

## Chapter 25

Harry jolted awake from a loud knock at the door. Prying his heavy eyelids open, it felt like he'd only gotten a few minutes of sleep. Fleur grumbled as he pulled away from her and put on a pair of boxers. Opening the door, he squinted against the light from the hall and blinked. For a moment, he thought the shape in front of him was Hermione until he remembered she was still in bed.

"Sorry to wake you," June said, "but Amelia's back, and she wants to talk to everyone in the kitchen."

"Right," Harry nodded, waking up quickly as he remembered the events of the previous night. "We'll be down in a few minutes."

Nodding, June left, and Harry closed the door.

"Girls, time to get up," Harry said, gathering his clothes for the day. "Amelia needs to see us in the kitchen."

The girls climbed out of bed sleepily and got dressed while Iffy flew over to Harry and made a nest in his hair. A moment later, he smiled at the sound of her snores as he and the girls made their way downstairs.

They got down to the kitchen to find everyone else already awake and waiting for them. From the lack of light outside, Harry knew it was still early. While everyone looked tired, Amelia looked like she hadn't slept at all from the dark bags under her bloodshot eyes.

"Sorry to wake all of you, but I thought you'd want to know what happened," Amelia said.

"It's fine," Harry said.

Yawning, Tonks rested her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes.

“I’ll get right to it,” Amelia said, removing her monocle and rubbing her eyes. “Last night turned out to be a massive success. We arrested twenty-seven Death Eaters, as well as Gerard Greengrass. He’s being charged with aiding and abetting a known terrorist organization. I’ve restricted any visitation until the interrogations are done. That should buy you a day or two to empty what you can from the family vault.”

“Thank you,” Eva said gratefully. “I’ll go to Gringotts this morning.”

Smiling, Amelia patted her hand.

“Did we get anything useful?” Tonks asked, her eyes still closed.

“We did,” Amelia nodded. “We now have a much better idea of You-Know-Who’s forces and his immediate plans. Nott and Selwyn were among those arrested, and they’ve provided a Nifflers nest of information. The Aurors are going to be moving fast over the next couple of days to make even more arrests.”

“Did they mention anything about Hogwarts or Draco Malfoy?” Harry asked.

Amelia frowned as she looked at him.

“No, but we didn’t ask about it either,” she said. “Is there something I should know?”

Harry shrugged, “It’s just a hunch. I think Draco Malfoy’s been marked and given a task at Hogwarts. I’m pretty sure he was behind what happened to Katie Bell, but I don’t have any proof.”

“What kind of task?” Amelia asked, her eyes focused on him intently.

"I don't know," Harry sighed. "But he's been acting shady all year. He quit the Quidditch team, disappears at odd times, avoids his friends... He's definitely up to something."

"I think so too, boss," Tonks said, sitting up.

"I'll tell the interrogators to ask about it," Amelia nodded. "Is there anything else I should ask?"

Harry thought for a moment before shaking his head.

"Could you ask them if You-Know-Who is planning anything to do with Harry?" Hermione asked.

"We already did," Amelia told her. "You-Know-Who is currently focused on taking down the Ministry. Under Veritaserum, a few of the Death Eaters even admitted they think he's afraid of Harry."

Harry snorted, "Yeah, right."

"It makes sense," Hermione said. "Every time you're involved in one of his plans, something goes horribly wrong for him."

"And since he never got to hear the Prophecy, he has even more reason to worry," Amelia nodded. "Now that you know what's happening, I'm going to get some sleep before going back to the Ministry."

"Thank you, Amelia," Eva said, smiling as she hugged the other witch.

"What time do you want to go to Gringotts?" Andy asked.

“As soon as possible,” Eva replied.

“Would you like me to go with you?” Andy asked.

“I would, thank you,” Eva smiled. “Do you mind if we leave in an hour?”

“Not at all,” Andy smiled.

“I’m going back to bed,” Tonks yawned.

She and Fleur stood, each of them grabbing one of Harry’s hands, and led him back to the bedroom with Hermione following after. Crawling back into bed, they curled up next to him, and they all fell back to sleep quickly.

When Harry woke up again, the sun was streaming in through the windows. Hermione and Fleur were already gone, while Tonks was drooling lightly on his shoulder. Smiling down at her, Harry ran his fingers through her hair and just watched her sleep for a couple of minutes. Gently running his fingers along her bare skin, he gently roused her from her sleep.

Sitting up, Tonks wiped her mouth.

“Sorry,” she muttered, wiping the saliva off his shoulder.

Chuckling, Harry sat up and pulled her against his chest, his arms wrapping around her.

“I love you,” he said softly.

“I love you, too,” Tonks replied, kissing his neck.

They sat like that for a long moment, their hands caressing each other lightly before the door creaked open. Poking her head in, Hermione looked at them and rolled her eyes with a smile.

“Are you two ever going to get out of bed?” she asked.

“Do I have to?” Tonks pouted.

“Yes,” Hermione sighed. “Now come on, breakfast is ready, and Hedwig has a letter for you.”

As she closed the door, Tonks sighed.

“I suppose we better get up,” she said.

Just as she started to move, Harry pinned her to the bed and kissed her passionately. Tonks moaned in surprise before kissing him back. Both of them were breathless by the time Harry pulled back with a grin. Smiling brightly, Tonks pecked him on the lips before wiggling out from under him and stumbling over to the wardrobe.

Harry enjoyed watching her naked body before finally getting out of bed and dressing for the day. Hand in hand, they made their way down to the kitchen.

“Morning,” Tonks said brightly, plopping down next to Hermione and kissing her cheek.

Sitting down next to Fleur, the blonde smiled and kissed him before returning to the conversation she was having with her sister. Suddenly, Hedwig circled around the table and landed lightly before him. He blinked at the sight of Iffy laughing happily as she rode on the owl's back.

“I see you two are getting along,” he said.

Hedwig hooted and stole a rasher of bacon. Snorting, Harry reached out, took the letter from her leg, and stroked her breast feathers softly in thanks.

