

Mahou Shoujo Kaleido Amethyst

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*Summary: Revised version of original. Fate's Gamble divergence fic. See Harry's transformation from misanthropic magus to Mahou Shoujo and Mother. Original concept was posted on Fate's Gamble Omake Edition. Gender-bending and weirdness ahead. You have been warned... *Chapter 1*: It was a small prank*

Mahou Shoujo Kaleido Amethyst Prologue: 'It was a small prank...'

\7bAuthor's Note: There will be straight, lesbian, futa-on-female, and futa-on-male sexual content in later chapters. Viewer discretion is advised. This story diverges from Fate's Gamble at the beginning of Fate's Gamble 46. This was made with permission from Lupine Horror.\7d

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Harry frowned, looking at her reflection in the mirror. 'It doesn't look right.' Holly complained.

The transformed boy turned around, looking at her back. 'I agree. This just doesn't look like us.' He replied mentally. They were looking at the results of Zelretch's little prank. Oh, the girl in the mirror was beautiful, there was no denying that. However, the pair's merged body felt *wrong* to them.

She looked like a dancer. Harry's new form had waist-length brown hair and matching eyes. Her face had softened. Her body was willowy and delicate. Harry's figure was good, but scant. All in all, she looked like an attractive, athletic teenage girl. Holly wasn't too pleased with the body. 'What happened to my boobs!? Most of my ass is gone, too!'

Harry stifled a laugh at that. Still, he had to agree. The overall look wasn't too bad, but just didn't feel like *them*. Their sense of balance felt slightly off, as well.

Neither of them cared too much one way or the other about the outfit the old vampire gave them. It consisted of a black leotard with a violet collar. A purple cape was slung over her right shoulder, contrasting with the black leotard. A violet miniskirt covered her derriere, and little more. Black heeled boots ran up to her knees, and black elbow-length gloves covered her frail hands. She looked like a palette-swapped Sailor Moon cosplayer without the bows, in the outfit.

Harry sighed in agreement. *'I'll talk to Grandpa about fixing the body and outfit. I'll ask if we can reform the body ourselves rather than have him do it.'*

'Good. Let's end the Unison. I don't know what he did to make us look like this, but it feels wrong', Holly returned.

The neo-girl glowed softly, and split into Harry and Holly. The pair shook their heads vigorously, disorientated by the separation of their bodies and minds.

"Are you alright, Holly?" Harry asked his partner with worry.

Holly massaged her head gently. "I'm OK, Harry. I just need a moment to get used to being small again", the spirit answered. Holly patted down her body. "At least I have my boobs and butt back!" Holly took her customary spot on Harry's shoulder. "I liked having a full-sized body again, but I want to look like a woman, not a kid!"

Harry snorted quietly. "Be careful Holly, your vanity is showing."

Holly tugged on his ear in reprimand. "You hated it just as much as I did!" She huffed and crossed her arms, accentuating her impressive bosom.

The young hybrid nodded in agreement. "I don't know if it's bleed-over from you or something else, but I'd prefer if we had a fuller figure, too." Harry paused in thought. "I just wished to have a more feminine body." He face-palmed. "What are you doing to me, Holly?" Harry asked the spirit, deadpan.

Holly giggled at her partner. "Just instilling a little feminine vanity in you", she said.

Harry stilled for a moment. "That should bother me, but it doesn't. What does **that** say about me?"

Holly had no answer.

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(Early Morning, Harry's House, Beginning of Fate's Gamble 46)

Harry and Zelretch looked at the completed staff sitting on the table. Harry inspected the device with a proud smile. After months of planning and experimenting, he had finally finished his Device.

The finished staff was nearly two meters in length from butt to spear tip. The shaft was a glossy black, with barely visible veins of silver Etherlite spiraling along its length. The bottom portion of the staff was slightly wider than the main body, and the butt was

capped with a smooth violet gem. The top of the finished Device was an ornate silver cross made of mithril. A mithril ring intersected with it at the middle of the cross's arms. Beyond the ring, the arms of the cross flattened out into a spearhead at the top, and a pair of smaller blades perpendicular to the main shaft. A gem sat in the center of the cross, glittering with all the colors of the spectrum. The finished product looked more like an ornamental nobleman's spear than a magic staff.

Pride welled up in Zelretch's chest, looking at his grandson. "Do you have a name for it?"

Harry nodded. "Yes. Its name is Prismakreuz."

The vampire snickered. "'Prism-cross'? That's what you're going to call it?" The Wizard Marshall shook his head. "Well, I guess I don't have room to talk", Zelretch said. "I named my creations things like 'Kaleidostick' and 'Jeweled Sword of Zelretch'."

[Prismakreuz calibrations complete. Standby, Ready!] The device answered in a sultry contralto voice.

Zelretch shot an incredulous look at Harry. "Is there a specific reason your staff sounds like a librarian from a porn flick?"

Harry shrugged and grinned sheepishly. "Holly and I agreed on the voice" he said, not really answering the old Vampire's question.

Zelretch eyed his grandson with amusement. "Well, if you don't want to answer me..."

Harry ignored Zelretch, instead picking up Prismakreuz and giving a few experimental spear thrusts with the staff. "Good, I got the balance perfect. I'd feel like an idiot if I finished Prismakreuz only to find out I could only use it as a casting staff." The young hybrid whirled the weapon around his body absently. "I hope it turns out to be as good a Device as it is a spear..."

Harry sealed the Device into his storage pendant and looked around his room. "Man, we've been at this all night?" he said, looking at a clock on the wall.

"That you have", Holly said from the door. The spirit flew in and landed on the recently cleared table. "Did you finally finish it?" she asked her partner.

Harry pulled Prismakreuz back out of storage to show to Holly. "Yeah, we've finished with it for now. We'll probably have to do some adjustments after the tests later today, but Prismakreuz is as good as it can be for the moment."

Zelretch hid a grin from the pair. "Are you going to go all the way and test your staff while merged with Holly?"

Harry gave him a frown. "So it **was** you who set that up. We wanted to talk to you about that."

Zelretch smiled at him. "So you've transformed already, then? What a pity. I wanted to catch your first change on film where everyone could see it." He sighed. "It would have been a great prank. 'Magical Girl Kaleido Amethyst'. Can you imagine how your school friends would have reacted? Or Rin's reaction? Ruby had a ball with her."

"Did you have to model the outfit after Sailor Moon, of all anime?" Harry whined slightly. Neither Harry nor Holly cared for the series. "I'm not a Magical Girl, damn it!"

"Heh heh heh..." Zelretch chuckled, hearing his grandson whine. He turned his gaze to Holly. "Come on over here Holly, and I'll fix you up. A joke's no fun when you're ready for it."

"About that..." Harry trailed off. He gathered his thoughts. "Instead of removing the spell, we want you to modify it."

Zelretch shot him a surprised look. Harry wanted the gender-switch modified instead of removed? 'Odd, most people didn't react to forcibly switching sexes like that', the vampire thought. He asked his grandson, "What do you mean by modify?"

Holly snorted. "I don't know what you did to us, but you got our body all wrong!"

Zelretch turned his head to look at the spirit. "What do you mean by that?"

Holly looked into the vampire's confused red eyes for a moment, and calmed down slightly. "The body felt **wrong**", she said. "It wasn't **us**. The whole thing felt unnatural, like we're supposed to be shaped differently."

The old vampire was lost in thought for a minute. He looked back at Harry. "Did it bother you as well?"

Harry nodded in affirmation. "I agree with Holly. The form you made for us isn't the one we're meant to take. It's like... we were a jigsaw puzzle that was put together wrong. We didn't fit together properly. I... don't know how to describe it better."

Zelretch nodded absently as he pondered the unexpected issue that had cropped up. "So you want to keep the female form, but reshape it to 'fit' the two of you better?"

Harry and Holly shot him hopeful looks. "Could you modify it so that we can form the body and clothes ourselves, and then lock the new body as our chosen form?"

Zelretch thought for a minute. "Let's see, maybe if I... that could work", the vampire muttered to himself. He looked at the pair. "Do you only want me to lock the body, and not the new clothes?"

"Yep!" Holly piped up. "It would be kind of awkward to be stuck wearing the same clothes all the time."

Zelretch nodded again, and then paused as he thought over Holly's words. "'All the time'? Are the two of you planning to merge regularly, then?"

"Mm-hm", Harry answered. "I really don't care too much what gender I am." He gave his partner a soft smile. "Holly likes it though, and I've come to like being merged with her, regardless of what body we wear", Harry said. He shrugged. "So yeah, we'll probably Unison regularly."

Zelretch eyed his grandson with considerable surprise. "You really don't mind spending time as a girl, Harry?" he asked, seeking confirmation.

"No, I don't mind it" Harry confirmed.

Zelretch nodded. "I see..." He set aside his thoughts and looked at Holly. "Come here and I'll set the spell so you two can form your body on your own."

Holly flew over to stand before the old vampire, trusting him to keep his word. Zelretch raised his hands to surround the little spirit. Streamers of mana flickered between his hands, before they slowly solidified and penetrated Holly's form. She shuddered and shivered under the Wizard Marshall's power as he re-wrote part of her being. Harry sat and watched silently as his partner was changed.

Two minutes later, Zelretch finished his work. "There you go", he said to the shivering construct in his hands, "that should do it. Once you merge and decide on the form, it'll automatically lock as your default Unisoned form. I also included a one-time spell that will allow you to make your own clothes for your new body, so you won't be naked."

Harry looked at Holly with worry. "Are you OK?" he asked.

Holly swiftly regained control of herself. "I'm... alright, Harry. That was insanely ticklish, though. I don't want to go through that again, so let's get this right the first time", she answered.

Harry let out a relieved sigh. "Don't worry, Holly, I know what we want just as much as you do." He cocked his head. "Do you want to go ahead and Unison now?" the hybrid asked.

Holly returned to his shoulder. "Sure, I'm up to it", Holly stated. An impish grin stretched across her lovely face. "I want Zelretch here to see us first, anyways." Her eyes cut to the waiting vampire. "Be sure to bring your camera along when we test the staff. You won't want to miss everyone else's reactions", the spirit said.

"Oh?" Zelretch drawled out. "You two have something planned?" he asked, a grin tugging at his lips.

Harry and Holly, rather than answering, Unisoned instead. As the glow faded away from their new body, Zelretch's eyebrows rose in surprise. The new girl stood and walked around the room gracefully, displaying her new form to her grandfather. She returned to her seat a minute later, settling back in the chair to face the vampire.

He eyed the figure in front of him, contemplating the likely reactions of the others. "I see..." Zelretch said, inspecting his grandson-turned-granddaughter. His grin slowly grew. "This will be interesting, indeed." The old vampire barked out a laugh. "I wonder who will make the funniest face?" he pondered.

The figure in front of him split back into two. "**That** is how we're supposed to look", Holly said proudly.

Zelretch shook off his thoughts of everyone's reactions to focus on the pair again. "So that's your... 'natural' form, then?" he asked.

Both of them nodded. "That's what feels right", Harry spoke. "Before, we didn't mesh correctly. The body was wrong, and the mental connections were slightly off as well for some reason. This time, we just... clicked together. Everything fell into its proper place. No disorientation, no balance issues, no separation issues; yeah, this is **us**", the boy elaborated.

"Balance issues?" Zelretch asked. "What do you mean?"

Harry shrugged. "Just that: we had trouble balancing in that other form."

Zelretch frowned, rubbing his chin. "Odd, there shouldn't have been any issues there. I thought I accounted for that when I first made the spell. The mental connections should have been fine, too." He looked at the pair more closely. "And you didn't have any issues with your new form?" he asked.

The pair shook their heads. "Like Harry said", Holly said, "it feels right, now. We didn't have any problems meshing our minds together or pulling them back apart. Our body felt natural, too. We didn't have the issues we had with the old form."

Zelretch closed his eyes in contemplation for a moment. "I see" he said, looking back up at Harry and Holly, "if you're both fine with it now, then I'll just leave it be." He glanced over at the clock. "Isn't it about time for you to start working on breakfast, Harry?"

Harry followed his gaze, and quietly swore. "Damn, you're right! I better get going before Sakura takes over my kitchen again." Harry hustled out of the room to beat Sakura to the kitchen.

Zelretch kept his seat, chuckling softly at his domestically- inclined grandson. "That boy is such a house-wife", he said to himself. He thought about Harry's new form, and his chuckles grew to full-on laughter. 'Damn-near anyone that sees him working around the house in that form would try to make him... her, a house-wife for real!' he thought. A few seconds later, his mirth soured as he considered the likelihood of that really happening. 'Maybe that wasn't such a good idea, after all. Just look at what his sisters went through.' Zelretch set aside that thought to follow Harry into the kitchen. He wanted to know how Harry planned to test his new staff.

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(Afternoon: Isolated Location; Country, Continent, and Planet Unknown)

Harry looked around the deserted area. "How much room do we have to test this? I never really bothered fully calculating how much power a ten-count Kaleido Breaker can put out", Harry asked Zelretch. The rest of the group milled around behind the vampire, the wand-wizards and Hermione's family completely ignorant of the young hybrid's concerns.

"Why does it matter?" Hermione butted in. She couldn't understand why Harry had to test his new toy in the middle of nowhere. After all, it wasn't like he was testing out bombs, right?

Zelretch and Harry ignored the nosy girl. He answered Harry "there's no-one around for over 300 kilometers. Just get a few kilometers from us and it'll be fine."

"Got it", Harry said. He looked at Holly sitting on his shoulder. "I'm gonna head up and start the tests. Do you want to come up with me, or stay here until the second half?"

Holly pondered for a few seconds, before floating over to Len's shoulder. "I'll just wait here for now. Just remember to come back for the second part" she said, hiding her amusement.

Harry sprouted his wings and took to the skies. He set out to gain plenty of distance from his entourage. His calculations had estimated the output of the Buster-type spells at up to 2 tons TNT equivalent with some spells. Even when focused as a beam rather than emitted as an explosion, one or two tons of TNT was nothing to sneeze at. The more fragile humans among the group could be hurt or outright killed if he was too close to them. Once he leveled out about a kilometer up and three kilometers away, he hovered in place to begin the firing tests. Before he could start, his cell phone rang.

Harry pulled out his phone, wondering what was going on. "Hello?" he said.

"Hey Harry, how are you doing?" Zelretch's voice called out. He set his phone to speaker mode so that everyone could hear Harry.

"I'm in position and ready to start testing. I'll cycle through the Buster spells before trying out a full ten-count Kaleido Breaker. Be ready for incoming shockwaves, everybody", Harry ordered over the speaker phone.

"Shockwaves!?! Harry, what in the world are you doing!?" Hermione yelled at the phone.

Harry bit back a sigh of annoyance. He was coming to regret befriending the girl. She was far too nosy and fixated on authority. "I'm testing a high-power mana beam cannon, Hermione. My calculations for this spell predict an output level of around 10 tons of TNT or more at full power. Even the Buster variants will be up to 2 tons equivalent in some cases. This will be **big**."

Harry stuffed the phone back in his pocket. "All right, let's start. Prismakreuz, Kaleido Buster", he ordered the staff. A glowing violet magic circle, similar to a Mid-Childan circle, formed underneath his feet.

[Kaleido Buster!] Prismakreuz returned, powering up the spell. An orb of condensed magic formed at the tip of the Device. A loop of mana surrounded the orb, keeping it stable and contained. Three seconds later, a beam of white mana lanced out away from the spectators.

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"What!?" Hermione's mother, Emma, screeched. "He can't be serious!"

"What did he mean by that?" Neville, ignorant to modern weapons as only a pureblood could be, asked the gathered group.

Holly, who knew exactly what Harry meant, answered him. "TNT is a Muggle explosive used for mining, and the standard measurement for the power of explosions. Harry was referring to the size of the explosions when the beams hit. To put it into simple terms, a ton of TNT will make a crater around 7 meters wide when it explodes on the ground, and let out a shockwave that can flatten houses dozens of meters further away. Harry's using directed beams rather than explosives, so the blasts will be smaller. Some of you are rather squishy though, so he's going to keep plenty of distance." The spirit grinned at the rapidly paling boys. "Don't worry, we'll still be able to see and **feel** it from here."

Fred, George, and Neville went deathly white. Being raised in the Wizarding World, none of them had heard of anything **close** to what Holly was telling them would happen.

Boom

The three screeched and hit the ground, followed by Hermione and her family, as a faint pressure wave swept over the group. The three magi, forewarned of the blast, didn't react much beyond wincing slightly at the sound. The nonhumans shrugged the noise and wind off easily. Harry's family looked down at the cowering group and laughed quietly.

Zelretch spoke back up: "How are you feeling, Harry?"

"Not too bad, actually", Harry answered over the speaker phone. *"There was a little strain, but nothing serious. I could probably fire off another four or five dozen before it wears me out enough I would want to rest."*

"Any aches or pains?" Zelretch asked.

"Nope! Since I'm using Prismakreuz and the Second to channel the mana rather than my body, it's a lot easier on me. If I try out a Buster on my own instead of tapping the Kaleidoscope, I think I could manage around twenty-five shots before I'd have to

throw in the towel", the hybrid reported to his increasingly proud grandfather. "I'll try tossing a Buster on my own to see how it affects me."

A second beam struck the deserted plains, kicking up a cloud of dust.

"Hmm... the strain isn't quite as bad as I thought", Harry told Zelretch. "I wouldn't want to toss those around all day, but I could manage a fight or two without the Second if I have too. If my body could finally catch up with my prana generation, I could use the Buster spells without any trouble." Light gathered in the sky. "I'm going to try out the variant spells, and then a ten-count Breaker. I'll see you all at the craters in a few minutes."

Another beam, gray colored this time, tore through the sky and kicked up another cloud of dust. A faint tremor could be felt on the ground.

Zelretch turned to face the others. "Well, like you all heard, the test is a success! We'll wait until he throws the Kaleido Breaker before I take you over there to see the craters."

"How... how can he...?" Hermione stuttered out. Nothing in her books said anything about what Harry was doing being possible. Her mind boggled at the level of power Harry was tossing around. Her younger sister and parents were likewise shocked.

"What did he mean by ten-count?" Rin asked curiously.

Zelretch looked over at the trio of mages. "Harry limited the spell due to how powerful it is. A ten-count means that he'll charge the spell for ten seconds, rather than the three seconds Harry's been holding himself to."

A bright rainbow glow lit up the sky like a small sun.

"Oh, looks like he really is going to try the Breaker at full-power..." Holly noted from her perch. The humans in the group paled all over again.

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Harry cycled through several different types of beams, from stunning spells to fire spells. Blasts of all colors tore up the land below the young hybrid. "I think we're done testing the Buster spells, Prismakreuz. Let's try it on full-power!" Harry said to his Device, aiming it for the final shot.

[Kaleido Breaker! Count ten... nine... eight...] Prismakreuz announced. A mana loop five meters across formed out in front of Harry.

Harry gritted his teeth, forcing the gathering power under his control. A growing ball of kaleidoscopic energy formed in the middle of the loop. "Come on... hold it together..." he grunted, feeling the increasingly dense orb straining against his control. Electricity danced across the surface of the mana ball as Harry's control slipped a bit. "Gah!" he grunted, forcing his will on the ever more powerful spell before him.

[Three... two... one... FIRE!] Prismakreuz reported.

"Kaleido... Breaker!" Harry screamed, firing the blast. A torrent of power tore through the air and dug into the ground. The enormous beam bit into the soil and tore through it. It took five seconds to discharge the shot. A mushroom cloud of vaporized dirt sprouted from the target site. Harry slowly dropped to the ground to survey the firing range. "I'm done for the moment, Grandpa. Bring everyone over to see this", Harry told Zelretch through the phone.

Harry looked at the Device in his hands. "Prismakreuz, status."

[Status all green, Master] the spear reported.

The air beside Harry wavered, and his family and friends suddenly appeared. The gathered group inspected the series of craters Harry had made.

The smallest of the craters was about 5 meters across. The largest of the craters, where Harry had tested different explosive and concussive spells, were eight to nine meters across. Smoke still rose from the Breaker's impact crater, so no-one could tell how big it was yet. Harry's family beamed at the young hybrid with pride. Fran, Len, and Liz all rushed forwards to hug their tired Master. Altrouge and his sisters followed suite, fussing over Harry while their guests from England gaped around with shock and fear.

"Can...Can all wizards do...this?" asked Emma.

Sensing her distress, Harry turned to her. "No. No wizard could come anywhere close to the Kaleido Breaker. Aoko and Zelretch could, but they are in a class of their own."

Still confused, she asked "How did you do this?"

"Sorry, trade secret." He returned. Harry continued, "There's no way anyone else could duplicate it without Zelretch's help. Trust me; you don't have to fear some crazy wizard flying around leveling towns."

Rin interjected, "Until I recreate the Jeweled Sword."

Emma turned to the fuming girl. "What do you mean by that?" Rin pulled herself out of her dark thoughts.

She waved her hands at the woman and said "Nothing, nothing. I'm just talking to myself. There's no need for you to worry."

The wind had finally blown away the dust cloud from where Harry had fired the Kaleido Breaker. Everyone gaped. The crater was only around ten meters in diameter, but it was about forty meters deep!

"Harry..." George's voice failed him.

"Are you okay, Harry?" Holly asked her partner, taking her spot on his shoulder.

He gave her a reassuring look. "I'm fine. The Kaleido Breaker is just a bit too much for me to handle on my own. I almost lost control and had it blow up in my face. If we want to use it again in the near future, I'll need your help, Holly."

Holly scrunched up her face in thought. She questioned him, "So if we merged, you wouldn't get so tired?"

He smiled sardonically. "Yeah. It seems like Gramps expected something like this."

Holly cocked her head. "What do you mean?" the spirit asked.

The boy shook his head in resignation. "Remember that little 'gift' he left in your body?"

Holly's small body shook with laughter. She said, "Come on, Harry. You have to admit it would have been a good prank."

He sighed. "You've got a point there. This is what I get for recreating things from anime. Oh well, let's see if it actually makes a difference. Ready?" Holly nodded. "Ready!"

Harry backed away from the crowd. He turned to Zelretch. "Think it'll really make a difference, Grandpa?"

Zelretch answered confidently, "Of course it will! It's a good piece of work, but I have to warn you: do NOT cast your Kaleido Breaker without Holly's help again. You're

still a year short of safely handling something of that magnitude. You're still too young and inexperienced to handle that spell on your own. Until you get more experience under your belt, you'll need Holly's help to keep containing the backlash of channeling so much prana. I don't want you to end up like me", Zelretch elaborated.

Harry thought back to Zelretch's tale of fighting the Crimson Moon. The incredible strain the Wizard Marshall suffered in that battle had aged him decades. Harry shivered, imagining turning into a decrepit old man while fighting off a pissed off Dead Apostle.

He addressed his grandfather. "I understand. I won't use it again without help. Hopefully, I'll never **need** to use it in a battle."

Zelretch clapped the boy on the back. "Good boy! But enough of the gloom and doom! Let's see if the pair of you can make an even bigger crater!"

"Huh, what's going on?" Sarah asked.

Harry shot her a grin. "You should all get back. There's still one more thing to test. Holly?" "Ready when you are."

""Unison In!""

The pair lit up, glowing too brightly to make out their bodies. The light shifted slightly, forming an outline of a person taller than Harry. The glow disappeared, revealing a new person to the onlookers.

"Harry..." Sakura asked in shock. Whoever this person was, she definitely didn't look like Harry.

The woman before the group looked to be around 168 cm (around 5ft 6 inches) tall, with a voluptuous figure. Sparkling violet eyes sat in a face that deserved to be immortalized. Full, pink lips curled in a soft smile, revealing a set of slightly over-sized canines. She had odd, but beautiful waist-length hair. It was a light purple from her scalp to her shoulders, where it faded to a brilliant silver.

She wore a close-fitting purple-trimmed sleeveless black dress that was tailored to emphasize her impressive breasts. It was bound over her left breast like a reversed cheongsam with a pair of golden clasps. The purple edging ran down the left side of her body, meeting a matching purple cloth belt. The shoulder edging was purple as well. A set of metal bands rested on her shoulders, and another set sat on either side of her stomach. A yellow-edged, wide black cloth circled her slim waist. It was fastened in front by a yellow band aligned with her cloth belt.

The bottom half of the dress was split along the left leg, revealing tantalizing glimpses of her milky-skinned toned leg and thigh. The dress ended above her black socks. A set of armored boots with inch-high heels adorned her feet. A pair of fingerless gloves covered her slim hands. Five black and two red bands were visible on her bare right arm, appearing like a set of tattoos.

"What do you think?" she asked in a melodious voice, turning in a slow circle for everyone to see.

Fred, George, and Neville's eyes were glued to the girl. Being raised in the Wizarding World, they had never seen a woman in such revealing clothing before. Everyone wore robes all the time in Wizarding Britain, so seeing a lovely woman showing her legs and wearing a tight top was a first for them.

Hermione and her family found themselves gaping once again. Harry had turned from a feminine young boy to a complete bombshell in front of them.

"Ha... Harry?" Hermione choked out.

"More or less", the girl answered. "I'm just as much Holly as I am Harry right now. If you need a name for me, call me... Amethyst." She came up with the name, remembering Zelretch's earlier remark about 'Magical Girl Kaleido Amethyst'. She nodded. "Yep, you can call me Amethyst Schweinorg when I'm in this form."

Zelretch smiled softly, hearing his grandson-turned-granddaughter use his family name as her own.

"Wait- wait a minute!" Fred shouted. A trembling hand pointed at the beauty before him. "Are you saying... this girl... is really **Harry**!?"

The newly dubbed Amethyst looked at the pole-axed redhead. "That's right."

Fred and George choked, unable to reconcile the image of their young friend with the busty girl. They sat down and cradled their heads in confusion.

Rin growled in seething jealousy. "This isn't fair!" she complained to Sakura and Shirou. "When I used Ruby, it just stuffed me in a stupid dress and made a fool of me. But when Harry uses his own version, he turns into a supermodel!" Rin lunged for Zelretch. "Why couldn't you make Ruby like that!?" the tsundere shouted at the laughing vampire. "This isn't fair! How come I don't get bigger boobs like that!?"

Sakura and Shirou pulled the rabid girl off of Zelretch, who was laughing his ass off. He whipped out a camera to immortalize the moment. 'This is great!' he thought, taking a picture. 'This is even better than what I originally planned!' The vampire's eyes flicked to Harry's Servants, sisters, and fiancé. 'I wonder what they think of this.'

Altrouge stepped closer to Amethyst. "Why did you need a name for this form? Are you going to be using it regularly?" she asked her betrothed.

Amethyst gave the vampire a smile. "Yeah, I'll be running around like this pretty often."

Euryale and Stheno moved forward to stand by Altrouge. "Why?" Stheno asked softly.

Amethyst shrugged her shoulders. "As Harry, my gender isn't important to me. I really don't care what form I'm in. As Holly, I love it. Harry doesn't mind changing sexes as long as it makes me happy. And frankly, both parts of me got used to being together. So, I'll be around a lot."

The trio smiled gently at the neo-girl. While most normal people would be disturbed by Harry's fixation on his loved ones, they had come to accept and love that part of him. He would do anything for them without hesitation if it would make them happy. Altrouge softly asked her, "You really **will** do anything to make us happy, won't you?"

Amethyst's eyes glowed with love as she answered, "You all are everything to me. I'd do anything, even give up my gender and share my body with you all."

Liz stepped up, licking her lips lecherously and wrapping her arms around her Master-turned-Mistress's neck. "You'd share your body with us, **Mistress**? I think we'd all be *delighted* to take you up on that..." the dragon whispered sultrily.

Fran and Len joined in, catching Amethyst in a group embrace. Amethyst flushed pink at the innuendo in Liz's words and the soft bodies pressing against her flesh. "I-I..." she stuttered out, her body warming with desire.

Alttrouge jumped in on the attack. She pressed herself against Liz's back, and brought a dainty hand up to caress Amethyst's cheek. "I thought you would end up as my husband, but I won't mind if you become my wife instead", she said.

"..." Amethyst froze up, overwhelmed.

"All right, all right; break it up", Zelretch interrupted. "You can drag her to bed later. She's still got one more thing to test."

Amethyst squirmed out of the four-way embrace and hurried to Zelretch's side. "Actually... there are two things I want to test before we leave" she said, coming back to her senses. "Given how much mana I've thrown around, it should work pretty easy."

Zelretch's eyes lit up. "I see. I guess it *is* fitting you use that, considering your clothes and where you got the idea from. Head on up!"

Amethyst sprouted her wings and took to the skies. As she gained more distance from the group, Satsuki turned to Zelretch. "What do you mean by fitting?" she asked.

Zelretch's eyes cut over to the young vampire. "Doesn't her outfit and staff look familiar?"

Satsuki looked up at the flying neo-girl in puzzlement, before her eyes widened. "Those DVDs in the living room." She started to giggle. "Did Harry really make a Device from that Nanoha anime?"

Zelretch boomed out a laugh. "Not only the staff, she re-made some of the spells and even talked me into turning Holly into a real Unison Device!"

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Amethyst took flight, leaving her confused thoughts behind in favor of blasting things. Leveling out a kilometer up, she leveled her staff. "All right, let's do one Buster for a comparison, and then cut loose."

A beam of power, noticeably stronger than the previous, carved a new hole in the ground.

[Let's shoot it!] Prismakreuz exclaimed.

"Definitely!" the neo-girl shouted. Re-making this spell was half the reason she had built Prismakreuz to begin with! A violet magic circle lit up beneath her feet, and an enormous mana ring formed in front of her.

[Starlight Breaker!] The Device announced to the world.

'I might as well go all the way with this' Amethyst thought to herself. Her voice rang out across the empty prairie. **"I summon the light of destruction down upon my enemies."** Stray mana in the air began to condense before her in a violet star. **"Stars, gather, and become the light which pierces everything."**

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"Is that what I think it is?" Euryale asked, watching the growing star in the distance and Amethyst's voice chanting an aria.

Zelretch just grinned like a schoolboy. 'Not a Magical Girl, my ass. The only thing he/she is missing now is the corny speeches about Love and Justice', the vampire thought.

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"Tear through everything in a blaze of light!" Amethyst shouted. **"Starlight... Breaker!"** The neo-girl struck the mana ball with her staff.

On the other side, a magic circle focused the orb into a beam of power. A torrent of purple roared out, drowning out any other sound as the blast tore into the prairie below. Shockwaves raced away from the impact zone as hundreds of cubic meters of soil and rock were vaporized. A mushroom cloud bloomed in the afternoon sky, reaching hundreds of meters up into the air.

Amethyst gaped at the destruction she had caused. "Did... did I overdo it a bit?" she asked the air.

[Don't worry] Prismakreuz assured her.

Amethyst's eyebrow twitched at that. She shook off her thoughts of copyright infringement to contemplate the Starlight and Kaleido Breaker's power. The blast she had unleashed was the equal of many A-ranked anti-fortress Noble Phantasms in power, though not mystery. *'Still, given that I'm using a mixture of outer-dimensional magic and True Magic, I could probably hurt even high-level Servants with this! I wonder if I could combine the Kaleido and Starlight into a single spell'* the neo-girl wondered. She set aside that thought and returned to the ground.

Amethyst looked around at her audience. "Umm... what happened to them?" she asked, pointing at the Brits.

"They all went into shock when part of your harem ganged up on you", Rin answered.

"Wha... I don't have a harem!" Amethyst exclaimed with a blush.

"Oh really...?" Rin drawled out, pointing at the six girls. Amethyst followed her finger, and blushed even more.

"Aww, don't you love us Amy?" Altrouge cooed out, pressing herself against the neo-girl.

Euryale and Stheno joined in with the vampire, trapping Amethyst in their midst. "After the way you fought that Malfoy creep so you could make us your mistresses, we won't settle for anyone but you" Euryale whispered into the neo-girl's ear. Amethyst whimpered.

"Sorry to interrupt again, but I think it's time to head home" Zelretch butted in. He warped the group back home. "Don't you have some data to look through, Amethyst?" the vampire questioned. Taking that as a cue, the neo-girl separated from the group hug and fled for the kitchen.

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Altrouge quietly entered Harry's room, and stood by the door. Harry was sitting at her desk in female form, typing away at her laptop. Fran, Len, and Liz were lounging around the room waiting for the neo-girl to finish her work. Altrouge leaned against a wall and watched Amethyst, thinking about what she said to the neo-girl earlier.

'I told her I wouldn't mind if she became my wife instead of my husband...' she thought. *'I wonder... if Harry ends up becoming Amethyst full-time, could I love her as a lover? Can I love **Harry** as a lover?'* Altrouge considered the matter while her eyes wandered across the neo-girl's room. She had never been in a relationship before. Hell, she had never considered the possibility of one before she had agreed to betroth herself to the young boy to protect him.

'Plus if I do take him as a husband (or a wife), I'll have to share him with the others.' While Harry may have done his best to ignore the signs, the other girls had made their interest in him plain as day. None of them seemed too adverse to the idea of sharing, either. *'Could I handle possibly having sex with the other girls? There's no way Harry would say no to the others if they asked. Could I handle having sex with Amethyst some day?'* Altrouge considered.

"Altrouge? Is something wrong?" Amethyst asked.

Altrouge was brought back to reality by the neo-girl's words. "No, it's nothing" she answered.

