How We Live

by Wendings

Summary

Well this is basically a story of how Harry lives.
His work life and his home life.
Him, his wife Ginny.
Their toy Luna and the others who they take pleasure in.

Things change.
Harry sat in his home office staring down balefully at the mess of Ministry parchments on his desk feeling a familiar twinge at his temples. Exhaling a forceful sigh of air from his nose, he tossed his quill to the side and let his thumb and finger run up under his glasses to rub at the sore points. Eyes closed and palm over his face he heard a quick tapping at his office door.

“Come in” he said, straightening his glasses back on his face as Ginny walked into the room.

She paused, her head tilted slightly to one side looking at him, evaluating what she saw. His wife pulled out her wand and pointed it at her own throat; after a small pause, in which Harry knew she had performed a silent spell she spoke.

“Tea for Harry, his office.” Ginny said aloud. Harry watched as she walked around to his side of the desk, as she leaned down to gave him a small kiss on the cheek she also perched on the edge of the
desk.

“You've been in here for hours you know?” Said Ginny.

He had been in his office since before she left for the press conference.

“I know” Harry replied almost mournfully. “But I actually do need to get this stuff done.” He felt his lips press together in annoyance.

“You shouldn't have left this all until the last minute.” She said with that playfully mocking tone and her head nodding to the paperwork.

He felt his tight lips twitch up at one side at her tone and leaned back in his chair before he spoke.

“Actually I haven't left anything until last minute.” He ran a hand through his hair then stretched hugely, his arms reaching up above him. “This is actually all next minute.” He finished both his stretch and reply and pointed at the papers.

“Another thirty minutes and I'll be done. Done and the next week or so will be easy work. Just dotting i’s and crossing the t’s.” He told his wife as he looked slightly up at her.

Her long red hair was tied back at her neck and into a thick loose braid. She wore a smart white shirt with the top button unbuttoned. No tie but the familiar golden talon of Holyhead Harpies was embroidered on the left breast pocket breaking up the expanse of brilliant white. She had on black suit pants but no shoes. Harry knew she would have taken them off as soon as she had returned home, kicked off her feet as soon as she'd touched down in the entrance hall.

He opened his legs wider and held out a hand, palm up in a resigned gesture.

“Foot then.” He said in a long suffering tone.

She smiled and settled onto his desk more placing one of her feet into his hand. He began to massage it gently for a minute in silence.

“How did it go?” He asked her.

“Oh, you know. Same as every other time.” She replied.

The door opened quietly and Luna walked into the room carrying a small tray. She walked over to the desk and placed it down in front of Harry and began to add sugar and milk to his tea cup.

“No surprises then?” He asked his wife, ignoring Luna.

“No, not this time.” Ginny said “Just the usual stuff, 'What do you think of your chances in the next match?'” Her voice pitched lower and spoken fast imitating the press. “‘Are you worried about Whatshisname McGee?' ‘Do you think you could go all the way this season?’” She sighed as Harry released her foot and Harry smiled faintly at her disappointment at being left with only half a foot rub.

Harry finally looked at Luna as she finished stirring his tea and straightened up.

“No, not this time.” Ginny said “Just the usual stuff, 'What do you think of your chances in the next match?'” Her voice pitched lower and spoken fast imitating the press. “‘Are you worried about Whatshisname McGee?’ ‘Do you think you could go all the way this season?’” She sighed as Harry released her foot and Harry smiled faintly at her disappointment at being left with only half a foot rub.

Harry finally looked at Luna as she finished stirring his tea and straightened up.
Luna wore a one piece leather dress.

Dress was a generous term, it started about half way down her breasts and finished two-thirds the way up her thighs. Besides the straps of leather around the wrists, ankles and the larger collar around her neck, her eerily white skin was completely exposed. She stood with her arms behind her back, feet spaced evenly on the floor as if braced or at attention.

Harry was about to dismiss her when Ginny spoke.

“Luna, come here.” She said pointing to Harry's side of the desk in front of herself on the carpeted floor.

Luna walked around and stood in front of his wife. Harry picked up his tea and raised it to his lips.

He blew on it before sipping once and observing.

Ginny stood up, directly in front of Luna, almost touching noses they were so close. His wife reached down and Harry watched as she unbuttoned her pants.

Ginny clicked her fingers once and said “Take them off.”

Luna immediately sank to her knees in front of Ginny and gracefully began to slide his wife's suit pants down. Harry settled back into his chair, sprawling into it with his cup and watched intently at what was about to unfold.

Ginny stepped to the side, out of her pants and Luna began to quickly fold them into a neat bundle. She walked over to the side and placed his wife's pants onto a flat cabinet surface. At the same time his wife slid her purple lacy underwear down her smooth white legs, hooked them on a toe and flipped them up.

One of her fast hands shot out and snatched them out of the air, she tossed them at Harry's crotch.

Ginny perched back into his desk, she placed one of her feet between his legs on his chair just below where she had tossed her pretty underwear.

She clicked her fingers and pointed to the carpet in front of her.

“Kneel.” She said and Luna walked back to kneel in front of her.

Luna, like his wife, wore her hair in a matching thick braid but it was a little higher up than Ginny's and much tighter. He watched as his wife took a hold of it roughly, close to the scalp like a handle and pressed Luna's face into her crotch.

His wife, always had a thin red strip of hair above her pussy but the rest of her was charmed completely smooth. Harry knew well the taste that Luna was enjoying as she obediently and enthusiastically licked and sucked his wife's pussy.

He watched as the muscles in her jaw clenched, her hips pressing up as she rubbed herself hard over Luna.

Harry felt his cock begin to stiffen but he didn't move. As his wife breathed in sharply through her teeth, he sat sipping his tea. His wife's purple underwear began to bulge over his crotch and his dick began strain against his pants.
Ginny pulled Luna's head back and Harry saw Luna gasp in some air. Her mouth, nose and chin were glistening with his wife's juices and her own saliva.

“You're a good little girl aren't you?” Ginny asked a little breathlessly as she looked down at Luna's face, held in place by her hand still gripping the thick braid.

“Yes” Luna replied also a little out of breath.

“You're also a little whore aren't you?” Ginny asked.

Luna started to try to nod but quickly realized she couldn't.

“Who is our little whore?” Ginny asked without waiting for Luna to correct her answer from a physical one to a verbal one.

“I am.” Luna replied.

“You're what?” His wife asked.

“I am your little whore, mistress.” Luna said and his wife pressed Luna's face back into her crotch.

He was fully erect now but his hard cock was painfully pressing against the inside of his pants. Harry watched Luna continue to lick and suck his wife's pussy.

He watched as Ginny shifted occasionally either making Luna probe her tongue inside her or pressing her hard against her as she tended to her clit.

Minutes went by and he watched.

Ginny's breath was ragged now, her hips bucking more frequently. He heard small noises of pleasure coming from Luna's throat.

He continued to sip his tea.

Soon enough Ginny's body almost seized up. Her hips jerking up and staying there.

Harry could see Ginny's white knuckled grip on Luna, holding her in place as she came against her lips. The bone deep groan coming from his wife was music to his ears, he felt the tip of his hard cock wet with pre-cum inside his pants.

Ginny's body relaxed and she shifted again, letting Luna's tongue lap into her, tasting and swallowing from her pussy. Ginny's eyes were closed and a small smile rested on her cherry lips, her breathing coming long and thickly from her nose.

Ginny finally released her grip on Luna's hair and looked over at Harry.

Her eyes took in the raised purple panties on his crotch and she smiled more showing teeth.

Harry raised an eyebrow and set down his now empty cup. It felt like only seconds had gone by but he knew it had been longer.

Since Ginny began playing with Luna he never could never keep track of the time when he was watching them.

“Attend my husband.” said Ginny to Luna who was still on her knees in front of her. Luna's face still glistened with his wife's pleasure and her eyes looked a little dreamier than usual.
Luna turned and shifted the tiny distance to take up position between Harry's legs. As Luna's hand reached towards his crotch the purple underwear flew off him and over to Ginny's free hand, her other holding her wand.

Harry felt Luna unzipping him but watched his wife. Ginny pressed the purple fabric against her soaking pussy and let Harry see her press them into herself a little before holding them again and standing.

As Luna reached in and her small fingers wrapped around his throbbing shaft, Ginny walked behind his chair and leaned down to him.

His cock sprang free of his pants still held by Luna as he felt Ginny begin to kiss along his neck. The hand holding her wet underwear came up to press lightly over his mouth and nose at the same time he felt Luna's mouth envelope the head of his dick.

His scent of his wife's arousal filling his senses as Luna groaned, the first suck of her mouth, her involuntary sound of pleasure as her tongue and lips tasted the pre-cum that had soaked the head of his cock.

He couldn't help but let out his own low groan of pleasure and as he did, he felt Ginny's lips against his neck turn up into a grin.

As Harry's hand went down to hold on Luna where Ginny had, though much gentler than her, his wife turned his head and kissed him passionately.

Minutes went by, his hips gently rocking as Luna's neck matched them, her mouth sliding down his thick length.

He continued kissing his wife.

Ginny pulled back and watched Luna work on her husband. One of her hands running over his chest, the other occasionally lifting her soaked panties to his face to smell.

“Suck his balls.” She said to Luna who immediately obeyed her order. She sucked his swollen balls into her mouth, her eyes closed. Harry felt her tongue licking them as the tight seal of her mouth enveloped them one after the other, back and forth.

“Now suck that hard cock again.” Ginny told Luna who again, did as she was told.

His wife began speaking and it was to Luna who she spoke, but it was more for him.

“I bet your little cunt is all wet.” She began. “Harry's hard cock in your mouth. Suck him, you little whore.” Harry could feel himself growing close to the edge.

“Think about that hot cum.” Ginny spoke to Luna but her mouth was right next to his ear. “All that hot cum that's going to shoot into your mouth. Mmm I bet you can almost taste it already.”

Harry could hear Luna groaning with him inside her mouth in response to his wife's words.

“You get to hold it all in your mouth, your tongue tasting it before you drink it all down.” Ginny said, her voice husky.

He knew that she knew he was close to cumming.
“Here it comes.” Ginny said and she was right. His hips bucked up, his grip tightened in Luna's hair and his hot cum began to spurt from his cock. Luna's lips sealed tightly around his shaft, the head of his cock shooting into her as her tongue danced and lapped over it.

Then it was over.

Luna pulled back from him, breathing through her nose, her mouth full of his seed. He could see her rolling it around in her mouth, her eyes closed in pleasure before she swallowed.

She then licked her lips and back onto his cock, cleaning him like a cat cleaning it's coat.

As Harry's breathing slowly returned to normal Ginny spoke.

“I wonder how wet she is?” She asked.

“Luna.” Harry said and she stopped and looked up at him. “Over the desk, present yourself.”

Luna got to her feet, turned around and bent over his desk. Her hands reached back to pull up the bottom of her dress over her hips. Luna's snow white rear came into view for Harry and his wife as Luna made sure to arch her back as she had been taught.

The tops of her inner thighs were shining with her arousal.

Harry heard a noise of satisfaction came from his wife's throat. He reached over idly to let his middle finger run over Luna's wet pussy then reached back to Ginny. She took Harry's finger into her mouth and tasted.

“She seems to have enjoyed herself.” He noted to her.

“Maybe a bit too much.” Ginny replied. “I'll have to do something about that.”

“I wish I could join you but I still have to finish this.” He said, there was a trace of annoyance back in his voice but not as much as before.

“Well, you're the one who has to work, not me.” Ginny said with the familiar mocking note back in her voice. “I'm free to play.” She said as she began to walk around Harry's desk towards his door.

She opened it and stopped, turned around and looked at him. Still without pants and a glint in her eye.

“Come find me when you're done.” She said.

“I will.” He promised. “Are we still on for your mother's on Friday?”

“Mhm.” Ginny nodded and looked down at Luna who was still leant over her husbands desk. Her pussy exposed to him but his eyes looking at her instead.

Harry could tell she was satisfied with being able to hold his attention over what was before him.

“Clean up in here then come get your punishment for being a horny little whore” Ginny said to Luna, her eyes holding a twinkle of promise, then turned and left the room, leaving the door open.

“You're dismissed.” Harry said to Luna.
“Thank you.” She replied in her soft voice, Harry put himself back into his pants as Luna picked the tea tray up, walked to the cabinet and picked up his wife's suit pants in her other hand and left the room closing the door behind her.

Harry looked down at the work he still had to do. Although he was at the tail end of it now, it was still work. As his mood started to return to it's sourness he caught a glint from the corner of his eye and turned to look at it.

His wife's soaked underwear were on the floor. She must have tossed them there afterwards. Luna must not have seen them either when she had cleaned up the room.

Ginny had told her to clean up. He had told Luna that she was to obey Ginny as she would obey him and he can't have her disobeying his wife.

… At least that's how he'd phrase it when he joined his wife and Luna later.

Any excuse really.

Harry smiled and got back to work.
Harry made his way down the corridor, heading away from his office and out of the Ministry of Magic.

All his current reports were filed and then some.

He was heading out into muggle London for lunch, soon he would be out in the sun again and enjoying something to eat.

Harry walked by a couple of wizards who nodded to him, he returned their silent greeting and continued on his way.

As he turned a corner behind them, he almost collided with the Minister for Magic herself.

“Oh Harry!” Hermione exclaimed. “I was just coming to see you.”

Hermione, the Minister for Magic and his boss, had not changed much in personality or appearance since they had finished Hogwarts.

Of course she no longer wore a Hogwarts uniform, but there was something about her current outfit that reminded Harry of Hogwarts.

She wore plain black slacks, sensible flat shoes and a white shirt.

Over the shirt she wore a deep burgundy suit vest. Harry thought that it was the colour of the vest and the open robe she wore over it that was what reminded him of Hogwarts.

“I-uh was just heading out to lunch...” He said weakly, looking from her to Helstia Wiggins, Hermione’s assistant, who was always by her side or rather, to her side and slightly behind.

As usual Wiggins was clutching too many papers and was always a little red faced.

“Is it important?” He asked her.

“Of course it-” She started, then stopped and seemed to roll her eyes at herself. “Well no, not really. Are you having lunch here?”

“I was going into London.” Answered Harry.

After a moment of hesitation Hermione seemed to make up her mind about something.

“Well, I'll join you.” She said her tone firm.

“But Minister-” Helstia began looking flustered. “I have here the letter from-”

But Hermione cut her off.
“I know, I know, but I have to eat too. I'll only be gone an hour or so. Why don't you go to my office and lay everything out. When I get back we'll go over everything together.” Hermione said and her assistant looked like she would object again.

“You know how much I value your opinion on things like this Helstia. We can go over it together, I would really appreciate your help.” She said, the thought of being important to the Minister for Magic seemed to appease her somewhat.

“Well, of course Minister. I'll just take these to your office then I'll inform security that you're going into muggle London. They can-” Helstia said

“Helstia.” Hermione said exasperatedly. “Do you really think I need my security when you consider who I am going to lunch with?” looking over to Harry.

Helstia seemed to get even redder.

“Well it's just that it's procedure for the Minister for-” She began again.

“I am going to be with Harry Potter, Helstia. Head of the Auror Department.” Hermione said gesturing at Harry. “Do you really think that I will be attacked with him?”

Helstia looked at Harry and then away quickly.

“Well no Minister but-” She started, but was cut off once again.

“Or do you think that Harry Potter is going to be the one attacking me?” Hermione asked, her eyebrows raised at her assistant.

Helstia practically spluttered at the insinuation that she thought that he; The Boy Who Lived, The Chosen One who defeated He Who Must Not Be Named, and Head Auror, would attack the Minister for Magic and his childhood friend.

Harry had watched silently as his friend had backed her assistant into a corner and managed to wrangle some free time away from the ministry for herself using his name.

A strange thing to have to do when you're the one in charge of the Ministry in the first place. He heard a few mumbled phrases. 'Naturally not no' and 'Of course I didn't mean to imply-'.

Soon afterwards, he and Hermione were walking out of the Ministry of Magic together and into muggle London in search of food.

Harry lead the way to a large restaurant he had been to before but Hermione hadn't.

Inside it was moderately busy but they were seated right away, after Harry had ordered himself some ravioli and Hermione had ordered a sandwich, they sat waiting for their food to arrive.

“So are you going to the Burrow tonight?” Harry asked.

“Yes, I should be able to get there in time.” She replied.

“Is Ron going to be there?” Harry asked.
Hermione took her eyes off the muggles around her and looked to him.

“No, he can't get away from Hogwarts tonight.” She said “He's coming home tomorrow afternoon instead.”

Ron was a teacher at Hogwarts.

He was actually the Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher at Hogwarts. When he and Ron had joined the aurors at the Ministry they had done it together. Everything was going well until Ron was cursed by a dark wizard, a particularly dangerous one from the African continent, Harry recalled to himself. While the curse wasn't fatal, it had left Ron with a severe limp.

He had decided to leave the Auror Department and stay at home.

This had been the way of things for about a year until Ron had finally decided to look for work, soon after he had taken up to position at Hogwarts as the new Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher.

By all accounts Ron was pretty good at this job, though it meant living at Hogwarts and not with Hermione. He could only occasionally make it back on weekends and sometimes during the Holidays.

Harry sometimes missed working with his friend Ron but he also knew the other reason he spent so much time away from Hermione.

“Harry!” Hermione said, and from the tone it, hadn't been the first time she had said his name.

“Sorry, what did you say?” Harry asked, returning from his lost thoughts.

“I asked if you and Ginny would be coming?” said Hermione with exasperation in her voice but her eyes were amused.

“Yeah.” Said Harry with a small smile at himself, acknowledging his wandering thoughts. “We'll be there around six tonight.”

Their conversation briefly stopped as their food arrived, only them thanking their waiter broke the silence. They ate for a while without talking but one of them would occasionally nod their head in the direction of a particularly strange looking muggle to draw the others attention to them. It was a game they played while out in the muggle world, even muggles played it, so Harry had heard.

They called it 'people watching'.

When Hermione pushed the mostly finished plate away from herself slightly, Harry spoke.

“So what is it you wanted me for?” He asked.

“I just wanted to know if you'd finished with your Axness report because I've had letters sent to me by both his wife and his mother calling me a-” Hermione stopped herself. “Well they were very
angry about his arrest and I can't really respond until I have all the facts, so…”

Harry understood.

Peter Axness had been arrested by Harry's order for a list of crimes that if written down on one piece of parchment Harry was pretty sure would be big enough to use as a blanket.

After a frustratingly long investigation, one which had been met with continuous hurdles throughout, Harry had been pretty satisfied when he had finally been able to give the order for the man's arrest.

“I've finished it.” Harry told her. “I was getting all my paperwork done before I sent them all off.” He pushed his own plate away from him, now no longer hungry and continued. “I sent them all at once just before I left my office, it probably arrived in your office after you set off to mine.”

Hermione grimaced slightly.

“What?” Harry asked.

“I wish you had told me that before we came out.” Hermione told him. “I've got Helstia set up in my office now but I'll have to kick her out so I can deal with all this Axness business.”

“Sorry.” Harry apologised and shrugged. “Just blame it on me if she makes a fuss.”

Hermione sighed, but let it drop.

They sat in a comfortable silence for a few minutes before Hermione broke it.

“Is anyone else coming to the Burrow tonight?” She asked trying to sound casual but failing.

Harry knew what she was really asking, she wanted to know if Luna would be coming too.

“No.” Harry told her. “Just me and Ginny, as far as I know.”

Hermione nodded matter-of-factly and seemed to be a little more relaxed.

“Well, we had better get back hadn't we?” She said standing up. Harry followed her lead, they left some muggle money on the table before heading back out.

A few minutes later they walked back into the Ministry of Magic, promised to see each other at the Burrow tonight and went their separate ways. Hermione walked back in the direction of her office and Harry saw a few witches and wizards already making their way towards her.

Harry didn't head to his office though, he headed towards the fireplaces.

He was done with all of his work today and was heading home, he hadn't had the heart to tell Hermione that he was free to leave while she still had the rest of the day before of her.

He smiled slightly to himself as he reached the fireplace he wanted, picturing in his head the look of jealousy and annoyance she would have given him if he had told her.

Harry headed home.
As Harry emerged from the fireplace in the foyer of his and Ginny's home, he kept his stride and headed through towards the back of the house, knowing where his wife would be. She hadn't had any Quidditch practise today, so she had had the entire day to herself.

As Harry had suspected she was in her Nest, as she called it.

The Nest was a large room that was filled with furniture, ornaments, lighting and other small little things that somehow turned a room into a comfortable and cosy place to relax. Harry had come to the conclusion that it was that hard to define difference between a house and a home. That extra something that just felt right.

Ginny was at one end of a sofa, feet up on a leg rest and a book in one hand.

Luna was laying down on her front across the rest of the sofa, her head on Ginny's lap and her eyes closed in a doze. The fingers of his wife's free hand were idly drawing shapes on Luna's exposed white backside.

The two of them seemed very content with the current state of affairs.

Ginny looked away and up from her book as Harry walked into the room.

“You're home early.” Ginny noted, not bothering to move her body besides tilting her face up for a kiss, which Harry gladly provided.

Luna had woken at the sound of Ginny's voice and stood up awaiting his word.

“I told you I was ahead of things.” Harry said taking a seat on a ridiculously padded armchair adjacent. “Just tea Luna, then you can come back.” He said to her.

Luna turned and head out of the room.

“How has your day been?” Harry asked Ginny, who was reading her book again.

“Nice.” She said. “Slow and relaxing. What about you?”

“Fairly boring. I just had lunch with Hermione though.” Harry told her, loosening his tie.

At this Ginny looked back to him.

“She OK?” Ginny asked.

“Yeah, she's alright. She said she'll be able to make it to the Burrow tonight.” Harry told her. “She asked if were coming alone.”

“I take it that she is going alone too?” Ginny raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, Ron is back sometime tomorrow afternoon.” Said Harry and Ginny nodded slightly, her eyes
returning to the pages.

“Anything else?” Ginny asked.

Harry began to tell her there wasn't anything of import but recounted his and Hermione's muggle watching game. During this Luna returned with tray and brought him a hot cup of tea. She returned to the sofa to put her head back on Ginny's lap. His wife's hand immediately moved to pull at Luna's dress, riding it up to expose Luna's backside once more and her fingers resumed their idle wandering.

Harry saw a small smile one Luna's mouth as she nestled her cheek down into a more comfortable spot. Harry blew then sipped his tea, after which he finished his idle retelling of his lunch with Hermione.

“I think I'll invite Hermione back here tonight.” He told Ginny afterward, she looked up from her book at this.

“That sounds nice.” She said to him.

“If she wants to come that is, anyway we'll see.” He replied. “Are we going by floo or disapparating?”

“Probably best to disapparate, you never know what is going on in that kitchen.” Said Ginny.

“You're probably right.” Harry agreed.

Harry watched as his wife's hand became less idle and more aggressive. It looked like the thought of bringing Hermione back tonight had turned his wife's thoughts from her book to something more... Interesting.

Harry liked to watch his wife play with Luna. There was something about her being able to use Luna as she wished that seemed to drive Ginny wild. He watched as his wife moved to the centre of the sofa, having Luna's middle laying over her lap, closer to where she wanted to be, and with better access. His wife began to really use her hands between Luna's legs. Luna's back arched to press her rear up and a small approving sound came from his wife's throat.

Looking at his watch and noting to himself all the free time he had before the Burrow tonight, he set aside his cup and sat up. Harry pulled out his wand and aimed it at Luna, one non-verbal spell later and Luna's dress peeled itself from her body and sank to the floor. Harry took a moment to enjoy the view of Luna's white nakedness, almost missing Ginny's murmured thanks to him. Standing up his wand refocusing on Luna, he levitated her a couple of feet into the air and off Ginny's lap.

“Hey!” Ginny said. “I was using that!”

Harry grinned and aimed his wand at his wife, performing the same spell to remove her clothes too.
“We can share.” he told her as his wand returned to Luna and turned her slightly in the air.

Ginny rolled her eyes but she was trying and failing to hide a grin of her own, being suddenly naked here with him and Luna not even registering on her face or body language.

As Harry came to a stop directly in front of Luna's face, he unzipped himself, Ginny not to be left out of the fun, sat up on the sofa and leaned forwards pushing Luna's legs apart.

Almost fully erect, Harry took a hold of himself and didn't even get the chance to press the head of his cock to Luna's lips before she had taken him into her mouth. He let his eyes close and head tilt back slightly, a small groan of pleasure escaping his lips.

Luna, suspended in the air, like the videos of those muggles who had gone to space, was between him and Ginny. Him standing and taking his pleasure from her mouth, and Ginny sitting and enjoying herself with Luna's taste.

Harry kept his eyes closed enjoying the sounds coming from Luna and occasionally from Ginny, almost as much as the feeling of their toy's warm, wet mouth hungrily sucking his hard cock. He let one of his hands take a hold of her braid as his hips slowly rocked back and forth.

Luna's lips sliding along and back his shaft, her tongue moving and touching as much of his cock inside her as it could.

There was almost a kind of desperation to her tongues movements, as if she had to taste and touch as much of him as she possibly could.

The sounds coming from her muffled mouth were becoming more frantic and her breathing more ragged.

Harry knew Ginny was really having some fun.

Opening his eyes and looking in her direction, her eyes were visible from between Luna's legs and over her pale bottom.

They were watching him and they had that familiar mischievous glint in them.

He smiled at her and heard Luna squeak in response to something Ginny had done.

Harry pulled himself back and out of Luna's mouth with a small popping sound, followed by Luna's ragged gasping from his wife's ministrations.

Still clutching his wand in his hand he pointed it at Ginny, gentling pushing her back into the sofa comfortably.

Then, gesturing at Luna he turned her in the air, back around.

Luna's head now facing Ginny and bringing her behind to face him.

A final gesture released her from the levitation charm, before she could fall flat on her face, his free hand caught her around the hips.

He lowered them both down to their knees, enjoying the feeling of his hard wet cock nestled between Luna's cheeks.

Pressing himself forward had two purposes, the first being to let his shaft glide over the rear entrance and the other to push her face between his wife's now open, and waiting legs.

She knew what was expected of her, her back arched pushing herself back against him, making sure she was completely and fully available to him and at the same time her head shifted ever so slightly to get the correct positioning between Ginny's legs.
Harry watched as Ginny's head fell back against the back of the sofa and her eyes closed, he knew Luna had found her mark. Harry watched this for a minute, his hips gently rocking himself on Luna, his eyes devouring the scene before him.

Unable to wait any longer he positioned the broad head of his cock to Luna's soaking pussy and slowly sank himself all the way in in a single long stroke.

Before his own eyes closed in pleasure, the deep guttural sound that came from Luna's throat made Ginny grip Luna's hair and shift her own hips more aggressively. Harry held still for a moment just enjoying the sensations of being buried deep inside Luna's tight pussy and the slight trembling of her thighs combined with the lovely sounds escaping both of his women.

He began slowly first, sliding himself back and forth almost agonizingly slow, before picking up the pace slightly. He opened his eyes and looked down to watch his cock slide in and out of her. He let one hand rest on one of her ass cheeks, pushing it aside to spread her. He let a thumb press against the tiny puckered hole between them and slowly began to rub.

His hips kept up a steady rhythm and his thumb occasionally pushed against her anus, not hard enough to penetrate but hard enough to feel like that he might. The sounds coming from Luna were almost sobs now, she was close to being overwhelmed. The taste of Ginny's sweet pussy on her tongue and lips, his throbbing cock sinking deep into her own pussy, her anus teased by his thumb were a delicious and heady combination of sensations for her.

As he picked up even more speed and used more forceful thrusts, he knew it was only a matter of time, and he was right. Less than a minute later Luna's body convulsed like she had been hit with a curse, the sound that came from her throat was more animal than human. He reveled in the feel of her around his cock, the tightening, the involuntary movements of her hips. When Luna's pale body went limp, he heard the second sound he had been waiting for, it was the sound of Ginny reaching her own satisfaction.

The sound almost angry coming from between gritted teeth, her hand keeping Luna's head shoved between her legs as her hips rolled and jerked upwards forcefully.

Harry pulled from Luna, his feet stepping to each side of her then onto the sofa as he walked over her. He stood over Ginny and pressed the head of his cock to her lips, she greedily took him into her mouth and began to suck him, hard.

Harry set his hand on her head and letting his hips begin to move naturally, his wife's beautiful face below him, her eyes closed as she enjoyed his taste. Just over a minute later he felt himself spilling into her mouth, she matched his moan of pleasure as she tasted and swallowed his seed.

He felt her gently suck him clean, his eyes still closed in bliss, before he finally pulled himself from her.

She smiled up at him and him down to her. He looked further down and could see Luna still weakly lapping still at Ginny's pussy, punctuated with small tender kisses. He let a hand run lightly down his wife's cheek, letting her know how he felt without words.
She let her lips make a small kissing gesture at him and he stepped back and leaned down to kiss her lightly on her forehead.

“I think I'd better go shower.” He said.

“You should probably get dressed at some point afterwards too.” Ginny replied.

“You might be right, I don't think your mother would appreciate me showing up like this.” He told her, as he turned towards the door.

“I don't know.” Ginny said with a wicked note in her voice. “I think she'd enjoy the view of your arse as much as I am right now.”

Harry chuckled lightly making sure his bare bottom moved as he exaggerated a strut out of the room and was pleased to hear his wife laughing behind him.
The Silent Party

Chapter Summary

To the Burrow!
(No sex in this chapter just a bit of fun, both wholesome and otherwise.)
If you want more, let me know!

Harry and Ginny stood inside by the front door of their home while his wife addressed Luna.

Harry thought it was pretty stupid that they were at the front door as they didn't plan to actually use it. They would be disapparating from inside after all.

“Make sure everything is ready then you have the rest of them time to yourself, understood?” Said Ginny.

“Yes, Mistress.” Luna nodded.

“Good.” Ginny nodded too, but to herself. “Come here.”

Luna stepped closer and Ginny gave her a passionate kiss before pulling back her face and keeping Luna pressed against her with an arm around her waist.

“Good girl.” Ginny said and Luna smiled.

“Thank you, Mistress.” Luna said. “Have a pleasant evening, I'll be here when you return.”

“Good evening, Luna.” Said Harry, then he and Ginny took a step away and appeared almost instantly arm in arm, in the back garden of the Burrow.

Harry reflexively pulled his wrist up to check his watch and Ginny batted his arm back down lightly.

“We're fine.” She said and with a small tug at him, they walked to the backdoor.

Ginny, pushed it open and the darkness of the early evening was washed away in the noise, light and smells of Mrs Weasley's kitchen.

“Ginny!” He heard Mrs Weasley say loudly before his eyes had adjusted to the room. “And Harry dear!” He was then wrapped in a hug by the short woman who had always been like a mother to him.

“Come in and sit down! Dinner isn't ready yet, but it won't be long now!” She told him as he tried to say hello and ask how she was, but she spoke right over him. Unceremoniously he and Ginny were pushed and prodded in the direction of the dining table where they were greeted more calmly, but no less happily by the people already seated there.
As Harry and Ginny took seats, Harry reached across slightly to shake Arthur Weasley's hand.

“It's good to see you Mr Weasley, is everything alright?” He asked his eyes roaming around.

Mr Weasley understood what he was asking and replied. “It's good to see you too, yes everything is just fine.” His voice lowered slightly. “Just stay out of the kitchen or she might accidentally hit someone with a frying pan.” He finished looking Harry directly in the eyes.

Harry understood, he nodded in acknowledgement of the words spoken and the unspoken warning given. He wasn't going to enter Mrs Weasley's kitchen unless he was forced by something as fierce as she was.

If a wild dragon suddenly appeared, he might think about hiding under the table before running through that kitchen to get out of the house.

Harry waved over at George who nodded and grinned back at him. Verity sitting besides him smiled at Harry too.

Harry thought that Verity had a lovely smile.

Words would have been useless at this point as Ginny was taking loudly with Bill and Fleur, so non-verbal communication seemed to be in order right now.

Harry leaned back in his chair slightly as a knife and fork flew at great speed from some place he didn't see and landed much more sedately than it had traveled.

They settled themselves neatly in front of him.

Ginny hadn't flinched or even appeared to pay attention to hers, she was probably distracted by Verity, who had now gotten up and walked around the table to sit with the ladies.

Bill caught Harry's eyes briefly in which they both exchanged a nod, a moment of silence seemed to fall upon them.

Both Harry and Bill opened their mouths to speak to each other when the noise redoubled as Hermione walked through the backdoor.

Bill and Harry shared a look and laughed silently at themselves and each other, Fleur, Ginny and Verity had risen to bravely head into the kitchen to greet Hermione.

She herself at the moment was enfolded in an embrace by Mrs Weasley.

Harry shook his head slightly, still smiling.

Mr Weasley handed him a glass of wine which Harry accepted, noting the amused look on Mr Weasley's face. Harry shrugged, looking around the table at the amused looks on all the men's faces. He lifted his glass in a silent toast and they all took a sip.

“How have you been?” Harry mouthed the words to George who gave two thumbs up.

“Not bad!” He mouthed back tilting his head slightly and Harry could see him mouth “You?”

Harry returned the thumbs up.

“Pretty good.” He mouthed and nodded to George who seemed glad to 'hear' this.

“Hows business?” Harry silenced asked and at the same time made a rubbing gesture with his thumb
and fingers.

Catching movement in the corner of his eyes he looked at Bill.

Bill was shaking his head, he pointed at George then mimed throwing something onto an imaginary pile and then repeated Harry's gesture of money. Harry took this to mean George's shop was doing well.

Looking over at George confirmed this when he saw a face splitting grin and a cheeky wink thrown in his direction.

Mr Weasley seemed highly amused with all of this.

Then it was their turn to greet Hermione, who had been processed and shipped out of Mrs Weasley's kitchen. He gave her a brief hug before she took a seat with the rest of the ladies and he returned to his own seat.

Settling himself and taking another sip of his wine his eyes caught with Bills again.

Harry made a gesture that seemed to indicate a someone of small stature and looked at Bill questioningly.

“At home!” Bill mouthed to him then something else which Harry thought might have been 'babysitter'. He nodded to say that he understood.

Before anyone could mime something else, Mrs Weasley's voice rang out over them all.

“Alright, seats everyone! Watch your heads!” She half shouted.

Ginny moved by Harry to take a seat to his right and Hermione took the one to his left. Verity made her way back to George and in good time too, because plates of food became flying from the kitchen and onto the table.

With the flustered look that Mrs Weasley was currently sporting he wouldn't want to be in the path of any of those dishes.

Mr Weasley was rubbing his hands together and Harry noticed that Bill was doing the same though neither of them noticed each other, they were too distracted by the piles of food appearing before them.

Then Harry noticed nothing much for a time afterwards as the last dish had found it's place, so had Mrs Weasley.

He began to load his empty plate with what was probably too much food.

The only thing Harry did notice was that the plates on either side of him seemed to only be loaded with what he supposed were mere human sized portions of food.

Harry dug in and let bits of conversation occasionally seep into his head as he enjoyed what was probably his favourite cooking in the world.

When almost half of the food on the table had been devoured and they were all almost certainly full up, conversation flowed a little better or perhaps it was that Harry was now able to focus on something other than the delicious food that had been on his plate.
“Verity pointed the little thief out to me.” George was saying. “I don't know how she spotted him from the other side of the shop and I was only a few steps away from him but-”

Harry looked around to see Mr Weasley and Bill paying attention to George while Fleur and Hermione seemed to be talking to Mrs Weasley. Ginny and Verity being stuck on the other side of the table were also paying attention to George.

“Empty those trouser pockets or I'll empty you from your trousers and have a look in them myself.” George said. “He took one look at my wand and when his button pinged off his trousers, he started dumping everything out of his pockets then ran off.”

There were small chuckles and Harry heard George saying “Left three galleons and two knuts on the pile!”

“Speaking of.” He heard Ginny say and rummaged in her pocket.

“Mum!” She shouted and Mrs Weasley looked up in time to catch a small pouch thrown to her.

“What's this, dear?” She said looking into the pouch and her cheeks going a little red.

“Ginny!” She exclaimed. “I can't take this!”

Harry knew the pouch was full of gold and that Mrs Weasley wouldn't want to accept it.

Mrs Weasley began to stand to throw the pouch back to Ginny but she paused as a voice was directed at her.

“Mum!” George said and there was a note in his voice that was very rarely heard. It was his boss voice.

The one he used when speaking as the owner of Weasley Wizard Wheezes.

It carried a note of certainty.

“Look around the people at this table mum.” He told her, the table was silent now and unsure what to do Mrs Weasley looked at them all. “You’ve got someone who finds gold.” He began “A devilishly handsome and wildly successful business owner.” He said putting his hand on his own chest in false modesty.

“You’ve got a professional Quidditch player, Head of the Auror Department and the bloody Minister for Magic herself sitting at your table and you’ve been feeding us for years!” He told her. “If you think for one second that we’re not going to look after you, or give you treats from time to time you’ve got another thing coming!”

Every head in the room turned to Mrs Weasley to see how she would react but she seem frozen in place. Finally she looked to her husband.

“Arthur...” She said hesitantly.

There was a moment of silence before he spoke.

His voice was slow and his words deliberate.

“I think.” He began. “That George has an excellent point about everyone around this table is being
grateful to you, Molly.”

He took in a breath and continued.

“I also think that George is right about everyone here being very successful in what they do.” He looked at this wife and said “I think you deserve to be pampered, my dear and I think I speak for both us when I say that I'm very proud of everyone here what they have achieved.”

He reached over and let his hand wrap around hers, making it tighten on the pouch of gold.
“I am also very happy that there are people here who are able to spoil you every once in a while because you definitely deserve it.”

Mrs Weasley's eyes looked a little wet and so did Fleur's and Verity's.

“Well said!” Bill broke in gruffly. “Well said, Dad!”

“Hear hear!” Said George

Ginny raised her wine glass and said “Mum!”

They all raised their glasses to that and repeated 'Mum'.

Mrs Weasley settled back in her seat, a bit choked up and the ladies rushed over to talk to and hug her.

Harry was relieved that things had gone the way they had.

He couldn't think of a single member of the family who hadn't tried to give them more money but were rebuffed by Mrs Weasley.

Harry had managed to give some money to Mr Weasley from time to time but only because he had managed to convince him that he should do something nice with it for Mrs Weasley.

