

Testing Defenses

Chapter 1: Hermione's Visit

The touch of a young witch's fingertips caught Harry Potter by surprise.

“Shhhsh, Harry...it's just a bad dream...everything's going to be alright.”

“Hermione?” the young wizard asked. “What are you doing here?”

“Testing defenses.”

The black-haired teenager squinted in the dim moonlight, then reached for his glasses as he propped himself up in bed.

“What time is it?”

His guest glanced at the analog alarm clock propped on Dudley's old desk.

“Almost midnight.”

“Really?”

“You were having a nightmare, so I decided...”

“You could tell I was having a nightmare from your parent's house?”

“Well, not quite,” Hermione admitted, sitting on the side of the bed. She reached down into her bag and retrieved a bottle of water.

“Something to drink?”

Harry nodded as he reached to turn on the desk lamp. When he turned back to grab the water bottle he was startled by his first good look at what Hermione was wearing.

“Erm...thanks,” he stammered, his mind suddenly focused on something other than quenching his thirst.

Hermione followed Harry's line of sight down towards her thin spaghetti-strapped camisole.

“Looking at my scar?” she asked, with a tinge of amusement in her voice.

The Boy-Who-Saw-Breasts jerked his gaze back to Hermione's eyes and flushed red with embarrassment. He glanced back down just long enough to realize that there was indeed a long white scar line that started at her left collarbone and disappeared into the hint of cleavage peeking out of the skimpy garment.

“Erm...yeah, the scar,” he said. “Does it still hurt?”

Hermione shook her head. “No pain at all today...I just have some scar minimizing salve to apply for another week or so.”

Harry nodded, his mind thrown back to the subject of his nightmares.

“I'm so sorry...”

“Don't be...I could have changed shirts before I slipped out of the house.”

“No...I mean about you getting hurt.”

As Harry's voice broke Hermione reached out and pulled him into a tight embrace. “Sshhh, Harry, it's okay...I'm alive....really....”

“But...what if the next time...”

“The next time I'll duck.”

Hermione pulled back from the hug and smiled.

“And in between what happened and what's going to happen, you and I and the others....we need to work hard and play hard.”

“What?”

“Work hard and play hard,” she repeated.

Harry furrowed his eyebrows, prompting his friend to elaborate.

“You know, when I was laid up in the Infirmary, and thinking about what had happened, I realized that...well, I realized that I didn't want to die before I had lived.”

"What's that mean?"

An enigmatic smile crept onto Hermione's face as she placed a fingertip on Harry's lips, then dragged it down his chin, then neck, then bare chest. "There's more to life than books and cleverness...like friends, and benefits, and...Harry?"

The teen-aged wizard looked up and immediately felt guilty...he'd been distracted by a pair of hardening nipples.

"Sorry."

Hermione's smile masked the cheer that was ringing out in her head. She oh-so-slowly covered her chest with an arm, and replied, "No, I'm sorry, Harry, I guess the cami was distracting you."

"No need to apologize."

"So it doesn't matter what I wear around you?"

"Erm, no...I mean yes....I mean...you should be comfortable, especially now that it's summer and you don't need to hide those...I mean...now that you don't need to wear a school uniform."

Trying to change the subject, he asked, "So how did you get out of your house...and find this one...and get past whoever is on guard duty tonight?"

"I could hear Dung snoring from half-way down the block," Hermione replied. "As for finding your street address, well...yesterday afternoon I asked Mum and Dad to follow your uncle here from King's Cross."

"Why?"

"Well, I was a little worried about that shade of puce your uncle was sporting after Mad-Eye and the others had words with him. Did you know that we only live about twelve miles apart as the broom flies?"

"No, I didn't." Craning his neck towards the darkened window, the teen-aged wizard then asked, "So... twelve miles...where did you get a broomstick?"

Hermione laughed. "Harry, I'd do almost *anything* for you," she cooed, dragging a finger up his linen-covered thigh. "But flying solo on a broomstick?" She shook her head and then explained that her parents had purchased a motorized scooter for her to use over hols.

"And your parents?"

"I put a mild Muggle-repelling charm on my bedroom door. Put one on yours as well."

"You did what?" Harry asked.

Shrugging her shoulders, Hermione replied, "Did I ever tell you that I've been doing some part-time consulting with Fred and George? I stopped by their place today and picked up a bag of goodies that included a pad of charmed Post-its. Each Muggle-repelling note is reusable."

"That's rather creative...not to mention sneaky. What happened to my best friend the prefect?"

"I blame it all on your corrupting influences, Mr. Potter...that, and my acceptance of the fact that many things can be justified in the name of the greater good."

"Greater good?" asked Harry. "Hmmm...not that I'm complaining about your company, but how are you rationalizing that line of reasoning?"

"Simple," Hermione replied. "I told Professor Dumbledore that you shouldn't be kept isolated this summer, and expressed concern about the level of protection provided here on Privet Drive."

"And..."

"And he said that you needed some time alone, and that this was the safest place in the world for you right now."

"And..."

"And I respectfully disagreed," stated Hermione. "Then he said that we couldn't write to you, just like last year, and you remember how well that worked out, right?"

Harry nodded.

"The Headmaster was talking about owls being tracked, so I suggested that the Order members that are guarding you could pass letters back and forth for us."

"What did he say to that?"

"That the Order has orders not to approach you or your relatives for fear that they'd incite your Aunt and Uncle."

"Well, a bit late for that," Harry grunted. "They might have meant well, but like you said, Uncle Vernon was furious when Mad-Eye and the others tried to intimidate him at King's Cross."

"Are you okay?" Hermione asked. "He seemed to have it under control, at least from the car to your front door."

Harry shook his head. "He's well practiced on keeping up appearances within sight of the neighbors. Once the door was closed he locked my trunk up under the stairs and sent me straight up here to my room...I've had no food since and only been let out once to use the loo."

Hermione nodded sympathetically as she reached back into her bag and pulled out a Styrofoam container and a piece of crockery. "I was afraid of that, so I brought you some of mum's curry, a bit of fruit, and a magical chamber pot."

"A magical chamber pot? Where did you find that?"

"A second-hand shop in the Alley."

"You bought me a *used* chamber pot?"

"Well...you could always think of it as 'refurbished'," Hermione said playfully. "Consider it an early birthday present."

"Thanks, just what I always wanted."

"You're welcome, Harry...so where was I? Oh yes, when I asked why you had to come back to this house in the first place the Headmaster gave me the standard reply about your mum's protection needing to be recharged, and the strength of the wards around the house. He wasn't too happy when I then asked why guards were needed if the wards were that strong."

"Let me guess...the guards are here to keep me inside more than to keep the bad guys outside."

"Right in one, I'm afraid," agreed Hermione. "But that didn't stop me from insisting that there was wisdom in the phrase 'Trust, but verify'."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that it's not enough to trust that the wards will keep you safe...we need to verify that fact. It was hard to refute that logic, so the Headmaster and I reached an agreement."

"You two reached an agreement about my staying here?" asked Harry. "And where was I during all this?"

"Erm...holed up in your dormitory room, I'm afraid," Hermione said. "Look, Harry, I know I should have asked you before, but...I guess I didn't want to get your hopes up about getting any visitors this summer in case I wasn't able to break through the wards."

Harry nodded, finding it hard to get too mad at his best friend. "So...about this agreement?"

Hermione reached back into her bag (which Harry thought must have had a charmed interior, given its size) and pulled out that morning's edition of *The Daily Prophet* and a small magical camera.

"Professor Dumbledore said that if I could discover your location, sneak past the wards and Order guards, enter your room, and lay hands on you that he'd consider moving you away from your Aunt and Uncle's."

Harry thought that this was the best news that he'd heard since Madame Pomfrey told him that Hermione would make a full recovery from Dolohov's curse, but tried to temper his enthusiasm.

"He only promised to consider it?"

Hermione shrugged. "I said that it was a compromise," she explained.

"So what's with the newspaper and camera?"

"Documentation...I'll give Dumbledore a picture of you and me holding up today's newspaper as a kind of date stamp."

"Date stamp?"

"That's right," said Hermione. "Of course, since I've already read it, once the picture is taken I might as well leave it behind, right?"

Harry glanced at the lead story on the newspaper's front page and smiled.

"You are a crafty one, Hermione Granger," he said with admiration. "Except for one detail."

"What's that?"

"Need someone to snap the picture."

Hermione smiled as she set the camera on Harry's desk and aimed it back towards him.

"Delayed exposure button," she explained.

Harry's eyes went wide, not so much from the response, but from the view provided down Hermione's night shirt as she leaned over to look into the camera's viewfinder. The scar tracked straight through the valley in between her breasts, which were swaying rather freely.

“Harry,” snarked Hermione, “I’m supposed to be the one checking out the view right now.”

“Oh, erm...sorry...spotted the scar, and that got me thinking, and worrying....”

“And wondering if I need help applying that salve?” asked Hermione with a smile. “Well, I think those bright red cheeks will look lovely in the picture.”

Before Harry could reply she set the camera timer and dashed back to the bed. One hand wrapped around his waist as the other held the newspaper’s front page in front of them.

“Smile, now.”

“Well that’s an easy enough request,” Harry replied, as he wrapped an arm around Hermione’s shoulder.

Once the camera flashed she dropped the newspaper down onto the bed. Neither dropped the arm that was wrapped around the other.

“So...”

“So, it’s late and you should be getting back,” replied Harry.

“Eager to kick me out, after all the effort I made to get here?”

“No, of course not. It’s just that....so how did you get inside my room, anyway?”

Hermione stretched her legs so that she could snake her hand into the front pocket of her tight black jeans. After a bit of squirming (of which no small portion involved physical contact with Harry’s side), she produced a small pocket knife.

“Another slightly-used birthday present,” she explained, placing the object in Harry’s hand. “I know it can’t replace the one that Sirius gave you, but it works just as well when it comes to picking locks.”

A surge of emotion welled up inside Harry as Hermione’s comments forced him to think again of Sirius’s death and the disastrous night inside the Department of Mysteries. He turned the small red object over in his hand, only to discover that it was engraved:

Harry - My door is always open for you - Hermione

What Harry thought was, “Does that mean what I think it means?”

What Harry said was, “Oh, Hermione, you really didn’t need to...”

“Of course I did,” Hermione replied. “It was either that or personalize the chamber pot.”

Harry shook his head in disbelief. “So you picked the front door lock?”

“I thought that I’d have to pick the lock to your bedroom door as well, but for some reason all of the locks were on the other side of the door.”

“Yes, well, doesn’t matter so much this summer...I don’t really care to see my relatives either.”

“What do you mean, ‘this summer’? They’ve locked you in before?”

Harry nodded, then reached back around Hermione’s waist to keep her from jumping off of the bed to hex his Aunt and Uncle.

“Please don’t,” he asked. “That’d only get the underage owls flying.”

After a loud and deep sigh, Hermione nodded, and pulled Harry into a hug.

“Oh...I never realized just how horrible they were to you...just how horrible of a friend am I?”

“Sshhh, stop that,” Harry said. “You’re my best friend, and you’re here now making things so much better than I have a right to expect.”

“I’ll have none of that wallowing self-pity,” said Hermione. She then saw Harry’s failed attempt to stifle a yawn and suddenly lost the nerve to do more than drop hints about the benefits that could come with friendship.

She then asked, “Why don’t you lay down and go back to sleep?”

“And be even poorer company that I am presently? No thanks, I’ll wait until you leave.”

Hermione snorted. “Well that might be a while, Harry, because I’ve got a book to read and plans to make sure those nightmares don’t get the better of you tonight.”

“You mean you want to spend the night?”

Shrugging her shoulders again, Hermione replied, “I can always sleep during the day when my parents are at work.”

“I don’t know...I wouldn’t want you to get into trouble on account of me.”

No worries, Harry, I've had lots of experience ducking trouble on your account...now sleep." To emphasize her command, Hermione stood, pushed Harry's shoulders down to the mattress, took his glasses from his face, and pulled his thin blanket up over him.

"Don't know if I can fall asleep with you in the room."

Hermione smiled as she leaned over to kiss Harry's forehead.

"Well you're going to have to try, Mister, because I'm going to need to use that chamber pot sometime soon and I'd rather you be asleep at the time."

Harry laughed quietly. "That comment's not going to help, you know."

"Now be a good boy, Harry, and I'll let you play doctor in the morning."

"That comment is definitely not going to help me sleep."

As she took out her book and sat on Harry's desk chair, Hermione quipped, "But will it give you something nice to dream about?"

"Most definitely."

Hermione smiled as she leaned over and kissed Harry's forehead. "Then the comment has done its job. Good night, Harry."

"Good night, Hermione."

oo000000oo

When Harry woke the next morning he felt better rested than he had for days. Remembering the pleasant dreams that he'd experienced, he wondered just how much they had been influenced by Hermione's presence (not to mention her body, which was presently spooned tightly against his back). But he didn't wonder too long, as there was a much more pressing issue to address - how to extricate himself from her grasp without revealing his morning condition (and its tenting effect).

She murmured a sleepy protest and snuggled more tightly when Harry tried to slip out of her grasp. He then tried some self-distraction with thoughts of Umbridge and Neville's socks, only to determine that his physiological response had more to do with a full bladder than female company. As a last resort he turned over onto his stomach and whispered a morning greeting.

"Hermione? You need to wake up, it's almost dawn."

"Too tired," she replied weakly. "Need sleep."

"Hermione...do you realize that you're sharing a bed with me?"

"Uh - huh," she said with the curl of a grin.

Harry paused, wondering just what to do next. He went with something safe.

"Erm...what happened last night?"

"Another bad dream," Hermione replied, as she propped herself up on an elbow and adjusted her camisole (which was twisted, but still concealing). "You started into another nightmare soon after you fell asleep, and the only thing that seemed to help was when I held you, and I was only going to do that until you calmed down, but then I must have fallen asleep, and...."

"Thanks, Hermione...it worked like magic."

"Well I am a witch, you know."

Harry nodded. "You are a good friend, too...too good."

"Stop!" interrupted Hermione. "Had enough of that wallowing last night."

"Alright," said Harry. "So, you really should get going, before my relatives wake up."

"Okay...will you check if Dung is still out there dead to the world? He was propped up inside the hedge out front."

"Erm, sure, no problem...except, I'll need you to turn around and close your eyes."

"What for?"

"Because, well... I need to test drive that magical chamber pot, and it shows."

"It shows?" asked Hermione. "What do you mean?"

Harry sighed. "My body, Hermione...in the morning...a full bladder..."

"Oh, I see...of course..." the teen-ager stammered, as her neck and cheeks flushed red. Despite her obvious embarrassment, Harry noticed a thin

smile on Hermione's lips as she closed her eyes and turned away from the bed. He quickly did his business, thankful that the magical chamber pot had a built-in silencing charm.

"There's a wizard wipe on the top of the bookshelf, if you need it," Hermione noted, with eyes still shut.

"Thanks."

"Can I open my eyes yet?"

"Almost."

"Guess you have to develop a large bladder when you only get to go once a day."

"No, it's not that...just waiting for...well, you know..."

"Oh, right. So does it take long to...erm, deflate?"

Harry chuckled, despite himself. "Deflate?" he asked. "It's not a balloon, you know."

"Well, what verb should I be using then?"

"Erm...soften usually works."

"Right....still softening, then?"

"Hermione, the less we talk about the process, the faster it will go."

"Nice to know that I have that kind of effect on you, Mr. Potter."

Harry's eyebrows lifted up into his hairline.

"Would you really want to know if you did?" he asked. But as if he were afraid to get an answer to his own question, he quickly added, "You can turn around now."

Hermione turned to find Harry holding out his invisibility cloak.

"Here, this should help if you need to take a turn."

She shook her head as she stepped over to her bag, reached in, and retrieved a small wide-mouth jar.

"I need to put something else on first."

"Erm...what's that?"

"Scar diminishing salve...I promised that you could help, remember?"

Harry's eyes went wide.

"Erm....are you sure that you want me to...."

Hermione nodded as she slipped the spaghetti straps of her camisole off of her shoulders.

"Harry, this scar...Madame Pomfrey said that it will never completely go away."

"Oh, Hermione...if there's anything I could do."

The young witch nodded as she handed the jar of salve to Harry. "There is, actually." She then pulled her top down to her waist, exposing both her scar and her breasts.

"Make my boo-boo feel better."

Harry gulped, too shocked to do anything other than comply. With a dollop of healing goop on the tip of two fingers he stepped forward, reached out, and touched his friend's collar bone.

They both shivered at the sensation.

"It doesn't hurt," Hermione noted, as she slipped the camisole down over her hips and stepped out of it. "Don't be afraid to rub it into my skin."

Harry nodded, keeping his eyes tightly focussed on his fingers and not the bare-breasted witch whose thumbs were now hooked in the belt loops of her black jeans. As he made his way down her chest, he couldn't help but touch the sides of Hermione's lemon-sized breasts...just the right size to cup in his hand...and couldn't help blushing.

"So, is it ugly, Harry?"

Erm wha?...no, they're beautiful."

"I was talking about the scar."

"It's beautiful too."

"Harry?"

"Oh, well, not as beautiful as your...as the rest of you, of course, but..."

Hermione reached up and cradled a breast in each hand. She jiggled them a bit, as if gauging their weight, then lazily drew each index finger up and over her perky nipples.

"So...do you really think I have beautiful breasts?"

Harry stammered out a "Yes."

"Compared to what?"

"Sorry?"

"I just wondered if you'd ever seen another uncovered pair...you know, to serve as a baseline for your evaluation."

Harry hemmed and hawed. "You already know the answer."

"I do?"

"Hermione...I told you about Cho...and the kiss...you know that's the sum total of my experience with witches."

Harry's fingers had just reached her hipbone, and the edge of her scar.

"Ummm...all done I guess."

Hermione nodded. "Thanks, for the magic fingers."

"No worries, always have a few to spare...I am a wizard, you know."

Harry grinned at his own joke as he turned his back to Hermione, scraped the residual salve from his fingertips, and capped the jar. He had expected Hermione to pull her shirt up in the interim, so he was rather surprised when he turned back around and found her still half-naked, with one finger tracing her scar and two eyes staring at him intently.

"Harry?"

"Yes, Hermione?"

"When I told you about Viktor, and that one kiss...that's the sum total of my experience with wizards."

"Would the sum be any greater if you added witches?"

Hermione snorted. "In your dreams, Potter."

"What if I said that you'd be right?"

"I'd say that you were a typically horny teen-aged boy, and that there was hope for you yet."

Harry chuckled.

"Are we flirting, Hermione?"

"What do you think?"

"Can't really say...not a lot of other banter to compare it to. What do you think?"

"I think I'm in the same boat with you."

Harry nodded. She still hadn't made a move to cover herself, and he was quite certain that he'd never be able to think of his best friend without this indelible image coming to mind. He was a little less certain, but still optimistic, that her lack of action was intentional.

"I couldn't think of a place I'd rather be."

Hermione smiled, and took a step forward. Reaching out to grab his arm, she said, "So you and me, alone in a boat..."

Harry smirked. "You said we were in the same boat...didn't say anything about us being alone."

"What, would you like to have spectators?"

“Would we be doing anything in this boat that we wouldn't want them to see?”

“Hmmm,” said Hermione, mulling it over. “I imagine that would depend on how well we know them, or if you have an exhibitionist streak in you.”

“Me? An exhibitionist?” asked Harry. “I'm not the one showing off my lovely bits right now.”

“Is that a complaint?”

“Not at all.”

“Good,” Hermione decided, as she pulled Harry's bare chest onto hers and hugged tight. She leaned her head up just as his head was leaning down, and they met half-way in a kiss that wasn't at all soggy.

Harry was trying to obliviate-proof and archive this memory when he heard banging on his door.

“Boy! Get your arse out of bed and start the bacon!”

He broke the embrace and dashed for the invisibility cloak. Hermione realized why when the sound of lock mechanisms came from the door. She took the cloak from Harry and disappeared just as the door banged open.

Vernon snarled. “You got thirty seconds to use the loo.”

“Yes, Uncle Vernon,” he said dolefully.

As Harry made his way towards the door, he felt an invisible hand squeeze his bum. He assumed that it was Hermione's way of silently saying good bye. That, or she was trying to cop a feel.

But Harry didn't have the luxury of pondering the issue, as he was rather busy trying desperately to keep a goofy grin off of his face.

Testing Defenses

Chapter 2: Luna's Visit

The lack of drama, either inside the house or outside, led Harry to assume that Hermione had made a clean getaway.

As he made his way down to the kitchen and started breakfast, Harry replayed Hermione's visit in his head. Her actions had been so out of character, and yet, given the Hospital Wing epiphany she described, perhaps not. And then there were her breasts, and their embrace, and the kiss...just how far would they have gone had his uncle not interrupted them? How far would he have wanted them to go? And should he feel guilty about thinking that the whole scene was bloody brilliant?

Harry had plenty of time to consider those questions, as his Aunt had him spend the entire day working in the garden. Unfortunately, he didn't reach any answers. He might have blamed this on an anticipated liberation, but only a small portion of his brain was tied up wondering if Hermione's proof of the ward breaching would satisfy Dumbledore...Harry had grown accustomed to the Headmaster's single-mindedness when it came to his so-called safety.

Lunch consisted of a glass of tap water and the two heels of a stale loaf of bread. Dinner was more of the same, which was why Harry didn't feel bad at all that he had secretly stuck one of Hermione's Muggle-repelling Post-it notes onto the refrigerator door while he was preparing dinner.

"What do you think is so funny, freak?" his uncle demanded, as he pushed Harry up the stairs after he had done the dishes.

"Oh, nothing," he replied slyly, thinking that Dudley was going to be dieting whether he realized it or not.

"Can I use the loo before I turn in?"

Vernon scowled. "Be quick about it, boy."

Harry was indeed quick about it, only taking the time necessary to stick another Post-it on top of the toilet seat. He palmed a third Post-it and pressed it against the handle of his bedroom door as he passed by it. A wide grin broke out on his face when his Uncle reached down for the door handle, was hit by the full effect of the Muggle repellent, and started to mutter about drill orders as he walked away. Harry needed to bite the inside of his cheeks as he closed the door, then dove for his bed (where he could laugh loudly into his pillow).

After a while, the teen-aged wizard decided that it would be good form for Hermione to find him studying (if and when she were to arrive for another visit). He therefore spent the evening reviewing the Advanced Transfiguration text that she had semi-intentionally left behind. By half ten, Harry found himself doing more head nodding than reading. Giving up on the hope that he'd have company, he threw on a pair of pajama bottoms and went to bed, leaving the window open just in case.

A few hours later, the sight of a disembodied head caught him by surprise.

"Whaa?"

"Shhhsh, Harry...It's just a bad dream...everything's going to be alright."

"Luna?" the young wizard asked. "What are you doing here?"

"Testing defenses."

"Where's the rest of you?" Harry asked, as he reached for his glasses.

"Oh, sorry," Luna replied. She pulled Harry's invisibility cloak off and draped it over his desk chair. When Harry put his glasses on and turned back towards her he swallowed hard...even in the low light he could tell that the nightgown Luna was wearing was almost as invisible as his cloak.

"But...aren't you supposed to be hunting snorkacks in Sweden with your father?"

"We're not leaving until next week...right after this month's *Quibbler* goes to press."

"Oh," said Harry. He turned his desk lamp on, and asked, "So, it's great to see you, but...why?"

"Hermione stopped by the newspaper's office today and asked me to spend the night with you."

"She....she did?"

Luna nodded solemnly. "She tried to pass it off as an opportunity to monitor nargle levels in Suburban London, but it was obvious that she wanted you to have a pair of dream catchers to snuggle against while you slept tonight."

"Dream catchers?"

Luna grabbed her breasts with both hands and replied, "Yeah, dream catchers...you know...breasts...bosoms...mammaries...titties..."

"I get the idea, Luna."

"Good," the young witch replied, not bothering to move her hands now that the point had been made. As she began to idly caress her nipples

through the thin fabric, Luna added, "She also wanted pictures of you and me with a newspaper, for some reason. Did you know that Hermione was that kinky, Harry?"

"Pictures? Kinky?"

"Yes, it was strange...I told her that as far as I was concerned that she could watch in person, and reminded her that four dream catchers always work better than two, but then she went on with this cock and bull story about needing to prove that your protective wards weren't all that safe...you really should help your best friend accept her voyeuristic needs, Harry, even if they are a little pervy."

"Erm, Luna....are you sure that she didn't want the picture just to prove to Dumbledore that you were here?"

"Well, of course that was what she *said* , but when a girl asks another girl to sleep with her shag-buddy, you just have to look past appearances, right?"

Harry shut his eyes tightly as he tried to process the situation. After a moment, he said, "Luna, Hermione's not my shag-buddy...and did she happen to give you a letter, or something?"

"Oh, yes, she did," Luna replied brightly, as she leaned down to retrieve an envelope from her bag.

Dear Harry,
As you've probably guessed, my successful visit wasn't enough to sway Dumbledore's opinion about your safety. He claimed that Death Eaters don't use cars and scooters to travel about England, and that it wasn't a fair test because I'm a Muggleborn. Finally, he said it was a moot point, because you and your Uncle wouldn't be out and about any time soon for Death Eaters to follow like I did. How nice.
Dumbledore threatened to tell my parents and take away my prefect badge if I tried to visit you again on Privet Drive. Not that I care about that badge any more, particularly if it means keeping you safe...but now I'm pretty sure that I've got an Order member trailing me, so I doubt that I'd be able to visit anyway.
Harry, you really need to keep eating, and get some quality nights of sleep. And I need to prove to Dumbledore that you're not safe enough at your Aunt and Uncle's. So, as much as I wish that I could deliver this letter myself, I've asked Luna for her help. Since she's a Pureblood witch, Dumbledore's Muggleborn excuse won't hold water if she can sneak into your bedroom.
Forgive me, Harry, but I told her about your nightmares, and that it seemed to help when I lay in bed with you and held you close. If she decides to do the same...well, would it be wrong for me to say that I'll be just a little jealous? I keep thinking about you and me alone in a boat, with sunscreen instead of salve, and the need for you to rub much more than just my scar.
Love,
Hermione

Harry went through the letter twice, just to make sure he read what he thought he had read. By the time he lifted his eyes from the page Luna had erected a telephone booth-sized canvas tent in the middle of his bedroom.

"What's that?"

"Magical Port-a-loo," the young witch replied. "Hermione mentioned something about your aim being off with the chamber pot."

"She did, did she?"

Luna nodded hard enough for her radish earrings to sway back and forth. "I said that I'd be happy to help point your wand, but she didn't like that idea so much."

"I see....where did you get it?"

"Oh, Daddy and I were planning on taking it with us on our expedition, but then I read that the urine of a virginal witch is an effective perimeter defense against nocturnal Greezie attacks, so instead of using the loo I'll be marking our camp boundaries."

"Really?"

Luna looked at Harry strangely. "You aren't doubting me, are you Harry?"

The young wizard smiled, and let out a chuckle. "Never, Luna."

"Good," she replied, as she pulled the door flap away from the tent. "There's also a mini cool box inside with some food and drink," Luna added. "It's right next to the hot tub, if you wanted to snack and soak at the same time."

"Hot tub?"

"So they claimed," Luna replied. "Although it looks more like a lukewarm tub to me...want to join me in testing the waters?"

"Erm, no thanks....maybe later."

"Poo...so I suppose, then, we should take a few candid photos for Hermione?"

"Candid's?" asked Harry. "Oh, you mean photos of you and me and today's paper?"

Luna nodded as she set up the magical camera.

"Lean back, will you? I can't see your erection from this angle."

