

## Famous Last Words

Harry surveyed the crowd in front of him with a mixture of contempt and disgust. They were baying for blood, his blood, and it made them look more like savages than respectable witches and wizards.

Those that believed in him had been denied access to his execution.

It didn't help that his one-time-friends were at the front, their faces twisted with hate and triumph, as if his death would set them free, as if without him the problems they faced wouldn't exist.

He pitied their belief, just as he pitied that they had surrendered everything that made them dear to him. They were hollow now, their decisions and actions killing their souls as surely as a Dementor, and yet they still didn't realise.

He felt like he should be more hurt and more depressed over their conversion from close friends to enemies, but he wasn't.

So what if he was going to die? It wasn't as if he'd had much of a great life, and there was a degree of humour to all of this.

It started, as all good stories do, with a girl.

Well, actually, it started with her legs.

And a skirt so short it was classified as a belt in most Middle Eastern countries.

In his considered opinion, as a self-confessed leg man, it was plainly obvious that normal rules stated that the girls with nice legs kept them covered up. In fact, the length of the skirt was generally proportional to the attractiveness of the girl.

Marietta, for example, who would have trouble attracting men even if she lowered her price to a sickle an hour, tended to wear skirts that clearly showed her cellulite-riddled thighs.

Whereas Cho, who had the sort of legs that made him almost regret that he hadn't been able to stand her leakiness, tended to wear trousers.

Then you had Ginny, who, while she wasn't quite as attractive as Cho, did wear skirts on occasion. He had been up close and personal with her legs, and while not perfect, they were a much better pair than you'd find on most girls. Her biggest problem, of course, was that she short and nothing she could do could fix that.

At the time, with Dumbledore on his next great adventure – a pretty euphemism for being dead – Harry was meandering through school, more than slightly cynical about the whole Voldemort thing.

Dumbledore had pretty much emasculated him from beyond the grave, placing enough restrictions on him to keep him at school to finish his education. Some how the old man had arranged for Harry to be denied access to all his vaults bar his trust fund until he turned eighteen, and at the same time, ensured that he would be tracked every second he was out of Hogwarts.

His two closest friends had shared his outrage, well, until an argument turned into a snog session the size of medieval London, and about as filthy. Hermione had completed the transformation that had started in their sixth year, and in a rash of hormones had completely forgotten where she was... the Gryffindor Common Room.

Harry had proven his heroics - and managed to keep his lunch in his stomach - by setting up every single privacy spell he knew, and a couple he invented on the spot.

He'd then decamped to the library to try and find just why the hell his best friend had shed I.Q. points at such an alarming rate. The only thing he could think off was a love potion.

It was, perhaps, unwise of him to cast the detection spells just after Ron and Hermione had finished their first tryst, and the fact that it had come up negative had been the first crack in the friendship between him and Ron and Hermione.

He was forced to conclude, while ducking some curses from both of them that many years of repression had forced her to crack.

And crack she had, when she was politely invited to leave school a few months later, along with Ron, as it was felt by the Governors that a pregnant Head Girl really didn't set the best possible example.

He would have been upset, but by that time his relationship with Hermione and Ron had continued to deteriorate. Especially after he'd worked out why he had reacted to the potion detection spells he'd cast at Ron and Hermione.

He'd been liberally dosed with a love potion himself.

He decided not to do anything about it... well, not directly, anyway.

He was as nice as possible to Ginny, spending lots of time with her, threatened any boy who came near her, and generally acted like one of her brothers as much as he could, not once displaying any other interest in her. Without the potion, his childishly named 'Chest Monster' didn't rear its head.

It came close to driving her insane and while he enjoyed the show she put on for him, his tight control over his thoughts meant that not once did she get the satisfaction of turning him on.

She'd eventually started dating Seamus to try and make him jealous, and in an immediate reversal of expected behaviour, he'd blessed the relationship, arranged for the two to spend time together, and generally meddled as much as he could, so that Ginny ended up extremely confused, and completely unable to get away from the Irish lad – without looking like a complete bitch, at least.

He did have a little guilt about using Seamus like that, though.

And so he spent most of his time alone – or so people thought. Hermione and Ron were fucking like bunnies - not a phrase he'd normally use, but an apt one all the same.