"Umm..." Amethyst paused, and then pushed forwards with an unexpected question. "Altrouge? Will you come clothes-shopping with me and the others next weekend? I need some clothing for this form, so that I don't have to wear the same thing all the time."

Altrouge grinned at the girl teasingly, tossing aside her concerns to tease the nervous neo-girl. "Oh, are you asking me out on a date?" she cooed out. The vampire ignored Amethyst's surprised sputtering. "I'll go, but only if you let me pick out some outfits for you to model." Altrouge stalked to the sitting neo-girl. She cupped the blushing girl's cheek with her palm. "Don't worry, I'll let you pick some outfits for me as well", she told her betrothed. Impulsively, Altrouge dipped her head down to press a quick kiss to Amethyst's full lips.

As Altrouge sauntered out of the room, swaying her hips provocatively, she thought *'maybe I'm thinking about this too much. I'll just treat next weekend as a group date and see how it goes.'* A grin stretched across her lips as Liz teased her Mistress. *'Who knows, this might work out after all...'*

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\7bAuthor's note: Some things stay the same, some things got expanded on, and a few things are wildly different. A huge change will crop up in two chapters or so, but I'll keep that under my hat for now. But hey, this thing is about twice as big as the old version. Go me! I'll warn you all, though. Don't expect me to update every few days like I did in the beginning. I rushed through it the first time, and the story suffered for it in my opinion. So don't be too surprised if I take a month or so to write a new chapter. I spent five days hacking at this piece, and I already had the old version to work with! Anyways, read and review folks. What did I do right, and what did I screw up? I need to know, or else I can't get much better...\7d

****Chapter 2*: Discussions of Deviancy***

\7bAuthor's Note: Well, a lot of people have been asking who the girl on the cover art is. To those who didn't ask, but still want to know: that is Reinforce, from the anime Mahou Shoujo Lyrical Nanoha A's. And if anyone's curious about my author avatar, that's Rossweisse from High School DxD. But enough about that, let's get started.\7d

\7bCopyright Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, Fate/Stay Night, Mahou Shoujo Lyrical Nanoha, Valkyrie Profile, Mahouka Koukou no Rettousei, Bastard!, or

[illegible]

The clack of the keyboard filled Harry's bedroom the morning after testing Prismakreuz. Harry sat before his laptop with Holly, re-checking readings and recordings from yesterday's tests. Len was curled up in human form in Harry's lap, purring quietly as she enjoyed the feel of her Master's warm body against hers. Zelretch had taken Hermione's sister and parents home the night before. Harry would take the students back to Hogwarts after breakfast.

Harry's eyes flicked over to the vampire. "What brings you here at... 3AM? Wow, I lost track of time again."

"Mm-hm. I got a good hour of rest before Holly and I went back to work", Harry answered. "We've got a fair bit of reworking and refining to do, yet."

Harry shook his head. "It's not the staff; it's some of the spells themselves. The Buster and Breaker spells worked just fine, but the regular shot spells and the shields need some serious adjustments."

"The shot spell is too weak, and takes up too much processor power", Harry reported. "We're refining the spell's parameters to make it more powerful and take less time to compute. Rather than casting a hundred weak, fully guided shots at once, we're reducing the number of shots to a maximum of thirty-six and setting flight paths for them. Instead of each round only having the punch of a .22 rifle round, the new spells will hit like an anti-tank rocket."

Harry grinned back at his grandfather. "Not exactly, but you're close enough. I might need to give it a different name, though. I've cribbed enough from Nanoha as it is."

"What do you need?" Harry asked.

"Wha-wha-wha..." Harry sputtered out, blushing furiously.

"I just wanted to tell you that I'm not ready to become a great-grandfather yet, so remember to use protection", the old vampire trolled the young hybrid.

"Pro- protection!?" Harry yelled. "We're going to get clothes for our Unisoned form, not visiting a love motel!" Harry's thoughts drifted for a moment, remembering the feel of the girls' bodies against his own. He shook his head furiously, trying to banish the thought.

"You should take some precautions, regardless." Zelretch's shit-eating grin grew ever wider as he spoke. "You're definitely not ready to be a mother, either."

"Mother...!?" the boy repeated, shocked beyond belief. *'I don't mind being in that form... but getting pregnant in it!?!'*

"Snap out of it, Harry! He's just messing with you!" Holly shouted over the link. The little spirit was blushing as well. Neither of them had considered the possibility when they decided to keep their Unison form until now.

"Hahahaha!" Zelretch roared out, waking Len. He quickly whipped out a camera and caught Harry and Holly's mortified faces on film. "You're just too easy sometimes, Harry."

Harry scowled at the vampire, his feminine face turning the scowl into a petulant pout. "Did you come in here just to pull that on me, Gramps?" Harry growled out.

Zelretch calmed down quickly. "No, but I admit that was a good part of it", he said. Harry's pout grew larger, before Len distracted him with a silent request for a head-petting. The vampire smiled at the sight. "I'm glad to see that you're finally learning to accept the girls' affections."

Harry cocked his head, staring through the blindfold at his grandfather inquisitively. "What do you mean?" he asked, gently combing his fingers through the succubus's silky hair.

The Wizard Marshall waved a hand at Harry. "This" he said, indicating the young boy's actions. "I was wondering when you would finally start seeing your girls as girls, rather than just 'family'."

Harry said nothing, his earlier blush slowly returning.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of, Harry", Zelretch said. "You're surrounded by lovely women who want to show you their love. I'd be more worried if you tried to keep on ignoring it. Repressing your urges like you have been is unhealthy." *'When did I get appointed as the voice of reason around here?'* the vampire wondered to himself. *'I'm not cut out for this shit!'*

"But... they're my family..." Harry whispered with confusion in his soft voice.

"That doesn't mean that they can't become your lovers as well", Zelretch answered. "If they love you, and you love them, then what does anything else matter? You've never been one to care about social norms before."

"So... I should just listen to my body and heart, instead of my worries?" Harry asked.

"Precisely!" the vampire exclaimed. "They're women, Harry. You won't offend them by showing your interest. Hell, you'll just make them mad if you **don't** let yourself react to them. The next time one of the girls shows you affection, let yourself enjoy it rather than pull back in a vain attempt to keep things the way they are. You're almost

certainly going to end up with one, or more likely all of them, as a lover in the future. Save us all some grief and give them a chance."

"All... of them...?" the hybrid stuttered, his blush deepening. "Are you serious?" Despite Harry's surprise, a faint feeling in his heart told him it would happen. He pushed aside the feeling to focus on the conversation.

"They're all showing signs of agreeing to it already", Zelretch said. "Don't you agree, Len?"

Harry looked down at the succubus happily curled up in his lap. Len answered with a firm nod, and a soft smile that made Harry's heart melt.

"See what I mean?" the vampire asked. Harry nodded dumbly in answer. Zelretch gave him an encouraging smile. "I'm not normally one to poke my nose into things like this, but you've become a grandson to me in heart as well as in blood." Harry's dumbfounded look bled into a beaming smile at his grandfather. Zelretch stepped forwards and patted the hybrid on the head. "I wanted to make sure you wouldn't hurt the girls out of some odd need to see them only as your sisters. They want to be more than that, and so do you. They won't turn away just because you're finally going through puberty. Give them a chance; you won't regret it."

"I... need to think about it for a while, but I think I understand", Harry answered softly, combing his fingers through Len's hair again. He looked down at the top of her head. "If you girls really want me..."

"There's no doubt about that, Harry. Just take some time this week before we go out to step back from your normal way of thinking, and **look** at them. Once you pull off those blinders of yours, you'll see it too", Holly told her partner.

'Ok, I'll do my best to try. Will you remind me if I slip up, Holly?' Harry asked through their link.

'Always, partner' she answered.

Harry nodded in decision. "Thanks, Grandpa. If you hadn't practically shoved it in my face, who knows how long I would've tried to ignore it..."

"Good!" Zelretch said. "I've gotten pretty fond of our little family. I'd rather not have to deal with all the drama of you all dancing around for months- or worse, years, before the girls finally order you into bed with them. And don't say-" Zelretch continued, stopping Harry from interrupting, "that you would say no to them about that. Can you really look me in the eye and tell me you could refuse those six **anything**?"

Harry's jaw worked silently for a moment, before closing with an audible click. Refusing the girls anything? His mind couldn't comprehend the thought of denying the centers of his life anything they wanted. They were his reason for living. Making them unhappy was anathema to the young hybrid. *'Is this how Shirou feels when I try to talk to him about giving up on being a hero?'* he wondered. *'No wonder it makes him angry.'* Harry felt a moment of kinship with the Sword, seeing his own distorted mind reflected in Shirou's.

Holly's thoughts paralleled Harry's. Being part of Harry for a year had changed her. She had taken on most of his values and beliefs. His life, his love, had become hers as well. The thought of making her family unhappy filled her heart with dread. In a way, she was just as distorted as Harry. Holly had formed from the wards as a servant of the school and its Headmasters. That was the core of her being. The spirit was born to serve.

She had slowly transferred her loyalty from Hogwarts to Harry and his family, but her ingrained need to serve remained. Now that they had her love and loyalty, she could no more refuse her new family than she could move the Sun with her bare hands.

The pair shook their heads mutely. Zelretch quirked an eyebrow at Holly's action. *'She feels the same way as Harry does? Just how deep does their bond go? How much does Harry's distorted mentality affect Holly? And how much does Holly's own unique nature affect Harry?'* He set his thoughts about the nature of the pair's bond aside. "See what I mean?" the vampire inquired. "You'll be putty in their hands the moment they decide that they're ready to take the next step."

Harry shrugged, hugging Len gently. "It's who I am..." he looked at Holly. "It's who **we** are. We can't change, and frankly, we don't want to."

"I'm not telling you to change how your mind works", Zelretch said. "I just want you to realize how the girls feel about you." The vampire's smile returned. "Just admit to yourself, and the girls, that you love them as much as they love you. But... don't make me a great-grandfather too soon." Harry and Holly flushed, glancing down at a rather interested-looking Len. "At least wait until you finish Hogwarts before you start having kids, whether you're the father or the mother..."

"Gramps!" Harry and Holly yelled together. Holly continued. "Why do you keep saying that? Two girls can't have children together!"

Zelretch gave them a sly look. "Oh, you don't know? Girls **can** make babies together, with the right magic."

The pair froze. Neither of them had thought about that before. Their eyes tracked back down to Len, who looked rather... intrigued at the old vampire's words. Len tilted her head back to look at Harry, and gave him a cute smile. She looked back to Zelretch and gave him a silent thumbs-up.

"Good!" Zelretch said. "Now that my impromptu lecture is finished, I can get down to business." A stack of books appeared beside Harry's laptop. "Take a look. I ran across the series a few days ago and picked it up for you. I'll bet that you'll get plenty of inspiration from them." Zelretch quietly left the room, chuckling at his grandchildren under his breath. *'He makes it so **easy** sometimes!'* he thought, ignorant of the future consequences of his words.

Len reached up to take Harry's face in her hands. She tilted her head back, and pulled his head down to meet her lips in a kiss.

"Hm!?" Harry froze for a moment, before a mental poke from Holly snapped him out of it. "Mmm..." he moaned quietly, relaxing into the kiss. Harry savored the feel of Len's velvety soft lips against his own; ignoring his quickly dwindling desire to pull away. Len gently wormed her tongue between Harry's lips, urging him to let the slippery muscle in. He obliged, meeting her small tongue with his own. The experienced succubus quickly wrestled the young hybrid's tongue into submission. Harry moaned softly in his throat, savoring Len's sweet taste. His pants tightened as an erection grew from the succubus's thorough ministrations. The Familiar explored his mouth, delicately tracing around Harry's deadly fangs. Len didn't release his lips until air became an issue for the both of them. She reluctantly pulled away, panting, and gave the young hybrid a soft, loving smile. Len then leaned forwards in Harry's lap to place a kiss on Holly's cheek, which froze the spirit just like it did Harry.

The pair eyed Len for a moment as she settled back into Harry's lap. Harry shook his head slowly, and picked up one of the books Zelretch had left. He tried not to fidget or push Len away as his Familiar began to gently rub her tight little butt against his throbbing erection while he read the title. "Mahouka Koukou no Rettousei? What is this?" He set the book aside, noting mentally to read it later. Harry set back to work on his laptop, vainly trying to tune out Len's gentle grinding.

Holly stifled a snicker, watching the succubus slowly drive her partner to distraction. "Enjoying yourself there, Harry?" she asked teasingly. Harry shot her an impotent glare, before the look faded into a mischievous smirk. "!" Holly yelped suddenly, as new feelings flooded through her body. "Harry, what did you do!?" A warm feeling settled in her stomach, and her crotch tingled with unfamiliar sensations.

"Feel my pain and know my suffering, Holly", he said. "I opened up our mental link a little further. So now whenever one of the girls pulls something, you'll feel it just as much as me."

The spirit blushed, feeling the foreign sensations running through her. "Oh, wow... no wonder you're having trouble. This feels pretty nice. Will you leave the link like this?" she asked, moaning quietly under the unexpected assault.

"Hmm... sure" Harry answered. He wrapped an arm around Len's waist. "Len, could you let up a bit? I know I agreed not to push you girls away, but could you give me a day or two to adjust before we go any further?" he asked his Familiar. Harry hadn't planned to go from accepting the girls' increasing affections to having sex in the course of an hour, but his nature wouldn't let him say 'no' if one of them pushed the issue.

Len paused in her gyrations. She pulled Harry's arm aside and stood up, facing her Master. The succubus gave him a quick kiss, walked over to his bed, and curled up on his blankets in cat form to take a nap.

"Damn..." Harry groaned, trying to reign in his rampant hormones. "Maybe agreeing to let the girls do stuff like that was a bad idea after all..." He pushed himself away from the desk. "I'm going out to train. I need to burn off some energy, and it's nearly time for it anyways."

Holly flew to his shoulder. "Maybe you should have let Len finish us off." The spirit shivered lightly. "If that's going to become normal now, maybe we should start masturbating regularly. Either that or we let the girls get us off. We're gonna explode pretty quickly if we don't start letting off some steam."

Harry paused. Holly had a point there. His hormones were causing enough trouble as it was. If the girls stepped up their efforts to seduce him and he didn't relieve himself often, he'd go nuts in short order. "Great, we're jumping straight into the deep end..." he muttered.

"Don't try to complain about it, Harry. I can feel your eagerness," Holly said.

"I'm a teenager, Holly; of course I'm eager." Harry ran a hand through his long hair. "I also realize how damn worn out I'm going to end up if you and Gramps are right about the girls agreeing to share."

Holly's eyes glazed over as she thought about it. "We're fucked, aren't we?"

"Yep," Harry answered. "I'll be leaving our link the way it is, too. I'm not going to go through this alone."

The pair was silent as Harry went out for his morning exercises. Stepping outside, Harry started warming up with a set of jumping jacks. After getting his blood pumping, he cast a set of spells on himself to eliminate his presence from magical and mundane senses. Satisfied he was invisible to any modern person, Harry set off down the road for an hour-long run. A wave of displaced air followed him as the hybrid tore down the road at over 120 kilometers an hour (80MPH). Harry slowly increased his pace, forcing his magic down to keep from unconsciously reinforcing himself. He hit his peak at around 240Kmph and held it. Loose trash was blown around by the wind kicked up by the speeding hybrid's passing. He quickly left Fuyuki, turning into a circular route around the town.

'I need to get stronger...' Harry told himself halfway through his run. *'I'm only as fast as Fran is now, and I'm nowhere near as strong as I need to be. I'll be dead if a Servant catches me out next year and I'm still like this. Got to get stronger...'* Harry forced his legs to move faster, feeling his muscles burn. *'I may have a Lancer's Luck, but I definitely don't have the agility and speed of one.'* The young hybrid sped up even more, pushing himself to his limits.

Nearing the end of his run, Harry reoriented himself towards his home. He flew past the gate, moving too quickly to halt easily. Harry dug his feet in and pulled on his magic to bring himself to a swift stop a dozen meters from his house. "How did I do?" he asked Holly, who had been keeping track of Harry's progress through their link.

"You're definitely getting faster, Harry. If you keep pushing yourself like this without any major injuries to slow down progress, you should hit C-Rank or even possibly B-Rank agility by next summer," Holly reported.

Harry had been pushing his body to the limit over the past few months, taking advantage of his fast natural healing, demi-god nature, and healing potions to speed up his progress. He had long past the limits of normal humans, but paled against his Servants in most respects. He had brought his agility up to match Fran, but both Servants were still far stronger than he was. His endurance was around Liz's, but the pair was outstripped by Fran in that respect. The only areas where he was superior to his Servants were in Mana levels and raw destructive output. Neither Fran nor Liz could come anywhere close to the power he could toss around without harming themselves. That wasn't enough for Harry, though. Harry wanted- needed to become strong enough no-one could tear them away from him.

Harry moved on to the next part of his workout, heading into the dojo. Inside, Harry dropped into an extensive set of dynamic tension exercises, pitting his inhumanly strong muscles against each other. Harry had no interest in vainly attempting to become a bodybuilder, as his altered genes ensured he would never be more than androgynous. Therefore he had mostly given up on trying to bulk up, focusing instead on toning and strengthening what muscle he did have.

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Holly floated at the dojo's door, watching her partner push himself to the limits. "Master is working hard..." Fran's voice softly called out from behind the spirit.

Holly turned her head to look at the Servant behind her. "That he is."

"Why?" Fran asked, stopping just inside the dojo. "Why is Master pushing himself so hard?" Fran's eyes never wavered from Harry's slim, sweaty body as he moved onto another punishing exercise.

"... Because of you girls," Holly admitted softly. "He's worried about the Heaven's Feel this coming summer."

"I thought Master wasn't interested in the Grail," Fran said with some confusion.

"He isn't," the Unison Device answered. "His only real interest is seeing Medusa and bringing her back into the family." Holly sighed. "However, he isn't totally confident in his ability to hide everyone from the other Servants. You and Liz will be a large target as it is, but when you add Harry's power..."

"He's worried we might be attacked in the name of taking the Grail," the Servant finished.

"Exactly." Holly touched down on Fran's shoulder. "He's terrified that he'll lose us. He won't say it out loud yet, but that's the heart of the issue." Holly shook her head softly. "It's even worse now, in some ways. Zelretch and I finally got him to understand you six are interested in a more... adult relationship with him."

"Really!?" Fran blurted out, her hands covering her mouth. "How did he take it?" she asked, hope plain in her voice.

"Once he finished blushing?" Holly asked rhetorically. "After we got it through his head that popping a boner whenever you girls touch him isn't a bad thing and that he'll almost certainly end up with all six of you, he seemed pretty open to the idea. It'll take a little while for Harry to get used to the idea of having a harem though." Holly smiled mischievously. "Don't be afraid to molest him whenever the urge takes you. He needs to get used to it."

Fran hummed thoughtfully. Her eyes wandered back to Harry, who was finishing up his workout with some stretches. A sparkle of mischief flickered in her eyes as she looked back to Holly. "So, can I molest Amy whenever I want, as well?"

Holly lit up with a blush, but answered easily. "Go right ahead, Fran. I don't know if it's our link or my own feelings, but I love you girls just as much as Harry does. We're... pretty much one person now. Harry and I may see a few things from different angles, but we're the same person at the core." Holly gave the Servant a sly look. "Just drag him to bed and tell him you want to make love. He pretty much admitted he'll drop his pants the moment one of you asks. That won't change when we're Amethyst."

"What are you scheming with Fran, Holly?" Harry asked, surprising the pair.

"Oh, are you finished training, Master?" Fran asked with a blush, eyeing the sweaty young man. Her tongue traced her lips absently as she admired her Summoner's lithe form.

Harry pouted slightly at his Servant. "Call me Harry, not Master."

"I was telling her that you finally got it through your thick head the girls all want to bed you," Holly answered.

Fran and Harry flushed brilliantly at Holly's blunt declaration. "Holly!" they shouted together. Fran continued, "You don't have to be so vulgar about it!"

"Even if you want nothing more than to tie Harry to his bed and fuck him silly right now?" Holly asked with a grin.

"Even if I want to tie Harry down and..." Fran answered, trailing off as the normally shy Servant realized what she was saying. Her wide eyes glanced over to Harry, who had an embarrassed smile and tented pants. "I mean- I don't want to tie you down, but I do and..." Fran babbled, growing incoherent.

"I... think I get the point, Fran," Harry said faintly. "And, if you really want to..." his voice trailed off.

Fran's blush turned luminescent at Harry's quiet admission. "...Really?" she squeaked out.

Harry nodded silently. His imagination went wild at Fran's accidental revelation, picturing a blushing and nude Fran hovering over his exposed and restrained body.

"Oh..." Fran breathed out, her mind overloaded. The pair stood there, both of their minds sunk into perverted fantasies.

'Damn it, Harry' Holly groaned in her mind, feeling his arousal coming through their mind link. "Oh for Heaven's sakes, just kiss already!" Holly shouted, jolting the pair out of their lewd daydreams.

Fran and Harry glanced over at the Unison Device, before their eyes were drawn back to each other's faces. Fran took a hesitant step forwards, closing the distance. She clasped her hands around her Master's waist and slowly leaned over towards Harry's face, which had tilted upwards to meet her. Fran paused for a breathless second a few centimeters from her Master's lips, before pressing onwards...

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Neville slowly woke up, looking around the guest room without recognition. "Unfamiliar ceiling..." he mused. The Gryffindor roused himself, glancing at the odd clock beside the bed. *'How can this thing keep time without gears or a pendulum?'* he thought, unable to understand how the digital alarm clock glowing in the early morning darkness could work. It was 5:30AM, an hour-and-a-half before he normally awoke. Neville had not slept well, his mind haunted by his strange experiences over the weekend.

'What in Merlin's name is Harry?' the young boy wondered, awed, confused, and frightened by the blindfolded boy who had befriended him two years ago. He had known Harry was strong, but his performance against the odd forked-tail girl they called Liz was beyond anything Neville had heard of, even in Wizarding legends. The pair's abilities were more like those of magical beasts than normal people. Humans couldn't move or fight like that, he believed. Neville's untrained eyes couldn't keep track of either of them half the time and something told him both were still holding back.

Harry's magic flat-out terrified Neville. He could think of nothing that could compare to Harry's so-called Breaker spells. Even the smaller spells he had thrown around yesterday were impossible for the young Pureblood to comprehend. Even in his grandmother's tales of the war against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, nothing came close to the incredible spells his teacher threw around like they were tickling charms. Harry's final spell was so overwhelming that Neville had nearly fainted. No-one else seemed surprised by his power but Neville's fellow countrymen, as well. Just what kind of people is Harry's family? How can they shrug off that incredible power like nothing? And how can they just laugh off the young man turning into a woman, even temporarily?

Neville squirmed uncomfortably in his robes as he finished dressing. Seeing the intimidating young man turn into a mind-blowingly beautiful woman completely fried his

mind. The fact that he done it on purpose, and wore such scandalous clothes, shocked Neville to the core. *'Why was Harry so... comfortable as a girl?'* Neville wondered. He couldn't imagine being turned into a girl for any length of time. Harry had always looked rather girly, though no-one but Malfoy would dare say anything about it out loud. Neville had wondered about it himself, but never had the guts to speak up. *'Is Harry actually a girl...?'* Neville questioned mentally. *'He **does** look and sounds like one. Is that why changing didn't bother him? And, is that why that... outfit didn't bother him? Does he... she really wear stuff like that outside of school?'*

Neville had never seen such revealing clothes as the ones the transformed Harry and the girls in his family wore. Showing off the tops of their breasts and their legs; that Liz girl even wore something short enough that her underwear could be seen sometimes! It was beyond anything a Pureblood-raised boy like him could imagine. *'Proper women wear robes, not those things the girls are running around in!'* Neville thought, aroused and scandalized in equal measure by the girls' rather scanty (by Wizarding standards) clothing.

Neville fixed up his robes, packed his luggage up, and set through the unfamiliar house towards the dining room, his young mind in turmoil. *'Is Harry really a girl? If he is, then why was everybody told she was a boy?'* he wondered. *'Harry said everything written about him was wrong. Did the authors even get his... her gender wrong? Or, did something happen when he was younger? Did the Killing Curse do something to him... her?'* Neville paused, and remembered how hard the Malfoy family fought to enslave Harry's sisters. *'Could that be it? Is she hiding her gender from everyone to keep people like Malfoy away?'* Neville nodded to himself, convinced he was on the right track. *'She's convinced everyone that she's a guy and somehow talked the Goblins into backing her up to keep the Dark families from trying to trap her in an arranged marriage. And she's got that girl Altrouge posing as her betrothed to keep the gold-diggers away. That's got to be it!'* Believing he had figured out what was going on, Neville walked by the door leading out to the dojo. Neville looked out the door's window, and froze in utter shock.

"Mmm..." Harry moaned out. Fran had picked up Harry and had the younger girl pinned against the dojo's wall, making out with her passionately. The taller girl's hands squeezed Harry's butt she kissed the younger girl silly. Neville stared as Harry's arms came up to wrap around her pink-haired partner's neck, and her legs hooked around the horned girl's hips. His eyes were glued to the scene as Fran slowly pulled back from the kiss, her tongue visibly tangling with Harry's. The pair tongue-wrestled for a long moment, before Fran leaned back in for another round of snogging. Neville looked on for an unknown length of time as the inexperienced-but-enthusiastic couple swapped spit.

Neville leaned against the wall, his heart pounding in his ears. He had never even considered the idea of two girls being together before, and now he had just seen it! Same-sex relationships were illegal in Wizarding Britain. *'Is this another reason she's pretending to be a boy?'* Neville asked himself. *'To try to dodge the law?'*

He was shaken from his thoughts a minute later by Harry's approach. Neville took in Harry's blushing face, mussed hair, and swollen lips, and wondered how he ever believed Harry was a boy in the first place. Even with the girl's odd features, there was no mistaking the fact Harry truly was a girl, now that he thought about it. She looked like a girl, sounded like a girl, and usually acted like a girl, so she was obviously a girl. *'After*

all,' Neville thought with a bit of chagrin, 'no boy would ever like cooking and cleaning the house as much as Harry does.'

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Harry glided past Neville, unaware of the thoughts buzzing in his student's head. His thoughts were dominated by Fran's rather thorough kiss, and the arousal filling his body flooding the link with Holly, forming a sort of feedback loop of horniness. Harry headed for the bathroom, needing a shower and some relief. He had never played with himself before, but it was looking like it would become an everyday thing for him now that he let the gates down around his girls. *'Holly, I'll go ahead and warn you now since I'm leaving the link up: I need to...'* he trailed off.

'You need to go jack off? Go right ahead, I need it just as bad as you do,' Holly answered over the link. The feedback from Fran's kiss had soaked the spirit's panties. She had never felt anything like that before, and wasn't handling the hormone overload any better than Harry was. 'I'll stay out here with Fran while you get us off.'

'You're going to let Neville watch you cum?' Harry asked curiously over the link. The thought of Fran watching didn't faze him at all. Harry knew he should be disturbed by that, but he couldn't bring himself to care for some reason.

'Why not? I don't really give a damn about Neville watching, and Fran and the girls will be seeing it often enough,' she answered. Holly didn't really care about having an audience for her first orgasm. 'You should get used to it too, Harry. The girls will probably want to watch you, if not jump in to offer a hand or a mouth, when you jack off.'

'That... will take a bit of getting used to,' Harry admitted. He stripped himself and walked into the shower. *'I have to admit though, it sounds rather... exciting, having the girls watching me like that.'* Fueled by that thought on top of the stimulation Len and Fran had provided him earlier, Harry took himself in hand for the first time.

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Fran took a seat on a couch and watched Neville flee the living room, wondering why the young boy had such a strange expression on his face. He looked like he had experienced some sort of divine revelation, and then walked in on a naked girl. Fran had seen many different expressions at Hogwarts, but not one quite like that. She was about to follow Neville and ask why he had such a look, before Holly distracted her.

"Ah!" Holly squeaked from Fran's shoulder. The beautiful spirit flushed brilliantly and shuddered in pleasure. Fran's attention was drawn to the panting Device. "Oh..." Holly moaned throatily. Fran shifted in her seat uncomfortably, Holly's vocalizations sending tremors down her spine.

"Holly?" Fran asked with some worry. As attractive as Holly's moans were, Fran was growing slightly concerned by her odd behavior.

"I'm all... right!" Holly said, her voice breaking at the end. "Harry... messed with... our link earlier. I feel... what Harry does..." Holly brought an arm up to stifle her orgasmic cry as Harry's explorations brought her over the edge. The Unison Device toppled off of Fran's shoulder, panting for air and shivering from her release.

"You mean...?" Fran asked softly, with a bright blush.

"Yeah... you and Len are damn good kissers, Fran..." Holly answered, trying to get herself under control. "Between what Len did earlier... and your kiss a few minutes

ago, Harry couldn't hold back any more..." Holly picked herself up and sat down properly beside Fran. "Wow..." she breathed out. "That was intense."

"What was intense?" Liz asked from the stairs. The dragon took a whiff of the air and grinned. "Never mind," she said. Liz entered the living room and took a seat. "Holly, what were you doing?"

Holly turned to look at Liz. "Harry somehow managed to link some of our senses together earlier this morning."

"And that led to you cumming in the living room why...?" the Servant questioned.

"Well, Grandpa and I finally got it through Harry's skull that you girls are all interested in more... intimate relationships, now that he's getting older," Holly said. She pulled out her small wand and cleaned her soaked panties with a silent spell. 'No need to sit around in my own cum all morning,' Holly thought.

"You did?" Liz asked with interest, interrupting the explanation. "How did that go?"

Holly giggled. "Grandpa told Harry that he was insulting and hurting you girls by refusing to show his interest in you all, and that he should just let you girls molest him instead of ignoring it or pushing you away."

"Molest him?" Liz repeated. "That sounds like fun, actually," she said with a lecherous grin. "But when have we actually done anything like that?"

"This morning, for one," Holly answered. "Len was with us for the talk, and as soon as Grandpa left, she kissed him silly. Then she ground her butt against his groin until he begged her to ease up." The Device's blush returned. "Harry didn't like me laughing at him, so he twisted the bond somehow to make me feel what he did. He was on the edge of blowing in his pants." Holly nodded towards Fran. "And then after Harry finished his morning workout, Fran here pinned him against the dojo wall for a quick make-out session. That pushed him to his limit, so he went to the bathroom to jack off," Holly reported.

Liz stared at Fran, who fidgeted in her seat. "You're the one who told me we should do stuff like that, Holly!" she cried out.

"Do you regret it?" Holly asked in return.

"...No," Fran answered.

"Then I don't see what the problem is," Holly said. "He loves all of you girls, but he's leery of making the first move. You've got to be the aggressors, here."

"...And the fact that you can feel it when they do?" Liz drawled.

Holly looked unrepentant. "That's just a pleasant bonus for me." She eyed Fran sideways. "Didn't you ask me if it was alright to molest Amy?"

Liz's blue eyes tracked over to the chimera, who squeaked. "Oh, really?" Liz purred out. She approached the embarrassed pinkette with a lewd smile. "Are you attracted to girls, Fran?"

"...Yes," Fran admitted, her cheeks stained red.

The dragon girl let out a throaty laugh, taking a seat on Fran's thighs facing her. "There's nothing to be ashamed of, Fran. You're not the only one who's interested in the fairer sex." Liz set her clawed hands on Fran's shoulders and leaned in close to her face.

"Altrouge is the only one of us six who's still on the fence about being bi-sexual. In fact, I want **you** in bed almost as much as I want Harry and Amethyst."

"Really?" Fran asked, surprised and flattered. She paused for a second, thinking over the first part of the dragon's statement. "Altrouge is the only one? Do you mean Harry's sisters are...?"

Liz narrowed her eyes at the chimera momentarily, before answering the question. "Think about it, dear. They were all alone for thousands of years, with no-one but each other for company. They had no-one else to hold, to love in their isolation but themselves. Even now, they sleep together four or five times a week." Liz's hands moved from Fran's shoulders to cup her cheeks and gazed into the young woman's gold-and-silver eyes. "That's enough about that, though. Now, where were we...?" Liz's voice trailed off as she slowly closed the final distance to her partner's parted lips.

"What are you two doing!?" a scandalized young voice shrilled. The pair on the couch glanced at the intruder, both of them annoyed by the interruption. Hermione stood at the base of the stairs, her young face twisted with shock and disgust.

"What does it look like," Liz asked rhetorically. "I was about to kiss Fran before you butted in."

Hermione recoiled. "You... you two are gay!? I thought you two were after Harry!"

Liz sighed and got off of Fran's lap. "We **are** after Harry, we just happen to like each other as well. I don't see what the big deal is."

"But-but that's wrong!" the teen exclaimed.

"And how is it wrong, Hermione?" Harry asked from behind. Hermione whipped around to see the young boy standing on the stairs, sans coat and vembraces. He had also swapped out his visor for a set of glasses. Harry's eyes bored into Hermione's. "Their sex lives are none of your business."

"But it's unnatural!" she shouted. Her parents had told her time and again that being homosexual was wrong, and a crime against nature.

Harry's stare turned mirthful. "Who fed you **that** load of shit, Hermione?" Holly flew through the air to take her spot on Harry's shoulder. "There's nothing unnatural about it."

