

# Goat Stories

*by sylvanawood*

Aberforth Dumbledore and the love of his life. Mostly harmless, basically a story about power and love. Ratings are explained in the first chapter, so are the warnings. There's a bit of slash, a bit of het, a dash of SSHG and also a few other things that you won't find in my other stories. Aberforth Dumbledore/OFC, Abe/Filch, Abe/Snape, hints at SSHG. AU.

## Chapter 1

*Chapter 1 of 3*

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*Disclaimer: Nothing you recognize belongs to me. No money is made.*

A/N: Thank you, Dreamy\_Dragon, for beta-reading the madness.

**\*\*Warning:** non-explicit bestiality, non-explicit bdsm. This was written for the OWL house cup challenge. You've been warned, don't complain. Since I normally write vanilla romance, for the House Cup I wanted to repel my readers (not reviewing would cost them points) by writing something outside their comfort zone. There's a hint at bestiality, a bit of non-explicit bdsm, slash and het but basically it is a story about power.

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### Goat Stories

#### Chapter 1

Lysander Scamander, solicitor and notary, shuffled through the documents on the late Aberforth Dumbledore's ancient oak desk. There weren't all that many documents; old Aberforth hadn't been a man of many words, and this distinguishing feature was mirrored in his correspondence it was short and to the point...as well as his documents: he had only kept what was strictly necessary.

Lysander was glad about that fact; there was still enough paperwork to go through and review, as it was. There also was antique furniture, many, many books, pictures and other potential valuable items. Abe's appearance as the eccentric barman of the Hog's Head had been a clever ruse, a deception. In reality, the man had been a collector and patron of the arts.

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Aberforth had adorned his home with an interesting mixture of art and practicality. Mucha paintings (Muggle-type) were hanging in the small dairy, a Tiffany lamp stood on his art deco desk and Beardsley's Salome (wizarding version) was dancing her dance of the seven veils in the bedroom. It was surprising, really, how much wealth Aberforth's home contained.

Lysander stretched, yawned, put all the files into a folder and neatly stacked them away in his briefcase. Now, all that was left to do was taking a look at that interesting cabinet in the basement where Abe had made his famous goat-milk cheese, a delicacy that was known for its exquisite taste and medicinal properties. Its fame had spread far beyond Hogsmeade and Hogwarts.

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The cabinet...Bauhaus, Lysander noted...was filled with small bottles. Perhaps, these phials contained the secret ingredients and additions that were essential for making the legendary 'Bess' goat cheese? Lysander Scamander wouldn't have minded to get hold of the recipe and market the cheese himself if Dumbledore's heir wasn't interested. And he didn't really think that Albus Severus Potter would be interested in the production of goat cheese.

Who would have thought that Old Abe would leave his possessions to Al anyway?

The Potters and Dumbledores were related, but if asked, Lysander would have guessed that Harry Potter would have been the heir not that Uncle Harry would be any more interested in goat cheese than Al would be, mind. But apparently, Abe had been of the opinion that Harry had enough wealth already, and so everything went to Albus Severus. Probably a sentimental gesture in memory of Abe's brother Albus, Lysander thought.

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But be that as it may, the fact that the heir was a Potter increased the chances that they'd leave the manufacturing notes to Lysander, who had wished to retire from his tiresome lawyer career for some time now. He had grown weary of always being the 'normal' one, the reasonable one in his family; the one who was pursuing a career in law instead of hunting for the Snark or digging up the submerged Gulpalumps.

Deep inside, he was just as delightfully crazy as his beloved parents and his twin brother Lorcan. All of them still went on Snorkack expeditions together regularly, and Lysander enjoyed these flights of fancy greatly. No, if he could go into goat cheese production, Lysander wouldn't miss his law career at all; he'd finally be free to live in the country and perhaps find the time to write Grandpa Xeno's memoirs.

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But first, he had to find out what was in these phials. He opened the glass door of the cabinet and looked at the shelves. There were bottles everywhere. They were standing in rows; some bottles were even stacked on top of each other. The bottom shelf, however, didn't contain phials but something else.

*Was that a bowl?* Lysander wondered, but when he took the item out of the cabinet, he realized that it wasn't only a bowl but some kind of magical object. An even closer look revealed that it was a Pensieve. The logical conclusion was that these phials were filled with memories...

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Lysander grew very excited. Were these Old Abe's memories? The man had been a hero of the second Voldemort war, over fifty years ago. These memories alone could be worth more than the house and everything in it together.

Rita Skeeter, the old, legendary Daily Prophet reporter, had demonstrated that stories about war heroes...invented or true...could earn you a fortune. She was now richer than the Minister for Magic. However, all her riches couldn't prevent her from getting old and wrinkled as Aunt Hermione never failed to point out with righteous glee.

Lysander couldn't resist and took one of the phials off the shelf. After carefully levitating the Pensieve onto the desk, he poured the silvery memory threads into its depth, prodded the liquid with his wand and then stuck his face into the Pensieve.

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After tumbling upside down, round and round, and finally awkwardly landing on his feet, he became aware that he stood in a paddock and saw... a goat. The goat looked at him with big, soulful eyes. Lysander hadn't known that goats had such pretty eyes...and started to bleat. Surprisingly, Lysander could understand every word it uttered. It almost felt as if the goat was telling a story.

*The grass is fresh and sweet again. What's even better are the herbs. The taste of honeysuckle leaves is a treat for the taste buds, nothing tastes better, not even the fresh hornbeam shoots from the hedge over at the Three Broomsticks.* The animal took a few mouthfuls of the fresh, green grass and continued.

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*My coat is changing from winter to summer and that is always an itchy affair. But he'll scratch me; he'll brush me thoroughly and take care that none of the tufts of old hair remain. I love it when he does that. I love it when his hands are all over my body. He has such gentle hands...*

Shocked, Lysander pushed himself out of the Pensieve. These were the thoughts of a goat? Aberforth Dumbledore had extracted the thoughts of a goat to be viewed in a Pensieve? The old geezer must have been even more perverted than everyone had thought he was if he'd done that.

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Who'd have thought that goats could think so clearly, anyway? Maybe, Abe wanted to hide any evidence of what he did with goats? Apparently, that old rumour about Aberforth and the goats was true, after all.

Mildly disgusted, Lysander siphoned the memory out of the Pensieve and returned it to its phial.

He took another phial off the shelf; he needed to view a few more of these before he could decide whether they should be made public or be destroyed. The Potters wouldn't want to be involved in yet another family scandal. The affair of ambassador James Potter with young Sagittarius Malfoy had been a favourite of the press for years and didn't help making the Potter family any less conspicuous.

