

Christmas Past

Harry Potter was sitting in a worn, blue high-backed chair in the study of Grimmauld Place, the room only lit by the fire crackling in the fireplace. It was Christmas eve and for the first time in years, he found himself celebrating alone. Normally, he would celebrate with the Weasley's, and had even been invited this year, but felt it would be too awkward since his recent and painful breakup with Ginny. He couldn't spend time with Hermione either, as she was in Australia, visiting her parents. After finally defeating Voldemort a year ago, he'd expected things to turn out better than this.

Reaching for his glass of Firewhiskey on the table to the left of his chair, sitting next to a half empty bottle, he stared into the flickering flames, falling deeper into his dark, depressing thoughts.

Thump Thump Thump

Harry stirred awake in his chair, the fire having burnt itself out while he slept leaving the room cold and dark.

Thump Thump Thump

Blinking his eyes to clear them and stretching his sore back, he looked up at the ceiling. It sounded as if someone was walking on the roof. Reaching into his pocket for his wand to restart the fire, he stopped when he heard an odd rushing sound inside the wall, and it was quickly growing closer.

FWUMP!

There was a flash of red before something heavy fell down the chimney and landed on the ashes of the fire, sending out a dark cloud of ash and soot. Coughing, Harry covered his face with the sleeve of his robe and vanished the cloud with a wave of his wand. His eyes watered

from the soot lingering in the air, leaving the room a blurry mess. Rubbing his eyes, he adjusted his glasses, he stared nonplussed at the sight before him.

Standing in his fireplace was a brown-haired girl about his age, wearing what had to be the sluttiest Mrs. Clause costume he had even seen. She patted the mixture of ash and soot off of her red velvet mini skirt and looked up at him with a smile, her bright blue eyes twinkling merrily.

“Happy Christmas, Harry.” she said brightly.

Harry sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose. He’d had trouble with stalkers before, but this was getting out of hand.

“Who are you and how did you get past my wards?” he asked sternly, his wand at his side but the tip pointed in her direction.

“I’m Sandy Claus, I’m here to give you your Christmas present!” she brightly.

Bending down, she picked up a large red velvet bag that had landed at her feet and stepped out of the fireplace.

“Really?” Harry asked sarcastically. “I pictured Santa looking a bit different, you know, big guy, white beard, jolly laugh.”

“Oh, you mean grandpa. He’s doing the Muggle side of things tonight. I volunteered to do the magical side. Don’t tell him you saw me, would you? I’ve never been good at the whole quite as a mouse part.” she said with a wink as she tapped the side of her nose with her finger.

“Look, just tell me who you are and how you got in here and I won’t call the Aurors.” he said, crossing his arms over his chest.

“You don’t believe me, do you?” she asked, the smile never leaving her pretty face. “Maybe this will help.”

Digging around in the sack, she pulled out a cube shaped present wrapped in blue wrapping paper with white snowflakes, and a white bow on top. Setting the present in the palm of her hand, she held it out to him. Sighing in exasperation, he took the present from her.

“Well, go on. Open it!” she said excitedly. “I hardly ever get to see people open them, and that’s the best part!”

“If I do, will you promise to leave?” he asked.

“I promise.” she said, waiting impatiently for him to open the gift.

Scanning it with his wand, he found nothing out of the ordinary, no sign of magic at all, in fact. Feeling like it was safe to open, and anxious to get this strange intruder out of his home, he tore off the wrapping paper. Under the paper was a beautiful yet simple wooden box with a hinge on one side and a latch on the other. Pausing, he glanced up at the girl.

“Go on. Open it!” she urged him excitedly.

Pressing the button for the latch, it popped open with a *click*. Lifting the lid, there was an orange sized crystal ball sitting on a bed of purple silk. As he looked at it, the white smoke inside began to swirl, slowly coalescing into the image of a large manor house. The windows almost glowed from the lights inside as a light snow fell outside the house. Inside, he could see people laughing and talking happily, with a few couple dancing in the background. Harry even swore he could hear the music and laughter as if he was there. It wasn’t until a snowflake fluttered down to land on his glasses that he looked up.

Panic set in as he realized he was no longer in his home. Raising his wand and looking around frantically, he found himself standing outside the very manor he had seen in the crystal ball.

Even his clothes were different. Instead of his comfortable muggle clothes, he was now wearing fancy dress robes. The girl, Sandy, was standing a couple of feet away, grinning brilliantly.

“What the hell is this!? Where am I?” he asked furiously, his wand aimed at her chest.

