

## Chapter 23

*Smack*

“Harry!” Hermione exclaimed with a giggle.

“You teased ‘im,” Fleur smiled.

Shaking her head, Tonks climbed out of the shower first and dried off. As much as Hermione tried to act all straight and proper, the girl hadn’t lasted three days before sneaking back into their bed. Not that she, Harry, or Fleur minded, of course.

As Fleur climbed out of the shower behind her, Tonks smirked when she noticed a dollop of something white stuck to the corner of her mouth.

“Fleur, sweetie, you’ve got something just there,” she said, gesturing to her own mouth.

Reaching up to her lips, she wiped it off and looked at her finger with a smile.

“Merci,” she said, sucking her finger clean.

Snorting, Tonks pulled on her robe. With a squeal, Hermione jumped out of the shower giggling and grabbed a towel. Seeing Harry climb out after her, a wide grin on his face, she couldn’t help but smile at him. With all the pressure he was under, it felt so good to see him relax and enjoy life.

Still smiling, she left Harry and Hermione to their fun and walked into the bedroom. As she and Fleur walked to the closet, there was a quiet knock at the door.

"I'll get it," Tonks told Fleur.

Making sure her robe was closed, she padded over to the door and opened it.

"Oh, good. You're awake," June smiled. "Have you seen Hermione? I just checked her room and-"

June broke off, and Tonks spun around when they both heard a loud squeal. Hermione rushed out of the bathroom with a wide smile on her face and her hand clutching at the small, white towel covering her body. Harry came rushing out after her with long strides, his naked body glistening and his erection leading the way.

Hermione spun around to face him just as Harry reached her. She squealed again as he wrapped his arms around her, gripping her bum and lifting her up. Without breaking stride, he carried her across the room and dropped her onto the bed.

"How can you still be randy?" Hermione asked with a giggle, her long, muscular thighs flexing as she dragged her heels up and down his legs. "Fleur just took care of you in the shower."

"It's entirely your fault," Harry grinned. "You know I can't resist that bum of yours."

Hermione giggled as Harry gave her round little behind a squeeze.

"Ahem," Tonks cleared her throat loudly with a smirk.

Hermione looked over, her eyes going wide when she saw her mother standing in the doorway.

"Mum!" she gasped, shoving Harry away and pushing her towel down over her legs.

Harry straightened up and blushed madly. Grabbing a pillow from the bed, he held it in front of his crotch with an embarrassed smile.

“Er, morning,” he said lamely.

Tonks snorted.

“Breakfast is ready,” June said with a mischievous smile. “You should eat soon. The delivery trucks will be arriving soon.”

Grabbing the doorknob, she left the room and closed the door behind her. With a loud groan, Hermione flopped back on the bed and covered her face with her hands.

“Well,” Harry said, tossing the pillow on the bed, “that was mortifying.”

Tonks giggled while Fleur crawled onto the bed, still naked, and pulled Hermione’s hands away from her bright red face.

“Are you ashamed of us, ma chérie?” she asked with a pout.

“What? No!” Hermione said.

“Zhen you ‘ave nozhing to be embarrassed about,” Fleur told her.

“They were going to find out sooner or later,” Tonks added.

“I didn’t think it would be like this,” Hermione moaned. “What are my parents going to think of me?”

“Your mum didn’t seem to have a problem with it,” Tonks said.

“I’m more worried about my dad,” Hermione said, biting her lips. “I just don’t want them to think I’m... well, you know...”

“A slut?” Tonks offered.

Hermione nodded, and Fleur scoffed.

“We are sluts,” she said. “Arry’s sluts.”

Hermione huffed as she stared up at Fleur’s grinning face. Tonks smirked when she noticed the brunette’s eyes flicker to Fleur’s dangling breasts.

“Don’t frown,” Fleur said, tapping Hermione’s forehead with her finger and then leaning down to give her a kiss. “Zhey will understand.”

Sighing, Hermione sat up, and they all gathered their clothes to get dressed.

“There you are,” Andromeda said as they stepped into the hall. “I was just coming to get you. Harry, your guests are here.”

“Great,” Harry grinned. “Thanks, Andy.”

Smiling softly at him, she turned around and walked back downstairs.

“Guests?” Tonks asked, looking from Harry to Hermione.

“You’ll see,” Harry said, sharing a smile with Hermione.

Tonks huffed playfully, crossing her arms as a smile twitched at her lips. Taking her hand in his, he led the way down to the kitchen. As the door swung open, her curiosity was satisfied, and she smiled softly at her boyfriend.

“Fleur!” Gabrielle shouted.

Standing from the table, she rushed over and hugged her shocked older sister.

“Gabrielle!” Fleur gasped.

Looking around at the table, she smiled as her mother stood up and made her way over.

“Maman! It’s so good to see you,” Fleur said, hugging her mother tightly. “What are you doing ‘ere?”

“Arry invited us,” Apolline said with a dazzling smile.

Letting go of her mother, Fleur turned to Harry with a wide, watery grin. Cupping both of his cheeks, she gave him a searing kiss that left his eyes glazed for a long moment.

“Zhank you,” Fleur said softly.

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled.

“Harry!” Gabrielle exclaimed.

Fleur moved out of the way just in time for her sister to slam into Harry.

“Oof,” he said, staggering back a step as his arms wrapped around her with a smile. “Hi, Gabby.”

Gabrielle beamed up at him, and Tonks was struck by how much she’d grown. Thinking back on the memory of the Second Task Harry had shared with her, she looked nothing like the little girl she remembered. Even though she was only twelve, she looked much closer to fifteen or sixteen.

She could easily imagine the other girls being jealous of her looks and the boys looking to take advantage of her lack of experience. Glancing at Fleur, she felt a swell of understanding and affection for her friend and what growing up as a Veela really meant.