His 'alone time' was spent with Professor Sinistra, where he told her the general gossip around the school and she taught him how to flirt properly.

The lessons were invaluable for his confidence and general outlook, and meant that when the Halloween ball arrived, he didn't have a problem getting a date. And the fact that he choose a girl with good legs was almost irrelevant.

Almost.

He kissed her a few times during the evening, but at the end of the night, dropped her off at her Common Room, declining her invitation to come in for a 'coffee'.

While he knew that his general outlook on life had changed, he couldn't bring himself to use someone like that. If he was going to make love to someone, he'd do so with someone he genuinely cared for.

Of course, what he had over-looked was his polite and honest explanation-cum-apology was a challenge to most of the girls at Hogwarts.

And that had killed a lot more of his free time, so he'd taken to talking to Sinistra at strange times, and not sleeping much.

He'd enjoyed flirting with a lot of the girls – ignoring Ron's jealousy – a bizarre jealousy as he was making like a mink with Hermione – and his ability to hold a conversation earned him more than a few dark looks from the other boys who felt he was hogging all the Hogwarts talent.

This had lasted until the owner of the amazing legs had decided that she was going to land him, and promptly did.

He was in McGonagall's classroom, studying, with her permission, alone for a change, when the legs had walked in.

"We should date, Harry," the owner of the legs said.

"Do you mind?" Harry asked, not looking up from the lightly tanned legs that had just entered the classroom. They were wearing a pair of black heels that turned the calf muscles into something Botticelli would have spent days trying to capture a tenth of their brilliance in marble. "I'm admiring a work of art here."

The owner sniggered. "Most of the other girls here are convinced that you are a boob-man after you took that well-endowed 'Puff to the ball. It doesn't take much logic to work out that she also had nice pins, and that you haven't paid any attention to the amount of flesh on display. I swear that I almost decided to date you just so some of them would put their bloody bras back on."

Harry shrugged. "It's a weakness," he admitted. "But, as much as I like legs, I am still male, I enjoyed the view."

"I'll bet you did," she agreed with an audible smirk. "So, you're feeling cynical because you're soon-to-be-ex-friends are a train wreck about to happen, you've been chatting to Sinistra and learning how to talk to girls and how to be a more rounded person, you're still so noble it makes my teeth ache, and you're bored sitting here while the Big Bad Wizard of the West is out there doing unspeakable stuff."

Harry sighed and finally looked up from the legs. "You know, Tracey," he said, "anyone would think that you've been spying on me."

"I have."

"I was being sarcastic," he pointed out. "And slightly rhetorical. What do you want?"

"You. I've been a little indiscreet and might have let slip that I'm about as likely to follow Voldemort as I am to give Malfoy a blow-job."

"Oh?"

She shrugged. "He's got a dick the size of a pencil, or so Parkinson told me. He also smells, as he thinks that bathing is below a Pure Blood, and about the only thing I want to do with him involves a sledge hammer and his knees. I'm much more into free choice. Don't get me wrong, when I decide to date, blow-jobs will definitely be on the menu, in fact, there isn't much that wouldn't be, as long as they are reciprocated in some way and I enjoy it."

"You are very forward."

"Only because you have been remarkably good at avoiding the subtlety that the other witches have been using with you, so I figured I'd just come out and lay it on the table. It's actually kinda refreshing to just say that I want you to bend me over what was Snape's desk and make me test out your silencing charms, rather than beating around the bush."

Harry threw his head back and laughed out loud. "How did you say that with a straight face?"

"I practiced in front of the mirror for an hour," she admitted. "Mind if I sit?"

"Go ahead."

The Slytherin smiled and hopped up on the table in front of him, sitting sideways with her feet on the table-top, resting her arms on her knees – a position that gave him an excellent view of her legs as her skirt dropped down her thighs, making him wonder just what underwear she was wearing.

"Making sure I don't lose interest?"

"Exactly," she agreed. "I've heard enough crap about how difficult you are to pin down from the other witches, and as I've got you, I'm not letting go."

"I'm surprised that we haven't been interrupted. I don't normally get this much time alone."

"I put a few charms on the door – most of them are nice and just make people forget why they came here, but if they get through that, they'll be in for a nasty surprise."

He looked up at the door and squinted, identifying the charms. "Nice," he agreed.