She was a mother to them all and they really were grateful.

Every time Harry reflected on how much he loved Mrs Weasley he seemed to understand just a little bit more that bond of parent and child and how his own parents must have felt about him.

It was a bittersweet feeling but not a regrettable one.

Soon after the conversation picked back up and there were smiles all around.
People were milling about both in the kitchen and at the dining table. The atmosphere was clear and relaxed.
The fact that Mrs Weasley's kitchen contained people that were preparing food that weren't Mrs Weasley herself was a testament to that.

Harry excused himself to address natures call.

When he was done and had washed his hands, he opened the door to find Hermione outside it, standing on the landing.

“Hello.” Harry said calmly and smiled at her.

She smiled back and walked towards him, backing him into the bathroom.
The door was closed behind them and they were kissing, Harry's hands slid down her back to cup her behind but it wasn't enough, he pulled the hem of her dress up to allow his hands to go under it. To let his hands run up the backs of her thighs, over the bare skin and onto to soft silky material covering her buttocks.

Harry's back was against a wall and Hermione's hands were running over his chest. Their lips still locked and their tongues tasting each other, Harry's hands slid by that final layer to run over the soft skin of her bare ass. He let his hands glide over her cheeks lightly a few times before cupping her fully and holding tight. Massaging, spreading and pulling her against him more.

The moan passing from her mouth into his was beautiful.

Before long they pulled apart and Hermione with a slightly dreamy look in her eyes used her wand to straighten his appearance up.

“Are you coming back to our place tonight?” Harry asked her. “I think Ginny is kind of hoping you do.”

“What about you?” Hermione asked him.

“You know I want you to.” Harry told her. “You should know by now I enjoy your company almost as much as I enjoy having my hands on your ass.” He said with a small grin.

Her cheeks, already flushed deepened in colour a little but she smiled almost shyly back at him.

“I'll come, but separately.” She told him. “I don't want Molly to-”

“I know.” Harry cut her off. “She won't find out.”

He gave her a small kiss on the cheek then said “I'll see you back down there.”

And walked out of the bathroom.

Before he went downstairs he made his way into Fred and George's old room and picked up one of the stored items from one of their boxes.

It was some kind of purple toy frog.

He would take it down and ask George about it.

He thought Hermione might appreciate him having a reason to give to the others that would explain why he had been gone a little longer than he should have been.

Pretending to have been distracted by one of the old joke shop items seemed good enough.

Walking back into the dining area he tossed the frog to George, who caught it deftly.

“What's that?” He asked.

As George was still explaining the reason why he and Fred had never managed to get the frog to
work, Harry saw Hermione make her way seamlessly back into the group of ladies.

Though he noticed Ginny noticing, and she looked to him.

When he gave her a brief smile and a small nod, she seemed very pleased, but turned back into her own conversation.

After a couple more glasses of wine there were hugs and kisses all around, including a kiss on his cheek from George who had grandly called him 'Darling' and insisted in a voice that was not his own that they simple must do it again sometime.

Still laughing a little, Harry had shook hands with Mr Weasley. Harry had leaned in and told Mr Weasley that he had overheard Mrs Weasley talking about spending the money on some things she needed for the house. Mr Weasley had assured Harry that he would make sure she spent as much if the gold on herself as he could persuade her to and Harry was pleased by this.

Both he and Ginny had hugged Hermione goodnight but only for the sake of everyone else watching.

The three of them knew they would be seeming much more of each other before the night was through.
Chapter Summary

Part one of the evening.

When Harry and Ginny arrived back home, Ginny had called for Luna and told her to bring enough coffee for three to the Nest.

Harry had kicked off his shoes, then had headed to the Nest.
Ginny had disappeared upstairs.

He had parked himself on the sofa and Luna had come into the room a minute later with a tray. As he lifted the cup to his mouth to drink the sweet and bitter brew, he heard Ginny make her way back down the stairs and greet someone.

Hermione had arrived.

Five minutes later, he and Ginny were seated at each end of the sofa with Hermione comfortably between them, the three of them sipping their coffee. Luna was on her knees in front of Ginny giving her feet a massage.

This was not the first time Hermione had come to spend the night with them and it wouldn't be the last.

“If you didn't wear uncomfortable shoes, your feet wouldn't ache so much.” Hermione said lightly to Ginny.

Ginny smiled and said “It doesn't matter what shoes I wear, a foot rub is nice no matter what.”

“I suppose.” Hermione said, smiling slightly and looking down at Luna a little wistfully.

Harry set his coffee to the table at his side of the sofa, shifted himself a little then reached down to pull Hermione's feet into his lap.
She didn't protest but turned herself to lean back against Ginny's side, Ginny put her free arm around her letting her hand rest idly down Hermione's front.

As Harry took off Hermione's shoes he thought back on how he used to feel about this.

There had been a time when he had instinctively felt guilty about touching Hermione, she was after all married to Ron.
Though Hermione and Ron were both fine with this arrangement, it had taken him a while to feel right about it.
The fact of the matter was that Ron no longer shared a bed with his wife and it wasn't because he lived at Hogwarts most of the time. It wasn't even that Ron didn't love Hermione any more either, because he did and Harry knew that he always would.
It was that Ron had come to realize that he was gay.

At first Harry hadn't understood, Ron was married to Hermione after all!

But over time and having talked about things, between just him and Ron, and then both him, Ron, and Hermione.
He had come to understand that Ron truly loved Hermione but he had come to terms with the fact that he liked the company of men.
He had been distraught at the pain he caused Hermione and the thought of their separation over this would cause her humiliation from the less progressive of the wizarding world.
It would even have had an impact on her career, piling that on top of what it did to her personally and well, Harry understood somewhat the guilt Ron felt.

Their marriage was now one of convenience, although there had been a time when the tension between them had been horrible.

Pushing the past aside, he got to work on Hermione's feet.

It took a minute, but she was soon boneless on the sofa.

"I think you're right about the foot rubs." Hermione said in a relaxed voice to Ginny and they both smiled a little.

Their conversation was idle and they didn't talk about anything particularly important.

Harry's head had cleared a little from all the wine, thanks to the coffee but he hoped to avoid a hangover in the morning. Not wanting to interrupt Ginny's contentment he decided to go get himself a bottle of water from the kitchen and leave Luna to her task.

Hermione made a little sound of disappointment but he smiled and promised to be back shortly.

"Poor thing." Harry heard Ginny say sarcastically to Hermione behind his back as he headed out of the room. Harry opened a bottle of water and drank half of it standing there in the kitchen. He grabbed a bunch of them to take back with him and he swore briefly as he dropped one on his own foot.

After hopping around a little, he remembered he was a wizard and used his wand to bring them back with him.

When he returned to the Nest he found Luna now rubbing Hermione's feet and his wife pressed close with Hermione and kissing her every now and then between low spoken words on the side of her neck.

Hermione's eyes were closed and she seemed very pleased.

"It's like that is it?" Harry asked as he directed the bottles of water to a nearby table.

Ginny and Hermione looked at him, smirking.

"Feeling left out?" Ginny teased.

"And if I am?" Harry retorted.
“I suppose you’ll have to do something about it then won’t you.” She shot back.

Smiling now himself Harry spoke to Luna.

“Luna, could you put your mouth over my wife's to stop her talking. I have something to discuss with the Minister.” He said.

As Luna got up and into Ginny’s lap, Harry heard Ginny laugh before her mouth was covered by Luna's.

Judging by the way Ginny easily began to kiss her, she didn't mind being silenced all that much.

Harry walked over to sit back down next Hermione and he pulled her to sit sideways over his own lap, mirroring Ginny and Luna.

Hermione let her arms go around his neck as their lips met.

Harry let his own hands run over her sides and rest on her narrow waist, his thumbs occasionally rubbing back of forth, his trousers were becoming tight.

He knew Hermione could feel this but she didn't seem inclined to move just yet.

“Get undressed, Luna” He heard Ginny say and both he and Hermione broke their kiss to watch.

Luna stood and began loosen her dress, slowly it slid down to pool around her feet leaving her completely naked before them.

Her firm breasts and tiny pink nipples rising and falling slightly as she caught her breath from the kiss she and Ginny had shared.

“Turn around.” Ginny said and Luna complied immediately. “Now bend over.” and they all watched as Luna reached down to touch her hands to the strips of leather around her ankles.

Luna's slightly parted feet allowing them a lovely view of a ghost white skin and the pink flesh that was exposed.

“Good girl.” Ginny murmured almost to herself.

Harry felt Hermione's hand pulling the buttons of his shirt and he leaned back to allow her to unbutton him more easily. Ginny had gotten up and walked around behind him, leaving Luna as she was, exposed and awaiting any of them.

As Hermione got his last button undone Harry felt his wife tugging his shirt up. He raised his arms to allow her to take it from him and at the same time Hermione's hands ran over his bare chest.

Her hands ran up and out, to run over his shoulders and back down to glide over his flat stomach, he heard the sound of rustling clothes behind him.

Hermione's lips pressed against his chest a few times before making their way up to his neck. She shifted and set her legs at either side to straddle him, his hands easily finding their way back to her waist as their lips met once more.

A few seconds later he heard a slap and a small gasp, one eye opened to see his wife, now as naked as Luna, sitting back down.

There was a single red hand print forming on Luna's pale rear.

It wasn't long before his own hands began the process of taking off Hermione's dress.
He has only having moderate success as his lips were still locked with hers and their tongues tasting one another before she helped move things along and pulled away. Hermione stood up and pulled the entire thing off over her head.

Her dress was forgotten on the floor by the time she returned to his lap in only her underwear. Though his eyes had barely had chance to take her in, his hands soon found their way to her smooth skin. Her back, her legs and her narrow waist again, he heard sounds and saw Luna still holding her position and his wife's face pressed at the apex of Luna's legs from behind.

Their breathing was heavy and the sounds were still pitched low, it inflamed Harry and he found himself unclasping Hermione's bra and pushing it up so his mouth could claim one of the nipples of her small breasts. The sound Hermione made only made his mouth work harder, his tongue move more. She shifted slightly and Harry knew she was throwing her bra away, the brief pulling away was ended as Harry's hands slid down to take a firm grip on her small behind and he pull her roughly back against him.

She melted onto him, Harry knew that her loved when he touched her bottom. Ginny usually preferred to play with someone else's rear but didn't mind having her own played with, and Luna enjoyed all the attention she was given by them.

It was Hermione's favourite thing though, she loved to have her behind played with and Harry was more than willing to do it and more. His hands slid up and back down this time on the inside of the soft material he had felt at the Burrow. Harry made sure his fingers were deep between her cheeks, the tips almost touching that puckered hole she loved to be played with so much.

The rest of his palms closed on her arse, pulling her hips against his.

By this point his cock was throbbing, it was so hard and painfully constricted in his trousers and he was almost relieved when he felt Ginny's hand in his hair pulling apart his and Hermione's kiss.

"Now I'm feeling left out." She said teasingly and Harry decided to make use of the interruption to free himself from his trousers.

He stood up, taking Hermione with him before setting her down on his wife, they began to play with each other as Harry moved around to stand in front of Luna, who Ginny had left in the same position.

"Undress me." He said to her and bent back upright, only to sink to her knees in front of him, deftly unbuttoning and unzipping his trousers. She pulled them down to his feet along with his boxers and his hard cock was free and standing up.

He stepped out of the pool of material at his feet and as Luna began to reach for it and fold them, Harry swept his foot across them and kicked them side. He reached over to grab Luna's braid, taking control of her head, her mouth was already open for him as his other guided the pre-cum covered tip between her lips.

He kept the broad head of his cock in her mouth and remained still for a moment as Luna's mouth sucked and her tongue ran frantically over it. She always seemed to adore doing this, the taste of him in this state seemed to give her a particular delight. He could hear the moaning sound that came from her mouth, both with his ears and feel it through
the hard length that was partially inside her.
A delightful thrum of vibration that Luna seemed unable to stifle.

After she had took her small pleasure he let his hips move so her mouth could take him more fully. He looked away from her to watch his wife and Hermione. Hermione's underwear was now completely gone and Harry didn't know where. Ginny was led back on the sofa and Hermione's smaller frame atop of her. They were body to body their tongues tasting each others and their hands roaming over as much smooth skin as they could reach.

Luna's skin was a pure ghostly white, almost unnatural and while Ginnys wasn't quite as ghostly she had freckles on her beautiful skin. Hermione though had the kind of skin that looked like she had once had a good tan from spending time abroad but it faded with time, covered up and hidden away. Hermione looked almost olive skinned but Harry knew it was contrasts between her the much paler ladies.

He watched as Hermione shifted herself onto the floor and onto her knees, his wife opening her legs and resting herself back into the sofa. Harry briefly caught a glimpse of his wife's arousal glistening between her thighs before the view was blocked by Hermione. Harry watched as Ginny's hands went into Hermione's hair, her fingers running through her locks ever so gently.

He pulled himself from Luna's pretty mouth and pressed her lips to his heavy swollen balls, she immediately gave them her full attention.

He watched Ginny's face, her eyes closed and her head toss a little from side to side. He could see that little flex of muscle on her jaw that told him she was gritting her teeth because she was very close to release.

She was shot with lightning and her hips bucked, though Harry saw while Ginny would have pinned Luna's face between her legs, his wife's hands were now clawing into the sofa at her sides. Hermione kept her head between her legs though, her mouth still sucking and licking his wife's pussy throughout her climax until Ginny went limp and flopped slightly to one side.

Hermione climbed back up and lay over Ginny kissing her tenderly as her ragged breathing caught up with her. By the time Ginny had come back down they had returned to their original position on Hermione laying over her down the length of the sofa.

Harry told Luna to stand and he led her over to the arm of the couch. He bent her over it, his hand still holding her head by the thick braid.

“Come closer.” He said over her head and both Hermione and Ginny looked to him.

Ginny realized what he wanted first and shuffled herself closer to him, Hermione on top of her. Ginny's arms went around her and pulled Hermione's down against her own, just right for him to push Luna's head down.

When he saw Hermione's back arch and her bottom push up a little he knew that Luna's tongue had found it's mark between Hermione's cheeks. He saw Ginny's hands slide down to spread them and he pulled his attention back to the part of Luna that was pressed firmly against his cock. Holding himself in one hand around the shaft he placed the tip of his cock to Luna's soaking pussy and slid into her, feeling she was ready for him his hips moved to meet her skin.

He watched as Hermione lay over Ginny, kissing her passionately occasionally pulling their lips
apart as an involuntary gasp came upon her and her back arched into uncontrollably back into Luna. He enjoyed the feeling of his dick sliding home over and over into Luna as much as he enjoyed the muffled sounds coming from both Luna and Hermione's mouths. It spurred him forward to thrust harder and faster, more and more, he kept fucking Luna's tight pussy until he felt her body spasm and heard the not quite scream leave her throat. Her body seemed to roll and clench for what felt like an age before she was left bend over the arm of the sofa, limp and trembling.

He pulled himself out of her and let his length slide between her white ass cheeks almost idly while he collected himself. He didn't want to release too soon, he knew where he wanted to finish first. He knew where he wanted to finish second too.

Seeing Luna's state, Ginny had pulled herself out from under Hermione and gone to her knees for her as Hermione had done for her earlier. Harry just watched from his position. Hermione lasted all of a minute before she was screaming her own release from his wife's mouth.

When Hermione's small frame was a limp as Luna's, he moved. He put a hand on Ginny's shoulder and got her to stand before he pushed her back to sit between Hermione's legs. Her back to Hermione's front and her leg's open wide for him. Sinking down he slid easily into Ginny who let out a long moan, Harry let his lips meet Hermione's just above her while Ginny's own lips went to his neck. He could feel Hermione's hands running over his wife from behind as Ginny's own hands reached for Harry backside. He kept his rhythm steady not wanting this to be over so quickly, before long he had reached down to pull Ginny up higher against Hermione and the two of them were kissing either side of Ginny's neck. Harry knew he was close. Seconds later he bit down on Ginny's neck and the way her body reacted he knew she was about to cum. His thick cock pumping in and out of her, his hips crashing into hers hard, Hermione's hands still roaming wherever they could reach on Ginny, it was too much for her and him.

His started spilling his hot cum into her pussy a couple of seconds after her arms had shot up to wrap around him at the same time her legs had done the same. She clung against him keeping him as deep inside as she could manage while her hips spasmodically jerked against him. She half screamed and half growled into his shoulder and when her head fell back and she was gasping, he let his teeth come away from her neck. Soft kisses replaced them and Ginny made small contented sounds. He moved slightly to one side with Ginny still clinging to him like a monkey and let her rest back against the sofa. He took the place to the other side of Hermione, his lap right where Luna's face was. He pushed her down slightly and her tongue began to bathe his cock gently. Almost a minute went by with them all recovering when Hermione reached over to take a hold of his semi-hard cock. He watched as she directed it to Luna's mouth and saw as she obediently took him into her again while Hermione kept hold of it. Soon enough he felt himself becoming hard again in Hermione's small hand. He pulled Luna away from him and pointed over to where Ginny lay back against the sofa, one leg
folded at the knee.

“There now.” Harry said and Luna unfolded herself from over the arm of the sofa, dropped to her knees and began to taste his seed from his wife's pussy.
His attention wasn't held long though as Hermione's small hand began to run up and down his cock, he leaned over to kiss her before pulling back to say.

“Carry on like that and I think I'm going to have to take you up to the bedroom.” He said.

She leaned forwards to plant a soft kiss on his lips and replied. “I hope so.”

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Friday Night, Continued

Chapter Summary

Here be anal sex and fluff.

Shortly after Hermione's words and a few gulps of water all around, both Harry and her had headed up to his and Ginny's bedroom.

Both of them completely naked had walked hand in hand, leaving Luna at the mercy of Ginny in the Nest. Harry knew she didn't mind.

Sometimes it had been Ginny and Hermione leaving him with Luna or the lot of them going together. Hermione opened the bedroom door and flicked the light switch on, Harry watched her small body turn around to walk backwards towards the large bed. She gave him a small excited smile and jumped backwards onto the soft sheets, Harry couldn't help but smile back.

His heel kicked the door shut behind him as he strode over to the bed.

Harry crawled over the bed as Hermione scooted back some, he caught up and found himself over her, he leaned down to kiss her and her arms went around his neck. They remained like this for a time before his legs had found their way in from her sides to between her legs. He let his weight settle down on her, the shaft of his hard cock pressing against her wet pussy.

Their kiss deepened and his hands began to roam up and down her tight thighs.

The was nothing but the sounds of the heavy breathing and the occasional sound of their lips in the room. When her hips began to rock herself over him, he broke the kiss and began to work his way down her slender body. Her neck first, then down to her small breasts, paying attention to each nipple then working from between her breasts over her flat stomach. When his head reached that sweet spot at the apex of her legs he pulled back, his hands going to the insides of her thighs and pushing them open wide for him.

He kept his hands holding her there before he lowered his mouth down to push his tongue deep into her, his tongue dragged upwards until he could settle his lips around that tight bundle of nerves. Her hands shot to his hair as she let out a long relaxed moan of pleasure.

He let his tongue swirl around her before moving lower to take a taste from inside her again. She always tasted so sweet and he loved the way her body reacted. His hands had to stay on her thighs keeping her wide open for him and he felt her occasionally trying to close them, as if to trap his face, the source of her pleasure, against her core and keep him there,
but he held her firmly.
He took his time enjoying the sounds she released and the involuntary movements he caused her body to make.

When she was panting loudly, he pulled back and knelt back against his own feet looking down at her.

“Turn over.” He told her and she did.
She flipped herself over onto her front and Harry could see her toes curl a couple of time in anticipation.
He moved over her lower half again and kissed his way up the backs of her thighs, he let his hands slowly follow his lips before letting them eventually overtake.
His thumbs ran up between her buttocks and spread them wide as the rest of his palms covered them.
He held her spread open, her small anus in view.

He waited.

She pressed her bum up against his hands wanting more but he just kept her there. Squirming a little, he waited until he heard a small “Please.” come from her lips and he smiled to himself.

His tongue ran over her once, slowly and Harry felt her shiver.
Again his tongue ran over her but paused right where she wanted it. He felt her try to push against him but his hands held her down.

“Please.” Hermione begged again and he obliged.

His tongue danced and pressed between her buttocks and her body squirmed all the more for it.
He brought a thumb up and pressed against her, his finger of the same hand against her wet folds.
His other hand was only lightly holding her now so when she pushed back, she sighed in pleasure at being able to press harder back into him, her body being able to move as it wanted more.

“Hold still.” He told her and moved over the bed. He reached to a bedside table and opened one of the drawers.
After throwing the first thing to the other side of the bed, he reached back in.
Now he pulled from it a small bottle the colour of pearl, that had no labels on it.
Returning to his former place he pulled free the corked top, and turned the bottle upside down only his thumb covering the opening and stopping the contents from spilling out.
Taking the bottle in his other hand he let the thumb press where his tongue had been not a moment before and began to rub slowly.
He enjoyed the way her back arched as she eagerly gave him access. There was a spell Harry knew that would produce a thick liquid like the one in the pearl bottle, but the liquid in the bottle was much better.
It had an aphrodisiac quality to it, there were things in it besides the thick base liquid that lubricated, things that would heighten Hermione's pleasure.
It had been Hermione in fact that had recommended this particular brand, from a very special shop.

You had to know what to ask for as the bottle itself didn't have a label.

He set the bottle down a moment and took hold of Hermione's hands, which were to either side of her hips grasping at the sheets for something that wasn't there. He set her hands down on her rear and
she held herself open for him.
Picking up the bottle again, he let a small amount spill from the open neck and directly onto the tiny hole between her cheeks.
He replaced the cork and set it aside.

He ran his thumb back over her, then a finger.
He slowly worked the finger into her anus, taking his time about it, just enjoying her reacting to him.
This was not the first time they had done this and Harry knew she would love nothing more than for him to bury his cock as deep into her as he could right now, but there was a pleasure in her slow torment.
He knew that she knew, the only way she would get what she wanted was to submit herself to his will and let him do things in his own time.

This pleased Harry.

Slowly, he had another finger inside her and by this time, his other hand was slowly sinking two fingers into her pussy at the same time. He would occasionally curl those fingers to push against that sensitive spot inside her.
Pulling his lubricated fingers from her he reached back onto the bed, blindly searching before his hand settled over a smooth, hard object.
He let his wet fingers run over the small plug before it set the tip of it against her glistening hole.
Slowly, ever so slowly he applied pressure.
Too slowly for her liking by the way she pushed back against it, but finally it was in and she closed back around it.
Harry heard the deep exhalation of air come from her mouth.
He spent some time pulling on it, not quite enough for it to be in danger of coming out, then letting it sink back into her.
He would let his thumb run over the exposed end to let it move inside her.
Her hips and back moved with his movements to keep the most pressure on herself as she could manage. When he thought she was ready he slowly pulled the toy from her before sinking back in, he did this over and over, her irregular breathing and gasps were like music to his ears.

Unable to go without taking his own pleasure from her any longer, he moved back, leaving the plug inside her.
“Come up on your knees.” He said.

She pushed herself onto all fours to shift herself, before lowering her top half back down, keeping herself arched and open for him.

Harry didn't want to wait any longer, he pressed the head of his cock against her small pussy and using his hips he let himself slowly press into her until he could go no further.

“Oh Harry...” Hermione half moaned and half pleaded, she was trembling.

He savoured the moment before he let himself move again.
Working himself deep into her and sliding almost completely back out of her.
He kept his hips moving steadily, enjoying the sounds she made.
One hand on one of her buttocks and the other tugging, pushing and moving the exposed end of the plug that was inside her.
Occasionally he would stop himself, completely inside her and pull the toy from here before pushing it back in, the small noises that came from her throat almost sent Harry over the edge. Before long he felt her hips begin to shift more and more and her thighs began to tremble, he picked up his pace and
let his hand move over the toy more roughly. Before she lost control of her body a small high pitched sound managed to escape her lips, but she was too far gone to let the rest of it out.

She buckled and fell forwards down against the bed and he followed letting his hips ride up hard and sporadically as she rode through the waves of pleasure that had seized her before her tightness expelled him from inside her. Harry felt the familiar gush of liquid come out with him, it wasn't much, but it happened every time she came from penetration.

He let her find herself again while he hovered over her, he let his lips dance over the side and back of her neck. Harry sat back up, straddling the backs of her thighs and returned his attention to the small plug, he toyed with it a while, taking his time and letting her recover before he eventually took it from her completely.

Hermione was still laying down completely flat against the bed, he lay himself over here and let the shaft of his still hard cock nestle where she wanted it. His lips returned to her again and he let himself rock on her, it was not long as all before she was matching his movements.

“Harry.” She managed to gasp out and he pulled back up.

He reached down to move one of her hands beneath herself, so her hand could reach between her own legs. Shifting his position and balance, holding himself over her awkwardly for the moment he pressed the broad head of his cock against her anus. It was both his gentle pressure and her insistently pushing herself back against him that let the head of his cock eventually press into her. They both froze for a moment just enjoying what they had before he slowly let himself push into her more.

He could feel the movements of her hand, toying with herself as he let himself move back and forwards partially in and out of her.

Soon enough though, she was pushing herself back onto him more than he was pressing down into her, so he let himself lower from his awkward position to come to rest fully over her small frame. At the same time he sank his cock completely into the place she loved him to be so much.

His mouth let out a small groan to match hers as it was pressed against her neck, almost behind her ear. They both shifted and moved themselves, keeping him inside her the utmost, grinding their bodies making himself shift around inside her. She made small whimpering sounds and deep guttural ones that came from her throat. He took a hold of her free hand and held it in one of his larger ones, her open lips where gasping against the side of his wrist as it held her only free hand down against the pillow beside her own head. He finally let himself begin to truly slide in and out of her, his weight keeping her pinned down against the bed he took his pleasure from her. He knew he wouldn't last much longer at this but he also knew that Hermione wouldn't last many more seconds. As she bit his hand and screamed her climax he finally let his hips press down hard, keeping himself completely sheathed inside her small backside as he spilled deep inside her.

Minutes went by with him still inside her, spent.

They both breathed as if they had run a marathon, her into the pillow and against his hand, him onto
her neck and into her hair. He gave her small kisses, unable to do much more to show his satisfaction with her but eventually she let out a satisfied groan as he pulled himself from her. He lay down on his side, his arm around her just being together for a while.

She briefly excused herself to use the en-suit before returning to lay her head on Harry's chest. One of her slender smooth legs was resting over his, his arm over and around her. Her foot only reaching to his ankle was cold from her brief trip but he didn't mind, it would warm up soon enough.

She felt a sleep like that while Harry dozed, relaxed.

It was late when Ginny quietly entered the bedroom, she was as nude as they were. She looked a little tired but satisfied. She flicked the light switch off which neither Harry nor Hermione had had the energy or will to do and padded her way over to the bed.

She slid under the covers at Harry's other side and her cool skin pressed up to his.

“You ok?” Harry asked, his voice low and quiet.

“Yeah.” She whispered back to him, like him, she was trying not to wake Hermione.

“Luna?” Harry asked as Ginny found a comfortable position that matched Hermione's almost exactly.

“I put her to bed.” Ginny said. “I think we'll all sleep in in the morning, at least for a little while.” Planting a small kiss on Harry's chest, she whispered.

“Night.” Against his skin.

“G'night” He managed to get out, now feeling he was able to sleep fully he let himself drift off, completely content.

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Harry was awakened by the sound of stifled giggling.

He knew some kind of small noise had come out of his throat but he didn't know what.

He opened his eyes to find his wife and Hermione both still under his arms looking up at him from his chest. Hermione's cheeks were red but they were both trying not to laugh at something.

“What's so funny?” He asked, his voice rough as a man's sometimes is when he speaks before truly waking himself up.

“You looked like you were dead, I was just telling Hermione I think she might have shagged the life out of you life night.” Said Ginny as she and Hermione both tried and failed to keep from laughing. It was him who was so funny apparently.
“I thought if anything, he might have shagged the life out of me last night” The words seemed to fall out of Hermione's mouth against her will and she buried her face into his chest in embarrassment as Ginny laughed at her in surprise.

When Ginny managed to somehow snort during her laughter it set the rest of them off, when they'd managed to stop laughing Harry asked what time it was.
He couldn't check his watch as it was currently attached the the arm trapped by Ginny.

“Some time after half ten.” Hermione answered him.

“How long have you two been awake?” He asked.

“Long enough to have breakfast on the way.” Ginny said

“I knew I married you for some reason.” He said in a musing tone then balked slightly as he felt a nip on his side from Ginny's general area.

“Best decision I ever made.” He continued quickly and it was with amused looks of the girls faces that the door opened quietly and Luna entered, wand out and a few trays floating behind her.

As the three of them sat up against the cushioned backboard of the bed and settled the trays down on their laps, Hermione invited Luna to lay on the bed with them.

She scooted over and had Luna sitting next to her, despite being dressed with a blanket covering her up to her lap. Her tray was half on her own leg and half on Luna's.

As Hermione and Ginny talked, Harry wolfed down his sausage sandwich but drank his tea at a slower pace.

Hermione would occasionally turn to Luna stroking her hair or to give her a little kiss on the cheek. This used to annoy Harry because he had thought that Hermione did things like this because she thought he or Ginny treated Luna badly, but he came to realise after a conversation with Ginny in private that it was just her being affectionate after a night of passion.

It was just how she was.

All the trays were stacked by the door, by Luna and the use of her wand.

Both Ginny and Hermione were talking to each other over his chest again while he occasionally moved his cup of tea out of the way of a gesturing arm.
He managed to drink it though before getting Luna to float it over to the rest of the things on the tray.

Ginny laughed at Hermione as she had just confessed that her bottom was a little sore, to which Luna had chimed in that she wasn't sure Ginny had left her with anything but two red globes where her bottom used to, be but her mistress had left her with a smile on her face afterwards though.
Ginny looked as satisfied at that, almost as much as it seemed to please Luna.

However the time came when Hermione said she had to leave, she told them that when Ron returned home they were both going to visit the Burrow.
The relationship between the two of them was, at this point and after much anger, heartbreak and eventually discussion, almost close to something like friendship between them. It wasn't what it used to be, how could it be?
But it was at least something that allowed them to keep up appearances for the many reasons they had to, and without either of them being hurt or angry about it.
It was selfish Harry knew, but during the worst of it, he had wanted nothing more than to hex the both of them and hide away from it all but well, they were both his friends and both sides had, perhaps not equal hurt or blame, but valid points that couldn't be ignored.

When Hermione had dressed in her clothes, that Luna had managed to recover from the previous nights events, she and Ginny embraced for a while, parting with a kiss.

Hermione gave a shorter but no less happy one to Luna before managing to climb over and into the middle of the messed up bedding, in which Harry resided in and gave him a tender kiss too. Harry returned it and hugged her tightly, telling her he see her soon and that he'd probably see Ron too at some point while he was back home.

Luna walked out of the bedroom with her, trays floating behind them and faintly, Harry heard a snapping sound outside as Hermione disapparated.
It was Sunday, just after midday when Harry appeared in Diagon Alley.

He was dressed in a suit, as was his usual appearance these days, though as he wasn't at work he had foregone the tie.

There had been a time when he had rather have worn a pair of jeans and any old thing that managed to cover his top half, but he had been cornered by both his wife and Hermione.

Somehow by the end of it they had gotten him to agree that being Head of the Auror Department, he should probably be seen to look a little more respectable.

After months of being frustrated in the ill-fitting suits he had bought, he had finally given up, walked into Gringotts and back out with pockets full of gold, and had some very fine suits tailor made for himself.

He had been very self-conscious at first, but the feeling of well fitting clothing and the good fabric had put him at ease to the point that he was now used to the feeling of wearing one.

Rather than heading further into Diagon Alley he turned around and headed out of it and through to The Leaky Cauldron.

Waving briefly to the innkeeper, he looked over the heads and eventually spotted a familiar redheaded man, sitting by himself at a table.

Ron noticed Harry too and stood up as he drew near.

They clasped hands and patted each other on the back.

“It's good to see you, mate.” Ron told him as they both took their seats.

“You too.” Harry told him truthfully. “How are things at Hogwarts?” He asked and no matter how much time went by, Harry still found himself wanting to hear every single thing about Hogwarts. Ron, who taught there as the Defence Against the Dark arts teacher, was squarely in the middle of everything that happened there.

“They're good mate, yeah.” Ron began, “Neville said to say hi and that he hopes you and Ginny are well.”

“Tell him I said hello when you go back.” Harry said.

“You trying to get rid of me already?” Ron asked in a falsely injured tone.

“You?” Harry snorted. “I'd have better luck cursing that old witch's portrait out of Grimmauld Place!” Harry told him and they both laughed.
“Pint and something to eat?” Ron asked, indicating the bar.

“Might as well, we're already here aren't we?” Harry replied, they both made their way over to the bar, ordered some food and returned back to the table with a drink each.

Ron with a pint of some kind of cider and Harry with a glass of firewhisky.

“You still not decided what to do with Grimmauld Place?” Ron asked after taking a sip of his drink.

“You've got a moustache.” Harry told him pointing to his own lip. “And no, I've moved anything that belonged to Sirius into a vault at Gringotts, the rest of the Black Family stuff is packed up in the attic. I binned pretty much everything else.” Harry took a sip of his drink and felt it burn down his throat pleasantly, then set it back down before continuing.

“I thought about selling the place but no one would buy it with that old hag on the wall.” He told Ron.

“Why don't you rip the wall she's stuck on out and bin them both?” Ron asked.

“I thought about that too but I don't know, I just don't feel right selling the place, it feels like...” Harry’s words died off.

“Like you'd be selling off Sirius too?” Ron asked and Harry nodded, they both took another drink.

A moment or two went by, each in their own thoughts.

“Well.” Said Ron. “You've plenty in the bank, you and Ginny have big nice house and you've both got a steady stream of gold coming in.” He told Harry “Why go through all the bother of selling the place when you don't need to. The place isn't going anywhere.”

“Exactly.” Harry agreed.

They both sat back in their seats as their food arrived. A thick soup and bread for Harry and a large plate of fish and chips for Ron. Harry thought Ron's food looked surprisingly good, though he'd noticed that nowhere on the chalkboard menus behind the bar had there been any mention of just what kind of fish it was.

Harry tasted his soup and mildly surprised again, found it was pretty good.

They both dug into their meals.

Ron was done and Harry very nearly so when Ron pointed out that Harry had accidentally dipped the end of his sleeve into his soup at some point.

Harry began to curse looking at it, Ron just laughed but pulled his wand out before Harry could.

The next instant the end of his sleeve was a pristine white again.

“You've gotten better at that.” Harry said to Ron, “You been practising?”

“Mate, you wouldn't believe the amount of times one of the students spills something.” Ron told him
sounding a little exasperated. As Harry grinned Ron continued, “There is no way we were that messy when we were students.” He claimed.

“You're starting to sound like old Filch.” Harry said to Ron.

“Bugger off!” Ron said offended. “Name me one time we were as messy as the students are nowadays?” Ron challenged.

“Well there was that one time in the last year when we you know... Had a battle and wrecked almost everything?” Harry said casually.

Ron frowned and nodded. “Yeah you're right, we made a bit of a mess didn't we?”

They both laughed, clinked their glasses and finished their drinks.

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It was an hour or so later after another drink each when the two of them walked back out into Diagon Alley.

Harry kept his pace a little slower than usual so Ron could keep up with him, his limp was not as bad as it had been but Harry knew it wouldn't get any better.

They were heading to get themselves a cup of coffee and to sit out in the sun for a while.

A few minutes later they both took their seats, cups in hand, when Ron asked.

“So how is Hermione?” His voice was casual, but Harry knew he wanted a proper answer.

“She's alright, I thought you we're both supposed to be going to your mum's yesterday? Haven't you spoken to her?” Harry asked.

“Yes we did, we did, it's just...” Ron said. “We don't really talk about to each other about feelings you know?”

Both he and Ron sipped before Ron continued.

“I'll ask if she's alright, she'll say she is but that's about it.” Ron told him.

“Did she sound upset?” Harry asked.

“No, nothing like that, it's just I don't think she'd tell me if she was and after everything...” Ron trailed off.

“Ah,” Harry said. “I think you're both to the point now where if she had a problem then she'd probably tell you.”

Ron thought about that for a moment then nodded.

“You're probably right.” Ron said but didn't sound so sure though.

“Ron, I'd tell you if I thought something was up.” Harry said to him but Harry could tell that the old guilt was creeping up on him so spoke again.

“I've told you both enough times already that you're both in a crap situation, and granted, if you'd
known what you do now before you'd gotten married, it would have been a bit better, but you didn't, it's not your fault, it's not Hermione's fault. It just is what it is.”

Ron was a worrier and he always had been. 
At the time he'd dreaded even telling Harry that he was gay.

Harry hadn't cared about that though, had he been surprised?

Yes, without a doubt.

But it didn't change the fact that Ron was his best friend.

Harry had been more concerned with what it meant for Ron and Hermione, what it meant for the entire Weasley family and he'd cared about what it meant to Ron personally.

Ron was looking at Harry intently now.

“I'm telling you, mate.” Harry said. “You're both bound to dwell on it from time to time and until you both decide it's finally time to get things out in the open, you're both fully capable of discussing it with each other until then.”

Harry took another quick sip of his coffee.

“I know you both know that, and Hermione knows you're going to worry about it.” Harry said “But she's always been sensible, she'd talk to you if she needed to tell you something. She's not angry with you Ron, it's been three years, no one can stay angry for that long.”

Draining the last of his coffee, he set his cup down.

“You don't need to worry Ron, you know that if you have something to tell her then she'll hear you out without biting your head off.”

Ron had been nodding along and Harry was glad to see him looking more like his old self.

“Yeah, you're right.” Ron said then with more conviction. “You're right, mate.” Ron upended his own cup then set it down. “Sorry for being a miserable git.” He said to Harry.

“You've been a miserable git since I first met you.” Harry told him with a smirk. “I didn't expect you to suddenly change now.”

“Sod off.” Ron fired back but they were both smiling.

Harry and Ron talked a while longer before the two of them headed to a few shops. Somehow the idea of Harry going to have dinner at the Burrow had come up and he had agreed.

They had both paused between shops while Harry had sent a patronus charm to Ginny letting her know.
A few minutes later a silvery white horse appeared briefly, from which his wife's voice could be heard.

