

*The PPC is not my creation; that honor goes to Jay and Acacia. Pokémon belongs to Satoshi Tajiri, Nintendo, and GameFreak. Doctor Who belongs to the BBC. Harry Potter is the property of the amazing and talented J.K. Rowling. All other fandoms mentioned belong to their respective owners. Little Miss Mary belongs to Athea and as far as I'm concerned they may bloody well **keep** it. Publica is borrowed with permission from Voyd, and Rina, Zeb, and Alex belong to me.*

*A million thank yous to my little sounding board: Darkotas, DawnFire, Desdendelle, Scapegrace, and SeaTurtle, for helping me plot this story arc for maximum feels and cohesiveness. You guys are the best. Thanks again to Darkotas, DawnFire, Desdendelle, and Scapegrace for beta reading and listening to me gripe, whine, and moan about this fic. ~~oh dear god my brain hurts~~ make it stop*

*For ~~the morbidly curious~~ anyone who wants to know, the entire fic, though only four chapters, is 168 pages when copied into a Google Doc and condensed. If you want to read the original, it's your funeral.*

***Trigger and Other Warnings:*** Allusions to self-harm and suicidal intentions, as well as mentions of rape. Also, the fic isn't a Legendary for nothing; it's definitely **NSFW/NSFB**. Prepare for lots of sex, foul language, underage sex, graphic violence, animal sex, horrifying imagery, slashy sex, psychological trauma for all agents involved—did I mention the sex? Strap in, everybody. This is gonna be one hell of a ride.

When the console went off with a noise like a fire alarm, Rina and Zeb were instantly put on edge. The last time they'd heard that sound, they'd been sent into—

“NOT ANOTHER LEGENDARY!” Rina howled, slamming her fists down on the console. “NO, NO, NO, NOT US! THIS IS NOT FAIR! WE TOOK OUT ROSE POTTER, WE DESERVE A FUCKING *BREAK!*”

Zeb looked like he was going to be sick. “At least it's... not another six-parter?” he offered weakly. “I mean, it can't be nearly as bad...”

“No,” Rina said, breathing heavily. “But this one's horrible for a different reason. Lots. And lots. And lots. Of very badly written sex between Snape and Harry.”

Zeb blinked. “Oh.” He blinked again, several times. “Oh, dear.” He paused. “You don't think this could be a... a punishment, do you?”

“For what?” Rina wailed.

Zeb shuffled his paws. "Well... you *did* kinda kill that Sue without charging her first. And the replacement Doctor."

Rina whirled around so fast her neck cracked. "You *didn't!*"

"What was I supposed to do?" Zeb yelled, backing away. "You just went and killed them! I'm sorry, but I had to report it!"

Rina dragged her hands down her face, staring at the report on the screen. She closed her eyes, hoping that when she opened them, she'd find out she was just having another nightmare.

She opened her eyes. She wasn't.

"Um," Zeb said, nudging her hand with his nose, "the fic isn't going to mission itself, is it? Sooner we get started, the sooner this will all be over with. Besides, I'm sure it's not that bad..."

"How naïve *are* you?" Rina said, but trudged over to the weapons rack. She brushed McGonagoll off her quiver and grabbed it along with her longbow before also taking her and Zeb's Muggle-use wands and Zeb's knives. "I am *not* looking forward to this," she said, tucking the wands into her pocket and setting the rest of the weapons in a neat pile on the floor. "Not. One. Bit."

"Well, neither am I," Zeb said, huge paws slapping clumsily at the console's portal generator as he tried to get a portal working.

Rina muttered something rude under her breath before raising her voice. "Zeb, leave it," she said, nudging him aside so she could send a message to the Reader and the Guardsman. *Hey, guys. TARDIS lessons will have to wait until next week. Got a mission. Will see you later.* When she finished, she straightened, rubbing her eyes. No sense in getting them worried about the specifics. If things went well, they'd be in and out with nobody any the wiser that the kids who made a mess out of Rose Potter were getting sent into another Legendary. "I'm gonna get a shower first, okay? Authors know I'll need one when this is over, but..."

"Alright," Zeb said, starting to nervously pace on the floor in front of the console.

He'd nearly worn a rut in the Generic Surface by the time Rina came out, hair already braided. She looked paler than normal.

"You going to be alright?" Zeb asked, then frowned. He sniffed. "Do I smell blood?"

"Yeah, I nicked myself shaving. You want me to go into the gory details?" Rina said testily, retrieving the weapons she'd set on the floor.

“...If it’s all the same to you, I’ll pass,” Zeb said.

Rina grunted and opened a portal, and she and Zeb spent several moments staring at the shimmering blue ring in the air.

Finally, Rina sighed. “Let’s get this over with.”

They stepped through.

They looked around.

“What the heck?” Rina said.

They were standing in what might have been a living room, or possibly a kitchen. Dull explosion noises and tinny screams seemed to be issuing from somewhere, but there was no discernable source for the noise and the room was little more than an open, beige area. Harry was curled in a little ball in the corner, sobbing.

**“Potter!” The low hiss didn't even frighten me; somehow I knew who it was even though the screaming has grown into a soulless shriek.**

A wailing not unlike that of a banshee filled the room; Rina and Zeb clapped their hands over their ears until it died down. When it did, a counter appeared in the Generic Space and Harry rolled under it so Snape, who had also appeared in the room, could pull him out with **a potion stained hand**.

The agents ducked behind the counter, peering over the top to watch Snape give a sniveling Harry an uncharacteristically tender hug. Harry began an inner monologue, talking to himself about how safe and warm he felt in Snape’s arms. **Professor Snape might not like me very much but he had protected me for the last four years and I trusted him.**

“Hah!” Zeb snorted quietly. “Harry didn’t trust Snape until after Snape was *dead!*”

“Trust me, that’s the *least* OOC thing about this fic,” Rina muttered, adjusting her goggles and grabbing the counter for balance when the story shifted to Snape’s point of view.

Snape mused about how lucky Harry was to have escaped dying at the hands of the Death Eaters; apparently, the Dursleys hadn’t been so lucky.

“...Well, that’s just great!” Rina said, throwing her hands in the air as Snape, carrying Harry, left through a Generic Door that had appeared out of nowhere. “Now we’ve gotta find the Dursleys’ bodies and get them to Medical. Fucking *fantastic*.”

“Looks like Snape gets into a Volvo, whatever that is,” Zeb said, scanning the Words. “Oh, okay, it’s a type of car. Now Harry’s clinging to him and sobbing, and it’s all very OOC. We can look for the Dursleys now, I think.”

“Plothole’s probably in here somewhere,” Rina said, tapping along the Generic Walls, keeping one eye on the Words as she searched. She snorted when Snape compared Harry’s hair to **silken strands**.

Zeb followed suit on the other side of the room. “So, apparently Madam Pomfrey taught Snape a **diagnostician spell**? And after he decides that Harry’s not hurt, he disguises Harry to... ah... well, he disguises him as a twelve year old girl.”

**Another spell and he started and wiggled a little at the new feel. Even though I'd rarely been in such danger, I couldn't resist indulging in my secret fantasy kink. He might hex me or he might be in such shock he'd let it go for now. Slowly he pulled a few inches away and looked down at the new crisp white blouse, short red plaid skirt, white knee socks and little black patent leather Mary Janes. ... Another spell and his hair lengthened and curled into ringlets on his shoulders.**

Rina temporarily abandoned her plothole search to pull out her notebook and a pen. “So, Snape’s always wanted to bang a Catholic schoolgirl, and Harry has no objections to this sudden disguise!” she said in an overly-cheery voice, writing it down.

Snape declared he needed a disguise as well; **A spell shortened my hair to above my ears and another put me into jeans and a buttoned down Henley in aubergine.**

Zeb began sputtering. “Snape wearing anything other than his bat robes? Now this I have to see...”

“You’ll get your chance, don’t worry,” Rina muttered, moving to another wall and running her hands over it. Her hand suddenly sank into the wall. “Aha, found our plothole.” She ducked through, mentally bracing herself for the state the Dursleys’ bodies would be in.

“About damn time!” Uncle Vernon roared, making Rina jump. “What sort of rescue do you call this, anyway?”