"You are a lot more interesting this year, Potter. The fuck-bunnies were keeping you down, if you ask me."

"I didn't ask you," he pointed out.

"True," she agreed. "But it's still my opinion. So, here's the deal. I need your protection and your complete disregard for rules that you don't agree with. In return, I'm offering my body – and my extensive knowledge of sex, sex magic, and years of studying sex in all its forms.

"Seems a little lopsided in my favour," Harry admitted with a slightly regretful sigh. "You'd get my protection for free."

"Oh, I know that," Tracey replied airily. "That's why it's part of the deal. No sex, no protection, and I walk away."

"Excuse me?"

"Like I said, you're a lot more interesting now, and as you seem to be the only wizard here who's realised that playing Quidditch does not make a good physique AND done something about it; you're actually pretty hot. I've been waiting for someone to interest me for three years now. I expected to have had sex by the time I was fourteen, but no one came close to meeting my standards, you do. So, if you want to help me avoid getting killed in my sleep, you'll agree to my demands," she said cheerfully.

Harry blinked at her. "You're very confident."

"Comes from spending years in a vipers den," she shrugged. "I could go to a Professor for help from the other Slytherins– that would work. I could also leave Hogwarts, that would work as well, although I'd hate being poor."

"Blackmailing me into sex isn't going to work," he interrupted.

"What would work?"

"A few dates, see if we're compatible. I might be more cynical, but I've not totally abandoned my morals."

"You just have to be a nice guy, don't you?"

He nodded. "I've got no real wish to change."

"Okay, so we do this the old fashioned way – and I suppose the good thing is that you can study some of the books I've read so that you know what the hell you're doing as well when you finally decide that we can have sex."

Harry smirked and held up the book in his lap so that she could read the title.

"Oh," she said. "So you have been studying."

"Yep," he agreed. "You know, you'd think that Hermione and Ron would do so as well, because from what I can tell, they're not actually very good at it – they just think they are."

"Since September they've averaged two times a day with a total of three positions, and two of them were a variation of the Missionary. Pathetic, really."

"Your knowledge is more than a little scary."

"I know," she smirked. "So, you figured out that the Weaslette used a love potion on you?"

"So it seems," he agreed.

"So why have you set her up with Seamus?"

"I like to think that I'm a nice guy," he explained. "She's just a confused kid who thinks that magic can solve everything. That's why she let me go, she wanted to win me back by herself. Besides, I like Fred and George. I sent them an Owl explaining everything, and they're planning on spending Christmas sorting a few things out in their family.

"And you know, for the rest of her life she'll live with the guilt of what she tried to do, and she'll live with the fact that she was never enough for me, she could never be what I wanted or needed. That will hurt her far more than anything I could ever do to her. It will tear at her soul and I'm a little sad about that."

She nodded. "You are a nice guy, Harry. I kinda thought that would be a bad thing, but you know, it's actually not. Now, as long as you're a demi-god in the sack, this could be the start of a very good relationship."

"Do I get a choice in the matter?"

"Not if you want to see these legs again."

"I'm not completely obsessed," he said as he turned on his Occlumency, and looked at her straight in her eyes. "I can block out my attraction to you like I can a Veela."

"Impressive," she admitted, her eyes going a little wide in surprise. "That's how you avoided giving into Weasley when she tarted herself in front of you?"

"Yep," Harry agreed. "So, blackmailing me isn't going to work. You already have my protection. As interested as I am in your body, I'm not going to jump onto Snape's desk with you immediately. It's not the way I'm built."

She smiled slowly at him. "You are unique, Harry," she said quietly. "I think that we should date because I'm one of the best looking girls in the school, you're the hottest boy. I'll be able to give you what you need, including getting the rest of the girls of your back. You'll be able to give me what I need, and we'll get along fine and have a lot of fun together – and that's not including the time we spend in bed – and generally drive the rest of Hogwarts up the walls with jealousy that we're together."

Harry laughed and let his shields drop and stared at her. "You're rather unique yourself," he admitted. "This has been the most fun I've had in a long time. What do you need from me?"

"Protection wise?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Public support, to start with and a way for you to get into the Slytherin Common Room if I send you a message saying I'm about to be attacked."

"Not a problem," he nodded. "I know the override to all the Common Rooms."

"You do?" she asked. "I didn't know there was one; I just know the current passwords."

