

Chapter 5

One of the downsides, in Harry's mind, to being in the public eye, was constantly being invited to social gatherings he couldn't care less about. Unfortunately, if he wanted to have to political clout and public support to change the Wizarding World for the better, he had to attend at least a few every year.

Harry was just glad that this particular celebration of the Summer solstice was being celebrated at the Minister for Magic's home this year, and not at the home of one of the darker families. Kingsley was a close friend of the family, and Harry knew he wouldn't take any offense if he and Hermione dipped out a tad early.

Until then, he and his fiancé made the rounds, greeting people they hardly knew like they were long lost friends. They ran into a few friendly faces, Like Neville Longbottom, Susan Bones, Daphne Greengrass, and Hestia Jones, but most of the guests were the same witches and wizards whose inaction had nearly allowed Voldemort to take over the country. Twice. It was hard for Harry not to hold a grudge over that, especially with all the loved ones he'd lost, and the many sacrifices he'd made.

"Smile, love," Hermione whispered, while squeezing his hand. "Your scowl is scaring people."

"Sorry," Harry murmured, plastering a fake smile on his face.

"I don't like being here anymore than you do, but we need to be here if we want to start making big changes," she reminded him.

"I know," Harry replied. "It's just hard to smile when these are the same people that put Sirius in Azkaban without a trial and spent thirteen years kissing Fudge and Malfoy's asses until it was almost too late."

“I’ll make a deal with you,” Hermione said, her fingers running up and down the inside of his forearm soothingly. “If you can make it through the afternoon without scaring anyone away, I’ll give you a reward when we get home.”

Harry turned to see his fiancé’s deep brown eyes sparkling as she smiled at him.

“Are you trying to bribe me?” Harry asked with a teasing smile of his own.

“That depends. Is it working?” she asked.

Chuckling, Harry pulled her close and leaned down to give her a kiss that was brief but full of promise. Unfortunately, as they pulled apart, their quiet moment was interrupted by guests coming over to greet them. Smiling woodenly, they exchanged greetings and shook hands with the new arrivals. Most he still didn’t recognize, but there were two he did.

The first was Tiberius Ogden, the newly elected Chief Warlock that Harry respected for speaking his mind during meetings and not letting people get away with bullshit if he could help it. It was mostly because of that attitude that Harry and Kingsley had been able to get so much done in the last few months.

They greeted a few other Wizengamot members, including a handful of blatant ass kissers looking to ingratiate themselves to him. Harry quite literally just had to grin and bare it, letting his mind wander to what he would do to Hermione when they got home to keep himself from glaring at them. It was then that his eyes landed on the second person he recognized, Annalise Zabini.

The mother of his former classmate Blaise, Annalise was well known to the Auror department. Nicknamed the black widow, she had been married eight times, with all of her husbands dying less than a year after tying the knot. Of course, there was no solid evidence that she was involved with their deaths. In fact, the causes of death for all eight of her husbands were so widely varied that some thought it was just terrible luck.

Having never looked too deeply into the cases, Harry really didn't have an opinion about the witch's level of involvement. Truthfully, after learning that all of her husbands were former Death Eaters or known sympathizers, he didn't want to find out. So long as nothing happened to anyone truly innocent, he had much more important cases to work on.

There was also one other thing Annalise Zabini was known for, and that was her beauty. That, at least, was a well-earned reputation, Harry decided as he looked her over. With flawless caramel colored skin, a perfect hourglass figure, and alluring, light green eyes, she was an exotic beauty that most men would die for. Looking closer to his age than his parents, it was no wonder she still manages to find men willing to marry her, despite the risk.

"Lord Potter. Ms. Granger, it's so nice to finally meet you," Annalise said, smiling with perfectly straight, exceptionally white teeth as she reached out to shake their hands.

"It's nice to meet you as well," Hermione said with a polite smile.

Harry opened his mouth to greet her as well, but the words died on his lips as his hand touched hers. Ever since his return from death in the Forbidden Forest, he had become much more sensitive to magic. Harry could feel Annalise's magic practically scream at him the moment their hands touched. Someone had placed a Curse on her. One so powerful and evil that it felt like it had taken on a life of its own. The sensation was so retched and shocking that he wrenched his hand away as if he'd been burned.

Annalise raised a perfectly manicured eyebrow at him while Hermione looked at him with a worried curiosity.