“Oh, hey, they’re not dead,” Zeb said, coming into the plothole to see what all the yelling was about. “Well, that makes things easier.” He dug into his bag and pulled out the neuralyzer. “Dursleys, may I please have your attention?”

“Oh, you want my *attention*, do you? Well, what you’re going to get is a piece of my ruddy mind! Americans, I ask you!”

“Actually, I’m from Sinnoh.” And with that, Zeb pressed the button.

With the canons neuralyzed and sent safely home, Rina and Zeb portaled ahead to a Generic Tea Shop where Harry and Snape were supposed to arrive. They slid into Generic Chairs to watch the Words as the massively OOC canons drove off. And snark, but that was a given.

Snape ordered Harry to put his glasses in his purse (which spawned out of nowhere) before apologizing for not arriving to save him sooner. Harry randomly developed a stutter to tell Snape it was alright, and the point of view shifted back to Harry.

Zeb winced and rubbed at his neck. “Is this going to happen often?” he said, already certain he knew the answer.

“Do you really have to ask?” Rina said. She shuddered as Harry internally marveled over **the soft underwear against my skin**. As Harry buckled his seatbelt, **my skirt slid up almost to my crotch. Blushing, I tugged it down and tried to pretend it was like a pair of shorts.**

“Harry, no, what have they done to you?” Zeb moaned, letting his head hit the table. He hit his head again when Harry apparently had trouble with the seatbelt, requiring Snape to reach over and buckle it for him. Of course, this left open the perfect excuse for Snape to brush his hand over Harry’s thigh, which he did.

“Creepy factor rising,” Rina said, shuddering again.

Snape mentioned that he went by **John Aberforce** while in his Muggle disguise, and declared that Harry would have to go incognito as John’s niece. Harry decided that he would like to be called Mary. ‘John’ also mentioned that his Muggle undercover job was that of a painter.

“**What kind of painter are you?**” Mary wanted to know.

**He chuckled and I thought his smile was really nice, what little I could see of it without my glasses. “I paint portraits of famous people.”**

“But—but—” Zeb flailed. “But he’s *not* a painter!”

“Don’t question the badfic logic,” Rina snapped. “Honestly, you should know that by now...”

Mary then asked John if the Dursleys were dead, to which John replied they were. Mary immediately burst into tears. John **fished out a handkerchief** and offered it to Mary.

**"Sorry, Professor, I'll try not to be so weepy."**

John told Mary it was okay to cry and looked over at him, noting that his **lustrous green eyes shone with tears**.

“Hair like silken strands? Lustrous green eyes?” Rina shook her head. “Mary’s Sue levels are rising fast and it’s just going to get worse from here on out.” She paused. “Heh, Mary the Mary Sue. How appropriate.”

Mary **blushed and went back to plucking at his skirt hem, which had raised half-way up his smooth thigh again**.

**I was going straight to hell for what I was thinking but then I always knew that was my ultimate destination.**

“So that’s how John justifies banging a fourteen year-old Mary,” Rina said, her lip curling. “Disgusting.”

Mary suddenly declared that the deaths of the Dursleys had left him feeling **free and kind of light**, which made no sense considering his breakdown just moments before. John **smiled down into his kitten-like face and was rewarded with a shy grin**.

“Now that’s just not right!” Zeb protested, even as Rina charged for more Sueish descriptions and making what was supposed to be Harry and Snape celebrating the Dursleys’ demises. Mary mentioned he needed to go to the bathroom, and John thought **Oh to be a little mouse to see how he handled it**. “It” being Mary’s first time in a woman’s bathroom.

Rina twitched slightly.

The point of view switched back to Mary as he and John entered the tea shop. Rina and Zeb ducked their heads as the Suvians entered, John showing Mary to the ladies’ room.

Inside, Mary marveled over his **frilly and silky** knickers, stroking them as he relieved himself. Rina groaned and dropped her head to the table as Mary talked about the times he’d touched himself in the bathtub. Zeb shuddered and reached for his Bleeprin.

When Mary came out, he and John sat down at an empty table. **Once we sat down, he gestured to the tea pot and I tried to remember how Hermione poured it in the common room. It was funny but I just seemed to slip into her mindset and act like a girl.**

“I can almost *feel* Desdendelle whimpering about this,” Rina muttered. “Boys can’t pour tea, I ask you.”

“He’s modeling his girly behavior off Hermione?” Zeb whispered, rolling his eyes and popping a Bleeprin into his mouth while Rina watched jealously.

When her hand inched across the table toward the bottle, he swatted her hand away and quickly tucked the bottle safely in his bag. "Are you insane?" he hissed.

"I just thought I could say it was an accident and would get out of having to do this mission," Rina said huffily. "You got me into this mess, now you're getting me out!"

"Okay, you're allergic to Bleep and Time Lords can't tolerate aspirin," Zeb said, his eyes narrowing. "Would you even *make* it to Medical on time? I mean, I've got them on speed-dial, but I still don't think you'd be able to..."

"Starting to think I don't really care," Rina muttered.

Zeb's eyes widened and he opened his mouth, but whatever he was about to say was cut off by a bout of sputtering from Rina.

**"Oh but I like my dresses, Uncle John," I batted my eyelashes at him and wiggled a little on the soft cushioned chair. "They feel nice against my skin and they look so very pretty that I almost feel pretty."**

**"Sweet Mary, you are the prettiest twelve year-old in the county and if you want more skirts then that is what you shall have." He winked at me and I looked down with a blush.**

"How much of this fic is just sheer *ick*?" she said, pinching the bridge of her nose. She turned away, trying to hide the fact that she was starting to cry. It didn't work.

"Rina, hey, come on, it'll be alright," Zeb said, getting up and putting an arm around her shoulders. Or, rather, he tried to. The scene suddenly shifted to a store where Mary and John were getting new clothes for Mary. Rina landed on her butt and Zeb nearly fell on top of her.

**Stopping at a local dress shop on the other side of York from my cottage, I helped Harry choose two new jumpers, three high-necked blouses, two more skirts, three pair of shorts, a white pinafore with lace inserts and while he was trying on a dress, I put aside several pairs of silk stockings and a little pink lace garter belt that made my groin tighten deliciously.**

Rina buried her face against her knees, retching quietly. Zeb surreptitiously reached into his bag and popped another Bleeprin.

**Nothing but the best for my little Mary, I told [the saleswoman] and selected six pairs of the daintiest, frilliest panties that they had. God willing, I'd get to see them on Harry.**

“They go to John’s house next,” Rina said, rubbing at her eyes. “Mary and Snape talk about rubbing their—their nipples.” She shook her head. “Blah. Portal to the house, please?”

They hid in the bushes outside of Uncle John’s way-too-elaborate house that was most definitely not a cottage, watching as Mary got out of the car, primly smoothing down his skirt.

**Home, I was finally in what could be a real home. I’d always felt temporary with the Dursleys and even with the Weasleys. But Molly Weasley had welcomed me with open arms and at least one hug per visit. I’d already gotten several hugs just today from Uncle John and they’d felt wonderful.**

“And now he’s dismissing Mrs. Weasley that fast?” Zeb snarled.

“Yeah, never mind she was the first mother figure he could remember,” Rina muttered, still rubbing her eyes. She lay back in the bushes, arm thrown over her eyes as she read the Words.

John was busily giving Mary the grand tour of his extremely opulent house.

“How can someone give such urple, yet beige prose at the same time?” Zeb wondered aloud, leaning against the wall.

John finally pointed Mary in the direction of his bedroom,

**Funny, but I could feel his eyes on me all the way up and I had the strangest urge to kind of wiggle my hips like Cho used to do at Hogwarts. I liked the feeling that he was watching me. It made me feel safe and wanted.**

“Not right, not right,” Rina whimpered, rolling onto her side and curling up.

Zeb ran a hand over her arm, humming the Treasure Town song to her, making a face when John sat on the bed and pulled Mary onto his lap.

**My stomach had butterflies in it and the cotton of his jeans was rough on my bare legs. My panties felt about two sizes too small and I could swear my shaft had gotten hard without me even touching it.**

“The entire fic’s going to be like this, isn’t it?” Zeb muttered, reaching for more Bleeprin.

Rina nodded, shuddering.

