

Chapter 18

Blinking his eyes open, Harry stretched in his bed and sat up. He pushed open the bed hangings and looked around to find the dorm empty once again. In the week that he'd been back from Christmas break, this was a common occurrence. James was not happy that he was dating Lily, and the other Marauders avoided him in solidarity. Remus gave him the occasional apologetic look, but Peter and Sirius hardly looked at him anymore.

Harry wondered if part of the reason Sirius blatantly ignored him was because he was also publically dating two of his cousins. Oddly, it hurt more to see Sirius ignore him than his own father. Of course, that might have to do with the fact he actually got to spend time with Sirius.

Sighing and rubbing his face, Harry put on his glasses and slipped out of bed. He gasped when a wave of freezing cold water crashed over him the moment he stood. Shivering, he looked up and spotted a small tub stuck upside down to the ceiling. Harry took off his glasses and wiped his face while walking over to his trunk for a change of clothes.

As he put his glasses back on, he noticed a package wrapped in brown paper. The package exploded with a pop, covering everything within three meters of his trunk in red and green glitter.

Growling angrily, Harry took out his wand and tried to vanish the mess but failed. After trying a few more advanced spells, he finally found one that at least cleaned up the majority of it. Some of the glitter still stuck to his wet skin and in the folds of his clothes. Grabbing a fresh set of clothes, he made his way into a bathroom for a nice hot shower.

By the time Harry was done, he was running late. Grabbing his back, which had fortunately been left relatively unscathed, he raced down to the Great Hall. As he walked between the tables to where Lily and the other Gryffindor girls were sitting, Lily looked up and scowled angrily.

At first, he thought she might be angry at him for some reason, but when Alice, Marlene, Dorcas, and Mary all covered their mouths to hide a laugh, he sighed tiredly.

“What now?” Harry asked, taking a seat between Lily and Marlene.

“Have you seen your hair this morning?” Alice asked, barely holding back a laugh.

“No,” Harry said, trying to look up at his own hair and failing.

“Here,” Marlene said, handing him a compact with a mirror.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Harry exclaimed, staring at his bright pink locks.

“What’s with the glitter?” Dorcas asked.

Sighing, Harry quickly explained what had happened to him.

“That bullying git,” Lily huffed. “You should tell McGonagall.”

“That will only make things worse,” Harry said, rubbing his eyes tiredly. “I’ll just have to ward my bed and trunk better.”

“Maybe you could bunk with us,” Alice offered teasingly. “We all know Lil’s here doesn’t mind sharing.”

“Did you forget you’re dating Frank?” Mary asked.

“We have a look but don’t touch agreement,” Alice shrugged. “That doesn’t mean I can’t arrange for a better view.”

“If you’re done perving on my boyfriend, can you help me try to get rid of this?” Lily asked. “I’m pants at Cosmetic Charms.”

Harry made himself a bacon sandwich as the girls tried and failed to fix his hair. He couldn’t be sure, but he also thought Alice was taking the chance to tease him by deliberately rubbing her large breasts against his shoulder. Not that he was complaining.

Eventually, they gave up and sat back down to eat before the bell for the first class of the day rang. As Harry walked with Lily and Dorcas to Runes, Narcissa joined them for the walk to the fourth floor, where she had Arithmancy.

“What happened to you?” she asked.

Sighing, Harry described his morning for the second time.

“Here, let me try,” Narcissa said, drawing her wand.

Stopping in the hall, he stood and let her work on his hair for a couple of minutes. With so many spells being cast on his head, his scalp started to itch.

“Stop squirming,” Narcissa said.

“Hold on a second, my head itches,” Harry said, scratching his scalp.

“It does look a bit darker now,” Lily said, eyeing his hair.

“You know, you don’t look bad in pink,” Dorcas teased.

Harry rolled his eyes, causing her to giggle.

"I think that's the best I can do," Narcissa said.

Dorcas handed him her mirror again, and his hair indeed looked darker, though not by much.

"Thanks," Harry said, handing the mirror back.

