peers. Near the end of class, Professor Cauldwell called for everyone’s attention.

“Class, if I can have everyone’s attention.” She called out loudly. “Most of you seem to have a good grasp of the necessary spells, however, I suggest all of you go over everything I had you cast today. We’ll be using them a lot. One thing all of you need to learn, with the exception of Mr. Peverell, is how to cast spells non-verbally.”

Harry did his best not to react as everyone turned to look at him. Lily took his hand in hers and gave it a squeeze. When he turned to look at her, the proud smile on her face made it worth it.

“Learning how to cast non-verbally isn’t something that you can learn quickly. In fact, it will probably take most of you several months to really get the hang of it.” Professor Cauldwell continued. “We’ll go over it in class next week, but after that, it will be up to you to continue to practice it along with your other homework. Speaking of homework, for tonight, I want a two-foot essay on the most common defensive spells and how they are used.”

Most of the class groaned at being given homework in their very first class of the year. A moment later, the bell rang and everyone began grabbing their bags to leave.

“Mr. Peverell, can I see you for a moment.” Professor Cauldwell called out of the din.

“I’ll wait for you outside.” Lily said as she grabbed her bag.

Harry nodded and walked to the front of the classroom to stand in front of the teacher’s desk. Professor Cauldwell looked up at him, her bright blue eyes staring at him intently.

“I’m quite impressed, Mr. Potter. Not many students your age can cast non-verbally, let alone as effortlessly as you do. Who taught you how to duel before you came to Hogwarts.” She asked.

“No one really, I pretty much taught myself.” He told her.

It was actually a mostly true statement. While his teachers and friends had given him some good advice, he had really taught himself, along with the experience he got from the numerous life-threatening encounters he’d survived.

“Really?” She asked, raising an eyebrow in surprise. “My, that is very impressive. Perhaps we should duel some time and you can show me what you’re really capable of.” Her tone boarding on flirtatious.

“I’d be happy to, Professor.” Harry said, giving her a crooked smile.

Her sexy smile in return was enough to send his pulse racing as she leaned forward with her hands flat on the desk. Her arms pushed her large breasts together, enhancing their size even through her bulky black robes.

“Best get to your next class, Mr. Potter.” She said in a quiet, purring voice. “I would *hate* to see you end up in detention.”

Harry’s hardening cock twitched in his pants as he smiled at her and turned to leave the room. For once, there was a Defense Professor he wouldn’t mind attacking him. When he met Lily outside, they quickly made their way to their next class. All of his other classes were exactly the same as he remembered them from his time, with all of the same teachers, leaving him pretty bored throughout the day. During his last class of the day, Charms with Professor Flitwick, Harry found a fun way to entertain himself. While he listened to the tiny professor talk about all of the spells they were going to learn that year, all of which he already knew, Harry rested his hand on Lily’s knee, under her skirt. Again, they had arrived a little late to class and ended up taking a table at the back with Marlene.

Harry was sitting between the two girls with Marlene on his left and Lily on his right. As he rested his hand on her knee, she didn’t move to pull away from him or stop him. Sliding his hand up and down her thigh over her skirt, he glanced out of the corner of his eye to see her blush lightly and her breath hitch as his hand brushed the crook of her thigh. Running his hand back up to her knee, he slid his hand under her skirt. Slowly, he traced his fingers lightly up her smooth, toned thigh. Lily bit her lip as his hand mover closer to her panties. When his pushed his fingers between her closed legs, she parted them slightly to give him room. He could feel the heat of her core warm his hand the closer he got to her center.

For a couple of minutes, he traced his fingers lightly over the delicate, sensitive skin of her inner thigh. Lily squirmed in her seat, biting her lip and panting lightly as she tried to at least look like

she was paying attention to Professor Flitwick. Hearing a sharp intake of breath to his left, he looked over to see Marlene staring at his hand under the table with wide eyes. When she looked up at Harry, he smiled and winked at her as he moved his hand further up Lily thigh until his pinky rubbed against the damp gusset of her silky panties. Lily let out a quiet whimper as Harry looked forward again, pretending to pay attention as he teased her with his pinky. For the last few minutes of class, Harry continued to tease her slit through her increasingly wet panties with his fingers.

When the bell rang, it amused him to see it took Lily several seconds for her to realize he had stopped touching her and that class was over. Marlene looked like she was about to break a rib trying to keep herself from laughing as they gathered their things to leave, Lily still blushing heavily.

“Lily, Mr. Peverell, could I see you for a moment?” Professor Flitwick asked in his squeaky voice.

Lily’s eyes widened in terror as she hesitantly made her way up to the desk. Harry walked normally, completely unconcerned. Given the way Flitwick was smiling jauntily, there was no way he had noticed them.