“It’s good to see you again,” Apolline said, peeling her youngest daughter off of Harry and giving him a soft hug. “Zthank you for taking care of my daughter. It’s been a long time since I ‘ave seen ‘er zhis ‘appy.”

“Er, you’re welcome,” Harry said awkwardly, scratching the back of his neck.

Apolline let out a musical laugh. A moment later, Tonks spotted the Fairy leaving June’s hair and flying over. She circled around Gabrielle and Apolline, looking at them curiously. Gabrielle giggled happily and held out her hand.

“So pretty,” she said.

Ignoring the offered hand, the Fairy landed on top of her head and lifted a few strands of hair. Gabrielle giggled as she rubbed it against her skin and then flew over to Apolline.

“Iffy, don’t bother our guests,” June said.

“She’s fine,” Apolline assured her as the Fairy played with her hair and then moved back over to Gabrielle.

“Iffy?” Tonks asked.

“Well, she needed a name,” June shrugged. “I thought we could call her Iphigenia. She’s Hermione’s cousin in Greek mythology. We started calling her Iffy because she couldn’t decide whether to sleep in my hair or Andromeda’s this morning.”

“Iffy,” Harry said, testing out the name. “I like it.”

As if she understood, Iffy left a giggling Gabrielle and flew over to Harry. Landing on his head, she stomped a patch of his disheveled hair down, then curled up in a ball with a yawn.

“Huh, I thought she didn’t like men,” Robert said. “She never comes to Ted or me.”

“I think that’s because you lack the proper bedding, dear,” June smirked.

Everyone chuckled as Robert and Ted ran a hand through their thinning hair with matching pouts.

“Can’t magic do something about that?” Robert asked Ted.

“Unfortunately, there are some problems even magic can’t solve,” Ted replied.

While June and Andromeda consoled their husbands, everyone sat down at the table. Fleur and Gabrielle spoke rapidly in French to one another, smiling and laughing.

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

Yawning widely, Iffy stood up, grumbling in little squeaks. Flying down, she landed on the table cross-legged.

“Here, how about this?” June asked, setting a grape in front of her.

Smiling widely, Iffy licked her lips and climbed to her feet. Holding the waist-high grape still with her hands, she leaned down and took a big bite, getting juice all over her cheeks. Gabrielle giggled, watching her with a bright smile on her face.

“Let’s try this,” Andromeda said.

Tonks watched as her mother shrunk a plate and spoon, then levitated the grape onto it and set it in front of Iffy. With a quick flick, she cut the grape in half. Picking up the spoon, Iffy eyed it curiously, then looked up at June questioningly. In response, she held up her own spoon and took a scoop of her grapefruit before lifting it to her mouth. Iffy turned back to her grape and mimicked the process, smiling and moaning in delight as she took a bite.

“Can we get one, Maman?” Gabrielle asked.

Everyone laughed as Apolline shook her head in exasperation with a smile.

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Shortly after they finished breakfast, Harry received an owl for the realtor telling him that the furniture they’d spent the last two days buying had arrived. Tonks went with him, along with Fleur, to Portkey the four large Muggle trailers to the house.

With magic, it didn’t take them long to get the furniture out of the truck, but unfortunately, it quickly became a case of too many cooks in the kitchen. All of the women had their own idea on how to arrange each room.



“Non, zhe love seat should go by zhe window,” Apolline insisted.

“It should go by the fireplace,” June argued.

“Then where will the couch go?” Andromeda asked.

After a while, Harry got fed up and gave each of the women a room to decorate on their own. Thanks to that decision, they were able to finish moving the furniture in by the end of lunch. The rest of the afternoon was spent decorating and changing the colors of the walls.

It was exhausting, but worth it, Tonks thought. By the end of the day, the house felt much more like a home.

Tonks and Hermione collapsed onto a sofa on either side of Harry and rested their heads on his shoulders. Everyone else took seats around the newly decorated living room, tired but pleased. Smirking, Fleur walked over to the couch and took a seat on Harry’s lap.

“Wow, kid,” came a familiar voice. “I’m impressed. Not even I managed three girls at once. I don’t know whether to envy you or pity you.”

“Sirius!” Harry exclaimed.

Fleur squealed as he lifted her off his lap and stood up before setting her back down on the couch.

“It figures you would show up right when all the work was finished,” Tonks huffed as he and Harry hugged.

“Hey! How was I supposed to know?” Sirius asked with a crooked grin.

“We were going to come earlier, but I got called into work,” Hestia said, leaning down to hug Tonks.

“See,” Sirius said, pointing to his girlfriend. “It’s all her fault.”

Hestia turned to him with a raised brow.

“Er... I mean, I love you?” Sirius stammered.

Hestia shook her head with a smile.

“Why do I put up with you?” she asked.

Sirius gave her a rougish grin.

“It must be the money,” Andromeda smirked.

After everyone had a good chuckle, Harry sat back down while Andromeda made introductions. Even Iffy woke up and made an appearance.

“Sure, now you wake up,” June scoffed. “Do Fairies always sleep that much?”

“They’re mostly nocturnal,” Hermione replied. “Fairies tend to have short bursts of activity during the day and then forage for food at night. In nature, they spend most of their time hiding in trees from predators.”

“Well, there’re no predators here,” June assured Iffy as she landed back on her shoulder. “You’re perfectly safe here, little one.”

Smiling, Iffy sat and watched the room. While Harry, Hermione, and Fleur fell into a conversation about wards, Tonks gave him a kiss on the cheek and moved over to talk to Hestia.

“So, what did you get called into work for?” she asked. “Anything I should worry about?”

“There was another attack,” Hestia said quietly. “It was already over by the time we got there.”

