

### Chapter 3

After enjoying an afternoon holed up in a room at the Three Broomsticks, Harry, Tonks, and Fleur left to return to Hogwarts. With a girl on either arm as they walked through the village of Hogsmeade, Harry couldn't keep the smile off of his face.

"Can we stop by 'Oneydukes?'" Fleur asked as they walked back toward the carriages.

"Sure." Harry said.

Walking into the sweet shop, he quickly learned that Fleur had quite the sweet tooth as she loaded a basket with all sorts of chocolates, caramels, and other sweets. While browsing the shelves for his favorite Fizzing Whizzbees, he recognized a familiar face next to him.

"Penny!" he called out happily.

Penelope Clearwater, a pretty blonde a few years older than him, and a former Head Girl at Hogwarts, lifted her head up to look up at him in surprise. He remembered her as always being one of the kindest people he had ever met. Even when she had become Head Girl, she had remained humble and did her best to look after the younger students, unlike Percy, who had grown arrogant and pompous when he became Head Boy.

"Prince Harry." she greeted him a bit nervously.

"Just Harry." he told her with a smile. "How have you been? I haven't seen you since you graduated."

"Oh, I've been alright." she said.

Tough she said she was fine, the way she looked away to browse the shelves made him think she wasn't being completely honest with him. The look in her bright blue eyes showed she was troubled more than she let on.

"How are things with Percy?" he asked casually.

"Oh, um, we broke up actually." she admitted quietly.

"Really?" he asked. "Well, just between you and me, I always thought you could do better than Percy."

Penny blinked at him in surprise for a moment before giving him a perfect smile and a small laugh. Harry smiled back at her.

"So, how's work going? I heard you got a job at the Ministry." he said.

The smile quickly left her face and she looked away from him again.

"It's good." she said softly.

Harry frowned. "Really, because you don't look too happy."

Penny bit her lip as she continued to pretend to look at the shelves.

"You can tell me, Penny." he said in a sincere, friendly tone.

"I'm still working in the mail room." she admitted embarrassedly.

“What?” Harry asked in surprise. “Why? You were Head Girl and one of, if not the, smartest student in your year.”

What the hell was going on at the Ministry that a pompous, arrogant little shit like Percy was the assistant to the Head of Magical Cooperation, while Penny was still stuck in the mail room, he wondered.

“I keep getting passed over for people who have better connections, and the Senior Undersecretary doesn’t like me very much.” she told him quietly.

“Umbridge?” he asked.

“You know her?” Penny asked in surprise.

“She’s a horrible woman, but she’s never done anything bad enough that we could fire her.” Harry said, grimacing as he thought about the despicable, toad like woman. “She hates anyone that isn’t Pureblood, and I’ve heard rumors that she’s even insulted my mum, but I don’t have any real proof.”

“She always careful about how she words things. I don’t think I’ll ever get a decent position while she still works at the Ministry.” she said sadly.

“Well, if the Ministry doesn’t want to use your skills, I will.” he told her as he came to a decision. “How would you like to come work for me?”

Penny looked up sharply and stared at him with an open mouth as he smiled at her. He couldn’t really blame her, working for the Royal Family, his family, was a dream come true for almost anyone. Normally it took months of interviews to get a job working directly for them, but he was confident Penny would be up to the task.

“Seriously?” she asked, her voice coming out slightly higher.

“I’ve been thinking about getting a personal assistant, if you interested.” he told her with a smile.

“Yes!” she blurted before trying to calm herself. “I’m mean, I’d be honored sir, er, Your Majesty.”

“Just Harry is fine.” he told her. “You do know if you take the job, you’ll be staying with me at Hogwarts and you’ll be living in our castle during the summer, right?”

“That’s fine.” she told him, her eyes sparkling excitedly.

“Good, I’ll talk to Dumbledore about getting a room for you next to mine. When can you move in?” he asked.

“As soon as you like.” Penny said eagerly.

“Alright, why don’t we plan on Monday? That will give you a couple of days to pack.” he said.

“What should I do about my job at the Ministry.” she asked.

“Oh, I’ll take care of that.” Harry said with a mischievous smile.