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"Here we go again," Lysander muttered, sighed, and dove into the next memory:

*His wonderful, warm hands were massaging my udder this morning, although I'm dry and can't produce milk. But he knows how much I enjoy a massage, and his caresses are so sensual and yet respectful, almost innocent.*

*I have to call them almost innocent because, although he never does anything improper, we both know that he wants to. But he won't... He is a good man, a decent man, even though even though once, only that one time, he went a bit further than mere touching.*

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*Of course, he'd been drunk when it happened. In the early years, he always got drunk on the day when we first had laid eyes on each other.*

*This time, however, was different. When he came back from the pub, he yelled. "They've actually made him a teacher! They are letting him loose on children," and broke down, crying inconsolably.*

*"We'll have to move, my love. We have to watch him closely, and that means moving to Scotland. Would you be very upset if we moved to Hogsmeade?"*

*I gently nibbled on his hair to show him that I didn't mind at all. As long as we were together, all was well with me.*

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*Abe put his arms around my neck and kissed me on the nose. After looking me deeply in the eyes, first the left and then the right one...goats have lateral vision, after all he kissed my lips. It was a bit difficult for me to kiss him back, and so I licked his face.*

*His skin tasted divine, the salty tears were a special treat. I first licked his face and then his hands and arms. By then, he had started to moan softly, and suddenly, he jumped up and tore his shirt off.*

*The taste of his sweat when I licked his chest and armpits was especially delicious.*

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*The sweat was adding a slightly bitter note to his skin, like a spicy herb, like lavender, perhaps, or yarrow. My tongue on his tiny brown nipples made him gasp. By now, he was breathing heavily, and his face was flushed. Loud, wrecking sobs told me that he had started to cry again.*

*With a loud, "I can't stand this any longer", he jumped up and moved towards my back. Fresh tears were glistening on his cheeks, and I longed to lick them off. His gentle hands patted my backside and then tenderly stroked down my thighs and legs. Tentatively, he stroked my opening with one finger but then tore his hand away as if burnt, although I didn't mind.*

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*It didn't really mean much to me to be touched there. I have been a goat for more years than I can count, after all; my body and my reflexes have become that of a goat and my mind...*

*"I'm so sorry," Abe sobbed when he rubbed himself against my back and thighs. He rubbed and rubbed... which, to me, felt rather pleasant all the while crying and sobbing and moaning. What he did to me didn't hurt me. I don't know if it would have, had he really entered me, but he never did.*

*"Oh, Bess!" he yelled when he finally came.*

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*Breathing heavily, Abe broke down, cried some more and fell asleep. I licked his face, his chest and everything else of his skin that was exposed and savoured the different flavours. Then, I lay down at his side. He'd be cold in the morning, he didn't have a coat like me to keep him warm.*

Lysander dove out of the Pensieve memory, his face beet-red. He was very embarrassed, feeling like a voyeur. Why anyone would find a goat sexually attractive, he didn't know; but if that was Aberforth's vice, the man had certainly kept a tight reign on himself, at least in his younger years.

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But who knew what Aberforth had done when he got older and was used to having a willing goat around? Did Lysander really want to know? He was pretty certain that he didn't want to publish these memoirs, although he'd probably be able to purchase Hogwarts with the royalties. But Aberforth had been a friend; Lysander wouldn't uncover his secrets. There were things the world out there didn't need to know.

Something was odd, though, and had left him feeling slightly uneasy. It was something the goat had said. Lysander had been so distracted by Aberforth's actions that he hadn't paid it heed at the time, but the goat had said something weird.

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The goat had said: 'the day they had first laid eyes on each other.' Aberforth had got drunk on that day? He couldn't really have fallen in love with a goat, and that goat couldn't possibly have returned his feelings, could it?

Lysander shook his head and closed his eyes. He was an idiot. That goat couldn't be a goat. Goats didn't talk, and they didn't think the way humans did. Goats were animals.

As most lawyers, Lysander Scamander had studied Legilimency. He knew how the thoughts of animals 'sounded' if you could call it that. It wasn't that animals didn't think...they did...but their thought processes were foreign: their needs, wants and yes, desires, were direct, instinct-driven and to the point.

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Not even the most intelligent animal would be able to think like that goat did. That kind of reflection was reserved for magical beings and humans.

Lysander was convinced that this goat wasn't a normal goat. He had to get to the root of the puzzle.

He had to take a closer look at these phials. There must have been some labels on them, something he had overlooked until now. He finished siphoning the memory back into the phial and twirled the tiny bottle in his fingers. There wasn't a label or inscription of any kind... Maybe the way these phials were placed in the cabinet was significant? That would be a rather whimsical ordering system, but it would fit Aberforth Dumbledore.

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Lysander looked at the cabinet again. Western reading is performed from left to right, top to bottom, and there were three rows of phials on the uppermost shelf on the left side, with ten phials per row.

He took the first phial on the left and examined it; it didn't stand out from the others. He tentatively cast a series of revealing spells on the small bottle, but nothing happened.

Scratching his head, Lysander put the phial back and took the first bottle in the third row. He'd just have to try, then. After taking a deep breath, he poured the memory into the Pensieve and lowered his head to the surface.

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Once again, he was standing on a grassy hill with bushes and trees; the soft burbling of water hinted at a river or creek nearby. The sun was shining and warming the soil and the air. A soft breeze brought the smell of honeysuckle and jasmine.

A herd of goats was on the pasture; the mothers were feeding on herbs and shrubs, three kids were frolicking around. While Lysander observed the scene in front of him, he heard the goat's voice resume its tale.

*Abe was still a very young man, barely more than a boy. He sat on a stone, laughed and clapped.*

*"You really did it!" he exclaimed. And what a pretty girl you are..."*

*I was one of the older goats in the herd, and when he shouted, I trotted towards him. Shortly before I reached him, I broke into a run and head-butted him until he fell off the stone and lay on his back, still laughing.*

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*I playfully head-butted him a few more times, and then everything around me began to blur and wobble and in less than a heartbeat, I was back to being a girl instead of a goat.*

*"I'm glad you find me pretty in my goat form," I said, hands on my hips, and looked down at him with a frown.*

*Abe stopped laughing, jumped to his feet and held me by my waist, lifting me up and whirling me around.*

*"I would never call you pretty in your human form," he said. I couldn't suppress a smile even though I tried to look stern.*

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*I'd always call you beautiful," Abe continued. He set me back on my feet and kissed me, long and thoroughly.*

"But of course," Lysander muttered under his breath after he came out of the memory. "The girl is an Animagus. But why does she live with him as a goat?" He was intrigued; he wanted to learn more. He hadn't been that intrigued since Aunt Hermione had dumped Uncle Ron and begun that mad and passionate affair with her former teacher. Her divorce from Uncle Ron had been messy and expensive, and it took Lysander's experience and cunning...he hadn't been Sorted into Slytherin for nothing...to get the upper hand against the Weasley clan's troupe of lawyers.

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But he had won the case, and Aunt Hermione, together with her new husband, didn't hesitate to show her gratitude at every opportune moment. He might finally call her on that, Lysander thought. He wasn't certain yet what to do with this cabinet full of memories, but he didn't want them to fall into the wrong hands. Aberforth must have had his reasons for living with that woman-turned-goat, and Lysander needed time to unravel the puzzle; more time than the closing of the legacy would cover.

Just to be certain that he had figured out the ordering system of the phials, he took the second to the left in the third row and, after having restored the previous memory to its phial, poured it into the pensieve.