The fic cut to John’s point of view, where he declared that Mary on his lap was causing him to stiffen as well. **Not even thinking of Dumbledore naked was going to get rid of this erection.**

“Margaret Thatcher naked on a cold day!” Rina yelled, beginning to cry. “Margaret Thatcher naked on a cold day! Margaret Thatcher naked on a cold day! Oh Rowling, even Austin Powers can’t—the *images! Naked time!*” She began loudly humming Dumbledore’s theme from the Potter Puppet Pals.

“Rina, Rina, shh,” Zeb said quickly, rubbing her back and urging her to calm down. Sure, the Stus were inside and unlikely to hear them, but he didn’t want to take that risk.

After a while, when John started explaining to Mary what heterosexual, homosexual, and bisexual meant, Rina finally calmed down enough to quietly rant about how a fourteen year-old boy should know what those terms meant. It didn’t help matters that Mary was acting like he was six.

“Zeb, *please*,” Rina begged when Mary asked John to show him the panties he’d picked out and John said Mary could change into them in front of him. “Please, just one little Bleepin, nobody’d have to know...”

“*No.*” Zeb cringed, resisting the urge to down some more pills when Mary asked John for help shoving his erection in his panties. It quickly devolved into John giving Mary an impromptu handjob.

“Hold me,” Rina managed to say. Zeb pulled her into a semi-sitting position and wrapped his arms around her, murmuring that it would be alright and suppressing the urge to vomit when John took Mary into the bathroom for some ‘washing up’.

“Yeah, we wouldn’t have made it in Bad Slash,” he muttered.

Rina hiccupped several times. “Why don’t *they* have to deal with this?” she moaned. “I swear to all the authors, when we get back to HQ, I’m going to be having *serious* words with the Flowers.”

“That would probably be a good idea,” Zeb agreed. He made a face when John, finished with his ministrations (for now), cast a spell to fix Mary’s eyesight. “Charge.”

Rina waved a lethargic hand. “Everything in this mess is a charge,” she said.

John, meanwhile, was enjoying himself way too much. **I dearly loved that reaction and had to remind myself I was going straight to hell for sullyng his innocence.**

“THAT’S NOT AN EXCU—” Rina howled before Zeb clamped a hand over her mouth.

The agents stayed in the bushes while John and Mary finished up their fun and headed out to go shopping. Mary got a **silver plated dresser set with a soft brush** as well as some ribbons for his hair and some nightgowns no child had any business wearing.

Zeb dug out his borrowed DS and began working on his *Explorers of Sky* game, brow furrowed as he began level grinding for Temporal Tower.

His concentration was quickly broken by Rina going "*Hlorf*."

Mary was bemoaning the fact that his chest wouldn't **ever grow big like my friend Pansy**.

"Pansy Parkinson his *friend*? Oh, why is this even surprising," Zeb muttered, going back to his game.

Rina wasn't, unfortunately, able to completely block out the Words as John carried Mary into the bathroom for a bubble bath. John began undressing Mary, wondering where Mary had gotten so many bruises. Mary began going into hysterics over Dudley's death, but John quickly calmed him down. **Every time he found a bruise, he kissed it and the pain went away. He was way better than Madame Pomfrey.**

"This is one step away from turning into healing sex," Rina muttered. She dug her fingernails so deep into her palms she drew blood.

"Trying to *not* pay attention to the upcoming smut," Zeb said pointedly, barely looking up to portal away the mini.

After Mary was undressed and in the tub, John began undressing, getting a very floridly beige description, especially of his apparently massive genitals. John climbed in with Mary and they began washing each other, exchanging sappy lines.

**My hands cupped his tight arse cheeks and I ran a thumb down his cleft while he shivered. "I am going to make sure you're clean inside and out, little one. Be sure to tell me if it hurts or even if it scares you."**

**His smile was luminous. "You won't ever hurt me or scare me, Severus. I want you to teach me everything."**

**My heart clenched at his trust and I couldn't have spoken if my life depended on it so I just nodded and smiled back at him. One hand slid between his legs to wash his small round balls while the other splayed out his cheeks to make room for my middle finger. The tiny pucker suddenly looked too small for even a finger but I gently teased it into spasming for me and slid in to the first knuckle.**

“NOPE.” Rina curled back up on the ground, eyes squeezed tight and hands clamped over her ears. “NOPE NOPE NOPE.”

Zeb made the mistake of glancing at the Words. “VERY MUCH NOPE.”

Mary and John began discussing the various things one could put in one’s arse. **Then a thought hit me and I froze. His gaze went from hooded to concerned. “Severus, is one of the things you put in there . . . your c-c-cock?”**

“Yes, very good, Mary. Gold star,” Rina groaned, hugging herself. “I feel like I’m going to be sick.”

John mentioned that some people liked to experiment by putting their wands—both kinds—in as well.

Zeb shuddered. “How much sheer *nope* is *in* this?” he wailed quietly.

“Not listening not listening not listening,” Rina began chanting, clapping her hands over her ears again.

Mary and John spent several *hours* in the bathtub, doing just about everything imaginable to each other. Zeb retrieved the DS and resumed playing, concentrating on the game way more than was absolutely necessary. Rina huddled against him, forehead pressed to her knees and mumbling to herself.

Finally, finally, the Stus got out of the tub to get dinner.

John would not stop smiling at his new fuck buddy. **He had a loving nature and I was going to take full advantage of that to bind him to me in every way possible.**

“THIS IS NOT RIGHT!” Rina shrieked.

Zeb jabbed an elbow into her ribs, but his concern was unfounded; Mary and John were too absorbed in each other to notice anything else.

After a briefly-described dinner, Mary pulled John towards his bedroom. **“I’m so tired, Uncle John. Would you tuck me in and tell me a story?”**

“Then there’s stuff like *this!*” Rina made a violent gesture. “One moment they’re fucking like a couple of rabbits in April, the next Mary’s asking for a fucking *bedtime story!* *Lolita* was a creepy book for a *reason!*”

John carried Mary up to his own bedroom, which was described in that same urple-yet-beige prose.

**"It's beautiful, Uncle John." He looked at the sheets and then hugged me close to whisper. "Does this mean I get to sleep with you?"**

John replied that yes, it did, and quickly began undressing Mary, commenting on the flatness of Mary's chest. **"Why don't I take a closer look, sweetheart and see if there's something I can do to help." Three buttons down and he was already panting for me. Two more and I was able to expose one pink nipple. "My goodness, your nipples are just beautiful, Mary. I read once that gentle suction can make them grow but since you can't do that for yourself, would you like me to try?"**

"Arceus above, please don't," Zeb said, dragging his hands down his face.

John spent a few minutes on Mary's nipples before moving straight to giving him a blowjob.

"Shocker, they haven't heard of foreplay, it looks like," Rina muttered.

"You're worried about *that*?"

"Shut up!"

**"Oh, Uncle John," his sigh was replete and I tenderly let him drop from my lips. "I love you, Severus."**

**I froze and stared at him. He loved me? How could that be? Searching my heart, I realized it was true for me as well. When had distaste turned to liking and the feeling I had to take care of him turn to the need to possess him utterly? Could I say it? Should I bind this beautiful creature to my jaded self? Didn't he deserve better than a broken down old potions master?**

"They've been, I repeat, *fucking like rabbits*, without thinking they even *liked* each other whaaaaaat?" Rina began beating her head against her knees. "I can't even."

"I think you've got your priorities skewed," Zeb said quietly. He'd gone very still when he saw what was coming up in the fic. "John breaks out the magic butt plug next. Why does he have a butt plug just lying around?"

"You missed the part where he gives Mary an enema in preparation for it," Rina said faintly, looking paler than normal.

After the Stus took care of *that* particular business, John **gestured to the bidet and I moved over to gingerly sit on the open basin. Behind me, he turned on the faucets and a little geyser shot up and hit my balls. I jumped a foot but his laughter brought me sheepishly down again. "Sorry, I forgot to warn you. Is it too warm?"**

Admittedly, the mental image of Mary just hovering in midair for a moment was amusing, but not enough to block out what happened next.

**"No, it feels good." I moved a little and the stream hit my hole, going up inside a little. "Oh, that feels really nice."**

**His hands slid between my legs with one hand rolling my balls and the other rubbing between my cheeks.**

"WHY DO WE NEED TO KNOW THIS STUFF?" Rina wailed.