"But my parents and the law say its wrong!" Hermione said. "They wouldn't have made it a crime if it was normal!"

Harry snorted. "Law? There hasn't been a law against being homosexual in the UK since 1982, barring that weird age of consent law, and there were never any laws against being a lesbian in the first place." He paused in thought. "If you're referring to Wizarding law, well, I simply don't give a damn about them."

"But... but..." Hermione repeated, her straight-laced, narrow mind rejecting his words.

Harry cradled his head in a hand. "Look, what they do is none of your business. You are a **guest** here. If you have a problem, just tell them to do whatever in their bedrooms. You've got no right to poke your nose in this."

Hermione looked at the hybrid in shock. "You... don't you care what they're doing?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "The only thing I care about is that you interrupted them, and that I didn't get to see them kiss. What," he asked at her scandalized look, "I'm a teenager. Just because I'm not interested in anyone at Hogwarts doesn't mean I'm dead!" Harry pushed past her, heading for the kitchen. "I need to get started on breakfast. Grow up, Hermione."

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Breakfast was an awkward affair. Hermione was doing her best to keep away from the girls, acting like they were somehow infectious. Fred and George kept attempting to discretely eye up Harry's girls, only to be stopped by his glares. Neville looked like he was swallowing back a question, his eyes darting towards Harry only to quickly look away. Harry and his family ignored the strange atmosphere, focusing on their food and some small-talk.

'I'm really starting to regret bringing them here,' Harry told his Servants and Holly over their mental link. 'Maybe I should do a little editing...'

'Editing? You want to change their memories?' Fran asked.

'Yeah. I don't know what I was thinking when I invited them over. They sure as Hell don't fit in with us, and now they've got a fair idea of what I'm capable of.' Harry's gaze wandered across the room. *'I should at least edit their memories of our spars and the Prismakreuz tests. That's the most dangerous of their memories. The rest they can keep as-is.'*

'Why don't you go ahead and go for it?' Liz questioned. *'They're right here.'*

'Unfortunately, I don't have the time. We've got to get back to Hogwarts soon. I think I'll just drop by their dorms tonight for a little... tidying up. Hmm, I should deal with Hermione's parents and sister, as well.' Harry looked at Neville for a moment, and quirked an eyebrow when the boy looked away with a slight blush. *'What was that about?'* he thought privately.

'So we deal with everyone tonight, then?' Holly asked.

'Yeah, I'll go ahead and get it done tonight. There's no reason to procrastinate,' Harry answered.

Harry collected the dishes and took them to the sink to clean them. Running low on time, he used a spell instead of cleaning by hand like he preferred. After sorting the dishes and putting them away, he returned to the living room and his awaiting guests. "Are you all ready to go?" Harry asked. The four nodded silently, the odd mood from breakfast keeping them quiet. Harry turned back to the girls. "Well, we've got to head out. I'll see you Friday."

"Wait!" Liz exclaimed. A mischievous gleam shone in her eyes as she strutted towards her Master. "Shouldn't you give us all a kiss good-bye before you go?" Not giving him time to speak, she pulled Harry into a firm kiss.

"!" The quartet of onlookers made an unintelligible sound of shock as Liz pulled away only to be replaced by Len and then Fran. Altrouge, Euryale, and Stheno traded glances before following suite, each giving Harry a kiss as well. The young hybrid's face glowed purple from his blush by the time Stheno released his lips with a sigh. Fran, Len, and Liz had disappeared while the other trio stole their kisses.

"Mm, you're pretty good at kissing, Harry," his sister/mistress said. Stheno leaned in close and whispered into Harry's ear, "You better practice some while you're at school."

I plan to *grade* your progress this weekend, *Master*." She stepped back into place beside Euryale, a mysterious smile playing across her lips.

Harry waited a moment to recover his mental balance and for his Servants and Len to return. Len ran back into the room in cat form and leapt into Harry's arms, followed by the invisible Fran and Liz. He looked back at his guests and laughed softly. Hermione had puffed up like a blow-fish at the girls, radiating displeasure. Fred and George looked like they were on the verge of prostrating at his feet. And Neville was... looking at Harry with a blush? *'What the Hell is going on in his mind?'* Harry wondered again. He set aside that thought and focused, warping back to Hogwarts' entrance hall.

"Well, here we are. You all better run up to your tower. Class starts in thirty minutes," he informed the Brits. The four paused for a moment, before rushing off towards Gryffindor Tower to put away their luggage and grab their school supplies. Harry watched their retreating backs with a grin, before setting off for the Defense room. *'Here we go again...'*

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\7bWell, that didn't take as long as I feared to write. But man, a lot happened in the course of four hours. Well, when you only need one or two hours of sleep rather than eight, you get a lot more done. Poor Neville. He put two and two together, and came up with seven like only a wand-wizard could. His misunderstanding will come into play later. I'm trying not to rush into the lewdness too quickly, but it's hard. None of the people involved give any fucks about modern morality, and the only stumbling block in the mess was just removed. Once Harry finally got it through his head the girls are just as interested as he is, well... things will get interesting on that front.

And for those out there wondering why Harry's not taking charge like in so many other harem fics, well: he's an inexperienced thirteen year old, with six women after him at the moment, three of whom are rather experienced in sex (Len, Euryale, and Stheno). You can't tell me with a straight face that the Gorgon sisters lived alone for millennia without becoming lovers at some point. I just don't believe it, and them being together is canon in this story. Don't know when I'll get chapter 3 done, at the moment. And that big change I mentioned in the first chapter got pushed back some, because I wrote more than planned. If people are interested for some reason, I'll put Harry's stats up with at the end of chapter 3. Read and Review, peoples!\7d

****Chapter 3*: Misconceptions***

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Mahou Shoujo Kaleido Amethyst: Misconceptions

(Hogwarts Main Hall, Monday Morning)

Harry shook his head, laughing quietly at the quartet tearing up the stairs. He padded up the stairs as well, walking through the empty hall. "What's on the schedule today, Holly?" Fran and Liz kissed his cheeks and wandered off together, having no interest in sitting in on Harry's lessons. Harry's covered eyes followed the duo, widening behind his visor when Liz reached out to grope Fran's buttocks.

The spirit snorted a laugh at the question, bringing Harry's wandering attention back to her. "You really need to establish a steadier schedule, Harry. Between taking over for Lupin, your own teaching, and Dumbledore dumping off those private lessons for Neville on us, your timetable's a complete mess!"

Harry twitched. School definitely wasn't easy on him this year. "Ugh. That's just great... let's see, I think we can make it to Charms for first period, and then I have to teach Third Year Runes. Third period... Hell, what are we going to do there?"

"We have Care with Hagrid and the Third Years," Holly answered. "I wonder how close Malfoy will come to getting mauled **this** week."

Harry shook his head, nearly dislodging Len from his right shoulder. "That moron could make a saint commit murder. Next time he screws around out there, I'm just going to let him get hurt. Maybe getting an arm torn off will straighten him out."

"Hagrid could get in trouble if we let that happen," Holly pointed out casually.

Harry shrugged, not really caring about the possibility. "If Malfoy wants to piss around with dangerous animals even after Hagrid's warned him, the shit has no one to blame but himself when he ends up bleeding out on the grass. It's not our problem."

"True," the spirit said in agreement. "You've already saved that thing once. No need to stick your neck out again and keep it from earning a Darwin Award."

'It?' Harry asked over the link with a fanged grin. *'So Malfoy's been downgraded to an 'it' now?'* Harry weaved through the students filling the halls, ignoring their surprised expressions. It was rare to see him actually walking the halls rather than teleporting from one class to another. Harry paid them no attention beyond restricting his conversation to telepathy.

"Yep!" Holly chirped. 'After what it tried last year, Malfoy has lost its right to be considered a person. Now it's just a piece of garbage we need to dispose of, preferably with lots of fire.'

Harry laughed at the surprisingly blood-thirsty Device, drawing strange looks. *'You've got a point there. We need to dispose of its parents, too. I doubt they'll stand around and watch me stick their brat on a spike.'* Harry hummed in thought for a few seconds. *'We need to make it memorable, as well. Something that'll stick in people's minds for years as a reason not to anger us...'*

Holly glanced at her partner. "Do you have any ideas?"

The demigod shrugged. *'Hmm... how about using Venom on the Ferret, then leveling its house with Helloween?'*

Holly giggled in a disturbing manner. 'I like that, I like that a lot!' She calmed down a few seconds later, ignoring the stares of passing students. 'Venom we could re-create with a bit of work changing up the flesh-rotting curse, but Helloween? That will take a fair bit of time to work out. I guess we'll have to wait until next year to fry them.'

'It'll give us something else to do,' Harry said. *'I wonder how the people around here would react to the revival of Dark Schneider,'* he mused idly.

Holly shook her head. 'I don't think anyone here would get it. I doubt any of them have read *Bastard!*, so none of them would understand the reference. And frankly, I think they'd be too busy crapping their collective undies at having the Exploder Wizard running around to do anything else.'

'That's half the fun,' Harry replied. *'We'd get to sit back and watch everyone run around like headless chickens trying to find out who he is.'*

'Would you also trick them into searching for the 'Goddess of Destruction Anthrax'?' she asked drily.

*'Hmm, I don't think I'd go **that** far,'* Harry said. *'These idiots might actually attack the band or something.'*

'You don't have a lot of respect for the Wizarding World's collective intelligence,' Holly noted.

The young hybrid snorted. *'Should I? Let's face it; they let garbage like Lucius Malfoy run around after licking Voldemort's shoes for years without even a slap on the wrist. And then there's that Boy-Who-Lived bullshit, and let's not forget Azkaban. What sort of moron thought keeping dementors around in any fashion was a good idea!?'* Harry grumbled.

'I can't argue with you there,' Holly admitted. She looked around, her gaze sweeping across the other students in the hall heading off for their own lessons. 'You have to wonder what kind of idiot thought up that plan,' she continued.

Harry shook his head again, saying nothing more to Holly as he entered the Charms classroom a few minutes before first period. He took a seat beside Cedric Diggory and opened up his laptop. Len clambered down Harry's shoulder to take her place on his lap. Harry sent a glance to the side, and with a soft "good morning", set to work. He listened to the lesson with half an ear, working on his laptop with his hands and taking lecture notes with a pen held in a strand of hair simultaneously. Cedric ignored the odd sight, having grown used to it over the past couple of weeks.

"Well, you seem to be in a good mood, Potter," Cedric noted as the pair worked on the practical portion of the lesson.

Harry shrugged nonchalantly. "I had a good weekend."

The older boy looked up from the broken plate he was trying to fix with a Reparo charm. "Now that you mention it, I have to wonder; where do you go on the weekends?"

Harry turned away from his repaired plate and sighed. He could feel the weight of the curious stares of the other students like a palpable force against his armored coat. "If you really must know, I go home to visit my family," he answered, not seeing any real reason to conceal the fact any longer. "Why are you so interested?"

Cedric shrugged in answer. "I was just curious. You've been here for three years now, and no one really knows much about you."

"I'm a private person," the demigod responded. "What I do in my outside of class is my business and my business alone. Despite what many seem to believe, my personal life is no one's concern but my own."

"You're famous, Potter," Cedric said in return. "There's no way you'll be able to keep things that way for much longer. Everyone wants to know what you're up to, and they'll start digging around if you try to keep everything to yourself. You should be more open with people."

Harry couldn't suppress a derisive snort. "They can *try*." He had no fear of his personal life being intruded on by the government or the public. There would be nothing for any investigators to find. His tower was warded to the limits and he had control of Hogwarts's warding system through his partnership with Holly. Harry's family wasn't even in the same dimension, and he was immune to truth potions and Legilimancy. And if anyone seriously tried to interrogate him or track down his family, Harry wouldn't hesitate for a second to cut the individual down.

"Don't underestimate what people like that reporter Skeeter will do to dig up dirt on someone," The older Hufflepuff warned. The vile woman had made a living off of uncovering everyone's dirty little secrets with no one the wiser of her methods.

Harry's lips curled up in a grin. "Like I said, they can try."

Cedric shook his head at the younger boy's self-confidence, and then paused in thought. Harry **had** been able to keep the reporters away for years already. On top of that, he was one of the most powerful wizards alive, having defeated Lucius Malfoy and **Dumbledore** of all people at twelve. Then he had gone on to win the international dueling tournament over the summer. In addition, Harry had become a Professor of two different and difficult subjects at thirteen and proven himself a knowledgeable and skilled teacher in both. Given his incredible achievements at such a young age, Harry had every right to be confident in his abilities.

"Anyways," Cedric said, "why don't you come to Hogsmeade with me next time? You need to get out and hang around other people more."

Harry stilled in disbelief. *'Does he have any idea how that sounded?'* After a moment of thought, a wicked idea sparked into being in Harry's mind. Harry concealed a trollish smile as his grandfather's influence reared its head. "Diggory," the hybrid said with some trepidation injected into his voice, "did you just ask me out on a *date*?" Several of the eavesdropping girls gasped at Harry's words.

The older boy choked on his saliva, caught completely flat-footed by the odd accusation. "No!" he shouted, waving his hands wildly and desperately trying to ignore the twittering and whispering students surrounding the pair. "I wasn't doing anything like that at all!"

Harry took on a pitying expression. "I'm honestly flattered, but I have no interest in dating boys. I'm sorry, but you should look elsewhere for companionship of *that* sort." Harry packed up his things and left the classroom as first period ended with Holly's laughter and Diggory's desperate attempts to explain himself ringing in his ears.

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Harry stood behind the Professor's desk in the Ancient Runes classroom, waiting for the bell to signal the beginning of second period. Holly sat on his shoulder as usual. Len was curled up on the middle of the desk. Two piles of parchment sat on either side of

the Familiar. One pile was made of graded assignments to be returned to the students, and the other pile was the incoming homework that he had assigned the class last week. As each pupil walked in, they dropped off their completed homework on the pile.

Harry bit back a smile while he listened to his students complain about the amount of homework he dumped on them. A sixteen-inch paper on the proper form of a Kenaz rune and its meanings was a bit much for the beginning of the school year, and the Third Years were still getting used to having two additional subjects to learn. Ancient Runes was a theory-heavy course, as well. Harry's face slipped into a grin. He hated dealing with the paperwork, but loved to see the forlorn looks on his students' faces when he dropped the assignment on their laps.

Harry stifled a wince when Hermione walked in, eying him with a bit of caution. He had dumped a lot of shocks in Hermione's lap over the weekend, and her use of the Time-Turner wasn't helping her mental state any. Still, Harry had no plans to apologize for the way he snapped at the bushy-haired girl a few hours before. Hermione needed to learn to keep her opinions to herself instead of shoving them down other people's throats. He wasn't about to change the way he lived simply because it offended other people's sensibilities.

Harry shoved those thoughts aside and swept his covered eyes across the class. All of his students, barring Malfoy, were already in their seats and waiting for the bell. He nodded to himself and shut the door with a wave of his wand. The bell rang a second later.

"Good morning, everyone," he addressed the class. "I hope my homework wasn't too much for you." A few of the students groaned at that, drawing a grin from Harry. "Now, now. Runes are heavy on theory, so you all better get used to having homework with every class. Things are only going to get worse from here on."

Su Li of Ravenclaw raised her hand. "Yes?" Harry asked.

The girl asked the question that was likely going through everyone's mind. "I have a question. Why the emphasis on theory? I remember you saying that we would only be handling two rune combinations by the end of the year. What is the reason behind that?"

Harry smiled at her. "That's a good question, and one I expected to hear during the first class. Since no one asked about it before, I had decided to make it your lesson today. Be ready to take notes, everyone."

The door opened, drawing everyone's attention. Malfoy sauntered into the room, sneering at Harry. "Five points from Slytherin for being late to class, Mr. Malfoy," Harry announced.

"What?" the blond asked incredulously. "I was talking to Professor Snape, and ended up running late," Draco said insincerely.

'He's lying,' Holly informed Harry. 'He wasn't anywhere near the dungeons, and Severus hasn't left the Potions classroom since breakfast.'

Harry eyed the boy with disbelief. "Right..." he drawled out. "Do you have a note from him excusing your tardiness?"

Malfoy grinned arrogantly, certain the Professor's reputation would protect him from punishment. "No, I'm afraid he didn't."

"Then the point loss stands," Harry said. Malfoy's grin disappeared. "If he didn't give you a note, then he must have thought you had enough time to make it to class

before the bell. Therefore, you must have goofed around somewhere rather than try to get here on time. That is," the hybrid continued, "if you weren't simply lying about meeting Professor Snape to begin with." Harry shook his head. "I *will* be asking him about this later today, Mr. Malfoy. I will return the points if I find you were telling the truth, but I'll add in a detention for lying to me on top of the point loss should the Professor tell me you weren't speaking with him."

Draco puffed up angrily. "You can't do that! I told you where I was."

"Of course I can," Harry shot back. "Now hurry up and take your seat. We've wasted enough time on you when I still have a lesson to teach."

The Slytherin stomped towards an empty seat, muttering foul curses under his breath. Harry stifled the urge to kill the boy with some difficulty when he heard what Malfoy was saying. He despised the ferret enough as it was and the boy's words were wearing on the demigod's nerves.

"Now that our interruption has been dealt with, on to today's lesson," Harry said. Holly floated off of his shoulder to take station at the chalkboard. She began to write on the board as he spoke. "Today, we'll be learning why it's so important to fully understand runes before you use them, and the potential dangers of performing runic magic carelessly."

Hermione immediately raised her hand in question. When Harry called on her, she asked, "What do you mean by dangers?"

Harry turned to look at her. "Runes can have several meanings, depending on how they are used and the material they are inscribed on."

He looked around the room. "For example, the Sowilo rune. It means 'Sun' and is the rune of light."

Harry fished out a glass orb with a rune shaped like a lightning bolt carved on it and set it on the desk. He tapped it with his wand, and the orb began to emit a soft yellow glow. "Nice, isn't it?" he asked. "When I used Sowilo on this glass ball, it took on the meaning of 'sunlight' and became a reading light." Harry pulled out a slip of paper with the same rune and held it up for the students to see. "Now, this paper here has the exact same rune as the glass on it. What do you think will happen when I activate the rune?"

No one raised a hand to answer him this time. Harry waited for another moment, but none of his students took the initiative. "No takers, then?" He grinned and channeled prana into the talisman. The paper burst into flames, shocking the demigod's audience. Harry snuffed out the fire with a flick of his hand.

"A rather surprising result, don't you think?" Harry asked. He continued on, "while Sowilo is a rune of sunlight, it is also a fire rune. As you just saw, when inscribed on flammable material like paper, Sowilo will burn rather than glow."

"I'm sure you all remember the homework assignment you just turned in, about the various meanings of the Kenaz rune. Those meanings are more than just that," Harry lectured. "They are also things the rune can be used for. Kenaz can be used to create fire like I demonstrated during our first lesson. It is also a rune of enlightenment, and can be used to do things like increasing one's sight. If you do not properly understand the rune you are using, you could end up burning out your eyes trying to cast a vision enhancement spell."

The students all winced and a few turned slightly green from the mental image.

Harry nodded to himself. "I think you understand a little better now. You must understand how the runes you are using work and how they interact with each other. If you don't, accidents can happen. That is what I meant by dangers."

"So you have to be careful what you write runes on?" Terry Boot questioned.

Harry bobbed his head in answer. "That's correct. However, that is not the only danger of using runes. Precision is another thing you must be careful with. Drawing a rune incorrectly can result in the rune working incorrectly or even exploding in some cases. Therefore, one thing you should never do unless you've achieved a NEWT in Runes is writing them on your body."

The demigod paused for a moment in thought. "Hmm, here's an example that I actually witnessed myself a few years ago. I once watched a man attempt to use the runes Berkano and Laguz to increase his resistance to poisons. Berkano can be used for purification, detoxification, and healing. Laguz is the rune of water. When used in a set, Laguz can strengthen the purifying power of Berkano. If the man had written the runes correctly, they would have purged most poisons he came across from his body before they could harm him. However, the man made a mistake while engraving the runes onto his skin. When he activated the rune set to test it, the runes purged all of the water in his body, instantly killing him."

The students looked at Harry, shocked and sickened. Harry stared back at the class through his blindfold. "Now do you understand why we're going so slowly?" he asked. Everyone nodded mutely. "I know that was rather... unpleasant to hear, but I wanted you all to know the risks of using runes before you start playing around with them in your common rooms."

Harry smiled reassuringly at the class. He ignored the blushes that his smile elicited from almost every face as he continued. "The example I gave *is* an extreme case, and rather unlikely to happen again. You're more likely to end up with accidents like the burning paper I showed a minute ago than killing yourself at this level. Still, I think it's better for you all to know just how bad things can get if you play around too much. I'd rather not see any of you end up in the hospital wing because you set yourself on fire doodling and charging Kenaz runes on your desk-

Fwoosh

Malfoy yelped and dove away from his desk, which had just burst into flames. Harry's wand whipped out and extinguished the fire before it could spread. The blonde's neighbors rushed to get away from the smoldering desk. "What were you doing, Mr. Malfoy?" Harry growled out. He could see the remnants of a Kenaz rune etched onto the desktop. "Weren't you paying any attention to the lesson!?"

Draco slowly got back to his feet. Miraculously, he hadn't been burnt when his desk went up in flames. The Slytherin shot Harry a venomous look. "I was listening," he said in reply.

"Then **why** did you carve a Kenaz rune on your desk?" the hybrid asked. "I just warned you that doing something like that would get you hurt! No, never mind," Harry said. "I don't want to hear your excuses. Two weeks detention for ignoring my safety lecture and putting your classmates in danger!"

"When my father hears about this," Draco began.

"He will do nothing," the demigod shot back. "You could have hurt or even killed your fellow classmates because you didn't pay attention! If you pull anything like this again, I'll eject you from the class and fail you for the year!" Harry took a deep breath and brought his temper back under control. "If you want to kill yourself, do it on your own time rather than the middle of class," he said.

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'I think you should have let it burn,' Holly said. 'We should just let it die before it can contaminate the gene pool.' Harry had just dismissed the class and was heading out to meet his Servants before Care of Magical Creatures.

'I'd love to let the Ferret roast itself in the middle of class, but unfortunately that would have been a safety hazard,' Harry replied. *'If it wants to kill itself, it can do so on its own time rather than ours. And just think of all the trouble we'd have to deal with if we let some stale-blooded idiot like Malfoy set itself on fire.'* Harry stretched his senses out as the pair chatted, searching for his stalkers. He breathed a quiet sigh of relief when he found the area clean of their presence.

'Don't get too comfortable, Harry. Your two fans are waiting a few floors down for you,' Holly warned. The Elemental had reached through the wards to seek out her partner's most persistent pests, hoping to keep away from the mentally unbalanced pair. Len's findings from poking into Ginny Weasley and Colin Creevey's dreams had been rather disturbing, especially coming from a pair of pre-teens. Normal kids aren't supposed to dream about such things!

'That's great...' Harry groaned mentally. The two were **still** stalking him, even after he had dismantled Lucius Malfoy back in the spring. *'I'm tired of this bullshit. We'll avoid them again for now. If they keep this up much longer, though, I'm going to do something permanent to them. I'm getting fed up with this!'*

Harry was distracted from his bloody thoughts by the return of Fran and Liz. The pair walked up and took position on either side of him. Liz was smiling like the cat that caught the canary, and both of them had flushed cheeks and bruised lips. Harry's nose twitched, catching an enticing scent in the air. *'What is that smell?'* he asked the pair.

'We'll tell you later, Harry. Preferably when we're alone,' Liz answered with a saucy wink.

Fran's blush deepened, but she refused to turn her head away in embarrassment. 'It would be better to wait until after class. We wouldn't want you getting too distracted, considering Hagrid's choice in class material,' the chimera said.

Harry quirked an eyebrow at the pair. *'Took up from when Hermione interrupted you, eh?'* he questioned.

Liz's smile grew even smugger. 'Yep! Fran's actually quite the kisser for someone so shy and inexperienced. She's good with her hands, too.'

Harry vainly tried to suppress the images *that* brought up with all of his mental might. *'I see...'*

'Oh, you will,' Liz shot back with a leer.

Harry shook his head sharply. Knowing Hagrid, he would need to be on the ball for next class. He stopped at an empty area and took hold of Fran and Liz's hands. Harry teleported the group down to the ground floor, bypassing his waiting fans/stalkers completely. *'I wonder if sticking Creevey and Weasley into detention with Filch or*

Severus every time they follow me would straighten them out. Eh, I can't inflict them on Severus, but Filch might straighten them out... on a rack.'

'Oi, you've got other things to worry about, Harry,' Holly admonished.

Harry sighed softly and headed for the main doors with his Servants in tow. Several students joined him in his short trek to Hagrid's cabin. Neville caught up with him quickly, since his previous class was close to the ground floor. Hermione also took station nearby after coming from another class by use of her Time-Turner.

"Are runes really as dangerous as you said in class, Harry?" Hermione asked, setting aside her recent issues with Harry in favor of pursuing more knowledge.

Harry laughed at the question. "Let me put it this way, Hermione: you're in just as much danger messing with runes as you are taking Care with Hagrid as your teacher. Treat runic magic with the caution and respect it deserves, and you'll be fine. Act like Malfoy does in both classes, and you can get yourself hurt in short order. Like I said, I've seen some nasty accidents caused by being careless with rune magic."

"Just how bad can it get?" Neville asked. He didn't know much about rune magic, but he trusted Harry's word.

"Fatal," Harry answered simply, reverting back to lecture mode. "I once watched a magus freeze himself to death with an improperly written ice rune. Studying magic can be dangerous if you're careless or arrogant." He looked over at Hagrid, who was waiting at the door of his cabin for the class to finish assembling. Harry sent a welcoming pulse to Elestia. He got an odd feeling in return, a sort of wary watchfulness focused on the edge of the forest. *'What is Hagrid up to this time?'* he wondered in concern.

"Gather round, gather round," Hagrid bellowed to the meandering third-years. "I've got sumthin' special ta show yeh today!" The half-giant led the nervous students off towards a fenced-in area. "I decided ta show yeh all somethin' a little gentler this time, since some o' yeh's shown yeh can' handle dealin' with ta intrestin' beasties yet." Malfoy scowled at Hagrid for the off-hand insult. "Jus' wait here a minute," Hagrid ordered as he walked off towards the Forbidden Forest.

"Great, how's that oaf going to try to kill us **this** time?" Malfoy whined to his toadies.

"Considering how you nearly killed yourself in Ancient Runes just a few minutes ago, you've got no room to complain," Hermione rebutted.

"Trash like you shouldn't speak poorly of your betters, Mudblood," Malfoy said with a sneer.

Hermione sent the pompous blonde a scathing glare. "My better? Oh, please. You set your desk on fire goofing off while Harry was in the middle of telling us that playing around with runes like you did was dangerous and possibly fatal," Hermione sniffed.

"**And** you taunted a hippogriff after being warned doing so would get you hurt. You have no right to whine about the trouble you get in when **you** are the reason things turn dangerous to begin with! *My better*, indeed. I'll admit you're my better in being a complete **fool**."

The pair was distracted from their brewing argument by a delighted gasp coming from the girls in the class. They looked over to see what manner of monster Hagrid brought in, only to add their own noises of surprise as well.

Hagrid was leading a pair of silver-white adult unicorns into the make-shift paddock, followed by a skittish pair of golden foals by a set of long ropes. The quartet of magical horses stomped around nervously, shying away from the unfamiliar sight and smell of the children.

"How did he catch that many unicorns," Parvati Patil exclaimed in disbelief.

"Unicorns are supposed to be really fast, and they hate men!"

Hagrid skillfully segregated the adults and younglings into separate areas. "Come a bit closer, everyone!" he called out to the class. The students, relieved and delighted by the sight of unicorns rather than the vicious monster they all expected, rushed towards the fence.

"Now, now, don' rush too fast or yeh'll spook 'em inta runnin' off," the half-giant admonished in his booming voice. "Ta adults here don' care too much fer boys, so ta girls are better off with 'em. Ta young'uns here," he continued, gesturing at the golden unicorns, "don' mind boys so much. Yeh can pet them if yeh want, just don' pull at 'em or anythin'."

*'So **that's** what Elestia's worried about,'* Harry thought. He glided forwards, attracting the attention of the adult pair. The unicorns turned their heads to stare for a moment, sniffing in his direction. The pair recognized his scent and whinnied joyfully at the hybrid, happy to smell a familiar person among the strange beings around them. They reared back and kicked their front legs to draw his attention. Harry walked up to them with a gentle smile, ignoring the shocked looks of his classmates as he greeted the unicorns.

Neville's eyes fixed onto Harry's back. He had just confirmed his theory: Harry was really a girl! After all, it was well-known that full-grown unicorns would flee from males of any age if they could. They would only allow females to approach them like that. Neville watched Harry pet the unicorns and shook his head. He knew for certain that Harry was a girl now, but where did that leave him? Neville pondered on as Harry assisted Hagrid in dealing with the unicorns, keeping them calm while the other girls petted them. A blush stole across Neville's face as he watched the serenely smiling girl.

"Hmph!" Malfoy snorted from nearby. "I knew you were girly, but this takes the cake, Potter! Even the unicorns think you're a girl!" Whispers and mutters broke out across the field. Malfoy had a point, after all. The only way Harry could pet an adult unicorn like that was if he really was a girl, as far as anyone there knew.

"I'm more of a man as a woman than you and your father put together could ever be, Malfoy," Harry responded calmly. "Though that's not setting the bar very high there..." Several of the on-looking boys laughed at his swift riposte.

"What was that, you sub-human freak!?" Malfoy snarled as he drew his wand.

"Oi! No fightin' yeh two," Hagrid shouted. He had been lecturing the enthusiastic students about the life-cycle and behaviors of unicorns when the argument started. The two foals shied away from the blonde, repulsed by the bad feelings he emitted.

Harry nodded wordlessly and turned back to calm the unicorns back down, tuning out the whispered conversations around him. Hagrid walked up to him a few minutes later while finishing his rounds through the students. Class was about to end.

"Ah bin meanin' ta ask yeh sumthin', Harry," Hagrid boomed out.

Harry turned to him. "What do you need?"

"It's about that Patronus o' yers," Hagrid said. "Is it made from sumthin' yeh've seen before?"

Harry shrugged and nodded. "Yes, it's a friend of mine, you could say. Why do you ask?"

Eagerness burned in the gamekeeper's eyes. "I was hopin' yeh migh' be willing ta bring it here fer one o' the lessons. I never seen summat like it before."

Harry's eyes widened incredulously behind his visor. Bring Primate Murder to Hogwarts!? The thought was completely insane. She would kill everyone in the school but Harry in a heartbeat! All it would take would be one rude remark from Malfoy and blood would flow. Harry loved the Beast of Gaia, but he knew he had no chance of restraining her should something set her off. And Heaven only knows how Gaia would react to having her servant removed from the dimension, even temporarily. Harry shuddered at the thought. He did not want Gaia pissed off at him. He was already on thin ice for learning the Kaleidoscope from Zelretch.

Harry shook his head 'no' vigorously. "That's not a good idea, Hagrid. We call her 'Primate Murder' for good reason. She absolutely **hates** humans, and has a taste for their blood. Primy is immune to human magic as well, so she can't be held back that way."

Hagrid looked crestfallen. "It couldn't be *that* bad, could it? I mean, she lets yeh pet her, right?" he asked. Hagrid had trouble believing what he was hearing. A giant, magic-immune dog that drinks human blood? He'd never heard of anything like it before.

"You and I might be safe, but she'd shred the rest of the class in an instant," Harry informed the Professor. "And you're not strong enough to hold Primy back if she decides to kill everyone. It's just too dangerous to try." Harry soon head off for lunch with his Servants in tow, unaware of the new rumors brewing about him.

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Harry ghosted through the halls on the way towards the kitchen. He had definitely come to prefer eating in the kitchen with his Servants, Len, and Holly over sitting at the Hufflepuff table. There was also less of a chance of having to deal with idiots like Creevey, Malfoy, and the youngest Weasley siblings. He quietly entered the kitchen, where a table was already prepared for the quintet.

Harry slipped into his seat while his Servants materialized and Len switched to human form. The succubus gave her Master a peck on the lips and claimed her spot on Harry's lap. Holly giggled at his surprised expression. "You better get used to stuff like that soon, Harry," she said.

Liz leaned in and gave Harry a quick kiss. She then kissed Len as well, surprising everyone. "What?" she asked the group. "If we're really going to make us work, we need to learn to love each other as much as we do Harry." She followed up her words by walking around the table to kiss Fran before sitting at the table.

"!" Fran made a wordless noise of happiness when Liz kissed her. Fran then turned to Harry and Len, and with a luminescent blush, kissed both of them before taking her seat.

"Rather shy for a girl that pinned Harry against a wall and kissed him silly just a few hours ago and admitted she wanted to tie him down and fuck him, eh?" Holly commented drily.

"Really?" Liz breathed out, eyeing the embarrassed chimera. "I figured her to be the one tied to the bed rather than the one tying someone else down." Len nodded in agreement. Harry and Fran looked at each other with matching blushes.