“Lily, would you mind helping Mr. Peverell catch up with anything in class he might need help with?” The tiny professor asked.

“Oh, yes, of course, sir.” Lily stuttered in relief.

“Excellent. Mr. Peverell, Lily is my best student, I’m sure she’ll be able to answer any questions about class. If you need any help catching up, or if you just have any questions about charms in general, my door is always open.” He told him, an excited smile on his face as he bounced on the balls of his feet.

“Thank you, Professor.” Harry said.

Lily waved to Professor Flitwick and grabbed Harry's hand, pulling him quickly out of the classroom, her cheeks flaming red.

"Oh, Merlin. I thought for sure he caught us." She said the moment they were outside the classroom.

Seeing Harry smile at her, she smacked him lightly on the arm, but there was a smile twitching at the corner of her lips.

Grabbing her by the hand, he led her down the hall towards a less used staircase.

"Where are we going?" Lily asked curiously.

"One of the ghosts told me about a room on the seventh floor I want to show you." He told her.

Thankfully, she didn't ask any more questions as they walked through the halls hand in hand. Neither of them noticed a pair of eyes glaring at them from behind. When they reached the seventh floor, Lily watched him curiously as he paced back and forth in front of a bare stretch of wall across from a painting of a grey-haired wizard teaching trolls to dance. Her eyebrows shot up when she saw a door materialize out of a seemingly solid stone wall.

"Ta-da." He said, gesturing grandly as he opened the door.

Lily walked in to the Room of Requirement, which currently looked like a smaller version of the Gryffindor common room with a bed against the right-hand wall.

"What is this place?" Lily asked as Harry closed the door behind him.

"It's the Room of Requirement, I heard a couple of ghosts talking about it when I was leaving Dumbledore's office yesterday." Harry told her.

He felt bad for lying to her, but he really didn't have another choice. There was no way she would believe the truth. Leading her over to the couch, he sat down and pulled her down onto his lap, making her squeal in surprise and giggle as she leaned wrapped her arms around his neck. Leaning down, he kissed her on the lips. As the kiss grew more heated, Lily moved around to straddle his legs. Harry pushed her robe off of her and tossed it on the ground, rubbing his hands up and down her back. After a couple of minutes of kissing heatedly, Lily pulled back, breathing heavier than normal as she looked down at him.

"I've never done anything like this before, you know. Besides yesterday, I mean. I just-I'm really attracted to you and I feel safe with you. I feel like I've known you my whole life. I-I just don't want you to think I'm that kind of girl." She rambled nervously.

"I don't think you're that kind of girl, Lily." He assured her before smiling. "You're just that kind of girl for me."

Lily made an offended noise with her mouth open and smacked his chest playfully.

"Did you just call me a slut?" She asked him with a raised eyebrow.

"No, of course not." He said.

Suddenly, Harry grabbed her tightly and laid her down on the couch, getting a startled squeak from her. Harry settled himself between her legs and hovered over her, supporting his weight on his arms.

"I called you my slut." He whispered to her.

Lily gasped as he pressed his groin against hers and kissed her deeply. Lily moaned into his mouth and wrapped her arms around his neck as his tongue invaded her mouth. Reaching back with one hand, Harry ran his hand up her bare thigh until his hand rested on her hip. As he grew hard against her, she bucked her hips up, grinding her panty covered slit onto his rising

erection. When he was fully erect, he ground down on her hard. Lily ripped her lips away from his, tilted her head back and gasped as she gripped his hair tightly.

“I want you.” She moaned out, biting her lips as she ground herself against the bulge in his pants.

Climbing off of her, Harry stood up and pulled her too her feet as he took out his wand. With a single wave, both of their clothes flew off of their bodies to land in a pile on the floor, leaving both of them naked. Lily’s eyes widened and she moved to cover herself out of reflex, but Harry gentle stopped her. She stood still, biting her lip nervously as he placed his hands on her hips and moved them up until he cupped the bottom of her large breasts.

“You know, yesterday, when we had to stop, you said you’d make it up to me.” He reminded her, squeezing the soft, smooth mounds in his hands.

Swallowing nervously, Lily looked down at the raging erection brushing against her moist slit. She sat back down on the couch, positioning her face directly in front of his engorged head. Reaching up, she grabbed his shaft and stroked him lightly as she licked her lips. Opening her mouth, she leaned forward and wrapped her pillowy pink lips around the tip of his cock, enveloping him in her hot, wet mouth. Harry groaned as her tongue rubbed the underside of his shaft as she bobbed up and down on his length. She stared up at him with her bright green eyes as she took him deeper until his head bumped the back of her mouth. Harry ran his hands through her bright red hair as she bobbed up and down on him, massaging her scalp.