"Sorry," Harry said absently while rubbing his hand. "Are you aware that you have a Curse on you?"

The other eyebrow joined the first high on her forehead as Annalise blinked at him.

"A curse?" she asked. "What sort of Curse might that be?"

Glancing around, Harry reached into his pocket to palm his wand, and cast a couple of discrete Privacy Charms around them, including the ever-useful Muffliato Charm.

“A powerful one, by the feel of it,” Harry told her. “At a guess, I’d say it’s the Curse responsible for your husbands’ deaths.”

Hermione gasped and covered her mouth with her hand while Annalise gave him a small smirk.

“Impressive,” she said, eyeing him intently. “Perhaps we should take this discussion somewhere more private.”

Harry nodded at her suggestion and dropped the Charms around them. Still holding Hermione’s hand, he led them over to Kingsley.

“Hey, Shack,” Harry said, stepping up beside the much taller man so he could speak in a hushed tone. “Can I borrow your office for a few minutes?”

Kingsley glanced from him to Hermione and then Annalise curiously before nodding.

“Help yourself,” he said.

“Thanks,” Harry said.

Clapping him on the shoulder, he led the two witches to the back of the room, then turned down the hall and into the first room on the right. As soon as Annalise entered the room, Harry closed the door behind him and threw up enough Privacy Charms to make sure they wouldn’t be interrupted.

"It seems the rumors of your skills haven't been exaggerated," Annalise said, leaning back against the mahogany desk on her hands with her hip cocked to the side. "I been searching for answers for years from some of the most renowned witches and wizards in the world, and you're the first tell me anything useful. I've suspected it was a curse for years, but most just presumed I was guilty of murdering my husbands and didn't put much effort into finding the truth."

"If you thought you were cursed, then why did you keep getting married?" Hermione asked, her arms folded over her chest with a look of stern disapproval on her face.

"I've heard you're quite intelligent, Ms. Granger. Why don't you tell me?" Annalise asked.

Hermione frowned with her brow furrowed.

"All of your husbands were Death Eaters, or at least supported them," Harry said.

Annalise turned and looked at him with an alluring smile.

"Very impressive," she purred, eyeing him up and down blatantly while licking her lips.

Hermione bristled next to him, so Harry rubbed her back soothingly.

"Not all of them, but close enough," Annalise continued. "I was contracted to marry my first husband at the age of sixteen by my father. He was a horrid man in his nineties, but he had the political connection and money my father wanted with no clear heir."

"That's horrible," Hermione said, her face wrinkled in disgust.

"You'll find my situation is not that unusual in Pureblood society," Annalise told her with a shrug. "I was young and naive while he was controlling and abusive. We were only married for

ten months, but in that time, he completely controlled my life. I had just given birth to Blaise when he came down the Dragon Pox. He knew he was dying, and I have no doubt he was capable of cursing me before he passed. He was always that kind of 'if I can't have you no one can', type of wizard. When he passed, I was left a single mother with plenty of money and no life experience. I signed everything over to my father, who promptly took nearly everything I had and left me to fend for myself."

"What? Why?" Hermione asked, both shocked and disgusted.

"Because I was no longer useful to him," Annalise said, staring into Hermione's eyes and making her squirm from the uncomfortable stare. "He had what he wanted, and I was too sullied to be sold again. He gave me enough money to survive for a year if I was frugal and kicked me out of the house. Even Blaise was worthless to him once I was foolish enough to give him everything. After that, I managed to find a man - a decent one this time. Marcus was a good man that was Imperiused during the war. And no, he wasn't faking it like so many of the Dark Lord's followers."

Hermione closed her mouth with a click as Annalise stared at her firmly.

"I genuinely loved him, and six months after meeting, we were wed," she continued. "Eight months after that, he died in a Floo accident on the way to work. Marcus may have been a good man, but he wasn't wealthy. Before long, admittedly due to my own lack of knowledge, I was nearly broke and on the verge of becoming homeless. That's when I met my third husband."

Annalise's face darkened as she looked down at the ground, clearly troubled by the memories she was reliving.

"Jacob Weathers," she said ominously. "Like many others, he was a Death Eater that was never convicted. All I knew, was that he had money and showed interest in me. I was too naïve to realize he only wanted to use my family name to improve how the public perceived him. Once we were married, I realized what I had gotten myself into. The bastard never even tried to hide what he was doing from me. The war may have ended in the Wizarding World, but Jacob and his sort were still going out and attacking Muggles.