"Hmm," Holly hummed out. "I think you're right, there. Fran is the more submissive type." The Elemental leered at the red-headed Servant. "I think she would look wonderful naked and bound to our bed, her body trembling with need..." Holly said, her voice trailing off as she pictured the scene. Fran's blush deepened once again when the group all absently nodded in agreement.

Harry cleared his throat and shifted in his seat uncomfortably. "Anyways..." he said, "let's eat. I have to teach Neville and his study group after lunch."

"Are you still serious about editing your friends' memories," Fran asked as they ate.

"I don't like the idea myself, but I can't see any real alternatives," Harry said. "I think I can leave Fred and George alone, since they've proven themselves trustworthy before and no-one else would believe them if they said anything. Neville, Hermione, and her parents are another matter. People would listen if they talk about what they saw." Harry sighed. "Neville would crack pretty quickly under heavy pressure from his grandmother or other authorities, and Hermione's track record with me isn't very good."

Liz looked up from her food. "Are you still holding a grudge about her behavior last year? Isn't that a bit petty?"

Harry turned back to eating. "I'm only thirteen, Liz. I'm allowed to be petty." He paused for a moment. "It's just... she's screwed me over before because of her love of authority. Once bitten, twice shy, they say. Plus, there's the whole Time-Turner mess. Hermione's gonna have a meltdown eventually, and I don't want her blurting out my secrets on accident while she's trying to put her mind back together. Her parents and sister are completely defenseless against wizards, as well. All it would take is a few drops of Veritaserum, and the Ministry or the Death Eater remnants could get a good idea how my abilities have grown since the dueling tournament." Harry sighed. "I nearly lost my life in first year because Quirrell knew how I fought. I'd rather keep my cards a little closer to the vest this time."

Fran looked thoughtful at that. "I guess I can see your point there, though I still don't like it."

Harry shrugged. "I don't like it either, but keeping all of you and me alive is more important to me than any moral hang-ups I have about mucking around with a friend's memories."

Holly interjected between bites, "That's not the only reason you want to mess with their memories. It got to you, seeing how afraid of you they all were."

The demi-god sighed again. "Yeah. It's one thing for my enemies to be afraid of me, but my friends..." Harry shook his head. "I'm not going to try to mess with their emotions, though. I'm just going to dull their memories of my spar with Liz and the Prismakreuz tests into something a little more down to earth. They'll still remember that I'm scarily powerful, but no one trying to look through their memories will be able to see my real strength. I refuse to go any farther than that." Harry looked down at the top of Len's head. "No matter how much it bugs me..."

"I'm still not sure that it's the right way to solve this issue, but you **do** have a good point about the security risk they pose to us. And I'd be more concerned if it **didn't** bug you," Holly admitted. The Device's lips curled up into a teasing smile as something occurred to her. "Still, I guess you're not quite as much of a monster as you sometimes claim, Harry."

Harry paused with his fork halfway to his mouth. "...huh." He went back to eating with a shrug. "I guess. At least I'm not a Superhero." Harry was not very fond of Shirou's fixation on becoming a 'Hero of Justice'.

"...More like a Magical Girl," Liz muttered.

"Oi, I don't go running around making corny speeches about Love and Justice and flashing my panties while fighting silly monsters," Harry rebutted, spearing a piece of broiled fish on his fork and feeding it to Len.

"Yet," Fran said. The girls all laughed while Harry pouted at them. The mood lightened, the group finished up their lunch and teleported to Harry's office to prepare for Neville's tutoring session. Harry absently set his laptop up to continue working on his revised spell.

"Did you pay any attention to what some of the other students were saying about you during Care," Liz asked casually a minute later.

"No," Harry admitted. "Should I have?"

"Yes, you should have. You seem to have convinced everyone there that you're actually a girl," Liz said with a grin.

Harry stilled and looked up from the laptop. "What."

"Yep," Liz continued, "just about everyone in class but Hagrid thinks you're a girl, now. Even Hermione and Neville seem to be harboring some doubts about your being a boy."

"And how did they come to this conclusion," the demi-god asked tiredly.

"The unicorns," Fran answered. "Adult unicorns shy away from boys, but the pair Hagrid caught let you pet them. Therefore, you're a girl to the students. Your long hair and delicate looks don't help your case any."

"Not to mention you letting me take over your body during the dueling tournament a few months ago. There's no way that didn't make the papers," Holly chimed in.

Harry face-palmed. He had completely forgotten about that. "You've got to be kidding me. I've known those unicorns for almost two years, now! Of course they'd let me pet them."

Liz giggled behind a clawed hand. "We're not kidding, Harry. Almost everyone there was convinced you're really a girl in disguise. It'll be all over the school by the end of lunch." She peered at him from behind her raised hand. "Since you're so secretive about everything, no-one but us knows that you're friendly with the local unicorn herd. And you never gave anyone an explanation for turning into a busty woman in the middle of the tournament. I don't think anyone will forget **that** anytime soon."

"Shit," Harry groaned out. Liz had a good point there. Holly's full-sized body was rather unforgettable. The Elemental's beauty was beyond anything a purely-human woman could possess the modern era, even with her true nature and power concealed. Even Veela would be hard-pressed to match Holly without their inborn Allure magic.

Harry groaned again when he remembered what happened during first period. "That little prank I pulled on Diggory during Charms will just make things worse, too."

"What happened," Fran asked.

"Diggory asked me to go to Hogsmeade with him and some of his friends," Harry answered. "I acted like he asked me out on a date and shot him down."

Fran and Liz burst into laughter once again. "Yeah, yeah, laugh it up..." Harry grumbled.

"Well, it's not like their completely **wrong**," Holly spoke up. "You can turn into a girl, and you don't really look or act like a normal boy. Frankly, the only thing masculine about you right now is your dick and preference for females." Holly frowned thoughtfully. His oddly feminine looks were starting to make Holly wonder. He was in the middle of puberty, but had yet to show **any** masculine features beyond his genitals growing. She resolved to talk to Harry and Madam Pomphrey about her concerns soon. Who knew how Harry's odd heritage could affect him as he grew older. He had already grown *venomous* fangs somehow instead of vampiric ones. They needed to have Amethyst checked over for any oddities, anyways.

"I don't think it'll be that big of a deal," Harry said, pulling Holly's attention back to him. "So now some of them think I'm a girl. So what? Should I be wary of guys trying to ask me out? Or girls trying to steal my pants to prove I'm really a boy? Do I need to watch out for boys trying to cop a feel the next time I walk through the halls?" he asked sarcastically. Harry's Servants just started laughing at him. "What?"

"Yes," Holly answered him. "All of that and more, Harry."

Fran and Liz returned to astral form, seeing lunch period had just ended. Len followed suit by switching back to cat form. The door burst open a minute later, disgorging a septet of third-years. "Good afternoon, Ms. Potter", Susan Bones greeted him.

'You've got to be kidding me,' Harry complained to his partner as he sighed out loud. He looked up from the computer to face the group. "And a good afternoon to you, too," Harry answered. "Now what's this about 'Ms. Potter'?" He had expected questions about the new rumor his Servants warned him of, not immediate belief.

\7bPlay: Phoenix Wright- Cornered Acapella by Smooth McGroove\7d

"We finally found out the truth," Tracey said. "Why were you hiding the fact that you're a girl?" the Slytherin asked with curiosity and accusation burning in her eyes. She was plainly curious as to how Harry had kept such a 'secret' from the world for so long and offended that she hadn't figured it out before now.

'They believed it that easily?' Harry wondered. *'Then again, you couldn't tell I'm a boy at the moment unless I drop my pants. I thought they'd be more resistant to the idea with that 'Boy-Who-Lived' bullshit everyone seems to focus on.'* "You all think I'm a girl? How did you all come to that conclusion?" he asked.

"The unicorns made it pretty obvious," Terry Boot said. "Everyone knows that unicorns won't let boys get close to them. But the pair Hagrid caught actually let you **pet** them!"

Harry opened his mouth to respond to the boy, but Susan Bones spoke over him. "Plus you changed into a woman during the dueling tournament. Metamorphs that can

change gender are really rare, and you didn't cast any spells or take any potions. So it only makes sense that you were a girl to begin with."

Harry looked over at Susan. "That's because-"

Hannah Abbott spoke up, interrupting him again. "You didn't really do much to hide it, really. Your voice and looks practically scream out 'girl'. I mean, with your long hair and face, plus those nails of yours and that slim body, there's no way you're a boy. Even with that weird blindfold and those clothes, you're still the prettiest girl in school. " The Hufflepuff took a moment to admire Harry's lustrous mane, lithe body, and clear face with a fair bit of jealousy. "What do you use to keep your hair so silky and soft?" Hannah asked, fishing for beauty tips from the most attractive 'girl' she knew.

Harry turned to Hannah. "I'm not-"

Neville stepped up to bat, cutting Harry off again. "You walk and sit like a girl would. There's the way you acted when Hermione and I were at your house, as well." He scratched his cheek nervously. "Well... you were a complete housewife. There's no way a guy could like cooking and cleaning so much. You eat more like a noblewoman than a boy, too. Plus there's..." Neville's voice trailed off. A blush lit his face as he recalled seeing Harry's 'real' form in that tight dress the day before. Hermione stirred in the background, but kept silent for the moment.

'I walk like a girl? What?' Harry asked Holly and his Servants.

'Hmm, I think I know what he means', Fran sent. 'These wizards aren't a physical group. They don't have any martial arts that we know of. They don't place any emphasis on developing their bodies beyond what's needed for Quidditch, either. Few, if any of them, have seen a trained fighter move. So they can't understand the reason why you move so gracefully compared to normal wizards. The only thing most of them can compare it to is a woman's gait, or possibly a cat's, rather than a martial artist's.'

'I see', Harry thought, 'I think can see the sense of it now. Neville and the others think that way because they don't really know much of anything beyond their isolated culture. I doubt any of the Half-bloods or Muggle-borns in school has seen a dedicated fighter, so they don't know any better either. Now what's this about sitting like a girl?'

Liz sent one word in answer, 'Len.'

Harry understood immediately. He habitually sat with his knees close together, a position more commonly used by girls, so that Len could sit on his lap like they both preferred. *'You know, I think I'd almost be convinced I was a girl myself if I didn't have evidence to the contrary dangling between my legs'*, Harry admitted to his Familiars and Servants. *'When you look at it from their point of view, it actually makes a fair bit of sense.'*

Holly shrugged and sent back, 'Why don't you just let it go then? They're at least half-right, when you think about it for a moment. Besides,' she continued with a grin, 'it's not like it's a big deal, *right?*'

Harry eyeballed Holly suspiciously for a second. Something about the way she said that triggered some sort of internal alarm. He shrugged it off a few seconds later. *'All right'*, Harry thought.

Stephen Cornfoot jumped in on the action. "How'd you manage to keep it from your roommates? I mean, you've been living in the dorms with a bunch of guys for almost three years now."

Harry sighed. "I don't have any roommates. I have my own-"

Tracey spoke up angrily, cutting Harry off yet again. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Harry's eyebrow twitched with irritation. *'Am I ever going to get to finish a sentence?'* he asked Holly. He shrugged and decided to play along for the moment. "I didn't think it really mattered."

"My parents have still been nagging me about trying to seduce you, and now I find out you're a girl! Why didn't you say something earlier?" Tracey shouted. "All those times I've fantasized about you, and now I find out I've been trying to get into another girl's pants the whole time. And damn it, even now I still want you", she said more quietly. "Stupid sexy Harry..."

The other six whipped their heads around to stare at the Slytherin in shock. "I... said that out loud... didn't I?" Tracey moaned, burying her face in her hands from embarrassment. Hannah and Susan seized her by the wrists and dragged her to a corner of the room. The rest of the group swiftly followed.

'What is this, gossip hour?' Harry wondered, sharing a look with his astralized Servants. He turned his attention back to his students, who had forgotten him entirely, to belatedly start their lesson. "Enough of this; we're wasting time here." Harry growled softly, seeing his students ignore him in favor of questioning Tracey. Killing intent filled the room and killed the septet's talk. The seven whirled around to face their annoyed teacher. "Let's see how your Patronus looks, starting with Neville", Harry said.

Neville pulled himself away from the group's impromptu interrogation of Tracey. The boy stepped forwards, hoping in the back of his mind to impress Harry with his progress. The thought distracted the Gryffindor from his task. Instead of trying to dredge up his normal happy memory, he recalled seeing Harry and Fran kissing earlier that morning. His mind wandered farther, bringing up the memory of Harry's 'real' form. Neville blushed, remembering the girl's spectacular curves and breathtaking face. He pictured her long, shimmering hair and glimmering violet eyes. He thought about the incredible power she showed that evening over the desert, and all of the things that Harry had done to help him over the past few years. Neville held those thoughts close to his heart, and lifted his wand. "Expecto Patronum", Neville whispered almost reverently.

A dense white mist poured out of the tip of Neville's wand, trying to coalesce into a solid figure. Harry's eyes widened and Hermione let out a gasp when the Patronus solidified. Amethyst stood before the group for a timeless moment in all her shapely glory, before fading back to a formless cloud. Harry glanced down at Holly, who shot him a smug look. 'Still think it won't change anything, Harry?'

'What in the Hell?' Harry pondered silently.

Tracey's eyes darted from Harry to the Patronus and back. The resemblance between the two was uncanny, and Granger's reaction sparked a thought. Her face twisted with suspicion. *'There's no way the resemblance is a coincidence. Is **that** what Harry really looks like? Granger and Longbottom know Harry better than anyone else here. Neville said that they even visited his- her house over the weekend. Did she show them while they were at her house?'* The Slytherin took in the neutral expression on Harry's face, and decided to hold her peace for the moment. *'How in the world does she hide knockers that big?'*

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\7bAuthor's Note: Finally finished with chapter 3! I think this is a good cut-off point for the moment. I'm moving the scenes that still need re-written to chapter 4. That's why the actual chapter is only around 8700 words without the author's notes, rather than 11,000+ words. Still no lemons or limes at the moment. That will change next chapter. Completely un-betaed as always for me.

Anyways, I had to take some liberties with Harry's school-day schedule, since I couldn't make heads or tails of Lupine's setup. How was Harry supposed to have fourth period on Monday free to teach Neville when he has Care of Magical Creatures at the same time?

Yes, Neville's Patronus is Amethyst. He knows he doesn't have a chance, but he can't help pining after Harry/Amy. Can you really blame him? The one person who believed in him, helped him, and taught him how to stand on his own two feet turned out to be a beautiful and busty woman in disguise. Neville could do far worse for his first crush.

Also, I'm trying not to bash anyone in the story (except maybe Malfoy), but I'm dealing with a bunch of teenagers here. Bad decisions and stupidity is guaranteed to be running rampant.

Finally, I made an unimportant adjustment to chapter one making Amethyst slightly taller (5'6" with her boots on rather than 5'3"). It doesn't actually affect the story much, so there's no need to re-read the chapter. Read and review, folks!\7d

Here's Harry's current stat sheet. Note that his/her stats will change by the time the Grail War rolls around. I won't include all of his skills here, since Harry has so many diverse abilities (Rune Magic, Magecraft, Charisma, etc.).

For those of you unfamiliar with the Servant Parameter Rankings, it goes like this: Being ranked at 1 under the system identifies the ability of a normal human, so the E Rank, classified as 10, indicates someone ten times above normal human ability. D Rank is 20 times above, C Rank 30, B Rank 40, and A Rank 50 times what a normal human can do. In addition, stats can have a + to them. That means that that stat can be boosted under certain circumstances. + means the stat can be doubled, ++ means the stat can be tripled, and +++ means it can be quadrupled. Noble Phantasms work a little differently. A C Rank Noble Phantasm packs as much punch as an A Rank normal attack. A++Noble Phantasms such as Excalibur are mysteries on the same level as Divine Spirits. EX Rank is a special rank. EX Rank abilities are in a league of their own, being so strong that comparisons are meaningless or an ability that cannot be quantified.

Harry gains a bonus in most of his stats (barring N. Phantasm) when in Unison form, denoted by the / mark. The first stat is as Harry, and the second is as Amethyst.

Harry's stats:

Harry Potter/ Amethyst Schweinorg

Class: True Magician

Alignment: Neutral

Height: 155cm (5'1")/ 165cm (5'5")

Three Sizes (Amethyst Only): B99-W60-H91 (B39-W24-H36)

Strength: E/D

Endurance: E/D

Agility: D/C

Mana: B+/A++

Luck: E/C

N. Phantasm: A+

Class Skills:

Kaleidoscope- Operation of Parallel Worlds: B+/B+

A class of mystery that surpasses Magecraft and all current sciences of that age. It represents events that are unachievable through the mere expenditure of time and resources, so no matter the difficulty, events brought about through such methods will never be seen as Magic. It is considered the ultimate accomplishment of a Magus, and only within the grasp of those who have accessed the Swirl of the Root. The little that is known about "Kaleidoscope" is that it encompasses the **Operation of Parallel Worlds**. Zelretch himself uses it frequently to move through parallel worlds, though due to his age he cannot use it as extensively as in his youth. Harry is not a master of the Kaleidoscope. Even in its incomplete form, however, it is still a miracle on the level of Divine Beasts. Due to being a True Magic, it lessens the effectiveness of an enemy's Magic Resistance by a full Rank.

Item Construction: C+/C+

The ability to make magical items. Harry is capable of crafting powerful Mystic Codes and various potions. With the assistance of his family and friends, Harry can make Mystic Codes on par with Noble Phantasms.

Territory Creation: B/B

The skill to build a special terrain that is advantageous to oneself as a magus. At B rank, creation of a "Workshop" becomes possible.

Wizardry: B/B

A unique brand of magic learned in another dimension, encompassing several different skills. It can be likened to a Reality Marble, since it enforces the physical and magical laws of a different dimension on the World. This gives Harry the ability to easily use magic that is considered impractical or completely out of reach for modern magi. At B Rank, Harry is accomplished in many skills and is knowledgeable enough to teach some of them.

Personal Skills:

Fate's Blessing- Path to Victory: E/E

The power granted to Harry by the Aspect of Fate. It allows Harry to 'see' the path to victory in battle. It functions much the same way as *Instinct* and *Eye of the Mind (False)*, warning Harry of danger and helping him see opportunities to turn the tide in battle. It functions in social situations as well, warning him when he's about to do something detrimental to himself. He can also see the 'Red String of Fate', though at the moment he cannot recognize it for what it is. Harry's rank in this ability remains low since he doesn't consciously know he has it and usually ignores it outside of combat.

Death's Blessing- the Deathly Hallows: C/C

The power granted to Harry by the Aspect of Death. Both a skill and a Noble Phantasm, the Deathly Hallows gives Harry the ability to manipulate souls without

needing to use rituals. The Resurrection Stone allows for Harry to summon the souls of the deceased from the afterlife. The Invisibility Cloak grants Harry C Rank Presence Concealment when in use, completely hiding him from sight. He is also protected from death magic such as the Killing Curse due to his greater connection to Death.

Magic Resistance: D/C

Cancel *Single-Action* spells. Magic Resistance of the same degree of an amulet that rejects magical energy. C Rank cancels spells with a chant below two verses. Cannot defend against Magecraft on the level of *High-Thaumaturgy* and *Greater Rituals*.

Divinity: B/A

The measure of whether one has Divine Spirit aptitude or not. At high levels one is treated as a mixed race of a Divine Spirit, and the level declines when the Heroic Spirit's own rank as a *Monster*, *Demonic Beast* raises. It can also decrease due one's dislike for the gods. It also has an effect which reduces special defensive values called "purge defense" in proportion to the Divinity's Rank. It can break through Skills such as *Protection of the Faith*. Harry's condition also grants him inhumanly swift healing, high magic reserves, and a higher absolute ceiling for his physical limits. Harry loses the last of his human blood in Unison form, becoming a Divine/Elemental/Dead Apostle hybrid.

Mystic Eyes: B+/A

The possession of Mystic Eyes that are capable of interfering with the outside world. Harry possesses Mystic Eyes of Petrification that can turn anyone who looks him in the eyes to stone, similar to those of his sister/aunt Medusa. Those who possess a Mana level of D rank or lower will be petrified almost immediately. Those with a Mana level of C rank can resist the effects of his Mystic Eyes to an extent. A being with a Mana level of B or above won't be petrified, but will suffer a reduction in their abilities. Harry cannot control his eyes, and so must cover them when not in use. As Amethyst, the effect of her Eyes grows in potency, losing the need to make eye-to-eye contact to affect a target. Unlike Harry, Amethyst can turn her Mystic Eyes on and off at will.

Noble Phantasm/ Conceptual Weapon:

Prismakreuz: the Jeweled Spear of the Kaleidoscope

Rank: A+ (EX)

Type: Anti-Unit, Anti-Fortress

Range: 5000+ meters

Maximum number of targets: Unknown

Jokingly referred to as the **Kaleidostick Amethyst**, the 'Prism-Cross' is Harry's personal weapon and Mystic Code. Prismakreuz is a Conceptual Weapon made by Harry Potter with the assistance of Wizard Marshall Zelretch. Prismakreuz is not an actual Noble Phantasm, but its unique nature as a product of extra-dimensional Magecraft and two True Magics grants it the same level of status and mystery as one. It functions similarly to Zelretch's Kaleidosticks, continually fueling the wielder with prana and helping to cast spells. Unlike Ruby and Sapphire though, Prismakreuz's AI cannot interfere with Harry's mind and it does not automatically provide armor for him.

Due to Harry's inexperience, he cannot yet use Prismakreuz to its fullest extent. Zelretch and Harry installed a set of limiters into Prismakreuz to prevent Harry from using it at full power. These 'training wheels' can be temporarily removed by Harry with a

password, but unlocking the spear's true power risks Harry's life since he cannot control the massive amounts of prana Prismakreuz can generate for very long in combat yet.

****Chapter 4*: Prognosis***

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Mahou Shoujo Kaleido Amethyst: Prognosis

[illegible]

(Monday Afternoon, Hogwarts, Hospital Wing)

Harry teleported himself and his partners to the Hospital Wing. He shook his head, thinking about the students' actions during Potions class. Half of the students tried to discreetly ogle the demi-god while working on their potions, leading to several near-accidents. Harry's own partner for the day, Roger Davies, spent most of the period staring at Harry's torso like he expected the boy to suddenly sprout a pair of breasts. Only Harry's swift intervention had prevented the distracted boy from turning his attempt at the second stage of the Strengthening Solution into mustard gas. Severus spent the entirety of the period seething about the sudden ineptitude of his students, clueless for the moment as to why his normally tolerable pupils had suddenly devolved to morons.

"Are you free for a talk, Madam Pomfrey?" Harry called out, alerting the nurse of his otherwise silent entry into her domain.

"I've been expecting you for two weeks now, Mr. Potter," the nurse answered from the doorway of her office. "I don't have any other patients or paperwork at the moment, so yes, I have time."

Harry quirked an eyebrow at her. "You've been expecting me? What for?"

Madam Pomfrey graced him with a look that would have reduced a lesser person to a gibbering wreck. "'What for?' you ask. What for? How about a check-up to have that strange gender-switch you pulled off at the tournament looked at? Or perhaps to see if there are any more effects to having basilisk venom running through your veins we haven't found yet? Or maybe to ensure there were no long-term effects from being hit with Fiendfyre of all things!?" she answered, the nurse's voice growing louder as she went on.

Harry paused, bringing a hand up to scratch the back of his neck sheepishly. "I, ah, didn't think about it before now. I've been so damn busy lately, and my burns healed up nicely, so..." He shrugged it off. "But you're partly right about what I'm here for. Holly here," Harry said, waving a hand at the spirit perched on his left shoulder, "wanted you to have a look at me regarding some recent changes that have happened and a few that haven't happened but should have."

"Changes that should have happened, but didn't?" Pomfrey parroted back with confusion. "What do you mean? And just who are you, little one?"

Harry and Holly traded looks. 'I think we can trust her with the truth. Madam Pomfrey's never done us wrong before. She needs to know, anyways, for her tests to be accurate,' Holly thought to her partner.

Harry nodded in agreement. *'You've got a point. I'd rather not risk our health because of my paranoia. It still goes against the grain, though'*. Harry looked back to the waiting nurse. "I don't think I need to ask you to keep this quiet, Madam."

Madam Pomfrey led Harry and his invisible Servants to the back of the room, pulled the privacy curtain around the bed, and erected several privacy wards. "So, how are you going to shock me this time, Mr. Potter?"

"Do you remember my rather sudden increase in power last year?" he asked. Pomfrey nodded thoughtfully, wondering why Harry had brought that up. Harry pointed his finger at the fairy-like being on his shoulder. "Meet the reason behind it."

Taking her cue, Holly curtsied to the nurse. "My full name is Holly Potter. I am the spirit of Hogwarts. It's a pleasure to meet you in person," the Elemental said formally. Harry smiled happily upon hearing Holly introduce herself as a Potter rather than Lady Hogwarts. He didn't feel any attachment to the Potter name, but felt a swell of happiness that Holly decided to take his name as her own.

Pomfrey's eyes widened in complete shock. The Spirit of Hogwarts! She had heard theories that the castle could think before, but to see the proof right before her eyes was something else. "Are you serious? How...?" she asked.

Harry shrugged and took a seat on the bed. Len bonelessly flowed down from his shoulder to his lap. "I found the central ward-stone during my explorations last year with a bit of help. That's where I found Holly here, sealed away for the past eight hundred years."

Holly spoke softly, remembering her life before Harry. "I had been sealed away by one of the headmasters centuries ago because I drove them to madness in my desire to be helpful. I wasn't mature enough to understand that I was hurting them. I couldn't do anything but watch the castle through the wards and sleep after I was sealed. When I finally woke up again, the first thing I saw was Harry's worried face." Holly shot a fond look at her partner. "I was so lonely after all that time alone and so terrified I'd be shut away again that I linked myself to Harry. I tried to make a Familiar link like he has with Len, but... something odd happened."

Pomfrey pulled up a chair and collapsed into it. "What happened?" she asked with wonder. Madam Pomfrey looked at the miniature woman with an expression of respect and near-awe. After all, how many chances does one get to talk with a millennium-old spirit and survive the experience? The nurse nearly shivered at the thought. Even if Holly had been sealed away and couldn't communicate, she could still watch everything through the wards. Just think of all of the knowledge and teachings lost to time that she could have stored away in her mind!

Harry scratched behind Len's ears absently as he answered. "Instead of making a Familiar bond, we merged together completely."

The nurse's gaze turned slightly suspicious. "Just how completely is 'completely'?"

Holly said, "We were nearly one in body, mind, and soul. It took quite a bit of effort at first to separate our thoughts, and I couldn't maintain a separate body of my own until August. Even then, I needed help from Grandpa to pull it off. We're still linked closely enough to share thoughts and sensations with each other."

Harry decided to chime in. "Even now that we're separate, it's hard for us to be away from each other. We don't know if it's because we were practically one person for nearly a year, our psychic link, or something else, but we get incredibly uncomfortable if we're too far apart."

"So how did you turn into a girl at the tournament?" Pomfrey asked. "Your metamorphic abilities aren't powerful enough for that level of change." The nurse turned her eyes to Holly, who nodded in acknowledgement. "Something about your link to Holly let you change..."

"I let her take control of my body," Harry answered. "We found at the beginning that my body would reshape itself to match the one in control. So when Holly was running our body, it shifted from my form to hers."

"Incredible..." the nurse breathed out. Possessions were rather rare nowadays, and the records of their effects were old and poorly understood. Voluntary possessions were even rarer. The only case she could think of in Britain in the past three hundred years was the late professor Quirrell. There was no telling how it could affect Harry, especially given his already unique nature. "Have you noticed any other effects from the bond besides the power gain?" Pomfrey asked, her curiosity stirred all over again by the walking oddity named Harry Potter.

"My control went to crap, as you well remember," Harry said. "I had to re-train myself to handle the new load. That was a pain..." The demigod shook his head to dispel the memories of his training mishaps. "Aside from that, the biggest change we know of was mental. Our personalities blended together to an extent. I became softer, I guess you could say. A bit more forgiving and cheerful overall. Holly here gained a bit of an edge to her own, though she wasn't affected as much as I was. There is one more thing, but we'll get to that later. Holly has a few questions we were hoping you could answer."

"Harry's in the middle of puberty, but he's missing several changes that should have happened," Holly stated. "He's growing taller, but his muscles haven't shown any signs of changing like it should. His Adam's apple isn't forming normally, and his voice isn't dropping like a boy's would. He hasn't grown any body hair either, though I don't think that's actually a bad thing. I'd like you to take a look at Harry and see if you can find out why. Is it a result of the basilisk venom, or his heritage? And is there any way of predicting how he'll change from here on out?"

The nurse sat back in her chair and hummed thoughtfully. "That's a hard question to answer. The big problem is that we don't have anything to compare Harry to. It could be one of those, both, or something else entirely. Puberty can be strange enough when magic is involved and adding Gorgon blood and the most potent snake venom in the world makes the entire situation even more complex."

Pomfrey got up and retrieved Harry's medical file from her records cabinet. "The best I can do at the moment is to perform a physical examination and compare it to your readings from the end of first year. We may be able to guess what will happen later on by

comparing the results, but it will be just that: a guess. Your clothes are still warded, correct?" Harry nodded in affirmation.

"Very well," Pomfrey said, "I need you to strip down to your underwear so that your clothes don't interfere with my spell-work. It will be difficult enough as it is to work around your magical resistance without needing to deal with your armor."

"Understood." Harry sat Len aside and stripped himself without hesitation. He neatly folded his clothes up and sat them at the foot of the bed, now clad only in his boxers and visor. Harry then pulled the ribbon out of his hair, allowing it to drape down to his ankles.

"Do you need me to remove the blindfold as well?" he asked as he stood before the nurse. Harry pointedly ignored the lewd stares of his invisible Servants wandering across his body.

"Not yet," Pomfrey answered him. "I have to admit though, I am a bit surprised."

"What are you surprised about?" the hybrid wondered.

"I was surprised you stripped without throwing a fit like most of my patients do. You should hear some of them whine. Like they have anything I haven't seen before!" she said with a short laugh.

Holly giggled from her perch on a corner of the bed. "Considering how many times Harry's wound up in a compromising situation with the girls at home, it's no surprise my partner's lost any nudity taboos!"

Harry glared playfully at the Elemental through closed eyes. "Those were all accidents, I'll have you know."

"I find that hard to believe after the fifth time you ended up face-planting in-between their breasts and thighs," she shot back.

Madam Pomfrey waved her wand over Harry's head, scanning for any magical links besides his familiar bond to his cat and his basilisk for her records. Her eyes widened when she found two links leading to an empty spot of air by the back wall. "Mr. Potter, do you have any other familiars than Holly and Len here in the room with us?" she asked cautiously.

Harry sent a look back to Holly, who was now using his pile of clothes as a make-shift bed. 'I'd just go ahead and tell her. She's under a magical oath to keep our secrets.'

'After all the effort we put into keeping them a secret...' Harry thought. *'You've got a point though.'* Harry waved a hand at Fran and Liz, prompting them to materialize.

"Madam Pomfrey, meet two of the reasons why I've lost any sense of modesty or shame. The taller redhead is Fran, and the shorter one is Liz."

Liz, ever the more forward of the two, stepped forwards to introduce herself. "It's a pleasure to meet you in person, Madam Pomfrey. Thank you for taking care of our wife for us."

Madam Pomfrey prepared to lay into Harry for turning a pair of sentient beings into his familiars, only to pull up short on hearing the tailed girl's words. "Wha- wife!?" she stuttered out. The nurse turned to look at Harry, who was too busy face-palming to speak up.

"He looks like a girl, talks like a girl, acts like a girl, and takes care of the house like a girl. Therefore, Harry's our wife rather than our husband," Liz stated with a teasing grin directed at her Master.

Harry let out a groan. "This is payback for the way I introduced you, isn't it Liz?"

"Why, I have no idea what you're talking about, my dear lady love," the dragon-girl shot back. "You looked so perfect in that dress yesterday," she said with an over-the-top leer at Harry's nearly nude form. Harry silently gestured that Liz scored a point over him in that exchange.

Madam Pomfrey returned to her seat with a bewildered expression, determinedly ignoring the comment about Harry wearing a dress. "Would you please explain how and why you've turned a pair of sentient beings into your familiars and why one of them is calling you her **wife** of all things, Mr. Potter?"

Harry shot a playful glare at Liz, who looked completely unrepentant. "They are my guards, basically. After the events at the end of First Year, my grandfather decided that Hogwarts was potentially dangerous and thought I might need some extra security that no-one would know about. I used a summoning ritual and ended up calling on Fran and Liz here. Both of them accepted my offer and have watched my back ever since."

The nurse studied the beautiful but obviously inhuman pair for a moment. The shorter one had an uneven set of horns and a long, lizard-like tail. The girl was wearing a scandalously short skirt that made Pomfrey's hands itch to replace with something more decent, like a proper set of robes. She was obviously the leader of the pair, even though she appeared to be weaker than the taller redhead with the enormous mace.

The taller one, Fran if she remembered correctly, seemed to be far shyer than the lizard-girl based on her rather more demure dress. She looked more human as well at first glance. Madam Pomfrey would have written the girl's odd metal legs off as armor if not for the unnatural aura that surrounded her. In fact, both of the two felt odd. Now that the pair was out in the open, they seemed to radiate power.