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*I was so happy when Abe kissed me, the goat resumed the tale. I finally could be certain that he loved me. We'd been fooling around for a while, but nothing more happened than a chaste kiss when we parted. This kiss here was the most passionate one we had shared up to this point. It wouldn't be our last. Our kissing grew increasingly more passionate, and soon we were tumbling on the grass, groping at each other's clothes and trying to tear them off as fast as possible.*

*When I finally lay undressed under Abe, well hidden in a cluster of bushes, I was so happy that I could have cried. He looked at me with such awe, such loving and longing that it brought tears to my eyes. Now he would make me a woman.*

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*Despite of what older women had told me and they had stressed that a girl would only need to endure this when married...this turned out to be the most wonderful thing I had experienced in my life. Abe kissed and nibbled and nipped and made me squirm and gasp, wanting to give me all the pleasure he was capable of. Our lack of experience...Abe was only fifteen and I was sixteen was made up by enthusiasm, passion, and love. What he did to me felt incredibly good, despite a bit of pain.*

*It was unfortunate that both of us were so immersed in each other, afterwards, that we didn't notice the soft footsteps. Only when a bright blue flash hit me, did we realize that we'd been watched.*

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*When the flash hit me, I transformed back into a goat. Abe looked up and searched for his wand amongst his discarded clothes, but the intruder, or prankster, had already vanished. I hadn't seen clearly who he was; all I knew was that he had blond hair and an ugly, gloating smile.*

*Abe swore, but then he laughed and scratched me behind my ears, where I liked it most. "Well, Bess," he said, "I've heard that this is called bestiality, but I'm not really into that, so will you kindly transform back? I'd like to give my full attention to your creamy, white breasts again."*

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*I bleated and tried to transform back, but it didn't work. I jumped to my feet, galloped in circles, tried with all my might to change, but it still didn't work. I became desperate. I ran around frantically but just couldn't get the wobbly feeling back that tells an Animagus that he or she is changing shape.*

*Finally, I got so tired that my knees went weak, and with a sigh, I lay down at Abe's side. He had watched me with big, frightened eyes, and now he took out his wand and cast a few spells over me, but nothing helped.*

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*"Dammit, Bess, I hate to say it, but I'll have to ask Albus for help. He's always boasting that he is such a grand wizard; surely, he has mastered the spell to revert the Animagus transformation. Just come home with me and stay with the goats for now. Hadn't planned on letting you go home to your stepdad anyway. Today's the last time he's beaten you."*

*I bleated miserably, and did as I was told.*

Lysander dove out of the memory; he had been so immersed in the tale that he had aligned the whole contents of the first shelf before him, to pour into the pensieve as fast as possible. Quickly, he took the next phial and dove back in.

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*When Abe asked his brother to revert the transformation of a goat, Albus laughed and turned away. "Spare me that nonsense with your goats, Abe, will you?" the loving, caring brother said. "I've had enough of that rubbish for a lifetime. I have grander plans than wasting my time away with goats and a brother who is too dumb to cast his own spells."*

*Abe wept when he told me about that encounter, and I hated Albus Dumbledore more than I'd ever hated anyone in my life. My abusive stepfather didn't even come close. Albus Dumbledore loathed everything that tied him to the house in Godric's Hollow. He had cared only reluctantly for his sister Ariana; the darling girl had preferred Abe's company anyway.*

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*The three of us spent many a lovely afternoon together, watching over the goats. Ariana was such a dear child. She was eternally frightened and mad as a hatter, but she was still the sweetest person you could imagine.*

*And then, one day, Albus killed her. Or maybe it was Gellert Grindelwald...that friend of Albus who planted all these ideas of being worthy of a Greater Good into Albus' head. There even was a slight possibility that it was one of Abe's spells gone awry that did it, although I doubt it. Abe wasn't up to the level of the other two...neither in magical talent nor in malice.*

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*Grindelwald never showed up after Ariana's death. You would have thought that such great friends would try to sort out the aftermath of the crime...or accident together, but they didn't. Albus felt all noble and ready to sacrifice whatever it was he thought he had to sacrifice for the cause...whatever that was. The milk was spilled, the girl was dead, no one was held accountable, and Albus Dumbledore could finally follow his dreams of becoming the greatest wizard of the age.*

*Only, Albus didn't quite react as Abe expected. Albus seemed to have been genuinely shaken by the events.*

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*I found this rather odd since he had mostly avoided his sister and always considered her a burden on his way to achieving his goals while she'd still been alive. But now it*

*was all about being noble and dedicating one's superior skills to the right cause. The idea of a benevolent dictatorship over all things non-magical had died a sudden death, and Albus now had started to weave a new web of connections and dependencies that would sustain him all his life.*

*Abe, on the other hand, was completely overlooked. He had to deal with the loss on his own. He had always been considered only second best, and Albus never took him seriously.*

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*Over time, Abe came to hate Albus, especially after the latter refused to even listen to him, let alone look at me or try to help me.*

*Abe, however, never gave up and studied as hard as he could. Albus had insisted that he finish his Hogwarts education, and for once, Abe willingly followed Albus' advice. But the spell to revert an Animagus transformation wasn't taught in the regular Hogwarts curriculum, and you needed to have an Animagus available for teaching it anyway. When I had learned to become an Animagus in my fifth year, it had been made possible through a natural talent for Transfiguration and the need to get away from my abusive stepfather.*

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*I never had the opportunity to learn more than the basics about being an Animagus. Even if I hadn't been cursed, I wouldn't have been allowed to go back to Hogwarts after my OWLs. Thus, when that prankster forced me into my animal form...Abe was certain that it was Gellert...I wasn't really missed by anybody. Everyone just assumed that I had run away; the way I had been beaten regularly hadn't been exactly a secret.*

*My mother did file a missing person's report; she was the only one who wanted me back. When I was around, her husband wasn't using her as an outlet for his anger...that was what I was there for.*

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## Chapter 2

*Chapter 2 of 3*

Aberforth Dumbledore and the love of his life. Mostly harmless, basically a story about power and love. Ratings are explained in the first chapter, so are the warnings. There's a bit of slash, a bit of het, a dash of SSHG and also a few other things that you won't find in my other stories. Aberforth Dumbledore/OFC, Abe/Filch, Abe/Snape, hints at SSHG. AU.

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Thank you, readers, for reading on.

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### Goat Stories

#### Chapter 2

*Abe cared for me, but he couldn't help me. Albus refused to listen, and Abe didn't dare to ask the Ministry for help, or his teachers. If his own talented and celebrated brother dismissed his story as the mad and disgusting ramblings of a goat lover, Abe wouldn't get any sympathy from strangers, that much was certain.*

*And so I kept living as a goat among the other goats in the Dumbledore stable, always hoping that Abe would find the right spell to release me from the curse.*

*Abe was researching vigorously, which wasn't easy for him. Neither of us was very studious, we were both more the practical kind; talented enough where applied magic was concerned, but without caring much about magical theory.*

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*It took Abe almost until the end of his sixth year to find the right spell, and when he came home that summer, he didn't look very hopeful.*

*"I found the spell, Bess, but I don't think it'll work," he cried. I bleated and head-butted him affectionately.*

*"You see," he continued, "I've found this book in the Restricted Section. It says that people in their animal form lose much of their magic. In their animal form, they usually just have enough left to not lose their self to animal instincts, to maintain their sanity and to be able to safely transform back into human form.*

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*"There is a curse that forces Animagi into their animal form and, once transformed, they can't get out on their own, since they aren't able to use a wand. It's an old curse; it's been used so often that even Muggles know about it.*

*"Cursed Animagi need outside help to get the transformation reversed. Let's see if it works when I do it."*

*As Abe cast the spell on me I felt nothing. Where the blurry feeling of transformation should have been, there was no feeling at all. I still was a goat, and the chances that I would be able to revert to my human form were growing very slim.*

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*"We'll have to get you to St. Mungo's," Abe said.*

*I bleated my agreement. Only, there was the little problem of getting me there. The Knight Bus didn't take animals other than familiars, back then. Side-along Apparition had never been tried with Animagi, and Abe didn't feel confident enough to try it now. The only solution would be a Portkey, but for those you had to be registered.*

"I'll talk to Headmaster Black," Abe suggested. "Perhaps he'll give me a Portkey."