‘Alright, don't get too drunk you two. I'll see you when you get home, Harry.'
Then it was gone.

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When he and Ron arrived at the Burrow they came baring gifts. Ron had bought Mrs Weasley some Humbugs and some Green Apple Strips. Harry had brought her a bottle of wine and some Caramel Cobwebs, though he'd also bought Mr Weasley an expensive bottle brandy.

There was always a mild apprehension in the back of Harry's head that one day, he would show up unannounced to the Burrow and be turned away, but as every other time he was wrong. He had been greeted with literal open arms by his in-laws, well by Mrs Weasley at least, him and Mr Weasley had simply shaken hands.

Mrs Weasley began cooking while he and Ron sat with Mr Weasley.

Their conversation was relaxed, Mrs Weasley's cooking was excellent and all in all it was a good night. He felt almost spoiled at having eaten at Mrs Weasley's table twice so recently. There had been one point when Mrs Weasley had asked why Ron wasn't home with Hermione and Harry's heart just about stopped in his chest.

Whatever else they had predicted would happen if Ron and Hermione's secrets came out, they had all agreed that Mrs Weasley would most likely be furious that Ron had lied to her about him and Hermione. Harry didn't think for even one second that Ron's sexuality would be an issue for anyone in his family, it would be the fallout that caused problems. It was one of the reasons that they kept up the facade.

Ron managed to push through it quickly pointing out that he isn't just home to visit Hermione and that he had other family too, he'd then given her George and Verity's greetings from when they had stopped by Weasley Wizards Wheezes while in Diagon Alley and Mrs Weasley had been distracted enough by this to move on with the conversation.

He'd said goodbye to Ron and they'd both promised to keep writing to each other and that whoever happened to be nearby the other one first had better come visit.

Ron had headed back to Hermione's while Harry head back to his own house.
You'd better bloody show up!

Chapter Summary

Ye be warned, drama ahead.
(no sex here)
I'm not writing anymore tonight so you'll have to wait for the next chapters.

It wasn't until the next day as Harry sat in his office in the Ministry of Magic that Harry thought there might be something wrong.

Earlier that morning, he hadn't taken any notice of Helstia Wiggins, Hermione's assistant, looking a little lost as he had walked by her.
Had he been paying attention, he might have even overheard her telling the two smartly dressed wizards that the Minister for Magic is unwell and had not been able to come into work today.
Harry had walked by, completely ignoring her telling them that she would be happy to reschedule their meetings for a later date.

Even when a letter arrived for him around midday that was addressed to him in his wife's handwriting, he still hadn't cottoned on, despite this being very unusual. He had left after breakfast and she hadn't seemed to have anything very important to tell him.

As Harry read the letter, his face got paler.

_Harry you bloody idiot, what have you done? _
_Hermione came around this morning, crying her eyes out! _
_She said that Ron had spoken to you and you'd convinced him that it would be a good idea if he let the family know about his and Hermione's arrangement. _
_I swear by Merlin's beard that if he does it I'm going to bloody kill you! _

_You had better get your arse home, RIGHT BLOODY NOW! _

Harry's mind froze over and he wasn't sure how long he sat there dumbstruck before his mind became moving again.
What the bloody hell had happened?
He thought back over the conversations he'd had with Ron in Diagon Alley but the only time they had even touched on something related was outside when they had coffee.
And he certainly had not told Ron to bloody well confess all!

If Ginny didn't kill him, he'd throttle Ron.

Standing up and looking around his desk, he decided that there was nothing he couldn't leave here. Harry shoved the letter into his inside pocket and headed out of his office.
He would disapparate just as soon as he was outside of the boundary of the Auror Department.
Like Hogwarts, although for reasons of secrecy and on a much smaller scale, you couldn't apparate or disapparate into or out of the Auror Department.
Turning the corner where he'd almost bumped into Hermione just a few days previously, he focused his will and left the Ministry of Magic.

As he arrived home he called out.

“GINNY!” And his voice echoed throughout the house.

“She's in your bedroom with Hermione, Harry.” Said Luna coming out from an open doorway, as he took off up the stairs he heard Ginny call something in answer to his voice, although he couldn't tell what she had said.

He flung the bedroom door open to find Hermione sitting on his and Ginny's bed, her eyes red and puffy and her hair a little wild, like it used to be when they were at Hogwarts.

Ginny was perched next to her, her arm around Hermione's shoulders, she shot Harry a look so dangerous that he almost started to reach for his wand to deflect it.

“What the hell has happened?” Harry asked a little out of breath.

Ginny then released a string of obscenities at him that were so foul, that they would have been enough to make even Mad-Eye Moody blush.

Between this, she somehow managed to throw out a few phrases that didn't blister Harry ears, he even managed to hear a few of them.

'--hell did you say to him-' and '-you lost your mind!' then '-bloody explain yourself!'

“Stop!” Harry shouted and Ginny paused, he didn't know whether he was his shout or if she was simply taking in his air to continue her tirade, but he dove into the silence while he had the chance to get a word in.

“I only talked to Ron about Hermione one time in Diagon Alley!” Harry exclaimed and he hurried to finish because had Ginny opened her mouth again. “It was a five minute conversation and a certainly did not tell him to tell the family!” He said pulling the letter from his pocket and holding it out as if it somehow proved something.

“Well what did you say?” Ginny demanded.

Harry took a seat on the on the small chair in front of Ginny's vanity.

“Let me think.” He said raising a hand for a moment while he collected his thoughts.

He then began to recount the conversation he had had with Ron while they had coffee, he did his best to remember word for word what he had said.

As Harry finished telling them about how he had said to Ron that Hermione wasn't angry with him his eyes went wide.

“Then I said 'You don't need to worry Ron, you know that if you have something to tell her then she'll hear you out without biting your head off.' then he got this strange look on his face...” Harry stand standing up. “I thought I'd stopped him from panicking not bloody convinced him to tell you something!” Harry finished, looking down at his hand he saw he still had Ginny's letter in his hand, he threw it to the floor and started to curse Ron almost as much as Ginny had cursed at him minute earlier.
He stopped abruptly and turned to Hermione, who had remained silent since he had entered the room.

“What did he say to you Hermione?” Harry asked her in a much calmer tone.

Taking in a shaky breath, Hermione spoke. “He said he thought it was time to tell the family about us...” She said. “Me and Ron that is.”

She wiped under her nose with one of the tissues that were littered around her.

“He said I've spoken to Harry today and I've been thinking about some things and I think it's time, Hermione.” She managed to get out. “Just the family and not about everything, and he said he didn't want to lie any more.”

Hermione began to cry again but Harry didn't dare reach to comfort her because Ginny had already moved back to her and there was still a glint in her eyes.

The weeping subsided slowly and Harry had to ask her what she had said to Ron about all of this, but this proved a bad idea as he only managed to get out a few garbled words which Harry took to mean she hadn't really said anything to him, she had been so shocked and upset. Apparently this had upset Ron and they had both spent the night away from each other and in the morning he was gone.

“I think he went back to Hogwarts, I talked to mum before to see if she'd gone mental but she was fine. I just told her to keep an eye out at home for an earring I'd lost.” Ginny told him.

Harry was conflicted.

On the one hand, he would be happy for Ron to finally stop living a lie, at least around family. Harry himself would be relieved not to have to go along with this and he was pretty sure the rest of them would too.

On the other hand he wanted to bloody throttle him. Something had to be done about this.

Hermione was in no condition to do something about it, and he was pretty sure that if he felt like throttling Ron then Ginny was in real danger of actually going through with it.

Which left only him.

Ideas swarmed his head, he examined each one before setting it aside. As Hermione began to settle again down the vaguest beginnings of a plan started to take shape in his head.

“I'll go talk to him.” Harry said. “I think I might have a way to to sort this all out.”

“How?” Hermione asked in a small voice.

“Give me a minute.” Harry stood up and began to pace the room, his thoughts turning over and over. He thought he could see a way through this but a lot of it depended on Ron and then on Hermione,
but first, he really needed to speak to Ron.

“Alright listen.” Harry said coming to a stop. “I've got an idea but before I tell you, I need to talk to Ron about it.”

Both Ginny and Hermione looked like they were about to raise objections but he spoke before either of them could get a word in.

“Look, I'm going to go see Ron. He's probably teaching a class right now but I'll get him to meet me in Hogsmeade tonight.” Harry told them. “I'll make sure he doesn't do anything stupid before I get a chance to talk to him.”

Harry met both his wife's and then Hermione's eyes and gave them a serious look.

“You're both just going to have to trust me on this, when I come back I'll tell you everything, OK?” He asked.

Ginny sighed but nodded and after a hesitation Hermione nodded too.

“I need to go write a letter to Ron, then I'm going to go to Hogsmeade.” Harry said.

“You'll be sat at Hogsmeade for hours.” Ginny pointed out.

“I know.” Harry said. “I need the time to think though.”

Harry gave them both a brief smile before he headed out to his office, which Hermione tried to weakly return but her eyes were far too worried.

In his office Harry wrote on a fresh piece of parchment.

Ron

I'm going to be waiting for you tonight at The Hog's Head.
I was seconds away from being strangled by your sister before she managed to calm down enough to listen to me.
I think you know why!
Don't say anything to anyone, I've got an idea that might be able to sort most of this out.

You'd better bloody show up!

Harry.

He scrawled an address on an envelope and sealed it shut.
He walked to the birdcage that was on a stand in the corner of his office, spoke to tawny owl inside it.

“Listen to me.” He said and began to attach the letter to it. “This is a very important letter, it's going to Ron Weasley at Hogwarts.”
Lifting the owl out of the cage, he held it firmly in both hands and disappeared.

Both him and the slightly upset owl arrived in Hogsmeade and Harry after a minute managed to calm the bird down.

“I want you to take this letter directly to him.” Harry spoke clearly. “Then you can go back home in your own time, OK?”

The owl didn't seem to want to kick up another fuss, which Harry took to mean that it understood him.
He let it loose and was relieved to see it heading in the right direction.

He let out a sigh and made his way to The Hog’s Head.

Harry was sitting in a dim corner nursing a drink in his palms.
He had been glad that Aberforth had not been behind the bar today. I needed this time to be alone and collect his thoughts.

Harry’s plan wasn't a very good one, he kept thinking through it and running into problems at every turn. Issues that would arise if he chose a certain plan, the impact it would have on both Ron and Hermione and the others around them.

For Hermione there were several issues.
He knew that the things she feared most were being pushed out of the family and on the flip-side of this, she feared the humiliation she would face if she stayed apart of it.
Harry understood this.
There was also her career to think about, she was the Minister for Magic and she would be under observation a lot more than someone else in this situation.

Then there was Ron.
While he'd made things a lot worse by marrying Hermione, he hadn't known or admitted to himself that he was making a mistake at the time.
Harry knew that Ron’s family wouldn't care he was gay but he also knew that Ron would always fear their rejection no matter how much he or Ginny tried to tell him otherwise.
He was staying away from his family and friends a lot more than he should have to because it was easier than having to spend time with Hermione while continuing to lie.

Harry came to the conclusion that his plan might be the only way to change things for the better, with the least amount of damage inflicted and he had to find out how much Ron and Hermione wanted things to change.
He needed to know just how much they were willing to face for a chance to make it through to the other side of all this.
Was their will and determination stronger than the fear they both had?

Would their desire to move away from their unhappiness be enough to let them face their fears?

He hoped so.

He truly did.

Sighing, Harry raised his glass to his lips and finished the drink.
He had been sitting, lost in his own thoughts for hours now, it wasn't until a robed Ron sat down in the booth with him that he managed to snap out of them.

“About time!” Harry growled.

“Look, I came as soon as I could.” Ron shot back at him. His voice just a low and annoyed as Harry's.

Sighing because he knew this would never work if they were both angry, he shook his head.

“Sorry, it's just-” Harry started. “It's been a hell of a day.”

He stood up.

“I'll get us a drink.” He told Ron and did just that.

Setting the drinks on the table he remained silent trying to figure out where to start.

“I'm sorry I made Ginny mad at you.” Ron offered and Harry smiled weakly.

“I think we're all stressed out over this.” Harry told him.

“You can say that again.” Ron replied and taking a sip of his drink.

As Harry tasted his own drink, Ron spoke.

“Look I know why your here, you've come to tell me not to do it-” Ron started.

“Ron.” Harry cut him off, setting his own drink down. “Look, I think I might have a way to get through this.”

“Your letter said...” Ron trailed off but he didn't look hopeful.

“Just, let me talk.” Harry said. “And if by the end of it you don't think it's at least worth a shot then you can talk this over with Hermione.”

Ron was silent.

“I know you don't want to keep doing this, but we both know there is going to be a real mess if you just blurt everything out. Just hear me out, OK?” Harry asked.

It took a couple of seconds but Ron finally nodded.

They leaned their heads close together, at first it was just Harry talking in a low but earnest voice after a while Ron joined him.

A few hours later they Ron had given Harry a hug outside The Hog's Head, thanked him and they had gone their separate ways.

Harry there one second and somewhere else the next.

Ron slowly walked with a bit of a limp, heading back in the direction of Hogwarts.
Chapter Summary

Warning: This chapter contains vague explanations, mild panic and the deployment of an emergency strategic massage.

Too much to put into one chapter, so it's split into two.

Writing the second part now.

Harry arrived home pretty late.

He ran back upstairs and to his bedroom, when he opened the room he saw Hermione's small frame curled almost into a ball on the bed. She looked to be asleep but the covers hid her face from his view so he couldn't be sure.

Ginny lay next to her although she lay on top of the covers rather than under them, wide awake.

“It's done.” Harry said a quietly, unsure if he would wake Hermione.

His words though provoked a reaction from her as her face rose out from behind the covers to let the calm light of the lamps bathe her skin.

“He's not going to say anything right now.” Harry said in a more normal volume. “We talked for a long time and I think we might be able to get through this.”

Harry took a seat on the bed, both Ginny and Hermione were sitting up and giving him their full attention.

“Now I'll tell you what I told Ron, listen to me, hear me out and if you don't think this has a chance of working then you and Ron can sort things out your own way.” Harry waited for Hermione to react.

Eventually, she nodded.

“Ok, I'll hear you out, Harry.” She told him.

Harry began to talk.

By the time he had finished, Hermione was crying but she had agreed.

The three of them spent the night together, Hermione nestled in between him and Ginny.
It was Friday.

Harry was sat in his office at the Ministry of Magic.

Tonight was the night.

Harry's plan would unfold tonight, providing neither Ron nor Hermione suddenly left the country and went into hiding, which Harry thought was a very real possibility.

The plan was both simple and very complicated.

It was loosely based on the old battle strategies, 'shock and awe' and 'divide and conquer'.

Harry's plan followed these four principles only well...

In Harry's plan they were mixed together.

Rather than 'shock and awe' or 'divide and conquer' it was closer to 'divide and shock', 'conquer and awe'.

Divide; separate the enemy- Uh that is... separate Mr and Mrs Weasley from the rest of the family.

They were the heads of the family and being honest with himself, he knew it was Mrs Weasley who needed to be taken to a safe location in case all this caused her to explode. Once they had them away from everyone else, they could have a private meeting.

That is where the next part of the plan comes into action.

Shock; they were going to reveal secrets that would definitely shock, and that's putting it mildly. The idea was to throw out some secrets like those muggle grenades that blind you with light. The hope was to pile them on top of each other one after another to overwhelm Mrs Weasley.

This had been one of the things that took the longest to talk over with both Ron and Hermione.

It had been decided that a few omissions of truth about a few things would be necessary if they had any hope of countering the thousands of objections that Mrs Weasley was sure to have.

By keeping certain private things from Mrs Weasley and the rest of the family they could hopefully avoid ruining lives by not letting things get out of control.

Conquer; this was one of the trickiest parts.

Both he and Ginny would be with Ron and Hermione throughout this, in hopes that they could lead things, mostly what Mrs Weasley reaction would be after she had been shocked so badly. They hoped to be able to help counter any objections in a reasonable manner or at the very least try to do some damage control until Mrs Weasley found her marbles again, because she was surly going to lose them.

They hoped to convince her to keep this strictly a family matter and convince her that keeping it a secret would be better than telling the world and likely ruining Hermione's career.

Awe; was simple.

Harry would be in awe if any of this bloody worked.
They had been waiting until today so that Ron could return from Hogwarts this evening. They would go to the Burrow tonight without telling anyone to catch Mr and Mrs Weasley alone. They had waited until today so that Ron would be able to stay the weekend down here rather than having to get back to Hogwarts.

That way they had the entire weekend for damage control if they needed it.

At first he'd been filled with nothing but dread.

He knew the the long wait would only make it worse in his head.

After Hermione had spent that night with him and Ginny, she had taken the next day off but then returned to work the one after. Harry suspected that she'd thrown herself into the work so that she didn't have the time to dwell on the upcoming confrontation.

The more Harry had thought about it though, the more convinced he had become that this was the right thing to do. This was not a problem that was going to go away and it was best to meet it head on. Even if things went badly, he knew that there would be a part inside all of them, that knew that whatever else happened they would all be relieved that things would be out in the open. At least out in the open to the people who mattered. They wouldn't have to lie all the time, they wouldn't have to dwell in this horrible situation any longer.

By the end of the night this would all be over Harry hoped.

He knew that at least things would be in the open by this evening, come what may.

Harry decided to leave work and head home around three o'clock in the afternoon. He had just been sitting at his desk pretending to read over parchments for the last hour and a half. He never thought he would curse the day that he had been so on top of his workload that he had nothing left to do, but this was apparently a day for great changes.

He'd started walking out of the department then with a crack had arrived back home.

He found Ginny in her nest. She was not lounging on the sofa, relaxed and carefree as she normally was, instead she was sat at one end of it. She was sitting with her back straight, barely perching of the sofa seat. She had a book in one of her hands and her right foot was bouncing up and down with nervous energy. Her eyes were a little glazed over, lost in thought and the book she held up was being completely ignored.

Harry knew she was obviously worried about tonight and when his wife got worried she was prone to be snappish. It would not be a good idea to attempt this evening with Ginny in this state.

This was not good, he would have to do something about this.
No mere foot rub could fix such a thing.

Thinking fast and coming up empty, Harry decided to wing it.

As Luna, who was seated in the armchair rose at his arrival, he saw a slight change in her expression that told him his wife had tried to burn off her excess energy by way of Luna’s bottom and that Luna was a little sore right now.

“Luna.” Harry said walking towards Ginny, who seemed to come out of her own head and notice him. “I want you to bring a firewhisky for me and something strong, fruity and with a little umbrella in it for Ginny.”

He plucked the book from Ginny's hand before she could say anything, tossed it down on the sofa and taking her wrist, pulled her to her feet.

“We'll be in the guest bedroom at the end of the hall.” He told Luna.

“Harry, what are you-” Ginny started, but a tug from him on her wrist as he started walking with her out of the room silenced her.

He lead her up the stairs and headed towards the bedroom he a mentioned.

Opening the door and walking inside pulling Ginny along with him, he then let go of her wrist and pulled out his wand. 
First he pointed it at the curtains which then swished closed.

Next he pointed his wand at the wireless on one of the side tables, it sputtered briefly before quietly coming to life, and the sounds of a vaguely familiar song spread throughout the room.

He aimed his wand at the guest bed and the plastic cover that rested over it as a dust protector slid off of it, and quite be accident so did the fur throw-over, they both shot into a corner of the room.

Ginny who had been watching Harry's wand shift from spot to spot this entire time, froze and her eyes widened slightly when he pointed it at her next.
Her clothing melted from her body into a pool of fabric on the floor.

“Harry!” Ginny exclaimed, her arms instinctively coming up to try to cover herself before she realized the futility of the gesture.

She let them drop back down to her sides looking annoyed.

A moment passed as Harry also on instinct looked at his wife's beautiful body. Her well toned muscles, the pale, freckled skin that covered her slender shape. He pulled his mind back and looked at her, she was still confused as he hadn't spoken yet but slightly amused that he had zoned out upon seeing her naked form.

Harry shoved his wand into the back of his waistband, took off his suit jacket and began to roll up his sleeves.

“Lie down in the bed, I need to put some oil on your back.” He said and Ginny seemed to comprehend what he hand in mind.
“Harry do you really think this is the time for-” She started, but Harry had finished rolling his sleeves and walked over to her.

He took a told of her wrist again and lead her to the bed and she gave up and climbed on it.

Laying down on her front she let out an annoyed sigh.

“Really Harry, if you ju-EEP” Ginny squeaked as the small amount of oil that flowed from Harry’s wand splashed onto her back shocked her.

“That's bloody cold!” She said starting to get up but Harry put his hands on her shoulders and held her down.

“Well, you keep distracting me!” He said. “You know I'm crap at that spell, just be still for a minute. OK?”

He moved quickly and let his hands run over her back to spread the oil, he moved his hands over the backs of her shoulders and down to the small of her back trying to get some warmth onto her skin. He silently cursed himself for botching the spell, the oil was supposed to be room temperature or a bit warmer but judging by her reaction and how it felt when his hands touched it, he had hit about the same level of warmth as a chilled drink.

Her tense back started to relax a little as some warmth crept back into her. Encouraged, Harry kicked off his shoes and climbed onto the bed with her. He swung a knee over her so he had one at either side of her legs, then he let his mind clear and began to work.

Slowly he rubbed Ginny's back, not squeezing or applying pressure just letting his hands glide smoothly over her skin. Both of them remained silent as he worked and when he applied his first bit of force to her, he heard a half grunt and half exhalation of air come from her and her body completely relaxed under him.

He started to massage her in earnest.

Luna entered the room quietly and she set down a tray with his firewhisky in a small glass and a much larger glass of something that was almost yellow at the top but changed in colour into a deep red at the bottom of the glass. He noticed it had both a straw and a tiny lime green umbrella in it, the drinks remained untouched for the time being though as Harry intently saw to his task.

Luna had long since left the room when his mind returned to something closer to functional. The soft music had changed songs now at least 3 times since he had begun, he let himself move down her body with his slick hands.

He went over her magnificent rear and down over her thighs, he first rubbed as he had done with her back, then he kneaded her flesh firmly but with care.

He broke the spell of silence in a quite voice.

“Time to turn over.” He told her as he got up off the bed, he moved to the end of it and piled pillows against the backboard of the bed. He watched Ginny, her eyes a little sleepy and he patted the pillows to indicate where she should rest her back.
She took up her new position without comment and Harry set her drink into her hand. Half reclined and with sleepy eyes Ginny held her glass and drank from it with the straw, she watched Harry as he returned to the bed sitting on it just below her feet. He pushed one ankle to the side and took the other in his hand raising it to sit on his shoulder as he shuffled himself forwards somewhat.

With one of Ginny's legs raised into the air, her ankle propped on his shoulder he let both of his hands glide up and down her leg. From just above her ankle to high up on her thigh his slick hands slid over her white flesh, while she drained almost all the rest of her drink.

She set it to the bedside table next to his untouched one and let her eyes close. His hands moved by themselves while his eyes feasted on her.

Harry loved his wife and he would always desire to touch her.

Every so often though, he would look at her and it really strike him hard just how incredibly beautiful she was. He found it almost surreal that he managed to somehow trap or trick her into marrying him without even knowing how he'd done it.

He set down her leg and took up her other and he wasn't sure if she was even awake. She was limp in his hands, her eyes closed and the breathing slow and relaxed, but at this point his couldn't stop himself from letting his hands work over her other leg.

The soft smooth skin under his much rougher palms.

The oil seemed almost useless as her skin was already so smooth. He let his hands work her skin just as he had done on the other leg before he set it down, he was almost positive that she was sleeping now. She had slid down on the cushions a little, she was more lying down than leaning back.

He moved carefully and quietly off the bed and pointed his wand at her. He silently vanished the oil from her skin and picked up his drink for the first time.

“Harry.” Ginny's voice was barely above a whisper.

He made a small inquiring noise in his throat.

“Gonna' 've nap” She managed to get out.

“OK.” He practically breathed out as he set the fur throw-over that he picked up from the corner, over her naked form. He wasn't even sure if she had heard him, he took a seat on a the small chair in front of a writing desk.

Drink in hand and sat in the room while his wife slept.
Divide and Shock, Conquer and Awe: Part 2

Chapter Summary

The second part of the chapter.
Tears, tantrums and more tears.

Harry gently nudged Ginny awake about an hour before Ron and Hermione were supposed to arrive.

He had remained in the room the entire time she had slept, leaving only briefly before he woke her to have Luna run a bath.

Ginny murmured that she was sleeping but eventually opened her eyes.

“Ron and Hermione will be here in a hour or so.” Harry told her, his voice still quiet.

She looked a bit confused, nodded then smiled, remembering how she had fallen asleep.
Ginny leaned up to plant a kiss on his lips and lingered against him for a moment.

“Thanks.” She said. “I think I needed that.”

Harry smiled a little.

“Well you know me, any excuse to get my hands on a pretty girl.” He said lightly, both of them still being quiet even no one was sleeping now.

She returned his smile before pushing her way out from the fur and sitting on the edge of the bed.

As she stretched hugely Harry told her that Luna was running her a bath.

She thanked him and headed out of the room, completely naked and disappeared down the hall.

Harry himself followed a minute later, relieved that Ginny was in a better mood and he went to change his clothes.

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Almost exactly an hour later Ron appeared, he had barely finished shaking hands with Harry when Hermione popped into being behind him.

A minute later and he, Ginny, Ron and Hermione were in the Nest.

Harry knew that the longer they stayed here, the better the chance someone would talk themselves out of doing it, deciding to take action he called for Luna to bring four shots of firewhisky and when she arrived with a tray Harry spoke.

“Oh, one for courage.” He said taking up his own and waiting while they each took one. He raised
his glass and they all silently clinked them before upending them. Ginny grimaced a little and Hermione coughed and spluttered somewhat, but they all managed to get them down.

Harry took in a deep breath and exhaled loudly.

“Alright.” He said. “No putting this off, it's time.”

Both Ron and Hermione nodded but they were both very pale.

Ginny remained silent just waiting them.

“Good luck.” Luna said in her soft dreamy voice and both Ron and Hermione smiled weakly to her.

The four of them headed out and soon, they were standing in the dark behind the Burrow.

Not giving anyone a chance to run for cover or stall, Harry headed to the backdoor. He knocked lightly and walked in.

Mrs Weasley was no where in sight but Mr Weasley was looking up at them from the dining table, a paper in his hand with a surprised look on his face. His surprise turned to confusion when Ginny and Hermione followed him in followed by Ron, who closed the door behind him.

“Good heavens!” Mr Weasley said “What on earth is all this?”

Harry walked over to him and they shook hands although Mr Weasley seemed a bit lost.

“We uh-” Harry started but faltered briefly, there was no turning back now. “We've got some news to tell you and Mrs Weasley.” He said.

“And mum might freak out.” Ginny said giving her father a hug and taking a step back. “So we're here to have a sit down.”

Mr Weasley was looking apprehensive now, but before he could say anything Mrs Weasley walked into the room.

She froze in amazement for a moment at the unexpected crowd in her house before she spoke.

“What's going on?” She asked.

Arthur Weasley, brave man that he is headed directly to his wife.

“We're having a bit of a family meeting.” He told her, he took the jumper she was holding in her hands and placed in on the side. “Apparently there some news to tell us, so we might as well go to the sitting room.”

Before Mrs Weasley could object, he put his arm around her back and lead her through to the sitting room.

Harry was first behind them and Ginny brought up the rear.
Mr and Mrs Weasley took a seat on the small sofa against one wall.

Ron and Hermione went directly opposite them and both stood together facing them. Ginny perched herself on her mother's side of the sofa on the armrest while Harry who had waited by the door for everyone to enter, closed it behind them and let his behind rest lightly against the flat surface of a display cabinet that took up almost the entire wall.

His body language looked relaxed and at ease but in reality he was anything but relaxed. The gesture was a futile attempt anyway, as both Ron and Hermione looked pale and grim as they faced Mr and Mrs Weasley.

They looked like they were seconds away from throwing up.

“What is going on?” Mrs Weasley demanded then suddenly her eyes widened. “You're not sick are you?” She asked started to rise off the sofa but she was stopped by Ginny who put a hand on her shoulder to sit her back down.

“No one is sick, mum.” She said. “Ron and Hermione have to tell you something is all.” Her voice was so casual, as if they were about to tell her they'd decided to have a holiday or were seriously considering getting dog!

“Mum.” Ron said then cleared this throat. “Mum, me and Hermione...” He licked his lips and exhaled loudly but continued. “Hermione and I are getting a divorce.”

There was absolute silence in the room.

Harry watched Mr and Mrs Weasley and he saw the exact moment they comprehend what Ron had said.

Mr Weasley's eyes widened and he managed to breathe out. “Merlin's beard!” In almost a whisper but it was Mrs Weasley who took the attention of the room. Her eyes just about popped out of her head, Harry thought he could almost feel his body being sucked closer to her as the breath she took in seemed huge. Then that breath exploded out from her with the reaction they had been both expecting and dreading.

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN DIVORCE??” Mrs Weasley screamed and both Ron and Hermione flinched, he felt his own face twitch a little too.

“WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME DO YOU TWO THINK-” Mrs Weasley was bright red and Harry thought she might have been choking on all the words she couldn't get out fast or loud enough.

“THIS IS RIDICULOUS! AFTER ALL THE-” Mrs Weasley snapped her head to one side facing Ginny who still had a hand on her shoulder and was keeping Mrs Weasley from standing up. “LET GO OF ME THIS INSTANT GINERVA!”

But Ginny grimly kept her hand where it was.

Mrs Weasley sucked in another breath and turned back to face Ron.

“RONALD WEASLEY, IF YOU HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO-” She continued to scream but silenced momentarily.
“Mum!” Ron said and at the same time Hermione spoke up.

“Mrs Weasley!” She exclaimed.

“In not like that-” Ron started.

“Ron hasn't-” Tried Hermione at the same time but both of them were drowned out by Mrs Weasley again.

“I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU TWO ARE PLAYING AT BUT THIS DIVORCE BUSINESS IS A RIDDICULOUS-” She screamed in fury at them but was cut off by a louder voice.

“MUM!” Ron roared so loud that there was a moment of stunned silence afterwards and even Ron seemed a bit shocked with himself.

“Mum.” Ron continued. “This isn't some bad joke, it's serious.” He gestured with one hand to indicate Hermione then himself. “We're getting divorced mum because-

“I'VE LISTENED TO ENOUGH OF THIS!” Mrs Weasley interrupted and tried to stand again. “GINNY WILL YOU LET BLOODY GO OF ME!”

“MUM!” It was Ginny who yelled this time, though not as loud as Ron had, but she was much closer to Mrs Weasley, still with a hand on her shoulder stopping her from standing.

“Mum. You need to listen to them because this is very important.” She said in a firm voice and Mrs Weasley looked back to Ron and Hermione as if she couldn't help herself.

“Molly.” Said Mr Weasley who had remained silent through all of this, a wise man Harry knew. His voice was very serious and calm. He was frowning and looking directly into his wife's eyes now. “I think we had better listen to what the have to say without interrupting them.”

Mrs Weasley looked like she was about to say something but she she pinched her mouth shut tightly and turned to face Ron and Hermione.

“Alright Ron. Hermione.” Mrs Weasley said calmly to let them know that they were listening.

Ron and Hermione looked at each other for a second and it was Hermione who spoke first.

“Mrs Weasley, Mr Weasley. Ron's right, this is serious.” She told them. “This isn't just something we decided after an argument. It's been on the way for a while.” Hermione's eyes were watery and Mrs Weasley seemed to react to mirror her.

“Ron and I aren't in love any more.” Hermione said, her voice trembling at the end.

“Mum.” Ron said taking over. “This isn't something that can be fixed.”

“But-” Mrs Weasley tried to interject.

“Mum.” Ginny said, her hand still on her mothers shoulder, though now it was more comforting that restricting. “Shouting is not going to help this, they're getting divorced and you need to listen to
them.” She told her mother.

“But why?” Mrs Weasley said and her voice crackled with her words.

“There are a lot of reasons.” Hermione said. “Ron and I have grown apart.”

“We both have to have our own lives now, mum.” Ron said and his own eyes looked a little red.

He paused, took in a deep breath then squared his shoulders. “Mum. Dad.” He began and Harry could feel his heart hammering in his chest. “There are a lot of reasons this is happening and a lot of reasons why we won't be able to fix this. There is one big reason in particular that you need to know.”

“Well what is it?!” Mrs Weasley demanded, she was, like the rest of them hanging on Ron's every word.

“You have to promise though.” Ron tried but faltered, he didn't seem to know how to continue but he was saved by Hermione.

“You need to promise that what Ron tells you stays in the family.” She said then looked to Ron before turning back to face Mr and Mrs Weasley. “It's not for Ron that you need to keep this a secret, it's for me.” She finished and raised her chin a little.

“I don't understand.” Mrs Weasley murmured.

There was a silence after that, a few moments but in this tension it felt like years.

“I trust you both.” Mr Weasley said to Ron and Hermione in a cautious voice and the two of them nodded.

“Mum.” Ron said looking at her. “Dad” He looked at Mr Weasley. “I'm gay.”

He said the words and Harry thought he would just about explode if someone didn't say something. Harry's eyes flicked around the room and everyone was watching Mr and Mrs Weasley.

“That's ridiculous...” Mrs Weasley said in a faint voice. “You're married to Hermione..”

Another second or two ticked by and her eyes widened.

“You're...” She started looking at Ron, she looked so confused.

“Gay.” Said Ron in a firm voice, his chin raised but he looked like Harry remembered when they had met Aragog in the Forbidden Forest.

“Blimey.” Said Mr Weasley and after a slight pause be spoke as if taking to himself. “Didn't see that coming but I suppose...” and he trailed off turning to look at his wife.

Mrs Weasley appeared to be broken. She had just stopped working, she just sat there her eyes not quite focusing and her mouth occasionally opening to speak but nothing came out.
“So now you know.” Ginny said to her mother.

“I-” Then something seemed to occur to Mrs Weasley. “How long have you known?” She asked Ginny almost accusingly but her voice wasn't raised and she still sounded a little lost.

“Harry and I have known for a while now. We all-” Ginny said emphasizing the word 'all' “thought it would be best if Ron and Hermione told the family rather than lying or trying to hide things.” Ginny finished.

When Mrs Weasley looked over at him when Ginny had mentioned his name, he simply nodded once.

Harry was amazed as his wife, he was not sure his own voice could have remained to steady right now, but there was something else that needed to be said and it didn't look like anyone else was going to say anything.

Clearing his throat before he spoke to the stunned parents.

“We thought it best to let the family know, but if the general public finds out then this could ruin Hermione's career.” He took in another breath then continued. “I know that none of us care that Ron is gay but there are idiots who will use this to make a scandal out of it. As far as anyone is concerned Ron and Hermione are simply breaking up.”

Mr Weasley was frowning hard but he nodded, he had thought it through and had come to the same conclusion as Harry. Hermione was the Minister for Magic and her personal life was subject to scrutiny whether for good reason or bad.

Mr Weasley, although retired now, had used to work for the Ministry of Magic and he knew the kinds of people who had power and influence and wouldn't not hesitate to pull down those above them in hopes of rising further.

“I think you might be right.” Mr Weasley said.

“I can't believe this is happening.” Mrs Weasley said and her voice a on the verge of becoming shrill again.

Ron, misunderstanding her meaning looked like he'd be punched in the stomach. He head lowered slightly he spoke in a subdued voice.

“M'sorry mum.” He said “I'll be going back to Hogwarts anyway so you won't have to worry about me being around.”

Both Mr Weasley and Mrs Weasley looked utterly confused for a moment but soon enough they understood.

“Oh Ron!” Mrs Weasley wailed, she burst in the tears and now that Ginny wasn't holding her down she flung herself across the room to catch her son in an embrace. “That's not what I meant.” she said breathing through the storms of tears while Ron looked surprised and Harry saw a little hope in his eyes.

Mr Weasley stood up and walked over to them both.

“Son. It doesn't matter to us if you're gay, purple or a bloody Murtlap!” He told Ron. “You're still our son.”
He folded them both into his arms and Harry saw Ron's shoulders shaking a little. By this point Ginny's eyes were wet, Hermione was crying and Mrs Weasley was weeping too. Harry didn't want to open his mouth because he wasn't sure if he could speak through the lump in his throat.

Soon enough Mrs Weasley moved over to fold Hermione in her arms and they cried together, the sound was horrid.

“Am I still welcome at the Burrow?” Hermione got out in a small voice that was mostly a squeak and this renewed the storm of sobbing.

“We don’t hang around with you just because you married Ron.” Ginny said with a watery grin.

Hermione gave a tentative smile back in return.

“Yeah.” Harry said. “Even if you are the most scandalous Minister for Magic ever” He said exaggerating wildly. “We still sort of like you in case you hadn't noticed.”

And both her and Mrs Weasley laughed through their tears.

Ron was standing next to his father, his nose red and sniffing as if he hadn't just been crying. He filled his lung and exhaled loudly.
He squared his shoulders and spoke to the room.

“Now the easy stuff is out of the way I’d better go do the difficult bit.” He said and everyone turned to look at him, in horror at what else might come out of his mouth.

He gave a wobbly grin to everyone and continued.

“After I've put the kettle on, I've got to come up with a way to carry six brews back here by hand.” He said “I've left my bloody wand at Harry's.”

As Harry burst out laughing, they joined in one by one.

First Ginny, then Mr Weasley and finally Hermione and Mrs Weasley.

They still had a lot of things to talk about and it would take a while, but as he had laughed he had felt the tight knot in his chest that had been there for a long time now finally unwind. He felt better knowing that there were some secrets that he no longer had to keep hidden from those most dear to him.

It was with a grin that he followed Ron out of the room to help the dolt carry some cups.
Every plan is a grand plan if you're drinking.

Chapter Summary

Ron and Harry discuss plans for Grimmauld place over a drink or five.

(Nothing explicit in this chapter, there will be more smut to come in other chapters though if that's what you're here for and there are many more chapters to come.)

They had all stayed late into the night at the Burrow on Friday talking and deciding what should be done. By the time they had left they were all physically and mentally exhausted.

Hermione had gone to her own house, Harry and Ginny went home and Ron stayed at the Burrow.