"Do do realize Bella isn't going to let this slide?" Narcissa asked.

Harry groaned and rubbed his face.

"We'll talk to her after class," Lily said. "I don't mind someone getting back at Potter, but Bella can go a bit too far sometimes."

"If you tell her not to do something, she'll just do it anyways," Harry sighed. "Just – make sure she doesn't put anyone in the Hospital Wing."

"Can't you just tell her not to?" Lily asked. "She usually listens to you."

"Bella likes his punishments too much," Narcissa smirked.

Lily snorted and shook her head while Dorcas blushed prettily.

"Um, we should really get to class," Marlene said.

"Right," Harry said, then turned to Narcissa. "I'll see you at lunch."

Resting a hand on her hip, he gave her a kiss before taking Lily's hand and resuming their trek to the Ancient Runes classroom.

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As Harry sat at his desk, working on his assigned translation, he reached up and adjusted his glasses. It had taken a bit of research, but he'd finally gotten them to work the way he wanted them to. Now, they showed a faint outline around invisible objects or people by detecting the magic around them. As it turned out, magic used to visually hide something was quite distinctive.

The whole process had also taught Harry a very valuable lesson. Just because he could perform the spells didn't mean he knew how to use them.

Once he noticed an outline, he could channel a bit of magic into his glasses to see through the magic hiding something. Of course, it also let him see through other things, like clothes. If it didn't, he wouldn't be able to see through invisibility cloaks.

Now, he had to constantly resist the temptation to take a peek at some of the more attractive girls in the school. It made him wonder how Moody dealt with it after he got his eye. Even now, glancing over at Lily and Marlene next to him, Harry was tempted to take a look. He knew Lily wouldn't mind, but he imagined Dorcas wouldn't appreciate him so casually violating her privacy.

He still had trouble looking Professor McGonagall in the eye after unintentionally seeing under her robes.

She was surprisingly busty, though, he thought.

Shaking his head, Harry turned back to his work. He had three girlfriends, not to mention Rosmerta, Molly, and now Connie, as friends with benefits. He didn't need to be perverting on the rest of the school.

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“Does she always have to give us so much homework?” Dorcas whined.

“It’s not that bad,” Lily said. “Besides, we have to learn this for our NEWTs.”

“Our NEWTs aren’t until next year,” Dorcas said incredulously.

“That’s only a year and a half away,” Lily said.

Smiling, Harry followed the girls back downstairs as they continued to bicker playfully. They were making their way through the throng of students moving from class to class on the second floor when they noticed a commotion ahead of them.

“Look out!”

“Get out of the way!”

Suddenly, James and Sirius appeared, forcing their way between students. Looking as if they were being chased by a dragon, both of them had tentacles sprouting from the tops of their heads.

“Get back here!”

“Bugger,” Harry muttered as he watched Bellatrix chase after them, wand drawn.

James and Sirius sprinted past Harry, and he stepped forward to wrap his arm around Bellatrix, pulling her to a stop.

“Let them go,” he told her.

“They deserve it,” Bellatrix growled.

“It’s fine, Bella,” Harry said. “It’s just pink hair.”

“That’s not the point!” Bellatrix exclaimed.

“Bella,” Lily said, rubbing her arm soothingly. “Why don’t we go to the library after dinner, and I’ll help you find a way to get back at them?”

“You mean prank them back?” Bellatrix asked hopefully.

“If you want to call it that,” Lily said.

Grinning, Bellatrix cupped Lily’s cheeks and kissed her fiercely. Lily grunted in surprise but didn’t try to pull back despite the heavy blush on her cheeks.

“See you after dinner,” Bellatrix smiled.

Strolling down the hallway, she left Lily dazed and breathless. Harry shook his head bemusedly and took her hand to lead her to Charms. Everyone in the hallway was staring at them, and he wanted to get away from the attention.

“Is she always like that?” Dorcas asked.

“Bella can be a bit temperamental,” Harry said.

“She’s just really protective of Harry,” Lily said.