"... And the reason Ms. Liz, I believe it was, called you her wife?" Madam Pomfrey asked again.

Harry waved his hand towards Holly to answer for him. "For some reason, most of the students here have come to believe that Harry is actually a girl in disguise," the Elemental said.

"A guy goes and pets a unicorn he's known for years, and suddenly everyone thinks I'm a trap," Harry grumbled to himself.

"Turning into me didn't help any, Harry," Holly shot back.

"What? No, never mind." The nurse decided she didn't want to know any more about it. The situation sounded bizarre enough as it was. "Do you have any more surprises to spring on me then, Mr. Potter?" she asked tiredly. Harry and Holly shared a look, prompting a groan from the nurse. "What is it now, Mr. Potter?"

"Well," Harry said, "Len's actually a succubus." Said succubus returned to her human form, drawing out another groan from Pomfrey.

Madam Pomfrey studied the supposed succubus intently. The girl's odd blue hair, red eyes, and pointed ears denoted her as a nonhuman. Her apparent age, on the other hand, made the nurse want to box Harry's ears out of principle. Succubae were

supposedly able to change their bodies to match their partner's tastes. So why did the succubus familiar of a hormonal teenage boy look like a ten-year-old?

"Anything **else**, Mr. Potter?" the nurse asked. 'Just what kind of life does this boy live?' she wondered to herself. He not only had a basilisk as a familiar, but two odd creatures she couldn't identify, a **succubus**, and the **spirit of Hogwarts** of all things as familiars! And he was apparently in some sort of group relationship with some of them! She didn't even want to think about how that happened, or how it might end up. Her patients' love lives were none of her business unless it landed them in her care, no matter how she might feel about said relationships.

Harry paused in thought for a moment, drawing a glare from the overwhelmed nurse. "No, I think that's it for the moment," he finally answered.

"Good, maybe I can finally get to work on you," Madam Pomfrey said. "Should I ask the ladies to leave?" she questioned.

Harry shook his head. "It's nothing they haven't seen before, Madam Pomfrey. I don't mind if they stay and watch."

Madam Pomfrey eyed the boy for a moment, before deciding to let it go. It seemed he was serious about having no issues with being seen in nothing but his underwear. She stood back up and cast a diagnostic spell at Harry's head. She frowned when her spell was repelled. "Please remove your blindfold for a moment, Mr. Potter. It's interfering with my spell."

Harry did so, and the nurse tried the spell again. The spell was partially rebuffed, prompting a sigh from Pomfrey. "Well," the nurse said, "this will make things more difficult."

"Is my magic resistance too high for you to work through?" Harry asked.

The nurse pursed her lips in thought. "No, I think I can work through it. However, it would take a considerable amount of effort. I'd rather not wear myself out trying to get through your thick hide when I have alternatives that can work just as well, even if it will take longer to do." Pomfrey pointed her wand at a cabinet on the opposite wall, summoning several objects. Some of them looked rather familiar. She laid them out on the bedside table for easy access and slipped a stethoscope around her neck.

Fran looked surprised to see that the nurse had a traditional stethoscope, thermometer, and blood pressure cuff among the nurse's tools. "You use Muggle medical equipment?" Fran asked curiously. She had thought that magical healers would disdain such things and rely solely on their magic and potions.

Madam Pomfrey sent a smile at the curious young woman. "Rather surprising, isn't it? I usually don't need to use Muggle instruments, since magic can do the same things, but I am trained in their use should the need arise. We were taught how to use them in nursing school in the event of a major medical emergency, when we nurses would need to conserve our magic to treat more serious injuries or maladies. I also picked up a few workarounds for scanning and diagnosing people with high magic resistance over the years. It comes in handy when treating Hagrid and Professor Flitwick." The nurse pulled on a set of surgical gloves.

"I hadn't considered that before," the chimera admitted. She had forgotten that Harry wasn't the only one in Hogwarts who was resistant to magic.

The nurse nodded in understanding. "Most people tend to forget how such a thing can complicate my job. Attempts were made to see such training phased out of practice shortly before You-Know-Who started working openly," she remarked. "You may put your blindfold back on for the moment, Mr. Potter."

"Why would anyone try to end the training?" Fran asked.

"Several influential Purebloods found out that we were being taught Muggle medicine and moved to stomp out the practice," Madam Pomfrey answered. "Their prejudiced minds couldn't bear the thought of their precious children being treated by non-magical means. Fortunately, several medical experts stepped in and shot down the idea. Some diseases and accidents, especially Potions accidents, can make it dangerous to use magic on the patient. Some curses were also able to interfere with healing magic and make the curse even worse. Once the doctors pounded that fact into their skulls, and a cousin of one of the backers died from complications because he refused to be treated with what he called 'Muggle malarkey', the entire thing was dropped."

Madam Pomfrey retrieved a mercury thermometer and handed it to Harry, who stuck it under his tongue. "Please sit down on the bed for a minute," the nurse ordered. Once he had done so, Pomfrey took his left wrist in her right hand. Her fingers sought out his radial artery to feel for his pulse. Finding that his pulse was strong and regular, she cast a tempus spell with her wand in her left hand and began to count. Pomfrey released his wrist a minute later and noted her findings on the medical chart.

"Hmm, your pulse is rather slow," Pomfrey said out loud.

"Athlete's heart?" Fran questioned. When the nurse turned to her with some confusion, the Servant elaborated. "Most athletes have larger hearts and slower pulses than normal people because of their conditioning. After a while, their heart grows in size in order to pump the amount of blood needed to keep up their training and activities without stressing their heart too much. I've heard of some cases where athletes' pulses are as low as half that of normal people, since their hearts can move more blood per pump and so don't need to beat as often."

"I see," the nurse said. "I've noted that our Quidditch players have slower pulses than normal students, but the difference is nowhere near as large as that. You seem to know quite a bit, Ms. Fran."

The tall redhead nodded. "Yes, studying medicine is one of my hobbies. I picked up my interest in it from my... father."

Madam Pomfrey looked at the girl, sensing some sadness in her voice. There was obviously no love lost between Fran and her father. It wasn't her place to interfere, though, so she turned her attention back to Harry.

The nurse carefully took the thermometer from Harry's mouth, wary of possible venom residue from his fangs, and noted down his temperature. It was higher than a human's by several degrees. Harry wasn't showing any signs of problems from it, though, so it likely wasn't a problem. Pomfrey set the thermometer down on the tray for later cleaning. She snagged the blood pressure cuff from the tray and settled it around Harry's arm to take his blood pressure. The nurse settled the arms of the stethoscope against her ears, and inflated the cuff. After a minute of careful listening, she fully deflated the cuff and removed it.

"Well, at least your blood pressure is relatively normal," Pomfrey remarked after removing the stethoscope from her ears and marking down her readings.

Liz looked on with a sense of confusion. "Did you think it wouldn't be?" she asked.

"What is normal for Mr. Potter?" Pomfrey asked rhetorically. "That takes care of your vitals, Mr. Potter. Please stand up again."

The nurse picked up a measuring tape and silently cast a spell over it. The tape came to life, measuring Harry's height and then wrapping around her young patient's head to measure his skull. A quill sprang to life on Harry's medical file, noting down the measurements the tape had just taken.

"What is that for?" Liz asked. She watched the tape shift down to measure the distance between Harry's eyes, and then the width of his nostrils with a quiet giggle.

"I'm taking all of Harry's current measurements," Pomfrey answered. The tape shifted down to measure Harry's neck. "I want to compare the differences between now and a few months down the road to see how his body grows. Unfortunately, I didn't take such measurements last year or the year before, so I can't completely track how Mr. Potter has grown up so far." The tape was now measuring the length of Harry's collarbones and shoulder blades.

"So you need a baseline to compare me to," Harry said. "Since I'm rather unique, you don't have anything else to match me against."

"Precisely," Madam Pomfrey said. "I'll admit this is more for my own curiosity than anything else at the moment, but this data could be vital in the future should you get injured again." She reached out and tapped Harry's file. "I do have your vitals from first year to compare against, but little more than that."

Her tape was now measuring the width of the boy's hips. The nurse glanced down at the data collected so far. Harry's measurements so far were rather odd for a boy. His hips were wider than his shoulders, when it should be the other way around. His waist was rather small as well. Something was bugging Pomfrey about her patient's odd dimensions, but she couldn't put her finger on it just yet.

Harry jerked in surprise when the tape slipped into his boxers to measure the size of his penis and testicles, prompting a laugh from Holly and Liz. "Is that really necessary?" he asked.

The nurse gave him a flat look in answer. "I did say I need **all** of your current measurements." Once the tape measure had finished, ending with Harry's toes, it floated back to the implement tray on its own.

Next, the nurse walked around Harry, noting the size and location of the few scars he bore. Remarkably, he didn't have any lasting scars from being burnt by Fiendfyre. Instead, the boy had a set of seven ring-shaped tattoos around his lower arms. "Why does a boy as young as you have tattoos, Mr. Potter?"

Harry preferred to keep the true nature of his Command Seals secret. "They have to do with how I summoned Fran and Liz," he vaguely answered.

"Is that all you'll say about it?" Madam Pomfrey asked.

Harry just nodded silently. He didn't think letting the nurse know just how much power the Command Seals gave him over his Servants was a good idea. She'd likely try to kill him or something for 'enslaving' the pair.

Madam Pomfrey gave him a suspicious look, but gave up upon seeing his resolute face. Whatever the reason behind the tattoos, they were obviously important to Harry. She moved on, noting that his hands were rather small and dainty for a boy.

A contemplative frown adorned the nurse's face as she finished her visual inspection. Something about Harry's body was simply *off*, she thought. His proportions were simply *wrong* for a boy. There was no sign of any sort of body hair at all below his neck, either. Europeans almost always had body hair.

Madam Pomfrey returned the arms of her stethoscope to her ears and stepped behind Harry. She placed the end of the stethoscope in various places across his back, listening to his lungs for any odd noises. Finding no problems, she moved around to his front to repeat the procedure.

The nurse then decided to run Harry through a series of range of motion tests. Harry was known to be rather flexible, given his performance at the tournament and during his open training sessions during first year. Madam Pomphrey wanted to know just how far his flexibility really went.

"All right, Mr. Potter, next we'll do some range of motion tests. First, I need you to bend over and touch your toes," Pomfrey ordered. Harry promptly folded himself in half, eliciting a spark of jealousy from the nurse. She hadn't been that flexible at her age.

Madam Pomphrey continued running Harry through the tests, occasionally stopping him to feel the joint and surrounding muscles. She found some oddities in his muscular structure. His muscles, while small, were incredibly dense. He had a little more fat around his body than there should have been, especially at the buttocks and thighs. The nurse also noted that the demigod's jaw bone wasn't showing any signs of squaring like it should when checking his neck flexibility. Harry's Adam's apple was smaller than a boy's normally would be, as well. That would explain why his voice hadn't begun to drop yet.

The nurse paused for a second when her hand brushed across her patient's pectorals while checking his shoulders, feeling something odd. She took a closer look. He was beginning to show signs of developing breasts. That wasn't too far out of the ordinary, so Pomfrey moved on.

"Is something wrong with my chest?" Harry asked. He saw the way the nurse's gaze and hands lingered there, and wanted to know why.

"Feeling a little self-conscious after the way that Davies boy kept leering at you during Potions?" Liz asked teasingly.

Harry sighed when Madam Pomfrey gave him an inquisitive look. "Remember what Holly said about everyone thinking I'm a girl? Well, Roger Davies spent most of the time in Potions staring at my chest like I'd suddenly sprout a set of breasts if he looked hard enough."

"You are, actually," the nurse said matter-of-factly. She could see and feel the tell-tale swelling around both of his areola, though it was still rather small at the moment.

Harry looked confused but unafraid. "I am?"

The nurse nodded and picked Harry's chart up to update it. "It's actually rather common for boys to develop breasts during puberty. Something like half of my male patients grows breasts at one point or another, though they usually disappear within a few

months." Pomfrey looked at Harry's rather relaxed expression oddly. He didn't look or sound anywhere near as distressed as her previous patients did when told the same thing.

"You know, Euryale and Stheno are going to switch out your normal clothes for dresses if you get any girlier, Harry," Holly teased.

Madam Pomfrey ignored the pair's banter, focusing instead on the ever-growing puzzle that was Harry Potter. His bone structure was slightly off. His muscles were odd as well, but she attributed that more to his heritage and training than anything else. The boy's fat deposits were also increasing and migrating towards his hips, buttocks, and chest. The effect was barely noticeable at the moment, but it added to Pomfrey's confusion.

Harry's fairy partner had a point, Madam Pomfrey realized. The hybrid was the most feminine boy she had ever examined. In fact, almost his entire body was built like a girl's. Something was definitely wrong with him, but she was unlikely to get results from a normal diagnostic spell. She needed to examine Harry's blood right away to get some real answers. The presence of the basilisk venom would make it slightly dangerous, but it still needed to be done. The nurse would also need to examine some of his other bodily fluids as well. She grimaced, not looking forward to the group's reaction to her request.

"All right, I'm just about finished," the nurse interrupted a minute later. "However, I need to get a few things from you Mr. Potter."

Harry sat back down on the bed, pulling Len tight against his left side unconsciously. "What do you need?"

Madam Pomfrey frowned at the rather possessive way Harry held his familiar. He was being far too intimate with the young-looking succubus for her liking. "I need a blood and saliva sample from you for testing. Do not worry," she said, seeing the suspicion blooming on his guardians' faces. "I'll destroy the samples after I've ran my tests. I'm bound to do so by law, anyways."

"Why is that?" Fran asked.

"Blood magic can be incredibly nasty, as you all well remember from the incident last year," Pomfrey answered. "Because of the danger someone else having your blood can pose, healers are required by law to destroy any blood samples that they take. Some of the more conservative members of the Wizengamot tried to make the law apply only to Purebloods, but fortunately the law was written to cover all witches and wizards."

The nurse summoned three clear, small containers over to the group. "I need the samples in order to perform a few more intensive tests that could be harmful if I tried them on you instead. In fact, one of the tests will outright destroy the blood and saliva samples. Also, I can avoid most of the interference from your magic resistance by testing the samples in isolation."

Harry conjured an un-poisoned dagger in his right hand. "How much blood do you need?" he asked.

Madam Pomfrey held up one of the containers and indicated a point a third of the way up. "I don't need very much, just enough to fill a third of the vial."

Harry carefully cut a slit in his palm, allowing the blood to flow into the vial without spilling. The nurse fired a healing spell at his hand once he had bled enough. Harry then destroyed the dagger and cleaned the remaining blood from his hand.

"Thank you," Pomfrey said. "Next, I need a bit of your saliva in the next vial. Not much, just a little."

The demigod complied wordlessly, spitting into the second vial. He then picked up the third vial and cocked his head at the nurse. "What's the third vial for?"

Madam Pomphrey took an apprehensive breath. "The third vial is for a semen sample," she answered bluntly.

The entire group jolted like they'd been hit by lightning.

Holly sat ramrod-straight on her makeshift bed. "Why do you want Harry's seed?" the Elemental demanded.

"The same reason I needed the other samples," the nurse said. "We have no idea how his inhuman blood could affect his fertility. I don't know if Mr. Potter can crossbreed with humans or other magical races, or if he can even have children at all. You're better off finding out now instead of years down the road when Harry's attempting to start a family."

Harry resisted the urge to face-palm. Why was everyone fixated on him having children? First his grandfather brought it up earlier in the morning, and now Madam Pomfrey. He was only thirteen for Heaven's sake! He wasn't ready to have children yet. Hell, he hadn't even seriously considered a romantic relationship before today. "Is this really necessary?" he asked.

"You didn't think you could change races or inject yourself with the most potent venom in the world without any complications, did you?" the nurse questioned. "The mere fact that you're still alive is a miracle in itself. We really do need to test this, Mr. Potter."

Len tugged on Harry's arm to catch his attention. When he looked down at her, she nodded seriously. The succubus wanted to know whether she could have Harry's children or not.

"I want to know," Fran spoke up. She blushed when everyone turned their attention to her, but pushed on. "I want to know if I can bear your children in the future, Harry."

"I want to know, too!" Liz exclaimed. She definitely wanted to have kids with Harry in a year or two.

*'Can Servants even **have** children at all?'* Harry wondered.

"On behalf of Altrouge, Euryale, and Stheno, I say you should have that tested too, Harry," Holly said. "It would be better if we found out now, while we still have a chance to correct any problems, than a couple of years down the road when the girls all want kids."

Madam Pomfrey developed a tic over one eye. Six girls! Her young patient was somehow romantically involved with six girls! What kind of den of sin and debauchery was he living in!?

Harry sighed in defeat. "Very well then, I'll give you a sample of my seed as well. Is there any special requirements I need to know about?"

The nurse shook off her thoughts to answer him. "There is just one requirement: the sample must not be contaminated by anything else."

"Understood," Harry replied. "Could you please give us a few minutes of privacy?"

Madam Pomfrey stood up and collected the other samples. "I'll be in my office testing these while you're... busy. Please bring me the vial once you are... finished." The nurse waved to the girls. "Come along now; let's give Mr. Potter some privacy for this. You can wait outside the curtains until he is finished. I'll need half an hour to complete all the tests, so you can just relax until then. " She left for her office to begin studying her samples, confident that the girls would obey her.

The four girls, however, were reluctant to leave. "Do we really have to leave?" Liz quietly whined to Harry. She wanted to watch Harry jack off, and maybe offer him a 'helping hand'. One of Len's hands dropped down to gently caress his inner thighs. Fran's eyes fixated on her Master's groin and she slowly wet her lips.

Holly just shot him a smug look, wordlessly reminding him of her earlier words about the girls wanting to watch such things. The Elemental then stripped herself and settled in to enjoy the experience. There was no point in her leaving. She would feel everything he did, regardless of distance.

Harry looked at Fran, Len, and Liz. They all clearly wanted to watch him masturbate. Holly would be staying with him regardless, due to their sensory link. "Do you girls really want to watch me rub one out into a cup?" he asked. It was his first time doing anything like this with an audience, and it made him a little nervous. Harry stifled a moan, feeling Len's fingers brush across his hardening member. Len's soft touches were quickly bringing the young demigod to full mast.

"I think Len plans to do more than watch," Liz pointed out with a lascivious smile. It looked like the succubus was going to take matters into her own hands.

Len nodded and swung her left leg over Harry's lap, turning her body to sit on his thighs face-to-face. The succubus reached up and wrapped her arms around Harry's neck to pull her Master down into a soft, lingering kiss.

Harry froze for a second, still rather unused to sexual intimacy. His reluctance was swiftly washed away by the sweet taste of Len's supple lips and her intoxicating scent. Harry wrapped his arms around Len's slender waist to draw her closer, losing himself to her gentle ministrations.

Len smiled against Harry's lips when she felt him relax. Her hands came down from her lover's neck to tease his sensitive nipples, drawing a moan from him. The succubus caught his lower lip between hers and tugged on it gently, before she slowly released Harry's lips. She leaned back with a light flush and a smile. Len would have preferred to drag out her seduction of Harry for far longer, but she needed to draw out his seed for the nurse's tests. If she got the first load out of Harry quickly enough, she could have enough time to suck out a second round to share with everyone while the nurse was still busy.

Harry stared into Len's seductive ruby eyes through his blindfold, idly wishing he didn't have to wear the thing so that nothing would be between them. Len reached around behind her back to take his hands and remove them from her buttocks. He hadn't even realized his hands had been massaging her pert derriere until she stopped him.

'This girl is dangerous,' Harry thought to himself as Len got off of his lap. It was easy to forget that the childlike bluenette was actually a succubus with centuries of experience in the arts of seduction and sex. Len could turn an inexperienced boy like him into her love-slave with utter ease if she had a mind to.

'She already has,' Holly replied to Harry's internal musings. Any further thought fled the pair when Len began working off Harry's boxers while Fran and Liz closed in.

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Madam Pomfrey began scanning Harry's blood intently, unaware of her patient's current 'distress'. She frowned slightly at the results of her first scan. The boy's magical resistance was even higher than the nurse had first believed. It would take her most power-intensive scanning spells in order to get any useful results. She let out a sigh. This was going to take longer than she had first thought.

She was distracted from her task by the office door opening five minutes later. The nurse looked up to see the young blue-haired girl that used to be Mr. Potter's cat enter with the third sample jar in her small hands. Madam Pomfrey's eyes widened with indignation, seeing what appeared to be a ten-year-old carrying around a cup full of semen. Her anger relented slightly though, when she recalled that the girl was actually a succubus. That wouldn't save young Mr. Potter from a lecture about the impropriety of having a girl deliver his semen sample in his place, though.

Len set the used cup before the nurse with an odd little smile playing across her lips. The nurse's mind froze momentarily upon seeing it. Surely a boy as young as Harry wouldn't have allowed the girl to watch him play with himself, no matter how little he minded being seen in the buff. There was simply no way!

Len cocked her head to the side, seemingly waiting for Madam Pomfrey to say something.

"Oh... yes... it'll take me a little longer to finish my work here. You can expect me in about twenty-five minutes," the nurse finally said. Len nodded and quickly left the room.

Len hastened back to the ward, intent on pouncing on Harry again before the nurse finished her work. The succubus wasn't about to let Harry backslide into obliviousness now that she and the others had finally made some progress romantically. She had been celibate for years now, and hoped to have Harry end her dry spell soon. After centuries of sleeping or wandering the world with Aruceid, Len had finally found someone to settle down and have a family with. The fact that he came with a bevy of beautiful women that Len had come to love as much as she did Harry was a pleasant bonus for her.

Madam Pomfrey shook her head and returned to her task. This time, she started working on Mr. Potter's saliva sample. His estrogen levels were very high for a base-line human boy, the nurse noted from her scan. In fact, the levels were close to what a girl the same age would have. That would explain why he was growing breasts. However, his testosterone levels were about right for a pubescent boy. So why wasn't he showing any signs of male development outside of his gonads?

It was beginning to look like young Harry was becoming some sort of hermaphrodite. It didn't make any sense to her. His birth records didn't show any sign of that sort of thing. Was it a result of the blood adoption that was performed on him all those years ago? And just what else would happen? All she could really do for the moment was blame magic until she had more answers.

She then shifted focus to Harry's sperm sample. Her doubts about the young boy's future fertility had just doubled upon seeing his estrogen levels. The results of testing the

semen left nothing but more questions for the poor nurse. Harry's high estrogen levels should have rendered him sterile. However, her tests showed that his fertility was actually on the high side. Madam Pomfrey shook her head. She really would have to blame it on magic after all.

Madam Pomfrey went back to Harry's blood sample. It was unlikely she would find her answers there, but she could at least find out if her vague fears about possible side-effects from being injected with basilisk venom were right or not.

The level of basilisk venom remaining in Harry's blood was a serious concern. The venom wasn't breaking down or flushing from his body anywhere near as quickly as it should have, even though it had been nine months since he had been injected with it. That would have to be remedied soon, before certain 'complications' could set in.

Harry's body had already shown an odd ability to adapt to abnormal circumstances. If the venom wasn't removed from his system in the near future, his body might actually begin producing more basilisk venom, or at least a close approximation of it. The results could be deadly for those around him if the venom somehow mixed in with his sweat or saliva production. Things could turn particularly heartbreaking for the boy if the venom turned his semen toxic. He could accidentally kill a bed partner when he became old enough for such things.

Madam Pomfrey sighed as she thought. How to go about treating Mr. Potter's issues? Nothing about the case would be easy. She would have to find a way to bring Harry's hormones back into proper balance and remove the venom from his system. Neither task would be quick or simple. To add to the difficulty, the boy's resistance to magic and potions that include any sort of snake ingredients would render treatment that much more difficult.

The nurse rocked back in her chair, wracking her mind for possible solutions. She lacked the equipment or specialized training to deal with problems as odd as Potter's. A specialist from St. Mungo's might be able to help her sort out Potter's hormonal imbalance. That wouldn't help his other problem, though. Perhaps the boy's family would know a way to work around his magical resistance?

Thinking about Harry's unusually high magic resistance took her mind on an odd tangent. His magical resistance was getting to the point that nothing but the most powerful rituals would have any effect on him within a year. The Gorgons, who were far older than Harry and shared blood with him, must be even stronger against magic than he was. So had Stheno actually been bound by the mistress contract young Malfoy attempted to force her into?

Malfoy was not a strong wizard. Even with the assistance of a magical contract and his blood, the boy could never hope to force Potter into obedience. Even the senior Malfoy would be unable to do more than inconvenience the boy now. So there was no way for either of them to actually enforce the contract on Mr. Potter's older siblings.

Harry, on the other hand, was far more powerful than either of the Malfoy men and a blood relative of the Gorgons. He likely had the agreement from both of the Gorgons when he made the contract with Euryale as a lure for the Malfoys, as well. Could he have accidentally bound both of his sisters as his concubines in truth while trying to save one of them from a worthless and unenforceable contract?

Madam Pomfrey shivered at the thought of the boy's likely reaction should she be right. Should she bring the possibility up with him, or keep her peace?

XX

Madam Pomfrey reentered the room with a pensive look. She quickly changed to shock upon seeing Harry lying on the bed with his familiars draped across his body like a living blanket. Fortunately they were all fully-dressed. "What in the world are you all doing!? This is a place of healing, not a bordello!" That didn't mean she would let their lewd behavior slide, though.

Harry sighed and forced himself into a sitting position. He didn't do anything to remove his familiars, though. Having them so close was simply too comfortable for him to give up easily. Len sat on his lap as always. Fran and Liz bracketed him and Holly had wrapped herself up in her partner's hair on the top of his head.

"So, how does it look? Is there anything I should be worried about?" He looked to Madam Pomfrey, who wore a thoughtful expression.

The nurse took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "There are a few things I'm concerned about, Mr. Potter."

"Oh?" the demigod questioned. "What's the matter?"

"The basilisk venom in your bloodstream is the biggest problem. The venom still hasn't broken down or been flushed from your system yet. I'm concerned that it may begin to affect the rest of your body if it isn't removed," the nurse said.

Harry looked confused. "What do you mean? I'm immune to snake venom, so how could it affect my body?"

"You may be immune to basilisk venom, but I doubt those around you are. There is a possibility that the venom may start influencing your... bodily emissions if we leave it in your system," Nurse Pomfrey said delicately.

"What?" Harry asked nervously. That was far more ominous than he had expected.

"Are you aware how antivenin works?" the nurse asked.

Harry nodded. "Yeah. It binds itself to the venom in the victim's body and neutralizes it. The inert venom and the leftover antivenin are then flushed from the body like any other waste. My inherent abilities stop any snake venom without any need for antivenin. What does any of that have to do with this?"

"Simple," Nurse Pomfrey responded. "Like you just said, the venom is normally flushed from the body after it's been neutralized. Due to the nature of basilisk venom and your own body, however, that hasn't happened to you. The venom is still in your body, and still at full potency. Should anyone accidentally come in contact with your blood, I'd estimate they would be dead within minutes. Even beings with high resistance to normal poisons and venoms would be at risk."

Harry glanced down at Len, then at his Servants with worry. He never thought about the danger he could pose to Len or some of the others if they touched his blood. The only ones who could touch it safely were his sisters and **maybe** Fran and Liz. Everyone else would either get ill or die outright. "I see," Harry said quietly.

"I'm afraid your problems don't end there, Mr. Potter," Madam Pomfrey stated gravely.

"There's more?" Holly asked. Having toxic blood was bad enough, especially since one of the women Harry was entering an intimate relationship with was a vampire and Liz had admitted having a fondness for biting people last year.

The nurse nodded. "Possibly. My concern is that your body might actually adapt to the basilisk venom and begin producing more of it on its own. Normally, such a thing would be completely impossible in nature. Unfortunately, magic can make the impossible a certainty. We need to somehow remove the venom, or at least reduce the amount of it in your blood before that happens."

Harry thought about it for a moment. "What kind of effects could that sort of thing have?"

Madam Pomfrey let out a sigh. This would be a bit awkward to explain, but Harry needed to know. "One of my biggest concerns should that happen is that the basilisk venom may infiltrate other bodily fluids than your blood." She watched Harry's pale face turn completely white and nodded. "Yes, there's a possibility that your saliva and your semen could turn toxic. You would never be able to lay down with a woman other than your sisters without killing them."

Harry stifled an urge to panic. This was even worse than he feared! The possibility of killing one of the girls, especially because of making love to them, chilled him to the bone. "Do you have any ideas about how long I have before that happens, or a way to remove the venom, Madam Pomfrey?"

The nurse shook her head. "I'd give you another year before anything irreversible happens. As to removing the venom, I can't think of a way at the moment. Normally we would just use antivenin, and let your body flush the venom out on its own. Unfortunately, there is no antidote for basilisk venom, and it can't be vanished. Plus, anything we do will need to take your resistance to magic into account. We need to find another way."

Fran frowned thoughtfully, an idea beginning to form in her mind. "Is the venom only in your blood?" she asked.

"Yes, it is," the nurse answered. "Why do you ask?"

Fran smiled at Harry. "How about removing the venom by dialysis?"

"Dialysis?" Harry said out loud, thinking it over. He nodded slowly. "That might actually work."

"What is this 'dialysis'?" the nurse asked curiously.

Harry shot her a surprised look.

"My Muggle training covered basic diagnosis and treatment for most common injuries and ailments, Mr. Potter," Madam Pomfrey said in response. "I am a school nurse, not a specialist."

Fran spoke up, since she knew more than Harry about the subject. "Dialysis is a medical procedure that is used when the patient's kidneys have failed. It cleans out toxins from the blood like your kidneys do. Dialysis works by first creating an access point in the bloodstream, normally in the arm or leg. Several times a week, the patient is hooked up to an artificial kidney called a dialysis machine. The blood flows into the machine, where it is cleaned of the toxins, and then pumped back into the patient. We might be able to use a similar setup to remove the venom."

Madam Pomfrey looked at Fran with a smile. "I see. Thank you for the clear explanation." The chimera smiled back and snuggled into Harry's side a little more closely.

Harry piped up. "Do you think it could work?"

"I don't know," the nurse answered, "and I've had to say and think that entirely too many times today. Why can't things be simple with you, Mr. Potter?" Harry just gave her a fang-bearing grin in response. "I might be able to come up with something, but how would we separate the venom out?"

"How about sympathetic magic?" Holly proposed from the top of Harry's head. "We could use a sample of Sasha's venom to draw the stuff out of Harry's blood. Magic may make the venom resistant to being cured or vanished, but I doubt the wizards who created the basilisk thought of preventing it from being removed that way."

Madam Pomfrey considered the idea. "So you propose removing some of Harry's blood, filtering the poison from it, and then returning the cleansed blood back into his body? It's never been tried before, since the venom kills so swiftly. But since Harry is immune, we can take more time to remove it without fearing for his life. Removing the blood would make it easier to work on without stressing your body too much or dealing with your magic resistance, as well. It could work," she mused, "though we would have to do it over time to prevent any more complications. A series of treatments over a few days or weeks would be better than doing all of your blood in a single day."

Harry relaxed slightly, his mind focusing on the potential solution to his new problem. "How long do you think it would take to make the equipment to do it, and is there anything you need from me besides a sample of Sasha's venom?"

"I could have something ready in about a month if you can get me the sample by tomorrow," the nurse answered. "I've worked with sympathetic magic in healing before, so that part will be easy enough. It would also help if you could get some documentation on how this dialysis works. Magic can do many things, but I'd prefer knowing how the original device works. That could cut the time needed to make it by a week."

"I'll have a house-elf deliver a venom sample and the paperwork for a dialysis machine before first period starts tomorrow morning," Harry promised firmly. He kept some of Sasha's venom on hand just in case, and could print out the info she needed when he returned to his room. There was no way he was going to put something like **this** off.

"All right then," Madam Pomfrey responded. "Now that we've come up with a preliminary treatment plan for your most dangerous problem, we can focus on the issue you first brought up."

"In regards to your questions about puberty, I don't have any answers for you at the moment. As far as I can tell, you are going through puberty normally. What is truly strange is that you are mostly showing signs of **feminine** development rather than masculine, which makes no sense at all. Your genitals are normal, but that's about the only thing that is. Your bones are the right density for a male's, but they're growing like a female's would; broadening at the pelvis and hips rather than the shoulders and jaw. Your fat distribution, what little there is of it at the moment, is becoming distinctly feminine as well. You're also starting to show signs of developing breasts, though that's actually rather common among boys and normally temporary like I said earlier. I'm... not certain that will be the case with you." Pomfrey massaged her temples to stave off a headache. "I

can't find anything unnatural about the way your body is growing up, but something must be."

"Maybe it's a hormone imbalance," Holly offered. "Strange things can happen when your body chemistry is off."

The nurse nodded her head. "It's hard to tell for certain. His estrogen levels are higher than a normal boy's, but he's still fertile for some odd reason." Madam Pomfrey leaned forwards in her seat. "We don't have anything to compare Harry with, so I can't say for certain what will happen. He may end up looking like a girl for the rest of his life if something isn't done."

"So I'm never going to stop looking like I belong in a skirt rather than pants, eh?" Harry responded with a sigh, interrupting the pair. Fran and Liz burst into laughter at the response.