Ron would be moving out, though he spent most of the year at Hogwarts, he had the holidays to think about and not to mention all of his belongings.
Not being able to remember who had brought it up first, but the idea of Ron moving into Grimmauld Place had stuck in their heads and they agreed to talk about the idea more when they weren't so drained.

Harry knew that Ron had spent the next day with the rest of the family telling them about the events of the night before. While it hadn't taken as long as the previous night it had left Ron too exhausted to meet with Harry until the day after.

So here they sat, having both finished their first drinks and bought their next.

It was Sunday afternoon, like one week earlier, Harry sat at the same table in The Leaky Cauldron with Ron again.

Ron was telling him how to previous day had gone.

“Blimey.” Ron said.

“Is that it?” Harry asked him.

“Pretty much, I think George was too shocked to say much more.” Ron told him.

“I know I probably shouldn't say this but I wish I could have seen his face.” Harry told his friend feeling a little shamed but not able to hide the twitching lips on his face.

Ron spluttered a bit into his drink, when the back of his sleeve wiped away the wetness from the lower part of his face it revealed a grin on his face that Harry couldn't help but match.

Then they both laughed.
“You feel better about this now?” Harry asked his friend his tone more serious. Ron knowing that Harry was being genuine with him gave a reply just as seriously.

“Well, mate.” He said. “I’m just glad to have it out there you know?”

Harry nodded.

“It felt like a weight dragging me down but I feel like I can move on with my life now.” Ron said and Harry smiled a little.

“Speaking of.” Harry said in a brisk voice. “You moving...”

“Yeah.” Ron said. “About that, I’ve been thinking Grimmauld Place is a bit big isn't it? I mean it’s massive for just one person.”

“I was thinking the same thing too.” Harry told him.

Grimmauld Place had 4 floors not including the basement and attic.

It had six bedrooms and a myriad of free space that had never really been used during it’s use as the headquarters of The Order of the Phoenix.
Sitting rooms that seemed to serve no other purpose that to be filled with bits of furniture, books that were mostly for decoration, and flat surfaces for still more decorative items.

There was the entrance hall on the ground floor, the kitchen in the basement and the parlour on the first floor.
Ron obviously wouldn't need at that space but as Harry had told Ron a week earlier, the place was almost completely empty.
Redecorating a bedroom for Ron and a couple of other rooms wouldn't be a problem but it would be those few rooms that were liveable in the rest of a worn down empty house.

It would be ridiculous to leave the rest of the place bare, not to mention that Ron would have to walk through the rest of the place and in the sorry state it was in.

Harry thought it would be very depressing.

He foresaw a hell of a lot of work that needed to be done to Grimmauld Place and the kicker was that the entire house would have to be redone but remain almost completely unused.

“What do you ever thought about turning the place into flats?” Ron asked and Harry was taken aback slightly.

“What are you been talking to Ginny?” Harry asked him.

“Uh, not since Friday. Why?” Ron asked.

“When I was clearing the place out a couple of years ago she said she thought it would be a good idea to turn it into flats.” Harry told him.

“Well.” Said Ron. “It's a big place isn't it?”
Harry took a sip of his drink and managed to revisit a few of the thoughts that he had had when Ginny had brought up the idea.

He came up with the same sticking points now that he had back then.

“I've thought about it but the layout is all wrong.” Harry told Ron. “I mean I'd have to pretty much hollow the entire building out and build each floor again.”

Ron nodded a little, his eyebrows shooting up as if to silently say that he had a good point.

“Then there is also the fact that I really don't have the time to do that much work on the place.” Harry told him. “And if I did manage it, who would live there?”

“Besides me?” Ron interjected.

“Besides you.” Harry agreed.

“I think you're looking at it all wrong mate.” Ron told him. “Firstly you wouldn't be redoing the place yourself. You're my best mate Harry and you're a decent wizard and all that but you'd definitely mess the place up if you tried to do the work yourself.”

“Hey I was the Chosen One, remember?” Harry said with mock outrage and Ron scoffed at him.

“Yeah but I don't remember anyone calling you The Chosen Plumber.” Ron fired back at him. “Or did I miss that?”

They both laughed a little at that.

“Nah.” Ron said. “Like you said, you haven't got the time to do it all even if you could. You'd have to get in some professionals. That way you could show up when you had the chance to have a look at the place.”

“Know anyone that could do that that wouldn't leave me a beggar?” Harry asked sarcastically but to his surprise Ron nodded.

“Dean Thomas.” He said.

“Dean, Dean?” Harry asked to be sure they were both thinking of the same person. Dean Thomas, fellow Gryffindor and member of the old DA.

“Yeah.” Ron said a bit smug at having surprised Harry. “Well, not just Dean. Him and one of his sisters have a business.” Ron explained.

Harry listened with interest, he had not heard from Dean in years.

“I ran into him last year in Hogsmeade, he's married now. He introduced me to his wife Julie, she's a muggle.” Ron told him. “Nice lady.” He added almost absently.

“Anyway, we were catching up and he told me that him and one of his sisters... I forget which one, are in business together.” Ron said. “Basically it's like what those muggles do but it's for wizards, what are they called now... Contrasters!”
Harry looked confused so Ron explained further.

“You know, they're like builders but they do everything?”

“Ah.” Harry said realizing that Ron meant. “Contractors.” He corrected.

“That's the one.” Ron said continuing. “Anyway, Dean does most of the building stuff and his sister does the decorating things afterwards and because it's almost all done with magic it really doesn't take that long to do.”

“You think they could do Grimmauld place?” Harry asked.

“Yeah!” Said Ron who seemed confident. “From what he was telling me most of the work they get is in London or other cities because witches and wizards who live in the city buy muggle houses and need them modifying.”

Ron paused a minute to take a drink before setting it down and continuing more animated that Harry had seen him in years.

“The old wizarding families all have old houses in the middle of nowhere don't they? And they never change anything so Dean said him and his sister do work for younger witches and wizards who are moving into muggle areas.”

Harry was very interested now and listened closely.

“From what he said, business was going well but he was hoping to get word around to more people. I have a couple of his business cards at my quarters back at Hogwarts. I told him I'd give them out if anyone ever needed work doing, but I pretty much forgot about them.” Ron added a little guiltily at the end.

“I don’t know...” Harry said, there were still a lot of issues besides just redecorating the place but before he could say anything Ron continued.

“I reckon that he'd give you a good price too.” Ron said pointing a finger at him. “If he's trying to get his business out there, then doing work for Harry Potter is bound to bring him some more customers! Then there is the fact that we all go way back with Dean so you know you can trust him.”

“Ron.” Harry said before Ron could continue. “That all sounds great but there is still the fact that I've only got one person to live there!”

This seemed to pop Ron's enthusiasm like a balloon.

“Yeah.” Ron said sounding disheartened. “I forgot about that.”

They both took another mouthful of their drinks, the mood a little flat now.

“It was such a good idea too.” Ron said then sighed.

“Yeah.” Agreed Harry and it was, it seemed a shame to discard it because only one person would live there.

He thought that maybe if he put up a notice on one of the noticeboards at the Ministry of Magic then maybe he'd get someone to at least come and look at the place but in the state it was in right now
they wouldn't be very impressed. He had no idea how much of a demand there was for wizarding homes, especially since most wizards could just disapparate from anywhere and arrive at work instantly.

He also didn't know if he'd be able to be a good landlord. He didn't know if he would even have the time to do it, as he had no clue what a landlord did exactly. He supposed it was to fix broken things, collect the rent and when he thought of this the idea of having some really annoying witch or wizard living in Grimmauld place, sending him letters day and night to demand he come over to deal with problems that they could easily solve with a spare minute of their time and their own wand.

Well it was enough to make him want a drink, despite the fact he already had one.

"You know what though." Ron said and Harry looked up from his drink to pay attention because Ron had a cautiously hopeful note in his voice that at pulled Harry from his own miserable thoughts.

“What?” Harry asked with a neutral voice not wanting to get his hopes up that Ron had somehow discovered a way to make their plan work.

“If you got Dean to put in one flat...” Ron said and he looked like he was struggling to turn his thoughts into the right words. “If you put in one flat, one for me that is I wouldn't actually be able to use it until Hogwarts breaks up for Christmas.”

“I- So?” Harry asked wanting Ron to continue.

“Well, you could use that flat as like a show room for potential tenants.” Ron said and some of the excitement he had shown earlier was creeping back into his voice. “You could make sure it was really nice and if they wanted to live in a flat like that you could get him to put another one in!”

Harry considered the idea.

“That way you wouldn't have to pay for the entire place to be done at once and if you got them to sign an agreement that they would move in then you won't end up with a big empty building, you could just do it up as you found someone to move in!” Ron said.

The idea had possibilities but Harry had something to add to it.

“I think you're right Ron but I have a way to make it better.” Harry told him.

“How?” Ron asked and his spirits seemed to have risen again.

“I think I'll put two flats in first.” Harry told him. “One for you and I want to have a flat ready for someone who can take care of the place for me.”

“What do you mean?” Ron asked.

“Well, you know to like maintain the place.” Harry said. “You won't be there a lot of the time and someone will have to keep the rest of the building clean. They'll have to fix stuff that breaks and generally look after the place because I can't just run off to the place every time there is something that needs doing.”
Ron was looking thoughtful.

“I think I'll have to have some other stuff done to the place too, like sorting out the attic and getting rid of the kitchen in the basement.” Harry told Ron.

“Yeah, it would be useless there if each flat has it's own kitchen.” Ron agreed. “Plus it's a bit run down too.”

“Yeah.” Harry nodded.

“Know anyone who might be interested in being the caretaker?” Harry asked. “I mean if I get some people to actually move in then some of the rent money can be go to them for keeping the place up.”

The more Harry thought about it the better the idea seemed. He thought about letting whoever could take care of the place live there rent free but decided that if he was to make any money back from this then giving them half price rent would do better.

“I don't.” Ron said. “But maybe someone else does? You could ask Ginny or someone at work.”

Another thought had occurred to Harry so he voiced it.

“I was thinking that seem as you're my mate that you could only pay half price on the rent too.” Harry said tentatively. While Ron wasn't poor any more he definitely wasn't rich. He could still sometimes be a little touchy when it came to money.

“You don't have to do that, mate.” Ron said looking a little embarrassed.

“It's alright Ron.” Harry said speaking quickly. “You're not going to be there most of the time, it's just going to have your stuff in it so if you think about it, I'm getting the better end of the deal because you'll be renting for the entire year even if only at half price but you won't actually be living their most of the time.”

Ron seemed to think this over and Harry thought that since he wasn't automatically objecting that he might have persuaded his friend to accept a little help. This wasn't charity it was helping out his friend but he knew that Ron didn't always see things like that.

“It's more like paying for a place to keep your stuff but a place you can live in too when you feel like it.” Harry said and he knew Ron would accept the offer when he grinned at Harry.

“Well I hope you're not going to rent the place out when I'm not there.” Ron said. “I don't really fancy letting someone live in all my stuff.”

“Well if I do.” Harry said still grinning. “I'll split their rent with you.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Ron said with a small laugh. “So you'll be my landlord then?”

“Only if you ask nicely.” Harry told him and they both drank.

“It all still depends on a lot though yet.” Harry reminded him. “But if I can get Dean's card from you I'll get in touch with him to see if he can actually do it.”
Ron nodded then stopped as something seemed to occur to him.

“Now I think about it.” He started. “I think George might have a few of them in the shop.”

“We'll go ask him.” Harry said and Ron nodded.

The two of them talked over what they thought the place might be like when it was done, ideas for what they think would be the most appealing and tactics on how Harry might be able to get himself a caretaker and tenant.

By the time the two of them headed into Diagon Alley, they were both a little wobbly on their feet and when George, who it turned out did still have some of Dean's cards, saw them he'd laughed at them and told them they should have told him they were in The Leaky Cauldron because he would have joined them in a heartbeat.

Promising to invite him next time, the two of them made their goodbyes to him and then each other before disapparating.
I'll bring flowers.

Chapter Summary

An interesting phone call.

The rest of that night was a little fuzzy to Harry but he knew he had arrived home, told Ginny of his and Ron's plans and that at some point he'd ended up in bed because that's where he had awoken the next morning.

He had not felt very well but he had forced himself to get up, get clean and dressed before heading off to work. It was around eleven o'clock that morning after a few cups of tea that Harry felt moderately human again. He was sitting back at his desk in the Auror Department having just finished a meeting with 3 other aurors.

The meeting had been to finalize the plans on a raid the for next day to arrest a witch in Brighton. Being in charge of the department had meant that certain plans needed his final permission to before they could be put into action, which had annoyed Harry, but not because of currently his less-than-clear head. He knew that Ringwold and Murphy, who had come up with the plan of action for this raid, who, along with the other newer auror who had been in the meeting with them, would both be leading this operation. Harry knew that they were both fully capable of completing this without his input.

While Harry had never been on an operation with the younger auror in the room and so couldn't personally vouch for her skills, he knew the two more experienced aurors very well.

He trusted James Ringwold and Pete Murphy with this life and had in fact done literally that on several occasions when he had been out on raids with them.

But rules were rules Harry knew, and he had to stick to them or there would be trouble during the hearing, but he still couldn't help being annoyed it.

Pushing this aside he had retrieved the small card from his pocket and was examining it.

It was of good quality, though had been a little dusty from sitting in the shop for so long, it read; Thomas & Thomas Renovations in large golden print along the top with a small picture of a wand crossed with a hammer that seemed to be their logo.

'For the discerning witch or wizard who requires renovations, decorations and amelioration done at an affordable price without giving up on quality!

Look no further!

We can do what you need!'
In the opposite corner to the small logo there was a small image of a man and woman. The man carrying what looked like some sort of tool bag was giving a thumbs up with his free hand while the woman simply waved. The faces were too small to make out any features on them though.

Harry turned the card over.

'For general inquiries or a quote please write to us at:'

But Harry's eyes had been drawn to the bottom of the card which had a telephone number, it had caught his eye because it was unusual to see a magical business with a telephone number these days. Rather than writing a letter to Dean, Harry leaned down to reach into the very bottom drawer in his desk and managed to pull out an old land line telephone. It was dusty from disuse and the only other time Harry had even touched it was to throw it into the drawer when he had first moved into the office.

It had no wires plugged into it, but when Harry raised it to his ear he could hear a dial tone, so he dialled the number on the card.

It rang three times before a pleasant sounding woman answered.

“Thomas and Thomas!” She said brightly.

“I-Uh- Hello!” Harry said sitting up in his chair, he had not been sure if it would work but apparently it had. “I was wondering if I could speak to Mr Dean Thomas.”

“Can I ask who is calling and what about?” The woman asked him, she sounded very polite.

“Yes.” Harry said. “My name is Harry, I'm an old school friend of Deans. I wanted to speak to him about him possibly doing a job for me.” He told the woman.

There was a small silence then he heard her faintly say 'school friend' though it sounded as if she was talking to herself.

“You're not Harry Potter are you?” The woman asked and there was an odd note in her voice.

“I-uh. Yes. That's me.” He said. “I went to school with Dean.”

“Just a moment!” The woman said quickly. “I'm going to put you on hold.” Then before he could say anything she spoke again. “Being on hold means you'll hear some music while I just go and get Dean, I'm not ending the call it's just while you wait a moment while I go get him.” She said and he was a little impressed with himself for being able to hear the rapid-fire explanation of what being on hold was.

Harry already knew what being on hold was but he thought that maybe there were a lot of wizards or witches who didn't know much about telephones. As a small simple piece of music played into his ear, he could just imagine some fussy old witch slamming down the phone thinking she had been hung up on in the middle of a conversation.

A few more seconds went by and the music stopped and there was a small clicking sound.
“Harry?” A voice male voice asked sounding a little confused.

“Dean?” Harry asked.

“Blimey, it is you!” And Harry could recognise the voice of Dean Thomas coming through to him, he could almost hear the smile in his voice with those few words.

“It is!” Harry said and he couldn't help but grin.

“How’ve you been, mate?” Dean asked.

“I've been good, you?” Harry asked back.

“Not bad, not bad.” Dean told him.

“Ron told me about you and your sisters business and I think I might need to hire you.” Harry said to Dean.

“Really?” Dean asked and he seemed surprise. “I- What kind of job is it?”

“I think it's going to take a while to explain, do you think we could meet up sometime? You'll probably need to look at the place anyway and it would be nice to catch up, you know?” Harry said.

“Right, yeah it sounds good. I um, I don't think I'll be able to get away today I've got to go meet someone later on, what about tomorrow? Sometime in the evening?” Dean asked him.

“I'll be finished with work sometime around four, so any time after then is good.” Harry told him.

“Alright, what about if we meet up somewhere about five o'clock?” Dean asked.

“Great, where should we meet?” Harry asked already looking forward to seeing his old friend again.

“How about we meet in Diagon Alley. Do you know that newish place near Gringotts?” Dean suggested.

“That bar with the purple sign and the big glass windows?” Harry asked.

“That's the one, the name begins with a P. I've been in once before to meet a client, they serve food and the place is pretty quiet.” Dean told him.

“I can do that, no problem.” He told Dean.

“It's a date then.” Dean said and Harry could hear the smile in his voice for sure this time.

“I'll be sure to pay for dinner and bring flowers then!” Harry told him and the two of them laughed.

“It's good to hear from you mate.” Dean said.

“I'm looking forward to meeting up with you Dean, just to catch up if nothing else.” Harry said truthfully.

“Me too, Harry. Me too.” Dean said and Harry could tell that he meant it.
“So I'll see you tomorrow night, five o'clock?” Dean said and his voice indicated that the call was at an end.

“Not if I see you first.” Harry said and they made their goodbyes and hung up.

Harry looked at the old dusty phone on his desk for a moment, surprised that it had worked and pleased that he had had such a pleasant conversation on it. He put it back into the bottom drawer of his desk but this time, he placed it in with care instead of tossing it carelessly when he had put it there originally.

***************

When Harry and Ginny were sitting at the small island bar in their kitchen at home in the evening, eating their dinners. He told her about the conversation he had had with Dean that day and their plan to meet up tomorrow. Ginny would not be joining him, as tomorrow evening her and the rest of the Hollyhead Harpies would be leaving in the morning to play a friendly match against a minor league team in the south of France. The game itself wasn't until the day after, but it they always arrived a day early to see the place they were staying and get in some last minute practise on the actual pitch they would be using. They also usually stayed for most of the day after to have a look around the town or city.

She would return home sometime on Thursday evening.

Sometimes Harry went with her when she had to travel for Quidditch, but only when work allowed. He had occasionally been able to go after being at work all day on the rare times that there was an evening match being played.

He explained in more detail the ideas that him and Ron had thrown around and she had admitted that she had been worried this was some half-baked attempt the the two of them had vowed to do while they were drunk. The fact that Harry was meeting a professional had been a relief to her and he had had to admit even to himself that he understood her worries.

Their conversation was light and easy before Ginny went to bed, she needed an early night. Harry went to his office and spent quite a few hours trying to come up with a few rough designs for what he wanted Grimmauld Place to look like afterwards. He didn't do a very good job, he was no expert but he at least had a few rough sketches that he could use to show what he wanted rather than trying to explain it. He went to bed late that night making sure to stay quiet and not wake up his sleep wife.

It was very early in the morning when Harry was awoken briefly by Ginny giving him a kiss. He was standing over him and she was fully dressed.

“I'm going now.” She told him.

He pulled his hand out from under the warm covers to reach for her hand. He pulled her hand to his mouth and planted a soft kiss on her pale skin.

“Good luck.” He told her and she smiled a little.
“Thanks.” She said as she took her hand back.

“I'll be here when you get back.” He told her.

“What, still in bed?” She teased.

“If only.” Harry said in a dramatic voice.

“Check in on Hermione at some point will you?” She told him.

“I will.” Harry promised, received another kiss and then Ginny was gone.

He checked his watch and saw that he could get in at least another hour of sleep before he had to get himself up, so he pulled his arm back into the warmth and closed his eyes.

**************

It was just after lunchtime and Harry was walking through the Ministry of Magic heading towards the office of the Minister for Magic herself.

Harry had noticed at his time at the Ministry that; the closer he got to Hermione's office the busier things were, except for the last corridor that Hermione's office was actually on. Unless someone happened to be entering or leaving it, it was always very quiet and and empty here every time Harry had come this way.

He knocked lightly on the first door and entered.

This room was actually Helstia Wiggins' office, it was a small neat room.

Very pale colours everywhere and Wiggins herself was seated behind a neat and orderly desk to one side.

Harry smiled to her briefly expecting to head to the other side of the room and into Hermione's office as he had done many times before, but Hermione's assistant stood up.

“I am afraid that the Minister isn't taking visitors right now.” Helstia said to Harry.

“Oh.” Harry said. “Is she with someone?” He asked.

“Uh-No.” Helstia said to him. “She is still a little unwell.” There was something in her eyes that took Harry a minute to understand.

Hermione had never actually been sick, she had just said that when she had gone to his house to Ginny after Ron had told her that he planned to tell the family about things.

Hermione had returned to work since then so why would she still be sick when she was never actually sick in the first place?

Then Harry understood, Hermione had told Helstia that she and Ron were getting a divorce.

Harry knew that Hermione wouldn't have told Helstia the true reasons why, but it seemed that Helstia was trying to keep people away from Hermione.

She was incorrectly presuming that the end of Ron and Hermione's relationship had only just happened when in reality it had ended long ago in all but name.

Her heart was in the right place, but Harry had promised to check up on her and he would keep his promise.
He gave Helstia a very direct look.

“I know that Hermione isn't sick, Helstia.” He told her, maintaining eye contact with her. “I know exactly how Hermione is, so I'm going to speak with my friend.” He said and he saw the instant she realized that he knew what was going on.

Before she should raise any objections he strode towards the door and she moved to block his path, before either of them could go any further the door to Hermione's true office opened and Hermione herself leaned around the door.

“It's OK Helstia.” Her told her overprotective assistant. “I do need to speak with Harry.” She gave her assistant a wan smile and Harry thought that Hermione might actually be coming down with something for real.

As Wiggins started towards her own desk Hermione spoke again.

“Helstia. I'm going to have a late lunch in my office with Harry. We have a lot to talk about so you should head out to get your own lunch.” Hermione told her and knowing her assistant well, she continued even as Helstia opened her mouth.

“I would really appreciate if you could lock the office door on your way out, I really don't want to be disturbed right now.” She told her with a direct look.

“Ah, yes Minister.” The assistant said giving Hermione a nod that seemed to indicate that she need say no more. “I'll go get my lunch now, I'll make sure that the door won't be opened until I return.”

“Thanks Helstia, I don't know what I'd do with out you.” Hermione said. Harry had walked through the open door and into Hermione's office. Hermione stayed at her door until her assistant had left the offices and they both saw a small spark of magic in the keyhole of the outer door.

Harry, who had sat down in one of the visitors chairs at Hermione's desk, in plain view as if they were about to have a meeting stood up and walked to her as she closed the door to her private office.

He set his hands on her small shoulders and looked her in the eyes, he could feel his face pulling slightly in concern.

“Are you OK, Hermione?” He asked her, she really was pale, but she laughed and let her hands slide under his arms and around him as she hugged him.

His own arms moved to enfold her tiny frame without thinking.

“I'm fine Harry.” She said, not moving from him and speaking slightly into his chest.

“Are you sure?” He asked. “You look a bit... Pale.”

At this she laughed again and pulled back from him.

She pointed her wand at her own face and her colour returned to normal. At his confused look she explained.
“I’m actually just tired, it’s been a rough few days.” She started. “I’ve got a divorce to plan and I’ve got to look the part.”

She walked over to sit in the chair that Harry had vacated and he took the second visitor chair next to it, turning it to face her.

“It’s a charm to make myself look paler and I’m not wearing any make-up on my eyes.” She told him, but he still wasn’t sure.
He looked at her hard then sat back, feeling satisfied.

Harry knew that even when a woman looked like she wasn’t wearing make up that she probably was. After watching his wife and Luna apply her make up many times he had been surprised to learn just how much work went into the subtlest of things.

Hermione could see now that he understood and she nodded.

“Besides looking pale and drawn, all I really have to do is smile a little sadly every so often.” She told him and he wasn’t sure if the small little smile she gave him now was a demonstration or because she didn’t like having to keep deceiving people.
Harry knew that doing so all this time had always bothered her, maybe even more than it had bothered the rest of them.

“Really though.” Harry said. “Are you alright?”

“Yeah.” She said

“Ginny told me to make sure I check up on you.” He told her and she smiled with a little teeth showing.

He opened his arms and leaned back in the chair. Harry had noted to himself many times that the visitors chairs in Hermione's office were better and more comfortable than the one he had on his side of his own office desk.

Hermione got up and set herself down sideways on his lap, she let her cheek press against the inner most part of his shoulder, close to his neck. One of his arms went around her back the other onto her thighs.

She let one of her small hands climb into his much larger one and she sighed.

“You know.” Harry began. “Your visitors chairs are better than my office chair.” He told her and won from her a small chuckle.

“Fancy chairs for all the fancy people who sit in them.” She told him.

“Am I one of the fancy people?” He asked her.

“No.” She told him. “But you're alright.”

“I used to be The Chosen One, you know?” He told her as if he was about to tell a grand tale, and she slapped chest as he laughed.

It was one of Harry's favourite jokes but it only really worked with the people who knew him. To
anyone else it would seem exactly as bad as it sounded.

“Ginny is playing away.” He told Hermione.

“I know, when is she back again?” Hermione asked.

“Thursday sometime.” He said. “Are you planning to come over?”

“I can't tonight.” She told him. “I've actually got a meeting about sorting out divorce papers.”

“I've got a meeting tonight too.” He told her and waited for her to ask.

“Who with?” She wanted to know.

“Dean Thomas.” He told her and she pulled away to look up at him.

“Yep.” He said before she ask if he meant that Dean Thomas. He spent some time in that chair, with Hermione curled up on his lap. They touched each other lightly and gave each other small kisses occasionally as he told her about the plans for Grimmauld Place.

When he was leaving her office and she was making herself look pale again, she had told him she would like to come and spend the night on Wednesday and he had told her that he couldn't wait.

Even as Harry was reaching for his own wand to unlock the outer office door there was another small spark of magic and Helstia walked back in looking a little surprised to see him so close to the door.

He left to head back to his own office.
Chapter Summary

A glimpse into work life and a catching up with an old friend.

Harry was running later than he had planned, it was ten minutes before he had to be in Diagon Alley to meet with Dean.
He had a surprise visitor that afternoon in the form of a Frenchman named Quentin Moreau.

Quentin, who Harry had met several times before, was Harry's counterpart in for the French Ministry.

He had arrived with a great deal of paperwork that he and Harry had had to go over.

There was a man named Jullian Fontaine who was on the run from French wizarding authorities and it was believed that he had fled to England.
This had happened before and they were both pretty familiar with the paperwork that was involved between the two departments when someone dangerous crossed into the jurisdiction of another country.

A real problem was the exchange of information between those in authority who knew the fugitive and were familiar with them, and those who now had to actually look for the person in question having only just heard of them.
Harry thought that he and Quentin had a pretty good working relationship at this point, being a neighbouring country they had become quite familiar with each other.

Harry for the life of him couldn't figure out why someone on the run in France thought that just because the crossed over the small channel of water that separated their two countries, that it would miraculously keep them safe from capture.
France bordered many countries and those, still yet more.
It made sense to Harry that if he were ever on the run in France that heading across mainland Europe would be the best way to go, though Harry hoped that would never happen as Quentin was very good at his job.

They had to brief a small, hastily assembled team of aurors on everything they needed to know about this Jullian Fontaine.
At Quentin's request, Harry had authorised an official invitation to Quentin to allow him to have a couple of his own aurors, who knew their target well, to pair up with members of the team Harry had managed to pull together.

This had worked well in the past, his aurors knew the best places to start looking and with the insights from their French visitors it helped narrow down places to look.

There were other ways to go about this of course, with much less urgency.
But this Fontaine was now a priority as he wasn't just some bloke dabbling dark magic, but someone who had murdered at least two people.
Harry couldn’t allow a man like that running free, there was no telling how many people could get hurt and from the evaluation Quentin and his men had given them, it was pretty clear that Fontaine was seriously mentally unstable.

When explained to an outsider they might think this would only take an hour or two to get into motion, people arriving, a briefing or two then out into the streets looking for the person they need to find!

They would be right if it wasn't for one thing.

The official paperwork had to be done twice, once for Harry’s side and once for Quentin's side. After a meeting or two Quentin and Harry had come to the decision that if this happened then one of them should just bring what they needed to the other person, instead of sending owls back and forth, they could just be in the same room and get things moving as fast as possible.
They were both of a mind on this and he thought that if they could get away with it, then the two of them would do the paperwork afterwards.

The only problem with this though was that they had to be working on the correct legal footing before they got started, otherwise loopholes in the law would make any case fall apart in a trial.

So while he and Quentin did their paperwork together in a room, a briefing took place at the same time in that same room they worked in, so that by the time they both finished, everyone who would be leaving to do their jobs would have the legal authority to do what they needed to once they were ready to move out.

There was no wasted time this way.

Harry checked his watch again for the sixth time in as many minutes as he reached the top of the stairs at his and Ginny's home.
He had enough time to remove his tie in his office, collect the rough drafts of his ideas into a pile, put them in a folder before he headed back out to apparate to Diagon Alley.

Harry was a little winded as he appeared on the darkening street.
He took a moment to straighten himself up and with the folder under one arm he headed towards Gringotts.
He could see the bank not too far in front of him now and to the right, an overhanging light illuminated a purple sign and the gold writing on it read 'Persephone's'.

In front of the large tinted glass windows stood a couple people, one of them Harry thought he recognised.
A tall man stood in a smart pair of jeans and warm looking dark jacket. As Harry got closer he saw a familiar grin dimple the man's coffee coloured cheeks as he looked at Harry.
Harry felt his own face split into an answering grin as their hands reached for each others.

“'It's good to see you, mate.” Dean said still grinning as they shook hands.

“It's good to see you too.” Harry told him truthfully, also grinning. “It's been too long.”

“It has.” Dean agreed and stepped back to indicate the woman next to him. She was shorter than Dean and her skin somewhat lighter, her hair was parted at one side but large and naturally curly.

“This is my sister, Jessica.” Dean said and as Harry reached to shake her hand too, she smiled at him
with the same dimples as Dean.

Though Harry thought that they looked much better on her.

“And business partner.” She said shaking Harry's hand. “It's nice to meet you, Dean has told me lots about you.”

“Not all bad I hope.” Harry said a little weakly as they released grips.

“No.” She said still smiling. “Not all bad.” and gave him a wink.

“I think we might have spoken on the phone.” Harry told her but she shook her head.

“That was Julie, Dean's wife.” She told him and Harry nodded.

“Shall we?” Dean said gesturing with a long arm to the entrance door and the three of them headed inside.

Inside Persephone's the first thing that hit Harry were the smells. He could smell what he thought were a hundred different foods in the air and they all smelled delicious.

Taking up half of the furthest wall, was a long and sleek looking bar, a few people stood or sat at it while the staff served drinks.

To the right of the bar were a set of swinging double doors, which Harry saw had a kitchen on the other side of them when a young witch exited them with plates of food.

Then at the end of that wall, furthest away from the bar, was a large open arch which Harry assumed must lead to the toilets.

The rest of the place was filled with tables and chairs, some booths against the two walls to either side as the entire front of the building seemed to be made up entirely of glass, through which a view of the darkening street could be seen.

The tables seemed to have some kind of pattern to their arrangement but before he could try to see what it was the three of them had been approach by a witch wearing a deep purple t-shirt that matched the colour of the sign out front.

“A table for three?” She asked brightly.

“Yes please, a booth if you don't mind.” Dean said and was told that this would be no problem and that they should all follow this way.

She led them to a booth at the end furthest from the bar and the three of them took their seats, Harry on one side, Jessica on the other and then Dean after a moment once he had taken off his coat.

Harry was silently impressed at how much muscle Dean had put on, he had always been tall, taller even than Ron but like many tall people he had been quite skinny.

Now though, Harry thought that Dean looked like be might be an athlete of some kind.

The witch told them to look at the menus and that someone would be over shortly to take their order, Harry thanked her and she left the three of them alone.

“I've never been in here before.” Harry told them. “Do you know what's good?” He asked.

“Only came here once before.” Dean told him. “I had the parmesan last time, it's pretty good.”
“I might try that then.” Harry said looking over the menu.

“I've been here plenty of times.” Jessica told him. “Pretty much everything on the menu is good.”

“I don't even recognise most of the drinks on this menu.” Harry admitted and that won another one of Jessica's dimpled smiled.

“Better play it safe.” Dean told him “I'm just going to get a butterbeer with my food.”

“You're so boring sometimes.” Jessica told him with a teasing elbow to Dean's ribs.

“Well, I'd like to be able to talk to Harry without accidentally ordering something that will make me end up with fire shooting out of my nose all night.” He told her.

When the witch that Harry had seen existing the kitchen earlier had taken their orders and brought them their drinks, they started a conversation while waiting for their food.

“So Harry.” Jessica said and she leaned forwards a little. “Is everything Dean has told me about you true?” She asked.

“Well, I don't know what he's told you?” Harry replied a bit lamely.

Dean looked a bit annoyed and was on the verge of saying something but Jessica continued.

“Well you know!” She said. “About fighting You Know Who at Hogwarts and...” She seemed unable to get the right words out.

“Jessica.” Dean said in a disapproving voice. “I'm here to catch up with Harry and you're here because he has a bit of business to discuss. Harry isn't here so you can hound him like a reporter. Besides, you can find pretty much everything you want to know in a book.”

The book or books Dean was speaking of were numerous and widely available. The events of his younger years were pretty well documented as the downfall of Voldemort was a pretty important event in recent history. The events leading up to and after had been published a lot of ways by a lot of different people.

“I know I'm sorry!” She said turning from her brother to Harry. “It's just so exciting to be sitting here with the Harry Potter!” Her tone was that one a person uses when they want to shout in excitement but they're trying to whisper at the same time.

Knowing that unless he said something, they would never get through this so he spoke.

“The books get a lot of it right.” He told her and she looked ready to burst. “I know you're curious about it all, most people are, but you need to understand. The books make everything sound like a bit of an adventure but a lot of the people who were there don't like to talk about it a lot because it was all pretty bloody terrifying.”

Harry had hoped this would put her off asking more questions but by the look on her face, she was just excited that he was talking.

Trying a different approach he spoke again.
“You know, your brother was there at the battle of Hogwarts.” Harry said, shamelessly trying to push the attention onto Dean. “I saw him firing curses at Dolohov with my own eyes.”

Dean smiled faintly with a bit of a far away look in his eyes and Harry mirrored that faint smile. Those who had been there had a look about them when it was brought up.

They knew how things had really been.

“Yeah but he never talks about it!” Jessica protested.

“I've told you.” Dean said and his voice was serious. “If don't like talking about it it's because there is a good reason. They're not good memories and I'd rather keep some of them in the past.”

“I know but...” Jessica tried.

“We lost a lot of good friends that day Jessica.” Dean said and it shut her up completely.

Harry nodded and so did Dean, they both took a drink for those who no longer could.

“I'm sorry.” Jessica said and he could tell she meant it. “I just got a bit over excited I guess.” She looked like she wanted to say more but she didn't want to keep poking old wounds.

“Apology accepted, but I think we'd better talk about something else.” Dean said to his younger sister.

Harry and Dean started telling little anecdotes about their time at Hogwarts together and Jessica listened to him with great interest. Their food arrived and the three of them tucked in, and they had been right, the food was really good. They spent a little while longer talking about their business and how they were doing which led them to what Harry had called about in the first place.

“Well, basically it comes down to this.” Harry began. “I've got a big old empty house in Islington, The place is really run down and I want to turn it into flats.”

Dean nodded for him to continue.

“The thing is, the layout is all wrong for flats, so the entire place will have to be changed.” Harry watched for signs on their faces that they were discouraged but seeing not he continued. “Basically I want the entire thing hollowed inside and building back up into flats, they'll need to be decorated and furnished and everything. Is this something you can do? I know you'll have to have a look at the place but I mean generally is something you can manage?” He got out in a rush.

“Doesn't sound like a problem so far.” Dean told him. “This house, did witches or wizards used to live there?” He asked.


“It can be sometimes, but we can usually get around it.” Jessica told him.

“See, in wizarding houses they leave lots of old charms and enchantments around and sometimes we come across something we don't know how to get rid of.” Dean told him but seeing the look on
Harry’s face he continued quickly. “Don’t worry, mate. It normally just means we have to call someone in to remove a curse or something, is there something like that at this place?”

“A portrait.” Harry told him. “But I’m pretty sure you can knock the wall down that it’s stuck too. Though there might be some other stuff that I don’t know about.”

“I’ve got a few bits of gear that will let me know, I’ll bring them with me when I have a look at the place.” Dean told him.

“What else?” Jessica asked.

“Well.” Harry pulled up the folder that he had set down on the seat next to him. “I spent last night trying to scribble some general ideas out if you want to have a look.”

Harry watched as the siblings pulled out the parchments and started looking them over. Harry had to clarify what he had tried to draw a few times and during all of this he explained the idea behind turning the place into flats and the way he wanted to have a flat built only when he had found someone willing to live in the place. He found that he had finished his drink even though he felt like he had spent the entire time talking. Figuring he could give them a private moment to talk he offered to go to the bar for them all.

He returned with their drinks when Dean spoke again.

“Harry mate.” He said. “These designs aren't going to work.” He then proceeded to point out several problems in the rough sketches that Harry had done and explain why each of them was a problem. As he did they all seemed very obvious to Harry once explained and he felt embarrassed. Disheartened Harry wished he'd got himself a real drink instead of a butterbeer but Dean just laughed at his expression.

“Don't worry Harry, there are loads of other designs.” He told his old friend.

“Look here.” Dean told him point to one sketch...

As time went by a general idea seemed to pull itself together between them. In the end they had decided to make what would be the ground floor flat into a flat with two floors by making use of the basement which would have been left unused otherwise.

They would done the same thing with the top floor flat and the attic.

Another thing that reassured Harry about this was when Dean had told him pretty bluntly that he could put the flats in on demand like Harry had said but it was cost him. He had explained why this would cost more than if Harry just had the entire thing done at once. There was both extra time, the spells, enchantments and charms needed to support the flats above when the room under it was empty and without any supporting walls.