“Arry, we need to get back to zhe castle.” Fleur said as she walked up to him with a bag full of sweets and took his hand in hers.

“Right. Don’t worry about the Ministry, I’ll let them know you’re working for me now. I’ll send you an owl tomorrow to let you know where your rooms are.” he said to Penny.

“Yes, sir. I mean, Harry. Thank you, thank you so much. I promise, I won’t let you down.” Penny gushed before rushing out of Honeydukes excitedly.

“You just can’t help yourself, can you?” Tonks asked as she took his free hand, shaking her head with an affectionate smile.

“I zhink eets sweet.” Fleur said, reaching up to stroke his hair. “Besides, she’s cute.”

Tonks rolled her eyes and tugged on Harry’s arm, pulling him out of the store.

“Let’s go before blondie decides to start a harem.” Tonks said. “Come on, we need to get back before the last carriage leaves.”

Back at the castle, Harry had dinner with Tonks, Fleur, and Hermione before leaving them to make his way to Dumbledore’s office. Knocking on the door, he was told a moment later to enter. When he entered, he was surprised to find Dumbledore and Fudge standing tensely in the middle of the room. Immediately, he knew something was wrong.

“What happened?” he asked.

Fudge twirled his lime green bowler hat in his hands nervously. However, it was Dumbledore that answered him.

“Bartimus Crouch is missing.” the Headmaster said.

“I wouldn’t say he’s missing.” Fudge said nervously.

Harry looked to Dumbledore with a raised eyebrow, looking for an explanation.

“Barty has been ill for the last few weeks.” He started.

“Percy mentioned that at the Ball, he said Crouch was sending him owls.” Harry said.

“Mhh, precisely. While that worked for a time, some papers needed to have Barty’s personal signature. When an aide went to his home to get those papers signed, he found the home empty. From the looks of it, it’s been empty for quite some time and no one has seen Barty in person for almost two months.” Dumbledore explained.

“Have my parents been informed?” Harry asked, turning to look at Fudge.

“We don’t necessarily know that anything is wrong yet.” Fudge said.

“No one’s seen him in two months, and you don’t think anything is wrong?” Harry asked incredulously.

Shaking his head, Harry headed over to the fireplace and threw a pinch of powder into the Floo.

“Potter castle!” he yelled before sticking his head in the emerald green flames.

Harry vision swirled sickeningly before he came to a stop looking into the study of Potter castle. Fortunately, both of his parents were already there, cuddling on the couch while his mother read a book and his father filled out some paperwork

“Mum, dad.” he called out.

“Harry.” Lily said as she looked up with a smile.

“You need to come to Hogwarts. Barty Crouch is missing.” he told them.

James and Lily looked at each other worriedly before standing up.

“We’ll be there in a moment.” his dad told him.

Nodding, Harry pulled his head out of the fire. Turning back to the headmaster and Minister, he sighed as he watched Fudge pace the room nervously. It still boggled his mind that people would actually vote for this man to run the day to day operations of the Ministry. If he wasn’t for his parents, he could only imagine how bad the government would be with a man like Fudge leading them.

A couple of minutes later, his parents stepped out of the Floo, dressed in much finer robes than the casual clothes they had been wearing earlier. After they explained everything to his parents, Fudge tried to convince them there was no reason to involve the Aurors. The bumbling fool was far more worried about how the public would react than he was about finding his missing department head. It took his father ordering a full investigation to finally get him to shut up and do his job.

“I’m going to the Ministry to make sure that idiot does his job.” his dad said just after Fudge left through the Floo.

Kissing Lily on the cheek, he disappeared through the Floo a moment later.

“If you don’t mind Albus, I’d like to talk with Harry for a few minutes.” Lily said after her husband left.

“Not at all. Would you like to use my office?” he asked.

“That’s okay, I think we’ll go for a walk.” she told him with a smile.

Wondering what his mother wanted to talk to him about, Harry followed her to the door, only to stop at the last second when he remembered why he had gone there in the first place.

“Oh, Professor, I hired a personal assistant today. I need a room for her near my quarters.” he said.

“Very well. May I ask who you found for the position?” he asked, making a note on a spare sheaf of parchment.