Reaching the Charms classroom, they waved to Professor Flitwick and took their seats. Just as the bell rang, James and Sirius slipped in the door. They were both out of breath and still had tentacles sprouting from their heads. It was a mark of how much trouble the Marauders got into when Professor Flitwick didn’t even act to the sight.

Throughout the class, while Harry and Lily practiced casting protective wards on a miniature chest, they struggled not to laugh. James’ tentacles kept trying to steal his glasses, while Sirius’ resorted to attacking his lips.

Towards the end of class, they ended up getting too close together when they bent over to pick up their bags, and their tentacle latched onto each other.

“Don’t pull!” James yelled.

“I’m not pulling. You are!” Sirius shouted back.

“Boys,” Professor Flitwick called. “Perhaps the two of you should go to the Hospital Wing before lunch?”

The two exited the class side by side, their heads leaning towards each other to keep the tentacles from tugging. The moment they were out of earshot, Lily dissolved into giggles. Harry lost the fight with his own laughter, as did the rest of the class.

Leaving the classroom, they only made it to the corridor when someone called out.

“Mr. Potter!”

Turning around, he found Connie waving him over.

“I’ll meet you in the Great Hall,” Harry told Lily.

“Don’t have too much fun,” she said with a smirk.

Leaning forward, she kissed him before turning around and following Marlene, Alice, and Dorcas down the stairs. Smiling, Harry shook his head and then walked over to Connie.

“In here,” she said, nodding towards an unused classroom.

Harry frowned at her serious tone and followed her into the room.

“I picked up something on the listening charm we put on that Death Eater,” Connie said the moment the door was closed and silenced.

“What is it?” Harry asked.

“Voldemort is working on bringing more people in from Europe, and he put out a hit on a Wizengamot member named Philston Brown,” she said.

“Shit,” Harry cursed, running a hand agitatedly through his hair. “Do you have any idea when?”

“No, just that he wants it done before the next Wizengamot meeting, which is Wednesday,” Connie told him.

Harry gave a tight nod before pacing back and forth between the desks.

“Harry, I think we need to bring in more help,” Connie said. “I don’t think we can deal with this on our own.”

“Didn’t you say you had a few Auror friends that might be able to help?” Harry asked.

“Yeah,” Connie said. “Alastor Moody, Kingsley and Elizabeth Shacklebolt, Greyson Thomas, and Jenna Franklin.”

Harry sighed and ran his hands through his hair. Part of him hated the idea of involving anyone else, but he knew it couldn’t be avoided.

“Alright,” he said.

“There’s a Hogsmeade visit tomorrow,” Connie said. “I’ll have them meet us at the Three Broomsticks so we can talk to them. For tonight, I’ll camp out at Brown’s place to make sure nothing happens to him.”

Nodding thoughtfully, Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out his cloak.

“Here, take this with you,” he said, handing it to Connie. “If anything happens, send me a Patronus, and I’ll come as quick as I can. See if you can get another Auror to go with you too. These guys aren’t going to be playing fair.”

Connie smiled at him softly.

“I’ll Floo Elizabeth and see if she’ll go with me,” she said, slowly walking closer to him. “You know, you look pretty cute with pink hair.”

“Did you have to remind me?” Harry pouted.

Chuckling, Connie slid her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. Harry dropped his hands to her bum, squeezing it firmly as he pulled her tightly against him. She moaned into his mouth as her fingers threaded through his hair. Pulling back, she buried her face in the crook of his neck and sighed contentedly.

“Can you talk to your girlfriends and see if they’d let me borrow you for a night?” Connie asked. “It’s been a long time since I’ve shared a bed with someone.”

Smiling, Harry caressed her back lightly.

“I’ll ask,” he said.

Straightening up, Connie smiled at him, gave him a kiss, and then headed for the door.

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A day later, Harry, Narcissa, and Lily got off the carriage and entered Hogsmeade. Since it was still early, they wandered around the village, visiting shops and refilling on the necessities, such as ink, quills, and sweets.

After a couple hours of shopping, they went to the Three Broomsticks.

“I’ll be back in a little bit,” Harry said.