“Come on, Iffy,” June called. “It’s time to eat.”

Sliding off Hedwig’s back, she hugged the owl before flying over to the plate June had set out for her. As Iffy cut into her strawberry, Harry unrolled the letter and smiled at its contents.

“The Weasleys are coming here for Christmas,” he grinned.

“Would Harry Potter, sir, like Dobby to set up their rooms?” Dobby asked.

“Whenever you have time,” Harry said. “They won’t be here for a couple of days.”

Nodding excitedly, Dobby popped away.

“Hermione,” June called. “Your father and I would like to do some more Christmas shopping. Could you take us, or should we call a cab?”

“We’ll take you,” Fleur said. “It’s easier to Apparate. Where do you need to go?”

“We need to pick up a few things in London, and I’d like to take a look at Diagon Alley, if that’s alright,” June replied.

“Of course,” Hermione said. “Since Daphne and Astoria need to go shopping, maybe we should all go together.”

“That would probably be best,” Tonks said.

As if summoned, Andy and Eva arrived at that moment, both looking very tired.

“How did it go?” Daphne asked.

“About as well as I expected,” Eva said. “I managed to withdraw about a third of the gold in the vault and a few heirlooms. That was the most I could take out without your father’s signature. It should last us for a while, though.”

“We were just talking about going out to do some shopping,” June said. “I know you and the girls need clothes, and we need to pick up some more Christmas presents. Do you want to stay here and rest and we’ll take them for you? I’m sure we could pick you up some clothes for the time being.”

“Thank you, but I really should go,” Eva said. “Can we just wait an hour? The goblins wanted to charge a ridiculous rate to help me move the gold into another vault, so Andy and I did it ourselves.”

“Of course,” June smiled. “There’s no rush.”

“Make sure you get bathing suits so you can go swimming with us,” Tonks grinned.

“I can’t wait to go swimming,” Astoria said excitedly. “Father never let us go to a pool before. He said such things were below ladies of our standing.”

Rolling her eyes, she speared a sausage with her fork and bit into it angrily.

“You’ll love eet,” Gabrielle told her, grinning. “‘Arry even ‘as a ‘to tub, and zhe ‘ole room is ‘eated to feel like Summer.”

“Make sure you ask Harry first,” Eva said to her daughter. “This is his house.”

“You don’t need to ask,” Harry told her. “Make yourselves at home. I don’t want you feeling like guests.”

“I’ll show you,” Gabrielle said excitedly. “And I can show you zhe tree house maman built for Iffy.”

Standing, the two girls rushed out of the room, talking animatedly and with bright smiles on their faces.

“Thank you,” Eva said gratefully.

“Don’t mention it,” Harry said before turning to Susan. “Do you want to go shopping with us?”

“Oh, sure,” she said, flushing lightly as she looked back down at her plate.

“I think she likes you,” Tonks whispered.

Under the table, her hand caressed his thigh.

“Amelia would kill me,” Harry told her quietly.

“Nah, she knew what she was getting into when she came,” Tonks smirked. “She was probably hoping you’d sneak into her room one night. I don’t think Bones has been with a man in decades.”

“You’re terrible,” Harry chuckled.



With a wink, Tonks caressed his inner thigh before moving her hand away. They enjoyed the rest of their breakfast before getting ready to leave for Diagon Alley.

There were fortunate that Amelia woke up just before they left. She made them a Portkey that made transporting so many people much easier.

“Do you want us to pick you up anything?” Harry asked.

“A headache potion, if you wouldn’t mind,” Amelia said. “I’m going to need it when I get back from the Ministry.”

“What time do you have to go back to work?” Susan asked.

“In a couple of hours,” Amelia said. “Thankfully, I don’t have to stay too long. I should be back in time for dinner.”

“Feel free to soak in the hot tub for a bit if you want to,” Harry said.

“You know what, I think I will,” Amelia smiled. “I might have to get one of those installed at Bones Manor.”

Smiling, Harry said goodbye and joined the others at the Portkey. Everyone else, even Iffy, was heading to Diagon Alley. June had tried to talk her into wearing clothes, but the Fairy adamantly refused.

As soon as everyone had a hand on the towel they were using as a Portkey, Tonks tapped it with her wand. Harry felt the familiar hook behind the navel as the world around him turned into a swirl of color. Next to him, June screamed, and Harry reached out, grabbing her arm reassuringly.

As their trip came to an end, Harry held onto June tightly as he kicked his feet. To his right, Ted did the same for Robert, and they all landed lightly on their feet. June held a hand to her chest, her eyes wide as she caught her breath.

“Is all magical travel that...?”

“Unpleasant?” Harry asked with a smile. “Except for brooms, yes.”

“I don’t think I’ll ever get used to this,” June said, shaking her head while Robert wrapped an arm around her waist.

“Are you alright, mum?” Hermione asked.

“I’m fine, dear,” she replied. “I just need a moment to catch my breath.”

Once June had calmed down, they did their shopping in the alley. While the Greengrass girls went off to get new clothes, Harry and his girlfriends decided to pick up a few things for the house. Unsurprisingly, it took a long time for the Greengrasses to finish shopping before they could move on to Muggle London.

“This is great!” Astoria cheered, skipping towards the Leaky Cauldron. “I’ve never been to Muggle London before.”

“Really?” Hermione asked in surprise.

“Dad hated Muggles,” Astoria shrugged. “He wouldn’t even let me take Muggle Studies.”

“Maybe you can talk to Professor Snape and see if he’ll let you take it now that you don’t have to worry about that,” Eva suggested.

“It’s too late now,” Astoria said. “But it’s fine. Morgan told me it’s not a very good class anyways.”

“That’s true,” Hermione admitted. “They are quite behind the times. They still think Muggles get around on horse and carriage.”

“What?” June asked. “But we haven’t used those in almost a hundred years.”

“I tried to tell Professor Burbage, but she didn’t listen,” Hermione said. “I don’t know what Professor Grey is like.”