“Who?” Tonks asked, a lump in her throat.

“Brian Keep and his family,” Hestia replied heavily. “The whole family was killed.”

“Bugger,” Tonks said.

“Bones is doing all she can, but the Death Eaters hit a house and are gone by the time the alarm goes off,” Hestia said. “It happens once a week now.”

Tonks sighed and ran a hand through her purple hair.

“You-Know-Who has a ward that can block Floo travel now, too,” Sirius said. “Snape brought it up at the last meeting.”

“Can you get me a copy of the readings from it?” Tonks asked. “Fleur’s pretty good with wards, and Hermione’s brilliant. They might be able to come up with something.”

“Sure, but I’m not sure it’ll help,” Hestia told her. “Bones has the DoM working overtime on cracking it.”

Tonks sighed heavily and rubbed her face.

“It’ll get worse before it gets better,” Sirius said. “But we’ll beat him. I’m sure of it.”

Smiling, Tonks nodded.

“It might be best if you kept this from Harry,” Sirius said after a moment.

Tonks glared at him.

“No,” she said firmly. “Half the reason he and Dumbledore are fighting these days is because he’s so secretive about things. Harry deserves to know.”

Sirius raised his hands in surrender.

“Alright, I’ll leave it to you,” he said. “I’m just worried, that’s all. He’s under enough pressure as it is.”

Tonks huffed a mirthless laugh.

You have no idea, she thought.

As she went quiet, Hestia and Sirius began talking in whispers. Looking around the room, she caught a quiet conversation between her mother, June, and Apolline.

“And it doesn’t bother either of you that he’s dating all of them?” June asked.

“It’s rare, but powerful wizards like Harry have a way of attracting people,” her mother replied.

“Men like ‘Arry only come around once in a generation,” Apolline said. “It’s no surprise zhey fell for ‘im. I’m just glad Fleur found someone to make her ‘appy. I haven’t seen her smile like zhis since she was a little girl.”

Biting her lip much like Hermione did when she was thoughtful, June looked over at her daughter and Harry on the couch. After a moment, she sighed.

“I always expected her to fall for him,” she admitted quietly. “Her very first letter home she wrote me a page about meeting Harry Potter and how he was nothing like she expected. She complained on and on about how he didn’t study.”

Pausing, she chuckled and shook her head.

“After that incident with the Troll, she never had a bad word to say about him,” she continued. “Everything was Harry this or Harry that. Even when she went to that Ball with another boy, she told me all about how handsome Harry looked and how bad she felt for him. I’m glad they’re together. It’s obvious they care for each other. I just never expected her to be in a relationship with two other girls.”

“Nymphadora has always been like that,” Andromeda smiled as Tonks rolled her eyes at the mention of her first name. “I admit, I was worried about the age difference when Molly first told me, but seeing how they looked at each other, I knew there was no pulling them apart. If anything, Harry’s the mature one in the relationship.”

Tonks smiled to herself as the mothers shared a laugh.

“How did they meet?” June said.

“Through the Order,” Andromeda replied. “I had to get the full story through Sirius. Dora was captured by Death Eaters a year ago. While the Order sat on their asses, Harry ran off and rescued her. She was tortured, and Harry spent all of Christmas break nursing her back to health.”

Apolline chuckled with a knowing look in her eyes.

"I zhink I know 'ow 'Arry 'elped 'er," she said.

"Oh?" Andromeda asked.

"Fleur did zhe same for 'Arry after 'e was 'urt at zhe end of zhat 'orrible tournament," Apolline smiled as the other women looked at her curiously. "From what she told me, orgasms are a great way to ease zhe pain."

There was a beat of silence before they giggled like school girls.

"Is that how Harry and Fleur met?" June asked. "I think I remember Hermione mentioning her in her letters."

"Oui. Zhe first time Fleur met 'im, she called 'im a leetle boy," Apolline chuckled. "She regretted it after he did better than 'er in the First Task, but she was too proud to say anyzhing. It wasn't until he rescued Gabrielle from zhe lake zhat she took zhe time to get to know 'im. She liked 'im zhen, but it was too close to zhe end of the year to start anyzhing. She complained about not getting to know 'im sooner constantly. When zhey met again zhrough zhe Order, 'e was already dating Tonks and zhought she 'ad lost 'er chance. Zhen Tonks invited 'er to stay zhe night as a Christmas present for 'Arry."

"Of course, she did," Andromeda said, rolling her eyes. "Only my daughter would gift her boyfriend a night with a Veela as a present."

Apolline chuckled, but June just looked confused.

"Veela are known for zheir beauty and sexual prowess," she explained, causing June to blush lightly. "Our Allure 'elps us attract men, but it makes it 'ard to find a good one. 'Arry is a

wonderful young man and he makes Fleur happy. She will share him with whoever she has to keep him. I'm just relieved she seems to like Tonks and Hermione just as much."

"I like Harry. He seems like a very caring, mature young man," June said. "But doesn't it worry you that he seems to attract so much trouble?"

Tonks bristled on Harry's behalf but held her tongue.

"It's really not his fault," Andromeda said. "Besides, with You-Know-Who around, everyone is in danger. Tonks certainly finds enough of it on her own. I can't tell you how relieved I was she got stationed at Hogwarts."

"To our daughters, he is worth the risk," Apolline added. "They won't leave his side now."

"Hermione especially," Andromeda nodded. "From what I've heard, she's been through too much with him to walk away now."

June sighed, her shoulders sagging. Iffy nearly slipped off but clung to her shirt.

"Sorry," June apologized, straightening her shoulders.

With a huff, Iffy flew over to Gabrielle and perched on top of her head. Giggling, she turned back to her conversation with Harry, Hermione, and her sister.