Leaving Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix to enjoy some time with the other girls, Harry walked up to the bar where Connie was waiting for him. On his way there, he smiled at Rosmerta, who winked back.

“Hey. I got us a room upstairs,” she said. “The others are already waiting for us.”

“Have they been here long?” Harry asked as they made their way up the stairs.

“Only a few minutes,” she said.

Harry nodded and followed her up the stairs. He couldn't help but glance down at her swaying bum in a tight pair of jeans. As they neared the top of the stairs, she looked back over her shoulder and smirked knowingly. Harry just shrugged.

“You wore those on purpose, didn't you,” he said.

“Don't get a big head,” Connie said, stopping at the door.

“I'm taking that as a yes,” Harry said quietly.

Shaking her head with a smile, Connie opened the door. As she walked inside, Harry reached down and gave her bum a squeeze.

“Hey,” he said, waving and ignoring the playful glare Connie directed at him.

“Potter,” Moody growled with a nod.

“Not that it isn't good to see you again, Harry, but what are we here for?” Elizabeth asked.

Harry glanced over at the other two Aurors in the room, a young wizard with sandy colored hair and bright blue eyes, and a young witch with long black hair, pale green eyes, and an athletic build. He vaguely recognized them from the day the Giant attacked Hogsmeade.

"I guess I should do introductions first," Connie said. "Harry, this is Greyson Thomas and Jenna Franklin. They were in the same class I was at the Academy. Greyson, Jenna, this is Harry Potter."

"Nice to meet you," Harry said.

"Can we get to the point?" Moody grumbled.

"Right," Harry said. "So, for the last couple of months, Connie and I have been using the Taboo to capture Death Eaters."

"I suppose those are the ones that turned up in the Atrium trussed up like turkeys?" Moody smirked with a lopsided smirk.

"Yeah," Harry smiled. "Anyways, last week, Connie and I planted a listening charm on a Death Eater."

"How can you be sure it hasn't been found, and he's using it against you?" Moody asked.

"I can't," Harry admitted. "We should have a warning if something like that happens. The spell I used is very persistent and can't be detected with the normal spells."

"And only as long as he has the item on him," Moody said.

"Most people don't go around removing their teeth," Connie muttered.

"You charmed his tooth?" Jenna asked incredulously while Moody barked out a laugh.

"It works," Harry shrugged. "Yesterday, we found out Voldemort wants Philston Brown dead."

“Look,” Connie said. “We all know the Ministry isn’t doing enough to combat You-Know-Who. Harry wants to start hitting him and his Death Eaters, and I’ve offered to help, but we need more than just the two of us.”

“What, exactly, do you plan to do?” Moody asked, his eyes narrowing.

“I plan to go after Voldemort and his Death Eaters directly,” Harry said.

“You mean kill them?” Elizabeth asked.

“No,” Harry said. “First of all, that would bring the Ministry down on us hard. A lot of Death Eaters are well connected. Second, I don’t want them wasting resources trying to find me instead of Death Eaters. What I’m talking about is catching them in the act and turning them in, stopping their attacks, and stopping Voldemort for good.”

“You really think you can stand up to him?” Kingsley asked seriously.

“Yes,” Harry said.

Greyson and Jenna gave him incredulous looks.

“I know it sounds crazy, but I really think he can do it,” Connie said.

“You realize that if we do this, we’ll be breaking the law,” Greyson said.

“It’s worth it,” Connie said. “If someone doesn’t stop them, things are going to get a lot worse.”

“For what we’ve learned, it looks like Voldemort is getting ready for a big attack,” Harry said. “This war is going to really heat up soon, and I think it will happen this Summer.”

“So, what do we do with the Death Eaters we catch?” Elizabeth asked.

“Turn them into the Ministry for now,” Harry said. “I’m working on a plan for something else if that stops working, but it’ll take me time.”

“What do you mean if that stops working?” Greyson asked.

“If the Ministry doesn’t prosecute them, or they start escaping from Azkaban, we need an alternative,” Harry replied.