In his head Harry now imagined Ron living in the top flat while the caretaker if he ever managed to find one would take the ground floor one. Ron would appreciate the extra space Harry thought and for the caretaker it was just another incentive.

In the end Harry had agreed and privately vowed to himself to never attempt architecture and building design ever again even if his life depended on it. He had admitted to Dean that he felt like an idiot after he’d pointed out everything wrong but Dean had laughed and reassured him that so far
Harry was being a great client because he was actually listening to suggestions.

Both Dean and Jessica then told him about a few of their previous clients who had absolutely refused to listen to reason and demanded the impossible from them which the had assured him they had delivered on despite everything.

He had felt much better after that.

Harry paid for their meal and was admonished in mock severity by Dean for forgetting the flowers that he had promised on the phone. This had led to the three of them standing around outside while he and Dean explained to a confused Jessica about why Harry had supposed to have brought flowers with him.

Before they had said their goodbyes they had arranged to meet with Harry at the weekend at his and Ginny's place, from there they would all head to Grimmauld place together.

Harry went home that night feeling pretty good about the whole thing.
Rough day, rougher night.

It was the next evening and Harry was home alone.

Luna had gone to visit her father and Ginny was still away until tomorrow.

Harry was expecting Hermione to show up at any time now.

He was sitting in one of the sitting rooms just off the entrance hall, when he heard the telltale crack that indicated someone had arrived, he rose and walked out.

Hermione stood in the entrance hall, she still wore the clothes he'd seen her in at the Ministry earlier that day and carried a handbag. She still had her pale disguise on but she smiled brightly when she saw Harry.

“I've brought a bottle of wine with me.” She told him raising her bag slightly and Harry enfolded her in his arms.

“That was nice of you.” He said stepping back to survey her. “You've still got your sad face on.”

It took her a second to realize what he meant but when she did, she returned her skin to it's natural tone.

“Come on.” He told her heading through the house towards the Nest.

“No Luna tonight?” She asked following behind him.

“She's visiting her father.” He told her. “It's just the two of us tonight I'm afraid.”

They walked into the Nest and as Harry went over to a small cabinet to retrieve a couple of wine glasses, Hermione set her bag down on a table and flopped nosily down on the sofa with an 'unf' of air coming from her.

When he turned he couldn't help grin at her. She was led out, taking up as much of the sofa as her small frame could.
Her arms tossed carelessly to her sides and she had an exaggeratedly grumpy look on her face.

“Rough day?” He asked heading over.

“The worst!” She told him, shifting her feet up for him to sit down then setting them back over his lap.

“I think you'd better pop open that bottle of wine then before you start telling me about it.” He said and she used her wand to summon the bottle from her bag. Harry took it from her when she offered it to him and set about opening it and pouring them both a drink.

“It's all your fault, you know.” She told him matter-of-factly. He raised an eyebrow as he handed her a glass.

“It's all stuff related to the Auror Department.” She said then took a sip from her glass. “It's the
French Minister asking about that Fontaine man. It's like he expects an update every hour from me personally, even though he has two of his own aurors over here looking for him with ours.”

Harry made a non-committal sound from his throat as he was sipping from his own glass.

“Exactly.” Hermione continued, as if he had agreed to something. “I've told him three times now that I will give him any updates I get just as soon as I get them, but he still kept asking for more even though I had nothing else to tell him!”

“They still haven't found him yet.” Harry told her but kept talking before she could complain to him. “Murphy and Ringwold will be joining the hunt tomorrow though so I expect it will be over sooner rather than later now.”

“Well there is that at least.” She said. “But it's still all your fault.” He said tartly.

“I'm terribly sorry to have disappointed you, Minister.” He told her in his best pretend contrite voice.

Hermione sniffed at him. “Your performance review is coming up you know.” She told him. “So you have better do something to improve matters.”

“I'll have to think of some way to make it up to you then won't I?” Harry said to her and she nodded grandly.

“You can start by giving me one of those rub feets again.” She told him and he laughed.

He set his glass aside and like a good underling, he did as he was told.

He pulled off her shoes one by one, tossed them to the floor and got to work.

He massaged her small feet in silence for a while just listening to her tell him about her day.

She seemed to enjoy his work though because soon she seemed very relaxed and her stream of complaints stopped.

“So did you see Dean then?” She asked him finally when he released her feet from his grasp.

“I did.” He told her and she turned herself around on the sofa to rest the back of her head against his thigh and her feet almost reaching the far arm rest.

He recounted his meeting with Dean and his younger sister Jessica as best as he could remember it, only pausing briefly to top up each of their glasses and soon Hermione was asking him questions about the flats.

What would they look like inside and how much it was all going to cost him, but Harry honestly didn't know those things himself yet.

“I think after they see the place they'll either run for the hills or they'll be able to give me some ideas.” He said to her.

“I'm sure they've had worse jobs to work on.” Hermione reassured him.

“You're probably right, I think I remember Jessica saying that they usually take a few days to draw up some designs and work out how much it will be, so I probably won't find out until some time next week.” He said.
“It sounds like she a big fan of yours.” Hermione said teasingly.

Harry grinned but he privately agreed.
She did have a very pretty smile.

“I could do worse.” He said. “She does have a pretty smile.”

Hermione reached an arm up to swat him on the chest.
“You're a manwhore, Harry.” She told him without any heat.

“That's The Man Who Whores, to you.” He told her importantly, which pulled a snort of laughter from her.

Smiling down at her he let his hands run through her hair, while it wasn't wild like it had been at Hogwarts, but it was always very full looking.
The brown and tawny colour suited her very much Harry thought.
He was pleased to see her eyes close in pleasure as his hands moved and he was pretty content.
After a minute or two of this she sat herself up, reached over him and placed her almost empty glass on the side table.
She moved back and turned back so she was sitting up with her back against his side and her feet up along the sofa.
She pull the arm closest to her over herself, holding his hand over her stomach, her smaller hands began to play with his fingers idly.

“Do you know how Ginny's match went?” She asked him.

“They won.” He told her. “Had an owl arrive about an hour before you got here.”

“That's good.” Hermione said and Harry could only make a noise agreement with the throat as he had let his head fall down a little so his face was buried in the top of her head to smell her hair.
She didn't seem to mind though.

“You smell nice.” He told her and she leaned back over him so that she could look up to him.

He let his face fall forwards again so he could kiss her lips.
Their lips were tender at first but quickly became more fervent, a minute went by before Hermione pulled away from him.
Her body had been twisting slightly to try to get a better angle but the position had been awkward.
She stood up and made to climb onto his lap but he held a hand out to stop her.

“I'm sorry Minister.” He said with a grin. “I'm afraid there are no trousers allowed on here.” and she rolled her eyes at him with a small smirk.

“You're wearing trousers.” She pointed out.

“Ah, but its my house.” He countered.

She looked like she was considering tackling him but they had played this game before. It was one of fun ways they enjoyed each other.
“You are the Minister for Magic, you should probably try to set a good example.” He told her and she sighed at him. Her hands moved to the buttons of her suit pants and undid them. She gave a little push down and her trousers dropped to the floor.

Stepping out of them, she cocked a hip slightly with a hand on it, letting him get a good luck a the small purple underwear she had on.

“Good enough?” She asked and nodded.

She climbed back onto him, this time directly onto his lap with a folded leg to either side straddling him soundly.

They immediately began to kiss again, this time there was nothing tender about it and they soon found themselves tasting each other, their tongues touching and their breathing getting heavier. Harry’s hands had found themselves without his knowledge running up and down the sides of her smooth slender thighs. When they broke apart to catch their breath Harry spoke again shortly after.

“I'm very sorry to have to tell you this Minister...” He began.

“Let me guess.” She said looking amused. “There's a new rule?”

He nodded gravely.

“Well I think as my head auror that you better start following these rules or it might reflect badly on me.” She told him.

He pretended to consider this before nodding in agreement.

“Well it looks like I'm going to have to ask you to move a minute so I can take off my trousers and my shirt.” He said letting his hands come away from her thighs.

She stood up giving him room to do the same.

When his hands reached up for the top button of his shirt she took a step closer.

“I think I'll have to do it, to make sure you're following the rules properly.” She told him and her delicate fingers started to unbutton him.

Harry stood still and let her undress him, when all the buttons of his shirt were undone, her small hands reached into the open shirt to run over his chest.

When she finally pushed the shirt and the suit jacket he had on over it off over his shoulders, to fall on the floor behind him, he spoke to her.

“You know Minister.” He said. “I'm not sure if it's entirely appropriate for me to be completely bare chested.”

Pretending to consider the matter just as seriously as he had done before she finally spoke.

“I suppose you might be right, I think it might be best if we were both bare chested, that way it doesn't look so unusual. I think I'll bring you up to code though first.” She told him as her hands reached for his belt buckle.
She managed to have his trousers sliding down his legs in short order and he saw her eyes taking in the beginning of a bulge in his boxers.

“Hm, that doesn't look very neat.” She told him and with a quick tug downwards they fell to the floor too, his slowly stiffening cock bouncing free. “Much better.” She said smugly.

Her small hand made to reach for the thing her eyes were looking at, but he diverted her hand by taking it in his own.
Lifting it up out of grabbing range of his semi-erect cock he spoke.

“I suppose I should help bring you up to code now too Minister, after all what are underlings for, if not to help?” He said.

And Harry took his turn at undressing the small woman in front of him. He had her shirt off and then turned her around so his fingers could unclasp her matching purple bra.

As Hermione moved her arms to let her bra slide down them Harry reached around her.

He boldly let his large hand reach between her legs, his palm cupping over the small triangle of purple and further underneath. He heard her inhale a bit sharper, he put his mouth next to her ear and spoke softly letting his hand press harder against her most tender spot, not quite rubbing, but close.

“I think you must have spilled something here Minister. These appear to be a little wet.” He said in a low whisper. He let his other hand slide up her smooth side then around from the cup one of her small breasts and her body leaned back into his.

“I think you had better take them off then.” She said breathlessly.

He planted a small kiss on her slender neck and was pleased to feel her shiver slightly against him. Harry lowered himself down on his knees behind her and as he lowered himself he planted small kisses down her spine.
At the same time he let his hands run down her sides, over her tiny waist and small hips until his fingers could curl under the fabric.

He slowly pulled them down legs and as her small bare buttocks came into view, his face pressed forwards between them, his tongue out seeking where she loved to be touched most.
He heard her low groan as her back arched, she instinctively pushed her rear harder against him wanting more and Harry obliged for a while.

His hands ran back up her legs from her ankles, up over the backs of her thighs to cup the small globes of her rear, spreading slightly, between which Harry's tongue was slowly working. She was bending slightly her back arched impressively and Harry felt one of her small hands reach back and her fingers grip into his hair in fear he would pull away from her.

A minute more of pleasuring her this way passed before he took a hold of the hand in his hair. He used it to hold her in place, wanting to keep her turned away from him. As he raised himself to his feet he made sure that his now rock hard cock smoothly slid up and over where his tongue had just been a moment before.
He released her hand and let both of his reach around to move up over her flat stomach to cup her small breasts.
She kept his hardness where it was by making sure to keep her lower body pressed back against him, his taller frame allowing him to lean down slightly to kiss along the side of her face.
He didn't have to be able to see to know that her eyes were closed.

One of his hands moved down the front of her body to cup her as he had done earlier, he cupped her hard and making her stand on the tips of her toes for balance as most of her weight was held by his one hand, her wetness on his palm. He let his middle finger run between her wet folds as he pulled his hands up. He lowered himself by bending his knees slightly and use a hand to adjust his cock, when he straightened himself again his cock slid between her legs over the hot moisture there.

The top of his shaft remained against her as he felt her small hands take a hold of the part of him that was now in front of her. She was caught between wanting to stroke him, to hold him in her tiny hands and wanting to pull up so he his sex pressed harder against hers. Her own pleasure won out and he could feel her hips rocking a little trying to get friction.

“Harry.” She moaned as his hands returned to her modest breasts and he let his teeth graze over the skin of her shoulder lightly. He felt her hands moving, wanting to shift his hard cock so she could push her back to make him enter her. so he moved.

Stepping back a moment he turned her around to face him, he saw hunger in her eyes and he knew his own would look the same. He stepped back over to her, his hands on her sides and he lifted the tiny witch up, her arms went around his neck and her legs around his waist. He kept stepping forwards until he felt her back hit the wall. One of her hands shot down between them grasping him desperately and she guided him to her entrance. Harry set his stance slightly then he let the broad head of his cock slide into her, she was so very tight, but he didn't stop. In one agonizingly long movement he let his long length slide into her tight body. He could hear and feel the breath frozen in her body the entire time, until he was pressed fully against her and his hard sex was completely inside her. The breath burst out of her face with a guttural sound, her face red as if that breath had been choking her. He had felt her nails digging into his back the entire time he had been slowly sheathing himself in her. When he was completely inside her he had felt her entire body shake with small tremors and he thought she might have been cumming around him, her small pussy was clenching and unclenching with the rest of her body.

She managed to pull in a sharp breath that sounded ragged against his neck and he heard he say “Oh god.” From between clenched teeth. When he thought she had regained herself a little he let his hips move, he stayed completely inside her but simply ground himself against her where their bodies met. Eventually he let his hips pull back a little and a little more each time he let himself slide from then back into her. She was kissing his lips desperately as his pace picked up and the small sounds that moved from her lips into his were, matched by his own lower sounds of lust.

He let himself move back from the wall a little so that rather than the entire back of her touching the wall it was only her head and the backs of her shoulders touching. Their bodies still joined at the hips, his thrusts into her making her head move up and back down the wall each time.
Her eyes were rolled up into her head a little and her mouth was a little ajar. She had given herself over to being used for his pleasure, only able to enjoy the sensations that where overwhelming her almost limply.

Her moans came louder and more frequently until she suddenly pushed herself forward from the wall, her arms going back around his neck, her small body pressing to his and clinging to him as hard as she could. She wailed out of her climax trying to keep herself pressed as close to him as she could hold herself, but Harry didn't let up and continued to dagger into her over and over while her hips bucked forwards.

He felt her wetness run over his swollen and heavy balls.

Harry knew he would have a bruise where her teeth had bitten into his shoulder in her pleasure. Stopped for a time and let her tremble against his body as she regained herself. It was a minute or two before she could breath enough to kiss him again.

Harry took her weight back under his hands fully and he moved them both to the sofa.

Him sitting down and her astride him.

She had not stopped kissing him.

Harry let one of his hands move around her, a finger sliding between her buttocks to rub over the place his tongue had been.

She moaned into his mouth and her hips began to rock on him.

He put his free hand into her hair and pulled back gently breaking their kiss, he pulled his other hand back up and pressed the finger to her lips. She took it into her mouth and let her tongue run over it, soon after he pulled her face back to his and his finger returned to slowly rub and make it's way into her anus.

When he breached her, the rhythm of her hips halted as she groaned into his mouth, but soon her hips returned to moving with even more vigour. He knew that she would climax a second time very soon, he could feel it in her movements. The way they became more erratic, her quest for pleasure taking over, small movements beginning to become a little jerky as the pleasure started to take control of her body.

Soon she leaned back, her hips pushing down his cock deep inside her, his finger in her favourite spot.

She clenched him harder this time and Harry groaned loudly. He knew if they had been in a different position her core could have expelled him from inside and he felt the familiar expulsion of liquid come from inside her.

She fell forwards against him breathing hard.

“Need.” She said gasping. “Minute.” and she sucked in ragged breath and ragged breath while Harry held the points of him that were inside her still, his free hand running up and down her back.

She started to rise and Harry let himself exit her, she got down on her knees in front of him and took his broad head into her small pretty lips.

She squeezed and stroked him, her lips sealed tight around his thickness and her tongue rolling over
his sensitive most flesh.
Soon his hands were in her hair as he felt himself coming close to spilling himself and she seemed to understand.

She let go of him and lay herself down on the sofa perpendicular to him. She opened her legs, her tiny glistening centre exposed for him.

“Go as hard as you need to.” She told him a little breathlessly and he didn't need to be told twice. He climbed over her and sank himself into her, though faster this time. She let out that same guttural sound with her breath as he filled her completely, then he started to move.
He didn't hold back, he moved his hips hard and fast taking his pleasure from her body.
She was pressed against him again, wrapping around him and just holding on as she had given over her body for him to use for his release.

His skin hitting hers was loud and her own half moans and half screams getting louder.
His hands slipped under her to take a hold of a small buttock in each hands.
Keeping her tight pussy just exactly where he needed it.
A choked noise came from between his lips that were against the side of her throat and his hips smashed down hard against her.
His long thick cock sank and stayed in her most deep part and his hot cum spilling with every spasm of his muscles, deep into her core.
He couldn't say how long his hips bucked against hers, or how long he stayed panting for, but the first thing he remembered was Hermione breathlessly planting small kisses on his lips and his face.

Her fingers running through his soaked hair and over his shoulders.

Soon after he carried Hermione up to his bedroom and they slept in each others arms.
Chapter Summary

Harry and Ginny have dinner with Mr and Mrs Weasley.

(Contains fluff, teasing and Harry choking the cum out of Ginny.)

The next morning both he and Hermione had awoken earlier than they normally would have. They had made their way downstairs in bathrobes, while Harry had attempted to commit breakfast for them in the kitchen, Hermione had ducked into the Nest to retrieve her clothes.

When Harry had just about managed to burn his attempt at cooking, Hermione had come into the kitchen, fully clothed now and they had both decided to just butter some toast. Hermione had tidied up the Nest she told him for which Harry thanked her an apologised again for his failure to make breakfast.

Soon after she had left to go to her own home to change and Harry decided to get himself ready and head into work early.

He spent the day sorting out a few reports but the majority of it was him coordinating and generally giving support from the department, to those who out were searching for their French murderer. Harry had made a point of sending regular updates to Hermione’s office even if he hadn't had all that much to report.

He hoped that if nothing else, Hermione would at least be able to forward the reports to the French Minister and keep him from breathing down her neck. Though by the end of the day he received word that they might have had a possible sighting of their man in a small seaside town up north. He'd sent that final update to the Minister's office before heading home.

Harry, with a crack, arrived home and noticed his wife's discarded shoes by the front door so he called out for her.

He heard her voice come from upstairs so he went in search of her.

He found her in their bedroom sitting at her vanity and brushing her long red hair, she was only in her underwear.

Harry thought this was a lovely slight to come home to.

“Well done, Gin.” He said to her, referencing her team's win.

“Thanks.” She said with a smile and leaned back against him as he hugged her from behind. He planted a kiss on her cheek.

“Tell me all about it.” He said and sat himself down on the corner of their bed closest to her. As she told him the details of the match, he had a view of her pale back and by looking at the mirror he also had a view of her front.

He watched her brushing her hair, taking her time about it and he listened to her move on from the match to tell him about the town she and the rest of the team had explored briefly.
When she was done with her hair and recounting all the details of her trip she stood up and made her way over to him. She told him that she had promised her mother she would be visiting the Burrow when she returned and asked if Harry would come with her.

He agreed easily.

Sitting herself down on one of his thighs, she let her arms rest around his neck idly and Harry's hands moved onto her.

One went around her to rest on the small of her back and the other set down on her pale thigh.

It was Harry's turn to tell catch her up on the events of the last few days.

He began with the meeting with Dean and being introduced to his sister Jessica. As he spoke about the tentative plans they had for Grimmauld Place and then moved onto the non-business related conversation they had had he was interrupted by Ginny.

“I think you fancy Dean's sister.” She pointed out. Harry tilted his head a little and made a non-committal sound.

“I'm going to have to see her when we go to Grimmauld Place.” Ginny told him. “If my husband is going to be fucking her, I'd like to see her first.”

Harry laughed lightly. “I've met her all of one time, Ginny.” He pointed.

“Yeah but she sounds like a bit of a fan of yours.” She said.

“Hermione said the same thing.” He told her.

“You saw her then?” Ginny seemed to approve of this.

“A couple of times, she spent the night here last night.” He told her.

“I want to hear about that.” Ginny told him

“Oh you know, not much to tell really.” He said in a mock casual voice.

“Details, Harry.” His wife demanded of him and so began to recount the events of the night before to his wife. He was very graphic in his retelling and soon enough Ginny was shifting around, her thighs pressing together. He made sure to draw out the night he'd spent with Hermione, sometimes leaning into Ginny and whispering in a low tone into her ear.

His hand on her thigh slide up and down it, he really drew out the retelling. Harry was on the verge of having to start making things up to tell Ginny when he finally got what he had been waiting for. Her hand reached down heading between her own legs, he knew she was now desperately in need of relief.

Harry had been waiting for her to move.
He caught her hand by the wrist with his own, preventing her from touching herself and finished quickly.

“Then I came and we went to bed.” He told her, stand up which forced her to get her feet under herself or fall to the floor. “Well, you’d better get dressed so we can go to your mothers.” He told her in a matter-of-fact tone and she let out a long groan of frustration.
Realising what he had done to her.
Working her up and getting her all hot and bothered just so he could force her to visit her parents in this state.

He grinned wolfishly at her and she spun around almost angrily to get herself some clothes to put on.

He enjoy himself watching his frustrated wife get dressed, when she was fully clothed and picked up her bag she turned to face him.

“I'll get you for this.” She promised.

“Actually, I think you'll find with Luna at her father's you'll be hoping that it's me who gets you.” He retorted smugly knowing he was right and he was satisfied that she had no reply and remained quiet.
As the two of them left their room they soon after appeared in the back garden of the Burrow.
Ginny leading the way they entered into Mrs Weasley's kitchen through the backdoor.

“Ginny!” Mr Weasley said brightly.

The older man stood in the kitchen pouring himself a cup of tea, he set down the kettle and met his daughter half way and gave her a big hug.

“Hiya, dad.” His wife said, soon after Harry was shaking hands with his father-in-law and they both assure one another they were both in good health.

“The kettle's just boiled, you want a brew?” He offered and Harry accepted.

“Tea please.” Harry requested politely and he followed after Ginny who was now giving her mother a hug.
Mrs Weasley had entered the room with a small pile of clean and folded clothes in her arms.
Harry reached and took her pile from the one hand it was about to fall from, as she had instinctively give up the other hand to hug her daughter back.

He set the pile down on a clean surface and turned to receive his own embrace.

“Hello Mrs Weasley.” Harry said.

“It's good to see you both, dear.” She told him and Harry hugged her a little tighter.

“I think your husband has managed to boil the kettle in your kitchen.” Harry told her, as if Mr Weasley going into the kitchen was a serious crime because it was surely her domain.

He won a smile from her at this.

“Well I suppose if he's gotten that far, he might as well make us all a cup of tea.” She said, her voice aimed to reach the ears of her husband.
"Already on it, dear." He said back easily.

"Well let's sit down and wait for our tea service." She told them and they all took seats around the table.
Mr Weasley, smart man that he was, didn't have them waiting long and they all had a steaming cup in front of them in no time.

Harry stayed quiet as Ginny recounted her victory over the French to her parents and his tea had cooled enough to begin drinking by the time she was telling them about the town she and the team had stayed in.
At this point she had reached into her bag and produced a small gift basket for her parents.

Harry saw that it contained some cheeses and crackers, an assortment of chocolates and sweets and two miniature bottles of wine.
Pleased with this gift, Mrs Weasley gave her daughter another hug and stood up to take the basket into her kitchen.

"Are you and Harry staying for dinner?" Mrs Weasley asked, opening and closing various cupboard drawers.

"What are you having?" Ginny asked.

"I thought I'd make some spaghetti." Mrs Weasley told her, still looking through her arsenal of cooking equipment.

"Go on then." Ginny said and Harry was already looking forwards to the meal. Ginny had turned to face her father before she spoke.

"Harry's got a bit of news about Grimmauld Place." She told him and Mr Weasley looked at Harry his eyebrows raised enquiringly.

"Yeah, I'm having it looked at this weekend to see if it's possible to turn the place into flats." He told Mr Weasleys.

"Well." Said Mr Weasley. "There is certainly plenty of room." He noted and Harry nodded.

"It's all still very early yet." Harry hurried to say. "But I'll know if it's even possible next week sometime, I think."

"I'm sure it will be fine." Mr Weasley said. "So you'll be a landlord then? Do you have any potential tenants yet?"

"Actually, the only person I have so far is Ron." Harry said. "And he won't be there living in his flat most of the time." Harry let a rye smile touch his face and Mr Weasley smiled back at him.

"So far the working idea is to have two flats with two floors," Harry told him. "The top floor and attic and the ground floor and basement. Then two normal flats in between." Seeing that Mr Weasley was paying attention he continued.

"I'd planned to have Ron upstairs and we came up with the idea of having a sort of caretaker in the bottom flat." Harry said. "Someone who can keep the place in order, clean the halls or fix things."
That sort of thing you know?"

“No one in mind then yet?” Mr Weasley asked.

“Not yet, as I said I've only got Ron who'll live there so far, but I'm going to offer the caretaker flat at half price rent and I might give them a small cut of the other rents each month, as you know incentive to take the job.” Harry finished.

“Well it certainly sounds like a good deal.” Mr Weasley assured him. “I don't suppose that taking care of the place would be a full time job so they would still be able to do whatever it is they do to earn money and earn a little extra from you in their spare time.” Nodding to himself Mr Weasley seemed to think it was a sensible idea.

“You wouldn't happen to know anyone who would like to be the caretaker would you?” Harry asked hopefully.

“I can't think of anyone off the top of my head, but I'll certainly let people know and have a think about it.” Mr Weasley assured him.

“Thanks, Mr Weasley.” Harry said.

By this point Mrs Weasley, with small assistance from Ginny, was working hard in the kitchen and Harry knew that their dinner would be made in record time.

Harry excused himself from Mr Weasley and decided to make himself useful by collecting all their empty cups and washing them in the sink.

He wouldn't normally have done this with Mrs Weasley working in the kitchen but the sink was at the other side, furthest from where she and Ginny were working, so he was able to stay unobtrusive and out of their way while he quickly washed their cups.

When Mrs Weasley saw him she smiled at him like he had given her the greatest gift that one person could give to another and thanked him.

He gave him lavish praise on his good manners and that he was always so thoughtful of others.

“You're such a bootlicker!” Ginny accused him tartly and he laughed at her.

“Didn't you hear?” He asked her mockingly. “I'm just so selfless. You're lucky to be married to me you know.” He told her in mock seriousness.

He was soundly hit on the side of the head by a mushroom that had yet to be chopped but he didn't mind. He picked it up off the floor and made a point of putting it in the bin, like he was doing a great favour.

He headed quickly back to rejoin Mr Weasley who was smiling at their antics. He and his father-in-law were discussing possible designs and features for the flats and as time went by they were joined by Ginny.

It wasn't too much longer before Mrs Weasley joined in the conversation and brought with her their dinner.

It was every bit as delicious as Harry had hoped.

Ginny, who had taken the seat opposite from him on the table, began to take her revenge for earlier. Her foot had slid from her shoe under the table and was pressed firmly against Harry’s crotch.
He was thankful that Mr and Mrs Weasley were leading the conversation, throwing ideas back and forth and the need for Harry's participation in the conversation was minimal.

Time dragged by and Harry had had to move his wife's foot from his crotch to allow himself time for the bulge to become less noticeable. She had a smug twinkle in her eyes when he had move her away from him but Harry was already plotting his counter-attack.

They made their goodbyes and thanked Mrs Weasley for the meal and were standing together in the dark outside the Burrow.
Offering his arm to Ginny so she could tag along they vanished with a crack.

Ginny looked confused for a moment as they had not arrived where she had expected.
Instead of the entrance hall to her home they found themselves in a field.
The field was in fact almost a mile away from the Burrow and it had been Harry who had brought them there.

“Where are-” Ginny managed to get out before Harry had tackled her to the ground. She let out a squawking noise as they felt to the ground and Harry was already nipping at her throat.
She let out a high pitched laugh but his mouth covered hers, his hands running up and down her sides then roughly groping her breasts over her dress.

He eventually pulled back from her and sat back up on his knees, Ginny with her legs open a little at either side of him remained on her back in the grass.
Harry pushed her dress up to expose the underwear he had admired her wearing earlier and produced his wand.
As he let the tip of his wand run lightly over the fabric it tore behind it.
Ginny watched him from her laid back position with excitement in her eyes, and a few wand movements later he was able to take a grip of the torn material and pull it from her completely.

Tossing it aside and replacing his wand back into his pocket, he set a hand under each of Ginny's knees and pushed her legs wide apart.
The hem of her dress still hiked up onto her stomach, his hands moved to her inner thighs and pushed her legs even further apart.
Almost holding her in a split, he admired her most delicate parts exposed before him he looked only for seconds before he buried his face roughly into her.
He wasn't gentle, his mouth sucked hard, his teeth grazing over her wet folds and the small bundle of nerves.
He delved deep into her with his tongue, his hands keeping her legs wide open as she instinctively tried to close them around his head.

He felt her hands gripping his hair and pulling roughly at him as her pleasure began to build but this wasn't about her.
It was about him, taking what he wanted from his wife.

Pulling from her abruptly, he took her hands in his and pressed them into the grass above her head.
Adjusting slightly so that he could hold both of her wrists down in one of his hands he moved his other hands to his trousers.
He unbuttoned himself, unzipped and pushed them down with his boxers.
He moved his legs to let the fabric move down around his ankles and stay there against his shoes.
His hard cock now free, he took it in one hand, set the head of him against her entrance after dragging it over her and pushed into her.
He didn't sink into her slowly, he used his hips to drive himself down forcing, his large cock into her until he was at her deepest part.

He heard the sound come from between her gritted teeth, half pain and half pleasure, he didn't hold himself inside her or pause to let her accommodate him.

He immediately pulled back and drove back into her over and over, the sounds of mixed pain and pleasure turning eventually to only pleasure and he picked up his pace.

He could feel her wrists trying to break free of his grip but he held her down.

Using his one free hand her reached up to hold her tossing head still and let her taste her own arousal from his face.

Her tongue was frantically tasting herself and him as much as she could touch between her laboured breathing.

Liking that sound he moved his hand to her throat and applied pressure.

Harry watched her face, her teeth gritted and her eyes trying to find the back of her skull as her face started to turn red.

He kept driving into her hard and as he loosened the grip of her throat to allow her to breathe he released the hold he hand on her wrists.

They shot out to either side of her to claw into the grass and dirt and she sucked in a huge ragged breath.

When Harry thought she had pulled enough life back into her lungs he gripped again and kept forcefully fucking her tightening wet pussy.

Again he waited for her to change colour before releasing his grip and he watched her pull in another desperate lungful of air and slowly recover herself each one after.

He repeated this perhaps three or four times and while he was choking her the last time he felt her body seize in pleasure and begin to trash wildly under him.

He groaned out his own pleasure, feeling her centre tightening and flexing around the base of his thick cock and he released her again.

He slowed his pace and eventually held himself in her as she recovered from her climax and her lack of air.

Harry moved over her as she lay in the grass, he took a hold of her hair in his hand and pulled her up into a half sitting position while he straddled her.

Knowing what was coming her mouth was already opened, her tongue hanging out slightly as she eagerly awaited his cock.

He pulled her face forwards and let his thick length slide into her waiting mouth until he felt the tip of him touch her throat.

He half fucked her mouth as she sucked him until he held her still and sank himself into her throat, he didn't stop until he felt her lips reach the wide base of him and he held himself there a moment. Eye closed and a small groan escaping him.

He pull out of her in a one quick movement, enjoying first that sound a woman's throat makes when you are in her deeply then he heard her gasp for air.

He allowed her a few seconds to pull it in before pushing the tip of him back between her lips.

He let her suck on him hungrily before he knew that soon be would reach his own climax.

He pull himself from her and settled back on his knees.

“Turn around and bend over.” He said in a low growl. “I'm going to fuck you with your face in the dirt and cum in your cunt.” He told her.

She turned herself over quickly, her knees on the ground and her arse pushed up into the air for him.
He moved into position, set a hand into her hair and pushed the side of her face into the grass. He immediately sank himself back into her core and fucked her just as he had said he would.

A minute went by of him hammering himself down into her, before he spilled his hot cum deep inside, as he did he folded himself over the back of her and bit the back of her neck.

He held himself there spilling into her until he was sated.

The two of them breathed heavily together in the dark field, laying in the grass.
Inspection and Investigation.

Chapter Summary

Grimmauld Place gets some visitors and things take a turn for the worst at work.

It was a quarter to twelve on Saturday and Harry was making his way down the stairs. He had heard the sound of the doorbell ring, followed by Ginny greeting someone. Harry knew Dean and his sister Jessica had arrived.

He saw Ginny introducing herself to Jessica when Dean caught sight of him.

“Good to see you again, Harry.” Dean said and Harry took his hand.

“You too, mate.” Harry told him and then turned to greet Jessica, as he shook hands with her Ginny spoke to the two of them.

“Do you want to stick around for a cup of tea or anything or should we go straight to Grimmauld Place?” She asked.

Dean and Jessica shared a brief look before Dean spoke.

“We might as well just go have a look.” He said. “It’s probably going to take a while.”

“Fair enough.” Said Ginny, who turned to look at Harry.

“Right, you’d better take a hold then.” He offered his arm to Dean. He was holding a dark leather bag in one hand that reminded Harry of the kind old muggle doctors used to carry. He reached with his free hand to set it on Harry's upper arm.

At the same time Ginny stepped close to Jessica and smoothly linked arms with her.

A second later at the four of them were standing in the dusty kitchen of number 12 Grimmauld Place.

“Blimey.” Said Dean looking around. “It is a bit run down isn’t it?” and Harry nodded. He had told him about this when they had met earlier in the week.

“This is the basement, right?” Asked Jessica also looking around at the worn and mostly empty kitchen.

“Yeah.” Said Ginny. “Do you need us to do anything?” She asked.

“Not really.” Dean told her and he set the bag he was carrying onto a kitchen side. Opening it and digging around inside it he continued. “Me and Jess will need to look around and do some checks.”

He pulled out a brass device that had numerous lenses and small leavers on it, he handed it to his sister and returned to delve into the back. “We'll have to check every room and we'll have to have a look outside before we leave at some point too.” He pulled a slightly different contraption from the back that had just as many leavers as the other but it had a large crystal on it that looked like it had thick fog rolling around inside it. Dean twisted a few knobs on it and the crystal cleared completely.
“As I said, this is going to take a while and we'll probably have a few questions.” Dean said turning to his sister. “If you start down here, I'll go see this portrait Harry mentioned.”

“No problem.” Jessica said, adjusting some of the settings on the strange device in her hands.

“Well, us girls will stick together.” Ginny said walked over to stand with Jessica who gave her a smile.

“It's on the ground floor.” Harry said to Dean and began to lead the way. Harry had mixed feelings at he lead Dean to the portrait of Sirius' mother. On the one hand he didn't want to go anywhere near it and on the other the hope that it would seen be gone almost made him want to run to get there faster.

“Is it really as bad as you made out?” Dean asked him and Harry let out a mirthless laugh.

“True me, mate. You'll see.” He told him. “You'll wish you hadn't, but you'll see.”

As was always the case, the curtains that they always drew closed over the picture were open again. The moment he and Dean came into sight it began.

“YOU!” Screeched the voice. “TRAITOR! DISGUSTING BLOOD TRAITOR. BEFOULING THESE HALLS!”

Dean had frozen in shock.

“NOW YOU BRING EVEN MORE OF YOUR FOUL FRIENDS INTO THIS NOBLE HOUSE!” Her voice was like nails on a chalkboard.

Harry pulled out his wand and pointed it at her.

“Shut up! You old bag!” He bellowed and the curtain's snapped shut over her.

“Bloody hell!” Exclaimed Dean giving Harry a look. His coffee coloured skin had paled somewhat to almost that of his sister's normal colour.

Dean started to raise the device in his hands but stopped midway. He was looking at the name on the plaque below the portrait. Harry saw him mouth the name 'Walburga Black' then mouth the last part several times more.

He turned wide-eyed to stare at Harry, then around at the house.

“Is this place...” He started.

Harry nodded grimly.

“It was.” He said and his voice said that he didn't want to talk about it.

“Blimey.” Dean said half under this breath. “Well I'd better get cracking then.” He said holding up the device and pointing it at the covered portrait. He turn a few dials then holding the device under one arm he pulled a small notepad and pencil out of a pocket and made a note on it.

He repeated this and moved up and down the wall the portrait was hung on occasionally stopping to make a note before he finally returned to Harry.

“Yep, it's a permanent sticking charm, mate.” He told Harry. “But the good news is that there is no problem with taking the wall out.
“Thank Merlin.” Harry breathed out.

“You know I thought you were exaggerating about that.” Dean said, his head tilting in the direction of their now silent abuser. “But I can see you weren't.”

“Nope.” Harry said. “Just be warned that when you're finally getting rid of her, she's likely to kick up a worse racket than she did just now. That was pretty mild for her.” Harry warned his friend who looked a little surprised at that.

“Just a heads up you know? I'm sorry for what she will probably scream at you but there's nothing I can really do.” Harry told Dean.

“Well, it's not your fault and I've been called names before.” Dean said then looked around. “Right, well I'm going to wander around for a bit, OK?” He asked.

“No problem, I'll just take a seat here.” Harry said taking a seat on the stairs. “If you think you might have found something dangerous or if you need to ask me something then give me a shout.” Harry finished.

“No problem.” Dean told him and got to work.

Harry sat as Dean made his way around the ground floor, taking notes on the things he saw in the crystal. Before Dean could finish his inspection of the floor Ginny and Jessica made their way up from the basement kitchen.

They were chatting animatedly and Harry noticed that his wife was touching Jessica quite often, more than he thought she normally would have and was silently amused at this. Jessica didn't seem to mind though.

They both stopped to talk about the portrait briefly then headed up to the first floor. Five or so minutes went by before Dean returned and they both headed up to the second floor. They could both hear Ginny and Jessica chattering away on the floor below them.

Again while Dean was surveying the rooms on their floor, Jessica and Ginny came up to head to the next one.

Finally him and Dean headed up for Dean to check the attic which contained a neat pile of boxes in which Harry had stored those Black Family items that didn't relate to Sirius. Harry had assured Dean that he would have moved them out of the house if Dean was able to start work on it.

When the four of them met on the ground floor later, having inspected the rest of the house. Dean reminded Harry that he needed to check the outside.