“She’s pretty good, from what I’ve heard,” Astoria said. “She’s a Halfblood who grew up Muggle.”

The conversation continued as they walked through the pub and stepped into Muggle London. Astoria, Daphne, and Eva stared around in awe at all the bright lights and colors. Iffy peeked her head up from the neck of Hermione’s turtle-neck jumper and looked around with an excited grin. Fortunately, it didn’t look like any of the Muggles could see her.

“What are those things everyone is staring at?” Daphne asked.

“Those are cell phones,” Hermione explained. “It’s basically a computer you hold in your hand. You can use it to talk to almost anyone, almost anywhere in the world. You can also send short messages, play games, and take pictures.”

“And look at porn,” Tonks murmured, causing Harry to snort.

“My goodness,” Eva said, staring around in wonder. “I never knew Muggles could do so much without magic.”

“I’ve always said magicals would regret looking down on Muggles one day,” Andy said.

They continued talking about all the things Muggles could do as they walked to some clothing shops. They stopped at Gant, Accessorize – which Astoria and Gabrielle fell madly in love with – and a couple of other shops.

“You don’t have any swimsuits, do you?” Tonks asked when they were at Oliver Bonas.

“Swimsuits? This time of year?” the young attendant asked.

“Actually, I think I have some in the back from last season,” the manager said.

“Could we take a look at them?” Tonks asked hopefully.

“I’ll see if I can find them,” the manager said. “I’ll be just a moment.”

“Why are you looking for swimsuits when you can just transfigure them?” Harry asked.

“I may not be as into fashion as Fleur, but transfigured clothes just aren’t the same,” Tonks said.

“Arry,” Fleur called out.

Turning, he stared at the curve of her bum in the pair of tight jeans she’d managed to squeeze herself into.

“Damn, that arse,” Tonks muttered as Fleur twisted this way and that for a better look in the mirror.

“What do you think?” Fleur asked.

“They look great,” Harry smiled.

Smirking, Fleur gave him a wink before sauntering back into the changing room and closing the curtain.

“I don’t know what your dad and Robert were complaining about. This is great,” Harry grinned.

As Tonks giggled, Hermione stepped out of the changing room next to Fleur’s, wearing a tight red dress that showed off her curves beautifully. Staring at herself in the mirror, she turned to the side and frowned.

“Please tell me you’re getting that,” Harry said.

“You like it?” Hermione asked.

“I love it,” Harry told her.

“You don’t think it’s a bit too... revealing?” Hermione asked, biting her lip.

“Hermione, you’re gorgeous. Why not show off a bit?” Harry asked, grinning as he rested his hands on her hips.

Hermione smiled shyly and blushed lightly. Pressing a kiss to his lips, she ducked back into the changing room. When she came back out a few moments later, she added the dress to the pile she wanted to keep. Harry grinned widely, causing her to giggle.

“I found them!” the manager called. “I actually had more than I thought.”

“Perfect,” Tonks grinned.

Harry watched and smiled as the women walked over to the two bins the manager had brought out to see if they could find anything they liked.

“Is this just your excuse to get me in a bikini?” Daphne asked.

Smirking, Harry glanced around quickly. The cashier was staring at her phone while the women were busy looking at swimsuits, and Robert and Ted were on the other side of the store. Grabbing Daphne by the hand, he quickly pulled her into the furthest changing room. She gasped softly as he gently pinned her to the wall.

“Do I need one?” Harry asked.

Daphne licked her lips as she stared at him, her chest rising and falling as she panted lightly. Slipping his hands under the hem of her dark green jumper, Harry slowly caressed from her stomach up to her ribs. Leaning his face forward, he kissed her hard at the same time he gripped her large breasts over her bra.

Daphne moaned into his mouth, her hands sliding to the back of his head and clutching at his hair. Taking her bottom lip between his teeth and pulled back until it slipped free.

“Show me,” Harry said, his voice coming out deeper than usual as he moved his hands to her hips.

“What?” Daphne asked softly.

“Show me,” Harry repeated, nodding to her breasts.

Swallowing thickly, Daphne reached down and grabbed the hem of her jumper. After hesitating for a moment, she pulled it up to her chest. Her hands shifted as she hooked her fingers under her bra and then pulled it up higher, revealing her pale breasts and soft, pink nipples.

Harry bent down and buried his face between her soft globes, kissing and sucking at the smooth skin. A whine left Daphne's lips as she ran her fingers through his hair. Cupping both of her breasts in his hands, he kneaded them roughly, his fingers teasing her nipples until they grew hard. Pulling his head back, Harry kissed her on the lips before working his way along her jaw until he reached her ear.

"I don't need an excuse to see you. I just need to ask," Harry whispered.

"You think so?" Daphne asked breathlessly.

Leaning back to look at her face, Harry kissed her again.

"I know so," he smirked.

He grabbed her jumper and pulled it down over her chest before slipping out of the changing room. The only one to see him when he stepped out was Fleur, who looked at him oddly. When Daphne stepped out a moment later, looking flushed and with two noticeable bumps pressing against the front of her jumper, Fleur smirked. Holding her head high, Daphne walked over to the bins and started looking for a swimsuit while Harry grinned.

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After enjoying watching the women try on swimsuits more than he probably should have, Harry and the others returned to Fort Potter. After everyone had put away their new clothes, they made their way down to the kitchen for dinner.

"Harry, could I talk to you for a minute?" Eva asked just as they were about to enter the kitchen.

“Sure,” Harry said.

Once Hermione, Tonks, and Fleur were out of earshot, Eva turned back to him.

“I wanted to offer to pay for staying here,” she said. “I can’t afford that much, considering I don’t know how long it will take me to find a job, but-”

“I don’t want your money, Eva,” Harry interrupted. “I just want to know you and your daughters are safe.”

“Are you – Did Daphne... offer you something in return for protecting us?” Eva asked. “I saw you two slip into the changing room at the shop.”

“Oh, no!” Harry said, holding up his hands and shaking them back and forth. “No. Nothing like that. Anything I’ve done with Daphne is because she wants it, not as some sort of payment.”