“Why wouldn’t the Ministry prosecute them?” Jenna asked.

“Politics,” Moody grunted. “I didn’t get to where I am by playing by the rules, lad. I’ll help, but if things start to get out of hand, I’ll give you one chance to fix it before I’m out.”

“Good,” Harry nodded. “I need someone to keep me in line.”

“Well, guess I’m in, too,” Greyson said.

“Me too,” Jenna said.

Kingsley and Elizabeth share a long look before turning to Harry and nodding at the same time.

“Thank you,” Harry said gratefully.

“So, what now?” Greyson asked.

“Now, we work out a schedule to guard Brown without being spotted,” Connie said.

“Yay,” Jenna said dully.

It only took a few minutes for them to work out a schedule for the week.

“Is this all we’re doing?” Jenna asked.

“For now,” Harry said. “We can do more once we have more information.”

“Well, that’s everything we had,” Connie said. “Thanks for coming, and thanks for helping. We should probably meet again after we get Brown to his Wizengamot meeting.”

“I’m free Thursday,” Greyson said.

“We’re going to my parent’s house on Thursday,” Elizabeth said. “Would Friday work?”

Harry felt a bit left out as everyone worked out a meeting for Friday night, but it couldn’t be helped. He couldn’t just leave school for the day to sit under a bush for half the day. One by one, everyone shook Harry’s hand before leaving him and Connie alone in the room.

“I think that went well,” Connie said.

“Yeah,” Harry sighed. “I just wish I could be more useful. I hate sitting around while other people are taking all the risk.”

“You can’t do everything on your own,” Connie told him. “And I’m sure you’ll be out there with the rest of us this Summer.”

“Definitely,” Harry said.

Smiling, Connie nudge his shoulder.

“Come on, we should go back downstairs before your girlfriends think I’m having my wicked way with you,” she said.

Snorting, Harry stood and followed her from the room. She left the pub shortly after he rejoined the girls at their table. They enjoyed a nice lunch before Bellatrix and Narcissa insisted on leaving him with Lily to do some shopping. Harry asked, but they refused to tell him what they were going to shop for.

Heading outside, Harry and Lily strolled through the village hand in hand. Soon, they ended up on the trail leading to the Shrieking Shack.

“So, this is where Remus goes?” Lily asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said.

“You know, I always thought it was funny people were so scared of a haunted house when we can actually see ghosts,” Lily said.

“I thought that too,” Harry smiled. “And in my time, no one had been in there for over a decade.”

“Well, no one ever accused magicals of being logical,” Lily grinned.

Harry chuckled and wrapped his arm around her shoulders. As Lily peeked through the boarded up windows, he noticed a flicker of movement out of the corner of his eye. Dropping his hand to his wand, Harry pushed just a bit of magic into his glasses. Immediately, he saw James following him under his cloak.

Sighing, he was just about to tell Lily when he noticed someone else. Snape was hidden amongst the tree line, alternately glaring at Harry and staring wistfully at Lily.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Harry muttered.

“What?” Lily asked.

“Don’t look, but we’re being watched,” Harry told her quietly.

“By who?” Lily asked, her eyes narrowing.

“James is behind us under his cloak, and Snape is in the tree line,” Harry said.

Looking over at Lily to see her reaction, he was quickly reminded that his glasses allowed him to still see through clothes.

“Those two are really starting to piss me off,” Lily said.

“Do you want to just go back to the three Broomsticks?” Harry asked.

“No,” Lily said, her lips quirking in a smirk. “I have a better idea. Can you put up a ward or something to make sure they can’t get any closer?”

Harry gave her a curious look but did as she asked, erecting a basic protective ward that stopped just a few feet short of James.

“Perfect,” Lily smirked.

Squatting down in the snow, she reached forward and fumbled with his belt buckle.

“Lily!” Harry exclaimed. “What are you doing?”

“Showing them that I’m taken,” she smirked.

Pulling him out of his pants, he shivered from the cold even as he began to harden in her hand. When a gust of wind whipped her hair around, Lily let go of him and put her hair up in a ponytail. The heat of her hand felt amazing in the freezing air.