“Penelope Clearwater.” Harry said.

“Ah, an excellent choice.” he said.

Bidding the headmaster good night, Harry and Lily left the office and began wandering through the halls, mostly empty this time of night.

“Have you seen this?” his mother asked after a moment, handing him a folded copy of the Daily Prophet.

On the cover was a large picture of him, Fleur, and Tonks as he gave both of them necklaces. Harry furrowed his brow as he read the article. It was rather concerning that he hadn't noticed anyone watching them at the time, and the fact that it was a special evening edition just for gossip about his love life angered him. He knew to expect to be scrutinized because of who he was, but this was a bit ridiculous.

“Are you really dating both of them?” his mother asked.

Harry sighed and handed the paper back to her.

“Er, yeah.” he muttered.



“And they know about each other?” she asked sternly.

“Of course, they do.” Harry said, rolling his eyes. “I’m not Sirius.”

“I know. I just wanted to make sure.” she said before smirking at him. “At least your aunt Andy will be happy. She always hoped you and Tonks would get together.”

Harry rolled his eyes, remembering all of the times Andromeda had not so subtly tried to push them together.

“Don’t start planning a wedding yet, we only just started dating today.” he said.

“So, what exactly is going on between the three of you?” Lily asked curiously.

Harry shrugged. “I’m not really sure to be honest, I haven’t had a chance to really talk with Fleur and Tonks about it. I think part of reason Fleur is pushing me towards other girls is because of the life debt she owes me, but I’m not sure.”

“Other girls?” Lily asked with a raised eyebrow. “Are there more I need to worry about?”

“Well, she’s mentioned a couple of other girls, but I’m not sure how serious she was.” he admitted.

“And who would that be?” his mother asked.

“Hermione and Penelope.” he said.

“Is that why you hired her as your assistant?” she asked.

“No.” he said firmly. “Penny was always nice to me, and her talents are being wasted at the Ministry. She deserves better than to be stuck in the mail room because that hag Umbridge hates anything that isn’t a Pureblood.”

“What did she do?” Lily asked sharply.

His mother hated Umbridge with a passion and had been looking for a way to get her out of the Ministry for years. Unfortunately, Umbridge was very careful about what she said and did in public. If they could find proof that she was discriminating against Muggleborns, they could finally get rid of the bitch.

“Penny thinks she was deliberately keeping her from getting a promotion. I’ll talk with her to see if she has anything we can use to get rid of her, but I doubt it.” Harry told her. “Maybe we could have Amelia look into her hiring practices?”

“I’ll ask her, but without any proof of wrongdoing we can only dig so deep.” Lily said with a sigh. “Anyways, I just wanted to make sure everything was okay with you. I know Sirius wants to make you his heir, but you don’t have to accept it. You know he’ll understand. I just want to make sure you’re not trying to force a relationship with Fleur and Tonks to make him happy.”

“I’m not.” Harry assured her. “Honestly, it was Fleur’s idea to begin with. We haven’t even talked about anything like, yet.”

“Well, as long as you’re happy, that’s all that matters to me. But you might want to talk to her about where things are going soon, just so you’re both on the same page.” she told him.

“I will.” Harry said with a sigh.

As much as he’d just like to sit back and enjoy what was happening, he knew his mother had a point.

“So, how is Jasmine doing?” he asked, changing the subject.

“She’s good. She and Gabrielle are thick as thieves, and Apolline is becoming a good friend.” Lily said before smirking at her son. “She seems quite fond of you, you know.”

Harry didn’t like the knowing look she was giving him.

“So, er, did she tell you...?” he trailed off awkwardly.

“That apparently my son is very good in bed?” Lily asked, grinning as Harry blushed. “She may have mentioned it a time, or twelve.”

“Oh, bloody hell.” Harry groaned, covering his face with his hands while his mother laughed at him.

“You should be proud. Apparently, it’s not easy to satisfy a Veela, let alone two.” she told him teasingly. “Your father and Sirius don’t know whether to be proud of you, or jealous.”

“Oh, bugger.” Harry said.

There was no way his dad and Sirius weren’t going to take the Mickey out of him every chance they got. His mum knew that as well and showed him absolutely no sympathy as she laughed at him.