Harry quickly covered his lap with a bedsheet, and insisted that such a view wasn't necessary. He also made sure to hold the newspaper in front of the reason for his arousal...Luna's diaphanous nightgown. The resulting photographs showed the young witch's disappointment quite clearly.

"Right, then," said Luna, as she pushed a hand down onto Harry's bed. "Well...your mattress is just as lumpy as Hermione said it would be."

"It's Dudley's old one," he explained. "Seen more than its share of weight over the years...and Merlin knows what else."

Luna giggled as she reached into her bag and retrieved a small blue ball. "Well, it's a good thing I've got a replacement, then...up you go, Harry."

When the young wizard got up off the bed, Luna tossed the ball onto the bed. As soon as it hit the surface it burst into a thick liquid that spread out in all directions and quickly solidified.

"Shall we give it a test, then?" she asked Luna, pulling her friend down onto the mattress.

When Harry hit the bed he was amazed to discover that he was now lying on silk sheets spread over a new mattress with just the right give to it.

"This is amazing," he said. "Although...they seem a little cold to the touch."

"No worries...with the body heat we'll be sharing the temperature should be just right."

"Really?"

"Oh course, Harry," Luna replied, as she snuggled up to Harry and pulled him into a hug. "Time for 'Left' and 'Right' to go to work."

"Left and Right?"

"Would you rather name them?" Luna asked, as she brushed her thinly-covered nipples back and forth across Harry's bare back.

"Erm, no...'Left' and 'Right' are fine," he stammered. "Luna, you don't need to do this, really."

"I know," she replied, as she spooned up behind the boy and lifted the covers over the both of them.

Harry then felt a hand slip past the elastic waistband of his pajamas and grab hold of his penis.

"Luna?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"Why are you groping me?"

"Because I left my stuffed hippogriff at home."

Harry considered his situation, then gave a mental shrug.

"Good enough for me."

"I was thinking the same thing," Luna replied.

Harry waited a few heartbeats to see if the blonde witch had any more surprises hidden up her nightgown, but she seem quite content to leave things where they stood.

After a minute, he asked, "Luna?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"Thanks for everything."

"You're quite welcome."

Harry tried to fall back asleep, but he had never tried to accomplish that task with someone else in bed with him. Let alone fall asleep while an attractive girl had her hand in his pants. So after a while, he thought to ask the young witch how she managed to find him.

"Oh, that was easy," Luna replied. "When Hermione visited me at Daddy's office in Diagon Alley, she asked him to place a tracking charm on one of our delivery owls. Then we sent it out with a complementary back issue of the *Quibbler*."

"That worked?" asked Harry. "Wow, I figured Dumbledore was keeping owls away from me this summer."

"I'm sure he is," replied Luna. "That's why I suggested that we send the trial subscription to your cousin."

Harry paused for a moment before breaking out into a grin. "You belong in Ravenclaw, you know."

"So the Sorting Hat said."

"Funny thing, though...I didn't hear two words about a visiting owl today."

"That's because he hasn't made the delivery yet."

"How's that?"

"I don't know...there might be a separate ward beside the one that's diverting your mail. The owl that I tracked is sitting in a tree across the street...probably waiting for your cousin to leave the house."

"Oh...so how did you follow the owl?"

"Patsy gave me a ride."

"Patsy?"

"Patsy...the thestral that I rode to the Ministry," Luna explained. "Followed me home from Hogwarts...I think she's adopted me."

"Really?" asked Harry. "That's great...so is Patsy outside then?"

"She's nearby," Luna replied. "Once she dropped me off on your window ledge she doubled back down the street to munch on some road kill."

Harry's thoughts juggled between the image of an invisible carrion-eating beast, and Luna's right hand. Being a teen-aged boy with normal hormone levels, the latter did a better job of holding Harry's attention.

"So Luna, I don't want to sound like I don't appreciate what you're doing, but I think you and I could become close friends, and I wouldn't want to jeopardize that opportunity by leading you on, or taking advantage of the situa...."

"Sshhhh...The only thing wrong with this situation is that you're not asleep yet...close your eyes, and if you want we can talk in the morning, okay?"

Feeling more safe and secure than sexually stimulated, Harry let out a yawn, nodded, and closed his eyes.

"Good night, Luna."

"Good night, Harry."

When Harry woke up after a refreshing night of sleep, he quickly realized that he was no longer facing the wall, and that he was alone and cold. The sound of laughter and splashing water gave him a good idea on where that warmth had gone. Harry swung his legs off the bed and covered the short distance to the tent with a few steps. He grabbed the tent flap, and cracked it open just enough to whisper into it.

"Luna?"

"Good morning, Harry," the young witch called out.

"What are you doing?"

"Testing the waters," replied Luna. "Turns out it really is a hot tub...come on in."

"No that's alright..."

"Really, it's alright...I'm decent."

"Erm...okay, just a moment."

Harry stepped away from the tent flaps and made use of his chamber pot. After washing up and checking his attire, he stepped inside the Port-a-loo.

The magical tent had proportions that seemed right given its small size in real space...it was a single room, about ten feet square. Dim candle light was casting shadows over the room, a small waterfall was pouring water into an oversized tub, and Left and Right were bouncing freely on the water's frothy surface.

"Luna?" asked Harry, averting his eyes.

"Yes, Harry?"

"I thought you said that you were decent."

"Are you accusing me of being indecent?"

"Erm, no, it's just that...you aren't wearing any clothes, and..."

I most certainly am," Luna replied. And before Harry could argue the point she stood up and twirled in place, giving Harry a front and back view of the sheer white knickers that were pasted onto her body.

"Erm, okay, so I believe you...you can sit down, Luna."

"Good," Luna replied, as she sank back into the water. "Left and Right were getting cold."

"Yeah, I could see that," Harry muttered.

"What, Harry?"

"Nothing."

"Oh...so are you going to join me?"

"Erm, no..that's alright..."

"Because I didn't want to say anything, but you are sporting a rather manly, musky scent...so chock full of pheromones, that I don't know how much longer I'll be able to resist playing with Center unless you bathe."

"Center?" asked Harry.

"Sure," Luna replied sweetly. "You know, there's Left, there's Right, and farther down there's Center."

By the time Harry realized what Luna was intimating, he also realized that his lower head was two steps ahead of his upper head (and showing that fact). He panicked and jumped into the water. Luna's reaction was to giggle and reach down towards the waistline of Harry's pajama bottoms.

"You know, it's easier to wash your clothes when you're not wearing them."

"Erm, thanks for the advice," Harry replied, as he pulled his knees up to protect his reaction.

"Look, Luna..."

"Sshhh, relax, Harry," the young witch replied, as she reached for a bar of soap. "It's not like my hand and your Center haven't met before...stay still, and he'll be clean no time."

"What?"

"Unless, of course, you want me to take my time rubbing your Center."

"Luna?" asked Harry, as he placed a protective arm over his lap. "I don't want to sound unappreciative, because your visit has been brilliant, and I slept really well last night, but..."

"Yes, Harry?"

"Well, when I woke up this morning, it looked like I might have been holding you, rather than the other way around, and I just wanted to make sure that I didn't touch you anywhere that I shouldn't have."

"Oh, Harry," Luna replied with a laugh. "You were a perfect gentleman last night. Your hand was too attached to Left and Right to even think of heading south...and you didn't start to poke me until your prostate started to complain to your bladder."

"What? Oh...sorry about that...it isn't something I can control in the morning...it wasn't because of you."

Luna frowned. "Are you saying that I'm not attractive, Harry?"

"Merlin, no," Harry replied.

"Good," Luna replied. "Because I was thinking that you could use another friend with benefits."

"Another what?"

"Friend with benefits, Harry," Luna explained patiently. "You know, shag-buddies?"

"Erm, can't say I heard the term before...except you were calling Hermione my shag-buddy, weren't you?"

"You mean that she isn't?"

"No, of course not."

"That's too bad," Luna decided. "So would you like to have a friend with benefits, Harry?"

Harry paused. "Exactly what kind of benefits are we talking about here?"

"Guilt-free sex without expectations of exclusivity or long-term commitment."

“Wow...that’s a mouthful.”

“Yes,” agreed Luna, “getting a mouthful can be one of those benefits, even if you don’t swallow.”

Harry snorted. “So, you asked if I wanted a friend with benefits....is that with Hermione or with you?”

“Either or both, one-at-a-time or in a three-way...it doesn’t matter,” Luna replied. “Harry, I can’t clean your Center if your arm is covering it.”

“Erm, Luna...that’s not my arm.”

“Lucky me, then,” she decided, and with a splash jumped into Harry’s lap.

“Ooof!” Harry winced. “Luna, you just...might be broken....”

“Oh, I’m sorry...did I give you a boo-boo?”

“Erm...”

“Shall I kiss it and make it better?”

“No, that’s okay, Luna.”

“Poo.”

There was a lull in the conversation, and then Harry asked, “Luna, would you really want to be a friend with benefits?”

“That depends,” said Luna. “Are you speaking just for you, or for Hermione as well?”

“Erm...just me.”

“Because the answer is yes either way.”

“Really?”

“Of course,” Luna replied. “You are my friend, aren’t you Harry?”

“Sure.”

“And do you have an exclusive sexual relationship with someone else?”

“No.”

“And do you enjoy benefits?”

“Erm...guess I can say that I enjoy the prospect of certain benefits with certain people.”

“And would I be one of those certain people?”

Harry considered the question as the near naked witch squirmed in his lap and gave him puppy-dog eyes.

“Well, I’d say yes, except...didn’t you say something about needing virgin pee on your trip?”

“Yes.”

“Well...wouldn’t me being your friend with benefits make that difficult?”

Luna looked at him strangely. “Harry, has anyone ever given you the ‘Talk’?”

The answer was officially no, but he lied....there was no way in hell that Harry was going to let Luna know that fact.

Thinking that he might need to make a preemptive strike, Harry said, “Luna, you are my friend, and a beautiful witch, and the offer to be my shag-buddy sounds brilliant, except....”

“Except what, Harry?”

“Well, to be honest, I’m not very...experienced, when it comes to that sort of thing...”

Luna’s eyes lit up.

“Harry?”

“Yes, Luna?”

“Would you like to have a snog-buddy this morning?”

Harry smiled. "I think that I'd like that."

Luna smiled, and played the gentle teacher over the next few minutes. But just when Harry thought he was getting the hang of tonsil hockey, Luna abruptly broke off the kiss and stepped out of the tub.

"Luna! What are you doing?" Harry asked, as his eyes tracked droplets of water as they trailed down Luna's body.

"Drying off," she replied, as she reached towards a stack of fluffy towels.

"You're trying to kill me, aren't you?" Harry asked, as Luna wrapped a towel around her body, then reached underneath to pull off her wet knickers.

"No," Luna replied, as she leaned over the edge of the tub so that she could kiss the top of Harry's wet head. "We're trying to save you."

"What do you mean?"

Luna gave him a cryptic smile. "What do you think I mean?"

"You know, some people say you aren't supposed to answer a question with a question."

A series of "tsk-tsks" escaped from Luna's mouth. "And do I know any of these people, Harry Potter?"

The black-haired wizard looked at Luna, thought about the last eight hours of his life, and shook his head.

"No," he said with a smile, "I don't think that you do."

"And is that a problem?" Luna asked, as she washed out her knickers in the basin.

"Definitely not," Harry replied. He leaned back, smiled, and decided that he really liked benefits.

Testing Defenses

Chapter 3: Katie's Visit

Harry and Luna crept down to the kitchen, where they found a plate of slightly rancid mystery meat in the back of the refrigerator. Figuring that it was smelly enough to attract a thestral's attention, Harry sent the meat out the back door with Luna, while he poured out a glass of orange juice and walked out onto the front steps.

As Harry bent down to pick up the morning paper, he glanced behind the azalea bush. He didn't sense anyone there, but just to be sure he stood up and hurled the juice towards the spot. Harry thought he heard a quiet snort when the liquid splashed against the branches and clapboard siding without deflection. He spun and hurled the glass towards the sound. There was a shimmer in the air as a disillusioned hand caught the glass. But by the time Harry had reached for his wand someone else's was making an indentation on his chest.

"Well spotted, Potter, but your reflexes were lousy."

"Points for effort though, Mad-Eye?" Harry asked.

"Points?" barked the retired Auror, as he canceled the disillusionment spell and stepped out onto the walk. "Think you're still in school?"

"Obviously not," Harry replied with a grin, as he took a step back from point-blank range.

Mad-Eye's magical eye spun around at the same time that Harry spotted Patsy the thestral clearing the roofline of the next-door neighbor's house. The young wizard couldn't resist smiling when the wind flipped up the hem of her rider's cloak....when Luna said she was going to ride bare back she obviously meant more than just going without a saddle.

The retired Auror's good eye twinkled a bit as it bore down on Harry.

"So, Mad-Eye...I guess you can see thestrals?"

"Seen enough death first-hand to spot a herd of them," the former Auror retorted. "Wish I could have said the same for Emmeline Vance...guess you've forced me to write her out of the rotation right along with Fletcher..."

"Emmeline Vance?" asked Harry. "She was on guard duty last night?"

Mad-Eye nodded.

"A person in charge of protecting me from Voldemort and his Death Eaters has never seen death before?"

The retired Auror shrugged his shoulders. "Can't give a dead man a second chance, now can you?"

"Dead wizards can't escape from Azkaban, either," Harry replied.

Moody chuckled in response, then changed the subject.

"I suppose the tracking charm on that owl across the street guided Miss Lovegood and her steed here last night?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "So she says...all I'm doing is sitting here on Privet Drive, minding my own business, and these witches just pop up on my doorstep..."

Moody squinted hard at the young wizard, before breaking out into a hearty laugh.

"Been a while since I've heard something that funny."

"Glad I could help," Harry replied brightly. "Hey Mad-Eye, I thought Order members weren't supposed to be talking to me this summer."

"Yes, well, Order members are supposed to be doing a better job of protecting you, too, so let's call it even."

"So, you going to be here all day, then?" Harry asked.

"If I do my job right, you'll never know."

"Okay, then...one last question...why didn't you try to stop Luna from leaving?"

The retired Auror snorted loudly. "My job is to keep you safe, Potter. Would catching a nubile witch sneaking out of your warm bed help me do that job?"

"Erm, no, but...it's not like that, you know..."

"I don't care to know," the Auror replied. "I do, however, care to see just how creative Miss Granger and your harem can be when it comes to testing the defenses. I've been telling Albus that our guard rotation is soft for a while now, and if watching witches file in and out of your bedroom is what's necessary to get him to listen, then..."

"It's not like that," Harry exclaimed.

“Right,” said Moody. “So are you needing any protection for your wand?”

Harry looked down at the length of wood in his hand.

“No, I just polished it before I left school.”

“Not that wand, Potter!” Mad-Eye replied with a grin. The old wizard then reached into an inside pocket of his cloak and fished out a perforated strip of foil-sealed condoms that cascaded down towards the ground, accordion-style.

“Will a half-dozen be enough for the day, or should I make a run to the chemists?”

Harry looked at the prophylactics with wide-eyed shock and a bright red flush on his face and neck.

“Mad-Eye, it’s really not like that...we’re not...these girls aren’t...”

“Uh-huh, sure kid,” Moody retorted. “These aren’t just normal muggle rubbers...got *Impervious* charms applied individually...much safer that way...”

“We didn’t have need of that kind of thing,” Harry stated firmly. “And I’ll not have you implying otherwise.”

“Fair enough, but don’t think that there aren’t dozens of witches out there that wouldn’t love to bear the child of the Boy-Who-Lived and get a handhold on the Potter vaults.”

“Yeah, right,” Harry replied dismissively.

“Yes, I think I am,” the retired Auror replied. “So do you want ’em or not?”

Harry stared at the strip of rubbers, then back at Moody. A rather sheepish smile broke on his face as the younger wizard reached out and grabbed Mad-Eye’s offering.

“Well in the name of constant vigilance....”

Mad-Eye laughed as Harry stepped back inside the house. As he pocketed the condoms, Harry caught sight of the downstairs lavatory and realized that his prank needed to be tweaked. He stuck a Post-it charm on the bathroom’s door, then scooted back up to his room to wait for all hell (and hopefully a few bladders) to break loose.

But for some reason, it didn’t. At least not at first.

The Dursleys were never quiet as they went about getting ready for the day. With the Muggle-repelling charm on his bedroom door, Harry lay back in bed and used the various sounds to track his relatives’ movements. While all three made use of the upstairs bathroom, Harry heard neither the sound of a flushing toilet, nor the indignant outrage of someone who may have soiled themselves. What Harry did hear was his Uncle’s car leaving the driveway, and his cousin Dudley retreating to his bedroom to listen to some ear-splitting music.

Curious, Harry used his engraved pocket knife to open his door and step out into the hallway. A quick inspection of the bathroom revealed two things: a) the Muggle-repelling Post-it was still attached to the closed toilet seat; and, b) there was a faint smell of urine coming from the area around the bathtub drain.

“Merlin spank me, I didn’t think that they’d take a piss in the tub !” Harry thought to himself. *“Well ,”* he mentally added, *“maybe not Aunt Petunia... she’s so constipated she probably only has need of the loo once a week .”*

Trying hard not to think about his Aunt using the loo, Harry decided to make lemonade from lemons. Knowing that Petunia always was the first to rise in the morning, he quietly relieved himself down the bathtub drain (just to reinforce the smell), then removed the Post-it from the toilet seat.

Harry stepped out into the hall and quietly tested the handle to his cousin’s bedroom door...not that any degree of stealth was needed, as the door was actually vibrating from the pumped-up bass of Dudley’s stereo. The door was locked from the inside. He used his pocket knife to open the lock, but left the door itself unopened. Harry then pulled the Post-it from his own bedroom door, used the knife to lock himself inside, and waited for his Aunt’s charm-induced state of distraction to clear.

A few minutes later, Petunia suddenly realized that her lazy, no-good freak of a nephew was sleeping away the day. She promptly marched up the stairs and yelled, “Get up, you miscreant!” whilst undoing the four locks fixed to Harry’s door.

Her nephew looked suitably contrite and beaten.

“Good morning, Aunt Petunia,” he said. “Might I use the lavatory before starting in on my chores?”

“Erm, yes, but no funny business,” she replied.

Harry nodded as he walked past his Aunt and into the hallway. He made a point not to close the door behind him as he entered the loo, then paused, made a loud sniffing noise, and called out, “Aunt Petunia?”

“What is it, boy?” she demanded.

“Should I call for a plumber?”

His Aunt frowned as she walked up to the lavatory's threshold.

"Why is that, boy?"

"Well, it's just that there's a smell of urine coming from the tub, and so I thought there might be something wrong with the plumbing."

"What?" Petunia shrieked. She pushed past Harry and pulled back the shower curtains.

"Oh, my!" she shrieked, as she smelled the telltale odor and spied the telltale drops of yellow liquid pooled around the tub drain.

"Oh!....Oh!....Oh!...."

As his Aunt hyperventilated, Harry politely asked if there was something he could do to help.

"This was your doing!" she exclaimed.

"Now, Aunt Petunia, how can you say that?" Harry replied sincerely. "I've been locked up in my room all night, and you only just released me."

"Well....well....erm....Oh!....Oh!...Oh!"

This time there was some movement behind her shrieks, as she strode out of the bathroom to question her son about the urine stains.

"Dudley?" she called out from the hallway.

There was no answer.

After three attempts she decided that her son couldn't hear her over his music. Finding the door handle unlocked, she tried to open it, only to find her entrance impeded by a damp towel that had been stretched along the door's bottom edge. This only got her angrier, so she shouldered open the door and burst inside.

A purple haze wafted back out into the hallway, carrying with it the shrieks of both his Aunt and cousin.

Brimming with anticipation, Harry rushed out into the hallway and poked his head inside Dudley's room. He wasn't disappointed... Aunt Petunia had walked in on Dudley wanking in bed, with a lit joint in his mouth and a bondage porno playing on one of his televisions.

"*Triple bonus points on this prank!*" Harry decided. With a broad smile on his face, he walked downstairs, put the teapot on the fire, and sat back to enjoy the show.

As the morning progressed, Harry realized that his prank had spiraled out of his control, and that his bedroom would probably be thoroughly inspected by either his Uncle or the Muggle police. With the help of temporarily placed Post-its he managed to sneak all of his magical contraband (save for his innocent-looking pocket knife) out of his room and into his trunk (which his uncle had locked up underneath the cupboard). Harry then slipped outside and found Mad-Eye to explain the situation. It didn't take much to convince the retired Auror to enter the house and place a strong Muggle-repelling ward on the cupboard door.

By the end of the day, Harry's secrets had stayed safe, and accusations of poor hygiene and oversexed hormones were the least of Dudley's worries. Petunia had called Vernon home, and his Uncle and gotten his cousin to "confess" that it was his "first time" experimenting with drugs, and that they had been given to him by his friend Piers. But when Piers' parents were confronted, Dudley's mate rolled on him and identified him as the ringleader of their gang of small-time drug dealers. The police were brought in and Dudley was eventually hauled away to begin what would eventually be a three-year stay in juvenile detention.

Throughout the whole process, Harry's relatives did their best to blame the situation on him. Mad-Eye, however, would have none of it, and spent a good deal of time visibly standing by Harry's side. Once the police had cleared out, the retired auror insisted that Harry be given access to his trunk. But when he helped Harry pull the trunk out of the cupboard he noticed the word's "Harry's Room" scribbled in crayon on an inside wall. Mad-Eye got rather mad when he saw first-hand his charge's living conditions (both past and present). He "fixed" the present with a few well-placed *Evanesco* 's and reinforcing charms that removed the common wall between Harry's bedroom and Dudley's. The retired auror then calmly informed the Dursleys that any complaints about their nephew's new quarters would result in additional magical remodeling, and further reductions in the number of bedrooms.

Harry was thrilled to find his living space tripled by Moody's spell work. For once it seemed that the Order's presence on Privet Drive had actually done some good, and he was generous in his thanks. He spent the remainder of the day moving Dudley's junk out of his expanded bedroom, except for the time spent fixing dinner for Mad-Eye and himself while the Dursleys were down at the police station trying (unsuccessfully) to bail out their son.

"So, you on duty tonight?" Harry asked, as he cleared the dishes from the table.

"Thinking you like having me around, then, Potter?"

"Well...you were rather brilliant today, Moody. But I was wondering more if you'd be the last line of defense for any potential visitors."

The retired Auror snorted. "I may be around, but only to clean up if there are any other messes. I'll let your harem work its way through the lower divisions before they test the Premier League."

Harry laughed. "I don't know who'd be more offended by that statement...Hermione or the other Order members."

Mad-Eye nodded. “Doesn’t matter to me, so long as it inspires them to keep constant vigilance.”

With access to his trunk Harry could have spent the evening reviewing his texts, but he was far too jazzed to concentrate on schoolwork. Instead, he stretched out on his magical sheets and listened to all of the delicious gossip that came through his opened bedroom windows, as the neighbors loudly discussed the Dursley’s woes.

He fell asleep sometime after half eleven.

One hour later, the outstretched hand of a young witch woke Harry.

“Katie?” the befuddled young wizard asked. “What are you doing here?”

“Testing defenses,” she replied. “And stopping by to see an old friend....except that we really aren’t true friends, are we?”

“What do you mean?” Harry asked, as he retrieved his glasses and turned on his lights. This allowed him to take in the sight of his female teammate’s disembodied head and hand hovering two feet above his bed.

Katie Bell smiled as she dropped Harry’s invisibility cloak onto the bed and dismounted from her broomstick. She was wearing a tight-fitting jumper and dark trousers underneath.

“Well, it’s just that we can’t be friends, or else this wouldn’t count...not that I’d pass up the chance to visit, or maybe chase away your bad dreams, or...”

Harry began to frown as his Quidditch teammate babbled. He finally interrupted her, asking, “Did Hermione put you up to this?”

“How did you guess?” the soon-to-be Seventh Year asked brightly, as she sat on Harry’s bed, reached into the pocket of a large bag tied to the back of her broom, and pulled out a letter.

Dear Harry,
How are you? Luna stopped by this morning on the way home to Devon to drop off the cloak, and said that she had a nice visit (Do I want to know who Left, Right and Center are?).
Once again, Dumbledore wasn’t satisfied with our success. Are you surprised? I’m not. He said that while Luna wasn’t Muggleborn, that she was a friend of yours, and that the wards are smart enough to account for that. He also wrote that “Miss Lovegood’s thought processes are singularly unique and unlikely to be duplicated within the ranks of the Dark Lord.” While he may be right, I hardly think her cross-wired brain was necessary to send your cousin an owl.
Professor McGonagall visited at lunchtime to personally deliver the Headmaster’s response. Curiously, she had a separate letter and a few packages addressed to you, and asked whether I knew who was “next in line.” I was a little concerned that this might be an attempt to prevent another visit, but she assured me otherwise.
Given the shape of the packages, I suggested that Katie Bell would be a good choice. Professor McGonagall is going to be nice enough to pass this letter (and a separate package from me that contained your cloak and a message asking her to deliver it to you) along with her own correspondence.
If you are reading this letter in your bedroom with Katie standing in front of you, then she succeeded and McGonagall proved to be on our side of this issue. I don’t think that Katie would qualify as a friend, per se, but even if she does, I thought that you’d enjoy the chance to talk Quidditch with someone cuddlier than Ron (not that I know first hand, mind you).
Sweet Dreams,
Hermione

Harry looked up from the letter and discovered that Katie had retrieved a few more things from her magically-expanded bag...a second broomstick was in one hand, while his “Potter 7” Quidditch jersey was in the other. While the bright red and gold colors of the uniform first caught his eye, his attention quickly shifted.

“Is that my Firebolt?” he whispered excitedly.

Katie nodded as she held the broom out for Harry to grab. Which he quickly did, but only with one hand, so that he could use the other to pull his teammate into a hug. Without thinking, but with the thoughts of Luna’s lessons in the back of his mind, he swung the Seventh Year around and planted a full kiss on her lips.

Startled at his bold act, Harry stepped back.

“Oh my, erm...sorry Katie, I just got so excited, and I wasn’t thinking when I...”

“Relax, Harry...I understand completely.”

“Erm, thanks....oh, Merlin, I can’t believe it!” he said excitedly. “How did you get it?”

“Professor McGonagall delivered it to my house this afternoon, right after she visited with Hermione. For some reason she seemed to think that I’d be seeing you soon.”

“Well, thanks...this is so...well, it’s brilliant. Thanks, Katie.”

“You’re welcome, Harry,” the young witch replied. “The professor also sent along your old jersey, just to make sure it still fits.”

Harry snorted. “Does it matter if it did?”

“Well, given the fact that your lifetime Quidditch ban has been lifted, it just might,” Katie replied brightly. “Got your official reinstatement notice from McGonagall in the bag.”

Harry’s smile got even wider at this news, and he set down the broom just long enough to attempt to pull the uniform over his head and arms.

“Looks like I’ve filled out a bit,” he said, as he tried to bend and stretch.

“You certainly have, and in a very nice way,” Katie replied with a smirk. She stepped towards Harry, and tried to pull down on the front of his jersey. He thought she was spending more time running her fingers on his skin than adjusting his shirt...not that he cared.

“Too small with all of those new muscles, Mr. Potter...I’m afraid it just won’t do.”

Harry nodded. Feeling emboldened by the prospect of another cute witch spending the night, he held his arms up and asked, “Help me take it off?”

Katie’s eyes flashed as a smile curled on her lips. She nodded, instructing him to lean forward.

Taking her sweet time pulling the tight fitting garment off, she asked, “So a new jersey is in order...any plans for this old one?”

Harry leaned back once Katie and pulled the jersey completely off. He shrugged his bare shoulders and asked, “Why does it matter?”