“Do you know the neighbours?” Dean asked.

“Not really.” Harry admitted. “I know that next door is empty.” He said pointing to indicate the house to his right. “And that an old woman who is mostly deaf lives on the other side.” He told Dean.

“Well, that's probably a good thing.” Dean pointed out and Harry shrugged.

“You go have a look out back Jess, I'll go look out front.” He said to his sister and they were away. They didn't take nearly as long as they had inside the house, less time that they had spent on a single room inside in fact.

“We need to compare notes.” Dean told Harry and taking the hint, he told them that he and Ginny
would be down in the kitchen.

Harry was too anxious to speak and though only five minutes went by, they felt a lot longer. Ginny seeing his mood didn't try to calm him but was relaxed and silent.

When Dean and his sister came down into the kitchen Harry immediately gave them his full attention.

“Well, it all looks pretty straightforward to us.” Dean said and Harry felt himself relax. “We can definitely do the job the only thing to do now is give us a few days to come up with some designs for you and some prices and we can take it from there?” Dean said.

“That's great news.” Harry said meaning it.

“He's been stressing out about this.” Ginny told Jessica and Dean with a teasing tone in her voice.

“Well after meeting the previous occupant of the house.” Dean said. “I'm not surprised Harry wants this place sorted out.”

“I could hear her from down here.” Jessica told them.

As Dean started packing away his things back into his bag he spoke to Harry. “You still have my card right?” Dean asked and at Harry's nod he continued. “Well if you come to the address on it around...” He paused to think.

“Say around five o'clock, Wednesday we should be able to have a few designs for you to look at.” Dean told him.

“That would be fantastic, mate.” Harry told him his anxiety completely forgotten.

“Are you coming too?” Jessica asked Ginny.

“I'm afraid not.” Ginny told her. “I've got a lot of practice next week.”

Jessica seemed moderately disappointed to hear this.

“We'll see each other again and I'll tell you horrible things about the time me and Dean dated at Hogwarts.” Ginny said with an evil grin.

Jessica gasped and her eyes went wide. She spun to look at her brother as if she had never seen him before.

“That was a long time ago.” He said in a stony voice to his sister. “And probably best left in the past.”

Both Ginny and Harry were laughing and after a minute Dean joined them.

Soon after Dean and his sister left and he and Ginny returned home. Harry was in a good mood and he was feeling optimistic about this whole thing. Although he still had the issue with finding people to live in the place and they had yet to find out a price. He knew that he had enough gold in his vault to pay for it no matter what the price was, he just hoped as any reasonable person would that it wouldn't be outrageously expensive.

Harry declared when they had arrived home that he was taking Ginny out that night, he told her that he wanted her to go to Persephone's where he had met with Dean and his sister. Ginny, enjoying his good mood readily agreed.

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Monday morning found Harry in his office at the Ministry of Magic in a very foul mood. Fontaine was still on the loose, Murphy was in St. Mungo's and Hermione had the French Minister breathing down her neck.

Murphy and Ringwold had managed to track down Fontaine in the very early hours of this morning. They had thought they were going to be able to bring him in but Murphy had been severely injured, Ringwold had to make the call to either continue chasing Fontaine at the risk of letting Murphy bleed to death or to help his fellow auror, he had of course chosen to take Murphy to St. Mungo's.

Harry himself couldn't fault Ringwold as he would have made the same call but it didn't stop him from feeling annoyed that Fontaine had gotten away. To make matters worse the press had gotten wind that a dangerous dark wizard was loose in the country and they were demanding answers from the Ministry.

With one of his top aurors out of action for at least a week and with the mounting pressure on his department and on Hermione personally Harry had agreed to let Hermione use his name to appease both the press and the French Minister for Magic. He would be taking to the streets himself in search of Fontaine.

While Harry was quite pleased to be able to get back into the real action the enormous pressure on him and his department loomed over him.

He had been in the process of putting on his 'muggle gear' which was simply another suit like his others but with protective magic on it when the door to his office had burst open. The young auror who had been on a raid previously acting under Ringwold and Murphy, her name was Violet Watkins ran into the room panting.

“Sir, there's been a murder!” She told him, trying to catch her breath.

“Fontaine?” Harry asked.

She nodded to him. “We think so, sir.”

Harry began to swear furiously.

Snatching his wand up from his desk and putting it in his pocket he stood and headed for the door.

“Show me and tell me what's going on.” He said to Watkins who was following him.

“Well, it's in in that seaside town where he was spotted a few days ago.” She told him “We've got some juniors the who have secured the area and kept the muggles from finding out.”

“Who has been murdered?” Harry asked impatiently.

“A man named Jonathan McCall, he was sixty three years old, lived alone he was a squib, sir.” She told him.

“Why do we think this was Fontaine?” Harry asked as they left the protective boundary of the Auror Department.

“He left a message written in blood, sir.” Watkins told him grimly “And the wound is the same as the one he gave Murphy.”

He offered his arm to her and she took it, she pulled him with her as she took him to the scene of the crime.

He was standing in the hallways of a small house, a few of the junior aurors straightened up when they saw Harry. Some of them nodded and some simply gave a subdued 'sir' as he made his way
further into the house.

Harry turned into a living room and the first thing that caught his eye was the large red writing on the wall.

'A demonstration of what happens when fools tangle with their betters.'

Written in blood.
The old man's body lay on his side, a pool around him where he had bled to death. His skin was so very white. He was wearing a very old coat as if he had been about to go out somewhere, though he never would now.
The man's deep set blue eyes were still open, Harry could still see the fear in them.

“Are you done with him?” Harry asked a wizard who was writing on a pad and the man nodded.

Harry walked over being careful not to touched anything or step into the pool of blood. He reached out a hand and gently closed the old man's frightened eyes for the last time.

He sighed when he stood up, straightened his shouldered and turned to them man who had been making notes.

“Talbot.” Harry said and his voice was very cold. “Tell me what we know.”
The rest of that day had gone poorly. He had spent some time at the crime scene and had listened very carefully to everything the investigation team could tell him. After that he had hit the streets checking out possible sightings just like any other auror but so no avail.

He had arrived home late and in poor spirits, the one good thing was that Luna had returned from her fathers and she had brought him a drink almost before he had even had the chance to sit down. He had gone to bed drained that night and had had nightmares about a helpless old man with scared blue eyes.

He had gone to work very early when he had awoken, determined to do something to bring this to an end though his mood quickly soured again when he caught glimpses of his name and face on the cover of The Daily Prophet next to the blonde Fontaine. Looks like they had been told that the Head of the Auror Department was now actively on the case. Naturally the press was making this out like a muggle boxing match, pitting Harry against Fontaine and selling as many copies as they could.

In the situation room which had rapidly become a room dedicated to the hunt for Fontaine, Harry started getting reports from the aurors on duty. With the news hitting the papers the number of possible sightings had suddenly skyrocketed with every old witch and her dog swearing that they had just seen Fontaine moments ago buying a pint of milk in their corner shop.

Harry felt like screaming but he listened to everything he was being told, soon after he was checking out possible sightings again even though he was the head of this department the only thing he could do to help was to run down possible sightings.

Harry knew this was a waste of time but he also knew that he couldn't just sit in if office and wait for news.

Returning back to the situation room around mid-morning for more addresses he was interrupted by a panting Talbot, the small amount of hair that ringed his head was even more dishevelled than usual. He clutched in his bony hand an empty jar and was holding it up like it contained all the secrets of the universe.

“Got him now.” He panted out. “Found 'em at McCall's.”

Harry's heart began to hammer in his chest and he quickly moved to the old investigator.

“What is it?” Harry demanded resisting the urge to strangle Talbot and ask he was about to demand answers again he really looked at the jar. It wasn't empty at all, inside it were several pale blonde hairs and Harry understood at once.

“His hairs.” Talbot said still breathing a little heavily. “Found 'em at McCall's place when I was packing up.”
“You're a bloody Godsend!” Harry exclaimed. “How soon can we have a good locator going?” He asked Talbot.

“Already have two of my juniors working on it now.” He told Harry with a grin on his lined face. “Few hours, I'd say.”

And Harry grinned back, pulling a chair over so the man could sit himself down. Had he asked for it right then Harry would have given the old man a kiss.

Everyone knew that you could locate a witch or wizard by their hair, you could perform a simple spell with your want and it would point you in the right direction. This however was very easy to counter as the further away you got the less reliable the spell became, it was useful for trying to find something you’d lost in the house or in your garden but when you were dealing with a wizard who was currently somewhere in the entire country then things got tricky.

Anyone could easily make themselves a counter-charm in the form of a necklace or a ring in just a couple of minutes. You would become undetectable even if they were standing right next to you when you performed a locator charm. It just wouldn't see you, it's locating magic would flow around you as if you weren't even there.

The was a way though if you had a piece of the thing you were looking for to find the rest of it. It was a complicated bit of magic that required quite a few implements and spells to do. Setting this up on your own would take you all day with the number of spells you would be required to do and then the number of items you had to collect.

Harry however had a department of fully trained and some who were in training, dark wizard hunters.

After all your spells were done and all the prep-work it boiled down to binding a small golden dart to a map. When you released the spell the dart would hit a place on the map and if the location wasn't quite exact, it was damn close. Harry knew that the sheer amount of magical energy required to do this was huge.

Many dark wizards chose to remove their hair completely instead of having to clean up after themselves at say a crime scene, standing around using spells to make sure the room was scoured of any part of them.

Fontaine was not just a dark wizard, he was a madman and what seemed sensible to most people wouldn't necessarily seem like the right thing to do for him.

Harry waited in the situation room for a long time, he was waiting to word that their locator was ready but he stayed in the situation room in case word came through before they used it. Word never arrived, it was hours later when a fresh faced looking junior came into the room, looked around and then headed towards Harry.

“S-Sir.” The boy said. “Mr Talbot sent me to-”

“It's ready isn't it?” Harry cut in but not unkindly.

The junior nodded enthusiastically. “Yes, sir.”

Harry stood and hurried to Talbot's workshop, the junior following along behind. Talbot looked exhausted.

A couple of minutes went by and there was an air of excitement in the room, eventually though everyone who needed to be there had arrived. The room contained Harry, Watkins, Talbot and his two juniors and one of the two French aurors who was working on the case. His name was Sebastian, the other whose name Harry couldn't recall at that minute was currently paired with
Ringwold and they were both out looking for Fontaine.

“Alright.” Talbot said. “Keep your wands away, we don't want any outside magic interfering with the ritual.” He told them all and one of his juniors, the one who had come to get Harry blushed slightly and shoved his wand, which he had been holding in a white knuckled grip into his pocket.

Talbot produced his own wand and he delicately tapped it once against against the golden dart that hung above the large table they were all standing around.
On the table was a very large and detailed map. The edges of it were covered in runes and various substances. The dart chimed very softly as Talbot's wand struck it then it began to move.

Slowly, it circled around over the map and hung from it string. It began to speed up and pull the string it hung from very tight. There was a swooshing sound as it moved but the sound it produced seemed to be coming from something much larger than the small golden dart. Just when Harry thought he couldn't take the anticipation any longer the string snapped, the golden dart blurred and hit the map and the sound was almost deafening.

Like someone had dropped a bowling ball.

As soon as the dart had stuck in the map, the outer edges of the map burst into purple flames and moved almost as fast as the dart had consuming the map. The only area that remained unburned was the area around the dart. Harry leaned over the table as did the others and he read the writing on the small bit of paper that was all that remained of the huge map.

When he made out the upside down words he started to swear.

It was mostly empty map except for the small words on it. “Hogsmeade Village.”

Twenty minutes later, Harry, Watkins and the French auror Sebastian appeared in an alley close to The Three Broomsticks.
Turning onto the street the three of them moved quickly.

There was a skill to searching through a crowd area quickly without drawing too much attention to yourself. The trick was to move as if you were headed somewhere specific when in reality you had no particular place in mind. The point of this was to prevent the crowd from panicking because people would get hurt and where ever Fontaine was it would draw his attention to them.

They hoped to spot him before he spotted them. The three of them moved through alleyways and streets, looking around doing their best to remain unobtrusive and inconspicuous. The three of them were just about to turn into another alleyway when Harry heard someone call his name.

As Harry faced where the voice had come from, his arms reached out to push Watkins and Sebastian forcefully away from him and he had just enough time to drop to the ground as the curse Fontaine had sent directly at him went over him and smashed into the bricks of the building behind them. Bricks shattered and cracked, a small shower of broken pieces fell on top of Harry on the ground.

Harry looked to see a tall man with brown hair looking at him, holding the wand that had almost hurt or probably even killed Harry. Confused at who this man was because even though he had spoken with a French accent and fired a curse at him, it was not Fontaine.
Then the man's face rippled. His hair slowly turned blonde and the face morphed into the gaunt features of Fontaine. There was a singularly frightening grin splitting his face, showing too many teeth. He seemed to be enjoying the sight of Harry covered in dust and pieces of bricks lying on the floor.

Harry managed to get his wand pointed at Fontaine and shot a hex at him. By the time Harry had done this, all the people in the street who had turned in shock to see just what the hell had smashed into the side of the building were all looking when Harry returned a fire at Fontaine.

People started screaming.

Fontaine easily deflected the hex with a wild laugh and Harry hadn't expected anything else. He'd used this time to quickly push himself to his feet, keeping his distance from Fontaine. He needed to stall him.

“So you're Fontaine.” Harry shouted over to him and let himself move to the side slightly.

“Oui.” Fontaine said still with that manic grin on his face, he bobbed his head slightly. “And you are the famous 'Arry Potter!”

“I suppose I am.” Harry told him halting his slow movement and coming to a stop. He had positioned himself so that he was standing with his back to the alley they had about to duck into. He had done this so that any curses Fontaine threw at him and missed or were deflected would hopefully hit in the empty alley rather than risk them flying wildly all over the street. He was glad Watkins and Sebastian were now a safe distance away.

“Bah, you suppose!” Fontaine shot back. “Of course that iz who you are!”

“Why did you come here Fontaine?” Harry asked and he really didn't care what the answer was, he was just playing for time. He had seen a familiar figure standing some distance behind Fontaine and slightly to the right in an alley way. Being careful not to let his eyes stray towards the figure he kept looking directly at Fontaine.

“Ah, Paris 'ad become so boring!” Fontaine told him grandly. “So I come here to see if any wizards are powerful enough to face me.”

“I'm here right now.” Harry pointed out.

“So you have come to duel with me?” Fontaine asked and he seemed on the verge of breaking out into laughter.

Harry only nodded, out of the corner of his eye he had watched the figure of Grimsby lean back, cock his arm and toss something directly at Fontaine.

“Wait!” He heard Watkins shout some distance away from the ground but the thrown glass ball hit Fontaine on the shoulder. It smashed and an instant later an almost transparent but with a tint of blue dome had expanded from it. The dome was just large enough to reach around Fontaine at one end and Harry at the other. This had been their plan.

To erect a duelling dome around Fontaine so that it would, firstly prevent him from disapparating, secondly stop most of the curses from going astray and hurting or even killing one of the bystanders. Thirdly they knew that because the the dome in it's glass casing didn't emanate any magic they would get the change to throw it at Fontaine whereas if Grimsby had used a spell it would have give
Fontaine the instant of warning he needed to vanish to who knows where.

The plan though had been to trap Fontaine in the dome with himself, Watkins and Sebastian. Instead with them still dazed and struggling to get to their feet and only Harry having been able to distract Fontaine it had left only Harry and Fontaine in the duelling dome together.

“I've come to take you in, Fontaine.” Harry told him as Fontaine looked around at the dome. “You can't escape now, so you might as well drop your wand.” He tried but he knew it would never happen.

Fontaine spat on the ground in Harry's direction.

“I suppose that the famous 'Arry Potter is at least worthy to die by my 'and.” Fontaine said.

They both had their wands raised and pointed directly at each other and knowing it was only a matter of time Harry was ready when Fontaine sent a curse at him.

Harry deflected it easily and the next one that came almost an instant later.

He threw a return shot back at Fontaine and as Fontaine deflected it then they began to circle each other.

Harry could see witches and wizards watching from outside the dome. Their mouths were moving but no sound reached inside the dome. Some faces looked worried while most seemed excited, Harry set them out of his mind and focused only on Fontaine.

In rapid succession a blue haze came at Harry which he countered, an angry crackling mass of red light that he managed to deflect and a bright white orb that Harry dodged out the the way off and which gave him the change to fire in return.

Harry tried to stun Fontaine but was deflected, then he tried to disarm then bind him but Fontaine dove out of the way.

He fired a body-bind hex but Fontaine managed to get his own wand up in time after he dive.

“Give it up Fontaine!” Harry shouted. “You're surrounded, you have no way to escape!”

Fontaine answered with more curses and hexes while spitting out of rapid streak of swearing in French.

It was all Harry could do to deflect and dodge them.

When Harry got his chance to return fire he didn't even know what hexes and jinxes he was sending at Fontaine. He was running on instinct an though the two of them had been duelling for minutes at the most it felt like hours.

Rapidly they fired at and then parried each other until eventually two of their spells caught each other between them and locked.

Harry took his wand in both of his hands and focused.

Fontaine was shouting something at him but Harry wasn't listening. When two spells locked like this it was only willpower that would have any effect.

He kept himself concentrating on the stream of white crackling energy coming from his own wand. It met the lightening like red magic emanating from Fontaine’s own wand.

There was an ugly swirling mass of their combined magicks in the centre. They held like this for what seemed like an age until it began ever so slowly to move further away from Harry and closer to Fontaine.

Fontaine must have seen this too and known that he would be unable to match wills with Harry because he twisted his wand and pushed it to one side just enough so that when the mass of roiling
magic flew back in his direction he had directed it aside just enough to allow him to dive in the opposite direction.

This caught Harry off guard, he had not been expecting this. What Fontaine had done was incredibly dangerous. The roiling mass of their combined magic was unpredictable, it could have turned into a bunch of flowers and harmlessly settled on the floor or it could have exploded on such a scale that the only thing that would have been left when the dome dispelled itself would have been a smoking empty crater. It was his own surprise at the madman's action that let him down. As Fontaine had dove he had fired a curse in mid-air at Harry who had only been able to partially deflect it.

Harry felt his magically protected suit sleeve shift and rip over his left bicep as the very edge of the angry red mass went by then an instant later pain in his arm that made him unable to see for a moment. He was on the ground, face down and breathing heavily and he watched as Fontaine, sweat running down his gaunt face and that insane smile smiling his face again, pulling himself to his feet. Harry knew that when Fontaine's wand pointed up and aimed at Harry that he would be dead.

He did the only thing he could.

Harry's wand was still clutched in his hand and still in Fontaine's direction but it was pointing down at the ground in front of him rather than up and directly at Fontaine. He said a non-verbal spell and the ground tore up and split with a deafening sound.

When the dust cleared almost enough to see, Harry saw through the haze a tear in the ground in front of him almost three feet deep and leading from where his wand hand been to a heap of turned earth and stone from which Harry could see exposed limbs and some other parts of Fontaine.

Gasping and pushing himself up, still clutching his wand. Harry stumbled forwards a few steps and almost had his face back in the dirt again before he managed to catch his balance.

Moving towards the pile of earth, he saw it begin to move and his wand snapped up.

Harry sent a stunning jinx out of his wand and was relieved when it hit an exposed arm that jerked and flopped down. Harry grabbed that same arm and pulled with one hand, keeping his wand aimed at Fontaine's limp form as he used his own body weight to drag him from the mess.

Harry looked as Fontaine's other hand came into view and he saw no wand there. Fontaine must have lost it when the eruption of earth and stone had piled on him. Harry could see Fontaine's chest moving up and down and a tension that had knotted up inside his chest unwound. Harry hadn't wanted to kill Fontaine, though as an auror sometimes there was no choice. Harry had been out out ideas when he had torn up the ground and hurled it at Fontaine and he had had no way to know if he had taken Fontaine down or killed the madman. When he had reacted on instinct at Fontaine's movement an stunned him he had silently hoped that he hadn't finished him off for good.

Though Harry saw that he was thankfully still breathing and Harry realised that he could hear the world around them now. Their were shouts and some screaming as the dust that had been trapped and condensed in the dome began to disperse now that the dome had dispelled itself. There was only one reason that the dome had vanished and a few of the people in the crowd new that it meant the duel was over and one of them had lost and the other won.
Though until the mess cleared out of their sight they wouldn’t know who he was.

When they could finally see, the crowd saw a bloody and ragged looking Harry Potter standing over a limb form of the dark wizard. People began to cheer and shout, turning to their friends to point and talk animatedly.

Harry saw a dusty Watkins raise her wand and make a barrier to keep them back as Sebastian, the French auror ran towards him with Grimsby close behind him.

“I can’t find his wand.” Harry shouted to them and Grimsby turned slightly and headed into the battlefield to search for the missing wand instead of directly to Harry.

“Are you alright? Is he dead?” Sebastian asked him coming over looking frantic and seeing Fontaine's chest rise and fall he turned to look at Harry's blood soaked arm.

“Bloody ‘ell.” Sebastian said without irony and Harry sighed.

“Found it!” Called over Grimsby and walked over to Harry.

“You'll have to get that looked at, boss.” He said about Harry's arm.

“I will.” Harry promised. “I'll take him in first though.”

Grimsby nodded and tucked Fontaine's wand into Harry's front pocket and stepped back.

“Will you take charge here, handle the clean up?” Harry ask Grimsby.

“Aye.” He said. “You get back to the Ministry and have that arm seen too.”

Harry just nodded he was a little dizzy afterwards.

He pointed his wand at Fontaine and thick bindings shot out and wrapped around the madman. Harry took a hold of one of them and the two of them vanished with a crack.
An Invitation and an Appointment.

Chapter Summary

The threat of an invitation is issued and Harry goes to an appointment.

About an hour an a half later Harry was sitting on a bed in St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries. Ginny had arrived about fifteen minutes earlier, bursting into the room looking deathly white. Harry had grinned at her to let her know that he was OK but she had just looked slightly more ill.

It had taken him ten minutes to reassure her that he wasn't in fact dying or dead then another five to bring her up to speed on what had happened.

The door to his room opened and in walked Quentin Moreau.

The tall man walked over to Harry and put an arm on Harry's shoulder lightly.

"Harry." He said in his soft French “What can I say?”

He looked a concerned for Harry.

“I'm alright.” Harry assured him.

“Still.” Quentin said. “You have done a great thing today, Harry.” He told Harry. “But still I am sorry that you were hurt, my friend.” Harry could tell the man was sincere.

“You know how it is.” Harry said as Quentin removed his hand from Harry's shoulder. “Besides, it really was a lot worse that it looked.” He told him and it was true. While Harry could probably have been healed by someone at the Ministry who had half a clue, he had been forced by protocol to come to St Mungo's to be fully checked out. His arm was bandaged neatly and the wound had closed over, not healed yet but it would only be a matter of time. There was a fifty-fifty change that he might not even have a scar.

“I am glad to hear it. Quentin said then slapped himself dramatically on the forehead. “Ah, but where are my manners!” He said and turned to Ginny who had watched their brief exchange in silence.

“We have never actually been introduced, I am Quentin Moreau. I have the same job as Harry back home in Paris.” He told his wife and reached out at hand to shake. “Harry has told me wild tales of his beautiful and fierce wife!” He declared grandly and Ginny smiled despite herself as she took his hand.

“I'm Ginny, Harry's fierce and beautiful wife.” She told him, amused.

Quentin grinned back at her. “It is a pleasure to meet you, Ginny.” And they pulled her hands back.

“Did you really tell him I was your fierce and beautiful wife?” Ginny demanded of Harry but Quentin answered for him.

“Ah, well no doubt he told me that you were beautiful and I can see that he was right.” He said with
a roughish grin. “I may have exaggerated the fierce part, though truly it is the impression I got from him when he told tales of you so admiringly.” Quentin said smoothly.

“I hope they were tales of admiration.” Ginny shot at her husband who was grinning open at Quentin's unapologetic flattery and charm.

“Cross my 'eart.” Quentin swore and Harry nodded.
“Well I'll let you off then.” Ginny told him still amused.

“Did you come just to see me?” Harry asked Quentin changing the subject.

“Yes.” He replied then shook his head. “Not just that though, of course I wanted to see if you were alright but I was sent here to talk with your Minister about taking Fontaine back to France for punishment.” He told Harry.

“It will probably take a while.” Harry told him. “Granted, you'll likely get him back to stand trial in France rather than here because of how much more he did there but people will want to question him here first. He did murder a man after all.” Harry finished explaining.

“I had thought that this would be the case.” Quentin said and his voice sombre at the mention of the murder Fontaine had committed. “There is something else though.” He said and he addressed both Harry and Ginny.

“This is not yet official you understand?” He told them but continued before they could reply. “The Minister- My Minister that is, will want to thank you for capturing Fontaine. I tell you this now because at some point pretty soon he will issue an official invitation for you to visit him in Paris so he can thank you.”

Harry groaned already knowing what this meant.

“Well, he should thank you.” Ginny pointed out no understanding yet.

“It's going to be awful.” Harry said, feeling a bit sorry for himself.

A smiling Quentin explained. “This thanking of Harry will be very public and take a long time. Probably a couple of days with lots of important witnesses.” He told her.

“Ah.” His wife said understanding but grinning at Harry's disconsolate form.

“But do not worry, I will be there Harry to brighten you day. You can Ginny must come and visit my wife and I. She would never forgive me if I didn't convince you to have dinner at our place.” He said.

Before Harry could declare that he wouldn't be having dinner with Quentin and his wife because he wouldn't be going to France at all Ginny spoke.

“That sounds lovely.” Ginny told him and Harry knew that the deal was sealed.

“Ah, magnifique!” Exclaimed the Frenchman. “Sabine will be thrilled to hear this!”

Looking down at Harry's less than thrilled expression he laughed.

“Don't look so glum, Harry.” He said. “I promise my wife's cooking is brilliant and I know you are related to the Delacours. I'm sure that they will also be at any gatherings the Minister throws for you. So you won't be alone.”
“I suppose.” Harry said. “I just don't like this kind of attention, I've had enough of it to last two life times.” He told the man.

“Well you'll just have to smile politely and deal with it.” Ginny told him, showing no mercy.

“Ah, the sacrificed we must make in the name of duty.” Said Quentin in a mock serious voice.

“He's so brave, isn't he.” Ginny asked him.

“The bravest.” Quentin answered her without missing a beat.

“You know, I'm absolutely sick of the site of you two.” Harry told them but they just laughed at him.

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Harry had been discharged several hours later, Quentin had departed not long after their conversations. Harry had been assure that he wasn't going to drop to pieces or suddenly explode during the night and he and Ginny had returned home.

Ginny and Luna spent a lot of time fussing over him, bringing him drinks and even at one point trying to feed him but Harry had told them that his uninjured arm worked just fine. Harry had secretly enjoyed some of them and he even thought about asking Ginny to put on one of the leather dresses that Luna wore.

He probably would have done it but Harry didn't ask her.

There had been a time when Ginny had worn a dress like Luna's and done most of the things that Luna now did for the both of them now. When he and Ginny had discovered Luna's interest in their lifestyle Harry had told Ginny that he would prefer it if she would change her role into one more equal to his own. She had agreed to this and he can't say that he regretted it that much.

He enjoyed watching his wife indulge herself with Luna and the other women they took pleasure in. Luna enjoyed being their toy and servant more than Ginny had, she really enjoyed it to the point where Harry had been concerned briefly. Luna truly got off on this and Harry and Ginny loved to enjoy her in this role. She had willing to put herself at their mercy and neither of them abused that trust. Well, they didn't abuse her trust but they certainly abused her in other ways, much to her delight.

Harry had fallen a sleep pretty early and slept in very late the next day. He had been given a couple of days off work by order of the Minister for Magic herself for him to recover himself. He had been awoken briefly in the morning by Ginny who had asked him if he wanted her to stay home with him today. He had told he that he would be fine and that she should put him out of her mind and go to quidditch practice. She had reluctantly agreed when he had pointed out that Luna was help him with anything if he needed it.

Harry had awoken in the afternoon slightly panicked as through his sleeping mind a thought had surfaced. He had arranged to go visit Dean today to discuss Grimmauld Place. Harry had almost jumped out of the bed but had seen the time and saw that he had hours until the meeting was supposed to take place. He thought about cancelling it but decided against it.
It was only his arm that was bandaged, he could travel and speak just fine. His right arm was perfectly healthy and able to use a wand.

Harry with the help of Luna had dressed then he had headed downstairs to sit in the kitchen while Luna made him something to eat. She hummed faintly to herself as she worked, piling some meat and cheese onto some bread.

“I haven't really had the chance to talk you since you got back, Luna.” Harry pointed out. “Is your father well?”

Cutting his sandwich in half, then carrying it and a glass of juice over to set down in front of him she spoke. “He is doing well but he's getting on a bit now.” Luna told him.

“Is he sick?” Harry asked.

“No, nothing like that. He's just getting old.” Luna told him.

Harry pointed to an empty stood and Luna sat herself on it.

“You've seemed a bit distracted since you returned.” Harry noted and it was true. While she was quiet when she was performing her duties there had been something a little off with her.

“You know you can talk to me or Ginny don't you?” He asked.

“I know.” Luna said with a small nod.

“I have been meaning to talk with you about something but things have all been very busy lately.” She told him. Harry set down his sandwich and gave her his full attention.

“What is it?” Harry asked.

“Father is planning on taking a trip soon.” Luna began. “I don't think he should go alone.”

“Well, you can always go with him if that's what you're asking.” Harry told her. “You know that you're not a prisoner here. You know how me and Ginny feel about you and what you do for us but we have told you before that we understand that you have a life of your own.”

“I know that.” Luna replied. “I like it here with you and Ginny, you both give me what I haven't found anywhere else.”

“Then what is the problem?” Harry asked.

“The thing is, the trip my father is planning is going to be a long one.” She said. “It could be weeks or even months there is really no way to tell.”

“I see.” Harry said thinking hard. He didn't want to lose Luna for months, despite the fact that having Luna perform services which Harry appreciated a lot, there was the larger issue of both him and Ginny missing her. He was thinking this but he knew that he would have to allow her to go on this trip. He couldn't forbid her in the first place, she was their lover, their servant and their toy because she chose to be not because he owned her.

He knew that she would feel guilty for leaving them for so long.

“Have you spoken to Ginny about this at all?” Ask Harry and she shook her head in the negative as he suspected that she would.
“Alright, we'll talk about this tonight when Ginny gets back home.” He told her. “But for now, I think I'd like to be kissed.”

Luna smiled slightly and moved closer to him, she rested herself slightly against him and they kissed for a while, his half eaten sandwich entirely forgotten.

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“Are you sure you don't need me to come with you, sir?” Luna asked some time later as they stood in the entrance hall.

“No, I'll be fine.” He told her. “I'll see you and Ginny when I get back.”

“Yes, sir.” Luna said and took a step back from him.

With a crack he found himself outside in an alley way about two minutes walk from the address on Dean and Jessica's business card. He moved quickly through the cold streets as the light faded rapidly. He felt a little self-conscious with his left arm bandaged and in a sling as it was.

Soon he found himself looking at a modest sized house, it looked very new and the small garden was very well kept. Harry walked along the small gravel path and pressed the small doorbell. A couple of moments later and the door opened.

Dean Thomas stood there looking very surprised.

Harry looked to the inside of his right wrist at his upside down watch to check the time, though he was sure that he had arrived on time. Maybe his watched had been damaged in the duel?

“I'm not late am I?” Harry asked and it took Dean a second to get his mouth working.

“I didn't think you'd come!” Dean exclaimed loudly, then looking around the street quickly he stepped back and invited Harry in.

They walked into the smallest hallway Harry had ever been in, to the interior door while only took two steps to reach from the front door. When Dean lead Harry through it, he was mildly surprised at the large space inside. The floors were laminated wood, there was a small sofa set at one side of the room with a small coffee table in front of it. Another door on the opposite wall from where Dean and Harry had just entered and the rest of the large room was covered in papers, fabrics, materials, strange tools and general debris that Harry supposed were work related. In and partially under all of these things were three cluttered desks, one of which Jessica had risen form sitting behind. She too looked surprised to see him.

“Why are you both so surprised I'm here?” Harry asked.

“Well.” Said Dean gesturing with an arm for Harry to sit at the small sofa. “Which what happened with you yesterday in Hogsmeade, we thought you'd probably reschedule.”

“Oh, you heard about that?” Harry asked setting himself down.

“Mate.” Dean said and pointed to the newspaper that sat on the coffee table in front of him. Harry used his good arm to unfold it.

Harry saw his own face along with the rest of his ragged appearing body, bloody and dusty, a knee
pressed to the back of a bound Fontaine. The photo had been taken as he had arrived back at the Ministry of Magic with Fontaine.
The headline read: 'Our Potter Gets His Man'.

Under this it read.

Wizarding legend Harry Potter, The Boy Who Lived, The Chosen One and Head of the Auror Department arrived at the Ministry of Magic yesterday after a sensational duel with the French dark wizard Jullian Fontaine. While Fontaine is no You Know Who, witnesses described the battle that took place in Hogsmeade Village from where our Mr Potter had just returned from moments before having bagged himself yet another murderous wizard...

Harry's attention was drawn to a small heading also on the front page.

'Minister for Magic announces divorce.' With the words telling him to see page fourteen for more details.

“I see Hermione has announced her divorce.” Harry noted setting the paper back down.

“I was going to ask you about that, is it true?” Dean asked with a slightly concerned look on his face. Harry nodded.

“Blimey.” Dean said. “Battling more dark wizards and now Ron and Hermione splitting up.”

“It's been a hectic time recently.” Harry told Dean.

“So what happened?” Dean asked sitting next to Harry on the small sofa, Jessica was giving him her full attention. Her eyes wide and awaiting his words.

“At Hogsmeade or with Ron and Hermione?” Harry asked.

“Both!” Dean exclaimed.

Harry spent some time telling Dean while Jessica listened in the story about how Ron and Hermione had grown apart and they had both agreed that it would be best to call it a day before things turned nasty between them. He then started on a brief recounting of his misadventure in Hogsmeade.
“So it wasn't as bad as the press made it sound.” Harry was explaining to a nodding Dean while Jessica was still listening in and had remained wide-eyed throughout the entire time Harry had been speaking.

“You know how they are when they report these things, they always exaggerate it.” Harry finished.

“I remember.” Dean said, both of them had read enough accounts of The Battle of Hogwarts to know that people liked to print what would sell the most copies.

“Did you want me to come back another time?” Harry asked wondering if they had not finished what they had to show him, figuring that they would have a little more time.

“What? No! No.” Said Dean. “We've got everything ready to show you, we're just surprised to didn't take a bit of time to yourself is all.”

“Didn't want to stay in all day feeling sorry for myself.” Harry told his friend with a sheepish grin.

“Well, we'd better get to it then.” Dean said and Jessica was already moving, picking up things to bring over. Dean walked over to help her after telling Harry to stay seated and give them a minute to bring everything over.

The coffee table was soon filled with papers and plans.

“We've got something we want to talk to you about.” Dean said hesitantly and Harry started to worry.

“What is it?” He asked Dean just as tentatively. “You can't do the job can you?” He asked, knowing in his heart that it was true. Before Harry could let his spirits sink Dean spoke quickly.

“No, it's not that. Nothing like that.” He told Harry. “We can do the work just fine, it's just an idea I-” He turned to look at his younger sister. “That we had.” He corrected himself. “A proposition if you're willing to listen to it.” He finished.

“What kind of proposition?” Harry asked.

“We'll get to that in a minute but for now let's look at some of these designs and I have a quote for you here somewhere too.” He started digging in a folder.

Harry picked up some of the papers and looked at the magical drawings on them. Each of them contained a moving picture that panned slightly from side to side showing a neat, well furnished flat. He looked at others and saw that they had different shapes and colour schemes to them. There were a lot and most of them looked very good Harry thought.

Jessica had sat on the arm rest next to him and was pointing out some details in the pictures to him,
he was explaining the ideas behind the colour schemes and Harry thought she had done a fantastic job. He would be overjoyed if the flats looked half as good as these drawings showed.

“These look amazing.” He told Jessica who seemed very pleased that he had said so there was still a big problem bothering him though and he turned to Dean.

“I have to know though, how much is this going to cost me?” He asked and Dean handed him a single piece of paper.

Harry almost swore at the price he saw there.

“Is this..” He choked out. “Per flat?” He felt light headed. Both Jessica and Dean were looking at him with worried looks on their face.

“No!” Said Dean. “This is the price for the whole thing.” He told Harry. Who took a couple of seconds to process the words as Dean was explaining that the price might not be final as it was only a quote. The price Harry had seen had suddenly turned from awful to absolutely fantastic if that was an estimate of the total cost. The vague figure in his head for this, that he had been silently dreaded had been about four times as much and then some.

He burst out laughing in relief and at himself. Which silence Dean who looked very worried now.

“What is it?” Dean practically demanded.

“Dean.” Harry began, still half chuckling. “I thought this price was per flat and that you were going to cost me a chunk of my savings. This price is miles under what I thought it was going to cost, mate. I'm just laughing at myself for worrying so much.”

Dean who looked like he was on the verge of breaking out into a grin now spoke. “So you've no problem with the cost?” He asked tentatively.

“None what so ever.” Harry told him truthfully and Dean seemed to relax as he let the grin split his face, the dimples that matched his half-sister now showing.

“Phew.” Said Dean and sat back on the sofa, relaxing.

They both laughed weakly.

“What's the proposition you were talking about?” Harry asked and as Dean sat up some of the mirth had left his face.

It was Jessica who spoke first.

“Well, we were hoping if the cost wasn't a problem for you that we could talk you into spending a little more money.” She told Harry and he just looked at her waiting for her to continue.

“You can see that this room is magically altered, right?” She asked and Harry nodded.

“Well, we were sort of hoping we could talk you into expanding Grimmauld Place a bit.” She told him.

“Why?” Harry asked.

“You see.” Dean began. “This is my house.” He told Harry. “The rest of it is through there.” He pointed towards the other door in the room.
“My-” Then his eyes widened as something occurred to him. “I've not introduced you to my wife!” He exclaimed and stood up as if to head towards the door.

“Dean!” Jessica said. “We're not done explaining our idea to Harry yet!” She pointed out and Dean seemed to realize this too and sat back down.