Abe kept his word, but Phineas Black was an arrogant git and had never been much interested in Abe. After Abe had talked to him, Black found nothing better to do than to contact Albus, and Albus was furious.

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Albus forbade Abe to ever mention goats in his or the presence of other people again, and that was that.

Abe refused to go back to Hogwarts after that argument; instead he stayed at Godric's Hollow, bought more goats and started to make his famous goat cheese. He called it 'Bess' and I was touched.

Albus now was without family obligations and free to pursue his career, but don't ask me what he did. You see, I had become rather content as a goat, and after years living as an animal, human problems seemed so far away. What mattered to me were Abe and our well-being.

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What was that? Lysander thought when he emerged from that particular memory. It almost seemed as if the girl... goat... had deliberately tried to tell her story to someone. That was odd. This was like a chronicle, then. But for whom was it meant? For Abe, perhaps? Lysander poured the next memory into the Pensieve and went back in.

Abe never tired of trying to find a way to transfer me back, but his efforts weren't successful. To make matters worse, each time Albus learned that Abe made inquiries about animal transformation, Albus got furious and threw his weight around, playing head of the family.

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"What family?" Abe yelled at him one day. "There is no family left."

Albus eventually became so furious that he threatened to proclaim Abe insane, but Abe reminded Albus of Ariana. That was usually enough to shut Albus up. After some time, the brothers came to the agreement that they would part ways. Abe would get the land and the house in Godric's Hollow, together with a small sum of the money in the family vault. Albus would keep the rest of the money, and I never learned how he used it. By the time he died, he had accumulated a small fortune.

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Abe had taken his money as soon as he'd come of age, despite Albus' protestations. With the money and the cheese manufactory, Abe, I, and the other goats got by comfortably.

Despite having settled down, Abe never gave up trying to find a counter-spell to the curse. He even tried his luck in Knockturn Alley, hoping to find a way to take the curse off me, but all to no avail. By now, we had learned that the curse combined permanent human-animal Transfiguration with the forced Animagus transformation, and that it was a variation of the very old curse we had thought it was all along.

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Even today, you'll find it mentioned in Muggle fairy tales, where it is hopelessly romanticized. Believe me, Hermione, releasing me from that curse wasn't as simple as being kissed by my one true love. Abe kissed me more than once, but apart from making him cry, nothing happened.

Lysander shot out of the Pensieve, shocked. Hermione? The goat had told her secrets to Aunt Hermione? What on earth?

Carefully, Lysander put the phials back into the cabinet, closed and warded it, and made his way up to Abe's office. Taking his quill and a small piece of parchment, he penned a short note, whistled for his owl and sent it on its way. Then he closed the house and Disapparated to his own home.

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Three days later, Lysander stood in front of the Granger-Snape residence, a lovely mansion close to Scarborough.

"How nice to see you, Lysander," Aunt Hermione said. "Do come in. What did you want to talk to me about?"

Lysander followed his godmother through the spacious entrance hall into a large office.

"Severus isn't here; he's in a meeting with Rose, but you wanted to talk to me alone anyway, didn't you?"

"Yes." Lysander sat down in one of the armchairs facing the fireplace. "I don't quite know how to start..." and he told her about the goat memories, interrupted only once by a surprised noise from her.

---

"I thought Betty had destroyed the memories," Hermione said bemusedly. "To whom have you talked about this, Lysander?" She glanced at him sharply, and Lysander felt like a small boy all of a sudden.

"No one," Lysander said, slightly taken aback by her fierceness.

"Good!" Hermione nodded. "These two had enough trouble in life, let's not disturb their peace and sully their memory with a new scandal. Promise, no, swear that you won't reveal anything of what you've learned and will learn later unless you, Severus and I have agreed on it."

"Uncle Severus knows about this, too?" Lysander asked, bewildered.

"Yes," Hermione confirmed. "He and Abe knew each other well. So, will you swear?"

---

"What's in it for me if I do?" Lysander asked, gripping his wand secretly. Aunt Hermione was still quick with her own wand, and he wouldn't put it beyond her to cast a Memory Charm on him; something he'd rather avoid since rumour had it that this particular branch of magic wasn't exactly her strength.

But instead of hexing him, Hermione laughed. "Slytherins," she chuckled, "how I've come to love you..."

Well, being married to one would have mellowed her towards the way we deal with the world, Lysander thought. He didn't show his relief at her reaction, however, but merely cocked an eyebrow.

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Hermione smiled. "What do you want?" she asked, and he told her about his dream of leaving his hectic life behind and of going into goat cheese production.

Hermione nodded. "Abe would have liked that very much," she said, "and so would have Betty. Now, incidentally, Severus and I know the recipe, but you won't find it in Betty's memories. I'm sure we can negotiate a partnership of some kind since we have little interest at this time to go into goat husbandry ourselves, nor do the children."

Lysander nodded, very pleased. A partnership with Fire and Ice Potions wasn't anything to be sniffed at.

---

Hermione and her family were basically monopolizing the production of potions in all of Western Europe, with franchises popping up everywhere. Even a minor share in one of their branches would make Lysander comfortably wealthy, and he would be able to have the life he had always wanted. He smiled at her and swore the oath she had asked of him.

"So, are you going to tell me what's in these memories, or do I have to look through them all?" he asked after they had toasted his oath and their upcoming partnership with a glass of Ogden's Old.

"Bring them here," Hermione said.

---

"The memories aren't Abe's property, but mine, technically, because Betty extracted them for me to see many years ago."

"Why did she do that?" Lysander asked. "And I assume that Betty is the same as Bess, the girl who was trapped in goat-form?"

"Yes, Bess was Betty, Abe's wife. They thought it prudent to use the other variation of Elizabeth, which was her real name. The goat cheese is called 'Bess', and they didn't want to hint at a connection to the goats."

"All right," Lysander said. "I want to hear the whole story now. How you and Uncle Severus got involved, why you have the recipe, everything."

---

"Bring the memories, together with the Pensieve, and close the case. Al will want to sell the house in Hogsmeade, and Severus and I will purchase it. It's all been planned between Abe and us."

"Why didn't Abe leave everything to you? Why a Potter?"

"There would have been too much to explain. When Albus wrote his will, he left everything he had to Abe on condition that he would support Harry Potter and would leave at least half of his wealth to Harry and his family. At the time of Albus' death, Abe believed Severus to be a murderer, like everybody else. He was convinced that Harry would need all the support he could get, so he agreed and accepted Albus' conditions."

---

"Al seemed to be the only one among Harry's children who developed an interest in the Dumbledores, and by leaving everything that wasn't too personal to Al, Abe fulfilled Albus' condition.

"Abe and Betty gave everything that was dear to them to us before their death, including the house in Godric's Hollow. I'm surprised they didn't give us the memories, but Betty died unexpectedly, and Abe followed her barely three months later."

Lysander pondered what he'd heard while he went back to Hogsmeade and retrieved the many phials filled with memories from the cabinet. Hermione had shown him the spell to reveal the date on the phials, so he didn't need to stack them in any particular order.

---

Back in Scarborough, Lysander delivered the memories into Aunt Hermione's care, let himself be treated to a luxurious dinnerUncle Severus was an excellent cookand, after having talked a bit more with the couple, lined up all the memories he wanted to watch. Aunt Hermione had told him which ones he should see to be able to understand the rest of the story.