“Well,” said Katie with twinkling eyes, “I seem to have forgotten my nightgown, so I thought I might try wearing this instead.”

“Nightgown?” asked Harry. His eyes sparkled as he then asked, “Planning on staying the night?”

“Erm maybe...it’s just that...I have it on good authority that you sleep better in somebody else’s arms, and as this year’s Quidditch team captain I can’t have my star seeker going sleepless in Surrey, can I?”

“Captain?” asked Harry. “That’s great, congratulations, Katie.”

“Thanks...now follow your captain’s orders and get into bed.”

“Yes Sir...I mean Ma’am, erm, or is it...”

“Captain or Katie will do fine,” the witch replied with a smirk.

“Okay, Captain,” Harry replied with a smile. He waved towards the corner of his room. “There should be room in the Port-a-loo for you to change.”

“As if you haven’t seen it before,” Katie replied, as she turned away from Harry, draped his jersey over the bookcase in front of her, and deftly pulled her jumper over her head.

The absence of tan lines on Katie’s naked back caught Harry quite by surprise, and he promptly forgot to ask what she meant by her statement. He did well not to blurt out anything at all as she slowly pulled the shirt over her head and down her torso.

He did, however, let out a low-pitched groan.

“Something wrong, Harry?” she asked coyly, as she tossed a saucy grin over her shoulder. Some effort was required to stretch the hem of the shirt down past her bum...not that it made a bit of difference when she unfastened her jeans and bent at the waist so that she could slip the cuffs over her bare feet.

That she didn’t hear Harry turn away from her until after she righted herself gave Katie some confidence that he got a good view of her blue and white wide-striped knickers. Which was, of course, entirely her intention.

“Nice room,” she said, as she looked around. “From Hermione’s letter, I was expecting something smaller.”

“Well, there was a bit of a remodel today,” Harry mumbled into the wall.

“Oh...you can turn around now...I’m decent.”

“Yeah, I’ve heard that before,” Harry replied. But curiosity got the better of him and he rolled over and got a good view of Katie’s new nightgown. She did a wonderful job of filling out the top part of his old jersey, while the bottom part was just barely long enough to cover her knickers.

“Looks much better on you than on me,” he rather boldly observed.

“Why thank you, Harry, I never thought you’d notice,” Katy replied. “Which reminds me...we need another picture for Dumbledore’s collection.”

“Erm, aren’t you going to be a little underdressed?”

The Seventh-Year dismissed Harry’s concerns with a wave of her hand.

"We only need a head shot," she replied. "You and I could be starkers below the waist and it wouldn't show...not a bad idea actually..."

"Katie!"

"Just teasing, Harry," the young witch replied brightly. She fished the magical camera and the morning paper out from her bag and the necessary evidence of her visit was obtained.

When Katie yawned with a purpose, she dropped the camera and paper onto the desk, reached over to turn out the lights, and climbed into bed with Harry. He smiled, and thanked the gods for his change of fortune. Rather than roll back towards the wall, he stayed flat on his back while Katie cuddled up to him and draped her bare leg over his. Harry flinched a little as her knee made passing contact with his crotch.

"Relax..." Katie cooed into his ear, as she leaned into his arm. Tracing one of Harry's nipples with her finger she added, "I'm here for nothing more than a good night's sleep."

"Erm, sure...easy enough for you to say...you're not the one with an attractive member of the opposite sex in bed with you."

"What do you mean, Harry?" asked Katie. "From my point of view, I definitely have an attractive member of the opposite sex in bed with me."

"No need to humor me..."

"Stop it, Harry," she ordered, pinching his nipple for emphasis.

"Ouch!"

"Sorry...It's just that....well, don't tell me you haven't heard all three of your Chasers going on about how fanciable you've been the past few years."

"Of course I haven't heard that."

"Not even in the Quidditch changing rooms?"

"How would I be able to do that?" Harry asked.

"Through the peep hole, of course," Katie replied matter-of-factly.

"Peep hole?"

"Oh, don't tell me...you mean you haven't..." Katie interrupted herself to giggle.

"What are you on about?"

When the young witch finally composed herself, she replied, "I could understand Oliver not saying anything, given his preferences, but didn't the Twins ever show you the peep hole in the wall that separates the Gryffindor changing room's showers?"

"Peep hole?"

"It's been there for ages, from what I've been told," Katie replied. "Sort of a no-questions asked way to play 'You show me yours, and I'll show you mine'."

"What?" asked Harry. "So you mean that...not just that the wizards can spy on the witches, but the other way around?"

Harry felt Katie nod her head.

"I'm sorry...but everyone is supposed to know...equal-opportunity perving, and all that...I wonder why the Twins didn't..."

"Ginny," Harry concluded.

"But you were on the team before she was, right?"

"Well, then...they knew their little sister had a crush on me...maybe they didn't want me to get ideas about other witches?"

Katie shook her head. "Doesn't make a difference...fair is fair and they knew it," she said. "When I see them, they'll get a proper dressing down and a good hex or three. And when I tell Angelina and Alicia, Fred and George won't be getting anything!"

Harry thought for a moment, then a torch flared up over his head. "You mean that Fred and George, and Angelina and Alicia are...well, erm....they're..."

"Shagging?"

"Well, yes."

Katie nodded. "For at least the past year and a half," she replied.

"So maybe they didn't want me perving on their girlfriends?" asked Harry.

A moment later, the two-way aspect of this peep hole hit home. He turned away from her and asked, "So, Katie...I guess this means you've seen me starkers?"

From his new position, he couldn't see the eye twinkling and broad grin on the witch's face. She reined it in enough to sound contrite. "I'm sorry, Harry, but we really thought you knew...not that you have anything to be embarrassed about, I'll have you know."

"That's not helping," said Harry.

"Would it help if I stripped down and showed you what you've been missing, at least on my account?"

"No."

"Oh, well...." At a loss over what to do next, she scooted over to snuggle against Harry's back.

"I'm sorry," she said, placing a hand on his shoulder. "I really am sorry."

"That's okay...doesn't sound like it's your fault."

"But..."

"Katie, can we just drop it?"

"If that's what you want," she replied.

There was an uncomfortable silence for a few minutes. Harry used the time to recount their conversation...there had been a nagging question that had come and gone, and....

"Katie?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"Why did you say that Oliver might not have thought to tell me about the peep hole?"

"Because he never had need to use it, I reckon."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he already had an eyeful of what interested him in his own locker room...didn't you know that Wood is gay?"

"What?"

"Guess not."

"Merlin!"

"You can say that again, Harry."

"Merlin!"

There was another awkward pause, before Katie said, "It always seemed so obvious to me, the way that Oliver would sneak glances at you guys in the shower..."

"Katie?"

"Yes Harry?"

"Are you here to try and help chase away my nightmares?"

"Yes."

"Well, giving me thoughts of my Quidditch team captain looking at me that way isn't going to help."

"Oh," Katie giggled. "Guess you're right...sorry." She then added, "Would it help if I replaced those thoughts with what you might have seen through the peep hole?"

"Katie..."

The young witch dropped her hand down from Harry's shoulders, and began to trace circles on his chest. "I mean, I'm not a witch's witch, necessarily, but even I can't help but notice the way that Angelina and Alicia like to wash each other's backs, or the way that their nipples darken when they soap up their breasts, and the shaving charms..."

"Katie?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"You can stop, now...it worked."

Katie giggled, stopping only when Harry caught the hand that was inching its way down his chest.

"Looking for something?" he asked impishly.

"My stuffed hippogriff?"

Wondering just how much Katie had heard about Luna's visit, he decided to play along.

"I don't think you'll find a stuffed hippogriff in my shorts."

"Really?" asked Katie. "Because from where I am looking, there's definitely something stuffing your shorts."

"More so each minute, I'm afraid."

"I'm not complaining."

Harry tried to change the topic.

"So how did you do it?"

"How did I do what...Soap up my breasts? Shave my privates?"

"Stop, Katie," Harry pleaded. "Tell me how you made your way into my bed tonight."

"Well...it all started last week, back at school, when Hermione asked me to make a witch's oath that I wasn't interested in you as a boyfriend or a shag buddy."

"She wanted to know what?"

"Whether I wanted you," Katie replied. "I'm sorry, Harry, but despite how well hung you are, I've never thought of you that way before."

"Do I dare ask why?"

"No offense, but I've got a thing for taller wizards," she explained.

"Oh..Okay," said Harry. "But I was asking whether I dare ask why Hermione wanted to know if you fancied me."

"Isn't it obvious?" asked Katie. "Oh sorry, I forgot...you're a boy...never mind."

"Hey!"

The young witch pushed past the point. "So once that was cleared up, she told me about her worries about you and your safety here at your Aunt and Uncle's, and that she had plans on testing the Headmaster's defenses. I agreed then to be an on-call infiltrator, in case more than one attempt was necessary."

"So...Hermione recruited you?"

"Guess you could think of it that way."

"Hmmm...I want to talk more about that, but first...I guess you made good use of your broomstick and my cloak once you found the place, but how did you find me?"

"I asked my brother."

"Your brother?"

"Yeah, Danny...he works in the Ministry for Mafalda Hopkirk."

Harry twisted around suddenly. "Mafalda Hopkirk?" he demanded. "As in *Improper Use of Under-aged Magic* Mafalda Hopkirk?"

"Yeah, that one," Katie replied. "He's one of the big-board monitors."

"Big-board?"

"The wall display that shows where magic is being used across Britain," Katie explained. "He's only been there a few months, so he wasn't there when you got your warning letters, but since the reprimands were addressed to you here, and are public documents, it was easy for him to look them up."

"The warning letters are public documents?" Harry exclaimed. He shook his head in disbelief. "So he didn't even have to use his position to get that information?"

"Don't think so," she replied. "He gave me copies...got them in my bag if you want me to show you."

As Katie turned to roll out of bed Harry stopped her with a hand on her shoulder. “That’s okay, Katie...I believe you. It’s Dumbledore that I can’t believe.”

“Why do you say that?”

“He’s kept my mail from me while I’m here, claiming that keeping my location a secret is a big part of my protection...yet you’re here telling me that nearly anyone could find out where I live with no more than a simple ministry document search.”

Harry’s voice nearly broke at the end of his comment...the thought that his isolation from the outside world was a farce was upsetting. He was starting to silently wonder if Dumbledore’s actions were intentional, or merely incredibly sloppy, when Katie reached out and pulled him into a hug.

“I’m sorry, I’m supposed to be making sure that you slept well... and here I go again...”

“It’s not your fault, Katie, really,” Harry replied, as he allowed his chin to rest on his teammate’s shoulder.

Katie slipped a hand up under Harry’s boxers and grabbed a handful of bum. “Would some more naughty bedtime stories help?” she asked.

Harry’s head popped up, and he quickly rolled over before his other head could do the same.

“Thanks for offering, Katie,” he said quickly. “But we really should get some sleep.”

“Just let me get my dream catchers in place, then...”

“Katie, that’s not helping!”

“Okay, okay,” she replied. “How about a friendly, dream chasing hug?”

Harry thought for a moment, then scooted his bum back until Katie was spooned against him. But when he leaned back he felt more flesh than fabric against his back.

“Katie?”

“Yes, Harry?”

“What happened to my jersey?”

The young witch giggled. “Oops, must of ridden up or something.”

Harry snorted. “Need to make any adjustments?”

Katie paused, rubbed her bared breasts across Harry’s back, then boldly announced, “Just one.”

She snaked her hand back down to Harry’s crotch and grabbed hold. “There... I’m all set...how about you?”

Harry shook his head, worrying a bit about his bedmate's oath. But that didn’t stop him from reaching down, covering her hand with his, and saying. “Fine by me.”

“Good night, then, Harry” said a beaming Katie.

“Good night.”

oo000000oo

Harry Potter was having one of the best workouts of his life. He flew up and down, and up and down, and up and down the field looking for that elusive snitch, with both hands gripped firmly on his broom and his “Potter 7” jersey once again draped over his back. The fact that he was otherwise stark naked was odd, but not particularly worrisome, as he was alone in the stadium, and the sun and wind was caressing him with their warmth. It was a glorious feeling...a glorious mishmash of feelings, actually - safety, and excitement, and anticipation, and arousal...

A wide grin broke out on Harry’s face as he caught sight of the tell-tale glimmer of gold and accelerated towards it. His Firebolt was as fast as he remembered, but for some reason the snitch was just a bit faster. It was teasing him...leading him on, with fluttering wings keeping it just outside of his grasp. The snitch led him around the far posts, then back towards the home team goals. When it dived through one of the rings, Harry followed, unwilling to deviate from his path. He stretched his body out down the length of his shaft and flew headfirst through the circular opening. As he did so the stands (which at some point had filled with spectators), roared its approval, and Lee Jordan’s amplified voice enthusiastically announced that Harry had scored.

And yet he hadn't...the snitch was still ahead of him. Determined to catch it, Harry flew like a banshee, ignoring the crowd...ignoring his now full nakedness, having lost the jersey at some point...and ignoring where the snitch was going as it darted off the field and into the entrance tunnel. His single-minded focus led him into that dark tunnel, but suddenly, instead of flying, he was sliding bare-arsed down a pipe with a banana in his hands instead of his broom...and he realized that he was hungry, but not really hungry for a banana. The passage was dark, and warm, and moist, and enveloping, but Harry didn't mind; it was just as exciting a ride as when he was on his broomstick.

And he fell into the darkness. And fell, and fell, and fell some more. But instead of landing in the Chamber of Secrets, Harry landed feet-first into the showers of the Gryffindor Quidditch team's changing rooms. Which didn't seem like a wrong place to be, given that his naked body was covered in sweat and grime. So Harry turned on one of the showers and stepped underneath the spray.

Tired from his workout, Harry turned towards the wall and leaned his forehead against the smooth tiled surface. He closed his eyes and smiled as the warm spray ran down his back. It was if the water was holding him in a tight embrace, with stray streams of water occasionally spilling over his hip and down his front.

The sound of feminine laughter broke him from his reverie.

“Well, Mr. Potter, it looks like you had a good workout.”

Harry's eyes darted from one side to the other, desperately looking for something to cover himself with. He reluctantly covered his crotch with his two hands and turned to face three nude Gryffindor chasers.

“Don't be shy,” cooed Naked!Angelina, as she walked under the shower to Harry's left. “It's not like we haven't seen you this way before.”

“Yeah, Harry,” added Naked!Alicia, as she joined them. “Although, there is something different this time, isn't there girls?”

“I believe there is,” stated Naked!Katie, as she joined Harry under his shower and rubbed herself against his bare back. She then reached around, grabbed some flesh and announced, “Looks like our Seeker needs his broomstick serviced.”

Scared nearly witless, Harry stammered, “I'm sorry ladies, but I'm obviously in the wrong shower.”

“We don't think so, do we girls?” Naked!Alicia asked, as she stepped towards Harry and placed her hands on his chest. The young witch got nods and giggles in reply.

Harry pushed himself away from the three chasers and said, “Look, girls, I know what you're trying to do, and it's not that I don't appreciate it, but...”

“But you really do think you're in the wrong locker room?” asked Naked!Katie.

Harry nodded.

Naked!Angelina was pouting when she replied, “Well...if you really think so, I guess there's one way to find out.”

“How's that?”

Naked!Katie pointed towards the far wall and said, “The peep hole.”

Harry looked nervously over towards the now-revealed opening. If the Chasers were in this shower, and he felt he was in the wrong place, then the wizard's shower would be on the other side, and he really didn't think he wanted to spy in on his male teammates showering, but he felt oddly compelled to look, and....

“You need to look for yourself,” said Naked!Katie, as she pulled him towards the spy hole.

The opening was just below waist height, so Harry had to drop down onto his hands and knees as he faced the wall. The tiled floor was rough, but not uncomfortable as he leaned forward and placed his eye against the opening.

There was another shower room on the other side, filled with thick clouds of steam cast off from the spray of hot water. Harry could just make out the form of a young witch standing naked under a showerhead. She was facing away from him, bent at the waist as she rinsed shampoo from hair that was flipped forward over her head. The peep hole was just at the right height to place Harry's gaze straight onto an amazingly cute bum that glistened with water droplets and trails of soap that cascaded down her back and disappeared into the cleft between her cheeks. Every few seconds the young witch would shift to one side, then the other, providing Harry with profiled glimpses of her dangling breasts.

She was beautiful.

And when the witch stood up straight and allowed her damp tendrils of brown curly hair to fall back onto her shoulders Harry realized something profound.

She was Hermione.

And at that moment Harry decided that he'd rather be in the other shower room. But when he tried to back away from the peep hole, he discovered that some kind of magic was keeping his face glued to the wall. Harry planted his hands against the wall for leverage, but then they became stuck to the wall as well, as if the tiles were some kind of fly paper, and Harry the fly.

Now, given the view provided him Harry didn't mind too much that he was a fly stuck on the wall. Particularly when Katie joined Hermione in the other shower room and began to discuss the different types of shaving charms. And especially when two pairs of hands began to rub soap up and down Harry's body on his side of the wall. In the back of his mind he felt a little guilty about having Fred and George's girlfriends rubbing their hands all over him, but then they were gits for not telling him about this peep hole right?

The naked wizard let out a moan of satisfied pleasure as the unseen hands worked their magic on him. He was just about to say something to Angelina and Alicia when the two witches that he thought were massaging his muscles entered the scene on the other side of the wall and began to

massage Hermione's front and back.

But if all Chasers were on that side, then who was on this side with him?

Suddenly deciding that he really needed to get out of the shower, Harry redoubled his efforts to back away from the wall. But to no avail. Not only was he stuck to the wall, but his eye was stuck open, and that became a bad thing when the fog in the other room thickened to opaqueness, then dissipated to reveal that Hermione's naked body was now being rubbed down not by the Chasers, but by naked versions of Viktor Krum, Terry Boot and Ron Weasley.

"No!" he tried to cry out, but his mouth wasn't working.

His ears were, however, as someone on his side of the wall leaned forward and whispered into his ear.

"Hem, hem."

Terrorized by the throat clearing, Harry did the only thing he could think of and kick his leg out to the side. His foot found a soft target as it impacted rolls of fat and sent a naked Dolores Umbridge spiraling away from him.

Harry's sigh of relief was cut short when he was hit by a spell and his entire body went rigid. And then he felt a hand on his bare bum, and heard a familiar male voice.

"Alright, men."

"This is it."

"The big one."

"The one I've been waiting for...."

Harry felt his magic push out in a wave of terror, and suddenly his arms and legs were free and he started to push and punch and kick, and....

"Harry...Harry, stop...you're having a nightmare!"

At the sound of the female voice Harry stopped squirming within the tight embrace that was holding him relatively still and took a deep breath. And then a few more.

"Ssssh...it's alright, it was just a bad dream....it was just a bad dream..."

Desperate for confirmation of that fact, Harry reached up and grabbed hold of the person sharing his bed. The body was soft, and round, and had breasts. He let out a sigh of relief.

Katie gently pushed Harry's groping hands away and pulled his head to her chest. She thought that he was just looking for something solid to grasp. Her bedmate never did tell her that he was really just trying to make sure that he was in the arms of his new Quidditch team captain, rather than his old one.

Testing Defenses

Chapter 4: Fleur's Visit

Katie's tender voice and warm breath woke Harry in the gray predawn of the following day.

“Hey Harry,” she whispered in his ear, “I need to fly.”

The young wizard's response was to hold her hand closer to him. Until, that is, his mind cleared enough to realize that their hands were buried in his crotch. And of course, his morning condition was in full form, such that he was poking the inside of Katie's left wrist.

In full panic mode, Harry ripped the hand away from his body and rolled off the bed. The back of his head hit the floor with a thud.

“Ouch!”

A bemused young witch leaned over the bedside, letting her tussled dark brown locks spill over most of her face.

“Good morning to you, too, Harry,” said a giggling Katie.

Realizing that his morning reaction was now less than a foot away from the young witch's face, Harry quickly dropped his hands down and turned away.

“Erm, sorry...it isn't what you think.”

His Quidditch captain smiled. “Oh, so that's your wand in your pajama pocket?”

“No, I mean it's not because of you, it's because...not to say that you aren't attractive...”

Katie reached out and touched Harry's shoulder. “Relax, Harry, between my older brothers and dorm mates that love to kiss and tell I know all about your not-so-little problem...Alicia calls them 'morning glories'.”

“Morning glories?” asked Harry. “That's a new one for me.”

“Yes, well you have lived a rather sheltered life, I'm afraid....something that we're trying to remedy as quickly as possible.”

Harry smiled, in spite of his embarrassment. “I do seem to be making up for lost time, don't I?”

Katie nodded. “I can wait a tinkle to tinkle, since you clearly have more urgent, erm...needs.”

Considering his options, Harry replied. “No, you go ahead, else I embarrass myself any more.”

“Really?” asked Katie. When Harry nodded, she shrugged her shoulders, swung her legs around and stood. But rather than sidestep Harry's body, she stepped one leg over him so that she was straddling his torso.

“You know what, Harry?”

Harry turned his face up towards Katie, only to catch an upskirt eyeful of blue and white wide-striped knickers stretched tightly against her fanny. He turned back away and lamented, “You are trying to kill me, you know.”

“Why?” asked Katie. “As far as peeping goes you still have some catching up to do.”

Harry snorted, but didn't resist when Katie reached out and pulled his view back towards her face. She promptly squatted down and sat on the prone wizard, pinning him with her bare thighs.

Placing an index finger firmly down on his chest, Katie said, “You do realize, Harry Potter, that you are going to break a lot of witches' hearts when you go off the market.”

“Yeah, right.”

“And a few wizards' too.”

Harry groaned. “Just my luck...although maybe I should be worried about having a naked dream that included Oliver.”

Katie laughed, in a full throat hearty way that made her bum bounce very nicely up and down on Harry's chest.

“Worried that you might fancy boys instead of girls?”

“No, it's just that...”

“You know, there's one surefire way of finding that sort of thing out.”

“There is?” asked Harry. “What...is it some kind of revealing charm?”

Katie only giggled as she pushed up off Harry's chest. "Morgana, help me!" she muttered. Spying Harry's invisibility cloak, she smiled and grabbed it from his desk. She then turned back towards Harry, and dropped the cloak in his lap as she passed by.

"I'm taking a shower," she announced. "Feel free to get dressed."

The young witch caught Harry's wide-eyes just long enough to give him a saucy wink as she turned, stripped off Harry's jersey, and slipped inside the tent wearing only her knickers.

Harry propped himself up off the floor with his elbows and snorted. As if he needed even more incentive to follow her lead, the blue and white-striped knickers flew out from the tent flaps, sailed over his body, and landed on his bed.

Not wishing to press his good fortune, Harry forced himself to count to 100 slowly before he got up, donned his invisibility cloak, and slipped inside.

Ten minutes later he slipped back outside of the tent wishing that he was old enough to employ a cleaning charm on the inside lining of his cloak.

oo000000oo

As Harry wiped off and changed into clean clothes he mulled over his latest piece of acquired knowledge... witches really do need more time to reach orgasm than wizards, even when they're squatting naked, with legs spread in front of the jet spray of a magical hot tub.

When a towel-wrapped Katie finally came out of the Port-a-loo, Harry asked, "Can we talk for a minute?"

The young witch smiled. "In a hurry, or should I get dressed first?"

"Erm, no hurry...go ahead."

Katie smiled. "Okay...be a dear and toss me my knickers, will you?"

Harry snorted, but didn't hesitate to comply with the request.

"Thanks," Katie said with a smile, as she dropped the towel and began to pull on her clothing.

Harry was rather shocked at his Captain's boldness. While she had more or less invited him to a full frontal show, there had been an imaginary barrier of plausible deniability. There was no way of dancing around this though...Katie showed Harry everything as she stretched and bent down to step into her pants.

It was a testament to the tension in the air (and perhaps the shock) that neither Katie nor Harry said anything as she got dressed. Once done, the young witch turned back to Harry, smiled, and sat down next to him on the bed... as if what she'd just done was the most perfectly normal thing in the world.

"Erm....Katie?" Harry finally said.

"Yes, Harry?"

"Didn't you tell me last night that you swore on your magic that you didn't fancy me?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, not that I want to risk you losing your magic, but...you don't tease every young wizard this way, do you?"

Katie smiled. "You know, Harry, I was thinking about this topic during my wash up."

"You were? Did you reach any conclusions?"

"Yes, I did," she replied, smiling brightly. "I realized that there's a difference between making a magical oath and making a magical vow."

"How so?"

"I made an oath that I didn't fancy you as boyfriend or shagging material last week," Katie stated. She then added, "Since I didn't lose my magic when I swore the oath, it obviously was true at the time."

"I sense a 'but' coming up."

Nodding in agreement, Katie said, "But...I didn't make a magical vow that I would never fancy you, or change my mind about wanting to shag you senseless in the future."

"Erm...shagging...future?"

"Yes, the future," Katie replied. "And since that was last week, and now is now....now is the future."

"It is?" Harry stammered.

Katie just grinned as she reached behind Harry's head and pulled him into a deep kiss. She used her other hand to grab one of Harry's hands and

place it on top of her shirt-covered breast. Too afraid to do anything he shouldn't, Harry just left his hand there, barely putting any weight on it.

The witch moaned into Harry's lips, although he thought it might have actually been a growl of frustration when she grabbed her other breast and demonstrated how she liked having her nipples rubbed.

"Like this, Harry," she begged.

He was quick to follow her instructions.

After a few minutes of snogging and petting, Katie broke off the kiss and nuzzled her lips against Harry's ear.

"Guess what, Harry Potter?"

"What?"

"I fancy you."

"You do?"

"Yup, I do."

Katie then reached for her wand and *Evanesco* 'd her jumper out from under Harry's groping hands.

"Oh good," she said matter-of-factly, as he continued to caress what was now bared skin. "I still have my magic."

"You certainly do," Harry whispered, before realizing what he was doing and brought his eyes up to hers. "Erm, sorry, I may have gotten carried away."

"No worries," she replied, making no effort to cover herself as she leaned over and transfigured a towel into a t-shirt.

"They're beautiful, erm, I mean...you're beautiful, you know."

"Why thank you for noticing, Harry," Katie replied sweetly, as she pulled her new garment over her head. She then added, "I better go, before..."

Harry nodded as he stood and pulled Katie to her feet. "Yeah, before we...well, it's best to be back on the ground before sunrise, right?"

Katie slowly nodded, as she reached down to slip on her low-heeled boots. She then grabbed her bag. "Oh, I almost forgot," she said, as she retrieved another letter. "Hermione instructed me to give this letter to you just before I left."

Katie held the letter out to Harry, but drew it back as he reached for it, forcing him to draw close to her.

"Hand delivery costs you another kiss," she said with a gleam in her eye.

Harry chuckled as he leaned forward and planted a firm kiss on her lips. He then stepped back, ordered Katie's broom to hover, and drew it between them. Katie grinned as she lifted a leg over the broomstick and mounted.

"Do you have a long flight?" asked Harry.

Katie gaze went from Harry, then towards the bed, then back to Harry. She squeezed the wooden broomstick tightly between her thighs, and ran a hand up and down the smooth knob.

"Not long enough."

Harry gulped, then turned away in embarrassment. He found his invisibility cloak and wrapped it around Katie's shoulders.

"I'll be seeing you, Katie," he said, giving her arm a tight squeeze.

"I certainly hope so," she replied. "And if you have any problems finding that peep hole, just let me know...I can always poke a finger, or tongue, or something...else...through to point you in the right direction."

Harry shook his head in disbelief. Deciding that flirting could go both ways, he reached out and pulled the hood over Katie's head, spread the back of the cloak out to cover the brush of the broom, then gave her invisible bum a slap.

"Go, before I offer you something else to squeeze between your thighs."