“This is the British Minister for Magic’s Yule Ball.” she said, waving her arm in a grandiose gesture. “This is where you should have gone tonight.”

“What are you talking about? How did we get here? That wasn’t a portkey.” Harry said confused and angry.

“Nope, that was Christmas magic. Top secret, that. But, because of everything you’ve done, we decided to give you an extra special present this year.” Sandy told him with a bright smile. “I’ve brought you to the place where you can find the thing you’ve always wanted most.”

“Oh yeah, what’s that?” he asked suspiciously, he wand still trained on her chest.

“A family of your own, of course.” she said brightly.

“Right, that’s it.” Harry said, fed up. “You’re under arrest.”

Ropes shot from the end of his wand and sped through the air towards the girl, only to vanish for no apparent reason at the last second. Brow furrowed in frustration; he fired several more spells at her. Stunning, petrifying, binding, none of them worked. All the while, Sandy stood calmly, making no move to defend herself as the spells all vanished inches before hitting her. Blinking at her in disbelief, he dropped his arm to his side.

“Do you believe me now?” she asked.

Incredibly, he was starting to. Maybe it was just best to play along for now, find out what was really going on.

“Good.” Sand y said when he didn’t reply. “Let’s go inside.”

Spinning on her heel, she marched towards the front door, and he followed close behind. Knocking on the door, she took a step back to stand next to him as the door creaked open, a wave of noise, heat, and pleasant small hitting their faces like a physical force.

“Harry!” A deep voice boomed happily.

Kingsley Shacklebolt, the current Minister for Magic, smiled widely at him and waved him inside.

“Come in, I didn’t think you were coming.” he said, clapping him on the shoulder.

“Changed my mind at the last minute.” Harry said.

Looking around the room, he was surprised to see people enjoying themselves so much. When he imagined the Ball when Kingsley first invited him weeks ago, he thought it would be full of politicians using it as an excuse to push whatever agendas they had. In fact, he hardly saw anyone from the Wizengamot at all. Of the guests he recognized, there was Madam Rosmerta, a few of his professors, including McGonagall and Hagrid, Mr. Ollivander, and even several of his former classmates.

“Wow, I didn’t expect this to be so...” he trailed off, searching for a polite word.

“Fun?” Kingsley asked with a smile. “Usually, they aren’t, but I made some changes to the normal guest list. This isn’t a time to be dealing with politics, we can do that any other day. My advisors aren’t too happy with me, though.”

Harry smiled up at the taller man, grateful they finally had a decent Minister. As Kingsley guided him further into the house and introduced him to his wife, a tall, willowy woman with dark skin and short hair, something felt a little off. It took him a few moments to put his finger on it before he realized that no one seemed to react to Sandy following him around the room. No one asked about her, or even looked directly at her. It was as if she was invisible to them.

When Kingsley was called away to greet some new guests, Harry walked over to an empty part of the room near the snack table.

“Can they not see you?” he asked quietly to Sandy.

“Nope, you’re the only one that can see or hear me.” she told him, looking around the party in fascination.

“So, what exactly am I supposed to be doing?” he asked, hoping he wasn’t supposed to blunder around blindly until he figured things out.

“Actually, the person we’re waiting for should be arriving right about, now.” she said pointing over towards the entrance hall.

Right as she said ‘now’, Daphne Greengrass walked in wearing a dark green, shimmering dress. Harry turned and looked at Sandy in shock. His crush on Daphne was something he had kept to himself for years. He’d never even told Ron or Hermione about fancying her. Sandy smiled at him and winked while tapping the side of her nose.

“You should go ask her to dance.” she said.

“I don’t even know if she likes me.” Harry groused quietly.

“She does.” Sandy said with a knowing smile. “Trust me, ask her to dance.”

"I've officially gone insane." he said to himself.

Straightening his robes, he took a deep, fortifying breath he walked over to Daphne. She was sitting alone at a table sipping a glass of red wine as she surveyed the room. Her bright blue eyes locked onto him long before he reached her, making him even more nervous as he approached her table.

"Hello Daphne, you mind if I sit here?" he asked.

"Help yourself." she said, watching him curiously.

"So, what brings you here?" he asked, almost physically cringing at the stupidity of his own question.

"My father has Dragon Pox, so he sent me in his stead." she told him. "What about you? I didn't take for the type to be at one of these parties."

"I'm usually not." he admitted. "Honestly, I didn't have anything else to do tonight."

That was probably as close to the truth as he could get without sound like he'd gone completely mad.