“Our marriage lasted just a few weeks short of a year, and Jacob’s death didn’t come a day too soon. After his death, women like Narcissa Malfoy and Joy Parkinson began befriending me. Not because they actually like me, but because they believed I had murdered three husbands and were impressed I had gotten away with it. Meanwhile, I was convinced I had been cursed, by magic or fate itself. My marriage to Jacob had showed me just what kind of monsters the Dark Lord’s followers were. So, I decided that if I was to bare this curse, so would they.”

Annalise looked up, and there was a conviction in her eyes that was almost breathtaking.

“I learned all about the rich and powerful men that followed the Dark Lord through the wives of his minions,” she said in a hushed tone. “I learned to seduce them, make them want me so badly they were willing to risk anything for me. I tried my best to give Blaise a good upbringing, and I hid things well from him, but he was just too much like his father. By the time he left for Hogwarts, I knew he would grow up to be just as cruel. It was heartbreaking, though not surprising to learn he had destroyed himself with Fiendfyre. I’m just glad not one else was killed by his foolishness. Make no mistake, I loved my son, but I was not ignorant of his faults.”

“I’m sorry,” Hermione said, biting her lip and looking at loss for what else to say.

Annalise nodded before turning her striking gaze to Harry.

“Now, to the obvious question. Can you remove this curse?” she asked.

Staring at her, Harry pulled his hand out of Hermione’s and walked over to her. Annalise, who was a good few inches shorter than him even in her heels, looked up, her chest thrust forward and displaying her impressive bust. Harry gave her a quick once over before stopping a bit closer than normal and holding out his hand. Smirking, Annalise held hers up daintily and placed it in his.

Closing his eyes, Harry focused on the magic he felt coursing through her. It was easy to tell the difference between the dark curse latched onto her like a parasite and her own innate magic. Curious, he enveloped the Curse with his own magic to see how it would react. Immediately, it

began to thrash and snarl, or at least that's how Harry pictured what he felt in his mind. While powerful, the Curse was nothing compared to the Horcrux he'd spent most of his life living with. This magic, despite its disgusting nature, didn't have the power to fight back against him.

Letting go of Annalise's hand, he opened his eyes. She stared at him with a burning gaze, her chest rising and falling sharply as she panted breathlessly. Harry smirked, realizing it was the feeling of his powerful magic that had affected her.

"I think I can get rid of it," Harry said. "Meet me in my office at the Ministry tomorrow at six. I'll bring you to our place so I can remove it."

"I would be *very* grateful if you could," Annalise said suggestively.

Smoothing out her dress, she thrust out her chest and caused her modest cleavage to bulge out of the top of her dress alluringly.

"We should probably get back to the party before someone comes looking for us," Hermione said.

Giving Annalise one more smile, Harry turned back to his fiancé and walked over to her. Seeing her worried look, he curled his fingers under her chin and gave her a brief but loving kiss on the lips. Taking her hand, he took the wards off the door and led her back out to the party.

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"How was the party?" Katie asked as she and Lavender lounged on the couch reading magazines.

"Eventful," Hermione said with a sigh.

Lavender sat up and looked at her expectantly, excited by the prospect of some new gossip.



It seemed old habits died hard, Harry thought with a smile.

Meanwhile, Sue and Gabrielle came in from the kitchen. Smiling brightly, Gabrielle skipped over to Harry and gave him a quick kiss, then turned to hug Hermione and kiss her cheeks.

“So, what happened?” Lavender asked impatiently.

Sighing, Hermione sat down on the couch and told them everything that happened with Annalise. While she was doing that, Harry sat down on the loveseat across from them with Gabrielle lounging sideways in his lap and Sue curled up at his feet.

“That’s horrible,” Katie said once Hermione had finished. “That poor woman.”

As the others nodded, Lavender watched Hermione closely. Some might think of her as an airhead, bimbo blonde - and Harry had been guilty of that himself in his younger years - but she really was a lot smarter than people gave her credit for.

“You don’t like her?” she asked Hermione.

“It’s not that,” Hermione said with a frown.

Lavender stared at her closely before a smile crossed her face.

“You’re jealous,” she said with a silently laugh.

“That’s ridiculous. Why would I be jealous?” Hermione huffed.

“I don’t know, but I know what you look like when you’re jealous,” Lavender said, though not unkindly.