He couldn't see the wide smile on Katie's face, but he could hear it in her voice when she replied, "Promises, Promises, Potter." And with a gust of air, she flew out the opened bedroom window and into the early dawn.

Harry stood and stared out the window, playing the banter back in his head until his bladder caught his attention. He shook his head in an attempt to clear his mind, and then ran into the Port-a-loo to address what turned out to be more than one physiological need.

When he left the tent, he looked at the clock and decided that he really needed some more sleep. He checked the Muggle-repelling Post-it on the outside of his bedroom door, then grabbed his discarded Quidditch jersey and blanket and stretched out in bed. He fell asleep with the jersey held tightly to his chest like a plushie, and fell into a dream whose intensity hadn't been dampened by the second go-round of alone time inside the tent.

Harry woke for a second time that morning after three refreshing hours of sleep. While checking the time on his alarm clock, he spied the “delivered for a kiss” letter sent by Hermione and immediately opened the envelope.

Dear Harry,

I asked Katie to deliver this second letter separately for fear that its contents would anger you enough to ruin both your sleep and her visit. I'm sorry if you consider this to be another case of withholding information, but it might be beside the point.

This morning a registered mail owl appeared at my house with a notification from Gringott's that Sirius's will is to be read tomorrow at 11:00am at their Diagon Alley main branch (that should be today, your time, if Katie gave you this letter before she left). I was invited to the reading because I am listed as a beneficiary. You are too, of course, along with several others (Narcissa and Draco Malfoy, Bellatrix Black, the Weasley family, Tonks and her parents, and Remus, to be exact...the notice provided a full beneficiary listing).

You should have been sent your own notice and invitation, but with Dumbledore's mail intercepts there's no guarantee that you received it, or that if he did intercept the letter that he passed the notice along to you.

I'm guessing that the Headmaster will insist that you remain on Privet Drive for your safety. I'm sure you're upset about this, but I have to admit that he might have a point...if all of the other notices included the full beneficiary list, then Bellatrix (and Voldemort) know where you might be at a specific place and time, and plan an attack accordingly.

Please, Harry...don't do anything rash. If you need to talk with me, perhaps Katie has a way to bring you to my house? If not, then I plan on taking detailed notes, and will send copies along as soon as I can. I'll also do my best to make sure that no decisions are made or actions taken on your behalf before you have the opportunity to be made aware of the situation. And if Dumbledore dares to show up saying that he represents your best interests, well...he is going to get an earful from me.

Love,

Hermione

Harry read the letter, first with disbelief, then with certain knowledge that the Old Man had done exactly what Hermione had feared. He looked at the alarm clock...it was 10:45am. There was just enough time to hail the Knight Bus and...and get spun around by his minders and sent back inside the house. Looking at the list, Harry had a fair guess who might be outside right then.

Upon second reading of the letter, Harry internalized most of his anger. Hermione hadn't told him that she agreed with Dumbledore...just that he might have a point. And she suggested that he visit her, at her house, beforehand...which he easily could have done riding double on Katie's broom and under his cloak. Had he bothered to actually read the letter when Katie gave it to him. But no, he had thrown it carelessly onto his desk, his mind too addled by hormones and groping and kissing to focus on what really mattered.

Harry lashed out and kicked the desk, only to painfully stub his toe. He needed to write some letters. A letter to Hermione, a letter to Gringott's, a letter to Dumbledore...but first he needed some tea, and the chance to vent at whoever was minding him that morning.

Not wanting to deal with his Aunt and Uncle right then, Harry stuck Post-its on both the front and back of his t-shirt and strode down the stairs. His relatives decided that they had things to do and other places to be when he entered the kitchen. He quietly allowed them clear out, then took his teacup outside and sat on the front step.

“Do I need to start tossing scalding hot liquids around the yard, or is someone going to show themselves and start talking?”

Harry caught sight of a shimmer of air in the corner of his eye as Moody emerged from behind a hedge.

“Ah, Mad-Eye...so who failed last night's test?”

The retired Auror snorted. “Dedalus Dingle,” he replied.

Harry shook his head. “The solicitor?” he asked. “You weren't kidding about weeding out the lower divisions, were you?”

Ignoring this comeback, Mad-Eye asked, “Did you come out to do something other than gloat?”

Harry noticed one of the neighbors walking their dog down the street.

“Inside,” he commanded. “This might get loud.”

The retired Auror simply nodded, and followed the younger wizard into the house.

“Care to explain this?” Harry asked, as he shoved Hermione's letter towards Mad-Eye.

The retired Auror's magical eye quickly skimmed over the text.

Sounds like Granger has the jist of it.”

“Is that all?” Harry yelled.

Mad-Eye grinned. “That, and that you were too busy entertaining Bell this morning to take up Granger on her offer.” To emphasize the point he reached into his cloak and added, “Need another half-dozen, or did she wear you out before then?”

Harry scowled, knowing that the retired Auror was only trying to get his goat.

“I suppose you were around to count passengers when the broom flew out my window this morning?”

“Wouldn't have mattered if I was or wasn't, would it?” Mad-Eye retorted. “But to answer your question, yes I was here and ready to stun you if you tried to leave the house.”

“But why?”

“Your lassie told you why, Potter,” Moody snapped back. “You can't portkey into Gringott's so we'd have to get you there by some other means. And regardless how we did it, there'd be a point where you'd be exposed to an attack.”

“But I could always have hidden under my invisibility cloak.”

“What invisibility cloak?”

“Oh, come on, Mad-Eye, you know perfectly well...”

“And you know perfectly well that I've spotted you before when you've worn it. Don't think that you've got some super-Invisibility cloak that keeps you perfectly concealed.” The retired Auror then added, “But what do I know, why don't you fetch your cloak and we'll see if you're right.”

“That's fine with me,” Harry replied testily. He took two steps towards the stairs then realized that he had given his cloak to Katie that morning. He turned back around and found an even wider grin on Mad-Eye's face than he had expected.

“Missing something, Potter?”

Harry shook his head and plopped his body down onto the couch. “Hermione once told me about pyrrhic victories...you probably know what they are, right Mad-Eye?” he asked. The teen then muttered, “I'm sure Dumbledore does as well...the old man's ancient enough to have fought alongside Pyrrus.”

Mad-Eye laughed at Harry's comment, and then said, “Yes, I know what they are, Potter, and I know what you're getting at.” He paused, and then stated, “But I also know that moping about something that you can't do anything about is a waste of time...time better spent in training.”

“Training?” asked Harry. “What do you mean?”

“I mean practicing spells that knock down a Death Eater with no chance for them to get up.”

“Practicing spells? Today? Here?” asked Harry. “And how do you propose I get around Madame Hopkirk's sensors?”

The retired Auror looked at Harry and scowled. “So Granger *does* do all of your thinking...tell me Potter, does she also cut your meat and hold your John Thomas when you piss?”

Harry looked sharply in response, but having listened to the rejoinder well enough to consider what Mad-Eye said, took pause before firing back.

“I haven't used my wand since I've returned to Privet Drive, but...”

“You're talking about your wooden one, right?”

“Both, actually,” said Harry. “But...there has been magical spells cast on the property, hasn't there?” he asked. “You've cast *Finite* spells to cancel your disillusionments, and you cast a ward on the cupboard door, and...”

“And Katie Bell flashed her titties at you when she vanished her jumper.”

“Erm, yes...that too,” Harry admitted sheepishly, wondering just how penetrating Mad-Eye's eyesight could be. “And if past history held true, all of those should have resulted in accusations of *my* underage magic use, because the Ministry monitors locations, and not any one specific wand.”

Mad-Eye smiled. “And so...”

“And so,” Harry concluded, “the Ministry must know that I'm not the only magic user on Privet Drive...they know that somebody is guarding the house that's of age, so...they make the same assumptions that they make about underage magic use in pureblood homes.”

The retired Auror nodded. “So maybe the Granger girl does allow you to think once in a while,” he concluded. “Don't bother telling me if she and the other witches allow you to hold yourself, too...you don't want to know what I already know based on what I've already seen.”

While Harry was figuring out what an appropriate response would be to that comment, Mad-Eye fished some parchment from his pocket and held it out for Harry's inspection.

Official notice to Hopkirk that there will be adult magic users on this property over the summer, and that I will, on occasion be acting as your tutor," Mad-Eye explained. "Second page is a provisional permit for underage magic use within the property boundaries based on that student-tutor relationship. Both signed by Amelia Bones herself."

Harry looked at the two documents with wide eyes and disbelief. He compartmentalized many different questions that they raised, and voiced only the most important one, based on present circumstances.

"Does Dumbledore know?"

Mad-Eye chuckled. "If I don't answer, then there won't be an answer floating around in your head for Dumbledore to pick out, now, will there?"

Harry nodded, realizing that he needed to work on his Occlumancy with somebody other than Snape that summer.

"Will Dumbledore be able to tell even if he didn't know?"

The retired Auror smiled. "Let's just say that I'll keep quiet, and that the Headmaster will be spending most of the summer trying to repair his office... as well as the silvery gizmos that may or may not have included his own magical use detectors focused on this address."

When Harry understood what Mad-Eye was saying, he grinned broadly at the irony.

"So," he said, "My cousin had the basement set up as a training area for his boxing, but it doesn't look like he'll be needing it any time soon."

"You don't say?"

"Actually, I do say," Harry replied brightly. "We'd just have to drag all of his junk upstairs and clear out the space..."

"Or, as an alternative...use *Reductos* to vaporize that junk," Moody offered. "But only if you felt a need to vent your frustrations by blasting a few things."

Harry paused, then drew his wand and spun on his heels.

"Let's get started."

oo000000oo

Harry's full day of training left him too sore and tired to wait up for potential visitors. It also delivered him into a deep state of sleep...deep enough that he didn't wake when a young witch entered his room and shook his shoulder.

When Harry unconsciously shied away from the young witch's touch, she realized that she'd unknowingly grabbed a bit of bruised skin. She quickly released his shoulder, carefully pulled back the blanket, and quietly gasped at the sight of all of the bumps and bruises that were exposed on Harry's bare chest (he'd been too sore earlier in the evening to pull a night shirt over his head). Deciding that he was in desperate need of medicinal care, the witch rummaged inside her bag for a jar of bruise-healing salve. Once she found it, she used her wand and a voiceless spell to banish Harry's pajama bottoms, leaving him clad only in boxer shorts.

"Quelle damage," the young witch thought to herself, as she noticed that Harry's boxers partially covered an ugly purple bruise on his inner thigh. With a commitment to thorough treatment and a smirk on her lips, she banished that last bit of the young wizard's clothing, and got to work lightly rubbing the salve all over Harry's body with her fingertips.

And her hands.

Once or twice she may have used other body parts too.

While Harry never woke during the young witch's course of treatment, he did manage to sport an unconscious smile and groaned in approval as the salve worked its magic. The young witch wasn't certain, but thought that his smile lessened in intensity when she finished and dressed him in a new pair of silk briefs that she just happened to have brought along.

Concerned of possible treatment complications, the witch decided to closely monitor her patient's condition for the balance of the night.

Her monitoring station was located in Harry's bed.

Her nurse's uniform was a sheer silk nightgown.

Pleased to see the smile restored to her patient's face, the young witch spooned against his back and pulled the covers up over their bodies. Amazingly enough, her dream therapy treatments didn't lose any of their effectiveness when she herself dozed off.

Two hours later, Harry Potter was woken by a frantic shake of his shoulder.

"Arry, you must wake up," a young witch whispered fiercely. "I 'eard ze crack of an apparition."

Harry's eyes opened quickly.

"Fleur?" he asked. "What are you doing here?"

"Testing ze defense," she quietly replied. "And perhaps, adding to 'zem."

Harry nodded, his thoughts racing back and forth between threat assessments and wonder over why his body no longer felt sore.

“You say you heard one crack?”

“Oui.”

“It might just be a change in Order guards,” Harry concluded.

The clear sound of three or four more apparition cracks quickly disabused him of that thought.

“Right then,” he said, as he rolled out of bed and stood. As Fleur did the same, Harry spotted her sheer negligee and what the garment didn't conceal just below her waist. Some of his wits went south, riding on the back of his blood flow.

“Oops, sorry 'Arry, I did not mean to distract you,” Fleur said, not voicing the caveat “at least not when we are under attack.” She grabbed her wand, and transfigured her nightgown into a black combat uniform. She then looked at Harry's silk boxers and banished them.

“You need ze same outfit, I think,” she stated in explanation, as a second uniform rose from her bag and drifted towards Harry.

The young wizard glanced down at his naked body, and thanked Merlin that the adrenaline that was pumping through his veins kept him from fully revealing his response to Fleur's negligee...and what had been so clearly visible underneath.

“You know you could have just transfigured my boxers too,” he noted.

Fleur gave Harry a wicked smile. “Forgive me 'Arry, but I like to practice a variety of spells.”

Harry was too focused to continue the banter, and pushed away all thoughts of how and when Fleur had joined him in bed as he quickly donned the black trousers (going commando seemed appropriate for the occasion). A black jumper followed, then and a black balcava that covered most of his head. Figuring there was no time to lace up the black leather boots, he grabbed his wand and dashed barefoot over to Fleur's new position, crouched low in front of one of the windows.

There was another loud crack, which to Harry sounded like something other than an apparition.

“Was that the same sound that you first heard?” he whispered.

Fleur nodded.

“That was the Knight Bus, then,” Harry stated. “Both coming and, now, going.”

“But who did it drop off, and what of ze other cracks?” Fleur asked.

Harry fingered his wand and shook his head. Realizing that his newly expanded bedroom now offered a clear view of the street down both directions, he told Fleur to stay put as he crept to a separate vantage point.

A few moments later, Harry heard Fleur whisper, “Merde! I can't believe that she 'ad it in 'er.”

“Who?”

“Ginny,” Fleur whispered back. “She's walking alone up ze street, maybe three 'ouses away.”

Harry swore in his own native tongue as he crept back to Fleur and confirmed her spot. Sure enough, Ginny Weasley was quietly walking up the streetlamp-lit street wearing a dark cloak whose hood was, for some unknown reason, pulled back.

“Did Hermione send you tonight, Fleur?”

“She knew 'zat I was coming.”

“Did she send Ginny as well?”

“No, I am quite certain 'zat she eez on 'er own.”

Harry paused, then said, “Okay, then, let's wait and see how this plays out.”

“Plays out, 'Arry?”

“Ssshh, just wait,” Harry replied.

The two watched as Ginny reached the front of the driveway. Out of the blue a streak of red light shot towards her from the front of the house. Ginny ducked behind a parked car, pulled her wand and returned fire. As spells were exchanged she managed to hold her own from her defensive position, until an overpowered *Expelliarmus* struck Ginny and threw her ten feet into the air and twenty feet down the street. The disarming spell was immediately followed by a sickly-green colored curse that struck Ginny's prone (and defenseless) body.

“No!” a voice screamed out. And very quickly four high-powered red stunners flew towards the source of the green spell. Only three were avoided, as the fourth struck true.

“Merde!” Fleur exclaimed.

“Shit!” Harry hissed.

“‘Ez what I zaid,” noted Fleur.

Harry pulled the tight black hood from his head just so he could run his fingers through his hair with worry.

“This is going to be a huge mess,” he decided. He turned to Fleur and asked, “Can you leave quickly and quietly?”

Fleur nodded. “I used a goblin-fashioned two-way portkey.”

“Then use it and leave...nothing good will come from them discovering you here.”

“Are you 'zertain?”

“Yes.”

Fleur nodded, even as she pouted. “But I wanted my fair share of 'ze touching, and 'ze teasing, and 'ze dream catching.”

“Have to give you a rain check,” Harry replied.

Fleur's pout grew. “Does 'zis rain check come with a....'ow do you say it...ze down payment?”

Harry rolled his eyes, leaned forward, and kissed the French witch hard on the lips.

“There, a down payment...now go!”

“Fine,” Fleur replied. “But don't zink I will wait for ze rain to fall before I return to claim ze rest!” She stood, kissed Harry again (twice, once on each cheek), then used her wand to activate her portkey.

Harry waited for a beat as Mr. and Mrs. Weasley voices carried up and in through his opened bedroom window. When his Uncle Vernon's voice joined the cacophony, Harry knew there was little time to spare. He stood, turned on his bedside light, and quickly scanned the room. Harry first spied an opened jar of healing salve on the desk, which explained why and how his bruises had disappeared. He dumped the jar into his trunk, along with the Port-a-loo, the chamber pot, his Firebolt, the sheets, and a thick stack of books and other documents that Fleur must have left behind.

He locked his trunk just as somebody banged on his bedroom door.

“Harry Potter, you get out here right now!” screamed Molly Weasley.

The young wizard calmly walked up to the door and asked, “Hello? Is somebody there?”

“You know there most certainly is young man. Get out here right now!”

Harry kneeled down in front of the door and pushed hard on the cat-flap, catching Molly in the shins.

“Ouch!”

“Sorry,” Harry called out through the opening, “My Aunt and Uncle lock me in each night, and the locks are on your side of the door.”

“Well, of all the things,” Molly fumed. The irate witch stared at the series of brass door locks, completely baffled at how they might work. Of course her Muggle-loving husband would know, but he'd already left, taking their injured daughter to St. Mungo's. It wasn't until Harry's Uncle stormed back up the stairs to pummel his nephew that the locks (and Harry) were released.

It took Mad-Eye Moody's arrival and some well-placed memory charms, sleeping draughts and *Reparo* 's to calm the immediate situation down. But not before Severus Snape's stunned body was kicked a few times, and a few punches were thrown towards Harry's face by Bill and Charlie Weasley. And of course there was Molly, sternly lecturing Harry and wildly accusing him of enticing Ginny to warm Harry's bed “just like those other scarlet women.”

It wasn't until an hour or so later, after two or three calming draughts were downed, and after Arthur Weasley's return from the hospital with Ginny's confession (and word that she'd recover from Snape's green curse), that the truth (sort of) came out.

The entire Weasley family had attended Sirius Black's will reading earlier that day, and had been within earshot when Hermione Granger had confronted Dumbledore with the latest ward breach on Privet Drive. That had led to most of the story coming out about the previous visits, and caused great distress to the entire family (except for Fred and George, who were delighted that their business partner was enjoying such a smashing summer). Arthur, Bill and Charlie (home via international portkey for the reading) were worried about Harry's safety (and their own, as they took their own turns keeping watch on Privet Drive). Molly, Ron and Ginny, on the other hand, were more worried over the fact that Hermione had apparently spent the night in Harry's bedroom (for all of the predictable reasons involving big happy families and presumptive relationships).

Dumbledore, convinced that Ginny would want to assume her self-proclaimed rightful place under Harry Potter's sheets, quietly offered to place a perimeter ward on the Burrow that would immediately notify Mr. and Mrs. Weasley whenever Ginny left the property (his idea was that it was easier to prove that the wards on Privet Drive were safe by preventing them from being tested in the first place). Ginny followed true to form and, after

waiting well past midnight, crept out of the house and just far enough beyond the wards to summon the Knight Bus. She was easily able to request transit to Privet Drive, having memorized the street address a few years back (when her mum had sent Harry a stamp-strewn letter via Muggle post). The bus left just as her parents ran out to try and stop her. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley then woke Bill and Charlie, and the four apparated just outside of the wards surrounding Number Four. They arrived on the scene a few moments before Snape (who was on guard duty that night) hit Ginny with the disarming spell and borderline Dark curse.

Harry, for his part, claimed truthful ignorance of Ginny's plans and motivations, and had Moody as back-up to document his whereabouts over not only that day, but the past few days. As for Hermione, Luna and Katie...Harry split his time between defending their motivations and virtues, and expressing his disappointment that the Weasleys would make such hurtful and wild accusations. His only positive thought during this point of the conversation was that Ron was still sleeping soundly back at the Burrow. While Harry could guess what Ron might think of the situation, at least he didn't have to hear his mate voice those opinions first hand.

The group parted ways on tense terms, and only because dawn was arriving and Molly was eager to visit Ginny at St. Mungo's. Snape's rope-bound and stunned body was kicked a few more times by the Weasley men (Harry joined them in the spirit of reconciliation), before Mad-Eye hauled the "former" Death-Eater away to Hogwarts for his enervation and (no doubt whiney) exoneration. Kingsley Shacklebolt was summoned to take Snape's place on guard duty, and Harry returned to his room with word that his Aunt and Uncle would not wake from their potion-induced sleep for several more hours.

Dumbledore, amazingly enough (or maybe not so much anymore in Harry's eyes), stayed away from the scene, and allowed others to do his bidding in his stead. Harry figured that it had a lot to do with the Headmaster's reluctance to give him a face-to-face opportunity to rant.

Once alone in his room, Harry opened his trunk, re-pitched the Port-a-loo, and refitted the magical silk sheets that he had quickly come to love. He then took note of the half-dozen ledgers that Fleur had left. The books were tied together with string, with several letters tucked on top of the stack underneath the knot. The first two letters were labeled "Read Me First" and "Harry Potter," the latter being written in Hermione's neat and compact script.

Harry decided to defer to caution and open the letter addressed with the warning first. It was from the Gringott's goblins, expressing their disappointment that Harry did not respond to their invitation to attend the will reading. It then quickly morphed into a rant against Albus Dumbledore and his manipulative attempts to keep Gringott's from corresponding with one of their most valued clients. It closed with a summary of the ledgers and other letters, and stated that Fleur Delacour was a Gringott's employee who had been tasked with ensuring that the ledgers were delivered to Harry "as expeditiously as possible," and to provide "the type of customer service that you so richly deserve."

The-Boy-Who-Lived smiled as he thought of Fleur's work clothes, and her methods of providing customer service. He hadn't failed to notice that *all* of his bruises had been tended to while he had been sleeping, or that he woke wearing different (and much nicer) boxer shorts than what he had fallen asleep in.

Hermione's letter was brief, and apparently written rather hastily:

Dear Harry,

I am at Gringott's having a hard time with Dumbledore and the Weasley family. Fleur Delacour now works for the goblins, and tells me that she will be visiting you to deliver your financial documents tonight. I'm sure she will provide you with excellent customer service.

Hermione

P.S. Dumbledore's excuse was that Katie was delivering McGonagall's letter, which was official Hogwarts correspondence.

Harry furrowed his eyebrows at the tone of Hermione's note. She seemed angry, although it could have easily been attributed to the stressful situation that it was written in.

Bypassing the few other letters in the stack, Harry took hold of the first ledger, which the goblin's letter had said Harry should have been given at the very start of the will reading. He opened the front cover and found a handwritten note:

Harry,

So you are at my will reading, huh? Bummer. Chin up, pup, I'm in a better place, and regret only that I didn't get to spend more time with you. Blame Dumbledore...I know that I do.

My will is sure to cause some melodramatic scenes and long-winded expressions of outrage from some of the people in the room with you right now. It will also cause some snoring...it will take over an hour to cover all of the mumble-jumbled legalities before we get to the good parts (Blame Dingle...I know that I do). So to keep your mind sharp and spirits from drifting too low, I've instructed the goblins to give you this book at the start of the meeting. Enjoy, but not too much.

Don't worry, the book is spelled so that only you can see anything other than blank pages.

Love, Padfoot

Harry sniffed, and used the sleeve of his jumper to wipe two damp eyes as he smiled at Sirius's note. Taking a calculated risk that any prank sprung on the ensuing pages wouldn't be too disabling, he took a deep breath and turned the page.

It folded out to reveal a vintage *Playwizard* centerfold.

Harry laughed out loud as he studied the page for a few seconds, then folded it back in and flipped to the next page. It was another centerfold, dated one month after the first.

As Harry turned page after page, he quickly realized that Sirius had found a way to magically bind his complete collection of magical pornography into a two-inch thick book. Every time he skipped over to the last page, another two-inch thick pile of porn magically appeared behind it.

After the first hundred or so animated centerfolds, Harry's mind started to drift, and he imagined what he might have done if he had first seen these pages within Gringott's.

His first thought was that Hermione would probably have been sitting right next to him, wondering why he was getting an erection whilst staring at blank pages.

His second thought was that it would have been that much worse if instead of Hermione it had been Mrs. Weasley.

His third thought was that it would have been wonderful if one of the naked witches sprawled out over the pages had been Hermione (or Luna, or Katie, or Fleur...).

There was no fourth thought that placed Mrs. Weasley under similar circumstance.

Promising himself to lift a glass of firewhiskey in Sirius's name at first opportunity, Harry climbed back into his bed for a kip, clutching Sirius' gift wrapped inside his Quidditch Jersey. It might not have been as plush as a stuffed animal, but it certainly ensured some sweet dreams.

Testing Defenses

Chapter 5: Lisa's Visit

Harry Potter was woken by the groping hands and lilting voice of a young witch, singing a version of a familiar child's song that he'd never heard before.

Sexy Harry, Sexy Harry,

Dormez-vous? Dormez-vous?

I 'ave brought ze raincheck.

I 'ave brought ze raincheck.

Ding, dang, dung....Ding, dang, dung....

The waking wizard snorted as a smile crept across his face. He opened his eyes and propped himself up onto his elbows, giving him a great view of his favorite Gringott's employee, dressed in the same see-thru negligee that she'd worn during the night.

“Good morning, Fleur.”

“Good moring, 'Arry.” Did you 'ave a good sleep?”

“I think that I'm having a better wakening, actually,” he replied. With a nod towards Fleur's attire, he asked, “So, is this the new employee uniform down at the bank?”

Fleur laughed prettily. “Oh, to zink such a zing...ze goblins dressed zis way!” She then reached out with the hand not grasping Harry's penis and tweaked his chin. “Silly 'Arry, zis I wear only for you.”

“I'm flattered,” Harry replied, as he reached down and covered Fleur's other hand. “And I must say that I've never had anyone grab hold of my penis and pretend that it was a bell-clapper.”

Fleur giggled as she pulled his “bell-clapper” to the left, then right, then back left as she sang the reprise of, “Ding, Dang, Dung.” She then added, “It iz long enough and 'ard enough for ze job, no?”

“I think that I'd rather be banging something other than a bell.”

Fleur pursed her lips into an “o” as she raised an eyebrow.

“Such a thing to say, 'Arry...I think zat I like ze new you.”

Harry eyes sparkled. He was laying in bed with a near-naked beautiful part-Veela witch that had woken him with a bawdy song and crotch grab.

“I think that I like the new me, too,” he replied. He then added, “So you wish to cash in your raincheck?”

“Yes, please.”

Harry looked out the window and grinned. “But Fleur, it isn't raining.”

The part-Veela nodded, sighed, then slipped down alongside Harry (without losing her grip).

“But 'arry, it iz raining in my 'eart...William 'az left me.”

Harry hadn't known that Fleur and Bill Weasley had been dating, but that didn't stop him from announcing that Ron's brother was a stupid git.

The French witch turned towards Harry and used her off-hand to place a finger on his lips.

“Ssshh, 'Arry”

“But...but what excuse could he have?”

Fleur sighed. “William found out this morning that ze goblins 'ad given me the job of providing customer service to you...e said that I must choose between you or 'im.”

“Oh, Fleur, I'm so sorry...”

“No...it iz not a bad thing, I zink...We 'ad only been dating for a few weeks.”

“But still...”

“Yes, I am a little sad, but only a little.”

So you...you must just have come from Bill, then?"

Fleur nodded. "We were at ze bank, and I needed to bring you a goblin-made portkey, so 'ere I am."

"My own portkey?"

"It connects zis place and ze bank," Fleur explained. "So now, you may come and visit me all ze time, no?"

Harry smiled. "Still, so soon after the...guess you don't have family here to lean on, right?"

Fleur nodded. "I 'ope you do not mind...my personal business, it 'as interfered with my job."