Harry looked at her for a long moment. "Okay, we'll try dating on one condition."

"I tell you how I know all this stuff?" she guessed.

He nodded.

"I've corrupted the house-elves. After Dumbledore died, they weren't sure who to turn to, to give their daily reports, so I moved in and took control. They see everything, and tell me everything."

"Okay, Miss Davies" Harry said, climbing to his feet. "We are now dating."

"Don't I at least get a kiss?"

He smiled at her and kissed her gently on the forehead. "That'll do for now, we'll know when it's right to kiss properly."

"Damnable Gryffindors," she complained. "Pass me my robes, I've got no wish for the others to drool at me until everyone knows that we're in a relationship, and then I'm going to flaunt it as hard as Malfoy flaunts his support for Voldemoney."

And that had been the start of their relationship. One that was announced the next day, when he'd walked into the Great Hall to find Tracey being harassed by Blaise Zabini, Theodore Nott and Crabbe and Goyle.

He walked over to the group as Tracey said loudly, "I will not and never will, support that half-blood bastard."

He arrived just as Zabini drew his hand back to hit her.

He'd made his point with an economy of movement that frightened half the school – and put the four boys under Madam Pomfrey's care with several broken bones – each.

He'd bowed to Tracey and turned away.

"Wait," Tracey called.

He half-turned. "Tracey?" he asked.

She walked up to him, acting a little shy, although he could see her amusement hidden in her eyes.

"I just... I wanted... thanks."

He sketched another bow to her and started to turn, before she grabbed him and kissed him in front of the entire school.

He waved his hands in the air for a second, before moving them around her back and holding her close.

She broke the kiss and whispered in his ear, "I'm sure they think I'm whispering all sorts of salacious promises, but I just need this to look good, when I finally finish, just keep your arms around me and walk me over to your table and introduce me around. I'll be a good girl for now and not hex anyone, let these idiots think that what they like."

Harry smiled slightly and guided her over to his table, sitting her down. "This is Tracey," he said calmly. "I think she might be my new girlfriend."

He would never work out just how Tracey managed to blush demurely at that point.

Half of the female population of Hogwarts had been devastated at his pronouncement, more so when they later overheard Harry saying how much he loved Tracey's legs.

He'd made the requested statement quite clear at the evening meal, by kissing her firmly in front of the entire school. McGonagall had tried to protest, removing House points, but Harry had just laughed and did it again, remarking loudly that he'd happily sacrifice every point Gryffindor had for another of Tracey's kisses.

That had obviously been the correct thing to say – at least as far as Tracey was concerned, because her immediate response was a kiss of lung-draining intensity that left him with a problem standing straight.

He found that, despite the forward nature of their introduction, that he actually liked Tracey and once he was sure he had some feeling for her, he was more than willing to put some of their theoretical knowledge into physical practice – an experiment that Tracey later described as simply the best sex two virgins had ever experienced. And he'd been forced to admit that sex magic was something he could really get into.

Tracey had also been the last nail in the coffin of his friendship with Ron and Hermione – they had both seemed outraged that he was happy with someone, and doubly so because she was a Slytherin.

Most of Gryffindor was unsure how to take the relationship – especially as Filius Flitwick – the new Headmaster after McGonagall had turned the role down – seemed unwilling to actually do anything to Harry for putting the four boys in hospital.

As predicted, a few of the more fervent, and by fervent he meant stupid, Voldemort supporters had tried to attack Tracey one night.

Harry had expressed his displeasure most strenuously, and the teenagers involved had all left the country shortly afterward, convinced that an angry Harry Potter was a lot worse than Voldemort.

All that had been left was for Harry to appropriate a few rooms and move in with Tracey.

Attempts to get Flitwick to stop them had fallen on deaf ears, especially after Harry had 'accidentally' let slip the prophecy. Flitwick knew the world needed Harry much more than he needed them.

And it had been during one of their marathon sessions after Hermione and Ron had been invited to leave under their pregnancy scandal, that Harry had casually told her about the prophecy.

"Well, is that all?" Tracey asked.

"Oh?" Harry inquired.

"I've got a power he knows not, and it even involves that love crap Dumbledore was twittering on about."

"Which is?"

"Sex magic," she said brightly. "I told you I've been studying it for years. I can boost your power through the roof."