The starting point for Lysander would be the continuation of the night Aberforth had almost lost control around Bess, the goat. He took a long look at the phial and then poured its contents into the Pensieve.

---

*When Abe woke up the next morning, naked and shivering, he cried again. Bess resumed her tale. I licked the tears off his face while he put his arms around my neck and whispered, "I'm sorry, Bess, I'm so sorry." He rubbed his face and looked at me with bloodshot eyes. "It won't happen again, Bess. I have never forced myself on you in the past and I won't start now."*

*I so wished to tell him that he could never force me to do anything I didn't like since I always would have done willingly what pleased my Abe, but of course I couldn't tell him that as a goat. I licked his hands instead.*

---

*"I'll keep my hands off you," Abe vowed, "and I promise you, Bess, I'll never touch another woman, either."*

*This promise made me sad. I loved my Abe too much to want a lonely life for him. If he couldn't lift the curse from me, then maybe it would be better if he found himself a nice girl and forgot everything about me. I considered running away but knew that I would have broken Abe's heart. Abe isn't the kind of man who bestows his affection lightly. When he loves somebody, he'll love forever, and even if the one he loves disappoints him he won't love that person any less. He's like Severus in that regard.*

---

*And so I stayed, and Abe continued trying to lift the curse.*

*After Abe had learned that Albus had become Transfiguration master at Hogwartsa surprisingly humble occupation for an aspiring grand wizard like AlbusAbe was adamant to move to Hogsmeade.*

*"He may appear changed, Bess," Abe told me, "he tells everyone that Ariana's death has reminded him of what the true values in life are, but I don't believe a word of it. If he is let loose around children someone needs to keep an eye on him; someone who isn't blinded by his talent and magical aptitude. Who knows what he's really up to?"*

---

*Abe bought the Hog's Head, a run-down pub in a side road off Hogsmeade High Street, complete with house and stables. He renovated the bar, but kept it somewhat shady and unwelcoming. He never intended it to be a competition to the Three Broomsticks anyway.*

*The Hog's Head soon became a favourite watering hole for all kinds of sinister characters. Plus those from Hogsmeade and the school who wanted to drink something more potent than Gillywater or Butterbeer without being frowned upon by the goody-two-shoes.*

*Abe never ceased to make inquiries about curse breaking. The clientele in the Hog's Head was colourful and varied; he always hoped he'd find someone who could help me, but he never did.*

---

*Abe learned a lot about what was going on outside our little enchanted village. One night, he told me about Grindelwald's rise to power in Central Europe; he was worried that Albus would join his old friend and resume his quest for greatness and the domination over Muggles for a greater good.*

*We were very relieved when we learned a few years later that our fears were unfounded, and that Albus had fought and defeated Grindelwald.*

"They'll make him Minister for Magic now, you'll see," Abe said, but it didn't happen. I never knew if this was Albus Dumbledore's way to punish himself for neglecting Ariana and for getting drawn into a fight that killed her, but whenever Albus was offered a leadership position outside Hogwarts, he declined.

---

When we learned about all this, I wanted to forgive Albus for his arrogance, although I wasn't willing to forgive his coldness towards his brother. But Abe never forgave him during Albus' lifetime.

"He's trying to indoctrinate these children in his way of thinking, in his ideas about what is right and proper from an early age. That is dangerous. His ideas about what is right and proper are dangerous. He needs to be watched." Abe never tired of repeating these words.

By the time Albus became Headmaster of Hogwarts, sometime in the fifties, Abe had given up asking for help.

---

During the years leading up to this, Albus had openly called Abe an idiot and publicly questioned his intelligence. When asked about his brother, he always replied in a dismissive and disdainful manner, regardless whether Abe could hear what was said or not.

Abe hadn't wanted to give up and appealed again and again to Albus' better nature until Albus forbade him to set foot on Hogwarts grounds ever again. He had the nerve to call Abe a bad influence on the children. Abe cried again that night, sitting in my stable and holding me in his arms. I, however, had given up.

---

I was resigned to my fate. I would have to live my life out as a goat, but Abe was inconsolable. He ranted and raged and had no one apart from me to talk to or get comfort from.

We knew that the curse would break when the caster died. We suspected that Grindelwald had cast the curse; together with Albus, he had mocked Abe, back then, and treated Abe as much as a retard as Albus had.

But we couldn't be certain, and we couldn't talk about it anyway. And if Abe would have wanted to kill Grindelwald...theoretically...practically, it would have been impossible because Grindelwald was imprisoned in Nurengard, and no one was allowed to see him.

---

So we lived on. Abe was watching Albus, and I was trying to comfort Abe until it became clear, many years after Grindelwald's defeat, that a new danger was rising; this time in Britain, with the main focus on indoctrinating the country's pure-bloods. Muggles and Muggle-borns were supposed to serve the so-called magical elite.

Albus championed the Muggles and Muggle-borns, much to Abe's surprise. He also had begun to favour one house over the others: his own house, Gryffindor. By doing that for years, he had created a generation of willing, rash and often very talented soldiers who would have jumped from a cliff had Albus ordered it. Abe called them cannon fodder.

---

Likewise, by ignoring, loathing and publicly criticizing the Slytherins, Albus had created a deep-seated resentment in generations of Slytherins towards everything both Gryffindor and Dumbledore stood for. Gryffindors loathed Slytherins, and with the other houses staying more or less neutral, Slytherin house automatically fulfilled the role of a scapegoat whenever someone to blame was needed.

Things heated up in the nineteen-seventies. Voldemort had succeeded in gathering a large group of followers, and he was recruiting directly from Hogwarts. Albus' favouring of Gryffindors at all costs did nothing to make his side even remotely attractive to Slytherins, and thus the students of that house became most susceptible to the temptation of supremacy, the promises of domination and power that Voldemort dangled in front of their noses.

---

How do I know all this? Well, though Abe wasn't allowed at Hogwarts, he still wanted Albus to be watched, and so he employed the help of the caretaker, Argus Filch.

Filch and the Hogwarts librarian, Irma Pince, used to visit the Hog's Head at the weekend, playing cards and sharing a pint of bitter or two. They became friendly with Abe and kept him in the loop about what was going on.

Abe was lonely. You couldn't really call Pince and Filch his friends, nor could you call his neighbours in Hogsmeade friends; they were acquaintances at best. Abe liked to keep to himself and was seen as a slightly eccentric character in the village.

---

I would have wished for Abe to have friends; his loneliness broke my heart. I knew that he lived alone since I was staying in a small hidden stable beside Abe's bedroom. Abe wanted me close, but he found it better to hide my room, even though he spent almost every night there, sleeping by my side.

Mind you, there really wasn't anyone or anything to hide me from for the longest time. Abe had kept his promise and never touched another woman.

I don't know if he thought I was too innocent to know what he was doing, but although I had just lost my virginity before I was cursed, I was a country girl, and not one of the sheltered, rich city damsels.

---

If things had been different, I would have given myself to Abe gladly, being married to him or not. I knew that he had needs. He was a healthy man and needed release. And so he took matters into his own hands, and he always whispered my name when he came. I'm afraid all this left me rather cold, but having been in a goat's body for so long had made me more or less immune to the sexual appeal of a human male. The only thing I felt when I watched Abe masturbating was sadness and concern for his well-being.