Zeb shuddered and swallowed several more Bleeprin.

Rina made a wild snatch for the bottle.

"Rina, stop it!" Zeb snapped. "Get a hold of yourself!"

"It's not fair, it's not fair," she said, watching unhappily as he put the bottle away. "I'm not able to take anything for this and here you are popping Bleep like it's candy!"

"Fine. Fine!" Zeb threw his hands up. "I won't use any more! Happy?!"

"Not really," Rina muttered, shuddering when Mary and John began going at it again.

"Well, what do you *want* me to do?"

"I don't know!"

They glowered at each other for a moment before Zeb turned away and picked up his game, still seething. Rina turned her back on him and pulled a 4x4 Rubik's cube out of her pocket, spinning it at inhuman speeds, solving it over and over while they waited for the round of fucking to end.

For some bizarre reason, Mary started thinking about the Dursleys while John was in the middle of another groping. **I think if Sev hadn't gotten me away from them, I'd have found out what rape was. But not with my potions master, it could never be rape with him because I loved him and he loved me.**

“Statutory rape,” Rina muttered, working the Rubik’s cube faster. “Fuck it. Fuck this fic. Fuck everything about it.”

“Trying to *concentrate* here,” Zeb muttered back at her.

“Like your stupid game requires sooo much concentration!”

“No, but ignoring you and the fic does!”

**“We’ll take the chores together and that way they’ll be done in half the time. Then we can spend the rest of the time making love in every way possible.”** John declared when he and Mary were finally done.

“That plan sucks and so do you,” Zeb said, still not looking up from the screen.

Rina gave him the stink-eye. “They go to the library and a bakery soon,” she said. “And it’s all very boring and saccharine. Skip.”

“I was *going* to,” Zeb said testily, getting out the remote. “If you’d just... Oh Arceus. No. No. Nononono—”

**This part of York was completely empty of magic except for the lingering wards and wild magic left behind by the Druids and Romans of ancient Britain.**

Rina flinched, one hand going to her stomach. “Fucking *Druids* again?”

“It’s... just a passing mention,” Zeb said, looking queasy. He glared up at the sky. “And it had better *stay* that way!”

“Oh, way to go, genius,” Rina said, stomping through the portal. “You just *had* to tempt the Ironic Overpower!”

“I wasn’t *tempting* it, I was warning it off!” Zeb shot back, following her through the portal and punching the button to close it behind him.

“When Mary and John turn into Druids, I blame you,” Rina muttered, looking around their new surroundings. They appeared to be in a basement of sorts, one that had been refurbished into a Generic Artist Studio. Footsteps on the stairs caused Rina to grab Zeb and drag him behind a row of easels with sheets draped over them.

“Oh, isn’t this just wonderful,” Zeb muttered when Mary and John came into the room.

**I watched him go over to a table with a mortar and pestle on it. Tapping it with his fingers, it moved aside and showed a dark square. He held out his hand and I crossed quickly to take it and peer down into the hole. "Don't be afraid, Princess, this is truly the heart of our home."**

"Princess?" Rina whispered, making a face.

**It felt so good when he said that, 'our home'. It reminded me I was safe and wanted. The stone steps twisted a bit but I followed him down to the underground cellar, my hand on his shoulder so I didn't fall. Candles sprang to life when his feet touched the floor and I could see the old stone walls reaching out even beyond the walls of the house above.**

The agents peered around the easels to watch as Mary and John headed downstairs to the secondary cellar.

"I'm getting a bad feeling about this," Zeb said, frowning.

"Only just now?" Rina hissed.

"I mean especially about this," he snapped.

"Shut up, they'll hear you!"

**"This was once a sacred spring of the local druid circle." Severus touched the lip of an old well. I peered down into it and caught the faint sheen of water a few feet below. "It's still pure, kept so by the original binding spell they cast centuries ago."**

Rina began twitching. "Druids," she mumbled, beginning to shake. "Why did it have to be Druids?" She glared at Zeb. "I swear to all the authors, this is your fault."

"Is not!"

"Is too!"

"Is not!"

"I have a little brother, I can do this all night! Is too!"

"Rina, as fun as this is, we have more fic to mission."

"Argh!" Rina threw her hands in the air and crept over to the stairs, peering down into the candlelit darkness.

“And is not,” Zeb muttered before going to join her.

They exchanged apprehensive looks.

“Welp, John’s showing Mary a Druidic altar,” Zeb said, ignoring Rina’s flinch.

**“Sweetheart, I’m going to touch you and make you come onto the altar.” He knelt behind me and both hands came up under my skirt. “The seed will be your offering and also your part of the wards we’re reworking. This way the house will always know and protect you.”**

The sounds of grunting and moaning came echoing up the stairwell. Rina turned away, hands over her ears again. Zeb gritted his teeth, made sure she wasn’t looking, and surreptitiously grabbed several more Bleeprin.

After John finished getting Mary off, he proceeded to give himself similar treatment in order to further strengthen the wards.

**The power of his coming had strengthened the wards more than at any time in their past. I don’t think a full Druid circle had ever raised such power. Harry Potter was the most powerful wizard of our age and at the same time, he was the most vulnerable. Watching the altar absorb his seed, I knew his virgin blood would have to be shed there also. Only Mother Earth would be able to keep the flare of energy from Voldemort and Dumbledore.**

**Losing his virginity would spark a supernova of reaction and while part of me wanted him with renewed passion, part of me was aghast at my presumption.**

“Because he hasn’t lost his virginity already? Gotcha.” Rina shook her head and wrote down more charges of being an overpowered Stu.

Mary mentioned he was starting to grow breasts thanks to John’s sucking on his nipples, which caused Rina to throw her notebook across the room. “NOPE.”

“I take it that’s not how—?”

“Shut up, Zeb!” Rina stormed over to retrieve her notebook, shook Pomphrey the mini-Aragog off it and through a portal, and shoved it in her pocket. “They fuck some more and then it’s the end of the chapter. Let’s skip that, yeah?”

Zeb nodded once and followed her through the portal she opened. They skipped over some disgustingly sappy dialogue and hid around a corner to watch Mary and John eat dinner.

**Still wearing the plug, he decided to sit on my lap for our dinner and we took turns feeding each other spoonfuls of stew with hunks of fresh bread from the bakery. It was all delicious but that may have just been our hunger.**

**It didn't hurt that we kissed between each bite, too.**

Rina had to resist the urge to beat her head against the wall. The Stus didn't stop making goo-goo eyes at each other for the entire meal.

"Why are we even watching this?" Zeb whispered. "Literally nothing except a lot more mating happens until later in the chapter. Can't we skip?"

"Good idea," Rina said, half-grudgingly, half-relieved. She waited for Zeb to step through the portal before following. When she reached the other side, it was all she could do to not scream.

**"The ancient druids said a boy became a man when he turned 14. Most of them were married before they turned 15. And once we take care of Voldemort, I want to get pregnant. I want to take your seed so deep inside of me it will spontaneously create our first child."** Mary was saying. He was lying on the altar in the basement, waiting for John to 'officially' take his virginity.

Rina squeezed her eyes shut. "If I can't see it, I can't remember it," she whispered.

Mary and John began screwing yet again, and Mary marveled over the size of John's penis. **"He really does feel like he's about to come out of my stomach," his hands smoothed over the skin there and I swear my cock felt his fingers.**

Rina and Zeb huddled behind some Generic Scenery, cringing when John declared **"Virginity is a powerful thing to give to someone. The energy involved is intense and spiritual. But we did more than that, sweet love. We gave all of us to each other, the good and the bad, the weak and the strong, the pure and the earthy. Our bond has been growing steadily and I think we just sealed it for all time."**

"Soulmates," Rina said, her teeth chattering. "They're druids, and they're soulmates. Oh gods, *why?*"

Zeb hesitantly reached out to pat her on the arm, but she moved out of his reach. He sighed, then flinched when Mary and John began getting louder and more exuberant in their grunts and yells. "Time to move on," he decided, opening a portal to just outside the dining room.