Pomfrey surprised herself by letting loose a laugh of her own. She shook her head. "Indeed," the nurse drawled out. "There may be a few ways to fix this problem, but it will take some time and experimenting to find out how to put you to rights."

"Do we really need to?" Harry asked.

"What?" Madam Pomfrey uttered in disbelief.

"Do we really need to 'fix this'?" he asked again. "Is this an actual problem?" Harry looked to Len and his Servants, who all shrugged in answer.

"Mr. Potter," the nurse said, "I can't tell how far your changes will extend. There is a good chance you could become a hermaphrodite! I think that counts as a problem."

"I'm honestly not seeing the problem here," Harry said in response.

Madam Pomfrey gave Harry a queer look. She had been raised in a traditional household in the '40's and '50's. The nurse had then spent decades in Wizarding Britain, which still clung to Victorian-era morals for the most part. The thought that Harry could be comfortable looking like a woman for the rest of his life was bizarre to her. Homosexuals and transsexuals were reviled by most people in Wizarding Britain. They were especially hard on Pureblood homosexuals, since a gay heir could lead to the end of a family line.

Madam Pomfrey didn't care for the idea herself, and found Harry's response rather disturbing. Why was he hesitating to have this fixed? Any other person would panic at the thought of turning into some sort of she-male. She wondered if sharing his mind and body with a thousand-year old woman had changed the boy more than he had realized. "Mr. Potter, why are you even considering letting this happen?" Pomfrey wondered. "Do you... prefer boys?"

"No, I just don't see the big deal," the demigod replied. "I've always looked like a girl. I've gotten used to it, and I don't really see a reason to change it anymore. So I might end up with a set of boobs. That won't change anything. I'll still be me. Looking like, or even becoming a girl, doesn't change who I am at the core."

He was serious about not caring. Harry didn't base his identity on his gender like normal humans did. Looking even more feminine wouldn't change anything, as far as he was concerned. He honestly believed his family wouldn't care either, as long as Harry was happy. Harry was Harry, even when Harry was Amethyst. Holly giggled when she picked up that thought.

Madam Pomfrey's look turned suspicious at that. Harry said earlier that he only became a girl when Holly took control of his body. The way Harry had just confidently said becoming a girl doesn't change him... "You sound rather certain of that."

"I am," Harry stated.

The nurse decided to appeal to his friends instead. "What do all of you think? Are you really all right with Mr. Potter here spending his life as only half a man?"

Len nodded. She didn't care if Harry became a hermaphrodite. He was already planning to spend a sizeable portion of his life as a female.

"I don't have any problem with it," Fran answered. "I love Harry no matter what. That's enough for me."

"I agree with Fran," Liz said. "Besides, all of us girls are bisexual. We won't mind if he looks like a girl." The Servant giggled softly. "Actually, I think Euryale and Stheno at least prefer when Harry really **is** a girl. Not that I blame them." Fran and Len nodded in agreement. They wouldn't blame the Gorgons for preferring Amethyst's body over Harry's. Harry and Holly's combined form was damn hot.

"What?" came the flat question from the nurse. Were they all serious? And how would they know how Harry looks as a girl, anyways? There was only one way the girls could be sure of what they said. And didn't Harry mention something about a recent change he wanted looked at?

Harry took a deep breath. He was still hesitant to reveal his Unisoned form to Madam Pomfrey. Holly was right at the beginning of the meeting, though. She needed to know what was going on. "Well, that's actually the other reason we're here to see you. Holly and I may have separated for the moment, but we are still able to re-unite."

Madam Pomfrey rocked back in her chair. "What are you trying to say, Mr. Potter?"

Harry set Len back down on the bed and stood before the nurse. "I think it would be easier to just show you. Ready, Holly?"

""Unison in.""

The pair glowed and mixed together before Madam Pomfrey's shocked eyes. The light died down a second later, revealing a new person. In the spot where Harry had stood was a rather curvy young woman. "Mr. Potter...?" the nurse breathed out. "Is that really you?"

"It's me, Madam Pomphrey," the girl replied with a smooth, honeyed voice. "I prefer to use the name Amethyst Schweinorg when I'm in this form, though. It could get rather awkward if I went around calling myself Harry Potter while looking like this." The young woman crossed her arms under her large breasts and lifted them slightly for emphasis. She then sat back down between Fran and Liz, crossing her legs demurely.

Madam Pomfrey's eyes bulged in scandalized shock when she finally processed just what Harry-now Amethyst- was wearing. The dress she wore covered her entire torso, but it molded against her body to reveal the entirety of her bosom for all to see. And the slit running up the left leg was high enough that part of her underwear was exposed when she sat with her legs crossed! The overall effect was just as jarring to the nurse as Liz's short skirt and top, or perhaps even more so since the young woman before her was a boy just a moment ago. "Mr. Potter!" she exclaimed. "What in Merlin's name are you wearing!?"

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\7bAuthor's Note: the bad thing about being a trustworthy person is that people might start trusting you with some rather shocking secrets, as Madam Pomfrey just found out.

I was tempted to write out a lime scene with Harry and the girls, but decided against it for the moment. I doubt I'll be able to resist the temptation again. Read and Review!\7d

****Chapter 5*: Head Games***

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Mahou Shoujo Kaleido Amethyst: Head Games

(Monday Afternoon, Hogwarts, Hospital Wing)

Rarely had Nurse Poppy Pomfrey ever felt as confounded by a patient as she currently was. She had seen all manner of medical problems over the decades, from the mundane to the bizarre. The nurse had handled everything from simple cuts and fractures to grotesque potion burns and transfiguration accidents that turned the victims into something out of a horror novel. Madam Pomfrey had dealt with strange envenomings and poisonings caused by Herbology and Care of Magical Creatures lessons gone wrong. She had even dealt with situations somewhat like Harry's before. Gender-changing potions and spells were rare, but still an issue she was trained to handle.

Madam Pomfrey had never had to deal with a personality like his, though. Harry was completely uncaring that his body was slowly turning into a girl's. Not only did he not care, he actually **refused** treatment for his malady! His odd familiars were no help. None of them saw any problem with the Boy-Who-Lived becoming a hermaphrodite. The group didn't seem to understand or care how it would affect Harry's public image or the legal issues that could possibly crop up. Then Harry topped off the whole mess by merging his mind and body with a millennium-old spirit, becoming a girl in the process. And what a girl he had become!

No, she would ignore the changes. It didn't matter what he looked like at the moment, Harry was still a boy and her patient. Just as noticeable as the physical changes, however, was her increase in power. The very air around Harry thrummed with restrained magic, giving her an unearthly aura. There was something unnatural about the

boy-turned-girl before her, the nurse thought. Even she, who was uninterested in females and believed herself too old for such things anyways, felt a stirring of desire in her heart that was difficult to push aside.

Madam Pomfrey shook off her stupor as the former boy took a seat with her... his familiars. The trio pressed their bodies against Harry in a rather intimate fashion. The nurse pursed her lips in disapproval. She did not approve of same-sex relationships, and the group was entirely too close for her peace of mind. The fact that Harry was actually a boy didn't really enter the equation for Madam Pomfrey. Their abnormal closeness bugged her for another reason. How long had Harry been turning himself into a female that his companions shrugged off the change like that?

Amethyst was completely unaware of the thoughts running through the nurse's head. She was more interested in savoring the feel of her partners pressed against her. A shiver of pleasure raced up her spine when Fran and Liz's arms rubbed against the sides of her breasts. They were highly sensitive, and Amethyst hadn't been around long enough to grow used to such stimulation yet. She bit back a moan, feeling Len's hot breath caressing the shell of her right ear. Yes, she could definitely get used to this, and not just for the physical benefits she was enjoying.

Harry and Holly both loved cuddling. They loved the feeling of closeness from holding another and being held. Nothing bled Harry's tension away and calmed him down faster than snuggling with his sisters and the others. Holly too had become addicted to cuddling and touching after centuries of isolation. She sometimes had to cling to Harry's shoulder just to remind her that he was real. Amethyst inherited the pair's desire and need for touching. For her, the feeling of being held by her girls was nothing less than absolute bliss. The warmth of their bodies and their mixed scents drove out all other thoughts and worries. The neo-girl drifted off slightly, forgetting for a moment why she was in the Hospital Wing to begin with.

The nurse's eyes bulged in shock when Madam Pomfrey finally snapped out of her daze and focused on the former boy's new clothes. The top of her dress molded to her new curves, revealing nearly the entirety of her sizeable breasts for all to see, and her arms were completely bare all the way to her shoulders. The bottom of the dress was slit along the left leg all the way up to the odd waistcloth she wore. The waistband of Harry's purple panties was plainly visible when she sat cross-legged. "Mr. Potter!" Madam Pomfrey exclaimed. "What in Merlin's name are you wearing!?"

Amethyst jerked minutely in surprise. The neo-girl had almost forgotten the nurse was in the room. She cocked her head in confusion. "It's my dress. What's wrong with it?" she asked. The neo-girl wasn't able to think of any reason why Madam Pomfrey would react like she did. What was wrong with her clothes?

"It's indecent!" the nurse answered sharply. 'Merlin,' Madam Pomfrey thought to herself. The former-boy's new body was distracting enough on its own. His new, more mature and feminine voice would drive the boys in the school wild if they ever saw him like that.

"Is it really?" the girl asked cluelessly. Were her breasts hanging out or something? Amethyst cast a mystified look down at her dress. It looked all right to her, so she looked to her companions for their opinions.

"I don't see anything wrong with it," Fran said. "It looks good on you." The chimera absently licked her lips. She definitely liked the way Amethyst's dress hugged her contours. Fran was finally beginning to be honest about her desires. Recent events had started to loosen up the normally demure girl nicely. It was unlikely she'd ever become as forward and aggressive as Liz and Len, though.

"I like it too!" Liz chimed in. "It would be better if you showed a bit of cleavage, though. Perhaps a skirt rather than a full-length dress, too." Her eyes raked up and down the neo-girl's form. Liz was far more open in her lustful admiration of her Master-turned-Mistress. She then snuggled closer to Amethyst, nuzzling her head against the demigoddess's shoulder with a smile and brushing the side of her soft bosom with the back of a hand. Liz's smile grew when her nose picked up the scent of Amethyst's arousal. Her sweet natural fragrance had gained a musky undertone that was fanning the flames of the dragon girl's already high libido.

Len nodded in agreement from behind Amethyst, tightening her arms around the neo-girl's neck possessively. She too had noticed how worked up the neo-girl was getting. If not for the nurse's presence, the succubus would have begun stripping everyone's clothes off. Len was already worked up herself from jacking and sucking Harry off a few minutes before, and wanted some relief. It would have to wait until after Harry's Monday night patrol with Severus, unfortunately.

"It shows off entirely too much of your body, Mr. Potter," Madam Pomfrey sniffed. She determinedly tried to ignore the trio's behavior. "You look like some sort of harlot wearing that thing. You should wear something more modest, like a proper set of robes." The nurse could already picture the riots among the students if Harry went through the halls wearing that dress. Heck, he'd drive every male in sight mad with desire in an outfit that scandalous.

Amethyst scoffed. "No thanks. I've never worn robes before, and I'm not about to start wearing them now just because your people are so prudish." She had also inherited Harry and Holly's disdain for robes. They were far too cumbersome, and could easily snag. The demigoddess then pouted. "And stop calling me mister. I'm a girl at the moment. Just call me Amethyst, or Miss Schweinorg if you prefer to be formal."

The nurse paused in her lecture when she smelled something odd in the air that wasn't there before. A sweet, floral fragrance that the nurse couldn't identify floated in the air around her patient. "Are you wearing *perfume*, Mr. Potter?" Madam Pomfrey asked, sniffing the air again. His partners weren't wearing any perfume, so it must have been coming from Harry.

"No," Amethyst answered. "Why do you ask?"

"Because you smell like some sort of flower, though I can't recognize what kind," the nurse replied.

The neo girl shrugged. "Like I said, I'm not wearing any perfume. What you smell is just my natural scent."

"People don't naturally smell like flowers Mr. Potter, especially not boys," Madam Pomfrey returned.

"I'm not exactly human at the moment Madam Pomfrey," Amethyst said. "And I'm definitely not a boy right now, either."

"Mr. Potter," Madam Pomfrey replied doggedly, "what in the world have you done to yourself?" The nurse was utterly perplexed at the moment. Why was he referring to himself as a female, current body notwithstanding? The nurse had dealt with gender-changing accidents before over the years. In all those cases, the victims still referred to themselves by their original gender. So why was Harry insisting to be called Miss? Why in the world was he not using the Potter name? And why was his pout so damn distracting!?

"Didn't I already tell you? Harry and Holly reunited our bodies and minds together," Amethyst said with a pout. "And stop calling me mister."

"That doesn't tell me anything Mr. Potter," the nurse shot back. She wasn't about to feed whatever delusion or whatnot the boy was currently suffering through by addressing him as a girl. "What do you mean by 'reunited'? Explain it to me as best you can."

"I'm not a boy..." The neo-girl grumbled sulkily in response to being called mister once again. As a fusion of Harry and Holly, she bore both Harry's strong sense of self-acceptance and Holly's feminine vanity. Amethyst was completely at home thinking of herself as a girl and was justifiably confident in her beautiful looks as a result. She saw being referred to as a male despite showing 'ample' evidence to the contrary as an insult.

Fran giggled quietly when she heard Amethyst's complaints and saw her pout. The empathetic Servant could easily guess what her Mistress was thinking. She patted the neo-girl's knee, as if to say "there, there".

Amethyst calmed back down and began her explanation. "Well," she started, "first off I'll explain how we were linked in the beginning. When we first came together, we were like a coin. I think that's the best analogy I can come up with. On one face of the coin was Harry, and Holly was on the other side. At first, the coin that was us was balanced on its edge. Our minds were mixed together and it was hard to tell what thought belonged to whom. Once we got our head straight, we made the coin fall with Harry's side up. He was the one in charge of our body, and the face that was shown to the world. Holly was still there and could talk to him, but that was all. When Harry turned into Holly during the tournament, he basically flipped the coin so that Holly was facing the world. She controlled our body, and it changed to match her."

The neo-girl paused for a moment to catch her breath. "Grandpa changed everything for us. He came up with a way to remove Holly and put her into a body of her own. That's the little fairy form I've been using, just so you know. Anyways, we were able to fully separate our minds and spirits back into Harry and Holly. Fortunately, our minds were still partially linked. Grandpa also left a way for us to reunite, originally as part of a prank."

"A prank...?" Madam Pomfrey repeated, sounding disturbed. "Why are you two happy your minds were still linked? Why on Earth would you two want to fuse yourselves back together, even temporarily, after finally finding a way to turn yourselves back to normal? And what kind of prank would turn you into a girl when you fuse together!?"

"Being one person, to an extent, for a year had some consequences. We had... imprinted on one another. Our minds and souls fit together easily. And we liked being together," Amethyst answered. "It feels natural now to share our thoughts and feelings

with each other. We don't have any secrets hidden from each other. It's comforting, especially for Holly. It helps me remember that this isn't just some dream, that I'm not still sealed away in the bottom of the castle..."

Fran, Len, and Liz tightened their grasp around Amethyst. The neo-girl shook off her anxiety brought on by those dark memories and continued. "Anyways, Grandpa changed the nature of our merger. You probably wouldn't understand the joke involved, but he changed things up so that we would turn into a teenage girl stuck in an outfit from a foreign show to poke fun at Harry for recreating items from said show. It was originally supposed to be a one-time deal, and we wouldn't turn into a girl afterwards. We turned the tables on him, though, by asking him to leave the spell in place. He reset the spell so that we could reshape my body the way I wanted, and made it a permanent part of the Unison."

"You had a chance to undo this, and didn't?" the nurse questioned. "Why? Why are you so comfortable like this?"

Amethyst paused to gather her thoughts. "Like I said before, we were a coin at the beginning. We were part of the same being, but we could never face the same direction. Now we're more like a puzzle, or maybe an alloy. We meld ourselves together to become a larger whole, rather than two people sharing a body."

Madam Pomfrey was becoming more concerned about Harry's mental health. "What do you mean by that? Are you saying that you are not Harry Potter right now? If so, then who are you?"

Amethyst's partners listened intently to the discussion. They all knew this in a way, but wanted to hear the way the neo-girl perceived herself in her own words.

The demigoddess shrugged. "I'm Harry, and yet I'm Holly. We are one person who is two people. There's no difference between us while we're in this form. Frankly, there isn't much difference between us to begin with anymore," she said, mumbling the last sentence. "Anyways, Grandpa gave me the name Amethyst Schweinorg. Or he gave me the idea for it, anyways."

"You're speaking like Mr. Potter is simply a piece of you, rather than being you or a person of his own," the nurse pointed out with ever-growing worry. Harry- or whoever the person in front of her really was- wasn't making any sense to her.

"In a way, I am. Harry and Holly are separate people. Yet we are part of Amethyst. It's hard for me to explain..." Amethyst said.

"What is the point?" Madam Pomfrey wondered out loud. "Why are you doing this?"

Amethyst let out a sigh. She was there for a physical, not a psychiatric evaluation. "Why not? We like being together like this. I'm far more powerful magically in this form. I like the way I look, and the way the girls here look at me. My mind is clearer. I can see and understand things I couldn't when I'm Harry and Holly. More importantly, I feel more complete like this. The emptiness I felt when we separated is gone. I'm... whole now." The neo-girl relaxed into her girls' embrace. It had been hard to put her feelings into words, and she wasn't certain she had gotten her point across to the nurse. She had tried, though, which was the important thing.

Madam Pomfrey privately admitted she was well out of her depths. This was looking more and more like a job for a mind healer to tackle. She didn't even know how

to **classify** Harry's problem, much less fix it. Melding his mind and body with a thousand-year-old spirit and becoming a girl? To feel 'whole'? What in Merlin's name? What was he supposedly missing that Harry had to go that far to feel like a whole person? The mechanics and reasons for it were well outside of the realm of her understanding at the moment. She rubbed her temples in a vain attempt to stave off a headache.

"That's it, I give up," the nurse said out loud. "I simply cannot wrap my mind around this." Madam Pomfrey slumped back in her chair. "I think you need to speak with an experienced mind healer about your issues, Mr. Potter. I'm not trained or equipped to handle this."

"Umm," Amethyst drawled out, "I was just hoping you could check my body over to make sure that everything is working properly. I'm not interested in seeking counseling, and I'd be leery of putting my trust in a psychiatrist from around here anyways."

Amethyst wouldn't trust any of them farther than she could throw the moon bare-handed, actually. There were too many people eager to expose her private life to all and sundry, and too many ways to spy for her to be comfortable doing something like that. It's not like a Wizard version of a psychologist could understand how a magus's mind worked, anyways. Their beliefs and value systems were simply too different. Sanity in one world did **not** equate to sanity in the other.

The demigoddess was rather dubious of any Wizard mind-healer's skills, as well. The widespread use of the Obliviate spell, Occlumency, and prejudice against Muggle ideas didn't leave much room or need for actual psychiatric treatment to be developed. They'd likely just try (and fail) to Obliviate her back into their standard of 'normal'. Never mind that she'd be dead and on a dissection table within a week of returning home should a mind-healer- manage to 'fix' her.

"Yes..." she continued, "definitely not a good idea, Madam Pomfrey. I just can't see it turning out well."

Liz choked back a laugh. "It could only end in tears," the dragon intoned gravely.

"And fire," Fran added with a giggle of her own.

Madam Pomfrey gave the group a gimlet-eyed stare. "I'm almost afraid to ask why."

"My people and your people have different ideas of sanity," Amethyst said with a sultry laugh. "Like I said, it's just not a good idea."

"What do you mean by 'my people'?" the nurse wondered privately. Did Harry not consider himself a wizard? Or perhaps he simply didn't see himself as a part of Wizarding Britain. Did that belief come from his Spirit partner, or was it his own opinion? And if Harry didn't see himself as a wizard, then what did he see himself as? There was the way he said it, as well. A barely-detectable condescending note could be heard in his voice when he said 'your people', like he was looking down on them in a way. Did he look down on witches and wizards as inferior beings or something? Where would he go and what would he do in the future with such beliefs? Could she be looking at the beginning of the next Dark Lord?

It was becoming more and more apparent to Madam Pomfrey that young Harry was in serious need of mental and physical help. Problems kept stacking on top of problems, with no end in sight yet. Even worse, the young boy was refusing treatment for

most of his problems. She would normally brush any patient's objections aside and give them the treatment needed, but the nurse couldn't do so with Harry. His magic resistance would nullify any attempts to sedate or restrain him, and the boy had proven to be incredibly vicious and violent when provoked, as Lucius Malfoy had painfully found out. There was no telling how his odd familiars would react, either. Madam Pomfrey doubted the results would be pleasant for her, or anyone else in sight, given that Harry called them his guards.

She needed to contact his guardians, and soon. Perhaps his grandfather Zelretch or his sisters could talk some sense into young Harry. Then again, perhaps they were part of the problem. His bodyguards and his Familiar were obviously bad influences on the boy. It should be impossible for Harry's adoptive family to have not noticed his issues. Were they allowing this to go on? Worse, could they actually be encouraging it? She needed to speak with his family before she leveled any accusations, but perhaps Harry needed to be removed from their custody for his own good. Madam Pomfrey's oaths prevented her from revealing information unless Harry's life was at stake, but his mind and very soul might be in real jeopardy...

"Is something wrong, Madam Pomfrey? You've been spacing out for a while now," Amethyst spoke up.

"...Oh! I apologize, Mr. Potter," the nurse answered awkwardly, roused from her musings. "You wanted a check-up for this form as well, correct?"

Amethyst nodded, pouting again at being called mister. "That's right."

Madam Pomfrey shuddered. A boy shouldn't look that seductively cute, no matter what body he was wearing. "Er, yes, let's begin. First, I have to ask: does your resistance to magic increase in this form, and are your clothes warded?"

"Yes to both questions," the neo-girl answered.

The nurse sighed quietly in disappointment. Things were so much easier when she could just use magic. "I see. Very well, let's begin with your vitals. Girls, I need some room to work. Go stand out of the way. Shoo, shoo!" Madam Pomfrey said, waving the girls away from her patient.

The trio parted from Amethyst reluctantly, trailing their fingers across her body as they did. The neo-girl couldn't hold back a lusty moan that time, drawing a blush and a scathing look from the nurse. "I believe I told you all this isn't the place for such things once already," Madam Pomfrey scolded the flushed Amethyst. Said girl just shrugged unapologetically in answer. She wasn't about to stop the girls from touching her, not when it felt that good. The nurse just sighed at that. She could guess what Harry was thinking from the look on her... his face. The nurse shook her head sharply. Even she was beginning to think of Harry as a girl, now.

The nurse set her stethoscope back around her neck and grabbed a second thermometer to retake the former boy's temperature. Madam Pomfrey eyed Harry for a moment, before beginning her examination. The nurse paused when she slipped the blood pressure cuff around Harry's arm. His nails had changed. "What happened to your fingernails, Mr. Potter?"

The demigoddess raised up a hand to display the changes she made. Her nails were shorter and colored a glossy pink rather than the long black claws that Harry bore on his fingers. "Holly decided to change my nails to look more like a human's. They're

still as strong as Harry's claws, though. Actually, they might be even stronger. I haven't actually tested them out on anything yet."

Madam Pomfrey quietly began taking Harry's vitals again, now cataloguing the cosmetic differences between his forms as well for her notes. She had done her best to ignore his changes before, but it looked like she should take note of them after all. It wouldn't do to let a potentially life-threatening condition go unnoticed because she didn't want to accept the fact that her male patient was currently a female.

Her quill danced across parchment as the nurse spoke out loud for the recording charms to hear. "Hmm," the nurse hummed as she shined a light into Harry's mouth and held down his tongue with a depressor. "Your fangs are rather different in this form, Mr. Potter. In fact, they're nothing more than oversized canines now. How did that happen?" she asked, removing the tongue depressor.

"It was intentional," the neo-girl answered. "My fangs as Harry aren't exactly useful or convenient to have, so we didn't include them in this form. I don't even know why they formed to begin with. Grandpa and my sisters all have vampiric fangs, not venomous ones."

"I see," Madam Pomfrey answered. She shined a light into Harry's purple eyes to check his pupils. The nurse was surprised to see her... his pupils contract into slits rather than shrink like a human's. "Your eyes are radically different, too. Was that intentional, as well?" Amethyst nodded. The nurse stepped back for a moment to consider that. "You said earlier that you had reshaped your body to your liking. Just how much control did you have in choosing what you looked like?"

Amethyst shrugged. "Harry and Holly had complete control over what I look like. We designed everything from my head to my toes together. This is what we thought was 'us' in the truest sense."

Madam Pomfrey was having a hard time seeing Harry as a boy at the moment. The former boy didn't look or act like a male at all. Everything about her screamed 'female', from her body to her speech to the way she moved. How long had Harry and Holly been merging together that they were so at home in that form? And how-

"Madam Pomfrey? You're spacing out again," Amethyst spoke up, rousing the nurse from her musings once again.

Madam Pomfrey smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry about that. I was comparing how you look now to how you do normally. How long did you spend crafting how you would look, Miss- er, Mr. Potter?"

The neo-girl giggled happily at the nurse's slip. "I'll get you to see that I'm a girl yet! Anyways, I think we spent about maybe... five seconds or so finalizing everything."

"Five seconds? To completely design how your body looks? Are you serious?" the nurse asked incredulously. She couldn't have heard that right. There was no way Harry and Holly could have designed their new body from head to toe in only five seconds!

"Well... its kind of hard to explain," Amethyst said in reply. "For the most part, we simply melded our images together. It was... natural, I guess. Things just clicked into place on their own. The only parts of me we deliberately changed are my eyes, hair, nails, and teeth. Everything else is 100 percent naturally me."

The nurse's eyes dropped to the neo-girl's sizeable bosom. "Are you really being truthful about that?"

Amethyst followed the nurse's gaze and scowled cutely. "Yes!" she exclaimed with a stomp that made her breasts jiggle enticingly. "These are all natural, I'll have you know! It's hard to tell now, but Holly's boobs and butt was even bigger than mine when she was full-sized. Plus, biologically I'm only around seventeen or eighteen in this form. I've still got room and time to grow," the neo-girl finished proudly. The pair's audience, which had been silent for a while, stirred to life at that announcement.

"No need for comments from the peanut gallery," Madam Pomfrey told the trio without turning her attention from her patient. "I don't want to hear it, thank you very much." Liz bit back the lewd comment on the tip of her tongue with a sulky grumble. The nurse felt a stab of jealousy when she considered Harry's claim. The former boy had a point, she conceded. Holly was incredibly stacked (which looked rather odd on someone only a foot tall), and Harry still had a few more years of growing up to do. Poppy idly wished *she* had curves like that when she was a teen. The nurse shook her head.

Madam Pomfrey peered at Harry's face once again, this time comparing his... her face with Harry and Holly's. Now that Harry had mentioned it and that she was really looking, the nurse could clearly see the resemblances between the three. Harry's young, effeminate features had been enhanced by Holly's own contributions to stunning effect. Their complexions had evened each other out, turning Harry's deathly pale skin to a more natural creamy white hue. Her heart-shaped face had filled out and matured, making her look closer to eighteen than Harry's original age of thirteen. Holly's influence could be seen in her slightly higher cheekbones and small, straight nose. She also kept Holly's full, sensual lips, though they had lightened in color from the fairy's ruby red to a bright pink.

The eyes and hair were new, though. The girl didn't have Holly's soft brown eyes or Harry's odd multicolored orbs. In their place sat a pair of intense, almond-shaped violet eyes framed by long lashes and arched purple eyebrows. The irises of her eyes glowed softly, as if lit from within. Her hair was neither Holly's chestnut brown nor Harry's purple-streaked black. Instead, it was a lustrous mane of light purple hair fading to silver at the neckline that cascaded down to her buttocks, with long bangs framing her face. The girl was still a teenager, too, Madam Pomfrey noted. The nurse idly wondered what Harry would look like at twenty-five...

"I see..." Madam Pomfrey said a moment later, shaking off the odd feeling that had momentarily overcome her. What was wrong with her head? A sixty-something year old woman shouldn't eye up her underage patient like that! Especially a female patient! Was Harry emitting some sort of Veela-like effect? She'd have to see what she knew about it later. "Now it makes a little more sense. At first, I thought you meant that you two built this body from the ground up, but you combined Holly's and your features instead."

"That's right," Amethyst confirmed. "We thought it'd be fitting, since my mind is a combination of ours as well."

The nurse grimaced at the former boy's butchering of the English language. Then again, considering that the girl was a mix of two other minds and bodies into one whole, finding the right pronoun to use could get difficult. Merlin only knew what other effects it would have on Harry's young, impressionable mind. "Anyways, I'm done taking your vitals. I need you to strip down to your underwear again."

Fran, Len, and Liz perked up and stared eagerly at their mistress. They'd been waiting for that since Harry and Holly had Unisoned. The trio licked their lips and settled down for the show with lecherous grins. 'If only the nurse wasn't there,' the three thought idly.

Amethyst nodded and sat down to remove her boots and socks. She made sure to part her dress in order to show off her legs while doing so. She then tugged her gloves off, revealing a rune-covered bracelet that Madam Pomfrey hadn't noticed before. The neo-girl flashed a teasing smile to her staring lovers, stood up, and slowly undid her waistcoat. She followed up by removing her cloth belt and setting both items on the bed. Amethyst's hands trailed up her torso to cup her breasts before reaching the clasps holding the top of her dress closed. The neo-girl's enhanced nose picked up the scent of Fran, Len, and Liz's arousal, and her smile grew.

"There is a time and a place for such displays, Mr. Potter. This is neither one of them," the nurse growled out. Poppy was ashamed to admit that she was finding Harry's impromptu 'show' rather interesting herself. "Cease your shameless actions at once."

The demigoddess sighed and relented. She had been getting a kick out of watching her audience's reactions. She undid the clasps at her breast and another clasp hidden by the metal band sitting above her waist. Amethyst pulled the Chinese-style dress open and allowed it to slide off of her shoulders, revealing a lacy purple bra and matching panties. The four watching her sucked in a breath as the neo-girl's dress pooled around her ankles. Seeing the nurse's dumbfounded expression and the eager ones on her lovers' faces, she went for the kill and unhooked her bra. The garment was swiftly pulled off and tossed onto the bed with her belt and waistcoat. She then picked her dress up off the floor and added it to the pile.

Amethyst stood before the group clad only in her panties, shamelessly displaying her voluptuous form for them to admire. "Not exactly a mister right now, am I?" Amethyst asked teasingly.

Harry's body had been transformed from that of a rather thin, effeminate boy to a vision of womanhood in full bloom. The former boy gained around four or five inches in height. Her body shaped in a way the nurse had never seen before, being both soft and athletic at the same time. Her limbs and stomach were lightly toned, and she moved with an unmatched grace. Despite her obvious fitness, the girl had lush curves that were just shy of being obscene. 'A succubus,' was the nurse's impression of her nearly-naked patient. Everything about her, from her hair to her toes, was shaped to entice those who lay eyes on her. Had her wings been out, Harry would have looked the very essence of a succubus on the hunt.

She had an hourglass figure; with wide hips, a slim waist, and a large bosom. Her melon-sized breasts sat prominently on her chest, capped with pink nipples that stiffened as her audience looked on. Despite their large size and lack of support, her breasts showed little sign of sagging. The neo-girl's stomach area was flat, displaying her narrow waist and abs.

The neo-girl slowly turned in place, showing her body off to the four. Amethyst pulled her hair forwards to display her supple back and panty-clad buttocks. Fran gulped audibly at the sight. Amethyst shot her a sultry smile over a shoulder and made her butt jiggle a bit with a light swat to it. She turned back around and giggled when Liz gulped as

well. The demigoddess completed her turn and faced Fran, Len, and Liz. Madam Pomfrey's presence had long been forgotten by Amethyst once again in favor of the trio's lustful stares.

The nurse choked, her mind completely frozen by Harry's brazen actions. Her eyes continued wandering across the former boy's flesh while her mind tried to reboot. The girl had wide, child bearing hips that tapered down to a slender pair of legs with dainty feet. A small gap could be seen between her upper thighs. Madam Pomfrey's eyes were drawn from her thighs to the girl's panties. The panties were cut low enough that her lack of pubic hair was noticeable, and the outline of her mound could be seen through the flimsy fabric. The nurse tried to ignore the damp spot forming there to no avail.

No, Harry was most certainly a young woman at the moment.

Liz let out a wolf-whistle, unable to contain herself any longer. The loud sound snapped Madam Pomfrey out of her daze. "Ha- have you no shame, Miss Potter!?" she shrieked.

Amethyst cocked her head to the side and planted a hand on her hip. "Shame? What do I have to be ashamed of?" she asked.

"Nothing from where I'm standing..." Fran uttered quietly. Len nudged her in the side with grin and a nod.

The nurse puffed up with indignation. "What is the matter with you? You're acting like some sort of scarlet woman, Miss Potter! Show some modesty!"

"Modesty, modesty... I think I've heard that word before. I can't remember where from, though, so it must not have been too important," Amethyst replied with a smirk.

"I think Waver mentioned something about it once, but Euryale shot the idea down," Liz pitched in with a matching smirk. "Something about it being useless for people as awesome as us."