"I don't mind at all," Harry replied. "What ever I can do to help..."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Of course I do...why?"

Fleur bit her lower lip and replied, "Because whenever I am sad, there iz one sure way to make me 'appy."

"Really, what's that?"

"L'oral sex."

Harry choked on some spittle.

"Are you sure...with me... I mean..."

"I am sorry, 'Arry, I should not push my troubles onto my customers."

"Stop that, Fleur," said Harry. "You need to think of me as your friend, and only as a customer when we're discussing my accounts, okay?"

Fleur nodded, and gave Harry a puppy-dog eyed look.

"Then you will make me 'appy?"

Harry gulped. "If it helps ...except, I doubt that I would be any good at it."

"Why iz zat, 'Arry?"

"Because...well, to be honest I don't have that kind of experience."

"You are kidding, no?"

Harry shrugged a shoulder and nodded.

"But you are so...all ze 'ogwarts witches...zey should 'ave all wanted to ride *Ze 'arry Express*."

"Nope."

"But you do like witches, no?"

"Yes," Harry said definitively.

"'ave you kissed ze witches?"

"Yes."

"With ze tongue?"

"Are you playing a guessing game?" asked Harry with a coy smile.

"Oh, it iz an idea fantastic!" Fleur bubbled. "I would love to play a guessing game with you, 'Arry...you will tell me 'more,' or 'less,' n'est pas?"

Harry chuckled. "Okay, sure."

"You 'ave petted ze witch's tit?"

"If you mean when it's covered, then more."

"You 'ave made mad passionate love to a witch?"

"Erm...might need to define 'mad passionate love'."

"Hmmm...you 'ave rung ze witch's bell with your clapper until you experience ze little death?"

“How do you experience the little death?”

“Oh, I am sorry,” Fleur replied, “it is not the same in English...you bang on ze witch until your wand bursts with ze semen.”

“In that case,” snorted Harry, “less.”

“Ah, too bad, perhaps ze answer will be different soon enough, true?”

“I have no idea, actually.”

“Alors...your wand...it bursts with semen in ze witch's mouth?”

“Less.”

“In ze bum?”

“Much less.”

“Oh...wrong direction.”

“I'm sure that the witch would think so too.”

Fleur laughed at Harry's joke. “Perhaps a different witch might not think so, no? But to think....a witch, she 'as made ze semen spray in 'er 'and?”

Harry shook his head. “Less.”

“Really?” asked Fleur. “But surely, a witch 'as 'eld your wand?”

“No more than you just were, actually.”

“And you 'ave done ze same for them?”

“Erm....less.”

“What?” asked Fleur. “It is outrageous...ze silly English witches...you allow them to touch you, but they...they do not return ze favor?”

“No, that's alright,” said Harry. “It wasn't as if I wasn't getting something out of it as well.”

Fleur pouted. “But 'ow are you to know? They 'ave a....a responsibility, no? Yes...a responsibility to all of ze other witches to follow.”

“It's not so bad,” said Harry. “Quite brilliant, actually, and it's not like I haven't had the chance to hold other bits.”

“Yes, you 'ave said,” said Fleur. “So we are close, I think. You 'ave played with ze witch's tit, but no more, and ze witches...they have kissed your lips, and held your wand from ze inside of your short pants.”

Harry thought for a moment. “Well, I have slapped a witch on the bum.”

“Oh, 'Arry...you like to play it rough?”

“No...but I think that she liked it.”

“Magnifique,” Fleur decided. “There iz something else, no?”

“Well....” said Harry.

“Oh, 'Arry, do not be ze shy one. I am ze veela...I 'ave 'eard it all, and done most of it, too.”

Harry sighed. “Okay, okay...I had a tug while a witch was putting on a show for me.”

“I see...it was both of you, watching ze other?”

“Erm, actually...she wanted me to watch, I think, but was too shy to say outright...so she allowed me to peek from under my invisibility cloak.”

“Oooh, I like,” Fleur decided. “There iz 'ope for you yet, no?”

Harry blushed. “I hope so.”

“And so...it is certain zat you 'ave a lot to learn about love. And I must be your teacher.”

“Fleur, you don't have to.”

“It will be my pleasure, too, I assure you,” said Fleur. “Now...would you like a...’ow do you say it...ah, yes...a crash course? Or rather, a series of lessons?”

Harry looked at Fleur with wide eyes. "You'd want to do a crash course with me?"

"Of course... if zat eez what you want, 'Arry."

"Well, what do you want?"

Fleur smiled. "I zink zat I would prefer to stretch out ze instruction over a number of lessons."

Harry grinned. "Then that's what we'll do....Professor Delacour, I place myself in your capable hands."

The part-veela's eyes flashed brilliantly. "Actually, for our first session, I zink zat I must place my little bell in yours." She then drew one of Harry's hands up under her negligee and buried it between her legs.

"Today," Fleur informed her student with a smile, "you learn ze 'and job."

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Fleur left Harry with a stupid grin on his face and an appointment to continue his lessons the following week. After breakfast and a wash up, he began to review the non-pornographic papers and ledgers that Fleur had left behind.

It didn't take very long for him to realize that Mad-Eye Moody wasn't joking about how tempting a target his family vaults would be for a galleon-digging witch. Based on the balance sheets and vault inventories that he'd been provided, Harry Potter was, in two words, filthy rich.

Now of course, all of the galleons in the world didn't do much good if you didn't have access to either your money or to markets. The goblins had, at least, offered a partial solution to the access problems associated with his confinement on Privet Drive...a Muggle debit card tied to his trust vault (through an intermediary Muggle bank account in a goblin-owned Muggle bank). But how to get to the stores to use that small piece of plastic?

Harry thought about his living conditions, and realized that he wouldn't be any more likely to visit a store once he was moved to Headquarters. And that got him thinking some of the amazing changes in Harry's life on Privet Drive, and that caused him to start an inventory that documented those changes. This soon morphed into a "before" and "after" comparison of summers spent on Privet Drive.

His lumpy mattress and cramped quarters had been replaced with silk sheets and the house's largest bedroom. He used to have to beg his Aunt to use the loo down the hall (he scrubbed it clean more often than he was allowed to use it); now he had his own self-cleaning canvas-walled lavatory with hot tub. Rather than being terrorized by his cousin, Dudley was being terrorized by Bubba the cell-mate. The Muggle-repelling Post-its kept his Aunt and Uncle out of his room and out of his way...he didn't have to do chores unless he wanted to, he could use magic in the house, and he had a new training facility and tutor. And then there was the "reading material" that Sirius had left behind...

When it was said and done, Harry Potter was now living in a nicely gilded cage. But it was still a cage, with the key kept in Dumbledore's pocket. And while the bars of the cage kept Harry from straying, Hermione and the other witches had proven that they were not all that protective.

Harry wondered just how much longer he'd be forced to stay inside his gilded cage, and where he would be sent once he was sprung. Grimmauld Place was a likely candidate, as Sirius had left Harry the Black ancestral home. The Order was probably still using the building as a base of operations, and would move him behind the *Fidelius* charmed wards. Once there, he'd be able to use magic, and train, and hang out with friends. But then, at Grimmauld he'd also have to deal with Ron's petty jealousy, and Molly's chaperoning, and there would be rooms to de-dox, and lots of people telling him how he should be spending his time, and memories of Sirius everywhere he turned.

It was enough for Harry to consider the relative benefits of staying at Privet Drive for the balance of the summer. After all, moving to Grimmauld Place wouldn't make Dumbledore any more likely to allow him to go for a morning run, or to visit Diagon Alley. The leash would be a little longer at the Burrow, where he could at least fly and play Quidditch, but it'd be Molly that would be holding that leash and after last night that didn't interest Harry at all.

Still, given the seemingly porous protection provided so long as he stayed at his Aunt and Uncles, it was a moot point. Wondering whether there were other options available to him, Harry started to skim through his inventoried real estate holdings.

The rough answer to that question was "maybe." There was an ancestral manor house in Wales whose wards were described as "active" but not delineated. But the details of that house's condition were left behind as soon as Harry spied a listing under "Miscellaneous Minor Properties."

4 Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey . Four bedroom single family home on 0.58 acre lot. 1981 purchase price: GB£72,000. Current assessed value GB£235,000. *Note: Currently leased on an annual basis to Vernon Dursley for GB£1 and support of his nephew, Harry Potter.*

"Son of a Blasted-End Screw!" yelled Harry. He jumped up from his desk and ran downstairs to confront his Aunt.

"What are you looking for," Petunia demanded.

"Some answers," Harry stated hotly. "Answers and explanation on why I was always told that my care was such a financial imposition for you."

Under normal circumstances, Harry's aunt would have dismissed his challenge as impudence, cuffed him along side his head, and locked him inside the cupboard for a few days. But things had changed, particularly in the past few days, and she was smart enough to tread cautiously.

"What brought you down to ask, Harry?"

The young wizard's head jerked up, in response not to her question, or tone of voice, but to the simple fact that she had actually called him by his first name. This singular event was confusing enough to take the wind from his sails, and he explained in an amazingly civil tone of voice.

"I just, for the first time in my life, got a comprehensive statement from my wizarding bank," he stated, as he placed his property ledger down onto the kitchen table. Pointing towards the listing in question, he added, "Within the Potter Estate's property portfolio I found this item."

Petunia looked down at the page and scrunched her eyes. "That must be a mistake," she stated. "We send off a mortgage payment to NatWest every month...I've seen the box full of check stubs."

Harry looked at his Aunt and thought for a moment. "Well, my statement says that the house was purchased in 1981, and that matches the year I was dropped on your doorstep. When did you move into the house?"

"Just two years before," his Aunt replied. She then took pause to consider her options. Were it not for certain other circumstances that seemed a bit off, she would have cut Harry off minutes before. But because of those other, not completely answered questions, she decided to play along.

"Your Uncle keeps all of our bill statements and financial documents in a lock box," she informed Harry. "It will be a simple thing to match check stubs against the mortgage statements."

"Great," said Harry, who actually agreed with his Aunt for once. He followed her first to the front entryway, where she retrieved her purse, then upstairs to the master bedroom. A locked five-drawer metal filing cabinet sat on Vernon's side of their walk-in closet.

Petunia pulled a set of keys from her purse, flipped thru until she found the right one, and placed the key into the file cabinet's lock.

It didn't work.

"That's strange," she stated. "I'm quite certain that this is the key that Vernon gave me for this cabinet."

"Have you ever used it before?" Harry asked.

"Not as such," she replied. "You know well enough that your Uncle handles all of the family finances, and keeps our records in order."

"So...you've never actually seen a statement?"

"Well not in any detail...it's like the car...so long as the mechanic keeps it running there's no need to mess under the hood, right?"

"Erm, sure," said Harry. "Don't you think it's a little strange, though..."

"No matter," his Aunt replied. "Your Uncle will be home later today."

"Maybe he didn't give you the right key...maybe he doesn't want you looking at the statements for a reason," Harry suggested.

"Oh don't be ridiculous," Petunia replied. "What reason would he have to do that?"

Harry just stared at his Aunt. A good part of him wanted to scream at her stupidity, and to scream out what he figured might be going on. But she would never believe him...she'd need to see it for herself.

"I don't see why we'd need to bother Uncle Vernon," said Harry. He slipped his magical knife into the cabinet lock and popped it open. Pocketing the knife he said, "Should be open, now."

His Aunt turned and looked at him strangely. "I thought you lot had to mumble something like Hocus Pocus to make the magic work."

Harry smiled. "I'm learning how to do silent magic," he confided.

Not quite sure if he was being truthful, his Aunt put the issue aside and opened one of the middle drawers to the file cabinet.

"Well, here we go," she replied smartly. "Folders are marked for the mortgage, gas, electric, the BBC subscription."

"Really?" asked Harry. "What about the mortgage papers, then?" he asked, explaining that it would be easier to resolve the issue by sending a copy of the statement along to Gringott's with his inquiry.

"Oh, well, I guess that would be alright," Petunia decided. She reached into the file and pulled out the first document. "NatWest mortgage payment... from just last month."

She handed the paper over to Harry as proof.

Harry took the paper in hand, looked down at the statement and snorted.

"What?" his Aunt demanded.

"It's a mortgage statement alright," Harry noted, "but it's held against a property with a street address in Hammersmith."

Petunia snatched the paper back from Harry's hands and looked at it.

"Why that can't be right," she said. She pulled the entire file from the file drawer and examined the other statements...they were addressed to Vernon and mailed to Privet Drive, but the property tied to the mortgage was not located within Little Whinging.

I can't for the life of me wonder what this means," Harry's Aunt said quietly.

"Maybe he's paying off Aunt Marge's mortgage instead?" Harry suggested.

Shaking her head, Petunia informed Harry that Vernon's sister lived in Slough.

"Maybe, erm...well, it's not my place to question why Uncle Vernon is away from the house so much..."

"It certainly isn't young man," his Aunt replied.

"But did he ever tell you that this house was owned free and cleared by my Trust?"

"No."

"Did he ever mention buying rental property in Hammersmith, or some other kind of investment?"

"No. Never."

"Oh...I see," Harry replied. "You know, I don't think it's too far of a drive to Hammersmith from here, maybe you should find this place and find out what's going on?"

The gears spinning in his Aunt's head caused her response to be delayed by a few tens of seconds.

"That's actually a good idea, Harry," she concluded, as she violently slammed the file drawer shut and walked out of the room.

"Hold on, Aunt Petunia, I might be able to help you," Harry said. He ran into his room, scrawled out a quick note, sealed the note in an envelope, and handed the letter to his Aunt along with a business card.

"The goblins own a Muggle bank called Prescott's...have you heard of it?"

His Aunt nodded.

"This card has the name of the Muggle bank manager of the closest branch office. It's actually on the way to Hammersmith, I think. If you go there and give this manager your name and this note, he might be able to help."

"How so?" asked his Aunt.

"Well," Harry replied, wondering how far he should push his Aunt, "There might be some breach of contract issues involved if Uncle Vernon has been misusing funds. The Goblins are kind of picky about that sort of thing, and they might be willing to do a bit of private investigating on my behalf...and yours, of course."

"Help from a goblin?" Petunia said with a shudder.

"No, no...it's a Muggle bank and a Muggle bank manager...here, look at the name on the card...goblins have single names like Griphook or Earchewer...Robert Miller can't be a goblin's name."

His Aunt paused, not knowing whom to trust right then.

"Hey, if there's a perfectly valid reason for this mix-up, then they'll be able to find out and ease your mind, probably before Uncle Vernon even comes home tonight."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm not certain," Harry admitted. "But it wouldn't hurt to try now, would it?"

Petunia nodded as she grabbed her car keys and stuffed the card, the letter, and the mortgage statements into her purse.

Four hours later she returned in tears, and with word that the kept woman living at the address in Hammersmith was Vernon's long-time mistress. Petunia had gone right to Grunnings and embarrassed the hell out of her husband by yelling at the top of her lungs that she wanted a divorce and that he was not to bother coming home that night.

Harry was sympathetic, not having the heart to tell her that he already knew the truth; a thick package had been delivered to the door an hour previous, with incriminating photographs and a document trail that tracked the infidelity for years. The goblins had been incredibly thorough and efficient with their time. He also didn't have the heart to tell his Aunt that the Potter Trust was going to sue his Uncle and take him for everything that he (and his wife) were worth.

There would be time later to discuss the change in circumstances, and that time would come after his Aunt had finished combing the house for anything that Vernon owned, claimed, or coveted.

Harry Potter got a lot of practice casting blasting spells that day, and for once in her life Petunia readily approved of the use of magic.

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Later that evening, two polite young men dressed in their Sunday best walked up Privet Drive and approached Number Four with pamphlets in

hand. With an appearance and attitude that screamed “Muggle!”, Kingsley Shacklebolt was content to watch from the bushes as the two men rang the bell and waited patiently for a response.

Petunia Dursley cracked open the door and stared appraisingly into the dull blue eyes of the young men. “Can I help you?” she asked warily.

“Good Evening, Ma'am,” the taller man drawled, using an obvious American accent. “My name is Brother Ted, and my companion William and I are visiting your neighborhood tonight to share some good news about how God has spoken to his prophets on Earth and how what he says can protect you and your family against the filthy onslaught of sex, drugs and rock & roll.”

Now Petunia Dursley, under ordinary circumstances, would have slammed the door in the men's faces just as soon as she heard “Brother Ted.” But she was still a little distraught from Vernon's confrontation, and the drugs part did resonate given Dudley's problems, and...well, these two young men just seemed so trustworthy that...

“Would you two like to come inside?” she asked, as she held open the door. “I have some lemonade and biscuits, I think.”

Brother Ted smiled. “Why thank you, Ma'am, that's downright hospitable.”

Petunia returned the smile and stepped to the side. The two young men stepped across the threshold, followed closely by a young witch hidden under an invisibility cloak.

When Harry Potter heard a quiet knock on his bedroom door he assumed that it was his Aunt...he had charitably removed the Muggle-repelling Post-it in case she had found something else that she wanted destroyed. So he was a bit surprised when he opened the door and was confronted by a disembodied face.

“Lisa?” he asked. “Lisa Turpin? What are you doing here?”

“Testing defenses...May I come in?”

“Erm, sure,” Harry replied. As the witch swept by him, he thought to reapply the Muggle-repelling Post-it before closing the door behind her. He turned around to grab one from his desk, only to stand dumbstruck as Lisa unfastened the brooch to her cloak and let it fall to the ground.

The cloak was all that she had been wearing.

Harry couldn't help but stare at the Ravenclaw's nude form...from uncovered head to bare toes, from bits to bum. He had seen Katie this way, but that was when she was busy putting on her clothes. He'd seen Fleur this way, but that was in bed and with a sheer silk screen. This...this was different. She was just standing there, making no effort to cover or conceal. Almost encouraging Harry to appreciate her body, as the sunlight that filtered through the windows bathed her skin in warm golden light.

“Erm...Lisa...are you...can you...erm...”

“Harry,” Lisa said sweetly, “Why don't you close the door and I can explain?”

“Would you like to sit down?” he stammered, waving an arm towards his desk chair.

“Thank you, Harry,” the witch replied, as she pulled the chair so that it faced the bed. It was slightly less unnerving for Harry once she sat and crossed her legs...but only slightly. She then added, “I'd suggest that you make yourself comfortable..but it seems like I'm making that rather difficult for you right now.”

Harry nodded as he bravely moved towards the bed and sat facing Lisa. It only took a few seconds for her to establish eye contact with him.

“So...” said Harry, “you said that you were going to explain?”

“Oh yes,” Lisa replied. “Your friend, Hermione Granger, asked me to try to breach the wards and give you a visit, so here I am.”

“Yes, but...”

“But how did I do it?” Lisa asked coyly. “Well, Hermione gave me the street address...wrote something about Dumbledore never bothering to address the Hopkirk issue...does that mean something to you? Anyway, once I had the address, I just needed a diversion, so I got a couple of the boys from the coven's auxiliary to dress up like Muggle missionaries, charmed their name tags to make your Aunt susceptible to suggestion, and followed behind them wearing the cloak that Hermione sent me. It's yours, right?”

“Erm, yeah...looks like it,” Harry said. “But, Lisa...why aren't you wearing any clothes?”

“Is that a problem, Harry?” the witch asked. “Because there are exemptions to my Vow of Nudity whenever it creates an unwanted situation...”

Harry glossed over the notion of a “Vow of Nudity,” and thought about whether the present situation was wanted, or unwanted.

“Hmmm,” he thought to himself. *“A beautiful young witch with huge ta-tas and a name that I barely remembered walks into my bedroom and immediately gets naked...‘wanted’, or ‘unwanted’?”*

“It's not a problem from my perspective,” he replied with a smile.

“Great,” replied Lisa, as she uncrossed her legs and placed her hands on her knees. As she leaned forward her breasts cried out for attention.

Which was hard for Lisa not to provide...they were the biggest pair he'd ever seen, and after getting an eyeful of the Lefts and Rights of four live witches and a few hundred centerfolds, he felt that he could speak with authority on the issue.

"So, not that it's a problem, but....but, you mentioned a Vow of Nudity?"

Lisa smiled, quite pleased that she'd been able to unnerve Harry the Hottie.

"I took the Vow at my initiation ceremony a few days back," she explained.

"Initiation into what?" asked Harry, wanting to determine whether it was the kind of club that he wanted to join.

"The Coven of Vesta."

"You mean...you joined the Vestal Virgins?"

Lisa smiled as she nodded. "And here Hermione was telling me that you didn't know your history, just wait until I tell her..."

"*Vestal Virgins?*" Harry thought to himself, "*Guess that it's not a club that I'd like to be eligible to join for too much longer.*"

"So in order to join this coven, you take a magical oath to shun clothing?" he asked. "Won't that make things difficult at Hogwarts?"

Lisa giggled. "Oh, Harry, such a joker...I can still wear robes in situations where to do otherwise would cause problems, and it's really only enforced during my three-month probationary period."

Harry nodded. He understood what she was saying, but still didn't really understand. But at least, after a bit of discussion, he'd gotten comfortable enough with Lisa's nudity to be able to push away the blanket that he'd buried in his lap to conceal his initial physical reaction.

"So, not that I'm complaining, but...what's the purpose of that kind of vow?"

"Lots of reasons," the witch replied, pleased that Harry was interested in her situation. "First, there's the practical issues. The Coven exists in part as a business that performs rituals...I'm sure you've heard about the ones that require virgin witches, right? So, almost all of these rituals have to be performed in the nude, and in front of the paying customers, and it's really hard to maintain a focus and do the right chants if you're worried about being starkers in front of complete strangers."

"So the vow gets you used to being starkers in front of complete strangers?"

"Exactly," Lisa replied with a smile. "Of course, there's also other aspects to the vow...it teaches us humility, and increases our self-confidence, and makes the spontaneous oral sex a whole lot easier..."

"What?"

"Just teasing, Harry," Lisa replied with a grin. "There's no spontaneity in the cunnilingus...that is all scheduled out."

Harry could do little more than gurgle a wordless response.

"Oh, I'm sorry, that was some more teasing..."

"You're quite good at it, you know."

"Why thank you, Harry...am I making things too difficult?"

"Erm....no, no, don't get dressed on my account."

"Thanks, I appreciate your help."

The messy-haired wizard sighed in frustration, then asked, "So, this coven...how did you find out about it?"

"Why do you ask, Harry...interested in joining?"

"Erm, no, not really," he stammered. "Not that there's anything wrong with that..."

"Oh, Harry, relax...you're so wound up you can't realize when you're being teased," Lisa replied. "But to answer your question, Madame Pince recruited me."

"Madame Pince?" asked Harry incredulously. "The Hogwarts Librarian is a vestal virgin?"

"What, are you surprised?"

Harry paused for a moment, then quickly realized that he wasn't surprised that the librarian was a true spinster. He then tried (but failed) to keep from imagining what the ancient witch would look like performing a ritual in the nude.

"So, you heard about this coven from Madame Pince, and joined, just as soon as school ended?"

Lisa nodded, causing her breasts to jiggle. Harry was certain that it was intentional.

"I turned sixteen in February," she explained. "We were picked up at King's Cross by the Coven's mistress and taken straight to the ritual circle."

"We?" asked Harry.

Lisa nodded. "I wasn't the only Hogwarts student initiated that night."

"Really?" asked Harry. "Anyone I know?"

"Why do you ask?" Lisa replied sweetly. "Wondering who is permanently off the market, or just curious who I had to finger to orgasm that night?"

Harry shot his head back in gobsmacked surprise. After catching a breath, he weakly asked, "More of that teasing, right Lisa?"

The young witch smiled sweetly. "Would you like a detailed description of *everything* that I did and had done to me?"

"Erm, well..."

Lisa's jolly laugh was echoed by twin mounds of jiggling flesh. "You are so easy to tease, you know that?"

"Well, I'm trying work on my inexperience," Harry said in his defense.

"Yes, I've heard about that hard work you've had the past few days," Lisa said. "Truth is, the ritual involved a lot more pain than pleasure...between the tattoo and the teeth..."

"Tattoo and teeth?"

Lisa's response was to lift one leg up over the arm of his desk chair and fully expose her fanny, and the galleon-sized tattoo located high on the Ravenclaw's inner thigh, right next to her bikini line (had she been wearing one). The magical tattoo had a stylized, glowing "V" that was bound inside a pentagram whose points lay tangent on five sides of a red octagon.

"Like what you see, Harry?"

"Erm, yes, very nice," he stammered. "So that signifies your membership in the coven?"

Lisa nodded.

"Any particular reason why it was placed there?"

Lisa snorted. "The location does create interesting issues whenever I want to show it off, doesn't it?"

"You can say that again."

The Ravenclaw witch stated, "The tattoo doubles as a warning to any man or beast that would want to violate me and steal my virtue."

Harry looked more closely at the tattoo and smiled. "It does resemble a Muggle stop sign, doesn't it?"

Lisa nodded. "The 'V' glows in the dark, and the tattoo moves down to my bum whenever I bend over, or when I'm on my hands and knees." And before Harry could protest, she spun around, bent over the arm of the chair, and presented her bum for his inspection. Sure enough, the tattoo appeared just below the crease between her left cheek and thigh.

"Erm, nice..." the young wizard managed to say. He then added, "So a bloke wouldn't have an excuse that he wasn't warned before he tried to...well....take your virginity?"

"Exactly."

"Do I want to know what happens if they ignore the warning?"

Lisa smiled (this time a bit more evilly) as she turned and sat back down. "Well, Harry, did you hear me mention that the initiation ritual involved pain and teeth?"

"Erm....yes."

"I was given a potion that magically modified my body," Lisa stated.

"And that involved teeth?"

The nude witch nodded. "You know how men are said to have two heads, and women two sets of lips?"

Harry nodded.

"Well, now I have a second set of teeth to go with those other lips...would you like to see?"

Harry stared at Lisa for a few seconds as his brain tried to resist understanding. When he could no longer hold back the imagery, he shook his head, crossed his legs and let out a howl.

"Ouch!" he cried out. "You're....you're not teasing this time, are you?"

Lisa's eyes sparkled as she replied with a Cheshire-quality grin.

"No wonder you don't have to worry about unwanted advances as you prance about in the nude," Harry exclaimed.

"Ouch...the idea...the thought...so what happens to the poor bastards after their wands are bitten off?"

"They're given a choice...either death or bound servitude as eunuchs...did I mention that we have a male auxiliary?"

"No way," said Harry with disbelief. "So the two guys you that you came with tonight are...."

"Sopranos."

Sensing a great deal of tension in Harry's muscles, Lisa offered to give Harry a massage. Harry politely declined, even though he was quite certain that he'd not have any erection-provoking thoughts around the witch any time soon. He did, however, agree to the shared use of his hot tub, which was just large enough for the four of them (Harry, Lisa, and her Left and Right).

When Lisa teased Harry about his reluctance to strip down in front of her, he replied that he was embarrassed by the fact that his willie had gone into self-protective turtle mode, and practically crawled back inside his crotch. She offered that she had a cure for that condition and started to describe not only what she had done during the rituals she had participated in, but *who* she had done. Against his upper head's better judgment, his lower head responded. Harry managed to strip off his boxers and slip underneath the water's surface in the brief interval between embarrassment over being too small, and embarrassment over being too big.

They used the tub time to learn more about each other than what they looked like without clothing. Before this visit, Harry would have been hard pressed to recall a single conversation that he had held with Lisa...they were in different houses, were never in the same classes, and she hadn't joined the DA. Lisa explained that this was precisely the reason why Hermione has asked her to make the ward breach attempt. Given their limited contact over the years, Dumbledore would be hard pressed to explain Lisa's presence away based on friendship.