"And the catch is?"

"It will leave me in a powerless coma for a day," she said with an uncaring shrug.

"That's not a good thing," he pointed out.

"Nonsense," she laughed. "It would take me that long to recover anyway."

"Do I want to know the details?"

"Well, you need to take a stamina potion, and have several rejuvenation potions to hand. You need to do me for twenty four hours straight. At the end, we'll both cast the same spell, and I'll collapse into exhaustion and hopefully wake up when I don't ache to heaven and back, and you'll be empowered enough. The only other catch is that you'll have three hours to get back to me before you'll collapse."

He looked at her for a long moment. "Twenty four hours of sex?"

She nodded eagerly.

"You're insatiable," he said flatly.

"If you'd started working out when you were younger, I wouldn't have had to wait three years for you," she pointed out, as if somehow it was all his fault that she hadn't been having sex for three years.

"And it will boost my power?"

"You'll get all of mine, willingly given, after an exchange of love," she said softly. "And the sum will be greater than the parts."

"Right," he nodded. "Well, it's a dirty job, but us Gryffindors are famous for doing the right thing. Doing anything Saturday?"

She smiled at him and stroked his face. "Think you can handle some abstinence all week?"

"No," he sighed. "But it's for the greater good."

The following week was torture. Tracey showed off her transformation skills by creating shorter and shorter skirts and parading around their rooms all evening in them.

And on Friday she upped the ante by forgetting her robes and parading in front of him all day in the same skirt she'd used to garner his attention in the first place.

Saturday came, and they'd borrowed Dobby and informed him what was going on, so that he could provide liquid refreshment during their session.

The bedside table was covered with potions – including numerous healing and lubrication potions. They were both experienced enough by this point to know that a complete day of sex would be difficult and would test their limits of pleasure and pain.

Twenty four hours later an exhausted and almost painfully raw couple kissed for the final time and chanted the spell together, as they looked into each other's eyes.

"I love you," Tracey whispered for the first time as she fell back onto the bed and closed her eyes.

Harry felt a rush of power shoot through him, the likes of which he'd never felt before. It was intoxicating; it was how Merlin must have felt every day.

He glanced at his watch and nodded. Three hours to kill a snake. Of course, the first thing he had to do was find the snake, and there was only one way he could think of to do that.

He Apparated straight to Malfoy Manor, completely shattering Hogwarts Wards in the process.

He'd stumbled across Draco first and used the blond as a way to get his father's attention – by throwing him through a wall. It was rather effective, although Harry did wonder if Lucius' concern was more for his house than his son.

Lucius had been remarkably unwilling to talk, so Harry had borrowed a Death Eater technique and practiced his Cruciatus. It wasn't something he enjoyed, but while his Occlumency was superb, his Legilimency sucked, so torture was the only way he could get through to the man.

Sadly, and to Harry's grudging respect, Malfoy had proved to be made of stronger stuff than he had expected, resisting the effects of the *Crucio*. So Harry had tried a second approach. With a cutting spell he castrated the older Malfoy, and then moved to the younger one.

Surprisingly, the idea of the Malfoy family dying out was enough to make him talk when all the pain in the world hadn't before.

And so armed with the knowledge of Voldemort's location, he Apparated again, after pausing for one last quick spell, this time crashing through Voldemort's Wards.

"Evening," Harry said cheerfully, dusting himself down. "I've come to kill you. Would you mind standing so that I don't get any of your blood on my clothes?"

It was the first time he had ever seen Voldemort shocked. But it hadn't lasted for long, before Voldemort launched several curses at him – curses he blocked with ease.

Voldemort had reacted predictably, using Legilimency to enter Harry's mind, while keeping his Death Eaters away – it was a matter of pride for him to beat Harry personally.

This had been what Harry had been hoping for, and he acted instantly, trapping Tom in his mind, while he rifled through his invader's thoughts.

He hadn't been particularly nice about it and it was a battered Voldemort who had finally managed to free himself.

But Harry had what he wanted, and now that he knew where all the Horcruxes were, he was able to *Accio* them and destroy them as they came in.

Tom had been rather upset, but each destruction caused him unimaginable pain – and left his Death Monkeys scratching their heads in confusion.

With the Horcruxes dealt with, all it needed was a large knife and Voldemort was no more.