Mary was lying facedown on the table, moaning as John drizzled hot fudge sauce between his cheeks. **"That's all the lubricant you're going to get, little one."**

Rina bent double, feeling her breakfast attempting to make a reappearance. Zeb was sorely tempted to down the entire bottle of Bleeprin, but settled for a few pills instead. It didn't seem to be enough.

"Hot fudge doesn't go there!" Rina wailed quietly.

John mentioned he'd gotten Mary a new outfit, which made Mary giggle. **"I like those kind of outfits. Is it sexy or innocent in a depraved-fifteen-year-old-going-to-hell sort of way?"**

"Moving on!" Zeb yelled, and all but ran through the portal to the next part.

They skipped over Mary stroking John's 'fur', Mary mentioning he wanted to get pregnant on the druidic altar, and, of course, lots more lovemaking.

When the agents emerged, they ducked behind some Generic Furniture to listen as Mary and John discussed how they were going to destroy Voldemort. They decided that ley lines were the answer to all their problems and promptly resumed their banging, linking themselves to the wards of Great Britain.

**//Sweetheart, I can feel you inside my head//**

**I blinked and realized I was hearing him with my mind instead of my ears. //Severus?//**

**//Dearest one, I think the wards have gifted us with themselves//**

"What?!" Rina yelled. "It doesn't— it shouldn't— I can't—!"

"Like it wasn't bad enough when Rose—" Zeb began.

Rina jabbed a finger in his face. "Do *not* say that name," she snarled. "This is bad enough without you talking about *her!*"

"Well, sorry for trying to make you feel better about this mess!"

"You have a really crappy way of going about it, you know!"

Any further argument was cut off when the world swirled around them, dumping them in Dumbledore's office. The headmaster was looking out his window, inspecting Mary and John as they walked up the front path. Apparently, they'd had a scheduled visit with Dumbledore, and Dumbledore revealed that he could see auras. To nobody's surprise, Mary's and John's auras were now identical.

"Wish we had a M.O.O.O. on us," Zeb muttered, opening a portal to the HFA.

“Yeah, well, wishing isn’t doing us any good, is it?” Rina had to resist the urge to punt Fawlkes the mini-Aragog through the portal.

“It was a nice thought,” Zeb muttered, opening another portal to a little later in the fic so he and Rina could hide on the stairs outside Dumbledore’s office.

Dumbledore didn’t seem in the least fazed by the fact that Mary was dressed like a six year-old girl. He barely made a fuss over the fact that Mary and John were in a relationship, even though he decided **Severus’ gaze was fond and (dared I think it) possessive.**

“How many times do I need to say this is Sick and Wrong?” Zeb wailed quietly.

“Try saying it again, I’m sure that’ll make it all better!”

**"I love Severus and I am fully aware that many will question this relationship." Harry spoke just as firmly. "They'll say he took advantage of me; that I'm too young to know what I'm doing; that he's a pervert preying on a young boy; that I can do better." His hand reached out and Severus' was there to meet it. "But I did know what I was doing; I love everything we do together; I've never been allowed to be young but Severus gave me the best summer of my life. I actually got to play and be silly and experience new foods and places. That was the very best gift I've \*ever\* gotten."**

“Considering you seem to have the mentality of, oh, I don’t know, a child, I’d say he damn well took advantage of you!” Rina snarled. “You just listed *everything wrong with this fic* and dismissed it!”

Dumbledore, however, was much more excited by what the prospect of the Stus being linked to all the wards in Great Britain could mean. **"If you link to all the wards surrounding magical Britain, you'll know exactly where Voldemort and the Death Easters are."**

Rina and Zeb were momentarily distracted by the pastel polka-dotted mini-Aragog wearing bunny ears that scuttled up to them.

“...Well, this is certainly new.” Zeb picked up the mini, which clicked its pincers. “Oh, go on, Rina, one more mini?”

Rina hesitated. On the one hand, it was certainly a unique mini. On the other, she was still pissed at her partner. “*Fine*,” she said, turning her back on him. “But it’s your responsibility.”

Zeb opened the portal and set Death Easters in RC 3-Apple-14. “Mcgonagoll!” he called. “You’ve got a new buddy!”

Death Eaters scuttled away to join the other mini in its nest before Zeb could properly introduce them.

"Um, you two play nice!" Zeb ordered, closing the portal.

"Well, now that you've taken care of that, can you please focus?" Rina said, jerking her head at the door to Dumbledore's office. "Sirius is the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, and Remus is the new History of Magic teacher. Because apparently Professor Binns has 'moved on to the next plane'. Way to fuck up *Harry Potter* canon; ghosts can't do that!"

"Again, I repeat: way to nitpick," Zeb said. "You're not even getting upset over, oh, I don't know, Sirius somehow having his name cleared so he can teach? Or Lupin coming back to teach at Hogwarts when he was forced to resign?"

"Oh, no, I'm pissed about that, too," Rina said, smiling coldly.

Dumbledore decided to give Mary and John linked rooms in the castle before the scene suddenly jumped to Lupin's point of view, where he and Sirius were sitting in some Generic Room of Hogwarts. At least, it seemed like Hogwarts. It was hard to be sure. Rina and Zeb dived behind a vaguely-defined piece of furniture to hide.

The two canons were discussing Mary and John's new relationship, Lupin musing that he'd never expected Mary to swing that way. Sirius remarked he himself had **flown both sides of the field**, which caused Rina to roll her eyes.

"Out of all the euphemisms, you decided to go with that?" she muttered.

**"You'd be a great father, Remus." Sirius was suddenly as serious as I'd ever seen him. "I'm sorry you think no woman will ever marry you."**

**I swallowed around the lump in my throat. It was now or never. "A - I'm gay so it's not a woman that's to blame and B - werewolves are sterile. We don't reproduce."**

**"EXCUSE ME?!"** Rina shrieked, jumping up. "NO, NO, NO, YOU'VE GOT THIS ALL WRONG!" She jabbed a finger at the two men, who were looking at her like she'd just fallen from the sky. "THIS IS NOT CANON AND I REFUSE MMph!"

Zeb raised the hand he wasn't using to silence Rina and held up the neuralyzer. "Sorry about the interruption, gentlemen," he said, and pressed the button. Before the neuralyzation trance could wear off, he opened a portal to the next section and shoved Rina through.

"You're absolutely insane," he said, shaking his head.

“What was your first clue?” she snarled.

He shook his head again and turned to the fic, where McGonagall was sitting at her desk, staring at the wall opposite, trapped in a flashback daze. She mused for a while about how remarkable and wonderful Mary was, and how she’d agreed to teach him to become an Animagus. He’d mastered it almost instantly, revealing his form to be that of a tiny, fluffy kitten. She concluded her flashback by randomly mentioning she’d been sterilized by a hex when she was “only forty” and hoped that she could be a great-aunt to Mary and John’s children.

There was a knock on the door and Hermione wandered in, oblivious to the agents who ducked behind a piece of Generic Furniture. McGonagall wondered if Hermione wanted to ask her why **Harry had politely refused to help with the school production of Henry V.**

Rina began beating her head against the furniture while Zeb just stared.

**"I'm worried about Harry, Ma'am. I know people make fun of my constant studying but Harry is worse than me by far. He hasn't even been on his broom for a month. Even I've gone up for a couple of flights since spring arrived."**

“Wonderful.” Zeb threw his hands in the air. “Hermione’s OOC and Harry’s flat-out replaced.”

“Oh, like he wasn’t before?” Rina said darkly.

Kitten!Mary came running into the room at that moment for what seemed like no other reason than to show off in front of “Mione”.

“Hate that name,” Zeb said, tossing McGonagal through a portal. “She was just Hermione in canon, why do they insist on calling her Mione?”

“You’re *nitpicking*,” Rina whined at him. “Why aren’t you more concerned with the fact that she totally approves of Mary and John’s relationship?”

Zeb stuck his tongue out at her.

“Oh, yeah, real mature,” Rina said, rolling her eyes. She nearly fell face-first onto the floor when the story cut to Madam Pomfrey’s point of view. The nurse was being woken by a house elf, who was saying to hurry because John had been hurt badly. No explanation was ever given as to the cause of this injury.

Rina and Zeb trailed after Madam Pomfrey as she hurried down a Generic Corridor that looked eerily like the ones in HQ. They stopped just outside John’s room, peering inside.