"She has a point," the demigoddess acknowledged. The Gorgons weren't much for modesty nowadays. Neither were most of the other women in the house. For people as long-lived, powerful, and beautiful as them, things like modesty were largely unneeded. She certainly wasn't going to complain about it.

Madam Pomfrey let out a groan. "You- just... never mind. Let's just move on before I lose any *more* of my sanity. What is the purpose of that rune bracelet, if you don't mind my asking," the nurse questioned.

The neo-girl broke her staring contest with Liz to answer. "It's a limiter for my magic. I've been wearing limiters since I first merged with myself last year to manage my jump in power. I'm sure you remember how I was last year, leaking magic all over the place."

The nurse nodded along. She remembered that mess, and the accusations thrown around about Harry using dark rituals, well. Even she had been rather suspicious of the then Second Year student. Dramatic increases in magic like Harry had shown were definitely unnatural. No-one could gain that much power overnight without some sort of cost. Said cost was standing before her now, Madam Pomfrey mused.

"I was able to get it under control eventually. Nowadays, I wear one more out of habit than anything else. Hmm, I *did* make another jump in my magic power when I gained this form, so maybe I should make a new limiter until I can control it better..." Amethyst wondered aloud, reaching for the bracelet's clasp.

Madam Pomfrey froze in worry. If Harry was really emitting some sort of Veela-like aura and the bracelet was keeping her from leaking magic... "Wait, don't take off the-"

Click "-bracelet!" she ordered, too late to stop her patient. A wave of uncontrolled magic rolled through the room, enveloping everyone in its warm embrace.

Fran, Len, and Liz stiffened in place and let out simultaneous moans of pleasure. The sudden rush of their mistress's magic flooded through their link to her and sent the already horny trio over the edge into an orgasm. Fran dropped to her knees from the unexpected release, and Len and Liz had to lean against the wall for support as fire raced through their bodies.

Madam Pomfrey sucked in a shuddering breath, staring at Amethyst with a flushed expression. She couldn't believe that she had thought of the young woman before her as a boy before. No boy could possibly look so *perfect*. The way her glorious hair shone in the light, her seductive eyes gazing at her in surprise, the girl's flawless curves; Poppy *wanted* her like she had never wanted another before. The nurse took a halting step forwards, a part of her mind desperately trying to get her traitorous body back under control.

Amethyst snapped her limiter back on with a disturbed expression and pulled Prismakreuz out of storage. The nurse looked almost drunk at the moment, giving her a dopey-eyed look. "Bind," the neo-girl intoned, immobilizing and levitating Madam Pomfrey. She sure hadn't expected the older woman to react like **that** when she took off her limiter bracelet. *'What the Hell was that? She was acting like one of those idiots who were caught by the Delacours' auras... ah, **shit!**'*

The nurse strained at the bindings for a moment before coming back to her senses with a bemused expression. "What happened to me?" she wondered. It had felt like something had thrown a blanket over her mind.

"You can release me now, Ms. Potter," Madam Pomfrey said drily, trying to hide her embarrassment. It seemed her fears were right. Harry was letting out some sort of attraction field like a Veela, and a potent one at that. She had been nearly overwhelmed by desire once the girl's magic swept through her. Her rudimentary Occlumency skills had proven almost entirely useless before her patient's power.

"Sorry about that, but you spooked me a bit there," the demigoddess replied, dismissing the binding spell and planting Prismakreuz's butt on the floor. "I forgot that that sort of thing could happen."

The nurse rubbed at her wrists, taking a moment to get her head back on straight. That had been unexpected. She figured that Harry's aura would affect her, but not to such an extent. Madam Pomfrey rubbed at her temples. More than the power of the neo-girl's aura was its sudden, dramatic spike in potency. The effect wouldn't have been so overwhelming had Harry arrived with her limiter off, the nurse thought. It was the sudden influx of power that had caught her. It was akin to wading in a river, having an undercurrent sweep your legs out from under you, and drag you underwater. Just how much power was lurking underneath Harry's surface? "You know what happened, then?" she asked out loud.

Amethyst settled back down on the bed and propped her spear against her shoulder. "I guess you could call that the family curse. My sisters and I are... divinely

gifted with our looks, you could say. That's why I look so pretty even when I'm in my male form. Anyways, our power seems to act somewhat like a Veela's aura if we don't hold it back. Even when my sisters suppress their power completely, they still put any human woman to shame. I wasn't sure how much of that I had inherited that from them, but it seems I got more than we first thought."

Referring to it as a magical effect like a Veela's would certainly be easier for the nurse to swallow than explaining that her tired mind was overwhelmed by the force of Amethyst's uncontrolled divine aura. Her status as a demigoddess was something she was planning to keep under her hat as long as possible.

"Your sisters have the same power?" Madam Pomfrey asked. Then why hadn't she felt it when she had met them a year and a half ago?

"Yes, they do," Amethyst replied. "Theirs is far more powerful and controlled than mine, though. Hell, Euryale, Medusa, and Stheno were so beautiful that the mere mention of them brought men from across the globe hunting for them to take as wives or slaves. And that was three thousand years ago. They're a lot older and more experienced than I am, so they can suppress it completely. Good thing they can, or we'd be swamped with guys trying to get in my sisters' panties," she grumbled. Even with their powers hidden away, Euryale and Stheno had far more than their fair share of admirers. It was enough to drive a proper little siscon like Amethyst up the wall at times, even before she finally admitted to herself that she loved them in a non-sisterly way. "Anyways, the effect should be mostly suppressed once I get better control over my magic. I'll just have to remember to leave the bracelet on when humans are around."

Madam Pomfrey dropped back into her chair with a groan. Dealing with Harry had sapped her mental strength. It was just one thing after another with the girl, she complained in her head. The nurse turned her head to look at Harry's 'friends', all of whom looked relatively unbothered by their master's little display. The three were blushing and smiling, and Fran looked slightly wobbly at the knees. They didn't show any signs of having been restrained like she had been, though. "How is it that you three weren't as affected by Ms. Potter's aura as I was?"

Fran shrugged her shoulders and said, "Well, none of us are human. We're all resistant to magic like Amethyst is. We weren't affected the same way you were."

Liz tossed a grin at the nurse and pitched in. "That's not to say we weren't hit by it." The dragon girl lifted her skirt up to show the nurse her soaked panties and the fluid leaking down her inner thighs. "See? I actually had an orgasm when I got hit. I know these two did too." Len nodded her agreement, as did a furiously blushing Fran.

Of all the shameless, perverted actions...! The nurse's jaw worked soundlessly, trying and failing to express her feelings about that. She gave up after a minute with a slow shake of her head. "I... don't know what to say about that," she admitted.

"Perhaps we should finish this another time?" Amethyst queried with her face aflame from the girls' blunt admission. She hadn't expected them to have a reaction like **that** when she took her limiter off. "You look like you could use some rest." Madam Pomfrey looked rather stressed and wrung out.

"That might be a good idea," Poppy conceded. "I'm not feeling my best at the moment (no thanks to all of you), and I don't want to make a mistake or wear myself out completely. Merlin only knows how much more work I'll have before the day is through."

As if to punctuate her statement, a chiming sound rang throughout the room. Madam Pomfrey jumped to her feet with a soft curse. "That was the emergency alert ward," she explained hurriedly to her audience. "Someone is in serious condition. You are free to go, Miss Potter." The nurse pushed aside the curtains and rushed out to meet her new patient.

The four left behind gazed wordlessly at each other for an awkward moment. "Well," Amethyst said, "let's go back to the tower." The neo-girl sealed her Device back into her pendant, picked up her clothes, and warped the four of them back to their tower.

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Amethyst plopped down onto her bed and stared at the three girls before her. "Did you really cum just because I took my limiter off?" she asked, shocked and rather turned on by the thought. The only link that was supposed to work anything like that was the one between her two halves!

Len pulled the bottom of her dress up to reveal her wet underwear. Fran gaped at the bold succubus for a moment before following suit, revealing the evidence of her own orgasm.

Their mistress gulped at the sight. "How in the world...?"

"I'm not sure," Fran answered, dropping the hem of her dress. "When you took your bracelet off, it felt like pure desire and lust was pouring through our bond like water through a fire hose. I couldn't help myself."

"The three of us were already horny enough from playing with you while Pomfrey was in her office and then your little strip show," Liz added. "Feeling your own need on top of that, plus the sudden surge of magic, sent me over the edge."

"My need?" Amethyst repeated. "You felt my emotions along with my magic when I took my limiter off?"

The dragon girl nodded. "That burst of lust definitely came from our bond." Liz gave her mistress a lecherous grin. "You really got off on stripping for us, didn't you? I saw that wet spot on your panties."

"Yeah..." the demigoddess admitted. She definitely enjoyed stripping for the girls, even with the nurse's presence interrupting them. Maybe she should learn how to strip properly someday... Amethyst shook her head. She had other things to worry about, like how the girls felt her emotions.

Amethyst leaned back on her hands as she thought, paying no mind to her near-nakedness. Her emotions were sent along with her magic, Fran and Liz reported. Magecraft didn't work like that for the most part. Wizard magic, on the other hand, did. It was how spells like the Patronus and the Unforgivables worked. So had her desire mixed with her uncontrolled power and sent some sort of lust-based Patronus spell in all directions? That **would** explain the nurse's reaction...

"Thinking hard, love?" Liz asked. The Servant slid up to her pondering mistress with a mysterious smile.

"Yes, I think I may have figured out what happened," Amethyst said, and looked up into Liz's eyes. "Liz? What are you doing?"

Liz placed her hands on the neo-girl's shoulders, still smiling enigmatically. "I was thinking, too."

"Oh? What about?" Amethyst asked.

Liz took a seat on the neo-girl's lap. "I was wondering if kissing you in this form will feel any different," she responded. Liz slid her hands from Amethyst's shoulders to wrap around her neck, and pulled the neo-girl into a steamy kiss.

Amethyst's eyes widened in shock, but she quickly melted into her Servant's passionate embrace. She grabbed Liz by her buttocks and pulled her tight against her barely clothed body.

"Mmm," Liz hummed in her throat. Amethyst's lips were fuller and softer than Harry's. Her body felt better than his as well. Liz slipped her tongue into the neo-girl's mouth to see how she tasted. The pair made out passionately, ignoring Fran and Len watching on.

Amethyst moaned quietly as her dragon wrestled her tongue into submission. Kissing as a girl was even better than kissing as a boy. Her body was softer and more sensitive, and she didn't need to fear hurting Liz with her fangs. She moaned again when Liz's claws began to caress her breasts. Liz gently massaged her sensitive orbs, occasionally pinching her aching nipples.

Liz released her lover's lips again and leaned back. A strand of saliva connected their lip. "Mmm," she moaned out, "your lips taste good." Liz licked Amethyst's lips and slipped the demigoddess's hands off of her ass. "Almost like honey. I wonder if your other lips will be as tasty."

"Liz...?" Amethyst breathed out. "Are you serious...?"

"Mm-hm!" she replied. "I've wanted to taste you all day long, and now I have you right here. Don't say you don't want it. Your panties are wet again." Liz settled on her knees before Amethyst and spread her legs open. She ran a finger across the girl's soaked panties and held the wet digit up for her to see. "See?"

Amethyst stared at the fluid-covered finger for a moment, and then relented. She'd been worked up for a while now and was curious how having her pussy eaten felt. "I never thought today would turn out like it has been... All right, you win."

Liz slid her fingers under the band of Amethyst's panties and tore them off of her with a swift tug. She ignored the neo-girl's protest, eyes fixed on her prize. Her hairless core was soaked with arousal, practically dripping down to the crack of her ass. Her pussy lips and clit were all swollen. Liz looked back up into her lover's violet eyes, seeing the need in them. She was close to the edge already. Liz gave the entire length of her pussy slit a long hard lick, stopping at her swollen clit. The dragon let out a happy sigh. "I was right; you do taste like honey down here."

The dragon began to enthusiastically eat out her mistress's weeping pussy, kissing, licking, and sucking at her folds and erect clit. Amethyst cried out in pleasure and fell back on the bed. The neo-girl had never expected it to feel so good. Fire was racing through her veins, and a wonderful pressure and tension built up in her belly. Her hands pawed at her breasts, trying to get herself off. The only thing she could focus on was the she-devil between her legs, and her desperate need for release.

Liz smiled into Amethyst's pussy and thrust her tongue deep into her folds, drawing a passionate cry from her. She spread her folds open with her fingers and wormed her tongue around inside, seeking more of her lover's sweet nectar. Liz probed deeper into her treat, feeling Amethyst's walls squeezing her tongue. She was on the

verge of cumming. All she needed was a little push. Liz gently pinched the neo-girl's clit between two fingers and thrust her tongue as deep as it could go.

Amethyst's whole body trembled from the stimulation, and her fingers clamped down hard on her sensitive nipples. The spike of pain in her breasts was the last straw, sending her over the edge into a spine-tingling orgasm. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she let out a guttural cry of pleasure, releasing a flood of her honey in Liz's mouth. Amethyst laid there, her tired body trembling under the force of her orgasm and her Servant's tongue licking her folds clean. A second orgasm ripped through the demigoddess's body, making her see spots in her eyes.

Liz pulled away from Amethyst's pussy with a satisfied grin. She climbed up on the bed and straddled the neo-girl's body, staring down into her dazed purple eyes. "Did you enjoy yourself, love?" she cooed to Amethyst. Liz dipped down and gave her a gentle kiss, and then shifted over to lay beside her.

"Liz..." she breathed out. "That was incredible..."

Len moved Amethyst's clothes aside and sat down on her other side. She dipped her small hand in between the recovering neo-girl's legs and sank a finger into her core. The succubus pulled her cum-covered finger back out and took a taste of her mistress's honey. "... Good..." Len uttered softly.

"Really?" Fran questioned. "It must be good if it can make Len talk!" The chimera walked over and sampled her mistress's cum herself. "You really do taste like honey!" she exclaimed.

"I swear..." Amethyst moaned, forcing herself upright. "You girls are going to drive me crazy."

"But you love us anyways," Liz shot back. The dragon girl got off the bed and turned to face the others. "Isn't it about time for dinner?"

"Yes, it is," Amethyst answered. She pulled out her wand, cleaned herself off, and repaired her torn underwear. The neo-girl stood up shakily and redressed. "Heavens, I'm going to be feeling **that** for a while."

Fran gave her a concerned look. "Are you alright?"

The demigoddess nodded in answer. "I'll be alright. That was intense, though. I still feel tingly," she replied. Her body and mind still hummed from the experience. "Anyways, I'll end the Unison and we can go get dinner."

Amethyst tried to separate her mind back into Harry and Holly, but failed. "What the..." she said to herself, trying to separate again. Once again, she couldn't do it. Her mind was too fuzzy for her to divide back into its individual pieces.

"What's going on?" Liz asked.

"I can't end the Unison," Amethyst answered. "My mind's too jumbled up to separate."

The dragon girl scratched a cheek and grinned. "Was I really that good?"

"Yes, but that isn't the point! We can't leave things like this! Don't forget, I have patrol with Severus in a few hours." Amethyst pointed an accusing finger at her Servant. "You'd better take responsibility!"

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\7bAuthor's Note: I'm a little leery of tossing in the lemon scene, but I just couldn't help but write it. I'll try not to let the lemon dominate the story like I did the first version, but there will be frequent mentions of sexual activities in the story. After all, Harry/Amy is a hormonal teenager with six women in love with him/her. Sex will happen. A lot of sex.

Anyways, poor Madam Pomfrey. She makes such a good foil for Harry/Amy that I had to abuse her again. She honestly wants to help Harry, but she might end up getting mind-wiped or killed for her troubles. Few things look more threatening to a secretive person like Harry/Amy than a busybody who thinks they're doing the right thing.

For those of you who keep badgering me in reviews and PMs to write faster: please stop bugging me about updates. MSKA is not my first priority in life. It is one of my last priorities. I only work on it when I have inspiration **and** free time. That means that it may be months in-between updates. I refuse to rush through this like I did with the first version just because some of you are impatient. I don't mind answering PMs and reviews with questions about the story itself, though.\7d

****Chapter 6*: Falling into Fantasy***

\7bCopyright Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, Fate/Stay Night, Mahou Shoujo Lyrical Nanoha, Valkyrie Profile, Blazblue, Mahouka Koukou no Rettousei, Bastard!, or anything else I shamelessly plug in here. They belong to their respective creators. And yes, you read that last series inclusion correctly. There will be questionable sexual content in this story some might find offensive, including incest, futa-on-female, futa-on-male, futa-on-futa, and most offensive of all, consensual heterosexual sex in the missionary position. I will **not** warn you when I get to lime or lemon parts in the story. If such things offend you, do not read any further. \7d

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Mahou Shoujo Kaleido Amethyst: Falling into Fantasy

(Monday Evening, Outside Harry's Office, Hogwarts)

Ginny Weasley paced in front of the closed door of Harry's office with a conflicted look. She had heard the rumors about Harry really being a girl and had come to find out the truth, but halted at the last minute. Her desire to get the truth from her fiancé fought with her paralyzing crush on the Boy-Who-Lived. Despite being engaged to the Potter heir, Ginny knew little about him beyond what the twins told her. They told her that Harry was a very private person who disliked strangers sticking their noses into his life. She wasn't a stranger, though. Ginny was his future wife and mother of his children. Surely he wouldn't turn her of all people away. So how should she go about it?

Should she simply barge into his office and demand answers like her mother? Would he approve of her straightforwardness in doing so? Surely he wouldn't get angry at his lovely wife-to-be wanting to clear the matter of him being a girl up, right? Her mother did things that way, and look at how well her parents got along together.

Or, perhaps she could start off with small talk instead, and then ease her way into asking. It would be a good way for them to get to know each other better. After all, they were going to spend the rest of their lives together! There was no way her Harry could be

too busy to make time to talk to her. It wasn't like his job at the school was actually important or anything. Once they got married, he'd be too busy going to fancy parties with her and fighting evil, when he wasn't taking care of their children or watching her play professional Quidditch.

Or making babies with her, Ginny thought with a perverted giggle. She wanted lots of babies with Harry. Momma had taught her all about the birds and the bees and how to keep a husband faithful. Ginny twirled in place with another giggle. She doubted that she would need her mother's special recipes, though. There was no way Harry would be anything but satisfied with her, after all...

Ginny shook off her giddiness and faced Harry's door once again. In order to get the future she wanted, she had to take the first step, since her Harry was so obviously shy. "Gryffindors forward," she told herself and grasped the door handle.

The knob refused to turn for her. "?" Ginny muttered to herself, "Why is the door locked?" The Gryffindor stepped back for a second. "He should still be here. It isn't that late, is it?"

Ginny pulled out her wand and cast a Tempus spell. "What the... it's only six o'clock. He should have been back from dinner by now." The Gryffindor knocked on the door. "Profess- no, Harry! It's Ginny. We need to talk. Open up!" But the door didn't budge.

Ginny began to pace in front of the door once again. "Why isn't he answering...?" she asked the empty hallway. Her Harry wasn't a very social person, but he was well-known and regarded for his dedication to his work. Talking with older students and comparing his efforts with her last DADA professor, Lockhart, had told her that much. Ginny couldn't understand **why** her Harry put so much effort into his job when he could live a life of luxury without lifting a finger, but for some reason he did. So Harry should have been in his office until eight o'clock. Where was he, then?

He had to be in there, Ginny thought. Dinner was over with, and Harry never went into the library anymore. Ginny had followed her fiancé around long enough to know his habits. If he wasn't in class, he would be in his office. So why wasn't he answering his door?

The Gryffindor paused in dismay as a thought crossed her mind. What if Harry was avoiding her? No, Ginny thought to herself, that couldn't possibly be true! There was no way her Harry would try to avoid his loving and lovely betrothed. No, it couldn't be that.

Maybe he was just playing coy with her, trying to silently prod her into being more forwards and open about their relationship? Ginny nodded to herself with a giggle. That had to be it! "Just you wait, Harry," she told the closed door. "If you want to play hard to get, then I'm game!"

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Amethyst froze in the middle of stretching her arms out in her seat, a small shiver of revulsion creeping up her spine. The neo-girl looked around the room warily and reached out to the school wards, looking for anything odd. "What was that?" she wondered aloud. Finding nothing out of the ordinary beyond the usual flood of students

heading for their dorms after finishing dinner, she shrugged and finished stretching. It likely wasn't anything important.

The demigoddess turned her attention back to her empty plate and goblet as a house-elf whisked them away. Her first dinner as Amethyst had been a rather interesting event for the young woman. Her taste in food and drink was very different from Harry's own. Amethyst found that she preferred her meat thoroughly cooked rather than nearly raw like Harry, and that she didn't like rice as much as her male half did. The taste of blood had also lost some of its appeal. She could still drink it, but the neo-girl much preferred the red wine that the house-elves managed to scrounge up from somewhere.

"Are you going to have to go out like that?" Fran asked from her seat. The quartet had eaten their dinner in the tower rather than risk having Amethyst seen by anyone. "I thought you wanted to keep that form a secret?"

Amethyst tilted her head back and focused her attention inwards. Her mind had finally cleared up enough that she could separate it. It took about an hour to recover from having an orgasm, the neo-girl noted clinically. She'd have to be wary of that. It was unlikely that she could avoid making love to the girls in the future as Amethyst, and she had no intention of trying to abstain now that she had given it a shot. "I think I can end the Unison now," Amethyst replied. "**Finally.**"

Liz grinned sheepishly. "Sorry, I guess? I didn't know I'd make you cum so hard that you'd get stuck as Amethyst."

The demigoddess shrugged in reply. "I'm not blaming you for it, and I definitely don't regret letting you go down on me. I'm just surprised I got trapped in this form, even temporarily. I've only had this body for two days, though, so there's still a lot we don't know about my body," she continued. Learning that having an orgasm as Amethyst would seal her in that form for around an hour was a complete surprise. That hadn't been the only surprise of the day, but it was by far the most embarrassing one yet.

"I still can't believe you talked Amy into letting you... go down on her so easily, Liz," Fran admitted from her seat, her eyes hidden by her bangs. Her shyness had quickly reasserted itself once her Mistress had gotten dressed.

Liz walked around the table and wrapped her arms around the chimera's neck affectionately. "I'm a rather persuasive person, I'll have you know," she purred into Fran's metal-covered ear.

Fran froze up, feeling Liz's hot breath caressing her neck. A soft whimper escaped her mouth and her cheeks heated up. Fran then shook her head violently, trying to force Liz and the feelings welling up between her legs away. "How **do** you keep doing that to me so easily?" she asked the dragon.

"Do what?" Liz asked, rubbing her cheek against Fran's. "Turn you into a panting, horny, wet mess of a woman with a simple touch and a few words?"

The Berserker nodded, her blush spreading from Liz's touch. "Yes..." she quietly answered.

Liz's lips twisted into a predatory leer at the woman in her arms. "I can be **very** persuasive when I want to be, Fran. I have a C rank in Charisma, after all."

"And Liz gets a full rank bonus against women," Amethyst added.

Fran's eyes widened at that. Charisma wasn't a common ability for a Servant. A C rank in Charisma lent a lot of weight to Liz's words, making her more persuasive and

commanding. With a full rank bonus against women, it would be akin to having a great queen focusing her entire will on a single person. It would be incredibly hard for a woman to resist Liz's words and actions completely.

The demigoddess nodded at the realization in Fran's eyes. "You see how it is, now? It's hard to say no to Liz when she wants something, especially if you're not really against it in your heart. Now, it would be different if she tried to get us to do something completely abhorrent, but when Liz tries to talk us into doing something we're already interested in ourselves..." Amethyst said, trailing off with a blush of her own.

"There's also the fact that you both were utter virgins until today," Liz pointed out. One of her hands drifted down to grope Fran's modest breasts. The dragon's eyes burned with carnal desire as Fran began to squirm in her arms. "Between that and your love for all of us, you two are putty in my hands whenever I get the itch."

Amethyst looked askance at her Lancer. "What's gotten into you today, Liz?"

"Why am I acting like an animal in heat, you mean?" Liz replied. "Isn't it obvious? I watched you strip and have oral sex in both forms just a couple of hours ago. Not only that, I got to taste your cum as Harry and eat you out as Amethyst. I'm horny, damn-it! I've held back long enough. I need some release too!" Liz's other hand slipped from Fran's neck to grab the chimera's other breast. The dragon nuzzled her trapped victim's neck, pressing sucking kisses to her exposed skin.

Fran tilted her head to allow Liz more access to her sensitive neck, moaning lustfully from the unfamiliar sensations coursing through her veins like fire. She covered Liz's hands with her own. "Liz..." Fran whimpered. She had kept quiet about it, but she had been feeling the urge as well.

"Didn't you cum when I took my limiter off?" Amethyst asked, gawking at the pair in front of her. She was reminded all over again just how shameless Liz could be. The neo-girl shifted in her seat uncomfortably as her panties dampened again. *'Would I have enough time to recover if I did it again?'* she thought, eying Len speculatively.

Len, sensing her gaze, gave Amethyst a bewitching smile in return. The succubus's crimson eyes glinted with wicked intent as she ran her tongue across her lips. Amethyst gulped and shifted her attention back to Liz, trying to ignore her growing arousal. *'It's only been an hour, Amy! Calm down!'* Out loud she said, "And didn't you already seduce Fran this morning?"

Liz looked up from Fran's neck to grin at her Mistress, savoring the growing scent of desire filling the room. "Mm-hm! We didn't do any more than make out and some exploration with our fingers, though. I plan to go a *lot* further than that tonight. And while I did get off from you taking off that bracelet, it wasn't enough for me." Liz walked around Fran's chair to look into her eyes. "What do you think, Fran?" she asked the horny chimera. "Do you want to continue this in my bedroom?"

"Yes..." Fran answered, losing herself in Liz's molten eyes. The chimera stood up on shaky legs.

"What about you, Amy?" Liz asked with a hungry purr. "You want to make it a threesome?" Her eyes cut over to Len. "Or perhaps you'd prefer a foursome?"

"Eh!?" the demigoddess squeaked out. She waved her hands wildly as she tried to refuse. "No! Er, I mean, I'd love to but- the time- I need an hour afterwards to recover... don't have the time..."

Liz nodded understandingly. "I see... that would only give us less than an hour to play with. Maybe later we'll have longer to... do things properly." She walked around the table to give Amethyst a tongue-filled kiss. Liz reached out and gave one of the neo-girl's stiff nipples a hard pinch while they kissed. She gasped explosively into Liz's mouth and reached up for the dragon.

"Still, you should let Len take care of you before you separate and go out for patrol. It wouldn't do for you to meet Severus at night with a boner. He might get the wrong idea," Liz finished, fending away the demigoddess's hands with a laugh. She turned around and flounced back to the waiting Fran, and led her by the hand to her bedroom.

Amethyst gaped at the retreating pair, panting with need from Liz's kiss and grope. "What the...?" She sure hadn't expected **that**. Amethyst shook her head slowly as Liz's door closed. "I swear you girls are going to drive me crazy. At least Len won't- " she started to say, only to pause when she saw Len stalking towards her.

Amethyst swallowed her words when her eyes met the succubus's. *'Well,'* she thought, seeing the heated glint in her Familiar's eyes, *'I don't think Len's going to take no for an answer this time. Not that I actually want to say no...'*

Len mounted her Mistress's lap, pinning her in her chair. She then wrapped her arms around Amethyst's neck and pressed their bodies together, using Amethyst's bosom like a set of pillows. Len slid her dainty fingers through her lover's hair and stared into her violet eyes, her crimson orbs swimming with love and a burning need only the woman in her arms could satisfy.

The demigoddess lost herself in Len's eyes, her whole world consumed by the restrained passion she saw there. Amethyst couldn't care less about her time limit. The only thing she cared about was making the succubus in her arms happy. The neo-girl smiled and settled her hands on the succubus's slim waist.

"Len..." she breathed out. Amethyst brought a hand up to cup Len's cheek, and gave her a searching look. "Are you sure?"

Len answered her with a feather-light kiss. She pulled back a second later and stared into Amethyst's eyes. Seeing her desire reflected in those violet orbs, Len sealed her lips to her Mistress's once again.

Amethyst moaned heatedly into Len's mouth as the pair made out. She pulled away to take a breath, only for the succubus to grip her hair and drag her head back down. Len's tongue wiggled in between her full lips and sought out Amethyst's. Their tongues twisted together, Len's smaller muscle overcoming the neo-girl's inexperienced one.

"Nn...chu...fua...ammu..."

The couple lost track of time. They were completely engrossed in expressing the passion they had for each other. Len finally let go of her Mistress's locks and sought out the clasps on her dress instead. Her nimble fingers swiftly undone the top clasps and she began to pull the dress open. Amethyst assisted her, leaning forwards and sliding her arms out of the dress so that the succubus could pull it down.

The clasp of her bra was opened as well, and the garment was tossed aside. Len cupped Amethyst's large breasts gently and ghosted her fingers across the neo-girl's soft flesh.

Amethyst looked down at Len. "Should we- ah- take this to the bedroom?" she asked, trying not to squirm too much.

The succubus nodded in answer. Amethyst carefully stood up, holding Len close to her by her butt. The familiar locked her legs around her Mistress's wide hips in return, and the pair carefully made their way to their bedroom. Amethyst's steps faltered occasionally when Len's hot breath washed over her nipples.

The neo-girl kicked off her armored boots and lay back on her bed. Len gazed down at her, licking her lips. Amethyst's purple and silver hair splayed over the pillows, and her lovely face had a vulnerable look to it. Len turned her attention back to Amethyst's heaving bosom, determined to make her cum from breast stimulation alone.

Amethyst sent a wordless prayer of thanks to her sisters that Holly had convinced Harry to make her breasts more sensitive. Normally, breasts get less sensitive the bigger they are, but Holly made her H-cup breasts as sensitive as A-cups. Len's fingertips trailed around the outsides of her breasts, sending tingles of pleasure down her spine. The neo-girl arched her back, offering her bosom to the succubus.

Len looked up at Amethyst's blissful expression, gave her lover a wicked smile, and bent over the neo-girl's offered bounty. She trailed kisses around Amethyst's breasts, ignoring her erect nipples. Len kept at it for several minutes, stimulating all but the most sensitive parts of her lover's breasts. She decided to experiment and brought her nails into play as well, dragging them across Amethyst's silky skin.

"Len... please..." Amethyst panted with need. The combination of pain and pleasure from Len's soft lips and digging fingernails was driving her nuts. Len was showing off her centuries of experience in the bedroom. Her Familiar was slowly building her up towards a massive climax. The neo-girl's body felt like it was on fire, and her panties were completely soaked with her essence.

The succubus finally shifted her focus to the neo-girl's nipples. She gently sucked on one nipple and played with the other one with her fingers. Len switched back and forth between them, making sure to pay proper attention to both breasts. She kept a close eye on Amethyst, backing off whenever the neo-girl got too close to cumming.

"...Len..." Amethyst was reduced to whimpering her lover's name. Drool ran between her lips and down her neck, and her breath came in gasps. Her hands tangled in the succubus's silken locks, urging Len to finish her off.

Len looked up at her Mistress's flushed face and took pity on the girl. She lunged upwards to seize Amethyst's lips a final time, and her fingers clamped down like vices on the demigoddess's swollen nubs.

"!" Amethyst's cry of bliss was stifled by Len's silken lips and tongue. Her back arched, her eyes rolled, and her muscles clenched uncontrollably. A flood of her nectar spilled out of her folds. Amethyst sprawled out on the bed bonelessly, her mind wiped blank by her climax.

Len released the neo-girl's lips with an audible pop. She leered down at the insensate girl, and leaned down to suck on Amethyst's neck. The succubus marked her milky flesh with a series of hickies. Len worked her way around her lover's neck, staking her claim. The Familiar looked down at her work with satisfaction and decided to move on.

Amethyst gave Len a loving smile and reached up to caress her cheek. The neo-girl had come to while Len was in the middle of marking her but let her do what she wanted. "That was amazing, Len," she admitted. "You need to teach me how to do that to you and the others someday."

"..." Len nodded, silently promising to teach her how to please a girl. The succubus slid down Amethyst's torso to straddle her legs. Len undid her belts and dress clasps, and tugged the dress off. Amethyst's lifted her hips to assist Len, wondering idly what she was doing. Her answer came when the succubus grabbed her soaked panties and pulled them down as well.

Len teased Amethyst's legs apart and sat in between them. She then gave the neo-girl's puffy nether lips a long lick.

Amethyst's eyes bulged and she cried out in surprise and pleasure. "Oh God, Len! I'm still sensitive!" She tried to look down at Len, but her swaying breasts blocked her view of the wicked creature about to prey on her defenseless body once again. The neo-girl grabbed hold of the blankets and tried to brace herself.

The succubus tuned out Amethyst's cries for mercy. She was absorbed in cleaning up the treat before her. Len loved sweet things and she loved making her lovers cum. Eating out Amethyst's honey-tasting folds was the best of both worlds to her. Len worked her small tongue across the neo-girl's thighs and weeping slit, occasionally licking her throbbing clit as well. Len purred audibly when her efforts were rewarded by another gush of fluids. She didn't let up on Amethyst, though. The succubus drove her from peak to peak, greedily drinking down her sweet nectar.