After talking with his mother for a little while longer, they made their way back to Dumbledore’s office, where she Flooed back home. Once she left, Harry went back to his private quarters near the Gryffindor common room. The moment he entered, he found Tonks laying on the couch on her back, with Fleur on top of her as they snogged heavily. Neither of them noticed him entering as they kissed, and Tonks slipped her hand under Fleur’s shirt to cup one of her breasts. It wasn’t until he cleared his throat that they both paused to look up at him.

Smiling, Fleur climbed to her feet, grabbed one of his hands and Tonks', and pulled them into the bedroom.

Early Monday morning, Penelope Clearwater arrived at Hogwarts, excited and eager to start her new job. After talking to McGonagall to find out where Harry's rooms were, she made her way through the castle. As she walked through the halls, she couldn't help but smile at her fond memories of school. After leaving Hogwarts, she had expected to get a good job at the Ministry and start working her way up the ladder. After starting her work there and watching numerous other people less qualified than her getting promoted over her because of their connection, Penny quickly became disheartened.

After spending two years at the Ministry and still not getting anywhere, she had seriously been considering leaving to find a new line of work. Seeing how some Muggleborns were treated, despite the Queen of Magical Britain being one herself, Penny had even wondered if staying in the Magical World was the right decision. Even her boyfriend, Percy Weasley, had left her because he thought she would hold back his career. If Harry hadn't offered her a job when he did, she wasn't sure how much longer she would have stayed.

Shaking away her negative thoughts, she put a smile on her face as she reached the sixth floor and approached Harry's rooms. Now wasn't the time to be down. This was a new start at one of the most desirable jobs in the country. Penny was determined to do the best she possibly could and prove to all those bigots in the Ministry that she was worth far more than they gave her credit for.

Taking a deep, calming breath, she raised her hand and knocked on the door three times.

"Come een!" a woman called out in a French accent.

Slowly opening the door, Penny found the Beauxbatons Champion, Fleur Delacour, greeting her with a smile.

"Penelope, come een. 'Arry weel be out een a minute." she said.

Penny nodded and entered the room with a small, nervous smile. She had heard that Harry and the French Champion were dating and, while she didn't normally put much stock in rumors, seeing her here pretty much confirmed it. She wondered if the rumors about Tonks being involved as well were true.

Just as she closed the door behind her, Harry came out of the bedroom. Penny blushed furiously as she looked at him. Harry had clearly just gotten out of the shower, his chiseled torso glistening wetly as he walked into the room with only a towel wrapped around his waist.

"Oh, Penny. Sorry, I didn't realize you were here." he said, running a hand through his damp hair.

"I-It's alright." she squeaked out.

A sudden giggle from Fleur startled her and made her realize that she was staring at Harry's chest. Her cheeks burned as she looked away embarrassedly. Harry had certainly grown up in the last couple of years, she thought.

"I'll go get dressed and then I'll show you your new room." he said before going back into the bedroom.

"E ees quite 'andsom, oui?" Fleur asked her.

Before she could stutter out an answer, another voice called out from the bedroom.

"Fleur, have you seen my black bra?" A voice she recognized as her former class mater, Tonks, called out through the bedroom door.

"I theenk I threw eet by zhe dress." Fleur answered.

Penny blushed as she realized the rumors about Tonks were not only true, but most likely missing the part about her sleeping with Fleur as well. What had she gotten herself into, she wondered.

"I got it!" Tonks yelled back a moment later.

A couple of minutes later, the bedroom door opened and Harry and Tonks, now fully dressed, came back into the living room. Tonks smiled at her and came up to give her a hug.

"Wotcher, Penny. It's good to see you again." Tonks said.

Though they had been in different houses, she had gotten along quite well with the bright haired girl while they were at school. After being stuck in the Ministry and surrounded by people who looked down on her, Penny felt better seeing a familiar, friendly face, despite the earlier awkwardness.

"Good to see you too, Tonks." she said.

"Penny, your room is over here." Harry called out to her.