"You're lucky you chose this party, they usually much worse. Full of egotistical, self-important wizards who think you should be honored to be allowed in their presence." she said, ending with a soft, disgusted snort.

"A room full of Malfoy's? Sounds like my idea of a nightmare." Harry joked.

"Trust me, there are much worse men out there than Draco Malfoy." she said before downing the last of her wine.

“Why go if you hate them so much?” he asked curiously.

“My father has threatened to disown me if I don’t. He’s obsessed with appearances and the old ways. He expects me to act the perfect Pureblood Princess. Fortunately, I only need to put up with it until my career in the Ministry takes off.” Daphne explained.

“You’re in the Department of Mysteries, right?” he asked, remembering hearing a rumor weeks ago.

“Been keeping tabs on me?” she asked with a smirk.

“Just something I happened to hear at work. I swear Aurors gossip more than schoolgirls” he said.

“Oh, you should hear some of the ridiculous rumors there are about you.” she said as she took a second glass of wine from a passing House Elf.

Harry groaned. “Do I even want to know?”

“Apparently, you’re building a harem of the most powerful and influential witches from all over in a bid to take over the world.” she said, smirking at the gob smacked look on his face.

“People actually believe that?” he asked incredulously.

“My personal favorite is the rumor that Bellatrix survived the Battle of Hogwarts and you keeping her in your basement as a sex slave.” Daphne said laughingly.

Harry pinched the bridge of his nose at the insanity of the rumors surrounding him. It’s like people were trying to come up with the most ridiculous thing that people would believe.

“So, why did you really come over here, Potter?” she asked with an arched brow.

“What do you mean?” he asked a bit nervously.

“You’ve talked to me more tonight than all seven years we went to Hogwarts together combined, and you probably have a dozen friends here you could be spending time with. You must have had a reason for coming over to see me instead.” she said, giving him an almost challenging look.

Over Daphne’s shoulder, he caught sight of Sandy wave her arms wildly to get his attention, waving him out onto the dance floor.

“Well, uh, actually, I was wondering if you wanted to dance.” he said nervously.

Daphne set down her half empty glass and gave him perhaps the first real smile he had ever seen on her face.

“It’s about time.” she said as she stood up.

Grabbing his hand, she pulled him out of his chair and onto the dance floor. Spinning around abruptly to face him, she rested her arms on his shoulders. Startled by the sudden closeness, Harry swallowed thickly as he put his hands on the curve of her hips.

“What do you mean, ‘it’s about time’?” he asked curiously.

“I’ve seen the way you look at me, Potter. I’ve been waiting for you to work up the courage to ask me out for years.” she said, grinning at the stunned look on his face. “I do have one question though.”

“Er, what’s that?”

“In fourth year, when you asked to talk to me after potions, you were going to ask me to the Ball before Tracey scared you off, weren’t you?” she asked.

“Yeah, I was.” he told her, remembering how Tracey had rather loudly and aggressively asked what he wanted with Daphne, drawing the attention of Snape who sent him off angrily.

“I knew it. Ugh, I nearly killed Tracey for that when we got back to the dorm.” Daphne said, shaking her head and sending her long blonde hair fluttering around her head.

“Why did you ever show any interest in me?”

“I wasn’t sure if you were really interested in me, or if you just wanted to stare at my tits like everyone else.” she said bluntly.

“Oh, I was definitely interested in you. You didn’t act like any of the other Slytherins.” he said with a smile.

Daphne smiled at him, but before she could say anything, they both found themselves unable to move their feet. Harry looked around frantically, his pulse starting to race. He couldn’t see anything that was a cause for concern, but gradually, the people around them started to laugh softly. His eyes landed on Sandy, who was standing just outside the dance floor, and winked at him while tapping the side of her nose. Harry furrowed his brow, wondering what she was up to now.

“Potter.” Daphne said, getting his attention.

Turning to her, she was looking straight up, rather than looking at him as he expected. Following her gaze, he saw a sprig of the Weasley twins enchanted mistletoe floating above their heads. A

gag he had seen for the last couple of Christmases, it held a couple in place when they stood under it, refusing to let them go until they kissed.

“Never thought I’d be glad for one of the Weasley’s pranks.” she said softly.