The two women shared a long look before Hermione sighed and covered her face with a groan. Still smiling, Lavender wrapped her arm around her shoulders and gave her a sideways hug.

“Are you going to help her, master?” Sue asked, looking up at him with her head resting on his thigh.

Harry still wasn’t entirely used to being called master outside of the bedroom but shook it off. It was what made her happy... he thought.

“I’m going to try,” Harry said. “I’m pretty sure I can get rid of it.”

“What do you think she’ll do when it’s gone?” Katie asked.

Harry shrugged.

“After being cursed like zat,” Gabrielle said, shuddering at the thought and snuggling against Harry, “she will look for love.”

“Will she be joining us?” Katie asked, her lips turning up in a smirk. “I always thought Harry had a thing for older women.”

Harry smiled in return at the old joke. It hadn’t exactly been a secret that he had found Angelina, Alicia, and Katie attractive while he was at school. It became a bit of a joke that he was attracted to older women because of that.

“I don’t know,” Hermione said, biting her lip as she looked to Harry.

He shrugged, “Like I told you before, it’s up to you who we bring into our relationship.”

“But you wouldn’t be against it?” she asked.

“I’d - like to get to know her better before we make any serious decision,” Harry said after a pause for thought. “Besides, we don’t even know that’s what she’ll want. Annalise will probably want someone all to herself after everything she’s been through.”

Hermione scoffed, “She looked pretty interested to me.”

“It was just a bit of teasing, Hermione,” Harry told her. “And don’t forget, her son died trying to kill me.”

As he spoke, Gabrielle reached under herself and began rubbing his crotch.

“Did she tease you like zis?” she asked, her bright blue eyes sparkling mischievously while trying to look innocent.

“She used her words, love,” Harry told her with a smile.

“Where’s ze fun in zat?” Gabrielle asked with a pout.

Spreading her legs, Harry heard her pull down the zipper of his fly. Sue looked up and helped her open his belt, then ran her fingers along the inside of Gabrielle’s thigh. Across from them, Lavender and Katie giggled, while Hermione bit her lip.

“Aw, come on, Hermione,” Katie said, bumping her with her shoulder. “You’re going to have to get used to us doing thinks like this some time. Especially with Gabby around. That girl’s always horny.”

“It doesn’t bother me. Really,” Hermione said at Katie and Lavender’s unconvinced looks. “It’s just...”

Hermione trailed off, her cheeks going a light pink. Harry looked up and saw Katie staring at her curiously, her head tilted to the side. A moment later, his attention was drawn back to the blonde in his lap as she sank down on his member with the help of Sue.

“Oh, I get it,” Katie said with a coy smile. “Honestly, Hermione, there’s nothing wrong with being attracted to witches. I used to play around with Angelina and Alicia back at Hogwarts.”

Harry’s head snapped up to stare at his girlfriend. She blushed brightly under his gaze while Lavender giggled.

“I know there’s nothing wrong with it,” Hermione huffed. “It’s just that I’ve never done anything like that before. And – and I didn’t know how much I’d like watching Harry with other women. I mean, I knew the idea didn’t bother me, but I didn’t think it would make me so...”

“Hot?” Katie offered with a grin when Hermione failed continue.

Just then, Gabrielle gave a low, sensuous moan while grabbing the bottom of her dress and pulling it over her head. Unsurprisingly, she wore nothing underneath, leaving her completely exposed to the gazes of the other girls in the room. As she rode him slowly, Sue leaned forward and began kissing and licking the point where they were connected.

“Yeah, hot,” Hermione said distractedly, her eyes riveted to the three on the loveseat.

Harry glanced over and gave her a smile. As she smiled back, Katie curled her fingers under her chin and gently turned her face. Smiling playfully, Katie leaned forward and kissed Hermione on the lips. Harry throbbed inside of Gabrielle as he watched his fiancé stiffen in surprise. Gradually, she relaxed and kissed her back. She started tentatively at first, but soon they were making out heatedly. When they pulled back for air, Lavender turned Hermione’s face towards her and kissed her as well.

Lavender kissed her passionately from the start. Hermione was so surprised she ended up falling backwards on the couch with Lavender laying on top of her. Katie laughed and ran a hand through Lavender's dirty blonde hair before standing up and stripping out of her clothes.