"Len... please... let up..." Amethyst begged. She had already come five times and was reaching her limits. The neo-girl started to weep from the overwhelming ecstasy. Her body and mind was being worn down by her amorous familiar's sex skills. She tried to hold herself together, but she was getting closer and closer to the edge of consciousness. Amethyst came again when Len buried a finger in her back door. "I can't... take it..."

Len carefully took Amethyst's clit between her lips and sucked down on it. At the same time, she added a second finger to the neo-girl's butthole and two fingers from her other hand into her over-stimulated core. The combination attack elicited a shriek to the heavens from Amethyst, who fainted a moment later.

"..." Len smiled sheepishly at her passed out lover. She had gone a little overboard, and didn't even get a single orgasm of her own in return. The succubus pouted, and stripped off her clothes. Len wasn't about to let her first evening with Amethyst end on a sour note! She parked her nude buttocks on her Mistress's sweaty abs and tried to rouse the young woman.

"...Oh..." Amethyst softly moaned. Her mind felt like it was wrapped in a blanket, her stomach felt oddly heavy, and her body felt like a limp noodle from head to toe. A silly smile stretched across her plump lips. Seven times! Len made her cum seven times in a row. If Liz's earlier work hadn't already done it, Len's skills cemented it as a fact: Amethyst was going to end up a sex-addict.

Amethyst didn't have a clue what time it was. She'd be lucky if she had enough time to recover enough to de-merge before her patrol with Severus. Hell, the neo-girl

thought, she'd be lucky if she could even walk by then! She stretched out her limbs lazily and focused on the weight sitting on her stomach.

Len was sitting on her. She was naked, and her light blue hair flowed around her like a halo. The succubus's pale cheeks were flushed with pink, and a faint sheen of cum was visible on her chin and lips. Amethyst's eyes trailed down the succubus's slender neck and shoulders to her chest. Len's nipples stood out proudly on her small breasts. Amethyst looked down the valley between her own breasts and saw her Familiar's hairless quim, her lower lips puffy and leaking. Her childish looks and womanly behavior created an intoxicating blend that was making Amethyst horny again, even as tired as she was.

Amethyst smiled up at her succubus with lidded eyes. "Len," she asked, "will you show me how to please you?" Len nodded crawled up the neo-girl's body to sit on her face.

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"Good evening, Severus," Harry softly greeted the Potions Master. Holly waved at the man from her perch. The pair had only managed to end their Unison a minute ago, thanks to Len. Said succubus was wrapped around Harry's neck in cat form, sleepy and sated for the moment.

"Indeed," Severus replied, still somewhat irked by the earlier behavior of Harry's classmates. "Do you happen to know why your classmates had regressed to Neanderthals during class today? No one was willing to explain to me why when I questioned them. I wonder why," he continued. Severus's lips twitched in a malicious grin.

Harry showed a grin of his own. Now that he had been a teacher for a while, Harry could understand the sadistic pleasure his friend got from terrorizing his more inept pupils. It wasn't something he did very often, but Harry could admit there was something immensely satisfying about knocking some of his more annoying students down a peg.

"I'm afraid that the incident in class was partially my fault, however unintentionally," Harry said. "It seems that the student body has come to the conclusion that I am really a cross-dressing girl. That's why everyone was gawking at me instead of paying attention to their work."

Severus stopped walking. "What."

The demigod shrugged in answer. "Exactly."

"And just how did they come to that conclusion?" the professor asked with a sort of horrified curiosity. The mind of a child was a disturbing place, after all.

"Hagrid decided to show a bit of sense during Care today," Holly said. "Instead of bringing in a bloodthirsty monstrosity for some idiot to get mauled by, he managed to capture a group of unicorns."

"And?" Severus prodded.

"Do you remember the incident with the injured unicorn two years ago? Well, after that mess, I've went into the forest to visit the unicorns on a regular basis. The unicorns Hagrid caught were from that herd. They knew me, and so let me approach and pet them," the boy explained. "I've never spoken to any of the students about knowing the unicorns before. I'm certain you've already figured out the rest."

Severus nodded in agreement. He could see how the other students could come to that conclusion. They were by and large gullible people, and Harry's appearance lent additional weight to the idea of him being female.

"People wouldn't confuse you for a girl so often if you'd cut your hair and take off that coat," he pointed out to the younger boy. Seriously, with his floor-length hair and long coat, it was no wonder people thought Harry was a girl.

Holly giggled and shook her head. "I think things would actually be worse if Harry took off his coat. He looks even more girly with it off, believe me."

Harry rolled his eyes. It wasn't his fault he was built like a girl! "Cutting my hair won't work, either. I've tried it before, and my hair grew back in less than an hour."

"I see. How are you planning on handling this?" Severus questioned. "Given how the students are, it won't be easy convincing them of the truth."

"That's simple," Harry replied. "I'm not going to bother trying."

"What," the professor said in shock. "You're just going to let everyone think that you're a girl?"

Harry shrugged carefully, trying not to jostle Len. "Yeah. I don't care what people think about me. If they want to believe I'm a girl, then they can go ahead. What difference will it make?"

Severus stared at the boy in shock. He couldn't believe that his young friend could be that apathetic about his reputation. He was reminded once again just how different Harry was from his parents. James would have stopped at nothing to prove he was a male should he have been in that situation. Harry on the other hand, simply didn't care what people thought about him. Severus wondered again at the purple-haired boy.

"So, should I address you as Miss Potter during class?" Severus probed. He was curious how Harry would react.

Harry raised his hands in an 'I don't care' gesture. "It doesn't really matter to me. If you want to call me Miss during class, go right ahead." He gave Severus a wry grin. "People confuse me for a girl all the time. I've been called miss so often over the years that I respond to it just as readily as mister."

"You **do** realize what kind of mess this will lead to, don't you?" Severus asked. The professor could already imagine the waves rumors about Harry being female would generate in the Ministry and among the Purebloods. With Harry's wealth and power there for the taking by the ambitious, fights would rage among the Houses to claim him as a wife. The fact that he was really a boy wouldn't matter. Permanent gender-changing potions **did** exist, and no one would think to check Harry for signs of being dosed by it if popular opinion pinned him as a girl. There were ways to magically bind a woman, as Harry should well know.

"I haven't put too much thought into it, actually. I just don't feel like explaining myself to a bunch of people who I could care less about. So what if some moronic stale-blood raises a stink or tries to push me into some arranged marriage. I'll just ignore them, or if that doesn't work, I'll crush and neuter them like I did to the older Malfoy," Harry replied nonchalantly. He was completely serious. What he had done to Lucius was meant as a warning to the Wizarding World to leave him be. Next time someone came after him or his family, they would die.

Severus nodded in understanding. Harry had made quite the impression on the Wizarding World with his actions both against Lucius and in the international dueling tournament. Direct action against him would be foolhardy in the extreme. Still... "Not all of the Ladies and Lords are foolish enough to challenge you head-on. Some of them still remember the more subtle arts of politics. Be wary of what you eat and drink and who you show your back to, Harry."

"It's not something I like to advertise," Harry answered, "but I have magic that warns me of such things. I'm immune to most poisons and potions, to boot. I never eat anything that I haven't scanned or made myself." A grin danced across his lips. "And my back isn't as unguarded as I make it look. Don't worry too much about me, Severus. Worry about them instead."

The professor decided to change the subject. "Speaking of Malfoy, young Draco came to me complaining about you assigning him unfair detentions. Would you care to elaborate? He was rather sparse on details." Severus let out a derisive snort. Godson Draco may be, he was little more than a spoiled brat too young and sheltered to see the consequences of his behavior. Severus would have to work harder at turning him into a true Slytherin before Harry lost his temper and arranged an accident.

"That thing?" Harry said. "I gave it its first detention for showing up late to class without a note. He claimed to have been speaking with you. Is that true?"

"That thing"? Why was he calling Draco a thing, Severus wondered. "No, it isn't. Mr. Malfoy left class with the rest of his group. How did he earn the others?"

The demigod nodded. "I see. Then that detention still stands. Malfoy earned another two weeks detention for carving and activating runes on its desk while I was lecturing on the dangers of doing such. It set its desk on fire and nearly injured several others. I warned it that I'll eject it from class and fail it for the year if it does it again."

"Why do you call Mr. Malfoy as 'it' and 'that thing'?" Severus asked.

"It, and the things that spawned it, attempted to turn my sisters into sex-slaves. In our eyes, the Malfoys have forfeited their right to exist for doing so. I'm simply waiting for the proper time to execute their sentence," Harry answered calmly. There was no anger in his voice as he announced his intention to murder the Malfoy family, just a calm matter-of-fact statement that he would end them.

"No forgiveness from you," the Potions master noted. "Not that I expected any." Harry's actions against the soul fragment of Voldemort and his public torture of Lucius Malfoy had shown him and the world that rather clearly.

The boy nodded in affirmation. "Never will I forgive, never will I forget. Some crimes can only be paid for in blood."

Severus couldn't argue with that. He had felt the same way about Voldemort when the terrorist killed Lily. The pair stopped in the middle of the hall. "This is where we part ways. Good night to you, **Miss** Potter."

"Good night, Severus," Harry returned. Holly added her own farewells. The trio teleported to Harry's office once the professor was out of sight.

"Gods..." Harry groaned as he collapsed in his chair. Standing up like that had been Hell on the boy. The pair didn't actually recover before their time limit hit. Instead, Amethyst had to forcibly end the unison. Doing so wasn't easy on her, or her two halves. Harry was still disoriented from separating himself from Holly in such an abrupt way.

Ending the unison with Holly hadn't rid them of Amethyst's fatigue, either. It had instead carried over to Harry and Holly, leaving the pair still feeling drained and wobbly.

"Note to self: demerging won't let us avoid the after-effects of a marathon love-making session," Holly noted with a groan of her own. She too was exhausted, and her breasts and pussy still twinged with phantom sensations.

Len woke up and crawled down to Harry's lap. The succubus transformed to her human form and cuddled against her Master's chest with a content sigh. She only had a few minutes to recover from her efforts to teach Amethyst, but she was in far better shape than Harry and Holly.

Harry stroked Len's hair and smiled down at her. "You're not worn out?" She shook her head.

"I'm kind of envious," Holly said. "You've only had about ten minutes to catch your breath but you're in a lot better shape than we are."

"..." Len twisted in Harry's lap to give the fairy a look. She didn't say anything, but Holly understood the succubus completely. Her eyes practically shouted at the pair 'lightweights'.

"Ehehehe..." Harry laughed sheepishly. He couldn't deny that. Harry and Holly had a long way to go before they could keep up with one of the girls in bed. He was both dreading and eagerly awaiting the time the girls would gang up on Amethyst or himself. "You've got a point, Len. But it's only been one day. We'll get better..."

The succubus nodded and turned back around to properly cuddle with Harry.

The demigod shook his head fondly at his Familiar and booted up his laptop. It would be a couple hours yet before everyone would be asleep and he could enter Gryffindor Tower, and so he and Holly would pass the time working on the shooting spell. Prismakreuz joined the laptop on the table, and the pair set to work.

"Hmm..." Holly hummed thoughtfully while staring at the screen, "Maybe we'd be better off modifying a wand spell for use rather than creating a new shooting spell whole-cloth."

"That's not a bad idea, but we'd need something pretty simple and straightforward to use," Harry replied.

The Elemental pursed her lips and dug through her memory for a useable spell. There were thousands of spells in the Hogwarts library and Harry's own personal collection. Most of them, though, were ill-suited to modification and mass use in combat like the pair was attempting to do. Still, there were a couple of spells that would fit their criteria. "How about the old knight-slayer spell?" she proposed.

Harry paused to peruse his memory for the spell Holly mentioned. The Percutio or piercing curse, nicknamed the 'knight-slayer', was an old battle spell commonly taught around fifteen-hundred years ago. It was a simple but effective variant of the piercing hex originally developed to fight armed and armored Muggles at range. Unlike most curses of the same type, the Percutio could pierce through the iron and steel armor plate and layered shields worn by Muggle soldiers, hence the name 'knight-slayer'.

Percutio was easy to cast, only needing to point the wand at the target, and lethal. The spell fell into disuse by the public in Britain shortly after the Statute of Secrecy became law. Law enforcement also discarded the spell due to its lethality, and the Purebloods preferred to use more elaborate magic to kill their enemies. The Ministry

removed the curse from the DADA syllabus around the same time. The spell, like many others, sat in the Forbidden section of the library for centuries.

"That could work," Harry replied. The demigod opened up a new file and typed out the equations for the spell for the pair to study. He grinned as he looked through the spell formula. The piercing curse had aged rather gracefully over the years. It would move too slowly for them as it was, but a few tweaks could straighten that out. The arithmancy behind it was simple and could be easily modernized and upgraded to serve on a new battlefield.

"I wonder..." he mused after a strike of inspiration. Harry pulled up a file for a Belkan-style casting triangle and plugged the piercing curse in. Rather than putting it in the center of the formation, he placed a copy of the spell in each of the three corners.

Holly floated down to the keyboard to assist her partner. With the link, it was easy for her to see what he was planning. Harry was trying to combine three piercing curses into a single shot. The connecting equations would bind the spells together and increase the speed of the shot. The central formation would govern the spell's starting position, number, and angle of attack. It needed some refinements before it would be combat-worthy, but it was a great idea. If Harry's idea worked, it might be possible to do the same thing with other spells like the blasting curse or even mix three spells together for new effects.

"I think it'll work," Holly said an hour later. "We'll need another day or two of work and to test-fire it in the RoR to work out the bugs, but it looks good. What'll we call it?"

Harry considered it for a moment. The spell was inspired by a German-named spell, and cast by a German-named device, so maybe he should just stick with the theme. "How about we call it *Heilige Lanze*?"

"Holy lance?" she asked. "Why name it that?"

He shrugged. "If it works right, it'll look like a lance of light when we use it. And as a demigod, our magic should have at least some holy properties. That'd explain why our Patronus can kill Dementors, at least. Therefore, we should call it Holy Lance."

"It works for me," Holly conceded. She checked the time and Gryffindor Tower through the wards and let out a sigh. They had been at work for longer than she had thought. It was eleven-thirty at night, and everyone in the tower was asleep. Even the Weasley twins were sleeping. "Harry. It's time."

Harry saved their progress and shut down the laptop. "Len, it's time to get up. We have some work to do."

Len awoke with a yawn and stretched her arms. She then shifted back to cat form and took her place on Harry's shoulder.

"What should we deal with first: Hermione's family or her and Neville?" he pondered aloud.

"I'd recommend dealing with Hermione's family first," Holly opined. "They'll be a lot easier to deal with."

Harry nodded and said, "Alright, we'll do it that way."

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The trio of mind-raiders entered the Gryffindor Third Year girl's dorm like a specter. Not a sound was made as Harry padded his way to Hermione's bed. Silencing and sleeping spells were tossed around the room for extra security while the trio re-wrote their friend's memories.

Harry opened the curtains around Hermione's bed and paused while looking upon the bushy-haired busybody. Their friendship was fraying, and may come to an end at any time, but the demigod was still reluctant to trespass in such a manner. Unfortunately, he didn't have much choice. Hermione was a security threat, and had to be dealt with as such.

"Len," he said, "Will you give Holly and me some support? I'd rather not cause any more damage than necessary."

Len hopped from his shoulder to the bed and took up station at the crown of Hermione's head. The succubus's crimson eyes regarded Harry for a moment, and then she nodded. She would help the pair preform their psychic surgery.

"Thanks Len," Holly told the Familiar. Harry too let out a breath of relief. Len's help would make the process much smoother and likely to work properly.

Harry took a seat at Hermione's side without disturbing the bed. He then drew his wand and shared a look with Holly. She nodded to show her readiness. The pair then looked to Len, who also nodded. Harry sucked in a breath and pointed his wand at Hermione. "Legilimens."

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"So, this is who you really are," Harry mused as he looked around Hermione Granger's mindscape. Hermione's mind looked a cross between Hogwarts' library, the Gryffindor common room, and her home. Filled bookshelves lined half of the walls and more rows of them were lined up through the room. Several pieces of furniture copied from the Gryffindor common room sat nearby along with other furniture from her home, creating a cozy reading area. The walls without bookshelves held objects and pictures of places and people significant to Hermione.

Harry walked over to the pictures for a closer look. His hand reached out and brushed a photo of Hermione's family. Foreign emotions, no doubt Hermione's, entered the demigod's mind. Love, trust, exasperation, and other feelings emanated from the picture. Harry pulled his hand away and walked down the row of pictures. As he did, he noticed cracks forming on the walls. They were small at the moment, but to Harry they were a sign that Hermione was pushing herself too hard. Over time, the cracks would grow and shatter the girl's psyche if she didn't learn some moderation.

He walked past the representation of Hermione's wand to peruse the other images. "And here I am," Harry noted as he came upon his own picture. A balance sat underneath the image on a desk. Feeling curious, he touched the frame. Jealousy, admiration, anger, affection, fear, safety, desire, disgust, her feelings were a study in contrasts. She both looked up to Harry for his abilities and accomplishments and hated him for the same reasons. He was what she hoped to become.

Hermione's feelings for him sat on a scale. When she learned something new about him, the scales tilted towards positive or negative. Currently, her feelings for the demigod were tilting towards the negative. He wondered why that was so, only for his

picture to change for a moment. Harry stifled a laugh when he deduced the reason. Amethyst! Hermione was jealous of his Unisoned form's beauty! The fact that Harry was considered to be more attractive than Hermione rankled, and seeing him turn into a woman made it even worse. The lingering suspicion that Amethyst was what he really looked like, caused by the day's rumors and her own imagination, just fed the girl's jealousy even more. She didn't actually believe the rumors, but she couldn't discard the possibility that they were true.

"Nya!"

Harry looked over his shoulder to see Len padding up to him. Holly rode the cat like a horse, prompting a giggle from Harry.

"There you two are," he remarked. "Were you two looking around as well?"

"Mm-hm," Holly hummed in answer. "It's actually pretty interesting in here, if a bit rigid. Hermione's got a good head on her shoulders."

The demigod pointed at the cracks in the wall. "Not if she doesn't learn how to manage her health better. Anyways, did you find the memories we need?"

The Elemental flew up to land on Harry's shoulder. "Yeah, we found them over there. What have you got here, though?"

Harry turned to face his image once again. "This? I guess you could say that this is Hermione's perception of me. The scale seems to represent her feelings about me."

"What did you do for it to look like that?" Holly asked while pointing at the tilted balance.

The boy let out a sigh. "It seems that she's rather jealous of our looks."

Holly giggled for a moment, and then shook her head. "That's not a surprise. We'd make supermodels green with envy, and Hermione's only a thirteen-year-old girl. There's no way she wouldn't be jealous."

"You've got a point," her partner conceded. "Anyways, we should get to work. Len, what are you doing?"

The succubus had been carefully studying the picture of her Master. Len reached out and poked the picture, which shimmered. Harry wondered what she did. The picture didn't look any different to him. So why did it shimmer like that?

"What the..." Holly muttered. "I don't get it. Is something different?"

Len ignored the fairy's question and instead led Harry by the hand to the section of Hermione's mind containing her recent memories. A set of freshly printed books sat on a mostly empty shelf.

"This is what we need?" Harry questioned. He reached out and picked up the most recent book. It was Hermione's memories of the day.

Harry read through the book for any sign that Hermione had already talked about her visit to his home. Fortunately, it appeared that the Gryffindor hadn't spilled the beans yet. Harry put the book back with a sigh of relief. At least he wouldn't have to hunt down and mind-rape anyone else.

The demigod turned his attention to the books immediately prior to that. Harry plucked out the previous book in the series, which showed Hermione's memories of his house. "Len," he said, "I'll need your help with this."

Len took the book into her hands and focused on it. She passed it back to Harry a minute later.

He took the book from Len with a raised eyebrow, and skimmed through it. Len had done exactly as he had wanted. The specifics of what Hermione had seen were blurred and distorted beyond use, but the feelings behind them were still intact.

"Is there any chance that an interrogator could reconstruct the memory completely?" he asked Len. The succubus thought for a moment, and shook her head. No, no wizard would be able to put the pieces together.

Harry bent down to give Len a peck on the lips in gratitude. "Thanks Len, I don't know what we would have done without you."

Len puffed up her chest in pride. Then taking Harry by the hand, she led him and Holly back out of Hermione's mind.

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The group came back to reality still seated around their target. No one had stirred during the mind-dive. Harry carefully scooped Len up from the bed and teleported to the boy's dorm to repeat the process with Neville after removing the spells he had cast.

"What a mess," Holly said as she looked around the dorm room. Dirty clothes sat in piles beside most of the beds, and items were piled haphazardly around the students' trunks. The house-elves obviously hadn't gotten around to cleaning the room yet. Loud snores came from several of the beds. "I guess they haven't learned silencing wards, either."

Harry carefully picked his way through the mess to reach Neville's bed and opened the curtains. The boy was lying on his side, sound asleep. Once again sleeping and silencing spells were tossed around.

"We'll do this the same way we did with Hermione, then," Harry told his companions as he set Len on the bed. The demigod's wand came out once again. "Legilimens."

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Harry looked around Neville's mindscape with interest, Len at his side and Holly on his shoulder. "I guess we should have expected something like this..."

Neville's mindscape took the image of a greenhouse. It was filled with greenery. Plants grew haphazardly with patches of brown, dead-looking plants sitting in random spots. There was an order to the place, but finding it would be difficult. "No wonder Neville always had memory problems," Harry said. He shook his head and turned his attention to something else.

Statues littered the greenhouse representing people important to Neville. Each statue had its own personal flowerbed. Harry moved closer to inspect the statues. The one before him was that of a tall, stern-looking old woman. She was clad in a typical robe and wore a witch's hat with a stuffed vulture stuck to it.

Scraggly plants were planted in a circle around the statue. It looked like the flowerbed had been taken over by weeds. Small, dull flowers bloomed on the plants. Harry stretched out a finger to touch one of the flowers.

Harry was drawn into a memory of Neville being lectured by the woman. She turned out to be his grandmother, Augusta Longbottom. In the memory, she was lecturing Neville about how he should be more like his father. The memory contained feelings of

shame and sadness. It was an old memory from shortly before Neville had started Hogwarts.

The demigod withdrew his hand and walked away from the statue. It was no wonder Neville had such low self-esteem when they had met. Judging by the look of the garden, Neville had been on the receiving end of such lectures for years.

The trio trekked through the garden of memories towards the center of Neville's mindscape. Harry froze in shock when he saw the statue sitting in the center of Neville's mind.

It was a statue of Harry and Amethyst, standing back-to-back on a marble pedestal. Both figures were masterfully carved, showing that Neville had burned their images into his heart. Even Amethyst, who Neville had only seen for a pair of hours, had been lovingly recreated in marble. Harry circled the statue to take it in from every angle.

"Hey, isn't there something different about the statue of you, Harry?" Holly asked while pointing. "The chest looks a little off.

"What the... it has boobs?" Harry asked. Indeed, the statue of him actually had a modest bust line visible underneath the armor. "So... he thinks I'm a girl?"

"Look at where the statues are positioned, too," Holly pointed out. "Why are they on a pedestal, and why are they sitting in the center of Neville's mindscape?"

Len covered her mouth with a hand and stared at the pair with laughing eyes. The meaning was obvious to her.

Harry shook his head and focused on the flowerbed of memories around the statue instead. Unlike the one around Augusta's statue, the flowerbed here was a riot of colors. Flowers of all types filled the flowerbed to the limit. Lilies, roses, tulips, even flowers that Harry had never seen before found their home there.

"Wow, he sure thinks rather highly of us," Holly said. "Look at all of these memories and the way they're shown. It's a lot different from the memories of his grandmother!"

The demigod nodded absently as he took in the colorful flowers. He knew that Neville was grateful to him for the help that Harry gave him over the years, but to see it like this? Harry didn't even know where to begin looking for the memory of the weekend. "Len, could you help us find the memory we need?"

"..." The succubus tiptoed through the tulips to reach a particularly lovely flower near the center of the bed. She touched it to confirm it was the correct one, and then beckoned Harry over. A mischievous smile graced her lips.

"What's with that smile, Len?" Harry asked cautiously. If he didn't know better, he'd have thought Len was about to pull a prank on him. She wouldn't do that in someone else's mind though, surely. Harry touched the flower and was pulled into the memory.

Harry found himself staring at Amethyst through Neville's eyes and feeling his emotions as Harry's Unison form was revealed for the first time. Harry felt Neville's awe as he looked upon the most beautiful woman the Gryffindor had ever seen. He felt the boy's guilty desire when the person he looked up to most become a girl.

Harry felt Neville's emotions when Amethyst unleashed the Starlight Breaker into the desert. He tasted the fear and shock Neville felt as he looked into the crater left behind. Harry also noted the relief the Gryffindor felt that it was Harry who held such awesome power.

The demigod looked into Neville's memories of the next morning, and his belief Harry was truly a girl. He felt Neville's awkward crush on Harry turn into something different, something between love and worshipfulness for the one who had done so much for him over the years...

Harry jerked his hand away from the flower with a yelp. His cheeks burned as he considered what he just found. Neville thought he was a girl. Neville thought he was a girl, and he had fallen for Harry. The hybrid boy was speechless. He hadn't expected something like that!

Len's laughing eyes haunted Harry for a moment. "Did you expect this, Len?"

The succubus nodded. She wasn't surprised by the revelation at all.

"Could we please just get this over with?" he pleaded. Len stepped up to his side and took the flower in hand once again.

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Harry sighed quietly as he trudged back into his tower, following in Len's wake. The succubus darted ahead of her Master, sending a mysterious smile back at the demigod before entering Liz's bedroom. Harry quirked an eyebrow at Len's back, wondering why she was going to disturb the no-doubt sleeping pair. He paused for a minute to get his head back on straight.

It hadn't been easy in any sense of the word for the young demigod to modify five people's memories in the same night without damaging their personalities. In fact, if not for Len's expert assistance, he would have had to remove the five's memories of their visit to his house completely. The fact that he had to mind-rape two people he had considered friends didn't sit too well with him, either. Harry wouldn't hesitate to do anything necessary to protect his family, but there were a few lines even he preferred not to cross without a real need. Re-writing parts of a friend's mind was one of them.

He didn't want to think about what he found in Neville's mind. Neville was a nice boy, but Harry was only interested in girls, damn it!

"Enough of that," Holly scolded. "We did what we had to do. Or would you rather let a threat to our family continue to exist just so you could keep your conscience clean?"

Harry shot a wry grin at his partner. "You know me better than that, Holly." There were lines Harry wouldn't cross lightly, true. But if his family was in jeopardy, he'd jump across those lines without a second thought. Nothing was more important to Harry than his family. Nothing.

Holly returned Harry's grin with one of her own. "Of course I know you better than that. I **am** you, after all. That doesn't mean I can't give you a poke or two when it looks like you're about to stumble, though."

"Where would I be without you all?" the boy asked with a brightening smile.

"Didn't Grandpa show you the answer to that before?" Holly replied, hiding a smirk as she did so.

Harry stiffened in remembrance of the time Zelretch had showed him what Harry's life would have been like had the old vampire not interfered. "I saw nothing. I heard nothing! I know **nothing**!" he answered vehemently.

The fairy burst into giggles upon hearing that. She knew how much Harry hated that timeline. Holly hated it too, but his reaction was too funny for her to pass up on. "Come on Harry, it might not have been **that** bad."

"Holly, you know better than that. Our counterpart ended up married to one of our worst fangirls and was best friends with **Ronald Weasley** of all people. Hell that Harry looked like he was doped up on Love Potions, too. If we ever visit one of those timelines, I don't think I could stop myself from putting the local Harry out of his misery," Harry stated with a shudder. "No one should have to suffer through having their free will violated like that."

It was one thing to surrender yourself to your lover willingly out of love and trust. But to have your free will taken out of your hands that way, to be made a prisoner in your own mind by a damn stalker? Harry would pull the Moon down on himself rather than allow that to happen to him.

"It could have been even worse," Holly said. "Remember some of the stuff we saw when Grandpa showed us how to touch the Second?"

Harry shuddered in horror. "For the love of our sisters, don't remind me. Are you trying to give us nightmares or something?" Harry's early training involved connecting himself to other versions of Harry Potter scattered across the infinite. However, Zelretch hadn't bothered to warn his grandson that the Multiverse held not only infinite wonders, but unspeakable horrors as well.

He had witnessed counterparts of his suffer fates he wouldn't wish on anyone. He watched himself die in various horrible ways and be betrayed and tortured by those his counterparts should have been able to trust. He had even seen timelines where the local Harry had entered sexual relationships with trash like the Malfoy males and even Voldemort. Harry had seen things that couldn't be unseen, and his young mind had been overwhelmed by the incident.

Zelretch had been forced to rewrite part of his mind so that the young boy wouldn't snap under the load of foreign memories he had absorbed. Though the old vampire had been completely successful at removing any mental contamination from the boy's counterparts, Harry retained some knowledge of what he had seen and a deep, instinctual hatred of the Malfoy family on top of the grudge against the family that they had earned through their actions.

"Sorry," the spirit said in apology, shuddering as well. That incident happened before Harry had found Holly, but she shared the memory through their link, just like everything else.

"It's alright," he replied, forcing himself to calm back down. Harry set off for his room, ready to catch a bit of sleep. He reached out and opened his bedroom door. "Just don't bring it up again, please. It'd be a pain if I had a reminder in the middle of teaching a class and end up flaying the Ferret in front of my other students on reflex. That would be rather... unprofessional of me." Harry began to undress for bed.

Holly snorted. "Unprofessional, eh?" she said, stripping as well. "I think that would go just a *little* bit beyond unprofessional. It'd be therapeutic, though."

"True," Harry admitted, "But enough about that. We both need some sleep, and we don't need to give ourselves nightmares." He pulled back the covers on the bed and slipped in between them, clad only in his boxers.

Holly looked from her bed to her other half thoughtfully. Coming to a decision, she grabbed her pillow and flew over to Harry's bed. The spirit plopped herself down by Harry's head and pulled a clump of his hair over her like a blanket.

"Comfy?" he asked. Holly hadn't done anything like that before. Harry wasn't going to complain, though.

"Mm-hm!" Holly murmured, settling in for the night.

"Mind if we join you?" Liz's voice called from the door. "You two look a little lonely, lying in bed like that."

Harry sat up and looked towards the door. Fran, Len, and Liz walked into the bedroom. None of the three wore a stitch of clothing. Harry's eyes eagerly drank in the sight of their nude forms. It wasn't the first time he had seen the girls in a state of undress, but never before had he seen all three of them completely naked at the same time.

He shook his head in disbelief, and focused on Len. "Did you wake them up, Len?"

"We were in the bath when you got back," Liz answered for the succubus. The air carried the fruity scent of the girls' shampoo and a faint smell Harry began to associate with sex.

Len pulled the covers off of Harry, pushed him onto his back, and draped herself across his body. The demigod looked down at his Familiar and relaxed. He combed his fingers through her silky hair with a gentle smile. "So what brings you ladies in here?"

Fran and Liz shared a look and a nod. The pair climbed into bed on either side of Harry. They settled their heads on his shoulders, being careful not to poke his face with their horns.

Fran shyly kissed Harry on the cheek and answered him. "We were worried about you. I know you didn't like messing with your friends' memories."

"Mm-hm. We didn't want to leave our wife sulking in bed. You might end up getting wrinkles," Liz teased, kissing Harry's other cheek.

Harry let out a groan. "I seem to have acquired a new nickname..." he grouched.

"Do you not like it?" Fran asked. "I thought it was kind of cute, but if you want us to stop..."

The demigod ran his fingers through Fran's hair. "I don't mind it too much. I was just grumping for the sake of it. I just know Zelretch and my sisters are going to swap out my stuff for girl's clothes after they hear you call me that."

"You're going to have to wear girl's clothes soon anyways," Liz spoke up.

"Remember? You're growing boobs and your body's definitely not boy-shaped. You're not going to be able to fit into boy clothes, especially once you start filling out more."

"You've got a point there," Harry admitted. He hadn't thought of that until now, but he'd have to at least rework his armored top to account for his growing bust. His jacket would need modifications as well.

Holly chimed in with a grin. "Besides, I think you'd look much better in a dress, or maybe a French maid outfit like Satsuki's."

Harry let out a resigned sigh when he felt Fran, Len, and Liz nod in agreement. There would be no avoiding being dressed up as a maid, now. The thought didn't bug him very much, though. *'It'd be interesting to see how Altrouge and my sisters react to me in a maid outfit,'* He mused. An amused smile graced his face. *'I wonder how my students*

would react to seeing me in a dress, especially if I reveal that I'm still a boy at the moment.'

Holly giggled into his ear when she picked up his thoughts. 'You sound kind of eager to see that.'

'I don't know, maybe I am,' he admitted to his other half. 'It'll make one hell of a prank, i think.'

"Good night, girls." Harry settled back into the mattress. He drifted off quickly, lulled to sleep by the warmth of his lovers.

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\7bAuthor's notes: This chapter was hard for me to write in many different ways. Just trying to write out a twelve-year-old fan girl's thought process gave me a headache for days. Doing the mind-dive scenes for Hermione and Neville was just as tough. I'll try to get the next chapter out by the end of November, but I can't make any promises. Anyways, read and review!\7d