“Use your tongue more.” He told her.

Lily followed his advice and snaked her tongue around his shaft while sucking as she pulled back. The pleasure of what she was doing, along with the fact that she kept eye contact the whole time was quickly driving him towards his climax. Gripping her head firmly, Harry held her in place as he thrust his hips, moving faster as he neared his peak.

“I’m close.” He warned her.

Lily jerked the part of his shaft that she couldn't fit in her mouth rapidly while bobbing her head rapidly on the head of his cock. With a grunt, Harry came, flooding her mouth as jets of hot cum shot from his tip. She continued to stroke his shaft and suck on his head as he pulsed against her tongue, her cheeks hollowing. He came so much she had to swallow twice before he was finished. Pulling his hyper sensitive cock out of her mouth, she licked the last drop weeping from his tip, making him hiss from the sensation. After taking a moment to recover, he pulled her to her feet and held her close.

"That was brilliant." He told her smiling.

Lily smiled back at him and kissed him on the lips. Wrapping his arms around the back of her thighs, under her ass, he lifted her up into his arms, her legs wrapping around him. Carrying her over to the bed, he sat her on the edge and gently guided her to scoot backwards until she was in the middle of the soft mattress. Kneeling on the bed, Harry grabbed the back of her knees and spread her legs wide with her feet dangling in the air, leaving her wet slit completely exposed. He wasted no time diving in, attacking her clit with his lips and tongue. Lily threw her head back and moaned loudly, gripping the sheets in a white knuckled grip. With his lips sealed around her sensitive nub, he sucked hard while flicking it hard back and forth with his tongue.

Letting go of one leg, he plunged two fingers into her dripping core, thrusting them in and out as he massaged her tight walls. Pressing against the top wall of her wet, smooth pussy, it took him a little time searching to find what he was looking for. When his fingertips hit a slightly rougher patch of skin, Lily gasped loudly, her hips bucking hard and her muscles tensing. Smirking against her slit, Harry pressed his arm down across her hips and rubbed his fingers against her most sensitive spot once again.

"Oh, fuck!" Lily yelled, writhing on the bed.

Using his arm to hold her still, Harry pulled his lips off of her clit and fingered her vigorously. Lily bucked wildly, a high-pitched keening leaving her throat as she soaked his hand and the bed, a wet sucking sound coming from his fingers moving rapidly in and out of her slit. In moments, she screamed as she reached a sudden, violent climax, spraying his arm in her arousal. Harry continued to rub her walls frantically, extending her colossal orgasm until she finally managed to reach down and push his arm away. She collapsed down onto the bed, panting heavily. The sight was so erotic that he was completely hard again, his rigid shaft desperate for relief.

Lily moaned as he spread her legs and placed the swollen end of his cock at her entrance. Before he could ask to make sure she wanted to continue, she wrapped her muscular legs around his waist and pulled him in, his fat head stretching her tight lips. Leaning over her, Harry kissed her fiercely as inch after inch of his length sank into her tight heat. When he bottomed out, he paused, giving her a moment to adjust to his size.

“Please, fuck me. I need you, Harry.” Lily whispered against his lips.

Claiming her lips again, he grabbed one of her large, soft breasts, rubbing the hard nipple between his fingers as he pulled half way out and then slid back in.

“Harder.” She panted.

Pushing himself up on his arms, Harry pulled half way out again then, this time, slammed back in. Lily moaned wantonly, her nails digging into his back as he fucked her hard and fast. A loud, wet slapping sound came from between their bodies as her arousal continued to leak over his shaft. Lily’s big tits bounced and jiggled on her chest in time with his thrusts. Grabbing her hip, Harry rolled over so he was on his back and she was on top of him. They had barely settled before she threw herself down on him, her perky tits bouncing wildly with her frantic movements. Harry grabbed her hips and slammed his cock back up into her as she dropped down, her large, round ass slapping against his thighs. With her dark red hair bouncing around her head, Lily looked like a goddess of lust as she rode him.

Grabbing both of her tits in his hands, Harry pulled her forward to kiss her hungrily as she continued to throw herself down onto him. Getting close to his climax, Harry let go of her breasts and trailed his hands down her sides to firmly grasp her by the hips. Planting his feet on the bed, he drove his hips up at a brutally fast pace, driving his cock in and out of her with hard, deep thrusts. As his cock swelled, just before he came, Lily screamed out again, her tight walls grasping him rhythmically as they fluttered around his length. Harry released inside of her, filling her contracting pussy with a flood of hot white cum. Lily quivered in pleasure as she collapsed against his chest, moaning into the crook of his neck.

A few moments later, after catching their breath, Harry pulled out of her as she curled up against his chest. Pulling the covers over the both of them, they drifted off to sleep.