**The potion master was lying limply on the coverlet of his bed while Harry knelt beside him, holding a bloody towel to his abdomen.**

Zeb didn't notice Rina had gone very, very still. He watched with a horrified fascination as Madam Pomfrey set to work on repairing John's punctured stomach and intestines.

A high-pitched whine caused him to look around, eyes widening when he saw Rina kneeling on the ground, head pressed to her knees and rocking back and forth.

"Do not want do not want do not want," she whimpered, flinching when he knelt next to her and put a hand on her shoulder. "Don't touch me!" she yelled.

Zeb quickly opened a portal, gritted his teeth, and shoved her through, silently apologizing when she started crying, smacking at his hands.

"I SAID DON'T TOUCH ME!"

Zeb stayed behind only long enough to neutralize the alerted characters before ducking through the portal and shutting it. "Rina," he said quietly.

She was curled up on her side, sobbing uncontrollably. He started to reach for her, but stopped, not wanting to startle her further.

The point of view suddenly shifted to Mary's, who announced to the audience that it was now the end of the school year. Zeb rocked back on his heels, grabbing at his head; Rina groaned, rolled over, and threw up on the Generic Surface.

Mary went on to mention that Lupin and Sirius were going to head off on their honeymoon when summer started, and that he and John were planning on traveling the British Isles to link themselves to the ley lines. Then they began another round of copulating.

"Ugh, I thought we were done with this," Zeb groaned, lying down on the floor.

Rina gave a hysterical laugh. "Fucking naïve, you are," she said, still not uncurling from her fetal position. "God!" She shuddered and threw up again when the scene dumped them back in the room with the druidic altar, where Mary and John were still going at it like rabbits.

**"Wow, that was . . . intense." Harry panted. "It felt like all the wards as far away as Hogwarts climaxed with us."**

**I chuckled at the thought of orgasmic wards. "I'd love to be a mouse in the corner at Hogwarts when Albus felt that."**

**Harry giggled and looped his arms tighter around my neck. "Maybe he felt that one, too? I kind of like the idea that all the ley lines we've linked to, got to experience our pleasure. It's sure to make the other lines we haven't gotten to yet to want to join in."**

**"One look at you, my brave and beautiful angel, would make any ley line want to become your slave."**

Zeb reluctantly sat up and got a portal open to the next chapter. "Rina, come on," he said.

She shook her head. "Don't wanna."

"Rina!" Zeb snapped. "Now!"

Swearing violently, she got to her feet and stormed through, rolling her eyes when Mary mentioned he wanted six kids with John before it cut away to John's point of view.

**Potion making would always be my first career of choice but having my painting too would be a nice counterpoint to that exacting magic art. Oddly enough, our travels had also shown me a few improvements in some of my special recipes. Once back in my comfortable dungeons, I tried out the main change in the wolf bane potion.**

Rina all but threw the smoking mini-Aragog through a portal, her face going red with fury when John went on to call Lupin his **guinea pig**. Perhaps it was a good thing that another time jump hit them and she doubled over, groaning as they were dragged from the summer to Christmas and forward to the next summer.

It was revealed that, while not busy screwing each other, Mary and John had been working on mastering the four elements together.

"YOU'RE NOT THE FUCKING AVATAR!" Rina screamed before Zeb grabbed her arm and dragged her bodily through a portal, skipping over countless more sex scenes (one of them being Lupin and Sirius during a full moon), some exposition that revealed Ron and Draco were now dating, and another time skip to the next summer.

"Great, more exorcisms to take care of," Zeb grumbled.

"I'd be a little more worried about fighting two fucking Avatars," Rina said darkly as she and Zeb emerged in the promised fight between Mary and John and Voldemort.

**When the battle came, it felt almost like an anticlimax.**

"Not exactly striking inspiration in the readers," Zeb said.

The battle was apparently to take place in **the center of the ancient university city** which had been **built around a Druid spring**. Rina and Zeb hid behind a Generic Crumbling Ruin to watch the battle; Mary and John called upon the power of the elements, which swirled about them in an overly-dramatic way as they faced off against Voldemort.

**"S-s-severu-s-ss, I am dis-s-sappointed in you. I expected better from s-s-such an intelligent s-s-scholar." He frowned.**

**"I think you'll dislike what I've researched lately." I linked my elements with Harry's and we cut him free of the wards in this sacred space. Before he could react to that, we reached into his magical aura and turned him inside out. Water became fire so his very blood burned in his veins. Air was displaced with earth, clogging his lungs with mud. Bone became liquid and flesh began to burn to ash.**

**What was left of his brain liquefied and oozed out his melting nostrils. The attack was so quick and complete, he disintegrated before our eyes and Harry turned one of the cobblestones into a container to hold the few remains. Then asking the wards for help, he opened a shaft to the core of the planet and let the stone plummet deep into the heart of the world. He leaned wearily back against me when the wards chimed it was done.**

"Mother. Of. Mew," Zeb whispered, his eyes huge. "They just—they really just—"

Rina threw up again; Zeb took advantage of the moment to swallow a handful of Bleeprin. He was going to need so much therapy when this was over.

"I'm not going to be able to forget this," she whimpered when she was finished.

"I'm so—"

"Don't you say you're *sorry*," Rina hissed.

"Well, then, be useful instead of whining. How are we going to fix this? Voldemort's dead!"

"We'll fish his body out of the plathole it's no doubt been dumped in," Rina said testily. "Now shh."

**I snatched a quick kiss and Harry began to laugh. "We did it, Sev, we did it."**

**I twirled him around, enjoying his laughter. "We did indeed, little love. Do you still want to get pregnant?"**

**"Yes, yes, yes," he scattered kisses over my face. "How soon can the potion be ready?"**

“They just brutally killed Voldemort and immediately think about fucking. Why am I not surprised,” Rina said, looking distinctly irritated. She doubled over, grabbing at her head when another time skip blew past them, wherein it was revealed that Ron and Malfoy **were busy planning their bonding ceremony, too. Hermione and Blaise were now an acknowledged couple and they had joined in the planning. The public ceremonies were going to be a nice shield for the ceremony Harry and Severus wanted. Albus could and would officiate for them all. The new Minister of Magic, Arthur Weasley, would sign off on all the new bonds.**

The scene swirled again, dumping them in the next.

“My fucking head,” Rina moaned, rubbing her temples while Zeb gave her a sidelong look.

“You keep whining about how you’d be blind without your time sense, so stop complaining,” he said, peering around the Hospital Wing bed curtain they’d been dumped behind. Mary, Madam Pomfrey, Professor McGonagall, and Hermione were busy working on the ritual that would transform Mary into a **hermaphrodite** so he could carry John’s babies.

“Well, let’s take away your vision and see how well *you* like it!”

“Hushup, they’re all telling Mary they want to hear all about his pregnancy when it happens,” Zeb said, holding up a hand.

Mary promised to tell the others everything and promptly ran off for some more sex with his new lady parts.

There was a slight lurch when the point of view shifted to McGonagall.

**I double spelled the room noise proof while Poppy surreptitiously locked the door behind the five of them. Hermione and we had agreed to tell Sirius, Remus, Draco, Ron and Blaise what Harry had just undergone.**

Sirius, needless to say, was not at all happy about the news. He **frowned and clasped his hands behind him. "He took advantage of a young impressionable boy."**

**"He saved Harry's life at the risk of his own. He gave him the first free summer he'd ever known. He let Harry experience new things and new sensations." Poppy skirted the whole underage issue.**

“Just like everyone else in this horrid fic!” Zeb hissed.

“I think I’m going to be sick again,” Rina said.

“Just so long as you don’t yarf on me.”

Sirius decided a little *too* quickly that he shouldn’t protest about Mary and John’s relationship, and the story dumped the agents in the Stus’ bedroom. Mary and John were trying to decide how to explain their marriage to the Muggle community where they had been living for the last several years, posing as uncle and niece.