Harry asked about Lisa's plans for the evening while they were drying off under huge fluffy towels. That she planned on spending the night pleased Harry...if her huge breasts couldn't catch dreams, then he was destined to a lifetime of nightmares. He asked about the eunuchs, and Lisa informed him that they only had planned to spend a few minutes with his Aunt...even with the compulsion charms in place, the two wouldn't have been able to maintain the ruse for very long, and if they had stayed then Harry's Order guard would have become suspicious.

As they left the tent and prepared for bed, Lisa told Harry that he could use some work on his self-confidence. When he asked what she meant, the witch dropped her towel, reached out, and pulled Harry's away from his waist.

"How about a one-night vow of nudity?" she suggested.

Harry looked at Lisa, then down at his body, then back at her.

"But what if there's an attack during the night?"

Lisa shrugged her shoulders. "Haven't you ever dueled naked before?"

Harry snorted. "But what if...not that I would ever consider doing something...but I usually wake up with a morning erection, and if it were to...completely on accident...end up in danger of..."

Lisa giggled. "Well, if you're worried if your wand might stray in your sleep, I could always keep track of its location with a firm grip."

"Erm....what?"

"Oh, Harry, you are so easy to tease," Lisa replied. She turned down the covers to Harry's bed and slipped underneath the sheets with her wand in hand.

"Come here, you."

Harry semi-reluctantly killed the lights and crawled into bed next to Lisa, making sure that he was facing away from her. The young witch smiled as she spooned up tight behind Harry, mashing her breasts against Harry's back.

"What are you doing?" Harry hissed, as Lisa poked her wand up between their legs.

The witch uttered the incantation to a sticking charm that fixed the front of her thighs against Harry's cheeks.

"Making sure your body stays safe through the night," Lisa replied.

"Oh," said Harry. "So you're naked, but not really accessible, huh?"

"That's right, Harry...you're big, but not *that* big to get to me in this position."

"Seem to be a bit of overkill...not that I'm complaining, mind you," Harry said.

"Can't be too safe," Lisa whispered in his ear. "I wouldn't want you to lose any fingers during the night."

“What? How would I...Oh. I see,” said Harry, blushing furiously in the dark.

“Good night, Harry.”

“Good night, Lisa,” Harry replied. He tried to close his eyes, but found it difficult to concentrate when she began to lightly rub one of his nipples with the ball of her index finger.

“Lisa?”

“Yes, Harry?”

“Are you comfortable?”

“Very much so, Harry.”

“Great.”

A few minutes later, Lisa's fingers drifted over to his other nipple.

“Lisa?”

“Yes Harry?”

“I notice that while my fingers are safe this way, that you still can use yours to...well, erm...”

“To do what, Harry, get into trouble if they were to slip lower during the night?”

“Exactly.”

“Oh,” said Lisa. “Are you going to bite my fingers off if they do happen to stray...down here?”

She let Harry know exactly where “down here” was by reaching down and grabbing what was now a firm (and uncovered) erection.

Harry thought for a moment.

“Are you sure that you want to? I mean...it feels brilliant, but I wouldn't want you to think that...”

“Harry?”

“Yes, Lisa?”

“Do you know how horny a witch can get when she spends the entire day naked?”

“Erm...can't say that I do.”

“Or how horny you can get when you're spooning against a dreamy well-hung wizard?”

“Nope...definitely can't tell you what that feels like.”

Lisa laughed as she began to apply long slow strokes to Harry's wand.

“Harry...would you like to have a friend with benefits?”

“Not if that's the same thing as shag-buddies.”

Lisa laughed some more. “Don't need to go that far...there's always tongue-buddies.”

Harry snorted. “I'd like to keep the tip of my tongue, thank you very much.”

With a tweak to her bedmate's wand head for emphasis, Lisa stated, “It doesn't have to go that far in, you know.”

Harry thought about Fleur's hand-job lesson that morning, substituted his tongue for his fingers, and realized that she was right.

“So...you aren't looking for anything long term?”

Lisa shook her head. “All I'm looking for tonight is a mind-blowing tongue lashing, and the chance to try deep-throating.”

Harry paused, then grabbed his wooden wand and cancelled the sticking charm applied between them. Turning to face Lisa, he brought one hand up to her breast and grazed a thumb over its rock-hard nipple.

“Lisa?”

“Yes, Harry?”

“Can I practice up here first?”

Lisa's eyes lit up as she reached behind Harry's head and drew his lips to her breast.

Testing Defenses

Chapter 6: Susan's Visit

Lisa was quick to notice that Harry seemed quite bashful when they woke the next morning. The young wizard counted to eleven then sighed with relief. He slipped out of bed with a pillow pinned against his lap, and emerged from the Port-a-loo wearing a tightly knotted towel around his waist.

"What's with the sudden modesty?" Lisa teased.

"It's more like self-defense," Harry replied with a slight grin. "I had a bad dream last night, and the Dark Lord had really, really big teeth."

Lisa giggled. "Sorry about that...guess my dream catchers need more practice."

"Oh, no...it's not them, they're brilliant," Harry replied. "It's your other bits that scare the hell out of me."

"Even after you went down on me," Lisa asked.

"Especially then," Harry quipped. "I was close enough to hear your new molars grinding."

"That reminds, me," Lisa purred, as she swung her legs over the side of the bed. "I seem to have forgotten my toiletry bag...do you have a toothbrush that I can borrow?"

Harry snorted. "Imagine you need more than one now, eh?"

Lisa laughed. "Nice...I have to say that while your modesty is a step backwards, that the snarky come-backs are coming along quite nicely."

"Thanks...I guess."

"You're welcome," Lisa said brightly. "Don't worry about your toothbrush though...it's probably too small and the bristles are probably too soft for my liking."

Harry shook his head. After a moment, he reached for the knot of his towel and replied, "Keep talking like that, and I'll have something to give you that is as hard as a rock."

Lisa's eyes sparkled as she rested her chin on her fingers in mock concentration. "Hmmm....good marks on snide and sexual innuendo, and bonus points for the coordinated hand gesture, but the line was delivered a few beats too late. Try to work on the timing of your witty retorts over the summer, okay?"

Harry snorted. "Well, if the trend continues, I'll have no shortage of witches to practice on...so you didn't bring a bag...is there anything specific that you need?"

Lisa inspected her tattooed area rather explicitly, and then snarked, "Only a drying charm."

Harry had, by this point in Lisa's visit, gotten used to her coarse humor. Didn't keep him from laughing out loud, though.

"But seriously, folks," Lisa added, "we need a photo before I go. Ted had the newspaper and camera in his bag, and should have left it behind last night. I'll just go and get it..."

"That's alright, allow me," Harry quickly replied. "Last thing I need is to have my Aunt spot you leaving my bedroom starkers."

"No, Harry, the last thing you need is your Aunt spotting Oliver Wood leaving your room starkers."

"What?" asked Harry. "Don't tell me that you girls have been sharing stories!"

"Why of course," Lisa replied. "The witches that Hermione has sent your way have been sharing *everything* with her."

"Oh, Merlin," Harry lamented.

Lisa nodded. "We're just hoping that Hermione returns the favor and shares all of you with us."

"What?" Harry stammered. "But I thought... the teeth..."

Lisa chuckled. "There's a three-month probationary period for Coven membership," she explained. "If it doesn't work out, I can always decide to leave."

"But...the extra set of..."

"Baby teeth," Lisa explained.

"Baby teeth?"

"Yup...baby teeth. If I don't take a second potion after three months, they'll eventually fall out."

"And how long would that take?"

"About a year," said Lisa. "Less, if you find someone motivated enough to reach in and wiggle them for you."

"Now there's a way to boost dental school enrollments."

"Oh, well done, Harry...that retort was spot on."

The young wizard took a bow, and then asked, "So what would you do with the teeth once they're out?"

"Why, put them under my pillow, of course."

"And wait for the tooth fairy to come?"

"Harry," Lisa said with a bit of exasperation, "Given the circumstances what good would it do to have a *fairy* visit me in bed?"

"Good point." Harry paused, and then asked if he could ask a personal question. When Lisa nodded, he asked, "So last night was fabulous, but... well with the coven, and the teeth...don't you fancy girls?"

"Of course I do, Harry...don't you?"

"Erm, sure."

Lisa shrugged her shoulders. "So I've had some fun times and shared some killer orgasms with other witches...I could always decide that it was a phase."

"A phase?"

Lisa shrugged her shoulders. "Yeah, a phase... after all, it's something that nearly every witch goes through at Hogwarts."

Harry paused. "You're teasing me."

"Nope," Lisa said with a smile. "We share each others beds all the time in the Ravenclaw girls' dorm...how else are we supposed to stay warm in that drafty old castle?"

"Erm...warming charms?"

Lisa dismissed Harry's answer with a wave. "Warming charms don't taste nearly as good as a warm witch."

Harry broke out in laughter. "After last night, I'd have to agree."

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Harry finally convinced Lisa that he should be the one to look for Brother Ted's bag. Not having found the black bag that Lisa had described, Harry substituted his Aunt's Muggle camera, and that morning's *Times*.

"Oh, what a lifesaver," Lisa announced, as she ran her fingers through her hair. "Okay, I'm ready, how about you?"

Harry took one look at her and shook his head. "Lisa, this might be one of those situations that calls for a bit of clothing."

"Pish posh, Harry Potter," Lisa chirped, as she took the newspaper and held the front page in front of her chest. "See? This newspaper provides full coverage."

Considering the size of the newspaper and the amount of cleavage it left uncovered, Harry's response was, "Just barely." He grabbed a t-shirt and a pair of cut-offs from his chest of drawers and quickly slipped them on.

"Oh, you're no fun," she whined.

"Remember the intended audience, Lisa," Harry said with a smile. "I don't think the Headmaster needs to see my bare chest."

"Yeah, but all of your witches do," the witch replied.

"Won't argue that point," Harry quipped. Once dressed, he had Lisa sit on the bed while he propped the camera up on his desk.

"Oh, bugger," he swore. "I don't think this camera has a delayed exposure button."

"Language, Harry, and what does that mean?"

Harry stopped to consider just how strange it was that a flirty naked witch was admonishing him for inappropriate language, but decided not to push the point.

"It means that if we both want to be in the picture that we'll have to get somebody else to take the photograph."

"Oh," Lisa replied. "How about your Aunt...she seemed nice enough."

"I don't think that will work," Harry replied. He then got a wicked thought. "I've got an idea, but you'll have wear a little more than the headlines."

"You're no fun," the witch declared, but eventually complied with Harry's suggestion and slipped Fleur's transfigured jumper over her head.

"A little short for a dress, don't you think?"

"Okay, okay, so I'll stretch it a bit," Lisa said. She got out her wand and lowered the hem of the jumper until it just covered her bum.

Harry led Lisa downstairs and opened the front door. Pulling the witch into a one-armed hug, he then called out, "Oh Mr. Order of the Phoenix Wizard? We need a little help here."

There was no answer.

"Oh, come up, the game is up," Harry called out. "Might as well be a good sport about it."

The supposedly good sport in question tested Harry's characterization by firing a stunning spell towards the two teenagers. Half expecting a less than charitable response, Harry had been watching for this, and pulled Lisa down to the ground to avoid being hit. He pulled his wand and fired a back a spell that set the azalea bush on fire.

"Cease fire, the both of you," a voice called out, as Mad-Eye Moody cancelled his disillusionment spell and hobbled up the walk. "And that includes that bush!"

The retired Auror looked down at the two teenagers and leered.

"Give it a rest, Shackbolt," he called out. "So you got bested by a teen-aged witch. Don't make it worse by hexing the boy that you're supposed to be protecting."

Some muttering was heard as a rather annoyed Auror broke his cover and sprayed water on the foliage with his wand.

As Lisa and Harry untangled themselves, her tattoo set Mad-Eye's prosthetic eye spinning wildly.

"Merlin's testicles, a Vestal Virgin?" he cried out. "I'd admire your balls, Potter, except that she probably ate them0!"

"No worries, Mad-Eye," Harry replied with a snort. "I didn't go poking around where I didn't belong last night." Taking measure of Kingsley's attitude, he asked the retired Auror if he would take the necessary picture.

"Fine idea," the one-eyed wizard replied, as he took the camera and smiled. "Hey Shack, squeeze in next to the virgin."

"Which one?"

Harry's eyes narrowed. "Sod off, Kingsley."

"Language, Harry," Lisa said.

"Yes, Dear," he shot back sarcastically.

"Right then, just the two of you," Mad-Eye interjected, as he raised the camera to his organic eye. "Hey Harry, raise that newspaper up a few inches...I want to get that tattoo in the picture."

"Not a chance, Mad-Eye," Harry said with a grin.

As the two teens smiled for the camera, Auror Shackbolt fumed. "So how'd you do it this time, Potter?"

"I didn't do anything," Harry replied. "You'll have to ask Lisa."

When the Auror shifted his gaze, the young witch asked, "Would you like hear the Good News, Auror Shackbolt?"

"Damn it, I knew better than to trust those two boys!"

Harry turned his grin towards the Auror once Mad-Eye had taken the picture.

"I kind of liked the irony, myself. A nearly-naked witch sneaking into the house behind Muggles preaching against the evils of sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll...all we needed was some AC/DC playing in the background as she slipped under your nose."

The Auror's muttering made it clear that he didn't appreciate Harry's joke.

Lisa said that she needed to get going and Mad-Eye offered her the camera

"Hold on a second, I need to give Harry his jumper back," the witch replied, pulling her arms out from the sleeves.

"Oh, no, that's quite all right, you keep it," Harry said quickly as he reached out to stop her.

"Are you sure?" Lisa asked with a smile. "Because I do have my Vow of Nudity to consider,"

"And I have Mad-Eye's health to consider," Harry replied. "You'll give him a heart attack if you show him any more than you already have."

"The way she fills that jumper...I'm willing to take the risk," stated Mad-Eye.

Lisa smiled as she reached out and cupped the retired Auror's battle-scarred cheek. "Such a brave wizard...good thing that I'm sixteen years old."

"Dolt!" scowled Mad-Eye, doing a very passable imitation of a Muggle cartoon icon that he'd never seen before.

"Hey, Mad-Eye...at least she isn't Azka-bait!" grinned Shacklebolt (doing his best to feel better at Moody's expense).

Lisa chuckled as she kissed Harry on his cheek and walked down to the curb. Her outstretched wand summoned the Knight Bus, which stopped directly in front of Number Four (the three wizards that were watching her go all thought to take preventive measures and cast area silencing spells that muffled the loud crack of the Bus's arrival).

When the bus door opened, Stan took one look at Lisa and promptly forgot to read his standard welcome off of his notecard. He became doubly distracted when, halfway up the steps, she stopped, slowly patted down her bum and bare thighs and announced, "Oh, dear...somebody's stolen my pockets."

Lisa turned back towards the three wizards and asked, "Would any of you be able to lend a young witch some bus fare?"

The slightly befuddled conductor tapped her on the shoulder, and informed her she could ride free.

"Oh, thank you, kind Sir," Lisa beamed, as she stepped up and planted a kiss on the conductor's red cheek. She then turned back to the three and called out, "I'll be seeing you Harry."

"I'm sure you will," he muttered.

As the door swung shut Harry turned and noticed that Mad-Eye and Kingsley had also been bewitched by Lisa's performance.

Kingsley shook his head to clear his mind. "Think we should have Obliviated everyone on the bus?"

Mad-Eye Moody thought for a moment, and then concluded, "No, I think that their eyes were focused on the Virgin...they could have stopped in front of Buckingham Palace and never noticed."

"Let's all go inside, then, and I'll make some breakfast," said Harry. "Best you two aren't tempted to chase after the bus offering something that she couldn't give back."

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Harry used the time spent frying up bacon and eggs to quiz the two wizards sitting at the kitchen table.

"So has anybody been to Headquarters over the past week?"

"Erm, yeah...there was a meeting there last night to discuss your busy social life," Shacklebolt quipped. "Why do you ask?"

"I was just wondering if the house was still protected by the *Fidelius* charm given the change in ownership."

Mad-Eye nodded. "We'd been avoiding meeting at Headquarters, until it was clear that it had been passed on to you. As for the *Fidelius*, well...it was easy enough to determine that it was still working."

"How is that?"

"Simple," Shacklebolt replied. "Each day since the attack we've had Tonks try to tell her mum or dad where the Headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix is located."

"And she hasn't been able to?"

"Nope."

"Well that's reassuring, at least," said Harry. He then asked, "So why didn't the Headmaster have this house protected with a *Fidelius* charm?"

Mad-Eye sat silently, and Harry couldn't tell if this was because he was thinking about an answer, or thinking about whether he should disclose the answer.

"Two reasons," the retired Auror finally replied. "First, Dumbledore said that it wasn't needed, given the protections provided you by your mum's sacrifice."

Harry snorted. "I think that we've discounted that point...what's the second reason?"

"The Ministry of Magic wouldn't allow it."

"What?" asked Harry.

Mad-Eye paused, then said, "It's really Dumbledore's story to tell, but the gist is that the Ministry wanted to make sure that the "Savior of the

"Wizarding World" was safe. They had a whole line of wizarding families willing to take you in, but Dumbledore insisted that you would only be safe placed in the Muggle world with your Aunt and Uncle. The Ministry allowed this, but only if Dumbledore disclosed where you would be living, and promised not to move or hide you without informing the Ministry."

"So what?" asked Harry. "The secret could have been 'Harry Potter lives at Number Four, Privet Drive,' Dumbledore could have been the secretkeeper, and he could have shared the secret with the Minister of Magic, or the Head of the DMLE."

Mad-Eye shook his head. "Might have worked, but you have to remember that back then there wasn't a whole lot of confidence in the ability of the *Fidelius* Charm to protect someone."

"Well that I could see," Harry decided. "Don't suppose that anyone compared the relative trustworthiness of Pettigrew versus Dumbledore."

Mad-Eye snorted. "Well, at the time everyone thought that Black was your family's secret keeper, so no, they didn't."

Harry thought for a few moments while he concentrated on transferring bacon from pan to the different plates. He had follow-up questions, but was afraid that if he continued that his interest might become suspicious, so he stayed quiet.

Mad-Eye noticed that Harry was fixing an extra plate of food, and asked, "Plans for another visitor, eh? Not surprised...must have been rather frustrating for you last night..."

"No, this is for my Aunt," Harry replied, looking down at the plate. "I half-expect her to hole up in her bedroom all day, given how things have gone pear-shaped for her."

"Being nice to your Aunt?" Mad-Eye asked incredulously. "After how she treated you over the years?"

Harry shrugged her shoulders. "She actually thanked me for doing magic yesterday...might be a chance to win her over, and you catch more flies with honey than vinegar."

The retired Auror shook his head. "Better man than I, Potter."

"Nah, it's really rather selfish," Harry explained. "My soon-to-be ex-Uncle and Cousin weren't needed around here, but if there really are wards tied to my mother's blood, then I'll still need to share a roof with my Aunt this summer and next."

"You should have been sorted Slytherin," said Shacklebolt, in between mouthfuls of eggs.

"No, it's his lassie that's the cunning one," Mad-Eye argued. "A bit too trustworthy, but cunning."

"Yeah, well I think the Headmaster is making quick work of destroying Hermione's trust in authority figures."

"True enough," said the retired Auror. "But it was her trusting you in bed with these witches that I was thinking about."

"Oh, no worries there," Harry replied with a grin. "Hermione's not looking for anything long term. Either are any of the other witches, best as I can tell."

Kingsley Shacklebolt looked at Harry with utter disbelief. "You are a lucky bastard, you know?"

Harry snorted. "Even with Voldemort looking to off me?" But then he paused, thought for a moment, and concluded, "Yeah, even with that, you're probably right."

"So how many?"

"Oh, I'd never kiss and tell, Shack."

"Four, so far," stated Mad-Eye.

Harry looked at Moody a bit oddly, then quietly counted on fingers. "Hermione...Luna...Katie...Fleur...Lisa..."

"Fleur?" said Mad-Eye. "Where was I when you crammed a Veela into your schedule?"

"Oops!" said Harry, realizing that he just spilled a secret. "Well, she's only part-Veela, and she was only here a few hours," he rationalized.

"How?"

"Goblin portkey...she delivered documents that should have been given to me at the will reading."

The retired Auror shook his head. "Dumbledore's got a portkey barrier around this house, but it wouldn't have done a damn bit of good against goblin magic...."

"Don't imagine that it'd be a good enough reason to decide I needed to be moved?" Harry asked.

Mad-Eye paused for a moment, and then shook his head. "A knut will get you a galleon that Dumbledore will say that it wouldn't matter, because the Death Eaters wouldn't have access to those kinds of portkeys."

Harry snorted. "Yeah, right...so why, then, are we trying so hard to convince the goblins not to side with the Death Eaters?"

The two wizards stared at Harry for a few seconds, then turned to each other and shared a look of disgust. Shacklebolt tried to change the subject.

"What about the Weasley girl?"

"Definitely an unauthorized attempt," Harry decided. "How's she doing, by the way?"

"She'll be home from St. Mungo's in a day or two," Mad-Eye replied. "Just in time for Molly's new wards...the girl won't be going more than ten feet from the house without needing permission."

Harry nodded. "And then there's the Vestal Virgin...fat chance I'd try to take advantage of her."

Mad-Eye snickered. "Must have been your 'saving penis thing'."

Kingsley shook his head in disbelief. "And each of these witches used a different way to find your location, and get past the guards and wards?"

Harry thought for a moment, and then replied, "Almost. Lisa reused the Underage Magic Use document method since the Headmaster didn't bother to discount it the first time."

"What Underage Magic Use method?" asked Mad-Eye.

"You mean that Dumbledore didn't tell you?" Harry asked incredulously. "Over the years, I've gotten two notices sent to this address for supposed underage magic use, and the warning letters are public documents. Anyone who wants to can go to the office and look up my address."

Both the active and retired Aurors swore.

"Why didn't the Old Bastard seal the records and oblivate Hopkirk and the others?" Mad-Eye wondered.

"Besides the fact that it would be illegal?" asked Kingsley.

"And when has that ever stopped Dumbledore when it comes to 'the greater good'?" asked Mad-Eye.

The talk about ministry records caused Harry to think of something. "Hey, don't suppose that they'd have a record of this address in the Transportation Department, would they?"

"How do you mean?" asked Shacklebolt.

"Two summers ago, the Weasleys used a temporary floo connection to liberate me...it was before the World Cup."

Mad-Eye frowned. "Well, I know that Dumbledore's always been against having a floo connection here because of security issues, so I'm sure he must have thought of it at the time."

"Just like he thought of the warning letters?" asked Harry.

There was a bit of silence in the kitchen, before Mad-Eye Moody turned to Kingsley.

"I'm heading over to the Ministry to do some damage control...why don't you join me once your relief arrives?"

"But I haven't gotten any sleep..."

"Plenty of time for that now that Potter's harem has kicked you off of guard rotation." He then added, "Besides, maybe if you help close a few of these holes you can change the subject when Dumbledore dresses you down in front of the others."

The Auror considered Mad-Eye's point for a moment, then agreed. The two wizards left Harry with that extra plate of food (that now needed to be reheated). After quick zap in the microwave, Harry carried a tray with that plate and a pot of tea upstairs.

"Aunt Petunia?" he asked, as he knocked on her door. "I brought some breakfast for you."

A muffled "Go away!" came back in response.

Harry paused to consider his options. His favorite idea was rather edgy, if his goal was to make peace with his Aunt. But it was also the most functional response, and one that positively reeked with poetic justice.

Harry drew out his wand and cast a localized transfiguration spell on the master bedroom's door. After repocketing his wand, he pushed the tray of food through a newly fashioned cat-flap, and quietly walked away.

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Without his tutor around, Harry decided to enjoy his silk sheets and expanded bedroom, as he reconsidered the changed conditions and relative safety of Privet Drive. It was no longer his Aunt and Uncle's house, it was his; Vernon was gone, and Petunia remained only so long as he suffered her presence.

After a while, Harry decided to go outside and mow the lawn. He didn't have to...his Aunt was still barricaded in her bedroom and there was no one about to force him to do chores. But now that knew that he actually owned the place, there was a sense of pride stirring within him. While he had no

plans on becoming an anal-retentive neck-craning contemptuous suburbanite, he didn't want to see the house looking all run-down either.

Mad-Eye returned after lunch, refusing to answer Harry's questions on what he'd done in light of the morning's conversation. They went downstairs into the training room, and practiced curses and hexes until nightfall (with only a short break for delivered pizza).

Fleur had left behind enough bruise-healing salve to cover all of Harry's aches and pains that night. That said, he still had a hard time falling asleep, as his brain hopped back and forth between different naked witches. Thinking that a soak in the hot tub might help, he traipsed off to the Port-a-loo, stripped down, and slipped neck-deep into the soothing waters. He closed his eyes, leaned his head back against the rim, and found himself mentally replaying all of the fun that he'd recently had in that tub with his house guests.

This lack of constant vigilance led to a sudden lack of consciousness.

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"Ennervate!"

Harry woke up back inside his bedroom proper, standing naked and spread-eagled. His feet were stuck to the floor, while his manacled wrists were stretched out towards the ceiling, held in place with magical chains. Feeling extremely exposed, he tried to bring his legs together.

"Don't bother, Harry," a voice said from over his shoulder. "I like a wide stance."

Harry felt some sort of stick trail across his naked bum as the speaker walked into his field of view.

A half-naked Susan Bones stood before him, dressed in black leather thigh-high boots, a silk whalebone corset, and matching thong. The corset supported free-hanging breasts capped by nipples that were large, pink, and very, very perky. The pig tails that she normally wore at school were gone, replaced with a teased-out mane of strawberry blond hair that looked as wild as the fire in her eyes.

"Susan?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"What are you doing here?"

"Testing defenses."

Harry looked at his bindings, then returned his gaze to Susan and said, "You've obviously found them lacking tonight."

"I have, haven't I," she purred. "What would your instructor say about this appalling lack of vigilance?"

It was hard for Harry to retain rational thought given the circumstances.

"Do you think that he's say you were a bad boy that needed to be spanked?"

Harry's eyes narrowed.

"Susan," he stated, "I don't know what you've heard, or what you might think turns me on, but...I've experienced more than enough bondage and torture over my short life time. It's not something that sexually excites me."

Susan stared at him for a moment, then slumped her shoulders and dropped her eyes to the ground.

"It isn't?" she said, crestfallen.

"No, I'm afraid not."

"Are you *sure*?" the young witch asked, as she reached out and placed the tip of her leather riding crop on the tip of Harry's erection. "Because it sure looks to me like you are excited."

Harry looked down at his crotch and swallowed hard. "It was hard before you stunned me," he explained quickly. "It hasn't had time to go soft."

"Oh," said Susan. She paused, and then added, "It's not that I don't believe you, Harry...it's just that my book says that sometimes subs say 'stop' even when they really do want to be disciplined."

"Book?" asked Harry. "What book?"

Susan stood and walked out Harry's view, then reappeared with a large leather-bound book in her hands. Taking a cross-legged seat on the floor in front of him, she started to flip through the pages.

Harry gulped when he read the title: "*Pain-by-numbers: A Beginner's Guide for the Aspiring Dominatrix.*"

"Erm, Susan?"

"Call me Mistress Susan, Harry," she asked.

"Right...Mistress Susan, are you new at this sort of thing?"

Susan nodded without bringing her eyes up from the book. "Just started today."

"Why today?"

"Because I wanted to do something special for you, Harry," she explained. "I know about Hermione and the other witches wanting to be friends with benefits, but I can't."

"Can't what?"

"Can't give you my virginity...unless you were willing to marry me."

"Huh?"