“Sorry, you're right. Time for introductions later.” He said.

“What he was about to say is that, he lives here, so do I and so does Julie, Dean's wife.” Said Jessica. “We're sick of being cramped up in this space, having to live here and work here.”

“We were hoping that if we could taking you into getting an expansion enchantment on Grimmauld Place, we could rent some room from you for an office.” Said Dean.

“That's not all.” Said Jessica, Harry's head was beginning to spin from turning from side to side as each of the spoke on opposite sides of him.

“About that caretaker position.” She said. “I think I'd be perfect for it.”

“Who better to fix anything that breaks that someone who helped build and decorate the place?” Dean asked.

“And for half price rent and the few galleons you mentioned, I don't mind a bit of cleaning. It's only a few halls and stairs.” She pointed out.

“What do you think?” Dean asked.

“I-” Harry tried but his thoughts were swirling. “This is a lot to take in.” He said frowning slightly as he tried settling his thoughts.

“I agree that you would be perfect for taking care of the place.” He told Jessica then turned to face Dean. “But what about all this expanding the place and renting work space?”

“Well, I've got a few rough papers that I can show you.” Dean said and began to rise but Jessica hopped easily from her perch on the arm rest and retrieved a folder from one of the desks and handed it to her brother.

“Basically, I was thinking if you were interested in expanding the place.” Said Dean pulling out some paper and handing it to Harry. Harry regionalised the shape of Grimmauld Place from some of the earlier things he had looked at. While they had also had with them detailed pictures of what the interior flats would look like these were without details but were instead floorplans.

They shows a lot more going on inside Grimmauld Place than the other ones had.

“The idea is for me and Jessica to rent the basement and the ground floor from you.” Dean said pointing at the plans, Harry saw that instead of a two floor flat on the ground floor and basement, the ground floor was divided into two parts. One half was what Harry recognised as a flat someone would live in while the other half of the ground floor minus the small lobby and stairs that lead up to the next floor, was taken up by a large blank area and the basement was also empty. Harry saw what looked like stairs from this blank ground floor room that indicated that they lead into the empty basement.

The other thing that Harry had noticed was that instead of a single flat on each floor above there were now two on each floor. He opened his mouth to ask about this but Jessica explained before he
could ask.

“If the place is expanded, there will be enough room to have two flats on each floor instead of one.” She told him.

“Blimey.” Was all Harry could get out, this was all so much to take in.

“Look, mate.” Dean said. “I don't want you to feel like you have to do this.” He said earnestly. “You can say no and that's fine it's just we thought we bring this up because like Jessica said, it's getting a bit much us all living and working here.”

“It's hard to find a place to rent where the landlord will let us change a few things we need to have a workshop.” Jessica explained.

“And it's too expensive to buy another place outright.” Dean said.

After a moment of silence Harry voiced his concerns.

“Look.” He started. “I'm not opposed to the idea itself but how much is this going to cost me to have you expand the place and add in more flats? And besides that I'm not sure if I can fill up all that many flats...”

“That's one thing you should know. We can't expand the place we have to have a specialist come in and do it, there are only five people in the country who are qualified to do this kind of expansion on a house like this so it's not cheap.” Dean said.

“How not cheap are we talking exactly.” Harry asked.

“Probably cost a couple of hundred galleons more.” Dean told him. It wasn't as much as Harry thought and he could afford the expansion but there was also the price of the extra flats.

“I see.” Harry thought of something else.

“Those top flats, the two in the attic and the two on the top floor...” Harry started.

“This isn't a definite plan.” Dean told him hurriedly. “You can change whatever you want, it was just an example if you, you know were open to the expansion enchantment.”

“And you don't have to expand the place if you don't want.” Jessica reassured him.

“Yeah.” Said Dean. “We'd be happy if you did admit but we're not trying to force you into it, Harry.”

Harry nodded to show he had heard.

“I promise you, mate.” Dean said. “I won't be angry if you say no, you have every right to refuse. We're just bringing it up and talking about it is all.”

“I'm going to have to think about this.” Harry said.

“We understand.” Jessica said.

“How much more will this cost me in total?” Harry asked.

“Well, probably about twice as much as I quoted you.” Dean said.
“Even though we'd be putting in more flats, the price wouldn't automatically double from our end but having the specialist come in to do the expansion enchantment is what adds a lot to the price.” Jessica explained.

Harry wasn't thrilled at the idea of the price suddenly doubling but it was still less than half of the price he had originally been dreading. With that, he would be gaining a caretaker, a tenant and would have a small business working out of the place.

Harry needed to know more. They talked for a while, a few things were clarified and changed and eventually Harry had been promised a new set of design concepts by the end of the week. He had made it clear that this wasn't a yes but a promise to think about it seriously and to look at their designs.

He had been introduced to Julie Thomas, Dean's wife.

She was a pleasant, she was quiet short and a little plump and she had been very pleased to meet Harry. Harry was glad to have met her too, she was a muggle and after she had married Dean and been introduced to the magical world she had had a lot of catching up to do.

She had read all about Harry in her research into the magical world and had heard stories about him from Dean, so she was quite pleased to actually meet him in person.

They had all talked for the better part of an hour about non-business related things, Dean and Jessica told her the true accounting of what the Daily Prophet had reported on him which she seemed to enjoy listening to. Though she wasn't as over-eager for details about Harry's life as Jessica had been.

He had left their home and office feeling cautiously optimistic about the idea of this change of plans. He had been sitting in his office thinking about, this new design and the prospect of having Dean and Jessica rent workspace for their business. Harry had made clear that in the concepts for the new design that instead of two flats on the top floor and two in the attack he wanted two two floor flats that would start on the top floor and each have their second floor leading into the attic.

He had done this when thinking about Ron, he had wanted to give his best friend more space. The modest sized flat Ron was expecting had turned from a two story flat into a magically altered small house at the top of Grimmauld place.

He would even have a next door neighbour if Harry managed to find someone other than Ron and Jessica to move in.

He was brought back from his thoughts by the events that had taken place when he had returned home, regarding Luna.

He, Ginny and Luna had sat down in the nest while Luna had explained about her father's upcoming trip to Ginny. Her reaction had been what Harry had expect.

It was close to his another she was definitely more open about telling Luna how much she would be missed. Luna had pointed out that she wouldn't be gone forever and that she wouldn't be leaving until just before Christmas yet which was the better part of a month away.

This hasn't prevented Ginny from feeling a feeling of loss that they would soon be without Luna for maybe months.

His wife had taken Luna to their playroom which contained many toys and devices they frequently used for pleasure. Harry who still injured had declined to join them because of his arm, the reality was though that he knew Ginny wanted to spend some time alone with Luna and he didn't begrudge her that. He would spent his own time with Luna when he was fully recovered, he expected that after he took off his bandages tomorrow it would only be another day or two until his arm felt good as new.

Harry sighed to himself, alone in his office.
He had his drink in his good hand and he took a sip.
He had finished writing a couple of personal letters to let them know that despite how the Daily Prophet had reported it, he was fine and not to worry.

He had also included in the letter to Ron a full account of that day's events and also told him that he had met with Dean and Jessica and that they were in talks about turning Gimmauld Place into flats though he didn't tell him about the expansion idea or much of anything about his new home to be.

He had asked if Ron was OK, telling him that he had seen the announcement of their divorce in the paper and that he hoped to hear from him soon.
In-Laws and more In-Laws.

Chapter Summary

Harry has the day to himself.

(fluffy chapter, don't worry you pervs the smut will be returning soon enough.)

The next day when Harry had removed his bandages and sling. He found that he could mostly move his arm as normal though it still felt as though someone had given it a good thump. This was Harry's last day of recovery time off work before he had to return on Friday for the day then he had the weekend to himself.

Harry had received a few replies from the letters that he sent the night before. They were neatly stacked on his orderly desk and so he set about opening and reading them. There were a few he replied to and some that didn't need a reply.

He had also received several offers to give an interview about the events at Hogsmeade.

Harry briefly called Luna into the room, handed him to her and ask that she burn them.

She had simply nodded and asked if there was anything else he needed.

He hadn't but he had appreciated her asking.

He spent the day contemplating Grimmauld Place, when he had spoken to about it with Ginny she had told him it was a good idea and that it wouldn't make a tent in the fortune he had in his private vault in Gringotts. She had also pointed out that it would be good to help out his friend while he benefited from it too.

She had meant the income that renting out the place would bring.

While Jessica would only be paying half price and so would Ron, Dean would be paying double the price for the workshop and workroom that took up the rest of the ground floor. Technically it was enough room for three flats but they wouldn't be flats and only two areas of space he would be renting out so he had decided that is what he would charge for.

There were still all the other empty flats to fill, one of them a two floor flat that would be next door to Ron's. He set about trying to come up with a draft for advertising them, after many attempts he gave up and decided that he would like to go out somewhere.

The question was, where could he go where he wouldn't be stared at because of the Daily Prophet's reporting of him. He didn't have all that many friends that he could just drop in on unannounced.

He thought about visiting his In-Laws to let them know that he was well, though Ginny had already told them that he was.

At one point he even considered going into work and he was ashamed with himself at that. He knew that he was trying to avoid going out in public because he didn't want to have to deal with people pointing and whispering.

Determinedly Harry decided that he would visit Diagon Alley to do a little shopping and to hell with the whispering, he shouldn't have to hide away. He was already good at ignoring people who even now, years later talked about he famous Harry Potter in hushed voices when they saw him.

He asked Luna briefly if she needed anything or if they needed anything for the house. She gave him a small list of things on a piece of parchment and he bid her goodbye.
He landed in Diagon Alley with a crack, straightened his black fog jacket that he was wearing over
his suit and headed into the crowds. He managed to go unnoticed for the most part, it was only when
he stopped for a cup of tea that he noticed a few people spot him as he sat outside at a table drinking
from his steaming cup.

Harry ignored them.
He was busy not hearing the whispering when finally someone's voice broke through.

“Harry!” Said the voice and by the tone of it he could tell it wasn't the first time that they had said it.

Turning in his seat he looked to the source of the voice and saw Bill Weasley heading towards him.

Harry stood and offered his hand to his brother-in-law.

“What are you doing here?” Ask Harry, a little surprised.

“On a break.” Bill said, he head tilting towards Gringotts where Bill worked. “Mind if I join you?”

“Not at all.” Harry told him.

“I'll just get a brew first.” Bill looked at Harry's almost empty cup. “You want another?”

“Yeah, go on then. Thanks.” Harry said and took his seat again.

A minute later, his wife's eldest brother returned with two steaming cups of tea, he set one down in
front of Harry and took a sip of his own after seating himself.

“I can't stay long.” Bill told him.

“How's the gold business going?” Harry asked.

“It's still plodding along.” Bill told him.

“I didn't think those goblins let the humans have breaks.” Harry said with a smirk.

“Ah well, now I've got a bit of the wolf in me they step lightly around me.” Bill fired back with an
answering grin.

“That's good to hear, I've heard stories about the poor Gringott humans stuck down in the vaults for
all time.” Harry joked.

“They treat them well though, throw them scraps from time to time and keep their gold chains
polished.” Bill said. “I see you've done a bit of shopping.” He noted the bags by Harry's feet.


“The scary thing is, I'm pretty sure I believe you.” Said Bill with a snort.

Bill had a general idea what he and Ginny got up to with Luna, though nothing specific as Ginny
was his youngest and only sister so they never really talked about it and Harry thought they were
both grateful that things were kept vague.

Bill had once joked to Harry though that he must be a hell of a smooth talker if he had somehow
tricked Ginny into thinking it was a good idea.

Harry hadn't had the heart to tell him that it was just as much Ginny who enjoyed Luna's company as
himself.
“I think I might be seeing your In-Laws soon.” Harry told Bill.

“Oh?” Bill asked interestedly.

“You know the French guy we arrested?” Harry said, asking Bill if he knew about it and when Bill nodded for Harry to continue he spoke.

“Well I'm pretty sure I'm going to have to take a trip to France while everyone watches their Minister thank me.” Harry said. “I'm told your In-Laws will probably be included in that 'everyone'.” Harry said.

“Probably.” Bill snorted. “You alright now though?” He nodded towards Harry's arm.

“Yeah, looked worse that it was.” Harry assured him.

Bill nodded.

“How long you going to be there for?” Bill asked.

“I've no idea, as little time as possible I hope but with the way Ginny was talking about it, I'm pretty sure I'll end up stuck there for a week at least.” Harry sighed and Bill just laughed at him.

“Poor Harry Potter.” Mocked Bill. “He'll have to enjoy a holiday while people thank him.”

Harry couldn’t help but laugh.

“I know, it sounds bad when you put it like that but you know how it is.” Harry said. “I'll be standing around most of the time nodding and pretending I understand French.”

“When are you going?” Bill asked.

“Not sure.” Harry told him. “I haven't even been officially invited yet.”

“Well when you find out when you're going, give me a heads up and I might join you over there. Fleur hasn't visited her family in a while and Victoire hasn't seen her other grandparents in a while either.” Bill said.

“I'll do that.” Harry told him. “I'd appreciate having someone to talk to while I'm over there in-between the fancy parties.”

“If it all works out I'll probably be at the fancy parties right along with you.” Bill noted.

“I hadn't thought about that.” Harry said grinning wickedly. “You can share in my misery.”

“Thanks, mate.” Bill said sarcastically.

“I'm always happy to share with family.” Harry told him still smiling. The prospect of this upcoming trip to France not seeming quite so awful any more.

“You're too kind.” Bill told him and drained the last of his tea.

“Have you visited mum since that Hogsmeade business?” Bill asked.

“No, but Ginny let her know I was alright.” Harry said.

“Why is that?” Harry asked.

“You know how she is.” Bill said. “She won't be satisfied until she's seen you with her own eyes.”

“You think?” Asked Harry.

“She'll be imagining your arm dropping off.” Said Bill. “And the longer you leave it before visiting the worse the telling off will be.”

Harry was slightly worried now.

“Maybe I'd better pop round.” Harry said.

“Might be a good idea to pick her up something nice while you're hear.” Bill noted.

Harry was nodding.

“Well I'd better head back.” Said Bill.

Harry stood and they shook hands again.

“It was good to see you, Bill.” Harry told his brother-in-law.

“You too, Harry.” Bill said. “Better get back to throw some scraps to the humans.”

“Throw them some crums from me!” Harry said loudly to Bill who was walking away.

“I'll do that!” Called Bill back to him with a wave.

Harry finished his own tea and after a couple more stops to pick up some peace offerings for Mrs Weasley, headed to the Burrow.

Harry managed to use the elbow of his right arm to push down the handle of the backdoor to the Burrow. He stepped inside, his hands holding all of his bags and used his heel to close the door.

“Hello?” Harry called into the house and received a muffled reply from somewhere.

“It's just me, Harry!” Harry called in the voice's general direction.

Mr Weasley entered the room.

“Blimey, Harry shouldn't you be resting?” He walked over to help Harry with his bags.

“I'm mostly recovered now.” Harry told him and having one hand free now he set his remaining bags onto the kitchen counter next to the ones Mr Weasley had set down.

“What brings you here?” Mr Weasley asked putting an arm around Harry's shoulder to steer him to the dining room table.

“Just thought I'd pop buy on my way home, let you both know I'm alright.” Harry told Mr Weasley, semi-truthfully.

“Well, that's nice of you.” Mr Weasley told him.

“I've brought a few things too.” Harry said motioning to the white paper bag they had left on the kitchen counter.
“What did you bring?” Mr Weasley asked, distracted by his own curiosity.

Before he could answer though Mrs Weasley came into the kitchen and headed straight of Harry.

“Arthur!” Exclaimed Mrs Weasley. “What are you doing just letting him stand there!”

“He-Uh was just about to pull a chair out for me.” Harry half lied.

“Yes, that's right.” Mr Weasley said and pulled out the chair nearest him.

“Harry, dear, what in heavens name are you doing out of bed!” Mrs Weasley demanded.

Harry was shepherded into the seat.

“I alright Mrs Weasley.” Harry tried but she was having none of it.

“Nonsense!” She announced. “Ginny told me that you were supposed to be resting for a few days!”

She hovered around him as if not quite sure what to do.

“Mrs Weasley.” Harry tried again. “I promise you, I'm fine! I've even had my bandages removed.” He pointed out but leaving out that he had taken them off himself although to be fair the doctor at St Mungo's had told him when he left that he could take them off in a couple of days.

“Maybe so but you still should be out and about after what you went through” She told him, Harry now regretted that the large pile of shopping bags were so visible on the kitchen counter. Knowing that it was only a matter of time before she spotted him he spoke up quickly.

“Honeslty Mrs Weasley.” He said. “I really wasn't hurt all that badly. It's the Daily Prophet again! You know how they are, they exaggerate everything.”

She looked somewhat mollified at that so Harry pressed his advantage.

“I was just doing a bit of shopping and decided to pop by to let you see for yourself that I was fine.” He told her and her face softened.

“Oh Harry, dear.” Mrs Weasley said kindly. “You're such a sweet young man, but you really should look after yourself more.”

“Well if you insist.” Harry said trying on the roguish grin that Quentin had used at St Mungo’s. “I suppose I'll have one of your famous cups of tea and I'll feel much better afterwards.” He tried.

“I suppose someone will have to take care of you.” Mrs Weasley said.

She gave him one of those highly bemused looks that only a mother can give at a child's antics which is what Harry had hoped for and she headed into the kitchen.

“I picked you both up a few things while I was out.” He told her and pointed to the white paper bag. “The white bag closest to the door.” He told her.

“What have you...” Started Mrs Weasley looking into the bag. “Oh Harry, you shouldn't have!” She said.

Inside the bag were several jars of various sweets that he knew Mrs Weasley was partial to, a mixture for a quite expensive brand of hot chocolate, a large book on knitting that the shop assistant had assured him was a respectable book on the subject and Harry had had to take their word for it. There
were also two much thinner books for Mr Weasley that were about muggle technology that were written by wizards and Harry supposed for wizards too.

Mrs Weasley flicked the kettle on with a point of her wand and brought the two books that were meant for Mr Weasley back over to the table. She sat them down in front of her husband and walked over to plant a kiss on top Harry's head.

“You're the best son-in-law I've got and I'm glad that you're, OK.” She told him.

Harry didn't point out that he was the only son-in-law she had.

“Ginny was lucky to marry you, she should be home looking after you.” She told him.

“She looked after me Mrs Weasley, I promise.” He said coming to Ginny's defence. “Like I said, I wasn't actually hurt all that much and she really was needed back at work.” Harry had no idea if that second part was true but he presumed it was as she really was one of their best players.

“Hmm, still.” Mrs Weasley said.

“These look fantastic!” Mr Weasley told him, Harry suspected to change the subject so that Mrs Weasley couldn't get worked up about Ginny. His father-in-law was a wise man.

“I thought you might like them.” Harry said. “The shop assistant recommend them specifically.”

This wasn't entirely as Harry made it sound. The shop assistant had directed Harry to the books but they were the only two books that they had on the subject.

“I'll definitely enjoy them, these are very thoughtful gifts. Thank you Harry.” Mr Weasley said.

“No problem.” Harry replied.

Mrs Weasley who had returned to the kitchen as he and Mr Weasley spoke returned with three cups of tea.

“I've had a meeting about fixing up Grimmauld Place.” Harry told them both.

He recounted the main points of his meeting with Dean and his sister, telling them the main changes that were going to be made to the building. At some point during the day Harry had come to the decision without really thinking about it that he would go through with the expansion.

He told Mr and Mrs Weasley not to tell Ron about having a two floored flat because Harry wanted to surprise him with it. They both agreed to keep his secret and told him that Ron would certainly be pleased with the surprise.

“Speaking of tenants.” Mr Weasley said. “I asked around and an old friend of mine told that his son started work at the Ministry a couple of months ago. When he mentioned it to him he said he might be interested in renting a flat if the price is reasonable.” Mr Weasley told him.

“That's great news!” Harry said.

“Ah but he said that he wasn't interested in being a caretaker for them though I suppose if this Jessica is going to do it then it doesn't matter now. I told him that the flats aren't actually ready yet but he told me to let his father know when they are and he said he will come and have a look at them.” Mr
Weasley informed Harry.

“Mr Weasley that's fantastic, thank you!” Harry said, genuinely pleased.

“Tell him the rest Arthur.” Mrs Weasley interjected.

“I was about to.” Mr Weasley said easily.

“What is it?” Harry asked, looking between the two of them.

“Well, the last time I spoke to Charles. My friend that is. He told me that he has a nephew who could do with a place to live too, he told me that he would mention it to his sister when he next spoke to her and see if they are interested too.” Mr Weasley said.

“I don't know what to say.” Harry said, today was turning out to be great. He had been bored and alone in his office then he had enjoyed a day out and possibly gotten Bill to join him in France. Now Mr Weasley had gotten him one or possibly two potential tenets. If he hadn’t brought a few gifts around already, he would certainly be headed out to buy them some now.

“It's nothing.” Mr Weasley told him. “I enjoyed a nice talk with an old friend and you might get a couple of tenets out of it. Everyone gets something.”

“Still, I really appropriate it.” Harry told his father-in-law who just smiled.

They talked for a while longer, a little about his misadventure in Hogsmeade which Harry played down as much as was believable for the benefit of Mrs Weasley and briefly about Hermione's divorce announcement in the paper. Mrs Weasley told him that she had received a letter from someone at the Daily Prophet offering her money to talk about her son and Hermione’s upcoming divorce. Mrs Weasley had told them to get lost by return letter.

Harry had told her he had received his own letters to give an interview about Fontaine and that his letters had been burned though he left out that he had had Luna do the burning.

Eventually though after promising Mrs Weasley he would take it easy for a while and avoid any more duels in the near future if he could help it, he departed and returned home with his shopping bags.
Around mid-morning on Friday Harry was sitting in his office back at the Ministry of Magic. He had just received a memo that he was needed by the Minister for Magic as soon as was convenient. Which Harry knew meant unless you were in the middle of saving a life, get your arse moving right now.

So he made his way through the halls to Hermione's office. Along the way, as had been the case this morning Harry received a few nods from fellow aurors and a few “Well done, sir” from others.

The calls of job well done when he left the auror department were less subdued which annoyed Harry a bit. He was stopped several times by people to be congratulated on the surface but really they were just digging for gossip.

Harry had excused himself politely but firmly from them, citing his urgent appointment with the Minister for Magic, it made a refreshing change to use someone else's name for once to get himself out of trouble.

He arrived at the outer office door, knocked then walked in.

Helstia simply pointed to Hermione's door and said, “The Minister is expecting you.”

Nodding he continued forwards. He knocked on Hermione's office door then entered it.

In her office he found Hermione seated behind her desk and Quentin Moreau sitting opposite her in one of the comfortable visitors chairs. He stood when he saw that it was Harry and offered a hand.

“Good to see you looking better, Harry.” He said.

“Thanks, I feel a lot better.” Harry said, turning to look at Hermione, who had remained sitting. “You wanted to see me Minister?”

“Yes, take a seat Harry.” Hermione told him, she was using her official tone and Harry knew it was because Quentin was here.

He took a seat and looked to her, waiting for her to begin and after a moment she did.

“The French Minister for Magic would like to formally extend an invitation to Mr Harry Potter to visit him in Paris, to award him with an honorary commendation for his capture of the dark wizard Jullian Fontaine.” Hermione said as though she were reading from something.

Harry had been expecting this.
“You will be going Harry and you will be departing on Wednesday.” Hermione told him bluntly. “This commendation ceremony will happen just after Fontaine's trial which you will also be attending. You will be tasked with his safe transfer to Paris and hand him over into official French custody.”

She cleared her throat briefly and looked down to check something on a piece of parchment.

“At the trial, you'll be expected to give a brief summary of the crimes Fontaine committed while he was here in England. You'll provide them with a report of the evidence of those crimes.” Hermione took in a breath. “The point of this is so that you can ask them to take into considerations the things he has done in our country before his sentencing for the crimes he has committed in France.”

Harry was taking this all in. Not only would he have to speak at Fontaine's trial, he would also be expected to attend a ceremony to give him a commendation. He would probably have to make some kind of speech.

“When you're done with the trial and you're receiving your commendation, I expect you to put your best foot forward, Harry.” She told him, basically confirming his thoughts.

“Mr Moreau has been advising me.” She nodded briefly to Quentin. “On what is likely to happen while you're over there. You'll be expected to attend some gatherings and socialise, I want to be very clear here Harry. I expect you to attend those gatherings and be very polite. You'll be representing not only the Ministry but the British wizarding community.”

Harry wanted to swear but he remained still and professional.

“Do I make myself clear?” Harry asked him directly.

“Crystal.” Harry said.

Hermione said back and let out a sigh.

“Good, now that is other with.” She said. “When you speak at your commendation ceremony I want you to thank the French aurors who assisted in Fontaine's capture. I want you to emphasize a good relationship between our two Ministries, Harry.” She told him.

Harry just nodded, hoping there was nothing else.

“We can't force Fontaine to apparatate to France and I can't authorise a portkey into another country for the transfer of a criminal so the best I can do is let you take him by portkey to Dover, from there you'll have to fly across the channel. I'll leave the particulars of his security to you, Harry. You can talk with Mr Moreau about the handing over of the prisoner and what protocols there are to be followed on the French side of things.” Hermione told him.

“So to recap, I expect you to have a brief report of Fontaine's crimes ready and with you before you go. To be prepared for your commendation ceremony and for any speeches you may have to make. You need to be prepared to attend gatherings and put your best foot forward, Harry. Do you have all that?” Hermione asked him.

“I think so.” Harry said.

“I expect you to stay there for an entire week, Harry. I don't want you back in the country in less than seven days.” She told him firmly. “Will your wife have any problems taking time off of work to join you in France?” Hermione asked.
“I don't think so, no.” Harry said.

“Good.” She nodded. “The ministry will foot the bill for your accommodations and needs while you're over there, Harry. So make sure you bring back receipts otherwise you won't get reimbursed.” She seemed to hesitate slightly and a bit of the Minister for Magic left her as the real Hermione peeked though. “And Harry...”

He looked at her curiously.

“Be reasonable with the Ministry's money, please.” She told him, almost sounding weary.

“Is that everything?” Harry asked and let her think for a moment.

“Yes, I think so.” She said. “Mr Moreau, thank you for all your help with this and I'm sure the two of us will speak again before you depart.” She told Quentin, it was a polite dismissal.

He stood and gave a small bow.

“lt's been a pleasure, Minister. I am sure you are right, that we will speak again.” He said smoothly.

She nodded to him then looked at Harry.

“You might want to arrange a time with Mr Moreau while you're both together to discuss prisoner transfer.” She noted, this was also his dismissal.

“Yes, Minister.” Harry said also standing now.

“Good day, gentlemen.” She said.

“Minister.” Quentin murmured politely and opened the door.

“Uh, a moment if you have one.” Harry said and both Hermione and Quentin looked at him.

“I just need a word with the Minister, if she'll see me.” He told Quentin, who looked to Hermione to see her response to Harry's words.

“Very well but I'm very busy so it will have to be quick.” Her said.

“I'll wait for you in the hall.” Quentin told Harry smoothly and with another small nod to Hermione he closed the door behind him.

Harry turned to Hermione who looked like she thought Harry was going to shout at her. Harry had considered it while we had been speaking but he had come to the realisation that it really wasn't her fault and she was just hoping that he wouldn't make a mess of things.

He smiled slightly, letting her know he wasn't angry at her.

He spoke softly so her assistant in the next room had no chance of overhearing.

“Are you alright?” Harry asked. “I saw the divorce announcement in the paper.” He told her.

Hermione gave a little smile back to him.

“I'm fine, Harry.” She told him. “I've spoken to Ginny plenty, didn't she tell you?”

“She told me you seemed to be doing, OK.” He admitted. “I just wanted to be sure though.”
“That's sweet, Harry.” She told him, looking more relaxed.

“No one is giving you trouble over this are they?” He asked.

“Not really, there have been a few mutterings that seem to have no source to them but most of my critics have been divorced themselves so many times that they can't really say anything without looking like hypocrites. So they mostly just keep quiet about the whole thing.” She told him.

“ Mostly?” Harry demanded sharply, he hadn't missed that.

“Nothing like what you're thinking, Harry.” She assured him. “Just the usual childish stuff, a snide remark hidden inside their 'condolences' for me during this 'difficult' time.” She said.

Harry could hear the sarcastic quotations as she spoke them.

“Well if you need someone to have a word with them, don't forget you've got a small army of people who love you standing behind your back and I'll be at the front of the queue.” He told her, still quietly but fiercely, meaning every word.

Hermione smiled at him, it was tired but genuine. “Thank you, Harry. It really helps knowing that.” She told him.

Harry walked closer to her, leaned over the desk and gave her a soft kiss on the lips before standing back up and moving to the door.

“Just keep it in mind.” He told her. “And don't be a stranger, me and Ginny miss you.” He said.

“I'd love to spend every night at your place but I really am very busy lately, Harry.” She told him.

“So am I, now.” Harry told her without heat and she gave him a small grin.

“See you later, Hermione.” He said as his hand reached for the doorknob.

“Goodbye, Harry.” She told him and let her face return to the piles of parchments and papers on her desk as Harry went to catch up with Quentin outside.

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After a brief side trip to Harry's office to sort a few things out, Quentin and himself were sitting in the restaurant that Harry had taken Hermione to when they had last had lunch together. It was still a little early for lunch but not ridiculously so.

They had both been in agreement with getting most of the details of Fontaine's transfer hammered out while they were both together right now, instead of arranging some future meeting about it. They had taken themselves out of the Ministry of Magic and headed out for some food.

They had ordered their food and were part way through it by the time they had finished discussing the details.

Harry and a team of four aurors would be flying by broom over the channel from Dover with Fontaine bound along for the ride. They would head directly for Calais as soon as it was dark where they would be met by Quentin himself and four of his own aurors. Harry's team would then stick around long enough to ensure that Fontaine was safely in French hands then departing back to England.

Harry would then follow the French escort to a safe locations where they would all travel by portkey
to Paris.

Harry had mentioned that his brother-in-law had expressed an interest in travelling with Harry to France with his family to visit the rest of Fleur's family. Both of them had been in agreement that it wouldn't be safe for a family to travel by broom with a dangerous criminal though Quentin had been open to the idea of Bill coming along with Harry by broom after Harry had explained that he had been a member of the Order of the Phoenix.

This all depended on whether or not Bill could actually join Harry in French on such short notice. Quentin had assured Harry that neither he or his men would open fire upon seeing an extra man with Harry's escort team, at least until Harry confirmed who he was.

Harry had asked about accommodations in Paris and Quentin had told him that there would be plenty of hotels or rental town houses that Harry could simply arrive at and get lodged in without having to book in advance. He had told Harry that if all else failed that he and Ginny would be welcome to stay at his own home with his wife.

“I'll let you know as soon as I do about my brother-in-law.” Harry was saying.

“I would appreciate it.” Quentin told him after pausing to chew and swallow. “Though as I say, it is no trouble if he arrives with you if you are unable to get word to me.”

Harry nodded.

“Ah, I cannot wait to get home.” Quentin told him.

“Homesick?” Harry asked.

“A little but mostly for the food.” He said pointing at the piece of half eaten beef on his plate.

“Don't like our British cooking?” Harry asked slightly amused.

“It's passable but you always overcook the meat.” Quentin told him.

“We like to see things through to the end.” Harry told Quentin. “Even our food, instead of giving up half way through cooking it.”

Quentin’s eyes were full of mirth at their friendly prodding, they usually played this game when they met up. Quentin nodded in acknowledgement that Harry had scored a point. Harry raised his glass slightly in return.

“You know I'm not looking forward to this trip but I hope you don't think that means I don't want to meet your wife.” Harry told him.

“I know, I know.” Quentin said waving a hand to the side as if to sweep away Harry's words. “I never took your words to mean that. I'll do my best to be there to lend a hand while you are in Paris though.”

“I'd appreciate that.” Harry told him. “I'm supposed to report at the trail and give a speech afterwards and I don't even speak French.” Harry pointed out.

“Do not worry, my friend.” Quentin said. “I will definitely be at the trail with you and unless disaster strikes I will also be at your commendation too. I will translate your words though many speak English already.”
“That's good to know.” Harry told him. “About all the French I know are a few words my brother-in-law's wife spat out when she stubs a toe and I'm pretty sure if I tried to repeat them I wouldn't make very many friends.”

“Oh?” Quentin asked, now interested. “Why don't you see if you can manage to speak a few of them now and I'll let you know if you should avoid using them.”

On the way back to the Ministry, the two of them were still laughing both at the words Harry had tried to say and at what they were supposed to mean. Harry would have to talk to Fleur about using such language around her young daughter. They parted with Harry's promise to do his best to inform him about Bill and Harry went to his office to spend most of the rest of the day trying to come up with a speech for the French bigwigs and a report for the trial.

He was going to have a very busy weekend.
Chocolate Bribery and Presentation.

Chapter Summary

Harry visited Shell Cottage then sits through a small presentation at Thomas & Thomas.

The next day Harry spent most of his Saturday completing his report on Fontaine. He had finished with it and had it in an orderly stack on his desk as he tried his hand at trying to write a speech. Every time he started writing it, it seemed stupid and poorly written to Harry. Which as he was the one writing it, it only confirmed that it was indeed very poor.

He went through five entire speeches, not happy with any of them before he finally gave up and tossed the parchment onto the pile of half finish speeches. He was frustrated, he had hoped to get this all in order today before he had to go and meet with Dean again, he had half hoped that he would by some miracle managed to complete the report and then speech afterwards in one go only having to make minor adjustments to the speech then it would be time for his meeting with Dean.

No luck though.

He put the completed report into a neat leather folder and spent a minute collecting all the loose parchments up and tossing them into the bin.

He checked his watch and saw that it was barely past noon, his meeting with Dean wasn't until five o'clock this evening.

Last evening as he and Ginny had cuddled together in the nest, he had told her about being called in to see Hermione. She had assured him that she would most definitely be joining him in Paris and that she would take the time off work if no one gave it to her and if they didn't like it then they could shove it, because there was no way she was missing this trip.

Her and Luna had left about an hour earlier to buy new clothes for Ginny. Apparently her regular clothes weren't good enough for Paris so she needed all new ones. Seeing that arguing the point with her would have been less than useless he had simply smiled and told them both to have fun. He was pretty proud of himself for keeping his cool as he had been three failed speech attempts in at the time and quite annoyed.

Harry got up and left his office, not quite sure where he was going yet but had already decided that he was going out. By the time he had put on his coat he had decided he would visit Shell Cottage to tell Bill about his departure date.

A crack of sound later and Harry was standing outside the pleasant cottage and knocking on the door, a moment went by before the door opened inwards to reveal Fleur standing inside.

“How are you?” She asked.
“I'm going well, what about you?” He replied.

“Ah, you know. I've been spending most of my time looking after Victoire so I haven't been out much.” She told him. “But I'm happy.”

“I'm glad to hear it.” Harry said as a loud giggle was heard from further into the cottage. “And it sounds like someone else is happy too.” He noted.

“She's playing with her father.” Fleur told him. “Come on, take off your coat and we'll go join Bill and Victoire.”

He surrendered his coat and the two of them headed into a small and comfortable looking room to find Bill Weasley holding his daughter Victoire by the ankle upside down. She seemed to find this hilarious.

“Bill!” Fleur chided him gentley “Be careful or you'll drop her.”

Bill moved his daughter over the sofa and lowered her to flop down on it.

“Again! Again!” The girl demanded but then caught sight of Harry. “Uncle Harry!” She exclaimed.

“Hello Victoire.” Harry got out before the small girl tried to tackle him with her show of affection.

Bill and Fleur both looked a little amused as Harry patted Victoire awkwardly. He didn't know much about children and truthully he wasn't overfond of most of the children he had met but even Harry had to admit that Bill and Fleurs daughter was a beautiful child, she had clearly taken the best parts of both of her parents genes.

“Come now, Victoire.” Her mother said and was sat upon by her daughter shortly after. Victoire was about eight years old, or was it ten? Harry could never keep track of these things. He thought he might be wrong with ten years old though. She had a strange blend if blonde and red hair it wasn't quite one or the other, she had small versions of her mother's delicate features and if Harry was being truthful probably a bit too much of that Weasley fire that both the late Fred had and George still had. The child was always a riot of energy and noise, unlike Harry's godson Teddy who was Harry thought the most laid back child he had ever met.

“What brings you here, Harry?” Bill asked.

“I've received my marching orders.” Harry told him taking a seat.

“Oh?” Bill asked. “When are you leaving?”

“Wednesday, next week.” Harry told him.

Bill shared a look with his wife and after a moment the two of the nodded, there was a slightly excited look in the young mother's eyes.

“That sounds good, we'll be able to join you then I should be able to get the time off from Gringotts.” Bill told him. “How're you getting there?”

“I'm going to have to fly.” Harry told him then briefly explained about the prisoner transfer and that Fleur and Victoire would not be able to join them. After returning with some tea for herself, Harry and her husband, Fleur told Harry that she and her daughter would apparate directly to her parents mansion in Paris. She had pulled a pouting Victoire back onto her lap and held her in place with one arm around the small child while the other held her cup. Fleur told him that Ginny would be
welcome to come with them while Bill joined Harry with the escort.

“What makes you think I want to fly across the channel, freezing my gonads off with Harry and a loony?” He asked her.

“Bill!” She said “Language and of course you will go with Harry, don't pretend you aren't looking forward to the possibility of a little danger. I am your wife, I know you too well to be deceived.”

“Looks like I've got my marching orders too.” Bill told Harry, ignoring the fact that his wife was probably right.

“Gonads!” Said Victoire in a happy voice, repeating her father.

“BILL!” Fleur accused her husband angrily then looked at her daughter who was fidgeting restlessly on her lap while she herself struggled to keep her tea from spilling. “That is a bad word, Victoire. You should not say it.”

Bill looked half embarrassed and half amused.

Victoire was now actively trying to break loose from her mother's clutches and Harry privately thought that she a little bit old to be sitting in her mother's lap and he also knew that trying to keep her of all children still for very long was futile.

Before she could start throwing a tantrum Harry reached into a coat pocket and pulled out small box that contained a chocolate frog.
He had several of them still left at home, while Harry himself was still partial to the occasional chocolate frog he kept a small supply of them for whenever he visited Teddy or the slightly rarer times he would see Victoire, like now. Although the supply of them seemed to go down even when he hadn't paid anyone a visit and Harry suspected Ginny.