“I’m sorry,” Eva said. “I know I must sound horribly ungrateful. Which I’m not. I can’t thank you enough for bringing us here and letting us stay. I just – it’s part of Pureblood culture not to create debts without knowing how you’re going to pay them.”

“Honestly, you don’t owe me anything,” Harry told her. “I’ll even put that in writing if it would make you feel better.”

“I trust you,” Eva smiled, her eyes misting over.

She surprised Harry by stepping forward and hugging him tightly.

“Thank you,” she said softly, her voice thick with emotion.



When she pulled back, Harry offered her his arm. Eva wiped her eyes, smiled, and lopped her arm around his as they walked into the kitchen.

"Is everything alright?" Daphne asked, eyeing her mother in concern.

"Everything's just fine," Eva smiled.

Letting go of Harry, she moved to sit down next to her daughters while Harry sat between Hermione and Fleur.

"We finished interrogating the Death Eaters today," Amelia said as plates were being filled. "You were right, Harry. Draco Malfoy has been given a mission by You-Know-Who, but no one we arrested knows what it is."

"Are you going to arrest him?" Susan asked.

"Without proof of wrongdoing, I can't," Amelia said. "I can't arrest someone on information gathered from Veritaserum from someone else. It's not that reliable. For now, I'll be directing the Aurors at Hogwarts to keep a close eye on him. Tonks, your main task is still to protect Harry, but if you find anything, let me know immediately."

"Yes, ma'am," Tonks said.

"On the bright side, thanks to the information we gathered, we raided three more Death Eater safe houses," Amelia continued. "We arrested another seven Death Eaters and freed four captives."

"Captive?" June asked.

“They were using local Muggle women as... entertainment,” Amelia said in disgust.

“That’s awful,” June gasped. “What’s going to happen to them now?”

“They’ll be treated, their memories of the incident erased, and then placed in the care of Muggle hospital,” Amelia said. “There are a number of Muggles that know about magic who help us with this sort of thing. They’ll make sure they’re well taken care of.”

June bit her lip and nodded.

“Perhaps we should talk about something more pleasant,” Andy suggested.

“Actually, that reminds me,” Amelia said. “Harry, we’ve set a date for you to receive your Order of Merlin. The ceremony will be on the first of January. I thought it would be best to do it before you go back to school.”

“Do I have to?” Harry asked, his shoulders sagging.

“No,” Amelia said, much to his surprise. “But I would appreciate it if you did. Not only do I think you should get recognition for what you’ve done, but it would help public morale.”

Sighing, Harry sat back in his seat.

“What’s an Order of Merlin?” Robert asked.

“It’s our highest award for bravery and services to the nation,” Amelia explained. “There are three classes, and Harry is slated to earn our highest award, the Order of Merlin, first class. It comes with a prize of five thousand Galleons and a lifetime seat on the Wizengamot – not that you need to take it, of course.”

“Harry, that’s wonderful!” June exclaimed with a smile. “Congratulations. You should be very proud of yourself.”

Smiling proudly, Fleur took his hand and kissed his cheek.

“You should take it, Harry,” Hermione said. “Think of all the good you could do with a seat in the Wizengamot.”

Harry looked at her thoughtfully.

“Could I give the seat to someone else?” he asked.

“You could assign a proxy to act in your place, but you can’t give it away, no,” Amelia told him.

“If I accept it, could I take the seat in a couple of years, after I leave Hogwarts?” Harry asked.

“You could,” Amelia nodded. “Like I said, the seat is yours, but you don’t have to use it. Just like the Black and Potter seats.”

“Wait, Black and Potter seats? Harry asked. “I have seats on the Wizengamot?”

“You didn’t know?” Amelia asked sharply, her eyes narrowing. “I thought you knew and didn’t want to use them.”

“I didn’t know anything,” Harry sighed. “Damn it, Dumbledore.”

“Maybe he didn’t know,” Hermione said, rubbing his back soothingly.

“Oh, he would’ve known,” Andy frowned. “Don’t forget, he was Chief Warlock for decades.”

“Has anyone been using those seats?” Harry asked.

“No,” Amelia said. “Both of them have been empty for years.”

Rubbing his face, Harry cursed Dumbledore and his constant need to keep him in the dark. They were going to have words when he got back to Hogwarts.

“So, how about those bikinis?” Tonks asked.

Harry snorted at her blatant attempt to change the subject. He smiled at her as the discussion at the table turned to the differences between Muggle and Magical fashion. Feeling something on his shoulder, he looked over as Iffy walked along his collarbone and hugged his chin.

“Thanks, Iffy,” he said softly.

Smiling, she surprised him by kissing his bottom lip before flying back down to the table. Shaking his head, he watched as she picked up a thin slice of cheery tomato and took a bite out of it.

“I don’t know about the rest of you, but I’m going to go relax by the pool,” Tonks said.

“I wouldn’t mind sitting in the hot tub for a bit,” Amelia said, stretching as she stood. “I’m definitely getting one of those installed at home.”

Harry smiled as he watched most of the women head to their rooms to get changed. Andy and June stayed to help him clear the table – despite Dobby’s protests – before they, too, headed off to get changed. He and the girls were one of the first to pull up seats around the pool, along with Ted and Robert.

“No running in the house!” Eva yelled.

A moment later, Gabrielle and Astoria came out, moving as fast as they could without actually running. Together, they jumped into the pool before their heads popped up with a giggle.

“Hey, Fleur?” Harry asked.

“Hmm?” Fleur hummed, eyes closed as she rested in her lounge chair.

“What do you think about adding some sand to the ground?” he asked.

Opening her eyes, Fleur eyed the grey, concrete floor speculatively. She picked up her wand with a smile and gave it a wave. The floor around the pool turned into smooth, yellow sand, while the floor around the barbeque and doors remained concrete. Dropping his hand to the ground, Harry grinned as he ran his hand through the warm sand, allowing it to fall through his fingers.