---

This sad routine changed one night when I heard voices. I went to the hidden door that allowed me to look outside but prevented anyone from seeing me. Filch had been following a clearly inebriated Abe into his bedroom.

"Try it," Filch begged, "only that once. You'll like it. I have everything with me."

Abe refused again and again, but eventually Filch's begging must have stirred something in him since he turned away from the window and coldly glared at Filch.

"Put the tools on the table over there," Abe commanded and watched, frowning, as Filch laid clamps, thumbscrews, shackles and other 'toys' on the table.



# Chapter 3

Chapter 3 of 3

Aberforth Dumbledore and the love of his life. Mostly harmless, basically a story about power and love. Ratings are explained in the first chapter, so are the warnings. There's a bit of slash, a bit of het, a dash of SSHG and also a few other things that you won't find in my other stories. Aberforth Dumbledore/OFC, Abe/Filch, Abe/Snape, hints at SSHG. AU.

*Disclaimer: Nothing you recognize belongs to me. No money is made.*

A/N1: Thank you, Dreamy\_Dragon, for beta-reading the madness.

A/N2: This is the first slash and something mildly resembling BDSM I've ever written. Please bear with me. Thank you. You may proceed now. :)

A/N3: If someone tells me that some of the anatomical descriptions are unlikely for a man in his nineties, I'll kindly remind you that Abe is a wizard.

---

## Goat Stories

### Chapter 3

*"Very well," Abe said, "now get undressed and on your knees."*

*What? I was bewildered. What was going on?*

*Filch did as he was told and knelt in front of Abe. The expression on his face was a mixture of leering and pleading. He was naked, his bony figure surprisingly well shaped.*

*Abe had stripped as well, and I revelled in the sight of him. For a man who was in his nineties, he was very fit and looked well, I thought. Other than his brother and many other older wizards, he kept his face clean-shaven, and his hair at a medium length and tied back.*

---

*To me, a naked Abe was the most beautiful sight in the world, always had been, even though the sexual attraction wasn't there in the goat body. My mind, not always that of a goat, was quite stimulated by that sight.*

*Filch continued to plead, and Abe took the shackles off the small table and put them around Filch's wrists, tying him to the bed. Filch's penis stood out proudly as soon as he was shackled, and he started to pant slightly.*

*"Now the feet."*

*Abe took the second pair of shackles and tied Filch's feet to the bedpost so that the whole man was stretched out.*

---

*Filch had started to breathe heavily, and his face was flushed.*

*"The clamps," he gasped.*

*Carefully, Abe applied clamps to Filch's nipples and testicles. Filch gave him instructions, and as soon as he was 'properly attired', as he called it, he started to mutter apologies, acting as if he was a student in detention, and begged to be punished.*

*There was a riding crop amongst the 'tools', and Abe looked at it and then questioningly at Filch.*

*"Hit me or fuck me," Filch begged.*

*Abe wasn't erect. "This isn't doing much for me," he said and took the riding crop, flicking it a few times over Filch's thighs.*

---

*"Harder," Filch whimpered. "Just imagine this was your brother."*

*That got a sharp nip out of Abe, and Filch screamed, "Yes!"*

*"Oooh, you want to hit the mighty Headmaster, don't you?" Filch whimpered. "D'you want to fuck him, too?"*

*"Shut up," Abe ground out through gritted teeth, hit Filch's thighs once more, and threw the crop away. Breathing deeply, he swallowed, turned back again and grabbed Filch by his hair.*

*"I see that this wasn't punishment enough for you, you little piece of shit," he snarled. "I'm going to cut your balls off, we'll see how you'll like that." And he grabbed Filch's assets and twisted them rather roughly.*

---

*Filch screamed again and let go, squirting his sperm all over Abe's hand and his own belly.*

*"Thanks, mate," Filch gasped after he had calmed down a bit. "That wasn't bad. Wanna fuck me now, or should I fuck you?"*

*"I don't think so," said Abe. "This just isn't doing it for me."*

*"Untie me this instant," Filch commanded, and Abe complied, looking surprised.*

*"On your knees." Filch pointed to the floor after he'd been freed and rubbed his wrists.*

"What are you up to?" Abe asked, annoyed, but I could see that his member had stirred and now stood on half-mast.

---

"You've been bad, you need to be punished, too," Filch snarled and took the crop, slowly moving it over Abe's buttocks and thighs. "Do you want me to punish you, Abe? You know you deserve it." Again he stroked buttocks and thighs with the crop before he snapped it sharply across Abe's arse.

Abe squeaked and gasped. By now he was fully erect.

"This isn't about lovemaking, you little wanker," Filch snarled. "This is about fucking." And without ceremony, he grabbed the lube from the 'tools' table, squirted a generous amount into his hand, and started to work on Abe's hole. Abe had started to breathe heavily.

---

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Abe," Filch continued while he stretched Abe's hole slowly.

You had to give it to Filch, he was careful, even gentle, where it counted. By now, his own member had started to stir again.

"Where's your mighty magic now?" Filch asked and smeared a generous amount of lube on his cock before he unceremoniously entered my Abe.

Abe moaned.

"Does it hurt? That's part of the punishment."

"Get on with it," Abe cried.

"Oh, you do want me to fuck you after all?"

"Get on with it."

"You'll have to beg me," Filch snarled, hitting Abe's buttocks with the crop again. "You've been very bad."

---

"Fuck me," Abe screamed, tears streaming down his face.

Without another word, Filch complied and fucked Abe thoroughly. I watched with interest how Abe's expression slowly turned from disgust to bliss. His member, if anything, had become larger and so erect that it bent towards his navel. After a few, very deep strokes of Filch, Abe let go with a soft whimper.

Filch thrust a few more times and came a second time, gasping and moaning. I can't really say that I found the image of the two men fucking in any way stimulating, but I was glad that my Abe had found some release. Filch seemed to know exactly how to push Abe's buttons.

---

When the two men were done, they didn't waste time with cuddling, and during their whole encounter, they hadn't kissed once. After Filch was cleaned up and dressed again, he packed his toys and went to the door. With a lopsided smile he turned to Abe, who still looked slightly bewildered and mildly disgusted.

"Thanks mate. That was exactly what we both needed. If you want to be punished again, you know where to find me." Filch waved and left.

Abe looked somewhat relieved to see Filch go without a fuss, and then he came to my room. "I don't know if you understand me, Bess," he whispered and started to cry. "Looks like I needed this."

---

I licked the tears off Abe's face and gave him the compassion he wouldn't accept from a human partner.

Filch came to be with Abe several more times, but after a while, he stopped visiting. Abe whispered to me, after Filch had left for the last time, "It just gets harder and harder to get aroused. Looks like I'm neither a sadist nor a masochist, and I won't force myself into something I don't really want. Filch will find someone else. It's all right, no hard feelings."

It seemed to be as Abe said since Filch continued to report to Abe.

---

And that's how Abe learned early on from an excited and pleased Filch that the pure-blood supremacy movement Voldemort's followers who called themselves first Knights of Walpurgis and later Death Eaters was gaining momentum. There were raids and murders, Muggles and Muggle-borns were tortured and killed. Voldemort promised power and riches, and the old pure-blood families: Slytherins, Ravenclaws, Hufflepuffs and even a few Gryffindors, couldn't claim allegiance fast enough.

Abe didn't like this development one bit. He had no reason to love Muggles, given what those Muggle boys had done to Ariana, but he knew how powerful Muggle-borns could be, and he didn't believe in genocide.