Harry began thrusting up into Gabrielle harder and faster, dislodging Sue. While Lavender and Hermione began strip each other of their clothes, Sue kissed her way up Gabrielle's stomach before cupping her bouncing breasts and sucking on one of her light pink nipples. Gabrielle moaned and cupped the back of her head, her fingers threading through Sue's straight black hair. Pulling out his wand, Harry sent Sue's clothes flying off of her.

Pulling back, she looked down at herself and blinked in surprise before smiling brightly and kissing Harry over Gabrielle's shoulder. As she pulled back, Gabrielle cupped her cheeks and pulled her back to her chest.

Harry looked back over at the couch, where Hermione, Katie, and Lavender were all completely naked and in an entirely new position. Hermione had been rolled over onto her back, Lavender was laying on her stomach with her face buried in her fold, and Katie was on her knees over Hermione's face.

"Oh Merlin, that's it, right there, Hermione," Katie said with a moan

Hermione gave a moan of her own not long after when Lavender sank two fingers into her depths. Suddenly, Gabrielle cried out as she came. Trembling, she collapsed back against Harry and moaned as she rode out her climax. Smiling, Harry gave her a kiss before lifting her off of his lap. Setting her down on the love seat, he grabbed Sue by the hand and led her over to the couch.

"Can you take of Lavender for me?" he whispered in her ear.

"Yes, master," she replied just a quietly.

Kissing his cheek, she walked over to Lavender and tapped her on the shoulder. Lavender looked up and, seeing the two of them, gave Harry a knowing smirk. After she climbed off the couch and laid down on the floor in a sixty-nine with Sue on top, Harry took her vacant spot on the couch.

With her face still buried in Katie's mound, he grabbed Hermione's ankles and held her legs up in a V-shape. Hermione gave a loud, muffled squeal of surprise as Harry sank into her. Katie grinned and leaned forward to kiss him passionately as he began thrusting in and out of his girlfriend's sweltering depths.

"So, what's it like living out every guy's fantasy?" Katie asked with a grin as she panted lightly.

"Incredible," Harry said, grinning back. "Now I just need to find a way to get you, Alicia, and Angelina in a shower with me and I'll have lived out my two biggest fantasies."

Katie's laugh turned into a moan as Hermione hit a particularly sensitive spot.

"So, what's your third biggest fantasy?" she asked.

"Fucking Hermione in the Hogwarts Library," Harry said.

Katie laughed while Hermione gave a muffled moan and tightened around him.

"I always wondered. Did you ever use that cloak of yours to take a peek while were changing?" Katie asked, grinning teasingly.

"No," Harry said with a shake of his head, then gave a crooked smile. "I thought about it."

Katie giggled when he reached up to cup her handful sized, perky breasts and gave them a squeeze.

“I wouldn’t have minded,” she said with a wink.

Chuckling, Harry kissed her again while continuing to thrust into Hermione slowly and deeply. When they pulled apart, Katie gave him a playful smile before dropping down onto her elbows. Tilting her head to the side, she attached her lips to Hermione’s clit, causing the brunette to squeal into Katie’s mound.

The three of them devolved into writhing, moaning, groaning mass of bodies. Hermione was the first to reach her peak, her body squirming under them as she let out a series of muffled screams and moans. The vibrations against her slit sent Katie over the edge seconds later. Sitting up, Katie ground her leaking folds against Hermione’s face roughly while grabbing her breasts and squeezing them hard. Hermione, still in the midst of her climax, gave a high pitched, muffled squeal as the sudden pain drew out her orgasm.

All of this was too much for Harry, and he buried himself inside his girlfriend as he came. When Katie moved off of her face, Hermione gasped loudly, her face glistening with the other girl’s arousal. As Harry emptied himself inside of her, she collapsed bonelessly on the couch and closed her eyes as she panted for breath. Giggling, Katie squeezed in beside her and the back of the couch before leaning over to kiss her on the lips. Grinning at the sight, Harry sat back against the arm of the couch, causing his length to fall out of Hermione. A thin line of white cum leaked out of her flooded folds.

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The next evening, Annalise met Harry in his office right on time. She looked dressed to kill in a short black robe with the top undone to reveal a dark blue bustier underneath. The poor Auror trainee who showed her in was practically drooling as he glanced at the bulging, caramel colored cleavage on display.

“Hello, Annalise,” Harry said with a smile. “Ready to get rid of that curse?”

“Oh, I’m ready for anything,” she replied with a sultry smile and a smoky gaze.