“You’re right,” Tonks smiled, flexing her toes in the sand. “This is much better.”

“Oui,” Fleur agreed.

Leaning over, she kissed Harry on the cheek.

“What happened to the floor!?” June asked.

She looked shocked as she stepped out onto the patio with Andy, Amelia, Eva, Susan, and Apolline following behind.

“It’s okay, mum,” Hermione told her. “Harry thought it would be better to have sand around the pool.”

“This is great,” Susan beamed.

“You know this sand is going to get everywhere, don’t you?” June asked.

Harry shrugged, “It shouldn’t be hard to clean up with magic, but we can always change it back if we want to.”

As the women stepped out onto the patio under the warm, magical sun floating, he took a moment to appreciate how they looked in their new swimsuits. They were a bit more revealing than the ones they’d worn before. Hearing a giggle, he looked over at Fleur, who smiled knowingly. Harry grinned unrepentantly and wiggled his eyebrows.

“You know, in France, we don’t wear tops,” she said teasingly.

Harry raised an eyebrow.

“Well, I’d hate for you to think I don’t appreciate French culture,” he grinned.

“You don’t mind zhem seeing me?” Fleur asked, nodding to Ted and Robert.

“Not if you don’t,” Harry said.

Quirking an eyebrow, Fleur smirked and held his gaze as she sat up. Reaching behind her back, she pulled the string, and her top fell loose. Harry couldn’t help but glance down when she grabbed it and pulled it over her head. Unconsciously, he licked his lips as her large, perky pale globes were revealed.

“Fleur!” Hermione exclaimed softly.

“Oui?” Fleur asked, leaning back in her chair with a smirk.

“What are you doing?” Hermione hissed, looking around to see if anyone had noticed.

“You’ve been to France, non?” Fleur asked. “Most women do not wear tops to zhe beach.”

“Well, yes, but,” Hermione stammered.

“Oh, relax,” Tonks said. “They’re just breasts.”

“They are not,” Harry said adamantly.

Fleur smiled at him before picking up a bottle of sunscreen and rubbing it on her chest. Tonks snorted as he continued to stare unabashedly.

“Besides,” he continued, “this house belongs to all of us, as far as I’m concerned. Fleur can do whatever she wants.”

“Now you’ve done it,” Tonks snickered as Fleur beamed at him. “I hope you didn’t plan on sleeping much tonight.”

Sitting up, Fleur cupped his cheeks and kissed him passionately.

“Uh, Fleur, dear, you seem to have lost your top,” June called.

“I know,” Fleur smiled.

“Oh,” June said softly.

She looked over at her husband, who, along with Ted, was steadfastly looking away.

“Oh, for Merlin’s sake,” Tonks huffed. “It’s nothing you won’t see at the beaches in France.”

“I can cover up if it bozzers you,” Fleur offered.

The adults all looked at each other.

“I don’t mind,” Andy said.

“I suppose Tonks does have a point,” June sighed. “Sorry, I was just a little surprised.”

“Do you mind if I take mine off?” Apolline asked. “I don’t want to make anyone uncomfortable.”

“Well, like Tonks said, it’s nothing we would see at the beach,” June said.

Smiling, Apolline turned and looked at Harry questioningly. He shrugged.

“It’s fine with me,” he said.

“Merci,” Apolline smiled.

Reaching back, she untied her top and tossed it to the side.



“Brilliant,” Tonks grinned, removing her top as well.

As one, Harry, Tonks, and Fleur looked at Hermione hopefully.

“No,” Robert said.

“Oh, stop it,” June said, smacking his leg lightly. “Hermione’s an adult, and she can do whatever she likes.”

“I don’t know,” Hermione murmured, biting her lip.

“You know you want to,” Tonks said softly, grinning.

When Hermione gasped quietly a moment later, Harry followed her gaze. His eyebrows rose as he watched June remove her top. Her breasts were a good handful with crinkled brown nipples, sagging slightly as they rested on her chest.

“When in Rome,” Amelia shrugged, reaching behind her back.

“That’s the spirit,” Tonks grinned.

Amelia’s large breasts sagged under their own weight, though not unattractively. She had large, thick red nipples and very wide areolas. Although he’d seen them before, that didn’t stop Harry from giving them an appreciative glance.

“Auntie!” Susan exclaimed in surprise, blushing as she covered a giggle.

“Oh, that feels nice,” Amelia sighed.

Turning back to Hermione, Harry smiled to see her lifting her top over her head. Her full, perky breasts, while not as large as some of the others, looked amazing on her petite frame. Andromeda and Eva, unfortunately, kept their tops on, but there was plenty of skin on show to make up for it.

“Whoa!” Daphne gasped as she stepped out onto the patio. “What the hell did I miss?”

“Blame Fleur,” Tonks grinned.

Rolling her eyes, Daphne walked over to the chair next to Harry’s as he eyed her curvy, hourglass figure appreciatively.

“I’m not taking my top off,” she said as she sat down.

“Hm, pity,” Harry said.

For the next couple of hours, everyone relaxed under the warm sun, enjoying the heat in the middle of a bitterly cold winter. Harry felt like he was in his own little paradise, separate from the gathering darkness surrounding Britain. Dobby even came out with drinks topped with little umbrellas.

Unfortunately, Iffy decided to take a sip of June’s when she wasn’t looking and ended up quite drunk. She hiccuped cutely as she flew around in a zig-zagging pattern. Astoria and Gabrielle had fun chasing her around before putting her to bed in her tree house to sleep it off.

Ted and Robert were the first to leave, growing bored of listening to the women’s chatter. Not long after, Astoria and Gabrielle went inside while Hermione went to the library to look for spells to teach the DA.

“I think I’m going to call it an early night,” Eva said, climbing out of the hot tub.

“Already?” June asked.

“I didn’t sleep well last night,” Eva admitted.

June looked at her sympathetically. As Eva disappeared into the house, Andy looked over at Amelia, who was dozing lightly in the bubbling water.

“Maybe you should head to bed too, Amelia,” she suggested.