---

Albus and Abe finally had found something they had in common, and as soon as Abe had heard rumours about an Order of the Phoenix, he approached his brother and became a member of the Order.

The rest is history. Many died, but a baby boy succeeded with what no one would have thought possible. Little Harry Potter resisted Voldemort's Killing Curse after his own parents had been murdered, and by doing this, vanquished the Dark Lord. Or so everyone thought.

Peace was again making wizarding folk lazy, and they went about their merry ways, barely acknowledging the many who had been lost and given their lives for their freedom.

---

Abe was content to retreat to the Hog's Head again, now on slightly better terms with Albus. While we resumed our routine, none of us foresaw that Abe would find a second love; someone who'd really tug on his heartstrings.

The young man started to come to the Hog's Head regularly around 1982 or 83. He'd always sit in a corner, drink half a bottle of Ogden's Old and scowl at anyone who possessed the temerity to approach him at his table.

Abe didn't approach him other than to sell him drinks, and they never talked during the first few months he came here.

---

After some time though, the young man started to make gruff comments in Abe's general direction, and Abe's return comments were just as curmudgeonly. When Abe found out that Snape...that was his name...felt both saved and trapped by Albus at the same time, Abe knew that Albus was once again up to something. Over the next year, Abe befriended the young man, but he never learned any details. Snape was as tight-lipped as an oyster.

Nevertheless, the two of them fell into the habit of sharing a glass or three, and eventually Abe invited Snape into his home to share some of the better stuff, as he called it.

---

Snape was aloof, sarcastic and very, very lonely. So was Abe, and it didn't surprise me that they became lovers, if you could call it that. Snape always looked angry, and even when he found release...I watched them, of course he was sneering.

Abe didn't seem to mind. He would tell me afterwards that he felt sorry for the poor boy, who had been a Death Eater before he changed sides and was now being manoeuvred into being a pawn by Albus. "He's at his games again," Abe would say. "Just wait how far he's going to push the poor bloke."

---

Over the years, Snape relaxed more and more, and the two of them could actually be seen talking quietly. I knew that this relationship went deeper for my Abe than the one with Filch since I saw the two of them kiss and cling to each other. They never used toys, violence or anything of the sort. They would sit down and drink, talk a bit and then quietly get undressed. They'd kiss and rub their cocks against each other or give each other blowjobs. After a while one of them, usually Abe, would prepare and enter the other, and they'd bring each other to completion.

---

Snape never stayed. He would always clean up, get dressed, kiss Abe and bid him farewell. Abe was never quite certain if he would see him again.

Things got worse in the early nineties. Snape had gone back to being angry all the time; he seemed to be under more and more pressure.

When Voldemort reappeared and reactivated his Death Eaters, it became clear that Snape was supposed to play a double role and spy on Voldemort. Abe suspected as much, but he didn't think it prudent to talk to anyone about it but me. The last year before Albus' death, Abe saw how Snape almost fell apart. The boy held himself together by mere strength of will, and any offer of support was rejected brusquely.

---

One evening in Spring of 1997, Snape told Abe that their affair had to stop because he would have to leave soon. He didn't hint at his reasons, nor did he ask for anything; he merely stated quietly that his time as a Hogwarts teacher was over, and that he wouldn't be seeing Abe any longer.

Abe nodded, wondering what Albus had asked of the boy. They'd all been in the Order of the Phoenix together, and Abe was certain that Snape was firmly on their side.

And then the night came when Snape murdered Albus.

Abe was inconsolable. He went from blind fury to grief and back again all night.

---

He had never forgiven his brother for what he had or hadn't done to their sister. But he had trusted Snape and loved him. Snape's betrayal was so much more painful for Abe than Albus' more recent actions had been. Abe had cared for Snape, loved him even. But now he hated him with a vengeance.

When Snape returned to Hogwarts in the autumn after Voldemort's rise to power, Abe vowed to help the students and try to throw as many wedges into Snape's path as he could. He did succeed quite often, and with Ariana's portrait connected to the Room of Requirement, he had the only available secret passageway to Hogwarts under control.

---

Abe had fantasized more than once about secretly going into Hogwarts at night and putting an end to Snape's miserable life, but the presence of the Death Eaters and their helpers among the students stopped him; he didn't want to jeopardize the escape route for the other students.

The secret subversion and efforts to help the students came to take second place in Abe's mind, however, when one day in early spring, I resumed my human shape.

We didn't know at the time what had happened, but you told us later that this was the time when Voldemort had killed Grindelwald. So now, finally, we had confirmation that it had indeed been Gellert Grindelwald who had cursed me all these years ago.

---

I was lucky that it had been early evening when it happened, and I was already in the house. I lay in the hidden stable next to the bedroom: naked, frightened, and unable to walk on two legs. I crawled to the door but didn't dare to open it because I feared that someone might see me. And so I had to wait until Abe came back later that night to talk to me about his day as he had done faithfully during all these years.

When Abe came into the room, he stared at me for a long time. Then he fell to his knees, took me into his arms and kissed every inch of my face, weeping.

---

We didn't speak for a very long time. I had seen from Abe's greying hair that time doesn't leave a wizard or witch untouched, but to me he was still the most handsome man in the world. His formerly auburn hair was now entirely white, but the bright blue eyes were as piercing and sharp as ever. I knew how soft and loving these eyes could be, but I worried if what I would see in them now wouldn't be more pity than love.

I had become an old woman. I was born in 1883, and now, I was 115 years old.

---

My skin sagged around my thin frame, the hair on my head felt thin and wispy. I refused to look at Abe and buried my face on his shoulder, but he kept kissing and caressing me, whispering my name again and again. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer and looked up at him. He wept, but the expression on his face was so happy... I couldn't remember of ever having seen him so happy.

"My love, my beautiful, wonderful girl, I have you back," he kept repeating again and again, and after a while I started to believe what he said.

---

Abe had cared for me for so long; he had sought out my company and kept his promises to me...a goat. Maybe, the way I looked now wasn't quite as hideous to him as it must have been to anyone else.

After the first shock of my sudden return to being human had faded, we were at a loss what to do next. Abe organized clothes for me, I don't know how, and then we shared the first meal in a hundred years. I ate carefully, with small bites, and kept to bread and a bit of cheese.

---

*I didn't know how my human body would react to something other than plant food, but I needn't have worried, I was perfectly healthy and after getting my muscles adjusted, I could continue human life as if I had never been a goat.*

*While we ate, we made plans. Abe didn't need to tell me anything since I had been privy to what was going on outside anyway. I knew that I couldn't just show up as the long believed-to-be-lost Bess Bulstrode. Abe had been in trouble once before when Albus had carelessly and publicly accused him of doing unthinkable things with goats, and as a consequence, Abe had been prosecuted for practising inappropriate charms on a goat. We didn't want to be connected to this old case, we feared that someone might accuse Abe of having cast the curse on me.*

---

*"Will you marry me, Bess?" Abe asked all of a sudden. I couldn't help myself and cried, long and hard, which, I'm sure, didn't exactly contribute positively to my appearance. Finally, I could manage to choke out, "Yes!" How could I have answered differently? I had loved Abe all my life and watching him suffer for all these years made me love him even more. If he wanted me and I could finally believe that he did I would become his wife. After all, I had always wanted him just as desperately.*

*We decided that we'd have to wait until the school year was over before we could get married.*