Mary, of course, had the perfect answer. **“I decided when I was a little girl that when I grew up, I was going to marry you. Mother always laughed when I said that but before she died, she asked what I wished for and I told her again how much I loved you and wanted to marry you. She smiled and kissed me softly and told me she was glad. She wanted me to be safe and loved and she knew you would take care of me.”**

**“Say it just like that and the entire neighborhood will approve,”** John said, smiling and preparing to mount Mary.

“...actually, *now* I feel like I’m going to be sick. Like anybody’d accept that shit excuse.” Rina made a face as John presented Mary with the **Snape Family Heirloom: an absolutely beautiful gold ring with what looked like an enormous diamond in an emerald cut.**

Mary asked if anything in the Snape family came in small sizes, which John found way too funny. **“Sweetheart . . . you never cease to surprise me. I do love you, Harry-Mary Potter-Snape-Aberforce.”**

**“I love you too, Severus-John Potter-Snape-Aberforce. And I love this ring.”** I held it up to the light and watched it flash with liquid fire.

“Sue ring. Why am I not surprised?” Rina’s hands were positively shaking. “The Snapes were *poor*, for Rowling’s sake! So why the hell does he have this giant-ass ring?!”

Zeb yawned as John and Mary started going at it again, though it wasn’t quite enough to hide how squicked he was. “Well, it looks like the neighborhood accepts the excuse anyway and then they go off to mate on that altar of theirs *again*,” he said, standing up and opening a portal to the fourth and final chapter. “One to go. Let’s get this over with.”

“Couldn’t agree more,” Rina said.

The narration revealed that Mary had managed to get pregnant on his first try, and he and John ran off to have more sex as celebration. Then it cut to Lupin and Sirius preparing to have sex, leaving the agents stranded in the middle of the bedroom. For a moment, they looked around wildly for somewhere to hide before realizing they’d been dumped in a flashback.

Lupin was busying himself tying Sirius to the Generic Bed before he consciously changed into his werewolf form for some wolf-on-man fucking.

“FUCK!” Rina yelled, kicking at a wall. “THAT’S NOT HOW POTTERVERSE LYCANTHROPY WORKS! THIS ISN’T FUCKING *TWILIGHT!*” Her yells devolved into incoherent screeches of rage as she continued in attacking, her feet leaving holes in the drywall.

Zeb bit his lip and watched her scream, wanting to say something to calm her down, but doubting she would accept any words from him. The girl was beyond reason at this point, and he silently resolved to drag her down to FicPsych when this was all over. He winced when he recalled how short he’d been with her for most of the mission, and suddenly felt more than a little guilty.

“Um, Rina, maybe we could move on to the triple weddings?” he suggested hesitantly, trying to ignore flashback!werewolf!Lupin’s grunts and howls as he penetrated flashback!Sirius.

Rina kicked at the wall a few more times before rounding on him, breathing heavily. “*Fine.*”

Zeb gave a small nod and portaled them into the middle of the crowd of people who had gathered for the weddings. For some strange reason, the point of view was that of Madam Pomfrey, rather than one of the people getting married.

Ron and Malfoy went first, followed by Hermione and Blaise Zabini. Neither of these couples got much description, though Mary and John, who went third, certainly did.

**There wasn't a dry eye in the garden and even Albus had to discreetly use his handkerchief before he pronounced them husband and husband. Their kiss seemed to light up the whole space with a golden glow that flowed out from the gardens into Hogwarts and beyond. I wondered if the wards all over the Isles were celebrating with this most unlikely pair.**

“And then there’s a whole lot of nothing until the vacation,” Zeb sighed.

“Well, Mary bitches about being pregnant before declaring that it makes him feel like a woman,” Rina said, scanning the Words and glowering. “I never want to have kids. Pregnancy sounds like the absolute worst thing, what with morning sickness, and waddling everywhere, and basically having a parasite growing in you—”

Zeb decided that bringing up the fact that the Librarian couldn’t have kids anyway would not go over well at the moment.

“—and then there’s actually having to give birth, which I hear is a hoot and a half, then there’s being kept up at night while the kid cries and screams, and you have to change poopy diapers,

and then you gotta spend the next two decades raising the kid. I used to babysit before I joined the PPC and I can safely say: no, thank you. I liked it well enough, but I wouldn't want to do that full-time. Besides, I've got my job to think about."

"You're definitely dedicated," Zeb offered.

For a split second, Rina smiled at him. But then the scowl was back in full-force. "They all go to some beach in Greece next and lots of fucking happens. Let's go." She opened a portal and waved Zeb through into Draco Malfoy's point of view.

**I fell forward, panting. Ron was still buried inside of me and his not inconsiderable weight pinned me to the bed. Finally, he rolled us to our sides and I took my first full breath in almost five minutes. I'd never been into doing it with a dog but damned if Sirius and Remus hadn't been inspiring.**

"Wait, we missed a lot of mating," Zeb said, glancing back at Rina.

"Yeah? And your point is?" she said, pocketing her remote and fixing her glare on the possessed canons. "I'd be more worried that Malfoy watching Remus and Sirius fucking in animal form gets him horny. Or that bad wording has turned Ron into a dog. At least it's a Jack Russell Terrier, that's something."

"...Right."

Malfoy began an internal monologue of how he'd come to stay with the Weasleys: apparently, Malfoy Senior had **tried one last, 'beat some sense into the boy' before locking me in my room**. Narcissa had planned ahead in case such a thing happened and had set up a Portkey for him to escape... to a building on the edge of the Malfoy estate instead of some safe location outside of the grounds.

"But that would be logical, and we can't fucking have that, can we?" Rina spat on the ground. "Charging for giving Malfoy a Trajeck Backstory. Come on, let's get out of here before we get to see Ron getting chained up and spanked." She shuddered violently at the thought and popped open a portal.

When Zeb noticed she'd skipped a lot more mating in favor of going to the scene where Mary was supposed to give birth, he decided to not mention it. Besides, who was he to complain?

There was a brief mention of a **Halloween ball** of some sort, which caused Rina to snort derisively. The snort turned into a muffled screech of indignation when, barely a few minutes after Mary started going into labor, Madam Pomfrey declared he was already dilated to six centimeters.

“I’m not exactly an expert,” Rina said, eyes narrowed, “but I’m pretty sure it’s supposed to take a lot longer than that!”

It was only a few minutes after that when the first of Mary’s twins popped out, shortly followed by the second, neither child accompanied by the mess that tended to go with childbirth in the real world. Mary named the boys Sebastian James Potter and Gaius Antonius Snape.

“Yeah, we’ll have to change that,” Zeb murmured, eyeballing the newborn babies that looked to be more around the age of three months. “Is it just me, or do Sues seem to have twins a lot?”

“Nah, not just you,” Rina said, rolling her eyes.

Mary breastfed the babies for a few minutes before deciding he wanted to go to the Halloween ball to dance with John.

Rina actually stamped her foot. “You just gave birth to twins! How are you in any state for dancing—Ugh!”

**I really wanted to dance with my husband in front of everyone. //I love you Severus//**

**//I love you too, my little love. I'd be honored to dance with you, kitten// he replied and I smiled.**

**Yes, this was a party Hogwarts wouldn't forget anytime soon.**

“Well then,” Zeb said, unable to stop the sigh of relief when the fic ended at last. “Time to get cracking. First things first, taking care of exorcisms.”

“I call getting to hit them with this,” Rina said, pulling out her well-thumbed copy of *Order of the Phoenix*.

“What, couldn’t you hit them with something smaller?” Zeb said, grinning. “Like, I don’t know, a *fridge?*”

“Ripping off quotes for a cheap laugh isn’t very clever,” Rina said shortly, and opened a portal to where Ron and Malfoy were busily undressing each other.

Zeb grabbed Ron and held his arms behind his back while Rina jumped at Malfoy, whacking the heavy book over his head.

“Get out, uncanon influence!” she yelled. “Begone, spirit of bad slash! Away, foul demon of poorly-written homoerotica! The power of Rowling compels you! *Avaunt and Expelliarmus!*”

The glitter had barely escaped Malfoy's mouth before she turned her attention to Ron.

After they got the canons neuralyzed and sent to their proper places, they portaled away to repeat the process on Lupin and Sirius as well as Hermione and Blaise before tracking down the plothole Voldemort's body had been dumped in and sending it to Medical for revival.

With that taken care of, they portaled into the twins' room, where the boys were sleeping peacefully in their cribs.