"I suppose you're right," June said. "We thought about trying to get Hermione to move to France and go to Beauxbatons, but I knew she'd never go for it. She was always the odd one out as a child. After finally finding acceptance at Hogwarts, I knew we'd never talk her into it."

"They would if Harry did," Andromeda said thoughtfully.

“But ‘e won’t,” Apolline pointed out confidently. “‘E ‘ad too much of a conscience to leave his ‘ome to You-Know-Who.”

“Then we’ll just have to do everything we can to help and hope for the best,” June said firmly before she sighed. “I just don’t know how I’m going to tell Robert his daughter is dating Harry. He was so relieved when Hermione told him he was already dating Tonks.”

“I find it best to give a man bad news after sex,” Apolline said.

Tonks bit her cheek as the mothers laughed. Suddenly, everyone turned to the middle of the room when they heard a *pop*.

“Harry Potter, sir,” Dobby said. “Dinner is being ready.”

“Thanks, Dobby,” Harry smiled.

Standing up, he walked over to Tonks and held out his hand. Smiling, she took his hand and stood.

“I love you,” she said softly.

“I love you, too,” he replied.

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“You are a mess,” June sighed.



Iffy looked up at her and shrugged before licking a piece of kiwi fruit off her hand. Tonks laughed to herself, remembering the little Fairy falling head over heels into the fruit as she tried to reach the bottom.

“You need a bath,” June said, holding out her hand.

Iffy climbed onto her palm and let June carry her over to the sink. Plugging the drain, she filled it with warm water and a touch of hand soap.

“In you go,” June said.

Standing at the edge, Iffy tested the temperature with her foot before smiling and diving in gracefully.

“At least you’re easier to get into a bath than Hermione was when she was little,” June smirked. “She couldn’t take her books into the bath and kept running around naked until I promised to read to her.”

“Mum,” Hermione whined as everyone smirked knowingly at her.

“Were you born with a book in your hands?” Tonks asked teasingly.

“No,” Hermione huffed.

“I think it’s cute,” Harry said, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

“You just like the idea of Hermione running around naked,” Tonks said, sticking out her tongue.

“Tonks!” Hermione hissed, her cheeks going pink.

“June, what do you think of this?” Andromeda said, entering the kitchen and holding up a miniaturized dress.

“Oh, that looks adorable,” June smiled. “What do you think, Iffy? Won’t you look pretty in that?”

Climbing out of the water, Iffy dried herself off with a shake. Looking at the dress, she frowned, crossed her arms over her chest, and shook her head.

“You can’t just keep running around without clothes,” June said. “it’s not proper for a young lady.”

“Please, just try it on for me,” Andromeda asked.

Shaking her head vehemently, Iffy took to the air and flew over to Fleur. Landing on her shoulder, she looked from Fleur to the dress and stomped her foot with a cute series of squeaks.

“Don’t look at me,” Fleur said. “I’d don’t walk around naked.”

“You do take your clothes off as soon as you can,” Tonks smirked.

“Only for you, mon amor,” Fleur said, smiling angelically.

Tonks snorted and shook her head. June opened her mouth to speak, but Andromeda stopped her with a sly look. Tonks didn’t know what her mother was up to, but she felt sympathy for the little Fairy.

As the evening wore on, they all moved back to the living room. Hermione spent time showing her parents the magic she’d learned at school, delighting them with a demonstration of Charms and Transfigurations.

Sirius and Hestia left, promising to return and stay for the rest of the break after Christmas.

"I'm going to meet Hestia's parents," Sirius explained with a nervous smile. "I'll be back on Christmas day, though."

"Good luck," Harry smirked.

"Yeah, yeah, rub it in," Sirius said, running a hand through his hair. "Just because your girlfriends' parents are all cool doesn't mean mine will be."

"At least you don't have to introduce them to your other girlfriends like Harry did," Hestia grinned.

"Well, if you wanted to invite a friend..." Sirius grinned suggestively.

"I don't share, Black," Hestia said with a flat look.

"Alright, alright," Sirius said, raising his hands. "Can't blame a bloke for trying."

Rolling her eyes, Hestia said her goodbyes and pulled him out of the room by the hand.

"Why do they seem to think all three of you are dating Harry?" Robert asked, looking from Harry to Hermione.

Harry looked over at Hermione, who blushed and looked away.

"Why is it so cold in 'ere?" Fleur asked.

She shivered, and Tonks smirked as she noticed Robert's eyes dart to her chest as it trembled under her shirt. June noticed as well and gave him a sharp elbow in the side.

"Is it?" Andromeda asked with a smirk.

Tonks followed her gaze and saw Iffy shivering. Glaring at Andromeda, the Fairy wrapped Hermione's hair more tightly around herself defiantly.

"Putting on some clothes would certainly warm you up, don't you think?" Andromeda said, holding up the miniaturized dress.

Huffing, Iffy flew up and then dove for Fleur's cleavage. Fleur squeaked in surprise, then giggled as Iffy sighed in relief from the warmth of her breasts.

"I don't think your plan is going to work," Apolline chuckled. "You 'ave to remember. As much as she looks 'uman, she isn't."

"Fine," Andromeda sighed.

Flicking her wand, she removed a spell around the fireplace. Immediately, the heat of the flames filled the room, chasing away the chill in the air. Smiling happily, Iffy crawled out from between Fleur's breasts and flew over to Harry to settle in his hair.

Eventually, the night grew late, and everyone began to head off to bed. Just before June left, she pulled Hermione aside. She couldn't tell what they were talking about, but whatever it was made Hermione blush furiously. Hugging her mother tightly, she walked with Tonks, Harry, and Fleur up to the second floor.

"What did your mum want?" Tonks asked curiously.