He swung open a door on the other side of the room from the bedroom just as she reached him. Inside, it was more like a large apartment rather than just a bedroom as she had expected. There was a living area, a small kitchenette, a bathroom, and a bedroom, all fully furnished.

"Will this be big enough for you?" Harry asked as she stared around the room.

"This is huge." she said in awe. "It's bigger than my old apartment."

"If you need anything else, just let me know and we'll get it for you." he told her.

“What exactly will my job be?” she asked.

“I need you to help me deal with the press when I have to do interviews, keep track of my schedule for meeting, and if you can, I want you to help me write proposals for the Wizengamot.” he told her.

Though she had never actually made a proposal to the Wizengamot, Penny had spent time reading up on it, preparing for when she finally got a promotion. Nodding excitedly, she grabbed a sheaf of parchment off of her new desk and started making notes on what she needed to do. As she listened to what Harry wanted to accomplish, her smile and excitement grew. Finally, she would get the chance to prove how useful she could be.

After talking to Harry for nearly an hour, they were forced to stop when he had to go down to breakfast before class. He invited her to go with him, but she declined, anxious to get started. A few minutes later, when she was alone in the room, Penny decided to go to the library and get some books she needed. It felt odd for her to be walking through the castle during class. It felt like she was skipping class, even though she was no longer a student.

When she got to the library, Madam Pince gazed at her sharply with her hawk like eyes but didn't try to stop her. Probably because she had been one of the top students and Head Girl during her time as a student, she thought. Gathering the books she needed, she checked them out under the scrutiny of the librarian and headed back to her rooms.

With the exception of taking short breaks to eat lunch and dinner, Penny spent most of the day hard at work. She would show the Ministry how wrong they were to ignore her because she was a Muggleborn.

Rubbing her aching neck, Penny set down her quill and looked over the finished proposal. Nodding to herself in satisfaction, she stood up to stretch and looked at the clock. Seeing that it was only nine o'clock at night, she decided to see if Harry wanted to look it over tonight. Walking over to the door, she pulled it part way opening before stopping at the sound of a low sensual moan.

Curiously peeking through the crack in the door, her eyes went wide as she looked into the living room. On the couch, Tonks was on her hands and knees, her face buried between Fleur's legs, while Harry thrust into her from behind. Unable to force herself to look away, her eyes traveled down Harry's body, and a quite gasp left her mouth at just how large he was. Even from the doorway, she could see Tonks' lips cling to his thick shaft as he moved in and out of her.

A moan from Fleur drew her attention away from Harry and over to the blonde. Fleur had one hand buried in Tonks' bright pink hair as she ground her hips forward. Her eyes were closed and her lips slightly parted while she gasped and moaned. Suddenly, her back arched, thrusting her large, perfectly shaped breasts into the air. With one hand, she reached up and tweaked one of her light pink nipples, rolling and tugging at the engorged nub.

Without realizing what she was doing, Penny ran one of her hands up her body to her breasts. Comparing herself to Fleur, she was proud to note that her breasts were at least the same size, perhaps a little bigger, and just as perky. Unfortunately, that was the only part of her that could compete with the Veela. She was nowhere near as pretty, and the rest of her body couldn't compete with Fleur's impossible curves, she thought.

Although she knew she should look away, Penny couldn't bring herself to stop watching the three of them on the couch. Biting her lip, she slipped her hand under the waistband of her skirt and ran a finger through her damp lips. Stifling a moan, Penny teased her clit for a moment before slipping two fingers slowly into her depths. Her eyes once again gazed at Harry as she imagined what it would be like to be in Tonks' position.

Percy was the only man she had ever been with, and he had always been rather boring in bed. With him, it had always been missionary with the lights off, and rarely lasted more than a few minutes. It was even more rare for her to not have to take care of herself when he was done. Listening to the moans coming from Tonks while Harry slid in and out of her from behind, it seemed that was much more to sex than what she had experienced.

Unbeknownst to Penny, someone had noticed her watching. Watching her move her hand rhythmically under her skirt, Harry smirked as he continued to thrust into Tonks' tight, hot depths. Bending over her back, he put his lips next to her ear.



“Don’t look, but we have a little voyeur.” he whispered.

“Hmm?” Tonks mumbled against Fleur’s slit.