“I should, but this feels too nice,” Amelia replied. “I haven’t been able to relax like this in years.”

Shifting in her seat, she grimaced as her back cracked.

“Are you okay?” June asked.

“My back’s just sore,” Amelia told her. “I spent too long bent over my desk reading papers, and now I’m paying for it.”

“I could get you some Veela cream,” Apolline offered.

“Would that help?” Amelia asked.

“That stuff is fantastic,” Tonks said. “Harry used it on me after I was tortured.”

“Tortured?” Daphne asked.

Grinning, Tonks started to explain how she had gotten together with Harry. Soon, Susan, Hermione, and Fleur all got drawn into the conversation. Feeling a little out of place listening in

to a conversation about him, Harry decided to leave them to it. Getting up, he walked over to the hot tub.

“Mind if I join you, ladies?” he asked.

“Of course not,” June said.

“It’s your ‘ouse,” Apolline shrugged, her amazing breasts bobbing in the water.

Smiling, he slipped in between Apolline and Amelia. He sighed as he sat in the hot, bubbling water, his muscles slowly relaxing.

“Can I ask you a personal question, Harry?” June asked.

“Sure,” Harry shrugged.

“How do things work between you, Hermione, Fleur, and Tonks?” she asked. “Like, do you set aside time to spend with each of them?”

“Sometimes,” Harry said. “The girls really work that sort of thing out between them, though. It’s harder with Fleur because she isn’t at Hogwarts, so I try to do something special with her when we do get to see each other.”

“What about marriage?” June asked. “Can you marry all of them in the magical world?”

“It’s unusual, but it does happen,” Harry said. “I think Fleur’s set on being a mistress, though, so she can carry on the Delacour name.”

“Oui,” Apolline smiled, her hand resting on his thigh under the water. “Zhat’s what she ‘as told me as well.”

“You’ve already talked about that?” June asked in surprise. “Are you that serious about them?”

“Definitely,” Harry nodded. “We haven’t really talked about it much. It’s not like we’re going to get married before I finish school. But we’ve talked about it a bit. Well, I have with Tonks and Fleur. Hermione and I haven’t talked about that yet. This is still kind of new for us.”

“But you love her,” June said, more than asked.

“Absolutely,” Harry said. “I can’t imagine my life with her – without any of them.”

“I’m more interested in how this works when you still sleep with other women,” Andy said, smirking as Harry blushed.

June gasped, her eyes narrowing, and Harry rushed to reassure her.

“It’s not what you think,” he said quickly. “All of them know about it.”

“Hermione knows?” June asked skeptically.

Harry shrugged, “She likes watching me with other women. They all do. I’d stop in a heartbeat if they wanted me to.”

“I’m sorry, I just wanted to tease you a bit,” Andy apologized. “I didn’t know June wasn’t aware.”

“You’re okay with this?” June asked her in surprise.

“It doesn’t really matter if I am or not,” Andy shrugged. “My daughter will do whatever she wasn’t, regardless. If anything, though, it shows how much she trusts him. Dora has always been adventurous, but she’d never let her boyfriend sleep with another woman if she didn’t trust in absolutely.”

“Zhe same wiz Fleur,” Apolline added. “Veela tend to be very possessive of zheir lovers.”

“Then why would she be alright with it?” June asked.

“She likes showing me off,” Harry replied.

Apolline smirked.

“Do you plan to go after Susan?” Amelia asked suddenly. “You know she has a crush on you.”

“I know,” Harry nodded. “And honestly, that’s why I probably won’t. I like Susan, and I don’t want to see her hurt.”

“Good,” Amelia nodded. “I’m impressed you’re mature enough to recognize that. Susan is old enough to make her own decisions, of course. But, if something does happen between you two, I’d ask that you’re upfront with her about what’s happening.”

“I will,” Harry nodded.

He couldn’t believe he was having this conversation. It was almost surreal. This was not what he’d planned on happening when he came over here. He just wanted to look at some beautiful women. Was that too much to ask for?

“I still can’t believe Hermione would like that sort of thing,” June said. “Then again, I never thought she’d have three partners.”

“Neither did I,” Harry muttered.

The women laughed, and Harry smiled at them.

“So, if you’re not going after Susan, who are you looking at?” Amelia asked curiously.

Harry hesitated for a moment, deciding how much he should say. Checking over his shoulder to make sure the girls weren’t paying attention, he turned back and thought it would be best to be open. He didn’t want them to think he was hiding anything.

“Hermione and Tonks want me to go after Daphne,” he said.

“Really?” June asked, looking over at the stunning, curvy blonde. “Why her?”

“Hermione likes the idea of me stealing the hottest girl in Slytherin,” Harry shrugged with a grin.

“What about Fleur?” Apolline asked.

“Er,” Harry said, scratching the back of his neck. “Well, she wants me to go after you?”

Apolline raised an eyebrow while June gasped, and Andy shook her head.

“And I thought my daughter was the troublemaker,” she said.

“Really?” Apolline asked.

Under the water, her hand landed on his thigh. This time, rather than sitting close to his knee, she slipped her hand up until her pinky was teasing under the edge of his trunks. Harry fought to keep a look of shock off of his face.

“And why ‘aven’t you?” she asked, her voice taking on a light purr that he recognized well.

“Well, I didn’t think you’d be interested,” Harry admitted.

“Wait,” June said. “You’re not seriously considering...”

“I’ll think about it,” Apolline said while looking at Harry before turning to June. “My ‘usband passed away a few years ago, and I ‘ave been lonely. Zhe Allure does not make it easy.”

“I thought it would make things easier,” Amelia said while June gaped and Apolline continued caressing his thigh.

“It does if you do not care what kind of man you bed,” Apolline said. “If I want a man that will do more than lay in bed like a – how do you say... puppet? Zhen it can take months or years before they become used to it. Wiz ‘Arry, I already know he can resist zhe Allure, and ‘e is someone I can trust.”

“But Ted and Robert weren’t affected by your Allure,” June said.