“Oh, um, she told me she was fine with me being with Harry,” Hermione answered quietly. “She told me not to worry about dad.”

“Does zhat mean you’ll be joining us every night?” Fleur asked, smiling flirtatiously.

“I don’t know,” Hermione whined. “I just...”

“It’s alright,” Harry told her. “Take all the time you need to figure things out.”

“Thank you,” Hermione said sincerely.

Tonks smiled and gave Harry’s hand a squeeze. He might now show it well, but she could tell that Hermione’s continued indecision pained him. Tonks resolved to talk to Hermione when they got a moment alone. Really, the girl was dancing around her feelings when everyone else could tell how she felt.

Reaching the bedroom, Fleur closed the door and silenced the room while Tonks wrapped her arms around Harry’s shoulders. Threading her fingers through the back of his hair, she pulled him down. Their lips met in a deep, passionate kiss that sent fire surging through her veins.

Harry’s arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her body firmly against his. Tonks moaned when she felt his excitement growing against her thigh. Slowly, his hands drifted down her back and cupped her bum. With a rough squeeze, he pulled her toward him while pressing his hips forward, grinding his length against her.

“Come wiz me, Hermione,” Fleur said. “Let’s give zhem some time togezzer.”

Pulling back, Tonks looked over at Fleur and smiled gratefully while Harry’s lips attacked her neck. Fleur smiled back, her eyes sparkling. Leading Hermione over to the bed, she pushed her down and kissed her hard. Letting out a quiet moan, Tonks reached for Harry’s jumper. As she

tugged it up, Iffy flew out of his hair and sat atop the headboard. Looking between Harry and Tonks, and Hermione and Fleur, she watched curiously as both couples began to strip.

Tonks giggled as Harry unclasped her bra, tossed it across the room, and buried his face between her breasts. Smirking, she grew her breasts an additional cup size while her hand reached down to rub his erection. He took her nipple between his lips, sucking and grazing it with his teeth. Tonks trembled from the feeling and unbuckled his belt.

Grabbing her by the bum, Harry lifted her up and carried her over to the bed. Setting her down, he quickly stepped out of his trousers and began working on her jeans. Tonks lifted her hips so he could pull them, then removed her panties herself and tossed them to the side. She panted in anticipation when Harry started kissing the inside of her thigh, slowly working his way towards her mound.

A needy whine left her lips when Harry teasingly kissed and licked around her leaking folds. With an impatient groan, Tonks grabbed his hair and roughly guided his mouth to her mound. Harry chuckled against her skin and placed a kiss directly over her clit. Sucking in a sharp breath through her nose, she arched her hips and moaned.

“Harry,” Tonks moaned.

His bright green eyes flashed with arousal at the sound of his name. Finally, he stopped teasing her and ran his tongue between her lips from the bottom to the top, flicking over her clit.

“Yes!” Tonks hissed.

Harry stared at her with an intense gaze while wrapping an arm around her waist. He held her firmly in place while his other hand moved to her folds. Tonks’ breath hitched as he sank two fingers into her depths, his calloused skin rubbing against her slick walls. Sealing his lips around her clit, he searched briefly with his fingers before finding the spot that made her gasp.

“Oh fuck,” Tonks breathed, knowing what was coming next.

Harry's eyes sparkled mischievously as he sucked lightly and rubbed the pads of his fingers back and forth in short, rapid movements. Tonks tried arching her hips for the intense pleasure coursing through her, but Harry pinned her with his strong arm. She fisted the sheets and cried out as he continued stimulating her clit and g-spot at the same time. Her breath came in short, sharp pants from the intense, nearly overwhelming pleasure coursing through her.

Long experience had taught Harry exactly when to back off, keeping her teetering on the edge but never letting her tip over. Tonks trembled on the mattress, her upper body writhing as she floated in a pleasure-filled haze. Her entire world had shrunk down to the feeling of his fingers rubbing along her walls and his lips on her clit.

After what felt like an eternity, Harry suddenly increased his tempo and allowed her to reach her climax. Tonks arched her back, her mouth open in a silent scream as she gripped the sheets. Sucking in a deep breath, she was able to let out an inarticulate scream while her body convulsed.

Harry chuckled and moved out of the way as her arousal rained down onto the carpet. He kept jerking his fingers back and forth, holding her at her peak until the feelings became too much. Grabbing his wrist, Tonks ripped his hand out of her and curled up into a ball, her body quivering and twitching as she started coming down.

"Holy fuck," Tonks panted, her covering her hot, leaking mound protectively.

"AHH!"

Opening her eye, she smirked as Hermione experienced what she had just gone through. The brunette stared, wide-eyed, as she drenched the sheets. Fleur smirked to herself as she rubbed her fingers back and forth over Hermione's clit, extending her climax until it became too much, and she scooted away. Like Tonks, she curled up in a ball and panted heavily, her hand held protectively over her mound.

"Feels amazing, but it takes a lot out of you, doesn't it?" Tonks asked breathlessly.

“I’ve never – done that – before,” Hermione gasped.

Giggling, Fleur crawled over to Hermione and kissed her softly. Harry climbed onto the bed behind Tonks and wrapped his arm around her, his hand cupping her breast. Smiling, Tonks kissed his fingers as they watched Hermione and Fleur kiss. She felt Harry’s length twitch against her bum as Hermione crawled between Fleur’s legs with a smile.

“You ever think you’d see her do something like this?” Tonks asked.

Lifting her leg, she grabbed his shaft and placed him at her entrance.

Harry chuckled.

“No,” he said, slipping into her from behind.

Tonks moaned, leaning back against his chest and closing her eyes contentedly as he filled and stretched her depths. Kissing her shoulder, Harry caressed her chest as he rocked back and forth at a leisurely pace.