He noticed the moment that she spotted Penny watching them from a crack in the door, her walls fluttering around him in excitement. Harry smiled and nibbled at her ear.

“Should we give her a show?” he asked quietly.

At her nod, Harry wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her back so that she was sitting on his lap. Fleur moaned in disappointment and pouted cutely as Tonks’ mouth was pulled away from her. Turning himself and Tonks so they were facing Penny’s door, he slipped his arms under her legs and locked his hands behind her neck. Tonks grunted in surprise as she was nearly folded in half, her core completely exposed to their voyeur. Careful not to look at Penny and scare her off, Harry held Tonks halfway up his shaft and then started slamming his length into her furiously.

Tonks threw her head back and howled in pleasure. At first, he thought she was exaggerating for Penny, but the way she clenched and spasmed around him made him think otherwise. Fleur giggled and, when she leaned down to kiss him, he whispered to her.

“Penny is watching us.” he told her.

Fleur’s eyes sparkled with excitement as she glanced at the door out of the corner of her eye. Sitting next to him as he plowed up into Tonks, she reached up and began caressing her breasts as they bounced wildly. Slowly, she trailed her hand down Tonks’ body to her slit. Tonks gasped loudly when Fleur rubbed her clit. With her legs spread wide and her knees trapping her arms at her sides, Tonks trembled helplessly as Harry and Fleur did as they pleased.

Suddenly, Fleur stopped her light teasing and began to rub her four fingers back and forth over Tonks’ clit furiously. With Harry still slamming up into her rapidly and relentlessly, Tonks panted and gasped as she raced towards a climax. Harry grunted as she stiffened and came violently,

her depths clamping down on him tightly. With a high-pitched squeal, Tonks quivered, and a stream of fluids sprayed out of her to land on the carpet a couple of feet away. After several second, she jerked harshly, pushing Fleur's hand away from her and scrambling to the side.

Harry smiled as let go of her and she collapsed on the couch, her body continuing to spasm as she let out a trembling moan. Suddenly, his sight of her was blocked by a pair of perfect breasts as Fleur straddled his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck. Grabbing his dripping cock, she sank down onto him with a moan and started bouncing on him. Harry smiled and grabbed her ass, pulling her cheeks apart as she rode him.

Glancing over her shoulder carefully, he saw Penny with her hand moving furiously under her skirt. Her mouth was slightly parted as she panted, her eyes locked on his cock as it slammed deep into Fleur over and over again.

"She's still watching." he whispered to Fleur. "She likes watching your tightly little pussy swallow my cock."

Fleur moaned and rode him faster, her breasts bouncing right in front of his face. Harry was just starting to feel the stirrings of his climax when Tonks sat up and moved to the side and behind Fleur. He felt her hand between his as he held Fleur's cheeks open, causing the blonde to gasp and look back at her. Tonks smirked at her as her middle finger pressed against Fleur's puckered hole.

"Time for payback, bitch." Tonks said playfully.

Though he couldn't see what was happening, he could feel Tonks' fingers sinking into Fleur's back door between his hands. Fleur gasped and bucked her hips as her walls clenched around his shaft. Using her own fluids as lubrication, Tonks was merciless as she sank first one, then two fingers into Fleur's bum all the way to the third knuckle. Fleur rested her head on his shoulder, a constant stream of moans and groans leaving her throat as Tonks pumped her fingers faster and faster. Soon, her hand was moving so faster her arms was jerking back and forth in a blur.

Harry groaned as he neared his climax, Fleur's clenching, searing depths quickly pushing him towards his peak. Just before he tipped over the edge, Fleur shrieked into his shoulder and came hard, her arousal soaking his thrusting shaft. As Harry reached his climax, Tonks pulled her fingers out of Fleur and smacked her ass sharply, causing Fleur to squeal and spasm around him.

When Harry glanced over Fleur's shoulder a few moments later, he spotted Penny leaning against the door frame with her eyes closed, a euphoric look on her pretty face. Though his cock was spent, it valiantly tried to throb back to life at the sight. Fleur giggled when she felt it.

"Soon, mon amour. Soon." she told him quietly.