With a cheerfulness he'd never felt before, he'd left the desolate Death Eaters to themselves and returned to Hogwarts. He stuck his head into the Great Hall and told the still panicking students that Voldemort was dead and returned to his rooms and collapsed next to his love.

They had both slept for another twenty-one hours, awaking on Monday morning on top of the world, if a little weak, as both of their magic was drained.

They'd walked into the Great Hall, Tracey still a little bow-legged and Harry had been immediately arrested. A look around the school had enabled him to see who his friends were, and more importantly, who his friends weren't. He asked, and received, permission to say goodbye to Tracey, and had used the chance to slip something into her pocket.

His trial had been short and sweet. The questions were simple.

Had he destroyed Hogwarts Legendary Wards by illegally Apparating through them?

Had he cast the Cruciatus on Lucius Malfoy?

Had he then ended the Malfoy line by emasculating both Malfoys?

He'd answered 'Yes' to each question, seeing no reason to lie.

There had been a few character witnesses – his old friends stuck the boot in nicely, pointing out how he'd changed because of an evil Slytherin, and how he'd slipped them a potency potion that caused Hermione to get pregnant and get them out of the way so that they couldn't stop him.

After he'd finished laughing he'd tossed them an amused salute. It was good to see Hermione using her brain again – and pinning the blame on him was a good way of getting back into the public's good graces.

The jury had found him innocent off all charges except one – ending the line of a Pure Blood family – as far as they were concerned, not even defeating Voldemort was enough for to that to go by unpunished.

And the fact that the jury was made up entirely of Pure Bloods, hand picked for their conservative views by Scrimgeour had been ignored by everyone – and the slander and character assassination against him had begun in the press.

No one noticed the irony that in sentencing him to death, they were also ending the Potter and Black lines.

His sentence had been given a month later, and by that time a masterful campaign meant that he was now perceived as something near Voldemort himself. Scrimgeour hadn't managed to hide his smirk as he read out the sentence.

Death.

He'd been allowed one final conjugal visit with Tracey, who had seemed as cheerful as always and had obviously been studying and working hard during their enforced absence, as she had some new ideas that blew his mind.

Which led him here, a supposed hero, about to have his head removed with a magically sharp axe.

"Do you have any last words?" Scrimgeour asked.

"If you strike me down, I shall become more powerful than you could possibly imagine!" Harry said confidently, to the jeers and hatred from the mob.

"*Silencio*," Scrimgeour said with a professional sigh. "Let justice be done."

The executioner raised his axe and a second later the head of Harry James Potter fell into a wicker basket, and the crowd roared their approval.

Scrimgeour turned and walked away, through a path that appeared in the crowd. People turned and nodded at him respectfully, grateful for his actions in capturing and killing that evil boy.

Once back in his office in the Ministry, he looked up in surprise as his chair spun to find a rather indifferent looking Tracey Davies looking at him.

"He's dead?" she asked coldly.

He nodded.

She smiled. "Good. I hated it when he touched me, it was creepy, but I managed to manipulate him without to much bother. You'd think he would have grown out of his naivety, wouldn't you?"

He looked at his watch and stretched hard. "So," he said. "We've got half an hour before anyone will come looking for me; I think it's time for you to

live up to your promise.”

“I thought you’d never ask,” Tracey purred, as she efficiently removed her robes and placed them on the desk for comfort. “On the desk?”

He nodded and inhaled sharply, pulling in his large stomach so that he could reach enough to undo his stupidly tight robes.

“Whoa,” Tracey called from the desk.

He looked at her quizzically.

“You only get to watch until that Polyjuice potions wears off,” she said firmly. “It’s been too long since that conjugal visit and I’m as horny as three legged goat – but I am not sleeping with you looking like that piece of slime!”

Harry pouted and looked at his watch again. “Ten more minutes,” he sighed. “You really let him touch you?”

She shrugged. “He got what he deserved. Fred and George tell me that it will take two hours for their addition to kick in so that everyone can see that they executed their own Minister.”

“And everyone else?”

Tracey finished undoing her shirt and shrugged it off her shoulders casually. “They are all ready to move. By tomorrow, the Wizarding World as we know it will no longer exist.”

“It will?” Harry asked warily. “What are you doing to it?”