---

*Abe didn't want to abandon the rebelling children. But next summer, we decided, we could leave England and move somewhere far away from Voldemort. Italy perhaps, or Greece. "Good goat countries, both," I quipped, and Abe started to cry again.*

*That night we made love. I know how repulsed you must feel, Hermione. Young people like you always feel embarrassed when they think of old people having sex. You're barely thirty, after all, with your second child on the way. I know what you must think.*

*Well, if you insist that you don't find it repulsive, I'll proceed.*

---

*Your husband, as you now know, had been Abe's lover for a while. I know that Severus wouldn't be all that appalled by the idea of Abe and me being sexually active...he always knew how to look beyond the surface and at the core of things.*

*Anyway, despite being human again, I hid in the chamber, watching and listening. I was lost in dreams and looking forward to the rest of our lives spent elsewhere when you and your friends showed up.*

*I've never seen Abe as agitated as he was after Harry Potter had told him about Albus' worst nightmares when he had swallowed that terrible potion.*

---

*I must say that I'm glad about the things that were revealed. Abe now can grieve honestly for Albus; he now knows that his brother did care for him and regretted his neglect from so long ago for the rest of his life. If Albus had been less arrogant... Abe maybe would have paid more attention to Albus' sensitivities... but it was too late, Albus was dead. At least now, Abe could make peace with Albus' memory. There will come a time when we all meet in The Beyond, and it is a consolation to think that Abe and I will be welcomed by a friendly face then.*

---

*You know what happened next. The only thing you might not know is Abe's reaction when he learned about Snape's sacrifice. You see, Abe went to Hogwarts when the battle started, together with all the other members of the Order of the Phoenix, and he fought bravely. When he heard what Harry yelled at Voldemort, just before Voldemort fell; how Severus had loved Harry's mother all his life, and how Severus had betrayed Voldemort and worked for Dumbledore until the end, Abe could hardly bear it. He loved Severus, there is no denying it, and it is nothing I would ever be jealous about. To learn that the boy had died, and under such horrible circumstances, broke Abe's heart.*

---

*Abe left the Great Hall, where the fight was raging at its most violent, and made his way to the Shrieking Shack. He wanted to make certain that no one desecrated Severus' body. When he arrived there, he found Severus lying in a pool of blood, but when he wanted to close his eyes, he noticed that there still was a faint breath, despite all the blood loss. Abe sent his Patronus, Madam Pomfrey came, and the rest is history.*

*Look at Severus now: married to the brightest witch of her age and soon-to-be father of two. Seeing how everything has turned out, how can I be sad about what happened? We all did the best we could do, and that's really all that anyone ever can do, isn't it?*

---

Here, the memories ended. Moved and deep in thoughts, Lysander came out of the Pensieve, quietly returned the memory to its phial and stacked all the phials neatly where Hermione had indicated he should store them.

Later, when he joined her in the living room, Snape had returned, and the couple sat on the sofa, closely together while they faced him.

"So, do you still want to write Abe's memoirs, Lysander?" Hermione asked.

"I don't know," Lysander said. "This is one of the oddest stories I've ever heard. It's deeply touching, infuriating, sad, but also highly intriguing. I'm not certain they would have wanted it, though, and I'm not that desperate for money. What do you think?"

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Aunt Hermione smiled while Uncle Severus scrutinized Lysander with his usual icy glare, one eyebrow raised. Lysander couldn't tell if that expression was sardonically amused or annoyed.

"I'm glad you think so, Lysander," Hermione said. "I wouldn't want to expose their struggles to the public. It'd make me feel dirty. It's something that should stay in the family."

"Why did Bess, or Betty, give you these memories anyway?"

"Because of the love between Abe and Severus," Hermione said and squeezed her husband's hand. Severus looked at her with an expression so full of love and devotion that Lysander felt hot envy rising like a monster in his chest.

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Lysander wanted to find such a devoted and deep love as well. He wondered if he ever would be that lucky.

"You see, the love between the two men didn't suddenly stop because Betty became human again, and Severus took an interest in me." Hermione leaned back into Severus' arms, and he held her tightly, stroking her hair while glaring at Lysander.

"Betty showed me these memories to make me understand that I wouldn't be threatened by that love, and frankly, I never felt threatened. I understood that people can love more than one person at the same time."

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"Severus' love for Abe didn't take anything away from his love for me; he never left me in any doubt about that. But Betty wanted to go further, she wanted to give the two of them the opportunity to live this love if that was what they wished to do. After Abe and she returned from Greece, she wanted to give them a chance to resume their relationship with our consent.

"At first I was shocked, then angry, and then curious. Finally, Betty persuaded me to give the two men enough room. I refused to be a part of it, to be a foursome or something, but she calmed me down."

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"Betty convinced me that she wasn't romantically or sexually interested in Severus or me. That was a relief. I loved them both, Abe and Betty, as friends. But I couldn't imagine a sexual relationship with them. Betty's words, though, reassured me that I didn't need to be worried about our men loving each other more than platonically.

"And so I agreed to give them the opportunity. Betty and I claimed to go on a shopping trip while the two men were left in the Hogsmeade house to look through some alchemy texts left to Abe by Albus, but in reality we hid in Betty's secret chamber."

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"I watched my husband make love to Aberforth Dumbledore, and I couldn't believe how hot it was. They were very caring, loving, and passionate. I never had seen two men have sex before, and to say that I was turned on would be an understatement."

Aunt Hermione grinned at me while I tried to not blush quite as hot red as I felt my face to be. Uncle Severus smirked.

"Anyway, when we pretended to return from our trip, the two men told us exactly what they had done, but they also revealed that this had been the last time."

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"They still loved each other as friends, but the sex had always been a by-product. Now, neither of them needed the comfort of this relationship any longer. They both were more attracted to women than men. Their relationship had started under dire circumstances as comfort, to help each other, to keep sane, and to have a bit of human touch and compassion.

"But now, they wanted to share their passion exclusively with their wives and found that they'd be much happier as friends than as lovers. And that was how we all successfully managed to become the best of friends."

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"Three months ago, Betty suddenly died of a heart attack. She was joking around with Abe one moment and dead in the next.

"Abe was rather stoic, he put his affairs in order and faded away before our eyes. He must have forgotten about the cabinet in the basement because he went to sleep after everything else was settled and never woke up again. We're firmly convinced that they are together and happy now, and we're looking forward to meeting them again when our time comes. Not for a very long time, I should hope." Hermione smiled up to her husband, who kissed her.

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Lysander felt slightly nauseous from all these displays of love and passion, but he was also glad that everything seemed to have ended so well.

"So, since I won't write the memoirs, do you want me to go back to being a lawyer, or will you give me the recipe for the goat cheese?"

"Oh, that," Severus said, all matter-of-factly now. "We took the liberty to gift you with the house in Godric's Hollow...the one Abe gave to us a few months before their deaths. This is where the Dumbledore family used to live, and where Abe fell in love with Betty."

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"There are stables and land, and Abe has also stated which breed of goats produces the best milk for his cheese. We would grant you the right to the name, you could produce and sell under Fire and Ice Potions and Delicacies, and we'd take ten per cent of the gross."

"Just like that?" Lysander asked.

"Just like that," Hermione and Severus said at the same time.

"It's what would make Abe and Betty happy," Hermione added, "And since you really have an interest in it, you are the right person. Just make sure you don't fall in love with a goat Animagus."

Severus and Hermione laughed long and hard while Lysander watched them bemusedly. If only he would be so lucky.

The End.