"Pureblood family stuff," she explained, as she continued to flip pages. "So I thought that if I got through the wards, and spent the night, that I needed to find a way to make it enjoyable for you."

"Why?" Harry asked.

"Because Hermione asked me to."

"No...why did you think that being tied up and spanked would be enjoyable for me?"

Susan looked up, then dropped her eyes, muttering, "because I liked to be spanked."

"What?"

Susan looked up. "I thought that you'd be excited about being a sub because I like being a sub."

"You get turned on by being spanked and bound and dominated?"

Susan nodded. "Spanked for sure. Never been bound, but it's part of the same scene, and it sounded fun....so did the toys."

Harry sucked in his breath. "What kinds of toys?"

Susan smiled at Harry's question. But rather than answer, she said, "You're still hard, Harry...sure you aren't into this?"

Harry shook his head. "Any chance that it's because there's a very pretty bare-breasted witch sitting two feet away from my bits?"

Susan giggled. "Oh, Harry, you say the nicest things." She then gave him an evil grin. "So maybe we can test that hypothesis...I'll start fondling myself, and if your willie twitches, then..."

"Or maybe if you covered them up, and I calmed down, then..."

Susan thrust her breasts out towards Harry. "But don't you like them?"

Harry sighed, wondering why it was that every visiting witch wanted him to offer an opinion on their breasts.

"They're very nice, Susan...very, very nice. But that's the point...that's why I am pointing towards them."

"Oh," the young witch replied. She looked around, and spying Harry's quidditch jersey on his bed, summoned it to her.

"Wonder if this still smells like...yup, that's Katie's perfume, alright...holding it close to you at night, then?"

"No, just...haven't had time to do laundry."

"Who would, with your social calendar?" Susan replied. She slipped the jersey over her head.

"There, no more distractions...and maybe now I can..."

With a few swishes of her wand her corset came undone and she pulled it out from under the shirt.

"Aaah....that's much better. It helped me get into the role," she explained, "but made it damn hard to breathe."

Harry nodded, swallowing an innuendo-filled retort in light of his circumstances.

Susan returned her focus to the book, and a few moments later announced, "Safe words!"

"Safe words?" asked Harry.

The young witch nodded. "Sorry, must of skipped over that chapter...at the start of each session, the dom and sub should agree on a safe word that the sub will use when he or she wants the scene to stop."

"So when they heard the safe word, the...dom was it?...the dom would know that stop means stop?"

Susan nodded as she closed the book and set it on the floor. Rising to her feet, she grabbed her whip and said, "Better late than never, I guess... what's your safe word, Harry?"

"Stop."

"No, no...it has to be a word that you wouldn't think of using given the situation...something non-sexual."

"Oh, then Umbitch."

Susan shuttered. "Perfectly unsexy," she concluded. Winding up for a slap she said, "Okay, here we go...."

"Wait! You didn't give me a chance to say Umbitch again."

"Sorry, did you want to?"

"Yes! Umbitch! Umbitch! Umbitch!"

"You're no fun," Susan replied. "I suppose that means you want to have your arms and legs free too?"

"Yes, please."

"Okay."

Susan released Harry's bonds. As he rubbed his wrists to regain circulation, Susan took off Harry's jersey, slipped out of her thong, and, now dressed only in her boots, kneeled submissively in front of Harry with her riding crop held out towards him.

"I've been a naughty witch, Harry. I should be punished."

Harry shook his head. "I don't know if I can do that, Susan."

"Please, Harry?"

"You really get off on this sort of thing?"

Susan reached out and speared her knickers with the riding crop. After hooking them onto the end, she swung the riding crop underneath Harry's nose...giving him a close-up view of a large wet spot on the fabric.

"And that's from just of thought of you spanking me, Harry....follow through and I'll soak your lap."

Harry thought for a moment. He wasn't excited by the idea, but Susan was a friend, of sorts, and Hermione did say something about working hard and playing hard, and....

"What the hell," he said.

"Yes!" Susan hissed excitedly.

Harry insisted that she decide on a safe word before he bent her over his knee and got to work.

Susan didn't use the safe word, and was polite enough to reach a body-quivering orgasm just as Harry's arm began to tire. She also made good on her drenching promise, and insisted that her tongue was a more appropriate drying agent than magic. The young witch's ministrations resulted in even more fluids being produced...this time from Harry. Once Susan helped him obtain his own release, she wiped her mouth and sat on his lap.

"Thank you, Harry."

"No," Harry replied. "Thank you, Susan." He noticed that she had sat down gingerly on his lap, and grimaced when she shifted her weigh.

"I've got some essence of murtlap in my trunk, if your bum is still sore."

Susan snorted. "No thanks, Harry...the stinging...helps keep me on edge."

"On the edge of coming again?"

Susan nodded as she bit her lower lip.

"Harry?"

"Yes, Susan?"

"I can't offer full benefits, but....can I be your playmate?"

"Playmate?" asked Harry. "Is that anything like being a playwizard model?"

Susan's eyebrows jumped. "I wasn't thinking about that, but if you'd like to have a few pictures of me..."

Harry smiled and kissed her temple. Then he reached out towards her breasts and asked, "May I?"

Susan nodded. "Of course you can pinch and twist my nipples, Harry."

The-Boy-Who-Spanked snorted. "Let me see if I can work my way up to that, okay?"

"Sounds good to me."

After a few minutes of fun, Harry whispered into the witch's ear.

"So, Susan...what kind of playmate did you want to be?"

She shivered, and squeezed her thighs together. "The kind of playmate that shares her toys."

"Show me, then."

"Yes, Harry," cooed Susan. She bounced across the room to retrieve her overnight bag, then dumped out an assortment of vibrators, plugs, and bondage gear onto the bed.

"Want to play with me, Harry?"

The young wizard smiled and nodded. He had never had any toys or playmates as a child, and figured that he ought to make up for lost time.

Testing Defenses

Chapter 7: An Unexpected Visit?

Harry woke up relatively late the next morning...Susan had insisted that she show Harry how all of her toys worked, so they hadn't gotten much sleep. He looked at the clock, then towards the sunlit windows, and panicked.

"Susan," he whispered. "We slept in...it's late."

The buxom witch smiled as she stretched out her arms and rolled over onto Harry's chest.

"Need to be someplace, playmate?"

"No, but...how were you planning on sneaking out of here?"

"Are you kicking me out of your bed, Harry?"

"Erm, no...it's just that, I don't want you getting caught, or getting in trouble."

Susan smiled as she reached up and cupped his cheek in her hand. "So thoughtful....don't worry, though, I've got a safe ride home."

"You do?"

The Hufflepuff witch nodded, then called out, "Tillie?"

A pillow sheet-wearing house-elf popped up next to the bed.

"Yes, Mistress Susan?" the house-elf asked. She then turned towards Harry and let out an "Eep!"

"Tillie, this is Harry Potter."

"Good morning, Tillie,"

"Good morning, Dobby's Mr. Harry Potter, Sir."

"Dobby?" asked Harry. "Do you know Dobby the house-elf, Tillie?"

The house-elf nodded, and then asked, "Would Mistress Susan and Dobby's Mr. Harry Potter, Sir wish some breakfast in bed?"

Susan smiled. "That would be brilliant, Tillie."

The house-elf curtsied, then popped away.

Harry frowned. "How did she...."

"Hang on, Harry," said Susan, as she rolled off the bed. "I need to go."

Harry was about to ask where she planned on going buck naked, but then she padded off to the Port-a-loo and he understood. While he waited for his turn, Harry recalled Dobby's visits to Privet Drive during his second year. The house-elf had managed to get through the wards when he was still owned by Malfoy, and without any kind of summons.

"Every time I look," he muttered to himself, "the defenses look worse and worse."

Having overheard him muttering on the way back to bed, Susan said, "Sorry, but Hermione asked me to do a trial run for when she....oops!"

"For when Hermione does what?"

The Hufflepuff shook her head. "Sorry, but that's her story to tell."

Harry nodded, then made his own way to the Port-a-loo. By the time he finished, Tillie had popped back with two large silver trays filled with an assortment of breakfast dishes. Susan sat up in bed, without care that this exposed her bare upper torso, and patted the mattress.

"Hop in...Tillie can levitate your tray onto your lap."

The bemused young wizard looked down at his crotch. "Don't know if it will be able to balance."

Susan giggled. "Tillie," she asked, "would you just set the trays on the desk over there? I need to help Harry flatten out his lap."

"Yes, Mistress Susan," the house-elf replied.

As Harry sat down on the bed, he asked, "So, Tillie is your ride home?"

When Susan nodded, he turned towards her house-elf and asked how she was able to pop inside his bedroom. Tillie explained that Susan had

asked her to bring her to Harry's bedroom the night previous, but there had been some problems making the jump."

"Problems?" asked Harry.

Susan jumped in. "Tillie usually needs either a family member to use as a target, or a good idea of where she is going. There also were some magical barriers in place."

"So how were you able to finally make the trip?" asked Harry.

"Dobby helped us," Susan said.

"Dobby?" asked Harry with surprise. He paused for a few moments, then called out the house-elf's name, with a tone of voice that conveyed summoning more than surprise.

There was no response.

"Dobby hears his great Harry Potter, Sir," Tillie said meekly. "But he can't come even if he's called."

"Really?" asked Harry. "That's strange...he's been here before."

Tillie nodded. "Dobby told us that...said that the Bad Headmaster knows too."

"*Bad Headmaster?*" wondered Harry. He then asked, "So did this Bad Headmaster do something to Dobby?"

Susan jumped in. "Dumbledore made Dobby promise that he wouldn't visit you on Privet Drive this summer. If he does, then the Headmaster will give him clothes and keep Dobby from working at Hogwarts during the school year."

Harry's eyes narrowed. "Why that manipulative old bastard!"

Susan nodded. "We thought so too."

"We?"

With a guilty smile, Susan replied, "The dream catchers were all at Hermione's house yesterday evening, for what she called a...sleeping party?"

"Slumber party," Harry corrected.

"Ah yes," said Susan. "Anyway, once I got the go-ahead to visit, I summoned Tillie, but when she had troubles, Hermione told Tillie to find Dobby and ask for his help."

"Tillie found Dobby and brought him back to Dobby's Harry Potter, Sir's 'Mione's house," added the house-elf.

Harry worked through all of the possessives in that statement, then asked, "So who was calling Hermione 'Harry Potter Sir's 'Mione'?"

"Why Dobby, of course," the house-elf replied.

"We did too, once we heard it," said Susan with a grin. "We thought it was so cute."

Harry rolled his eyes. "But what did Hermione think?"

Susan giggled. "She didn't mind at all...then she started calling us the same."

"No."

"Yes."

Harry shook his head, then turned his attention back to the house elf.

"So, Dobby showed you how to get by the wards and bring Harry Potter Sir's Susie here?"

Tillie smiled brightly. "Dobby showed Daisy, too," she noted.

"Daisy? Who is Daisy?"

Susan and her house-elf shared worried looks.

"Again, it's Hermione's story," the witch replied, once Harry turned towards her. "Ask her when you talk to her....you do know her telephone number, right?"

Harry fidgeted. "Not actually, but I suppose I could ring directory assistance."

"Good idea," Susan said with a smile. "I think that her fingers are getting callused waiting for you to invite her back."

Harry frowned. "Why would she think that she needed an invitation to visit me?"

Susan sighed. "Because she doesn't want to just show up starkers and jump your bones."

"Why not? You and everybody else have."

The blushing witch slugged his arm. "Harry Potter, you'd do well to remember that I was wearing *some* clothing when I arrived last night."

Harry grinned. "No worries, Susan...you made a rather memorable entrance."

"Well, good, then," she replied. Susan looked down at the tented sheet covering his lap, licked her lips, and said, "I'm hungry, Harry...can I eat?"

The black-haired wizard raised one eyebrow. "Does Tillie often watch you eat, Susan?"

Susan looked up at Harry's face, then over to her house-elf.

"Thank you for bringing breakfast, Tillie...you may go."

The house-elf smiled and popped away.

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Twenty minutes later, Harry was finally able to balance his breakfast tray onto his lap. It took Susan just a minute later to balance her tray, due to the post-release twitching in her legs and thighs.

While Harry was spreading some jam on his toast, he asked, "So, you were at Hermione's yesterday?"

Susan nodded, choosing not to talk with eggs in her mouth.

"Did she tell you where I lived, or did you find another way to find me?"

The pig-tailed witch swallowed her food, and then said, "Yesterday morning, I asked Auntie Amelia where you lived."

"Don't suppose the Death Eaters have friends or relatives that are that useful," Harry mused.

"Actually, they do," Susan replied.

"How's that?" wondered Harry. "Does Voldemort have moles in Hopkirk's office?"

"Don't know about that, but I do know he has sympathizers in the Wizengamot."

Harry frowned. "So does every Wizengamot member have access to DMLE files?"

"No, but I think that every one of them has a pair of ears, and could hear what Aunt Amelia heard during your trial last year."

Harry stared at Susan for a few moments as he mentally revisited his visit to Courtroom Number Ten. Suddenly turning pale, he swore emphatically.

"Language, Harry," said Susan.

"Yes, Dear," Harry replied reflexively. He would have found more humor in the banter if he wasn't so focused on the facts.

Harry didn't have any idea whether the court documents associated with his disciplinary hearing were public, but he clearly remembered at least two different instances when the street address of his summer residence was read out loud before the entire Wizengamot.

And Dumbledore had been standing next to him for at least one of those times!

"Sweet Merlin!" he uttered. "Every single member of the Wizengamot heard where I lived...I can remember quite clearly Percy Weasley's pompous tone of voice as he read out the trumped-up charges."

Susan nodded sympathetically.

"So now, I'm forced to wonder not if I can be attacked here, but why that attack hasn't already occurred!" Harry exclaimed. "Umbitch was there, and Fudge...surely he told Malfoy, and the Nott patriarch, and how many others?"

"How many voted to convict you?" asked Susan.

"Too many," he replied sadly. After a few moments of quiet he once again muttered out a curse.

"What, Harry?"

The young wizard let out a deep sigh as he shook his head. "Dumbledore will use this bit of information against us," he concluded. "The fact that Death Eaters either heard outright where I lived or were told second hand by their lackeys, but still didn't come after meit will be used as proof that the wards work."

"So...that might mean that you'd spend more time here over the summer?"

Yes.”

Susan's bare breasts slapped against Harry's arm as she reached for Harry's knife and wiped a bit of jam onto her right nipple.

“And that would be a bad thing?” she casually asked.

Harry choked on his toast, but cleared his throat with a laugh.

“Thanks Susan, I needed that.”

“Any time, Harry...and I mean that.”

Harry chuckled. “Sorry, Susan, it's just that...how many years has Dumbledore intercepted my mail with the excuse that my location had to be kept secret...how many years? Even if the wards did keep the Death Eaters at bay there's no rational explanation why Dumbledore could expect this house's location to be kept secret!”

Susan nodded. “Do you think it was intentional?”

“What...keeping me in the dark, keeping me from my friends...making me dependent on Dumbledore, and that much more appreciative each year when he swoops down and rescues me from Hell? You bet your cute arse I think it was intentional!”

The Hufflepuff smiled. “Well there are ways around that now, isn't there? You could always ask Tillie to deliver both your mail and my cute arse directly into your bedroom.”

Harry smiled. “That's a great idea...anything else that you think I should do?”

Susan wagged her eyebrows.

“Besides that?”

The witch gave a cute pout. “Okay, then....I think that you should invite Auntie over for a visit.”

Harry paused. “I hope you mean a daytime visit.”

Susan giggled. “Of course I do, Harry....Auntie will have to go to the back of the line if she wants to volunteer for that.”

Harry shook his head. “I think that the game of testing defenses is over.”

“Why?”

“Because nothing is going to convince Dumbledore that I'm not safe here....I bet Hermione could carry the Dark Lord piggyback across the wards and the old man would still have an excuse.”

Susan sighed. “You do realize that you're going to disappoint a lot of witches who were still waiting for their turn.”

Harry shrugged his shoulders. “Such is the fate of a teen-aged sex god.”

Susan snorted. “Confident much?”

Harry paused, and then shrugged his shoulders. “Much more so than last week, that's for sure.” He then grinned as he realized something.

“So tell me...Hermione's Plan was designed to test the wards, and maybe to help catch a few bad dreams...was there any talk about boosting my self-confidence as a new witch visited each night?”

Susan smiled as she reached for Harry's hand.

“Just don't get too big for your britches, Potter.”

Harry snorted as he bent over and licked the jam off of Susan's nipple. “Right. How am I supposed to think about you, like you are just now, without getting big?”

Susan laughed. “Harry, I was talking about your other swollen head.”

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Tillie once again provided transportation after Susan had showered, dressed, and obtained the standard photo documentation of her overnight stay. She offered to leave the riding crop behind for a future visit, but Harry politely declined.

The Boy-Who-Lived decided to go downstairs and fix his Aunt some lunch...the menial labor would give him the chance to plan out his next steps. Hermione would no doubt be a big help figuring what to do about Dumbledore, but if he called and invited her over, would she think that was the only reason?

As he plated the food Harry decided that it wasn't the only reason why he wanted her to visit. Susan had hinted that Hermione wanted to go all the way, and he felt better prepared for that last step given the past few nights. But what to say?

Harry still hadn't figured that out by the time he brought Petunia's food upstairs and slipped it through the cat flap. But when hadn't he flown by the seat of his pants in difficult situations? He grabbed the cordless phone, walked into his room and summoned all of his Gryffindor courage as he dialed first directory assistance, and then the provided number.

An older woman's voice came over the line.

“Granger residence.”

“Erm, hullo, this is Harry Potter...is Hermione there?”

There was a pause.

“Oh, hello, Mr. Potter, this is Emily, Hermione's mother. And yes, she is here.”

Silence.

“Erm, well...may I talk with her please?”

“I'm glad that you asked...one moment, and I'll see if she's available.”

There was a jostling sound, then silence, as if a hand had been placed over the receiver. But if it was intended to keep Harry from hearing something, it didn't work, as a muffled voice called out, “Hermione...your boyfriend finally pulled his head out of his arse and called you!”

Harry thought he might have heard a squeal in response, but wasn't certain. It made him wonder just how hard he'd have to work to make things right with Hermione.

A few moments later he heard a muffled admonishment to “Don't be too hard on him!” And then...

“Hullo, this is Hermione.”

“Hi, Hermione, this is Harry.”

“Harry Who?”

“Harry Potter, of course.”

“Oh, no, this must be a crank call...the only Harry Potter that I know apparently broke his fingers and can't call or write.”

“Yeah, yeah, okay, I'm sorry, Hermione. I know I should have called you sooner.”

“And....”

“And I should have written back.”

“And.....”

“And, well, things have been kind of crazy around here since you visited.”

“Yes....I've heard that. Anything you need to share with me, Harry?”

Harry paused, then said, “Yeah, it's about testing defenses....I don't think that it's ever going to work.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, so you don't need to keep sending different witches over to try.”

“Oh...so you don't want any more visits?”

“Erm, no...I didn't say that...they've been incredible, but....”

“But what, Harry?”

“Well, if you don't mind, I'd like to have a say on who drops by.”

“What, you don't like...”

“No, no, no....everyone's been...erm, they've all been wonderful. It's just that....I want to be the one offering invites, okay?”

“Fine,” said Hermione. “I'll stop trying to...”

“No, no...I need your help, Hermione...I want....”

“What *do* you want, Harry Potter?”

Well...I want to be your friend with benefits."

There were a pause on the line.

"Really?"

Harry sighed. "Hermione, would you like to visit me tonight?"

"Are you sure you want me...want me to bring that book over, Harry?"

Harry scrunched his eyes in confusion, then smiled in realization.

"Is your mum listening in, Hermione?"

"Probably."

"Would you rather you continue our conversation in private?"

"Sounds good."

"Think you can get away from your Order guard?"

"I might be able to arrange that, when were you thinking?"

"Right now would be perfect."

"Hmmm, don't know that I can rearrange my study schedule, give me a call tomorrow morning if it doesn't work out."

"Tomorrow morning?"

Hermione giggled. "What's the matter, Harry, don't fancy the thought of a cold...lunch?"

Harry smiled.

"I don't mind cold lunches, but I hate cold beds, and I do hope that you'll be able to visit tonight."

"Good."

"Should I have anything ready...need anything if you visit?"

There was a pause.

"So Harry...I heard that you got your quidditch jersey back."

"That I did."

"Suppose that you've been wearing it ever since, you were so happy...even got it nice and sweaty during your work-outs, huh?"

"Would you like to wear my smelly game-worn jersey to bed?"

"I'd...I'd like that very much I think."

"Okay, but only if you promise that it's the only thing that you wear."

"I...think I can do that."

"Great. I'll be thinking about you all day...can't wait for your visit."

"Me either."

"Hermione?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"I've missed you."

"Missed you too, Harry...bye."

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Harry wore his Quidditch jersey during five grueling hours of dueling practice that afternoon. Over that period of time the jersey was scorched, frozen, ripped, bloodied and mended too many times to keep track. But by the end of the day there was no question that it had been properly seasoned to Hermione's specifications.

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Mad-Eye Moody was in the kitchen, sharing a Harry-cooked meal and teasing him mercilessly when he stopped cold and his magical eye twirled up towards the ceiling. A grin broke out on his battle-scarred face. He reached into a cloak pocket, pulled out a full box of condoms and threw them onto the table.

“You've got company waiting for you upstairs.”

Harry's eyes went wide. “And it's the kind of company that requires that kind of wand protection?”

The retired Auror snorted. “That's up to you, Potter...entirely up to you.” And with a roaring laugh he stood and hobbled through the kitchen door.

Harry paused, then scooped the rubbers off of the kitchen table, rationalizing that his Aunt didn't need to see that sort of thing (if she ever left her room again). And with a bright spring to his step he bounded up the stairs.

He didn't find anyone waiting for him inside what was now his bedroom suite. But he did hear the water gurgling in his hot tub, and saw wisps of steam escaping from the small gap between the Port-a-loo's tent flaps. The blood flowed rather vigorously towards his crotch at the thought of Naked!Hermione in his hot tub. He quickly stripped down to his boxers, approached the Port-a-loo, and called out, “Hermione?”

When there wasn't a reply he popped his head inside to see if he had mistakenly left the tub running. What he found was a bit...well...a bit off. There was a witch in the hot tub with her back to the door...but she was sitting a bit too tall, and her hair was gathered underneath a shower cap.

“Hermione?” he asked.

The nervous giggle that came back through the steamy haze was very unsettling. While he had never heard that particular laugh before, he knew one thing for certain...it hadn't come from a young girl's lips.

“Erm...hello?” he called out, as he walked towards the tub. He froze when the person dove away from him, exposing a skinny torso and rather bony bum. The woman (clearly, a nude woman) then spun around to face Harry from the opposite side.

“Good evening, Mr. Potter.”

The evening was suddenly not good for the young wizard.

“Professor McGonagall?” he squeaked. “What are you doing here?”

“Testing defenses.”

“Testing....defenses....Dumbledore's?”

The elderly witch chuckled as she lifted her arms out of the water and draped them along the wooden rim of the tub.

“Nice tent, Mr. Potter.”

Not knowing quite how to respond considering the circumstances, it was all he could do to reply, “Erm...thanks, Luna lent it to me.”

“That's not the tent I was admiring,” the witch quipped, as she nodded towards him.

When Harry followed her gaze down his still bulging shorts he nearly had a heart attack.

“Erm...Professor...thanks, but..erm...no need to test my defenses...”

“Are you refusing my help?” the witch said sharply. “My dream catchers aren't good enough for you?”

Harry's queasiness blossomed...yet another witch was asking him to critique her breasts...except there was no way in hell that he was going offer his opinion on the Assistant Headmistress's baps.

The hyperventilating wizard heard the sound of water splashing, then settling, and realized that his bare-arsed Transfiguration professor was offering up a full frontal view. He quickly turned his head away.

“I'm waiting for your thoughts on 'Left' and 'Right', Mr. Potter.”

Harry fled the tent.

Despite the seriousness of the situation (at least for him), he eventually calmed down and smirked at the thought of his Head of House calling her eighty-year old breasts “Left” and “Right”... just like Luna. And then he realized that she had also called them “Dream Catchers.”

“*Where in Merlin's name did she hear those nicknames?*”he wondered.

“Come on back, Mr. Potter, no need to be bashful!”

Harry let the comment pass, choosing instead to focus his thoughts on the situation. If the Assistant Headmistress knew about dream catchers and their use, Harry reasoned she must have been in contact with Hermione, or one of the other girls. And then he recalled that she had indeed visited both Hermione and Katie Bell. But what would make her do this?

As he skimmed over memories of the past week, he realized that there had been no shortage of witches whose behaviors he seemed out of character. But Minerva McGonagall? Naked!Minerva? This was a nightmare.

Stalling for time, he walked over to the flap and yelled inside. "You must be getting cold standing there, Professor...Feel free to use the towels...or better still the dressing gowns hanging on that side wall."

"Thank you, Mr. Potter, but I'm quite comfortable," came the reply. "There must be some other reason why my nipples are so hard."

"That's it!" Harry decided to himself. *"This has gone well past strange and frightening and straight to surreal. She can't be serious!"*

The thought of just how "serious" the situation was called to mind his godfather's favorite play on words. Harry paused to consider what Sirius would have done in his shoes. He then realized that if Sirius *were* still alive that Harry would have suspected this to be one of his godfather's better pranks.

The idea that this *could* be a prank pushed itself towards the front of Harry's thoughts. His eyes narrowed, even as his heart rate calmed...it was not only the most logical explanation, it was also the best possible outcome. Or at least, something to hope for.

It was a desperate thought, but the plan born from that thought wouldn't make things that much worse if he were wrong. He bravely ducked back inside the tent, then gasped at the sight. Harry really hadn't known what to expect, but whatever it was didn't include perky breasts, tight abs, and a heart-shaped trim.

"Like what you see, Mr. Potter?" the witch asked with a saucy grin.

Harry took a step backwards as his mind raced. It was possible that the aging witch was a secret fitness freak...or maybe there were anti-sagging potions...or maybe...

Deciding that it was a case of "in for a knut, in for a galleon," Harry smiled as an old Muggle fairy tale came to mind.

"My, Professor, what big breasts you have!" he said, using words that dripped with false wonder.

The witch's grin faltered for a moment, but only for a moment as she replied, "All the better to dream catch, my Dear."

Harry snorted. "Oh, Professor...what strong thighs you have!"

"Well...all the better to squeeze you, my Dear."

Harry nodded and smiled in reply and stated, "And my, Professor, what a cute bum you have!"

"Erm...all the better to sit on your face, my Dear."

Harry laughed out loud...laughed so hard that he needed to bend over at the waist and hold his sides. From this position, it was easy enough to quietly draw his wand, then quickly stand and catch his target unaware with a spell.

"*Accio* Hermione!"

Nothing happened, save for the witch's smile turning into a frown.

"Mr. Potter, I'm so disappointed...thinking that I wouldn't want to help you in whatever way possible..."

"*Accio* Tonks!"

The witch let out a loud "*Yelp!*" as she was pulled out of the tub and started to fly towards Harry. But she quickly regained her wits, and decided to take advantage of the situation and tackle Harry with open arms and opened legs.

Harry panicked and did the first thing that came to mind. Tonks bounced off of the hastily conjured shield and landed hard on her bum.

"Ouch!" she cried out. But Harry was more interested in a different sound...a quiet giggle that came from the corner of the tent. From the corner of his eye he spotted a lump of airspace that was devoid of mist. And then he spied a trail of wet footprints leading away from the tub towards that lump.

With an evil grin he shot his wand out towards the spot and yelled, "*Accio* invisibility cloak."