“Nothing,” she said with a grin as she stood on the desk and started to sway, her hands going to the buttons on her skirt.

Harry swallowed hard, struggling to avoid becoming distracted. “Have pity on the poor prisoner, I don’t know what’s been going on for the last few months.”

“Wouldn’t you rather I continued to do this?” she asked as she allowed the skirt to drop. She stood on the desk, dressed only in white lingerie and her black heels and started to writhe to an unheard beat.

“Yes,” Harry admitted. “Going from sex several times a day to once in three months meant that you weren’t the only one to miss it. But as I’ve still got another few minutes before this damn potion wears off, I really, really, want to know what you’ve done.”

Tracey pouted and sat back down again. “Well, I was a little annoyed that they took you away from me, and doubly so when they put you on trial for doing a public service.

“I wasn’t sure who was still loyal to you, but with Hermione and Ron being invited back to Hogwarts, I took the Gringotts’ key you gave me, and left school. I took Luna with me, as she was the only other person vocally on your side. Ginny might have been, but she had her hands full with Seamus, and he definitely wasn’t. I think he is a bit jealous of you, so was happy to go with the mob.

“Anyway, I got some gold out of your trust vault, and by the way, trust vault? There’s more cash in there than I’ve ever seen in one place. I set us both up with a cool flat, and we started to work. Luna’s one weird girl, but I managed to straighten her out a bit.”

“You did?”

“Sure,” Tracey said cheerfully. “She just needed a big sister to teach her all the important things in life. I’m not one for adopting strays normally, but I do like a bit of loyalty, and under that ditzy exterior is one sharp brain.

“We got to studying, me to try and find a way of getting you out of there, Luna on how to teach the world a lesson. She had a few grudges to settle with the Wizarding World, so was happy to see if she could find anything.

“The idea of Polyjuice wasn’t that difficult, and I started to brew the potion when things started to get really interesting. First they raided Weasleys Wizard Wheezes, trashing the place, so I got involved and pulled Fred and George onboard.

“That’s where I might have made a small mistake, and introduced those two to Luna. Then the Quibbler got firebombed.”

Harry winced.

“Luna was far too calm about it, she just picked up her books and started reading again. It was then I realised that I had the most dangerous force in the universe, three people who had watched their dreams destroyed by a mob.

“Destroying the Quibbler was definitely the last straw for Luna. She’d already had her pet Snorkack murdered by some of the other students, and the Hogwarts professors didn’t care, she’d seen you, the one guy in the world she trusts treated like garbage, and with a little encouragement from yours truly, she decided enough was enough, and she’d just have to help teach everyone a lesson.

“While they continued I came and saw Scrimgeour. I wasn’t allowed my wand in the meeting, and had to act like the devastated lost girlfriend. The only way I could get that last visit was by promising to be ‘really grateful’ after I’d had time to mourn, while sitting on his lap. He pawed me a few times, I struggled to avoid vomiting, and as I stood up after getting his permission to see you one last time, I took some of his hair.”

Harry growled under his breath.

I took great pleasure in knowing that I was saving his death,” Tracey said coldly. “With my plan under way, I went back to supervising the deadly trio, and found that Luna had graduated to my sex magic books.

“She looked up the power magnifying spells, and then what she could do with them, and she hit on an idea that seemed suitable.”

“Oh?”

“She came up with something that could suppress all human magic in Great Britain.”

Harry blinked before stumbling backward and into a chair. “What!?”

“We’re going to force them all to live as Muggles,” Tracey said cheerfully. “Only people with the counter charm will be able to do any magic.

“The house-elves won’t help the wizards; they were working for me anyway, and well, let’s just say that your favourite cheerleader was rather vocal in his support for you.”

“That sounds like a rather large spell,” he said in awe.

“It is. I looked at it, and realised we didn’t have the resources to modify it ourselves, so I started to recruit more help. Sinistra was the first person I got hold of, she was disgusted with what was going on at Hogwarts, with Ron and Hermione back and the way you were being turned into the devil, so she didn’t mind leaving.

“Fred and George gave me a list of people to approach while they were working, so I got hold of Remus and Tonks – who were planning their own Potter rescue by the way – and put them to work, and then I got Neville from Hogwarts.