“They look great together, though, don’t they?” he asked.

“They do,” Tonks agreed.

Sighing softly, Harry hugged her while kissing her neck.

“I love you so much, Dora,” he whispered. “I can’t even imagine what my life would be like without you.”



Tonks smiled softly and turned her head to look up at him.

“And you’ll never have to,” she told him.

Reaching over her shoulder, she cupped his cheek and kissed him lovingly. Pulling back, she moaned when his length scraped along her g-spot and settled back against him. Closing her eyes, she relished the feeling of his arms around her as he continued at a slow pace. Harry peppered her shoulders and neck with kisses, sucks, and light scraps of his teeth.

It took quite a while, but eventually, Tonks reached another climax just before Harry erupted inside of her. She reveled in the heat flooding her depths while Harry continued to pump his hips long after his peak had waned. Giggling, she turned her head and gave him a kiss before pulling away. He groaned as he slipped out of her.

“Fleur, come here,” Tonks said.

Fleur perked up with a smile and crawled away from the brunette she’d been cuddled against. Tonks licked her lips as she watched the blonde’s dangling breasts and heart-shaped bum sway back and forth alluringly.

“Oui?” Fleur asked with a knowing smirk.

Grabbing her arm, Tonks pulled her towards Harry, so they were both lying on their sides, facing each other. Smiling, Fleur wrapped her long, smooth leg around his body and used her heel to pull him close. Harry groaned as he ground against her folds a moment before Fleur kissed him. Tonks smiled as their eyes connected, green and blue burning with equal passion.

Lying down behind Fleur, Tonks caressed her body and kissed her shoulder. Her hand slid down slowly, following Fleur’s amazing curves until she reached down and lined Harry up with her entrance. Pulling back with a gasp, Fleur moaned long and low as he eased into her depths.

“I think it’s time to show Fleur how much we love her,” Tonks said softly.

Fleur moaned, biting her lip as she stared into Harry’s eyes. Neither said a word as they began to move together, but they didn’t need to. The look in their eyes spoke more strongly of their feelings for each other than words ever could. Tonks panted in arousal while Fleur rolled her hips sensually. She let go of her normal restraints, flooding the room with her full Allure.

Tonks and Hermione moaned in unison as they were brought to sudden but small climaxes on the spot. She didn’t know how he did it, but Harry didn’t even look like he had noticed. He continued thrusting into Fleur, the couple wrapped up in their own little world as their gazes remained locked.

If anything, seeing Harry unfazed by Fleur’s powerful Allure made her hotter. Tonks ground herself against Fleur’s round bum while kissing and sucking at her neck. A few moments later, Harry let out a recognizable groan.

“Oui,” Fleur breathed softly. “Cum in me, Mark me. Make me yours, mon amour.”

Tonks gasped quietly, her hips moving of their own volition as she continued to hump Fleur’s bum. Harry tightened his grip around Fleur, his eyes taking on a possessive look as he buried himself over and over in her depths. Both of them panted harder, moans and groans mixing as they climbed to their peaks.

Harry grunted and bucked his hips forwards, drawing a gasp from Fleur and triggering her own climax. She spoke softly in French, the words unrecognizable but the soft, loving tone easily conveying her meaning. Resting her forehead against his, she whispered a single word.

“Je t’aime,”

“Moi aussi, je t’aime,” Harry replied just as softly.

With a watery smile, Fleur kissed him deeply.

"That was beautiful," Tonks smiled.

Rolling over onto her back, Fleur smiled at her and pulled Tonks down for a passionate kiss.

"I love you, too, Dora," Fleur said.

"I love you, too," Tonks grinned.

Giving Fleur a quick kiss, she looked over at Hermione. She was staring at Harry with a look of longing in her eyes.

"Come on, Hermione," Tonks grinned. "It's your turn."

Biting her lips, Hermione crawled over slowly. She made to get in the position Fleur had just been in, but Tonks had another idea. Pushing the brunette down on her back, she grinned and pulled Harry on top of her. Hermione smiled up at him shyly and bit her lip. While Tonks lay down on one side of her and Fleur on the other, Harry leaned down and kissed Hermione.

She let out a needy moan and bucked her hips, grinding herself against his rapidly recovering erection.

"It's so cute when Hermione finally lets go and stops being so embarrassed," Tonks smiled.

"Oui," Fleur agreed, running her hand over Hermione's breast.

Tonks looked up when she felt something on top of her head. Iffy had flown down and was sitting in her hair, watching Harry and Hermione as she rubbed herself excitedly.

“Someone’s enjoying the show,” Tonks smirked.

Fleur giggled and gave Hermione’s nipple a little twist, drawing a moan from her lips. Chuckling, Harry pulled back and lined himself up with her entrance. As he sank in with a groan, Tonks grinned and caressed Hermione’s other breast.

Like he had with her and Fleur, Harry stared slowly. Apparently, that wasn’t what Hermione wanted because she bucked her hips impatiently and moaned sensually.

“Just tell him what you want, Hermione,” Tonks said. “You don’t need to hide anything from us.”

Biting her lip, Hermione locked her gaze with Harry’s.

“Harder, please,” she said softly.

Smiling widely, Harry hooked her legs over his arms and thrust down into her powerfully. Hermione threw her head back and moaned wantonly. Fleur giggled, pinched her nipple, and gave it a tug. As she sucked in a sharp breath, Tonks leaned down and placed her lips close to her ear.

“Stop holding back and just tell him how you feel,” she said softly. “We all know you love him. We all know you love being his slutty little bookworm in the bedroom. Just tell him.”

“But what if it doesn’t work?” Hermione asked softly, tears shimmering in her eyes as she clutched at Harry’s shoulders tightly. “What if I mess everything up?”