“Zhat’s because I ‘ave been holding back,” Apolline told her.

“Oh,” June said. “I’m sorry, I didn’t realize. Is that difficult?”

“It can be,” Apolline nodded. “Zhat is why Veela tend to live in covens. We are able to relax around each ozzier until we find a partner. Fleur is able to focus ‘er Allure on ‘Arry, allowing her



to relax 'er control. Gabrielle and I must hold back until we are alone in our rooms, where we use special wards to contain it."

"You can focus your Allure on me if it helps," Harry offered.

"You think you can 'andle it?" she asked, looking at him sharply.

"I think so," Harry nodded.

Apolline looked at him for a moment longer before her hair fluttered as if caught in an unfelt breeze. Harry felt her Allure settle over him. It felt similar to Fleur's, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what was different. Apolline's shoulders relaxed, and she smiled happily.

"Merci," she said gratefully.

"You're welcome," Harry smiled. "You can tell Gabrielle she can, too, if it will help."

"Zhank you, but Gabrielle needs to practice 'er control," Apolline replied. "Especially if she is going to 'Ogwarts."

"What does it feel like?" June asked curiously.

"Not much different than what you feel, just more intense," Harry said. "It's... well, it's a bit hard to describe. You kind of get a better feel for what type of person they are and what they want in a partner."

"Could you show me?" June asked. "I'm curious about what it feels like now."

“So am I,” Andy said. “I had a friend who went to a Veela for marriage counseling a few years ago. She said it really brought the spark back to her marriage. Not that Ted and I need that.”

“If you wish,” Apolline said, then looked over at Amelia questioningly.

“I’ve worked with Veela quite a bit,” she shrugged. “I’m used to it.”

Nodding, Apolline relaxed her Allure. While Harry felt it lessen, June’s and Andy’s eyes widened as it settled on them.

“Oh,” June said, swallowing thickly. “Oh my.”

“Are you alright?” Apolline asked.

“Hmm, oh, yes. I’m fine,” June said, shaking her head. “It’s just... I’ve never felt anything like this.”

“I have to admit, it’s not quite what I expected,” Andy admitted.

“This is just my natural Allure,” Apolline said. “The marriage counselor would’ve focused it more. If I truly tried, I could make most men and women do anything I wish. It’s why Veela are so feared by some witches and wizards. It is not a reputation that is entirely unearned.”

Her hand slid further up Harry’s thigh until her pinky touched his length.

“I can show you,” Apolline offered, a smirk raising the corners of her lips. “I promise not to take advantage of you.”

“I suppose it wouldn’t hurt,” Andi said, looking unconcerned.

“Alright,” June nodded, looking both nervous and irresistibly curious.

Smiling, Apolline flexed her Allure. June and Andy gasped, their eyes going wide. While Harry’s mind wasn’t affected by the fiery passion she was projecting, his body was. His length hardened, filling her hand as her fingers cradled his member lightly. Apolline gave him a squeeze, her thumb caressing his shaft before, suddenly, her Allure relaxed. June and Andy were left breathless and flushed, and even Amelia looked slightly affected.

“I think I’m going to go find my husband,” June said abruptly.

As she stood, her nipples were visibly harder, the brown nubs protruding from the center of her breasts.

“Me too,” Andy said.

Without even bothering to dry off, both of them disappeared into the house. Apolline let out a tinkling laugh before letting go of his shaft.

“I think I’m going to call it a night,” she said, turning to Harry. “I will think about what you said.”

Harry nodded and smiled, “Take all the time you need.”

Smiling back, Apolline slipped in front of him and pecked his lips. When she stood, he got a good look at her incredible body. Beads of water dripped off of her jutting breasts as she smirked down at him. A second later, she climbed out of the hot tub and grabbed a towel before disappearing inside.

“Bloody hell,” Harry murmured, leaning his head on the back of the tub.

“I’ve never seen a man get so many women while trying so little,” Amelia chuckled. “Your father would’ve been very proud and very jealous of you.”

Lifting his head, Harry smiled at her. He was always grateful to hear about his parents.

“What about my mum?” he asked softly.

“I didn’t know her as well as your father,” Amelia told him. “But from what I know of her, I’m sure she would’ve been very proud. She also would’ve teased your father mercilessly. He tried so hard to look like a ladies’ man, and then here comes his son, doing better than he could’ve ever dreamed without even trying.”

Harry smiled, trying to picture the scene in his mind. As Amelia shifted in her seat, she grimaced and rolled her shoulder.

“Here,” Harry said.

Sliding over until their hips touched, he reached over and rubbed her shoulders, his thumbs pushing into the tight knots of muscles along her spine.

“Ooh,” Amelia moaned.

Closing her eyes, she turned to give him better access. He pressed his thumbs along either side of her spine, massaging deep into the firm muscle underneath. Amelia hissed in pain before letting out a low, pleasure moan.

With both of them turned to the side, the position was a bit awkward, and it started to hurt his lower back. Grabbing her hips, Harry pulled her into his lap. Amelia didn’t even react as he continued massaging her back and shoulders. Slowly, he worked his way down while she moaned and groaned continuously.

“Merlin, that feels good,” Amelia hissed.

Smiling, Harry dug his thumbs into the small of her back. Her back arched with a hiss, grinding her wide, full bum into his lap. His erection, which had been flagging since Apolline left, now started to return. Feeling daring, he let his hands dip lower, his fingers holding the top of her bum while his thumbs pressed into the thick muscle just below her tailbone.

Harry nearly laughed aloud when it struck him that the Minister for Magic was in his lap, topless and allowing him to grope her bum. It made him wonder what else she would let him do to her.

He continued massaging her back for several more minutes until his hands started to get tired. Pulling her back flush with his chest, Amelia melted into him as his arms wrapped around her waist.

“Feel better?” he asked with a smile.

“Much,” Amelia said, her eyes closed with the back of her head resting on his shoulder.

“Good,” he said softly.