“From there I took a gamble and talked to the Goblins. They were a little frosty at the start, but when I explained what I was planning on doing to the humans in this country, they threw resources at me like they were confetti. It seems that they have a much better relationship with every other major Ministry in the world and were just as peeved at the fake superiority of ours as we were.

“It took us until yesterday that we worked out all the kinks of the spell, and now we’re just waiting for you to give the word.”

Harry shook his head slowly. “You did all that for me?” he asked softly.

Tracey shrugged. “You didn’t think I was going to let you die, did you?”

“Not for a second,” he said, meeting her eyes. “I bet my life on you.”

Tracey nodded. “Good. So, all we need is for you to give the word.”

Harry thought about it for a few seconds. “We can counter it?”

She nodded.

“And it won’t affect us?”

She nodded again.

“Then let’s do it,” he said decisively.

Tracey smiled massively at him. “That’s what I wanted to hear. It’s going to take some magic, though.”

He grinned, “I don’t think I’d need the potion to last twenty four hours at the moment.”

She laughed, “Good, the thing is, though, we need to do it the other way around. I need to get your magic.”

“Okay.”

Tracey blinked at him. “Just like that? It’s no wonder I love you,” she whispered, her face open for the briefest of seconds. “I’ll be working with Luna, who’ll be doing the spell as well, that’s why it needs to be me.”

“Who’s Luna getting to help? Neville?”

“Neville?” Tracey laughed. “Neville would only be interested if you were – and he knows I don’t share.”

“Oh!”

“Luna’s doing it with Gred.”

Harry opened his mouth and then shut it again as he suddenly understood. “Both of them?”

She nodded. “While they’re not into each other – that would be gross – they’re quite willing to work together. And Luna’s well, Luna.”

“Phlegmatic?”

“Try, eager and excited. We wrote down a list of people who we’ll give the counter-charm too, she added a few more people. Oh, I forgot to mention, she released an army of Horklumps at the Burrow with orders to get Ron and Hermione.”

Harry snickered under his breath. “They were forgiven by everyone else then?”

“Oh yeah, blaming you did it for them. Molly and Arthur welcomed them back home with arms wide open, Percy and Ginny too – Bill and Fleur have set up home in Egypt and won’t return, and Charlie muttered something about trusting dragons more than parts of his family. I’d never seen you laugh like you did when they blamed it on you?”

“It was funny,” he protested. “Showed some of that intelligence Hermione was famed for before she lost it.”

“You’re still a nice guy,” Tracey said with a loving look.

“Thanks,” he said. “My death was heroic.”

“Really?” Tracey asked as she sat down on the edge of the desk and seductively started to remove her bra.

Harry gulped. “Yeah,” he said distractedly. “My last words were ‘If you strike me down, I shall become more powerful than you could possibly imagine’. I stole them from a Muggle movie.”

Tracey laughed. “It’s true, in a way. If they hadn’t killed Scrimgeour we wouldn’t be about to remove their magic. And in the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. And you’ve never just been one-eyed.” She licked her lips as she dropped her bra onto the floor and started on her knickers.

Thirty seconds later Harry Potter was again, Harry Potter. He looked at Tracey and exhaled slowly. “I can’t tell you how much I’ve missed you. You were the only thing I thought about in jail. I never worried about what was going to happen, because I knew I could rely on you. I love you.”

Tracey smiled slowly at him. “You’ve been the best thing in my life, Harry, and I’m not prepared to lose that feeling yet. Now, aren’t you wearing too many clothes?”

“Far too many,” he agreed and started to remove his clothes as fast as he could.

“First,” Tracey said softly, “put this on.” She threw a string bracelet at him from the desk.

He looked at it and squinted, examining the magic. “Counter-charm?”

She nodded.

“And second?”

“How do you feel about becoming Harry Davies?”

“Excuse me?” he asked in shock.

“Tracey Potter sounds like the most common streetwalker in existence,” she explained.

“So we’re getting married?”

“Of course. You think I’d let that filthy git maul me for anyone I wasn’t completely in love with?”

“Do I get a say in this?”

She smiled at him and relaxed back onto the desk. “Not if you want to get inside this body again.”

“I can block you,” he reminded her with a grin.

“Go on then,” Tracey challenged as she shifted up the desk and held out her arms to him.

“Not a chance, my love, not a chance.”