There was another "*Yelp*" as a small mass of shimmering fabric sped towards Harry, leaving behind a very naked witch.

"Hello, Hermione, I was hoping that you'd visit tonight," he said brightly.

Realizing that Harry was staring straight at her, the bushy-haired witch was quick to cover her bits with her arms and dash for the towel rack. Harry turned his gaze back towards the other naked witch. Deciding that he didn't want to wait for Tonks to cover her Naked!Minerva form, Harry levitated a dressing gown off of a wall hook, spread it wide open, then dropped it down onto her head like a tarp.

"Hey!" the Auror complained.

"Tonks, what are you doing here?"

Keeping tabs on Hermione.”

“And part of your tabbing includes imitating naked transfiguration professors?”

“Well, it seemed a shame not to...”

“Yes, yes, brilliant prank, you had me going for a while,” Harry said. “Now why don't you keep tabs on the outside of the tent? Hermione and I need some alone time.”

Tonks snorted. “Yeah, I bet you do.” She changed back into her preferred form, wrapped the dressing gown around herself, and stood up.

“So what gave me away?” she asked Harry.

“Little Red Riding Hood,” Harry replied. “You played along.”

“So? My father was a Muggleborn. He loved telling me that story when I was young.”

Harry nodded. “And Hermione heard it too, I'm sure. But I was also pretty certain that Professor McGonagall grew up in a wizard household.”

Tonks snorted. “So she wouldn't have known the 'Oh, grandma, what big titties you have' bit, right?”

Harry nodded as he ushered the Auror out the door with a slap on her bum.

“Hey!”

“Drop it, Tonks, before I tell Remus that you were trying to play 'Big Bad Wolf' with me.”

“You wouldn't dare.”

“Or maybe I should share the pensieve memory with Minerva?”

“Erm...right...I'll be right outside if you need me. Have fun, you two.”

And with Tonks' retreat, Harry and Hermione were alone. He turned towards her and smiled.

“Well, I'm glad that you accepted my invitation.”

“I'm glad that you offered,” Hermione said nervously.

Harry looked towards the tent flaps. “I was thinking of a more...romantic atmosphere...”

Hermione smiled. “Are you looking for a lover or a shag-buddy?”

Harry bit the inside of his lip. “I want a best friend more than anything else...and if that best friend and I can seize the day and share some benefits...”

“Best friend?” asked Hermione coyly. “Should I ring up Ron?”

Harry looked at her crossly, then took three steps forward, picked her up and threw her head-first into the hot tub.

“Hey!” Hermione sputtered, once her head bounced up from the water. “My hair!”

Harry smirked as he stepped out of his boxers and into the tub.

“Your hair looks beautiful.”

Hermione let out a sniff, then reached out her arms. “Oh, Harry...do you really think so?”

The young wizard nodded as he stepped into her embrace. As soon as he was enveloped in wet naked hug Harry felt his legs tripped out from underneath him and he took an unexpected dive into the water.

When he stood back up Hermione tackled him, forced him down onto the hot tub's bench, and straddled his legs.

“Playtime is over,” she announced, as she pulled his face towards her breasts.

As Harry went to work, Hermione said, “You know, I've been waiting for this all day...all week....probably all year, now that I think of it.”

“Really?” asked Harry, pausing in mid-lick. “Then why did you take the time to play that prank?”

“Had to make a deal with Tonks,” she explained. “No prank, no play.”

Harry chuckled. “Not sure I believe that, but I am sure that right now I don't care.”

“Good,” said Hermione, as she reached down to grab his erection.

"Are we done talking, then?" she asked.

Harry nodded. "Are you sure you want to...I've heard that it hurts the girl her first time."

Hermione grinned. "Already took care of my hymen."

"You did?"

With a nod, Hermione replied, "Susan left me a toy to play with this afternoon."

"She did? Which one?"

The friend seeking benefits scooted her hips up and placed the tip of Harry's hard-on against her.

"The nine-inch pink one...she said it was closest to yours in size."

Before Harry could respond Hermione thrust her hips forward, groaning in pleasure as she bottomed out.

"Sweet Merlin, she was right!"

Testing Defenses

Chapter 8: Amelia's Visit

Harry Potter woke with a content grin on his face, which only grew bigger when Hermione let a semi-conscious moan escape from her lips. She tried to use her arms and legs to draw him closer to her body, only to end up grinding her crotch tighter against her friend's hip. Harry didn't mind at all. He lifted his head just enough to put the mass of bushy-brown hair within kissing range.

"Good morning, Hermione."

"Morning, Harry," she murmured, her words muffled by his bare chest.

"Are you okay?"

Hermione lifted her head from the pillow, caught his look of concern, and chuckled. "Mmmm.....sore."

Harry nodded as he reached over and traced the faint scar line between her breasts. "Need me to apply more salve?"

"Thanks, but I don't think that the salve can be applied internally."

"Why would you be sore intern....oh, sorry."

"S'kay," Hermione said with a sparkle in her eyes. She leaned over and dropped her head down onto his chest. "It's sore in a good way."

Harry nodded. "Need some more pain relieving potion?"

Shaking her head, Hermione said, "Need more practice."

Harry smiled. "What a coincidence....so do I....think we can help each other?"

"I think so," Hermione said, as her fingers trailed down Harry's front. They stopped when they reached his erection.

"So, this is the infamous 'morning condition' that I've heard so much about?"

"You have, have you?"

"Yeah...so why don't you go pee," she asked, wrapping her fingers around him. "I want to know that this has more to do with me than your bladder."

Harry snorted. "So what if I told you that I took care of my bladder an hour ago?"

Hermione arched an eyebrow and licked her bottom lip. "Well, I guess that means I have work to do."

"Are you sure?" Harry teased. "I could always handle it."

"I might like to see that," Hermione cooed. "But this time, I think I'd rather relieve that swelling myself."

"Be my guest," Harry offered, with an impudent grin.

"My, you're a cheeky one!" she chided, as she began to stroke his shaft.

Harry was about to quip that he was obviously more cocky than cheeky when a house-elf popped into his bedroom.

"Miss Mione, you's mum's alarm clock just rang!"

"Mmmm...thanks, Daisy, she'll hit the snooze button. Come back in ten minutes."

"No, Miss Mione, she's putting on those special glasses from her nightstand."

"Damn!" she swore. Those glasses (courtesy of a 'helpful' headmaster) allowed her parents to bypass her Muggle-repelling Post-its. She quickly gave Harry a kiss and a squeeze.

"Gotta go...see you at nine!"

Hermione reached for the house-elf's outstretched hand, and the two disappeared with a pop.

Harry stared at the empty space for a moment, then let out a deep breath and muttered a much coarser expletive. It looked like he'd have to "handle it" by himself after all.

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After a shower and some stress relief, Harry made his way downstairs and started on breakfast. With his mind focused more on shagging than servings, he reflexively cooked as if Dudley and Vernon were still in the house. It wasn't until everything was plated that he realized that there was enough food to feed a half-dozen "normal" people. Not wanting the food to go to waste, he walked out to the front porch and called out, "Breakfast's

ready!"

Harry regretted this offer just as soon as he saw the skrewt-eating grins on Mad-Eye, Tonks, and Shackbolt as they stepped out of their concealment.

"Wotcher, stud muffin," Tonks snarked, wagging her eyebrows as she walked past him.

"Surprised you're still standing, after hearing Moody's play-by-play," Kingsley said, as he followed behind.

Harry turned towards Mad-Eye, expecting something worse. He wasn't disappointed.

"Randy bugger, wasn't she?"

Harry decided to play along. "I'll have you know, Mad-Eye, that there was no buggering going on last night."

"Are you sure?" asked Mad-Eye. "Because from the angle you were using that fourth time around, it seemed like you...."

"Get inside!" Harry snapped, using his arm to shepherd the retired Auror through the threshold, and into the kitchen.

"So where'd Hermione pop off to?" asked Tonks, as she took a seat at the kitchen table.

"Weybridge," Harry responded, hoping to steer the conversation away from his love life.

"Rather surprised to hear that she owns a house elf," said Shackbolt, as he sat across from Tonks. "What's the story with that?"

"An odd series of events," Harry replied. "Sirius Black left her the Black family library and 100,000 galleons to maintain it. But on way out of Gringott's, Hermione noticed a goblin-run estate sale that included a female house elf."

"So how did she rationalize buying a house elf with that money?" asked Mad-Eye.

"Claimed that the library needed a full-time librarian," Harry replied. "Of course, her real goal was to give Daisy clothes just as soon as she could."

"Had a change of heart, then?"

Harry nodded. "She finally figured out that the need for a bond wasn't just a lie propagated to make the house-elves accept their plight...she was rather embarrassed."

Mad-Eye nodded. "Surprised it took her that long to come around."

"I'm not," said Harry, eager to defend his girlfriend. "After all the only close contact she had with house-elves was Dobby, and as much as I love the little guy, he is an odd-duck."

"Dobby...that was the Malfoy house-elf you tricked into freedom?"

Harry nodded. "His lot in life improved drastically once he got clothes, so it wasn't unreasonable for Hermione to think that the same would apply to others."

"So she's gone from abolitionist to slave-owner?" mused Mad-Eye.

"Looks like it," Harry replied. "Although I'd rather think of it as her shifting focus towards the better treatment of house-elves within the bond."

"And the fact that this Daisy can pop her owner in and out of your bed in a flash is just an incidental benefit?"

Harry snorted. "That, or one more way to show how porous the defenses are around here."

"Yeah, well, don't expect that to matter too much longer," Mad-Eye stated.

"How's that?" asked Harry.

"The Bones girl got everyone's knickers in a twist yesterday," Moody explained. "It's one thing to obliviate Hopkirk and her staff...quite another to propose memory charming the whole bloody Wizengamot!"

"So what's that mean?" Harry asked.

"Means you'll be carted off to Headquarters sooner than you think," Tonks chimed in.

Mad-Eye nodded. "Wouldn't be surprised if the old man showed up today."

Harry was surprised by the news....or better stated, he was surprised by his reaction to the news.

"What's the frown for, Potter?" demanded Shackbolt. "You won...got what you wanted....should be jumping up and down for joy."

Harry nodded, as he poured himself a cup of tea and sat with the others.

"So let me guess, the Weasley family will be there as well?"

Tonks nodded. "Dumbledore thinks that the Burrow might be a target this summer."

"Fabulous," replied Harry. "So I'll have to deal with Ron's jealousy, Ginny's misplaced possessiveness, and Molly's smothering desire to keep me in short trousers."

"Not to mention her eagle eye on who's sleeping in which bedroom," Tonks said with a grin.

Harry rolled his eyes. "So I go from one house that I own where I've finally gotten some control over my life to another house that I own where I'm back on a short leash and choker....lucky me."

"But at least you'll be safer at Headquarters," said Shacklebolt. "That was the whole point of testing the defenses here, right?"

Harry shook his head. "So the defenses surrounding this house are lacking....is the solution abandoning the house, or fixing the holes?"

Shacklebolt snorted. "So you think you can do better than Dumbledore?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe...you know, I could almost live with Molly's chaperoning if it meant I could start getting my mail, but that won't happen even if I move, right? Can't have me getting a swelled head with all of my fan mail."

Moody barked out a laugh. "Based on what I've seen of it, I'd expect both of your heads to swell."

Harry furrowed his eyebrows. "What do you mean, Mad-Eye? Have you been reading my mail?"

There was a pregnant pause, before Moody nodded. "Dumbledore's asked me to help check your mail for curses and tracers from time to time."

"For how long?" Harry demanded.

"Since you were a wee one," Mad-Eye replied. "Didn't think it a bad idea when you were a baby...can't imagine the Dursleys thinking much of the constant stream of owls."

"But what about now...when I'm in school...or at the Weasley's...or Headquarters?"

"Ah, yes...Dumbledore's orders...brings us back to your head swelling."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Let me guess...the old man was afraid I'd be distracted from my studies by the perfumed love letters?"

The retired Auror snorted. "A bit, but he was more concerned about the pictures that would have curled your toes and stiffened your willie."

Harry looked at Mad-Eye with disbelief. "So, the Headmaster has seen fit to confiscate *all* of my mail because *some* of it contains unsolicited pictures of naked witches?"

Moody nodded. "I've heard there's been a few naked wizard photos as well, but for some reason Dumbledore handles those himself."

Tonks giggled. "Well, maybe that explains why the old man can hold two wands at the same time?"

Mad-Eye spit out his tea when he heard that comment. Harry scowled...he would have been spitting nails instead of tea, if only he knew the right curse.

"This has got to stop...right here, right now," he declared.

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Hermione had told Harry that she would be able to return to Privet Drive around 9:00am, just after her parents left for their surgery. This would give them about a half hour's time before the meeting with Director Bones (which Susan and Tillie had helped arranged the day previous). But before he met with either of these two witches, Harry decided that he needed to have a few words with his Aunt Petunia. After chasing the three Aurors out of the kitchen, Harry took a plate of food upstairs and knocked on her bedroom door.

"Aunt Petunia?"

"Go away, Harry."

"I brought you breakfast."

"Use the cat-flap."

"Sorry, but we need to talk....I'll leave the food, but I'll be back in twenty minutes time."

Hoping that his Aunt would use the time to get dressed (he'd seen enough elderly skin thanks to Tonks), Harry spent the time tidying his bedroom. He needed the full twenty minutes, even with the help of his wand, as the release of accidental magic during the night had trashed the room rather spectacularly.

When he returned to the master bedroom he found the door opened, and his Aunt sitting dressed on the edge of the bed. The two then had an

amazingly civil conversation, during which time plans were made and agreements reached.

Citing the need for a housesitter when he was away at school, Harry offered to let his Aunt continue to live rent-free at Number Four until his seventeenth birthday (at which time he doubted anyone could safely live there). He also offered a monthly living allowance, at least until his Aunt got back onto her feet and got a job. Harry wasn't worried that he'd be paying this monthly allowance for very long, as he had come up with the ideal incentive...he told his Aunt that all of the neighbors would know that he was supporting her financially for as long as she was on the dole.

Petunia assured Harry that she'd be employed within the month.

Harry's aunt was rather skeptical about his generous offer, until she heard what he wanted in return. Her teeth ground together at the thought of doing all of the cleaning and yardwork, and giving Harry free reign of the house when he was there. The teeth ground a little more when he also extracted a promise that she would act civilly towards him and his guests at all times. But given the alternative of being thrown out onto the street without a pence to her name, she ultimately decided that it was a fair price to pay.

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Harry and Hermione were waiting for Amelia Bones's arrival in the front entrance of the house. They were therefore quite surprised when a female voice carried down the stairs.

"Hello? Mr. Potter?"

The two teenagers looked at each other, first with surprise, then with concern. Harry dashed up the stairs, with Hermione close behind. They found Amelia and her house-elf standing in the middle of his bedroom.

The elderly witch's monocle looked in danger of dropping, given the altitude of her eyebrows.

"Erm, Director Bones, thank you for agreeing to meet with me," Harry said, as he quickly entered the room and offered his hand.

Amelia took the offered hand warily. "Though I was happy at the thought of meeting you in less formal circumstances, I wasn't expecting it to be this informal."

Harry laughed nervously. "No doubt your house-elf realized that your appearance would be least noticed in my room."

Amelia snorted. "So may I assume that is the only reason why you entertained my niece in your bedroom, Mr. Potter?"

"Erm...that works for me," Harry replied.

Hermione decided to rescue him by suggesting that they would be more comfortable meeting downstairs.

"What about the Muggles that live in this house?" asked Amelia.

"It's just my Aunt right now," Harry offered. "She's in her bedroom, and shouldn't bother us."

"Are you certain?"

Harry nodded. "We've reached an understanding, which I've backed up with a Muggle repelling charm on the inside of her bedroom door."

The elderly witch paused to consider how to respond. Discarding a rebuke, she praised Harry for his ingenuity. Harry was quick to defer to Hermione, and the Muggle-repelling Post-its. They showed Amelia downstairs to the sitting room, where he began to describe his life on Privet Drive.

Fifteen minutes into the meeting, Director Bones asked if Harry had anyone who could corroborate his story. He responded by suggesting she ask the Order member on guard to join them inside. Amelia wasn't at all happy to discover that it was one of her people "guarding" Harry, despite his assurances that Auror Tonks had been actively helping them over the past few days. Shackbolt and Mad-Eye were quickly summoned by messenger patronus spells; once they arrived, they received the same dressing down from their boss that Tonks had enjoyed.

One hour and fifteen minutes into the meeting, Director Bones apologized to Harry on behalf of the Ministry of Magic, and Wizarding World as a whole. She then asked how she might make things straight. The strategy session lasted the rest of the morning, and included brief floor consultations with certain goblins, Ministry officials, and Hogwarts staff.

Three hours and fifteen minutes into the meeting, they broke for lunch. Tillie and Daisy fought over who would help, forcing Harry to delegate tasks, and to thank Merlin that Dobby wasn't involved in the mix.

Once the meal was finished, Amelia dismissed the two male Aurors, while Tonks was asked to send a messenger spell to Dumbledore announcing that Amelia had just arrived at Privet Drive. It took all of ten minutes for the Headmaster to come knocking.

"Good afternoon, Professor Dumbledore," said Harry, as he answered the door. "Won't you come in? Hermione and I are having a little chat with Director Bones."

The Headmaster walked quickly into the house and wandlessly shut the door behind him.

"Harry, these guests have compromised your safety within this house. I must ask that you pack your things quickly so that we can move you to the safe place."

The younger wizard snorted. "Have a seat, Headmaster. I'm interesting in hearing how and why all of my...guests...have made this a more dangerous place to live, despite all of the protections."

"Yes, I'm interested to hear this as well, Dumbledore," said Amelia.

The Headmaster looked sternly at Amelia, Hermione and then Harry.

"I can not allow Miss Granger and her associates to make any more attempts to breach the wards surrounding this house. Their visits have put Harry's life in jeopardy."

"Why is that?" demanded Harry. "Because they've been so damn successful?"

"Simply put, yes."

"Why?" asked Hermione. "How is it that revealing how easy it is to breach the wards makes Harry's life any more endangered than it already was?"

"Sometimes," the old wizard pronounced sagely, "the best defenses are those that are constructed in the minds of one's enemies."

There was a pause, as the other three people in the room dissected this remark. Harry thought he knew what the Headmaster was suggesting, but asked to make sure.

"So...it was safe for me to live here so long as the Death Eaters didn't know just how weak your protection was?"

When the old wizard nodded, all hell broke loose.

Harry's voice carried over Hermione's and Amelia's protests.

"It was all a bluff!" he yelled. "You not only made my life miserable, you ***bet*** my life on a fucking bluff!

"Language, Harry," the Headmaster chided.

"Fuck that!" replied Hermione, shocking the others. "Harry is right, isn't he?"

The Headmaster sighed, and took the time to remove his eyeglasses and wipe them clean with the cuff of his robe. Once he placed them back on his nose, he turned towards Hermione and replied.

"Since it was inevitable that Death Eaters would be made aware of where young Harry's Aunt and Uncle lived, my only option was to convince them that even with that knowledge that any attempt to do Harry harm would fail."

Harry laughed derisively as he shook his head. "Your presence is no longer required here, Headmaster. Should I decide to return to school, I will see you on September 1."

Dumbledore's gaze shot back up as quickly as it had been cast down.

"I can not leave you here, Harry. You must go with me to the safe place."

"No thanks."

The Headmaster, stung by this response, looked around the room for somebody to put Harry in his place. Unfortunately Molly Weasley and Severus Snape were not available.

"Harry, I will remind you that I am your Headmaster."

"Only if he remains in school, and in any event not during the summer," said Hermione.

"Come now, Miss Granger, surely you aren't suggesting that Harry's best interests lie outside of Hogwarts."

"No," Hermione shot back, "I'm suggesting that his best interests lie outside of your manipulative control."

You could have heard a pin drop in the room, so shocked was everyone else by the young witch's rebuke.

After a seemingly eternal pause, the Headmaster softly replied. "I am sorry that you feel that way, Miss Granger. I would never expect that attitude from a Hogwarts prefect."

Harry's eyes flared with anger, and he was halfway out of his seat before Hermione stopped him by grabbing his arm.

"It's okay," she said softly. "It's not worth it, and I'm not certain that he is either."

The arc of a silvery object reinforced the statement, as Hermione drew her prefect's badge from her pocket and threw it towards Dumbledore.

Harry's eyes flashed even brighter at the realization of what Hermione had decided to sacrifice. He turned to her, only to be pulled into a kiss.

"Besides," she noted brightly, "I'd hate to have to dock myself points every time that I pulled you into a broom closet."

Hermione's joke broke a bit of the tension in the room, but only a bit. Harry insisted that Dumbledore leave, falling back on his authority as homeowner (another unshared secret that he was quick to rub in the old wizard's face). When Director Bones backed up Harry's request, the Headmaster showed himself out, deciding that it would be prudent to make a strategic retreat and return later with reinforcements.

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Before he left the property, Dumbledore instructed Tonks to remain at Privet Drive and send word just as soon as Amelia departed. He then traveled to Grimmauld Place, where he called an emergency meeting of the Order of the Phoenix. Within an hour's time he had a contingent of fifteen witches and wizards ready to return to Harry's location and remove him (forcibly, if need be). This assault force then sat on their hands for several hours, waiting impatiently for word that the MLE Director had returned to the Ministry of Magic.

Tonks's patronus spell delivered the "all clear" signal just after seven that evening. Dumbledore immediately gathered his troops, pulled a wool sock from his pocket and readied his wand for a *Portus* spells.

He then stood there silently, as he desperately searched his mind for Harry Potter's location.

After a few moments of embarrassing silence, he asked the other Order members if any of them knew where Harry Potter was staying. They all stopped...thought...and replied with blank expressions.

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The next morning, Hermione's house elf hand-delivered *The Daily Prophet* to her bedside...which just happened to be a few feet away from Harry's side of the bed. The young witch eagerly woke Harry with the news. By the time he took care of his morning condition Hermione had already absorbed the front page and separated it out for him.

Chosen-One Chooses to Hide!

by Rita Skeeter

The Daily Prophet has learned that Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, also known as the Chosen-One, has gone into hiding. Alerted to this possibility, this reporter conducted an exhaustive search of Ministry records, and interviewed several witches and wizards who should have known where Mr. Potter traditionally spends his summer break. All parchment references to the Boy-Who-Lived's address appear to have been magically erased, as have the associated memories of Ministry officials. This reporter herself cannot recall the young wizard's address, even though she remembers that at one time she may have known this fact.

Ministry Officials refused to offer any explanations, and Hogwarts Headmaster Albus Dumbledore failed to respond to repeated requests for a comment. It appears that very strong magic has been used to protect the Boy-Who-Lived...the kind of magic that perhaps only Headmaster Dumbledore himself could wield.

We at the Daily Prophet demand an explanation from the Hogwarts Headmaster, and assurances that he has not conducted illegal memory charms on a massive scale in the name of the so-called greater good. As for Mr. Potter, we hope that he remains safe over not only this summer but also this coming school year, as he prepares for the next inevitable confrontation with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.

Harry smiled with satisfaction...for once the press had played along.

"So what do you think?" he asked Hermione.

The young witch turned her head and gave him a brilliant smile. "I think that it turned out rather nicely. We didn't say that a *Fidelius* charm was used, but we gave just enough clues for somebody to figure it out if they wanted to."

Nodding, Harry replied. "And when Voldemort sorts it out, he'll assume that Dumbledore is the secret keeper."

"And since Dumbledore said himself that he's the only wizard that Voldemort fears..."

Harry leaned over and gave Hermione a kiss.

"I love it when a plan comes together."

Hermione smiled. "Me too." She then reached underneath her pillow and pulled out her day planner.

"Okay, Harry, let's figure out today's schedule."

"Can't we just work on benefits all day?"

Hermione turned towards Harry and gave him "the look."

Harry laughed.

“What?” asked an annoyed young witch.

“It’s just that...well, you just gave me the look that you use whenever Ron and I want to skiv off studies.”

“You don’t think that it’s appropriate?”

“No, it’s perfect, it’s just that...”

“Just that what?”

“Just that...well, it’s hard to take that pout seriously when your nipples are pointing at me.”

Hermione looked down and let out an exasperated sigh and covered her chest with the leather-bound organizer.

“Hey, where’d they go?” Harry whined.

“Business before benefits, Mr. Potter.”

“Oh...that stern headmistress look is damn sexy!”

“Harry, I’m serious!”

“Okay, okay...what’s first on the agenda.”

“Secret sharing,” Hermione replied. “So far we’ve got Amelia, and the tutors, and the secret keeper, of course, but I was thinking we might want to invite a few trustworthy friends to visit over the summer.”

“Friends?” asked Harry with an arched eyebrow. “Just friends, or friends with benefits?”

Hermione swatted Harry’s shoulder with her day planner.

“Ouch!”

“You deserve it,” said Hermione. But then she paused, and said, “But maybe that’s a good idea.”

“Really?”

“Yes, I think it is,” said the young witch. “After all, I’m not looking for a long-term relationship yet, and you aren’t...right?”

“Erm, right.”

“And neither of us is interested in an exclusive sexual relationship right now, right?”

“Erm....that’s right.”

“So it stands to reason that if you and I are going to be here most of the summer that we might want to have different friends visit.”

“You mean....you’re thinking about being friends with benefits with somebody besides me?”

Hermione gave him a squinty look. “Were you thinking that you would be the only one with more than one of those friends?”

“No, no, you’re right,” Harry quickly replied. “So do you have anybody specific in mind?”

Hermione smiled. “Maybe....how about you?”

Harry already had an answer to that question. Despite this fact, he said, “Maybe.”

Hermione nodded as she flipped to the back of her planner, ripped off a blank page, and then ripped that page in two. She handed one-half to Harry, along with a pen, and said, “Why don’t you write down your list of potential friends, and I’ll write down mine, and then we’ll compare notes.”

Harry looked at Hermione warily. “Okay.”

He took the pen and paper, wrote down a prioritized list, and then folded the paper in half. When he spied Hermione doing the same, he said, “Ready?”

Hermione looked at him nervously...a bit too nervously given how she had approached this problem.

“Something wrong?” Harry asked.

“No,” she replied, “Well, maybe....I just don’t want you to think bad of me when you see my list.”

Harry frowned. “Why would I be upset...did you write down Ron’s name?”

“No, of course not.”

Krum's?"

"No."

"Please don't tell me you've got the hots for ferret boy."

"NO!" Hermione shouted. She reached out for Harry's list, gave him hers, and asked, "Please, just promise you'll keep an open mind, okay?"

"Erm....okay."

Harry took the offered piece of paper and anxiously opened the fold. Inside, written with Hermione's neat script, were the following names:

Fleur Delacour

Susan Bones

Lisa Turpin

Katie Bell

Luna Lovegood

Harry stared at the list for a moment.

"Hermione?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"Was I supposed to write down a list of friends that I'd like to have benefits with, or friends that you might want?"

"Your list was for whom you wanted, Harry."

"Then your list...your list here...it's a list of who you want as special friends?"

"Erm....yes. Besides you, of course."

"Oh. So...did you write down these names just to make me happy?"

"No, although I'll admit the fact that our lists are identical is an amazing coincidence."

Harry paused.

"So...you've...been...with other witches before?"

Hermione shrugged her shoulders. "Well, it does get rather drafty in that castle."

Harry snorted.

"So...do you think these witches would be agreeable to the idea?"

"What idea?" asked Hermione. "Of being your special friends, or mine?"

"Both."

"Only one way to find out, I guess."

Harry nodded, his eyes frozen on the list of names.

"So, what do you think, Harry?"

Harry looked up from the list, then turned towards Hermione, and grinned.

"I think that it could be one hell of a summer."