At the same time, they both looked back down at each other. Harry licked his suddenly dry lips nervously as her fingers threaded through his hair and pulled him down gently. He closed his eyes just as her soft, full lips pressed against his, her large breasts rubbing his chest. Surprisingly quickly, the kiss went from gentle and slightly hesitant, to heated and passionate. In the back of his mind, he could hear the drunk cheers and laughter of the other guests around them. He felt oddly detached from the rest of the world as he became hyper focused on the soft, warm body and soft, moist lips pressed against him.

He had no idea how much time had passed before they finally came up for air, but for him it was still much too soon. Both of them were breathing slightly heavily, and Daphne’s cheeks were flushed a light pink, her sky-blue eyes sparkling brightly.

“You ready to get out of here?” she asked with a promising smile.

“Yeah.” Harry said, his mind still in a daze.

Daphne grabbed his hand and led him toward the front room as they both said hasty goodbyes to Kingsley. Neither of them noticed the knowing looks they were getting from a large number of guests. The moment they stepped clear of the wards outside, Harry Apparated them right outside the front door of Number twelve Grimmauld Place. Leaning back against the door, Daphne grabbed the front of his cloak and pulled him down for a passionate kiss as he fumbled with the front door blindly. They tumbled into the house when he finally got it open, barely stopping themselves from falling over.

Still connected at the lips, they bumped into tables and bounced off the walls, leaving behind a trail of clothes, tilted paintings, and debris as Harry guided them up the stairs to his bedroom. By the time they slammed the door open, both of them were entirely naked, and his erection

was bouncing in front of him. He only managed to catch brief glimpses of Daphne's alluring hourglass figure, her perky breasts jiggling and trembling as she moved.

She pushed him back onto the bed with a shove, and crawled over top of him, her lush breasts swaying under her. Harry scooted back on the mattress as she crawled after him like a predator stalking its prey. When he stopped in the middle of the bed, Daphne straddled his waist and lined him up with her damp entrance.

"I've been waiting to do this for years." she told him as she quickly descended down his rigid length.

Harry groaned as he sank into her slick, hot depths, his hands coming up to squeeze her breasts. Daphne moaned sensuously as she bottomed out, and his thumbs teased her stiff, light pink nipples. She started riding him quickly, raising herself up half his length before dropping back down. Lifting his knees up behind her, Harry matched her pace, thrusting up into her from below.

Suddenly, Daphne dropped down with her elbows on either side of his head while continuing to throw her ass backwards and rolling her hips with each thrust. Harry couldn't resist leaning up and taking a nipple into his mouth, his teeth lightly grazing her sensitive nub. Her thick, round ass bounced off of his thighs with a loud *clap* each time she descended, deep, wanton moans steaming continuously from her lips.

She let out a needy whine a minute later as she sat up and abruptly changed tact. Holding his cock buried in her core, Daphne rocked her hips back and forth rapidly. A shiver ran through her body each time her clit ground against his pelvis. Her breath caught in her chest when she tipped over the edge, trembling on top of him while soaking him in her arousal. Still in the middle of her climax, Harry rolled them both over, watching the ecstasy on her face as he began thrusting into her. Her nails dug into his back, leaving behind crescent shaped marks from the agonizing pleasure coursing through her.

Harry pounded into her roughly, chasing his own release that he could feel rapidly building. Beneath him, Daphne's climax seemed to be never ending as she went from one peak to another. Her breasts bounced wildly on her chest from his savage thrusts, a loud wet slapping

coming from between their bodies. Harry panted heavily, his muscles coiling as he neared his climax.

With a grunt, his hips snapped forward, burying himself in her core as his cock swelled and pulsed. Daphne moaned long and low as she felt him painting her walls, her body going limp when her orgasm finally ended. Harry collapsed on top of her moments later, breathing harshly while burying his face in the crook of her neck and savoring the moment. Daphne stroked his back softly, her long nails trailing lightly up and down his spine.

Eventually, they got into a more comfortable position, Harry spooning Daphne from behind, one of his hands gently cupping her breast as they began drifting off to sleep.

“Best Christmas present ever.” Harry declared quietly.

Daphne giggled and pushed back against him a little more tightly.

One Year Later

Harry and Daphne waved goodbye to the last of their guests as they left the newly renovated Grimmauld Place. It was Christmas eve and the Yule party they had held for their close friends and family had just ended.

Walking back into the house, Harry walked up behind his wife and wrapped his arms around her waist as she waved her wand, cleaning the room. His hands rested lightly on her stomach while he kissed her neck lightly. Daphne stopped what she was doing and rested her arms on his as she leaned back against him.

“You’re not going to feel anything yet.” she teased him.

“I know.” Harry said, a soft smile on his lips.