“I can’t believe you’re doing this,” Harry said.

Lily gave him a playful smile, her bright green eyes sparkling as she leaned forward and licked his tip. Hissing, Harry’s hips bucked forward without conscious thought, causing his head to brush the side of her nose. Lily giggled, her hot breath washing over his cold skin, and took him between her lips.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

It was amazing how the temperature added an incredible new sensation. As Lily’s hot, wet mouth pulled back, his damp skin cooled in the air until she bobbed forward again. As she enveloped him, the warmth of her mouth heated up his cold skin.

Looking into her eyes, Harry could see how excited she was at doing something while two people were watching her, and anyone else could walk by at any time. Realizing that they might

be taking too much of a risk, Harry discretely put up a Privacy Charm, making sure to keep Snape and James inside of it. Both of them were watching in a jealous rage as Lily quite happily bobbed on his length, her rosy cheeks hollowing as she sucked.

Reaching down, Harry rested his hand on the back of her head. Lily stared up at him, a smile in her eyes as she pushed herself to take him deeper. As his tip reached the back of her throat, she gagged even as she pushed relentlessly forward. Eyes watering and saliva dripping from her lips, she eventually swallowed all of him, her nose pressed firmly against his groin.

“Fuck, Lily,” Harry breathed.

A squelch let her throat just before she pulled back quickly, coughing as she caught her breath. While she smiled up at Harry and kissed his tip, James pulled out his wand. Harry wasn't sure what spell he tried to use, but it splashed against the ward with a small flash of light.

“What was that?” Lily asked loudly.

“I'm pretty sure James tried to hex me,” Harry said just loud enough for her to hear.

With narrowed eyes, Lily turned back to his length and drove her mouth onto him. Setting a furious pace, sucking his cock like she was angry at it. Spit dripped from his shaft as she hit the back of her throat repeatedly, causing her eyes to water and redden. Loud gags and squelches left her mouth each time his head battered the back of her throat. Harry's hand gripped her ponytail and followed the frantic movement of her head.

“Lily, I'm close,” Harry warned.

Pulling back to the head and swirling her tongue around it, Lily stroked his shaft hard. With a groan, Harry flooded her mouth. Sucking hard, she ran her thumb up the underside of his length, forcing out every last drop.

“Merlin, Lily. That was brilliant,” Harry panted.

Lily let out a muffled giggle through her closed mouth. Opening wide, she showed him the pool of pearly white coving her tongue before closing her mouth and swallowing audibly.

“Are they still there?” she asked.

Looking around, Harry noticed that Snape had already left and James was just now sneaking away.

“Snape is gone, and James is leaving now,” he said.

“Good,” Lily said, tucking him back in his pants. “Maybe now they’ll leave us alone.”

“Has Snape been bothering you?” Harry asked suspiciously.

“No, he just keeps giving me these sad looks all the time, and it’s getting on my nerves,” Lily said. “I told him what he needed to do if he wanted to be friends again, and he just won’t do it.”

“Well, that’s his loss,” Harry smiled.

Helping Lily to her feet, he kissed her softly. Taking her hand in his, he took down his wards as they walked back towards the village.

“Where have you two been?” Narcissa asked when they met her outside Honeyduke’s.

“I’ll tell you later,” Lily smirked.

Narcissa lifted an eyebrow while Bellatrix smirked back knowingly.

“Do I get to know what this super secret shopping trip was all about now?” Harry asked.

“We just picked up a few outfits,” Bellatrix grinned. “We got some for you too, Lily.”

“Outfits?” Harry asked as Lily peeked into one of their bags excitedly.

When Harry tried to catch a glimpse, Narcissa closed the bag and slapped his shoulder.

“No peeking. You’ll get to see them soon,” she said.

Harry raised his hands in surrender.

“Come on, let’s get back to the castle,” Lily said. “It’s freezing.”

When Narcissa and Bellatrix agreed, Harry walked the girls over to the carriages.