“You won’t,” Harry told her, slowing his thrusts to smile at her.

Hermione stared up at him for a long moment, searching his gaze. Eventually, she pulled him down and kissed him. Tonks saw more feeling and emotion put in that kiss than any other time she'd seen her kiss him. As they broke apart, Hermione let out a shuddering breath and caressed his cheek.

"I love you, Harry," she said softly.

Harry smiled widely, "I love you, too,"

"It's about time," Fleur smiled.

Hermione giggled with a beaming smile as she looked up at Harry lovingly. Tonks smiled, her heart swelling as she looked at the two of them.

"Now, stop holding back and tell him what you want," Tonks told her.

Iffy dropped down to sit on Tonks' shoulder and smiled at Hermione as she bit her lip nervously. Visibly swallowing her nerves, she took a deep breath.

"I – I want you to fuck me hard," Hermione blushed. "I – I like it when you do that."

Smiling widely, Harry kissed her tenderly. With their lips still connected, he pulled his hips back slowly until just the tip was inside her. Pausing for just a moment, he slammed his hips forward. Hermione threw her head back with a gasp as his hips impacted her round little bum with a loud *clap*.

"Like that?" Harry asked with a grin.

"Yes!" Hermione gasped. "More, please."

Tonks licked her lips and rubbed her legs together excitedly as Harry pulled back slowly. It was amazing to see his long shaft pulled out of Hermione inch by inch. This time, as soon as just the tip remained inside, Harry plunged down. Hermione moaned wantonly as her thighs and bum jiggled from the impact of his hips. Without a pause, Harry pulled back and hammered into her again and again with long, powerful thrusts.

Fleur smiled as she tweaked Hermione's nipple, drawing a pleased gasp from her lips. Feeling movement on her shoulder, Tonks looked over and snorted as Iffy fingered herself furiously, her tiny blue eyes riveted on Harry's length.

"Slut," she muttered teasingly.

"Only for Harry," Hermione panted.

Tonks snorted again and shook her head. Caressing Hermione's breast, she and Fleur continued to tease her stiff little nipples as Harry plowed her into the mattress.

"Harder!" Hermione gasped. "Fuck me harder!"

Growling, Harry stood on the tips of his toes. In this new position, he could move much faster, drilling his length into Hermione's drooling depths.

"You love zhis, don't you?" Fleur asked sultrily, tugging Hermione's nipple roughly.

"Yes," Hermione gasped.

Chuckling sensually, Fleur kissed her hard on the lips.

"You're so beautiful like zhis," she said when she pulled back with a smirk. "I love watching 'Arry turn you into 'is needy little slut."

Hermione gasped and moaned with a shudder.

“Oh god,” she gasped, her head thrown back. “Harry!”

Hermione trembled as she came, shaking her head back and forth as she moaned. Groaning, Harry pounded into her furiously several more times before driving his hips forward and releasing inside of her. Hermione’s eyes went wide when she felt it. She cooed softly as she reached out for him and pulled him on top of her. Harry laid on top of her as he grunted, grinding his hips forward until he finally relaxed.

“So, can you stop dancing around the issue and admit you’re in love with Harry?” Tonks asked smugly.

Groaning, Hermione nodded her head.

“Finally!” Tonks cheered. “It’s about bloody time.”

Chuckling, Harry kissed Hermione on the lips before rolling off of her and onto his back. Smiling, Tonks kissed him on the cheek and cuddled up to his side. Iffy slipped off of her shoulder and landed on his chest.

“Sorry, Iffy,” Tonks said. “I forgot you were there.”

Ignoring the apology, Iffy walked down Harry’s stomach and stopped just short of his bush to stare at his softening length.

“You want a better look?” Tonks smirked.

Reaching down, she grabbed Harry’s length and lifted it up to rest on his stomach.

“Tonks,” Harry groaned.

“Oh, let her take a look,” she grinned at him.

“I zhink she likes it,” Fleur giggled.

Staring at the cock that was bigger than she was, Iffy reached out and ran her hand along his damp shaft.

“This feels all sorts of wrong,” Harry said.

Suddenly, Iffy swung her leg over Harry’s length and laid on top of it.

“Iffy!” Hermione exclaimed with a giggle.

Harry reached down, but Tonks stopped him.

“Let her have her fun,” she told him, patting his arm. “She’s been watching us all night.”

“Tonks,” Harry groaned.

Tonks snickered as Iffy hugged his shaft and started humping it. Cute, tiny little squeaks left her lips as she closed her eyes. Groaning, Harry blushed and covered his face with his hands.

“Oh, my God,” Hermione giggled.

“You better ‘ope June doesn’t find out about zhis,” Fleur laughed.



Tonks giggled as Iffy's squeaks grew louder. Trembling, the little Fairy's movements grew uncoordinated as she reached her peak. With one final squeak, she stilled, and her body tensed. After a long moment, she relaxed with her eyes closed and a smile on her lips. Turning her head, she kissed his shaft and cuddled up to it.

"Is it over?" Harry asked.

The girls all burst into giggles as he moved his hands to reveal a bright red face.

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In the early hours of the morning, long before the sun rose over the horizon, Harry woke. At first, he didn't know why, so he pulled Hermione closer to his chest and closed his eyes. A moment later, he felt an incessant tugging at his hair. Opening his eyes, he looked up and spotted Iffy fluttering above him, tugging at his bangs.

"Iffy, stop," he said groggily.

With a loud annoyed squeak, Iffy tugged hard on the hair at his temple.

"Ow!" Harry said, rubbing the stinging skin.

Looking up at Iffy, he was about to yell at her when he noticed the frightened look on her face.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Squeaking, she grabbed his hand and pulled. Harry frowned and shifted Hermione over so he could sit up.