Rina carefully picked up one of the boys, rocking him gently when he stirred and yawned. "Shh, Gavin, go back to sleep," she whispered, kissing his little forehead.

"Gavin?" Zeb whispered, opening a portal to the Nursery and gingerly grabbing the other.

"Yes, Gavin. And the other one is Emmet. Got a problem with that?"

"Well, maybe I'd like to name some kids we rescue for once," Zeb said, letting Rina take Emmet in her other arm.

"Next time, be faster, then." Rina ducked through the portal and handed the twins off to a mildly bemused Publica. "This one's Gavin, and the other's Emmet," she informed her. "Snarry kids. We'll come back in a bit, nearly done here. Thanks!"

"Nice explanation."

"Shut up, Zeb." Rina cracked her knuckles, rolled her head, and drew her Muggle-use wand. "John and Mary next. Let's go. And let's not have any more nasty surprises like last time, *right?*"

"Don't worry, I'm ready," Zeb sighed, drawing his own wand.

"I'll believe it when I see it," Rina muttered, and opened a portal to John and Mary's bedroom, where they, surprise surprise, were getting ready to undress each other.

"*Incarcerous!*" Rina and Zeb yelled, and thin cords flew from the tips of their wands to wrap around John and Mary, tying them up and causing them to fall to the floor.

"Severus Snape, also known as John Aberforce and Severus-John Potter-Snape-Aberforce," Zeb began, stepping forward and talking quickly, "you have been charged with impersonating the canon character of Severus Tobias Snape, getting into a really creepy, inappropriate relationship with a minor, acting like the Avatar, using Dubious Lube, being way too overpowered, and generally being a Gary Stu. You don't get any last words. *Diffindo.*"

A gash appeared across John's neck; he gurgled several times and went still, blood pooling around him.

"You killed Sev," Mary whispered, eyes huge.

"Yep," Zeb said bluntly. "Now then, Harry Potter, also known as—"

"YOU KILLED SEV!" Mary screamed, and flames exploded outward.

Time seemed to stop. Zeb lunged and grabbed Rina, hugging her close as he shielded her from the flames with his body, screaming as his flesh was seared. When the fire stopped for a moment, he fell, convulsing on the floor, the skin on his back burnt away.

Rina screamed, bringing her arms up to shield herself as she ran forward through a gap in the flames that had erupted once more. She reached Mary and dived on him, her hands closing around the Stu's neck. The fire stopped as Mary struggled to breathe, trying in vain to push the agent off.

"Alright, Harry, Mary, or whatever the hell your name is," Rina hissed, her grip tightening, "You are charged by the PPC with creating multiple plotheoles, getting into an extremely squicky underage relationship with a much older man, being OP, becoming an Animagus, brutally slaughtering Voldemort, and being a Mary Sue." And with that, she crushed the replacement's windpipe.

After a moment, Rina stood, breathing heavily, wincing when she started to feel the burns on her face and arms. "It's—it's over, Zeb," she finally managed to say. There was no response. "Zeb?!"

She looked around wildly. His body was nowhere to be seen. It had been burnt completely away, a scorch mark, a handful of ash, a melted C-CAD, and the stench of charred flesh the only things left to show where he'd once stood.

Rina felt her legs give out. For a long while she drifted in and out of consciousness, sobbing during her waking moments. Her partner, her best friend was dead and it was all her fault. And the last words she'd said to him—

She felt something hard in her hand. The remote activator. How had it gotten there? It didn't matter. Nothing did. Numbly, moving as though through molasses, she dialed the coordinates for Headquarters. A portal opened beneath her and she fell through, unable to catch herself before she bounced off a workbench and hit the floor of the Department of Sufficiently Advanced Technology. Only one other person was there.

Alex jumped backwards when she fell through a portal, her shoulder clipping his workbench and the remote falling out of her hand. "Whoa! Are you okay?"

"Alex!" Rina gasped. "Alex! Mission over—" She struggled to stand, gripping the workbench for support. "Zeb—"

"What happened to you?" Alex said, doing a double-take, eyes widening when he took in her injuries. "Where's Zeb? Is he alright?"

Rina seemed to deflate. "He's dead," she said, her voice lifeless.

"He's *what?*" Alex cried. "No, not Zeb, he can't be! How?"

Without answering, Rina grabbed his shoulders. "I can't stay here," she said, her eyes huge and pleading. "TARDIS. Where?"

Alex backed away. "They're in the back room," he said, pointing nervously, "but you can't just come in here demanding a TARDIS—"

Rina stumbled to the door Alex had indicated, her foot kicking the dropped remote activator to the other side of the room. She barely noticed.

"It's locked, you'll never get in—" Alex began, but he was stopped short when Rina pulled her sonic screwdriver out of her pocket and used it on the lock. The door clicked and she turned the knob.

Inside were what looked like hundreds of TARDISes, most of them in their default disguises. Rina made her way to the back and placed a hand on the furthest one, a Type 52; the door slid open at her touch. Her mind seemed to clear a little.

She looked back at her brother. "I don't plan on coming back," she said softly.

Alex's lip trembled. "But... but what about McGonagoll and Dogwig and Bill? What about mom and dad? What about *me?*"

Rina leaned heavily against the TARDIS' door frame. "I love you, okay? Tell mom and dad I love them, too. Take care of the animals for me."

"Sabrina, *no!*"

"Zeb's dead! He's dead and it's all my fault!" Rina yelled. "I don't want to lose another partner to my stupid mistakes! And I don't want to go home and outlive everyone I love!" She clung to the doorframe for support, her head spinning. She knew she needed to get medical attention, but more than anything else, she needed to escape. She could tend to her injuries later.

"You don't even know how to fly a TARDIS!" Alex protested, grabbing her arm in the least-burnt spot he could see. He was beginning to cry, but he didn't care. He couldn't let her leave.

Rina yanked her arm away. "Yes, I do. I've done it before. I know what I'm doing." She paused. "Good-bye, Alex. I love you."

Alex tried to grab her again, but she ducked inside and the door slid shut behind her. Alex pounded his fists against it. "SABRINA!" he screamed. "DON'T GO! DON'T GO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS! PLEASE! COME BACK!"

A moment later, the door opened just a crack and a small black object with broken wires dangling from it was thrown outside. Alex picked it up and backed away, watching helplessly as the TARDIS vanished.

*She's... she's gone.* His fist clenched around the tracking device that must have been ripped out from under the console. He wiped his face, but the tears kept falling. *Makes-Things is gonna kill me,* he thought. *Right after Mom and Dad do.* He sank to the floor and put his head on his knees, hugging the tracker to his chest and sobbing.

\*\*\*

Inside the TARDIS, Rina was darting around the console, boots leaving footprints in the thick layer of dust that carpeted the floor as she scrambled to keep the TARDIS from crashing. It wasn't easy trying to man a spacecraft meant for six Time Lords, especially not by her lonesome, delirious self.

Several sparks shot out of the dust-covered console. With a pang, Rina was reminded of Zeb. He didn't deserve to die like that. She blinked back tears and pulled on her goggles to shield her eyes; some protection was better than none, after all. She pulled a lever that she was 99% certain would take her to the Whoniverse. Okay, 89%. Her brain didn't seem to be working quite right.

She wondered what Zeb would say if he were with her. *"Just like a real renegade Time Lord! Does this mean I should call you 'the Aviator' now?"*

"I guess it does, Zeb," the Aviator said aloud, reaching beneath her goggles to wipe her eyes before entering coordinates for Earth. She didn't pay much heed to the date. As a final touch, she locked the Chameleon Circuit to a windowless red telephone box, laughing wildly as she did so. "Three fandoms with one disguise!" she said gleefully, patting the control panel and stirring up a cloud of dust before running to flip several switches on the other side. "All right, old girl, I don't care where or when we go, so long as it's not here."

*Keep moving forward,* the Aviator thought to herself, and smiled.

\*\*\*

In Medical, a portal opened and a young man who was burnt almost beyond recognition fell through, hitting the floor with a thud. Several nurses rushed to lift him onto a bed.

Through his pain-filled haze, he could see Doctor Fitzgerald's face appear above his. "You're going to be okay, son," the doctor said.

Zeb managed to nod once before everything went black.