Running his fingers up and down her soft stomach, his fingers brushed the bottoms of her large breasts. When she didn't move to stop him, he moved one hand back to her stomach while the other landed on her thigh. As he slowly slid up her powerful leg, she eagerly spread her legs open. Harry's hand stopped when his index finger landed against her hot, covered mound a moment later. Amelia inhaled sharply, her hips rocking lightly.

“Is Susan here?” she whispered.

Turning his head, he spotted his girlfriends and Daphne watching him curiously as they talked, but Susan was nowhere in sight.

“No,” Harry whispered back.

Amelia grabbed his hand firmly. Harry held his breath, waiting for her to start yelling and berating him. Instead, she thrust his hand under her bikini bottoms, his hand landing directly on her hot folds.

“Yes,” she hissed softly, rolling her hips into his hand as hers moved away.

Short, curly hairs tickled his palm as Harry rubbed his fingers along her folds. His other hand moved up, cupping one of her large, soft breasts. Pressing the heel of his palm into her clit, he delved two fingers into her silky depths. Amelia gasped, grinding her ass into his lap as her mouth hung open.

Harry leaned down, kissing her neck while his fingers rolled and tugged at her thick, red nipple. A loud, wanton moan left her lips as his fingers plunged in and out of her depths. His palm pressed firmly against her clit, and he could feel it throb against his skin. Amelia shuddered when he did it again, timing it perfectly as his fingers brushed against the bundle of nerves along the top of her core.

“Harder,” Amelia gasped.

Not sure what she was referring to, Harry took it to mean everything. Gripping her nipple tightly, he pulled hard, lifting her heavy breast from her chest. As she arched her back, he ground his palm roughly into her clit while his fingers pressed firmly against her fluttering depths.

Amelia curled in on herself sharply with a gasp. Her nipple was yanked from his grip, allowing her breast to fall back to her chest. Harry wrapped his arm around her, his hand roughly groping one of her breasts as he pulled her firmly against him. His other hand plunged in and out of her core rapidly, his palm bumping roughly against her clit over and over again. Amelia panted harshly as her hands gripped his thighs hard, her nails digging sharply into his skin.

“So close. So close,” she chanted, writhing desperately in his lap.

Growling, Harry bit her shoulder lightly while grinding her throbbing erection against her pillowy rear. His hand practically vibrated underwater as he moved it as fast as he could. Amelia’s face scrunched up in a rictus of pleasure as she writhed restlessly like she was teetering on the very brink of sanity.

“Cum,” Harry growled.

As if waiting for his command, Amelia stiffened, her walls clutching at his fingers as a torrent of arousal washed over his hand. A moment later, she trembled violently, soft grunts leaving her open mouth as she gasped for breath. Harry continued stimulating her through her climax, keeping her floating in bliss far longer than she should have. Eventually, she collapsed back onto his chest with a loud groan, and his hand stilled. Kissing her neck softly, he reached up and caressed her breasts while she caught her breath. Her hazel eyes fluttered open, barely focused as she struggled to stay awake.

“Rest,” Harry whispered. “You’re safe here.”

“Mhh,” Amelia moaned.

Closing her eyes, she fell asleep almost instantly. Cradling her bridal style, Harry stood up and climbed out of the tub.

“Can you dry us off?” Harry asked, looking at Tonks.

Smirking, she pulled her hand out of her bottoms and waved her wand, drying them instantly. With a grateful smile, Harry carried Amelia into the house and down the hall to her room. He snorted when he heard loud moans and groans coming from the rooms across the hall. Laying Amelia down on her bed, pulled out his wand.

Silencing the room, he picked out a nightgown and used a Switching Spell to put it on her. As her pulled the covers over her, he brushed a lock of hair away from her face. Her face looked peaceful for the first time since he'd known her, and he noticed grey hair starting to show at her temple. Taking over as Minister in the middle of a war and having to clean up after Fudge was bound to be stressful, and Harry was glad he could help her, even if just a little.

Turning out the lights, he left the room, closing the door behind him. Silencing Andy and Ted, and June and Robert's rooms, he made his way back out onto the patio. Tonks and Fleur smirked while Hermione and Daphne stared at him.

"Potter, did you seriously just finger the Minister for Magic?" Daphne asked, her blue eyes flashing excitedly.

"She needed it," Harry shrugged. "You saw how exhausted she was."

Before Harry could sit, Tonks and Fleur stood up, each of them taking a hand.

"Sorry, Greengrass," Tonks said. "But Harry has three very randy girlfriends to take care of. Although, you could join us if you want."

Surprisingly, Daphne looked thoughtful for a moment.

"Not tonight," she said eventually, her eyes dropping to the prominent bulge in his trunk as she licked her lips unconsciously. "I need to figure out if that's something I'm willing to give up. Besides, if I'm going to fuck Potter, I want him at his best."

Before Harry could respond, she turned and marched inside.

"What did she mean by 'if that's something I'm willing to give up?'" Harry asked.



“She’s a Pureblood princess,” Tonks snorted. “A marriage contract with her is worth a lot more if she’s still a virgin. She’d have trouble marrying into one of the other traditional families if she isn’t. They’re real strict about that sort of thing. I don’t know why she still wants to be part of that after what he father tried to do.”

Harry opened his mouth, then closed it with a click as Tonks and Fleur led him inside.

“Don’t think about it too much. It’s her decision to make,” Tonks told him. “Besides, it doesn’t mean we can’t have fun with her in other ways.”

“I can’t believe you did that with the Minister,” Hermione said. “Harry, she’s the most powerful woman in Britain, and you –”

“Ad ‘er begging for it,” Fleur finished, her eyes hooded and lustful as she looked at him.

“Too bad she was too tired to take care of our poor Harry,” Tonks said, kissing his cheek. “We’ll take care of you, though.”

“I call dibs,” Hermione said.

“What? You-” Tonks stammered.

Fleure giggled as Hermione took his arm and raced into the bedroom. Harry grinned as the brunette shoved him onto the bed, and Tonks closed the door, a smirk on her lips.

Ted and Robert weren’t the only ones getting lucky tonight.