“Harry?” Hermione asked sleepily.

“Go back to sleep,” Harry whispered. “Something just scared Iffy.”

“Probably a Pixie,” she said, laying back down.

Nodding, Harry kissed her temple and climbed out of bed. Pulling on a robe, he slipped his glasses on his face and picked up his wand. It was hard to see in the dark, but Iffy’s wings left an easily noticeable dust that sparkled gold in the air.

Zippering across the room, she paused and waved him over before somehow squeezing through the keyhole in the door. Sighing, Harry followed her out into the hall.

“Where are we going?” he asked.

Iffy pointed down the hall and then flew on ahead. Harry followed her down the hall past the rooms Apolline and Gabrielle were staying in and stopped just outside the library. With a series of fearful squeaks, Iffy gestured to the door.

“Alright, stay calm,” Harry said soothingly.

Opening the door, Harry lit his wand and stepped inside. Iffy watched from the doorway cautiously, her wide, frightened eyes darting around the room.

“Where is whatever I’m looking for?” Harry asked.

Iffy shrugged her little shoulders and wrapped her arms around herself with a shiver. Holding his wand up, he looked around for anything out of place.

“Well, I don’t see anything,” he said. “why don’t we go back to bed an-”

Harry cut off as he was suddenly blinded. He would’ve gasped, but it felt like a wet blanket was wrapped around his face. He couldn’t see. He couldn’t breathe. Reaching up to his face, his hand passed through whatever was there. Panic filled him, sending adrenaline surging through his veins.

Stumbling backwards, he slammed into a bookcase and knocked a number of books to the floor as he desperately tried to suck in a breath. Waving his wand frantically, he tried to cancel whatever spell was on him, but nothing worked.

Someone was here, he thought. I need to warn the girls.

As he rapidly grew tired, Harry cast the Patronus, praying he could hold out long enough to get a message to the girls. He heard a shriek as the stag burst from his wand, and whatever was around his face vanished. Dropping to his knees, he sucked in as much air as he could.

“Arry!” Apolline yelled.

Wearing a thin robe and holding her wand aloft, she rushed to his side and knelt down next to him.

“Were you attacked?” she asked, scanning the room.

As Harry opened his mouth to respond, he noticed his Patronus guarding the corner of the room, and everything clicked into place.

“Lethifold,” he panted.

“What?” Apolline gasped. “A Lethifold ‘ere?”

Catching his breath, Harry turned to look at her and noticed the front of her robe sagging forward, revealing the entirety of her left breast and pink nipple. Clearing his throat, he looked away.

“Er, your robe,” he told her.

“What? Oh,” Apolline gasped.

Smiling at him, she tugged it closed.

“Merci,” she said softly. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” Harry nodded.

Sighing, he climbed to his feet.

“It must’ve come along with the books like Iffy did,” Harry said. “The charms on the library doors would’ve tapped it inside. It must’ve been really hungry to attack someone who’s awake like that.”

“You don’t think there could be more, do you?” Apolline asked worriedly.

“It’s possible,” Harry admitted.

“I’m going to check on Gabrielle,” Apolline said. “Will you be okay?”

"I'm fine. Go ahead," he told her.

Squeezing his shoulder and smiling thankfully, Apolline rushed from the room. Sighing, Harry walked over to the corner where his Patronus was guarding the Lethifold. It looked like a tattered flap of black fabric. Suddenly, it darted swiftly and silently to the side, but Prongs cut it off. With a hiss, it backed into the corner.

Harry hated the idea of killing a magical creature, but Lethifolds were extremely dangerous. Letting it out into the world would just put Muggles in danger of being killed in their sleep without a way to defend themselves. Rubbing his face, Harry raised his wand.

"I'm sorry," he said softly.

A quick Cutting Curse sliced it in half and caused it to fall to the ground limply. He waited a moment to see if it would move before lowering his wand with a sigh.

"Arry?" Apolline asked as she returned.

"I took care of it," he said, vanishing the remains.

"Good," Apolline nodded.

"Is Gabrielle alright?" Harry asked.

"Oui," Apolline smiled. "She is fine."

"Good," Harry said.

Nervously, Iffy flew over to Harry and landed on his shoulder.

“Thanks, Iffy,” Harry smiled. “That could’ve been really bad if you hadn’t warned us.”

Smiling, Iffy hugged his cheek.

“Are zhere anymore?” Apolline asked.

Letting go of Harry, Iffy looked at her and shook her head.

“You’re sure?” Harry asked.

Turning to him, Iffy nodded firmly.

“Fairies are very good at sensing danger,” Apolline smiled as she softly stroked the back of her finger along Iffy’s blonde hair.

Iffy smiled and lifted her chin proudly.

“That’s good enough for me,” Harry said. “I’ll seal the doors to make sure nothing gets out, and we’ll search it good tomorrow. Sorry about the scare.”

“It’s not your fault,” Apolline said.

Yawning, Apolline stretched her arms over her head. The silk robe pulled tight over her body, showing off her amazing figure.

Harry forcibly looked away, reminding himself that he had three naked women waiting for him back in his room. Leaving the library, Harry sealed the doors.

“Goodnight, Apolline,” Harry said.

“Good night, ‘Arry,” she replied.

Smiling, she kissed his cheeks and gave Iffy a pat on the head. Walking back to his room, Harry took off his robe and climbed into bed. In their sleep, the girls all gravitated toward him, bringing a smile to his face.

Iffy yawned widely and patted down his hair to get comfortable.

“Night, Iffy,” Harry whispered.

Leaning over the fringe of his hair, Iffy smiled and kissed his forehead. Chuckling, Harry pulled Hermione and Fleur to his chest as the little Fairy nestled in his hair. A few moments later, he drifted off to sleep.