The girl in question caught sight of the small box in Harry's hand and squealed with delight, breaking free of her mother and running to where Harry sat.

“Is that for me, uncle Harry?” She demanded, knowing that it was.

“I suppose it could be.” He said slowly.

“Pleeease, uncle Harry!” She almost wailed.

“I suppose I might give it to you if you promise not to repeat the word your father said.” He told her.

“I promise!” She cried. “I'll never say gonads again, uncle Harry!” She told him earnestly.

Harry winced slightly as she repeated the word, he looked to Bill and Fleur who looked slightly bemused by his blatant bribery of the child.
Harry knew that they thought this was Harry's way of getting their daughter to like him when in reality it was his way to distract her before her muteness look had turned into full blown rebellion.

“Very well, but only because you promised.” He said holding the box out to her. Her small hands grabbed it greedily from his open larger one.

“Thanks, uncle Harry!” She got out before turning from him, sitting on the ground and opening the box with her full concentration.

Turning back to the parents he spoke to them both.
“I’ll let Ginny know that she’ll be travelling with you and Victoire.” Harry said to Fluer.

“We’ll leave directly from here but tell her to get in touch with me before then.” Fluer told him and he nodded and told her that he would.

“And Bill, I think you had better meet up with me at the Ministry some time in the afternoon.” Harry told his brother-in-law. “There is no problem with you coming along but you’ll have to be wearing the same safety gear as the rest of us.” He told Bill.

“I’m not going to have to put on a load of stuff that George made am I?” He asked, sounding pained. “No, it’s a bit more full on than that.” Harry said. “It’s a protective suit but it will keep you warm on the flight over.”

“I suppose there is that.” Bill said.

“Aw, I got Uncle Ron!” Said Victoire holding a card in her hand. “I’ve already got six of those!”

“Ron probably gave them all to her.” Bill said snidely and Harry grinned.

“Maybe you’ll get another one next time.” Harry told her.

“You have another one?” Victoire demanded with a mouthful of chocolate frog.

“Don’t speak with your mouth full!” Her mother told her.

“Yeah.” Her father said. “You spit chocolate on Harry and he’ll never give you another chocolate frog again!”

At this she looked frightened and chewed rapidly, her eyes wide.

She swallowed and asked Harry. “Do you have another chocolate frog?”

“Not with me.” Harry told her and she seemed very disappointed.

“But, if you swear that you’ll be on your best behaviour for your mother and father until we get to your grandparents. I’ll give your aunt Ginny two chocolate frogs to give to you when she comes here for the trip.” Harry told her in what he hoped was a convincing voice.

“Two?” She demanded.

“Two.” Harry confirmed.

“I’ll be the best ever!” She declared standing up, she had a little melted chocolate around her mouth and her hands didn’t look much better.

“It’s a deal then!” Harry told her.

“You can start by going to wash your hands and face.” Her mother told her. “You’ve gotten chocolate all over yourself.”

The tiny girl ran from the room to obey her mothers command with the same high energy they showed with everything else. Poor Ron’s chocolate frog card left forgotten on the floor besides the now empty box.

“We’ll see how long the threat of loosing those chocolate frogs lasts.” Bill said.
“We might get her to behave for a couple of days.” Fleur told her husband.

“If we're lucky.” She told his wife and she shared a small private smile with each other.

“Well.” Said Harry standing. “I'd better get going before she decides to try renegotiate.”

Bill stood and offered his hand to Harry and they shook.

Fleur gave him an embrace.

“Thanks for coming to visit, Harry and don't forget to tell Ginny to get in touch.” She reminded.

“I'll tell her.” He promised. “And Bill, you think you can get to my office on Wednesday about three?”

“I'll be there.” Bill told him.

“Good, bring your broom.” Harry said as Fleur lead the three of them out of the room and through the kitchen to the back door. Victiore was trying to make sure that Harry saw her being a good girl while she was washing her hands with over exaggerated movements.

Harry nodded approvingly to her and she turned her head to hide her victorious smile, thinking she had definitely won her chocolate frogs from him.

Harry would give Ginny the chocolate frogs for her anyway but she didn't know that.

They made another round of goodbyes, got his coat back on and Harry departed with a crack of noise.

He reappeared in Diagon Alley just outside The Leaky Cauldron, he had an hour to kill before his meeting with Dean so he decided he would grab a bite to eat in the pub. He would only have one drink with his meal because he wanted to make sure he had a clear head. After a chicken burger with a side of chips and a small glass of firewhisky that Harry took his time with he left the pub and made his way to Dean and his Sisters home and office.

He knocked on the door and was met by Dean's wife Julie who greeted him warmly and ushered him inside, she had him sat down on the small sofa and departed with a promise to return with a coffee for him.

Dean and Jessica looked excited to see him they had both been at the desks collecting some folders and had told him to make himself comfortable and that they would be with him in a moment.

Dean carried over a large easel and set it down, Jessica followed and place on it some, what Harry presumed were designs onto it though the top most sheet was blank. Harry could tell that he was about to sit through a presentation.

Julie returned and handed him a coffee for which he thanked her. She smiled at this and walked away to stand in a corner to remain unobtrusive.

“Mr Potter!” Jessica said grandly with a huge grin on her face that Harry couldn't help but return a little.

“We at Thomas & Thomas, would like to present for your consideration the new design for The Potter building!” She said and with a flourish she removed the blank sheet and Harry stared.

On the sheet under was a building that was unmistakeably number twelve Grimmauld Place but not as it was now and Harry was sure not as it had ever been before.

The building itself looked renewed, not as if it were a brand new building but as if it had been very
well cared for, things like the windows and frames replaced, new guttering and drainpipes. The bricks themselves having looked to have been cleaned up. The biggest change however was the ground floor front.

Instead of the grim looking front door and murky windows it now had a rather large and sturdy looking door to one side with a plaque next to it. The rest of the ground floor was taken up by a large frosted window like Harry had seen on some shopfronts. While this was a sure sign that there was some kind of work being done in this building it have no hint as to what was going on inside. Harry leaned forwards to try to read what was on the plaque but it was too small and vague to read.

Harry presumed that the plague and large shopfront window were related to their business that would be moving into the building.

“Well what do you think?” Jessica practically demanded, Harry must have been staring for some time because she looked embarrassed to have spilled the question out.

“What my sister means is...” Dean said, shooting her a look. “This is her favourite design for the front of the building and she hopes you don't think it is too over the top.”

“I, sort of like it.” Harry admitted.

Encouraged by this Dean continued.

“This is just the exterior, you can let us know if there is anything you don't like about it I have to admit Jessica has done a good job in keeping the outside subtle enough.” He said.

“What's on the plaque?” Harry asked.

“Anything you want really though it should probably be something to discourage curious muggles from wanting to ring the buzzer to try and come inside.” Dean told him.

“I thought it would be a good idea to make it one of those dentists because you can put on the sign that it by appointment only.” Jessica said and Harry had to agree that that would certainly discourage ninety-nine percent of muggles from wanting to enter the place.

“That sounds like it might work.” Harry told her.

“If you're ready we can move on to the interior?” Dean asked, giving Harry a questioning look.

“I can't wait.” Harry told him truthfully.

Jessica pointed her wand and the sheets of paper rearranged themselves. Now there were three sheets on display for him next to each other, two of the sheets where only touching the easel with the very corners of their pages but they remained upright as if they were solidly on it like the middle sheet was.

Harry saw on the left sheet a small hallway that was tastefully decorated and well lit that showed the bottom of some stairs that turned right and upwards, a door and to the right of these stairs which would make it directly opposite the front door and some double doors with long narrow frosted glass at either side with a sign above the doors that read 'Thomas & Thomas' that Harry recognised as matching the style on the business card.

On the middle sheet was a very bright and open room that had a neat desk to one side of the spacious expanse of it, a soft with a coffee table set neatly at one side which Harry realized would be the new
and improved waiting area that he was using now. The sofa was much larger and so was the coffee table. It had some sort of papers and magazine sitting on it and there were also two stylish but comfortable looking chairs at either end.

The far end of this room, or office he supposed was a wall with three door in it, the room was mostly white with a few splashes of colour from little decorative touches here and there. A small table in a corner with a vase and flowers, a painting or two and all in all Harry thought it looked very modern and stylish.

He had been about to ask what was behind the doors but the third sheet answered his questions. It was a floor plan of the ground floor. The stairs Harry had seen in the hallway lead to the next floor naturally, while the door in the hall was to what would be Jessica’s flat. The three doors inside the future office of Thomas & Thomas showed that two of them seemed to be personal offices for Dean and Jessica, Harry supposed the desk in the main area would be a reception desk for Julie. The last door contained the largest of the three small rooms which Harry couldn't really identify besides what looked like another set of stairs in it.

“What is that room?” Harry asked pointing to it.

“That is a bit of a break room with a kitchenette and somewhere to sit, the stairs...” Dean pointed to them. “Lead into the basement workshop... We uh- Didn't have time to draw up plans for that yet.” He finished a bit lamely.

“But we both pretty much know how we want it laid out.” Jessica put in.

“What do you think?” Dean asked.

“It looks fantastic!” Harry told him. “Did I already say that? I'm not just saying it, it really does look great!”

Both Dean and Jessica smiled.

“Well let's move on.” Dean said.

Another flick of a wand and the sheets reshuffled.

Presented with another three sheets, Harry took them in.

Starting from left to right again.

The first sheet showed a neat long hallway that ran the length of the building. The stairs that lead up to this hallway were at one end and at the other end which Harry knew would be the street facing side was window and the stairs that lead to the next floor.

At either end of the hallway there was a door which would lead to a flat but besides that the only other things in the hall were two small lights in the wall beside each door and a small narrow table in the centre of the hall with another vase a flowers. Again the hall was neat, well lit and in neutral colours. Harry was impressed that it had somehow managed not to look bland despite the neutral colours and being mostly empty.

The middle sheet of paper showed inside one of the flats, it was very open like the office on the ground floor. It had large windows on one wall, what looked to be a small hall way that lead
somewhere on another wall which also had a door on it in one corner. There were various bits of furniture that matched the pale walls and overall Harry thought that it looked like it wouldn't be a bad place to live.

It wasn't cramped or dull, if everything was to scale there seemed to be plenty of room and light.

The last sheet again showed floor plans.

Harry saw that the hall in the flat lead to three doors, two of which were bedrooms and the third to kitchen. The door Harry had seen in the corner of the main room lead to a bathroom and a small utility room. Harry only knew this because it literally said the words 'utility room' on it. He also noticed that the larger of the two bedrooms had an en-suit which Harry was suit surprised at.

The second flat mirrored the first one in design, the rest of the floor plan showed the hall and stairs.

“We've done our best to make use of the space without making the place feel cramped and small.” Dean said.

“And I've decorated them to be pretty natural for when you have someone come to look at flat it will appeal to a wider range of potential tenant.” Jessica said.

“We thought the halls were better off staying simple.” Dean told him. “Keep them neat but inviting, easier to keep clean but not empty and boring.”

“You've done a good job of it, Dean, Jessica.” Harry said looking at them both in turn. “You've really impressed me with this. I never thought the flats would look this good or have so much in them.” He said honestly and they both looked very pleased.

“Are all the flats like this?” Harry asked.

Dean nodded. “They are a part from the two floor ones on top.”

“Can I have a look at those then.” Harry asked excitedly. “I'd like to see where Ron is going to be living.” He told them.

“Sure.” Dean said.

Again they the sheets rearranged as Jessica flicked her wand at them.

Presented with three new sheets and with how well everything had looked so far he took them in as soon as they were in plain sight.

The first sheet wasn't a hallway this time but was what appeared to be the first floor of the flats. Again there was a large window on one wall which let in a lot of light, there was a kitchen against it's opposite wall taking up most of it, only a small little divide sat between it and the stairs that led to the second floor and the little space contained what looked like another utility room.

The rest of the room was completely open again, it had a large bookshelf that sat against a wall, a couple of chairs on either side of table next to it. There was a lounge area that contained two large leather sofas and a leather arm chair, they were placed around a coffee table and were overlooked by a large fireplace.

Not muggle large but wizard large because they would need to fit in a fully grown witch or wizard to access the floo network.

Harry realised that he hadn't seen any fireplaces big enough to step into in the other flats but only regular sized ones. He supposed though as these two floor flats were big enough to have them while they would have probably seemed a bit too big in the other ones.
There was a cabinet that seemed to be filled with things but were too vague to make out, Harry supposed that they could be anything depending on who moved in. In this case only Ron would be moving into one of these flats so far so there was no point in drawing them into the design with all that much detail.

The middle sheet showed a view of the second floor, it was a hall way with four open doors, two on either side and a fifth door at the very end. It was carpeted and bright but other than that there wasn't much he could see from this view. Looking to the third and final sheet he saw a floor plan again.

It was only a floor plan of the second floor though as he could clearly see the entire first floor from the drawing. The room at the end of the hall was apparently the master bedroom, it too had a small en-suite bathroom. Two of the rooms were guest bedrooms, it had a bedroom in another room and the fourth was a spacious home office. That pleased Harry as he thought Ron would appreciate it.

Both Dean and Jessica were watching him and waiting for him to speak.

“I only have one thing to ask.” He said and they were both waiting for him to continue. “When can you start work?”

At this, they both grinned.
A Gift

Chapter Summary

Harry receives a gift from Ginny.

(Explicit sex between Luna and Harry.)

It was not so simple as that though.

Harry, Dean and Jessica had still had a lot to talk about after their presentation. He had been assured by them both that if there was something he wanted to change then he just needed to say and they would change it but he had told them honestly that he thought the place looked great. They had been discussing how long this would take and how they would be going about it when an issue arose.

They had told him that if they both really pushed themselves hard and worked very late that they might be able to have the place done by Christmas but Harry knew that neither of them really wanted to do this.

Harry didn't want to rush them or over tax them but he really wanted Ron to have a place to stay before Christmas when he returned from Hogwarts. There was also the fact that not all of the furniture shown in the designs would actually be there unless Harry decided that he wanted to buy them. Much of the small decorative elements in the designs were simply for show.

While compared to the overall price the cost of furnishing the flats was negligible he hadn't actually considered it though he vaguely remembered that one of them had indeed mentioned this too him in their last meeting.

Jessica had offered to meet with him before he left on his trip if he had the time to take him to a few places to buy from things for Ron's flat. He had taken her up on this offer thinking that it would go easier with a professional who knew the best places to shop and the best things to pick out.

They had agreed to meet on Tuesday afternoon in Diagon Alley as Harry would be busy on Money at work getting things in order for his upcoming trip and Jessica would be busy helping Dean hollow out the inside of Grimmauld Place on Monday.

After much discussion Harry had come to the decision that they needed to have a place ready for Ron before Christmas. The plans was for them to start taking the place apart while awaiting a specialist, that Dean assured Harry would be willing to arrive and do the work just as soon as they were ready for him.

He had told the specialist that the work was for Harry Potter and he had suddenly changed from being quite busy to available when Dean had spoken to him a couple of days earlier to enquire about possibly needing to book him for a potential job. Dean had been very amused at the sudden change and had admitted to Harry that he wished he would have used his name at other times to get such preferential treatment.

Harry laughed but had been a bit self-conscious.
Once the place was expanded they would start the work of building the place back up again in the new bigger design.

Harry had told them that so long as those top two floor flats were in as well as two of the regular flats and the halls were all finished so that they were available to be viewed by this possible tenants.

That they could both spend the rest of the time completing their own office and basement work shop, they could take their time and even move into the place or finish doing Jessica's flat and not to worry about getting on with the rest until after the holiday season was over.

They had both been surprised and pleased by this, which made Harry feel a bit better about the whole thing. Harry who had joked that he had been so enthralled by their designs that he had forgotten about this coffee managed to wrangle another one from Julie who was also very pleased about the entire thing.

Harry supposed that her husband his sister getting plenty of work, her sister-in-law moving out and being able to reclaim her home again would be enough to make anyone pleased though she seemed the type to be happy that someone she loved was doing well rather than for what she personally would gain from it.

Harry had left that night, promising to send over a spare set of keys for Grimmauld Place by owl when he got home and that he would have moved the boxes from the attic before they arrived to start work on Monday.

He had returned home to excitedly tell Ginny about the plans for Grimmauld Place last night and had even rememberd to give her Fleur's message. Ginny had told him she would visit Fleur tomorrow afternoon after she had visited Hermione. She seemed happy with the plans about to take place at Grimmauld Place but Harry could tell she was more excited about their upcoming trip to Paris.

He didn't mind.

Harry was awakened by a soft knock then the sound of his bedroom door opening.

Luna entered the room carrying a tray with tea on it.

This was not what caught Harry's attention though.

No, what caught Harry's attention was that Luna was entirely naked and the only thing she had on her was a bright red ribbon around her middle and as she sat the tray down on a side table and began to pour the tea he noticed it was tied in a bow behind her back.

Sitting up in bed he enjoyed the view as he spoke.

“What is this about?” He asked.

Luna handed him a cup of tea, took a step back and spoke.

“I'm to thank you on behalf of my mistress for taking her to Paris.” Luna said. “I'm to...” Her voice changed as though reciting something. “Show my master appreciation on my mistress's behalf for taking her on holiday. I am to explain this to him then I am to get on my knees and beg him to allow me to show him about much my mistress appreciates what he is doing for her. Then I am to ask you nicely if you will please fuck my arse very hard and cum down my pretty neck.” She finished.

Luna turned around facing away from him and bent over before she spoke again.

“I am also suppose to show my master that I've made myself ready a head of time if he decides to do me the favour of buggering me just as hard as he possible can.” She told him again in that reciting voice. Harry saw a small jewel between the ghostly white cheeks she presented to him and he
recognised it as the end of a plug that Ginny sometimes instructed Luna to wear while doing things around the house.

Luna turned back around and got onto her knees looking up at him.

“Sir.” She began. “Will you please allow me to show you how much your wife appreciates you and when you have finished your morning tea, will you please fuck my arse as hard as you can and cum down my pretty neck.”

Very pleased and still holding his cup in hand he simply nodded.

“Thank you, sir.” Said Luna looked more pleased than he did.

She stood up and walked around to the foot of the bed and crawl under the sheets, he made her way up between Harry's legs and found his already semi-hard manhood with her hands and Harry felt her mouth go around it. She sucked him slowly and licked him, he was pulled from her mouth several times as her eager mouth moved down his shaft to his balls.

Harry only just managed to drink his tea and set the cup aside before he threw the covers off himself to reveal Luna's gorgeous pale body.

“I want to taste you.” He told her and she immediately moved, as he settled himself back down into a lying position a white thigh went over his head and the pink delicate folds of her pussy lowered slowly to his waiting lips. She returned her own lips to his hard cock with passion and he heard her moan out her pleasure around it as his hands took her ass firmly holding her for himself and his mouth hungrily went at her. He probed her and sucked her most tender spot, he occasionally let his hand move to press at and pull at the jewel close by. A few minutes went by like this the only sound besides his heavy breathing were Luna's muffled moans around him.

When her hips started to shift themselves from her pleasure he decided to take the rest of his gift. Pushing her a little he spoke.

“Enough, Luna.” He said. “I want you to lie down on your front.”

She immediately obeyed him, pulling her thigh back over him and laying down next to him on the bed, face down. Harry rolled over on top of her, straddling the backs of her thighs. He spread her white buttocks apart and began to slow workout the jewel there. He took his time, tugging it and moving it before pushing it back inside her. He let it's thickest part open her many times before pressing it back into her, when he finally took it out for good she came easily from her and he held her there spread and watched as her anus tightened again.

He crawled forwards a little and leaned over her, he took her hair roughly in a hand and used his other to move the head of his cock to her now welcoming rear entrance. This was not like how he was with Hermione, she loved to have her rear fucked and played with but she wasn't a fan of pain or even being all that rough. Luna though liked to be used hard, she liked the edge of pain with her pleasure much like Ginny did.

He shoved his hips down hard, his entire saliva coated length breeching her and shoving down inside her to it's thick base. It was a single movement and Luna let out a small scream followed by a long drawn out groan of pleasure as she felt him entirely deep inside her. She shivered several times as he held himself there.
He made sure with the hand still holding her hair that her head was turned slightly to one side so he could catch glimpses of her face. Then he released her hair and took hold of both of her arms, bring them to rest at the small of her back. He let his hands settle over her wrists then he began to move.

There was no slow movement of the hips as she adjusted to him, he simply moved fast right away. Pulling himself from her almost leaving her entirely then driving back down with his weight behind him. Over and over he buried himself into her ass, loving the feel of her tight anus gripping him as the length of his thick long shaft slid forcefully through it.

Luna was groaning almost non-stop as took his pleasure from her body. He adored that guttural almost animalistic sound a woman made when his large hard cock was fully inside their rear. The sounds they made were almost involuntary as they felt him internally, so very deep inside them.

Luna was no exception, but for here this was bliss. The rougher he fucked her the more she enjoyed it, her need to be used by him. His lust being taken from her body, using her as a tool for pleasure seemed to get touch something deep inside of her that satisfied her soul as often her body was. Knowing he wouldn't last much longer like this, he slowed his pace.

He finally pulled out of her and slid back off the bed to stand at the foot of it. “To the edge of the bed.” He said and she moved back.

She positioned herself at the end of the bed, her face resting on her hands and her waiting rear sticking up for him. He could see her eyes were closed from where he stood, he watched her face as he sank himself back between her buttocks. Her face contorted in pleasure and another one of the lovely sounds came from her throat as her back arched for him. He put both his large hands on her narrow waist and returned to his fast and hard thrusting after a minute he reset his feet and renewed his movements with more force and speed. Luna was moaning and making more sounds of pleasure, her fingers digging into the bed to clutch at nothing as Harry plunged into her as deep as he could go over and over again.

The slapping sound of his flesh hitting hers ringing out in the room and reaching his ears. He only just managed to keep from cumming in her beautiful rear. He pulled from her abruptly and she moved without him having to even speak. She turned quickly dropping from the bed to land on her knees in front of him. Her mouth was already open before her skin touched the carpeted floor, waiting for his cock to enter her.

As Harry directed himself between her lips with one hand, his other went to her hair. Before he could push her face forward to meet his already moving hips Luna herself had pushed forwards. He went through her mouth and deep into the throat with a groan, a hand still holding her hair and as her lips reached the wide base of his cock he began to cum.

His seed spilled deep inside her, his head fell back on his shouldered and his lower body tensed with the movements of his hips. Already in her as far as he could go, his hips still moved to press harder with their jerking movements. Luna hands her hands on the back of his thighs, her eyes closed and her own deep sound of coming from her filled throat and from her chest. She held him there as much as he held her, wanting all of his satisfaction inside her, the sounds she made almost desperate. It was music to his ears.

Slowly he came to himself and slowly pulled his soaking length from her. He watched her gasp in air
then close her mouth to let her tongue run around inside it, finding his taste, her eyes closed in bliss as her chest heaved and pulled air in through her nose.

“Thank you, sir.” She managed to get out, she leaned forwards to kiss at his slowly softened cock in appreciation. She planted small kisses lovingly on him there, her hands running up and down his thighs to let him know she had enjoyed pleasing him.

“Luna.” He said. “I think you should go make up some more tea. The pot on the side has probably gone cold.”

“Yes, sir.” She said getting to her feet a little unsteadily.

She collected his discarded cup and took it and the tray out of the room.

Harry had flopped onto the messy bed to recover himself, he had enjoyed taking his pleasure from Luna and he would have to remember to thank Ginny for wrapping him up such a nice present.

Luna returned a few minutes later with another fresh tray and poured him another cup. He sat back against the head board as he had done earlier and accepted it.

“I think I'd like you to keep kissing there.” He told her, pointing between his legs.

“Yes, sir.” Luna said a happily and crawled back onto the bed.

Harry drank his tea as Luna’s delicate lips returned to kissing his cock and balls. As he drank he slowly recovered himself until he was once again standing fully erect under Luna's loving lips. She kept kissing him, up under his shaft and the shiny head of his cock as she had been instructed.

“Open.” He said and her mouth opened and took the head of him back into it. She sucked him and let her tongue run over it. Tasting everything she could from him.

He finally set down his now drained cup and pulled her from him gently.

“Lie back and open your legs for me.” He said.

“Of course, sir.” She told him and did just that.

She lay on her back, her pale legs open for anything he wished to do. Her wet pussy bare to him and ready for his use should he choose to do so.

She still had the red ribbon loose around her waist and he reached over to grab his wand and ran the tip over it slightly. It parted and he pulled it and the bow out from under her. He tossed it aside off over the side of the bed and crawled over Luna.

When his broad head pressed against her wet and warm core, he slowly pushed into her as he settled himself down.

He caught her moan of pleasure in his open mouth as he kissed her. His hands ran up her sides then he pulled back so he could watch them move over her breasts. He pinched her nipples gently at first, almost just toying with them but soon with force as he let his hips rock slightly.

“What do you like more, having me pinch your nipples or the feeling of my cock in your pussy?” Harry demanded of his moaning toy.

“Please, sir.” Luna begged him. “Anything you do to me.” He said.

“That’s not what I asked.” He said pinching a little harder and moving forwards with a bit more
force. Her gasp was enjoyable.

“What do you want more?” He demanded again.

“Sorry, sir.” She said breathing heavy. “My pussy sir, I love your hard cock in my pussy.”

“See, that wasn’t that difficult to answer.” He said lightly. “Do you want me to fuck you more, Luna?” He asked her in a low voice.

“Sir!” She almost cried. “Yes please!”

“Beg me.” He said. “Tell me exactly what you want.”

“Sir.” Luna said “I want you to fuck my pussy with your hard cock. I want you to use me as hard as you want and cum deep inside me!” She said and she was almost frantic as his hips let part of his cock slide into her at a deliberately slow pace and his hands continued to pinch her nipples and grope her breasts.

“Is that really what you want?” He said dragging out her anguish.

“Yes, sir!” She said almost sounding on the verge of tears “Please!”

“Very well.” Harry said then moved.

He repositioned himself, taking his weight on his hands. He let himself pull back almost all of way out of her before driving completely inside her as he had done so recently with her small anus. His head went down to her neck as he settled down onto his elbows and he kissed and bit at her throat as he let his hips clash against hers. Her arms were around his neck and her hands occasionally reaching down his back to grip and grab at his flesh as her body reacted to the pleasure.

He kept kissing and biting her neck and throat as he worked over her, enjoying her tight wet pussy and the way she eagerly held herself against him.

His ear, so close to her mouth got to hear every deep moan, every ragged exhalation of air and gasp. I enjoyed hearing the way her breath caught in her throat and he trust down into her particularly hard and stayed inside her, grinding his hips over her making himself move inside her.

Before long the two of them were struggling to catch their breath, sweating and painting together. Luna holding him tight, moaning and crying out.

He felt her tense up around his hard cock and her body matched her. Her clung desperately to him and she screamed out her climax, it sent Harry over the edge too and he spilled his seed for the second time that morning deep into her core.

It took Luna a long time to come back to herself, she was blindly kissing at him. His lips and his face as the jerks of her body and tightening of her muscles turned into shivers. She made small sounds that might have been supposed to be words but she was too out of it to get them out properly.

Harry held himself over her, still inside her but let a hand come up to stroke her hair as she came back to herself.

When Harry thought that she had mostly returned, he smiled gently to her which she returned. They were still joined though Harry was rapidly softening.

“Enjoy yourself?” Harry asked in a low murmur of sound, their faces so close to each other.

“Yes, thank you sir.” Luna said and he gave her a long gentle kiss.
The two of them napped for a while, on their sides. Their faces close together and they both kept their hips pressed tightly against one another.

Harry wasn't sure when Luna had left him but when he awoke again some hours later she was gone, so was the tea tray and the covers that had been messed up they were now neatly back over him.
Chapter Summary

Harry rushes to get things sorted before he leaves to go to France while Ginny gets a few ideas.

That afternoon Harry had gone into his office in a good mood after Ginny's gift. He had enjoyed this morning with Luna, he always did enjoy the time he spent with her.

He found on his desk a parcel.

Curious, he set about opening it up and examining the contents.

The first thing he found was a note, addressed to him and he recognised the handwriting as Hermione's.

Harry.

Inside this package you will find fourteen copies of the official reports pertaining to Fontaine, one of them is for you and the other thirteen are for the members of the French Ministry who will be presiding over the trial. Also included as a brief list of some talking points you might want to consider for any speeches you will make or even just for general conversation while over there. Make sure you come and see me before you leave, I will schedule you in for an eleven o'clock meeting on Wednesday morning.
If I don't see you before then then I'll see you on Wednesday morning, in my office.

Yours sincerely.

Hermione.

P.S: The last thing in the package is for the receipts I expect you to bring back with you.

Harry saw in the box, a stack of identical black leather folders, which he assumed were the official reports and dearly hoped weren't Hermione's 'few talking points'. A red leather folder and a small box.

He opened that first and inside he found a small leather wallet, with note inside it.

'Receipts go here, don't forget to collect them Harry!'

Harry was amused.

Next he opened the red folder and gave it a quick look.
He thought that it might actually be very useful.

He picked up one of the fourteen black folders and quickly flicked through it, he was unfortunate enough to stop on a page that showed Mr McCall's frightened blue eyes looking back up at him. This sobered Harry up somewhat and filled him with a determination to make a good impression at the trial to see that Fontaine received the punishment he deserved.
He used this determination to begin trying to write another speech but after an hour of trying he gave up.
Tossing it a side, he uncovered a closed envelope that he hadn't seen before. He recognised the handwriting on that too as Ron's.

Opening it quickly he read.

Harry.

Blimey! That Fontaine sounds like a right nightmare. I'm glad you're alright though! The way The Prophet wrote about it it sounded like you were half dead after going ten rounds with a dark wizard version of Merlin himself!
You looked pretty roughed up in the photo they printed though.

And I'm doing fine too mate, no one has really asked about the divorce much and those that did were mostly friends, like Neville. I just told him that me and Hermione had grown apart and decided together that we should call it a day before things got nasty.
He seemed pretty upset, poor guy.

I'm glad to hear you spoke to Dean, did you meet his wife Julie yet? She's really nice!
Anyway, I hope things go well with Grimmauld Place. Keep me updated on the progress, I'm a bit excited about having my own place. I wonder what it's gonna be like? Anyway stay in touch mate, I'll be home to stay at the Burrow about a week before Christmas so I'll drop by and we'll go for a drink.
Are you a Gin coming to the Burrow for Christmas dinner or are you having it at your place?
Anyway, we'll get together no matter what.

See you soon, you mouldy old sock.

Ron

Harry smiled at the last, he and Ron had taken to insulting each other at the end of letters in the past couple of years. It was an on-going thing and Ron had once had him almost in tears with laughter at a PS he had left once.

He was glad Ron seemed to be doing OK and he was also happy that he thought he would be sleeping at the Burrow over Christmas.
Although to be fair, if he had a bit too much to drink at Christmas which they all usually did then Ron might very well end up sleeping it off at the Burrow that night anyway.

Harry began his own letter.

Ron.

Glad to hear you're doing, OK.
Yeah me and Ginny will be at the Burrow for Christmas but we'll still have a drink before then.
I have to go to France though on Wednesday for a week, they're throwing this mouldy old sock as thank you party or two for nabbing Fontaine for them.
Ginny is coming with me and Bill and Fleur are coming too, they're tagging along to let the little one see her other grand parents.
I'll be back at least two weeks before Christmas though, I'm only staying for a week.
I've had another meeting with Dean and his sister, we've settled on a design for the place but we
need to wait for a specialist to come in and expand the place a bit with an enchantment. I met Julie yes, and you're right. She's a nice woman and Dean seems to really love her which is good I suppose as he's already gone and married her.

If you wouldn't mind, send me some of Hagrid's rock cakes. I'm going to eat them and when they come back out again I'll see if they want to be my new best mate instead of you. They would be prettier at least.

Your soon-to-be ex-bestfriend.

Harry.

P.S: Don't you dare actually send me the rock cakes or I'll give them you back for Christmas.

Grinning at his own wit, he had the letter in an envelope and with an address on it and out of the window attached to an owl in no time.

He soon heard voices downstairs.
Ginny was back home.

Harry headed downstairs and gave his wife a hug.

“You enjoyed your gift then?” She asked him teasingly.

“Very much.” He told her and kissed her.

“Did you see Fleur? And how was Hermione?” He asked as they headed to the nest.

“Yeah, I went round.” She told him flopping down onto a sofa. “We- Me, Fleur and Victoire are going to take all our luggage to Fluer's parents place a bit earlier than you and Bill are setting off. We'll wait for you there.”

She was kicking off her shoes during this.

“Fleur's parents have invited us to stay with them, they said they're not just inviting us to be polite they said they have plenty of room and we're both welcome.” She told him.

She kicked her feet up and set them on Harry's lap expectantly.

Harry began to rub them.

“Also what's this about two chocolate frogs?” Ginny asked, shifting herself to get more comfortable.

“Ah, I promised Victoire that I'd give you two chocolate frogs to give her on the day we leave if she promises to be good for her parents.” Harry told her with a smile. “Was it still working?”

“Seemed to be, she was making a point of being seen to be good.” Ginny told him.

“I'll probably have to pay up then.” He said and saw her smile while her eyes were closed.

“Hermione is fine, she's busy but she's alright.” Ginny said answering his second question.

“That's good.” Harry said. “I got a letter from Ron.”

“What did it say.” She asked.
“That he is alright too, glad I wasn't dead like The Daily Prophet said and he still has no idea that he's going to be in his own place before Christmas.” He said.

“I want to see his face when you tell him.” Ginny demanded.

“We'll I'm not sure how I'm going to tell him yet, obviously I want to surprise him but I'm not sure what to do yet.” Harry replied.

Ginny sat up and opened her eyes.

“You should show a surprise party!” She said. “You should take him to see how the redecorating is going and when you lead him to see his place we can all be inside it waiting for him.” Ginny seemed enthralled by the idea.

“We can invite everyone round, set the party set up while you and him go for a drink then you can tell him you want to show him how the place is coming along and bring him there.” Ginny was saying this now like he had already agreed to this, though he had to admit it did sound like fun.

“Yeah, we can invite mum and dad, George and Verity, Bill and Fleur and maybe Victoire... Wait no, I'll see if they can get a babysitter probably best not to have kids there. Hermione will come and we should probably invite Dean and Jessica so they can see his reaction too!” Ginny was sitting up now, legs crossed and talking animatedly, foot rub forgotten.

“Do you think it's a good idea to invite Hermione?” Harry asked.

“Well they can't avoid each other forever.” Ginny said.

“But if Dean and his sister are going to be there, it might be a bit weird that they're not acting exactly like a divorced couple. Also what if someone slips up and let's something out about why they really got divorced?” Harry pointed out.

Ginny was frowning.

“You might be right.” She admitted though didn't seem pleased by this. “And Luna will be gone by then too...” Ginny's mood was rapidly darkening

“We'll have to invite Julie, Dean's wife.” Harry said to distract his wife for her moody thoughts of Hermione being excluded and the loss of Luna.

“I'd like to meet her.” Ginny said thought she still seemed distracted.

“Do you have practise on Tuesday?” Harry asked her, suddenly getting an idea.

“No, why?” She asked

“You fancy doing some shopping?” He raised an eyebrow at her.

“What for?” She asked him.

“I'm supposed to be meeting Jessica in Diagon Alley on Tuesday to pick out some things for Ron's place before we leave. Some decorations and bits of furniture, stuff like that.” He told her.

“Oh? Is that all you're meeting her for?” His wife asked teasingly.

“Yes.” Harry told her. “She's very pretty and she has a lovely smile but I haven't made any sort of moves in that direction with her.” He told Ginny honestly.
“Hm.” She looked thoughtful. “I'll go shop with her instead.”

“That would really help me out, I'm going to be swamped at work the net couple of days.” He told her.

“I'm not doing it for you.” She told him. “I might make some moves of my own on her while were shopping.” Ginny gave him a wicked smile.

Harry laughed.

“And I get called a manwhore.” He said.

Harry reached for one of his wife's ankles and pulled it, making her fall back on the sofa as he forced her to lay back on it.

He crawled over her as she laughed at him, then he kissed her.

They spent some time talking about nothing of real import before Harry had to move.

When he did, it was to head to Grimmauld Place with Luna along to help. The two of them spent some time removing the boxes from the attic and taking them back home.

The two of them replaced the boxes in Harry's attic then each went to go clean themselves of the dust that was covering them.

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The next day as Harry had predicted he was swamped at work. He had to organise and authorise raids for when he would be gone. It involved looking through cases, talking to his aurors and deciding where they would be going and what they would be doing while he was away. The Auror Department was like a disturbed beehive, people were running around everywhere conferring, sorting out forms that they would need to get to Harry before he left.

Discussing upcoming actions why were taking, Harry knew that it wouldn't all get done in a day.

He was right.

He had returned home exhausted that evening, later than normal.

Ginny had given him a massage and he fell a sleep half way through it, boneless and without any energy left in him. He had returned the next day to work and spent the entire morning finishing getting the paperwork in order.

By the time he had finished with that he had had himself a quick lunch and returned to the department to have a meeting with the four aurors he would be taking with him half way to France to escort Fontaine.

He would be taking Ringwold, Watkins, Grimsby and Manson. Murphy who had been injured by Fontaine had recovered enough to return to word and would be holding down the fort while they escorted Fontaine to the meeting point.

When the four aurors returned and Harry left with the French, Ringwold was to be jointly in command with Murphy. He trusted that the two of them could keep things running smoothly in his absence.

Harry informed them that Bill would be joining them though as more of a passenger than security. Then they had spent some time going over tactics for possible ambush and various counters to these theoretical ambushes and how they would get themselves out safely and with Fontaine still in their possession.
They had just enough time to check over and then prep their 'battle suits' for tomorrow and an extra one that Bill would be wearing before they all headed home.

Harry had apologised to his staff about all the upheaval as his sudden trip and thanked them for really stepping up and getting things prepared.

They had told him that it was no trouble and that he wasn't his fault he had to go to France. Harry had told them all that he appreciated it anyway. He wished them all a goodnight and promised to see them tomorrow before heading home himself.

He arrived home to find Ginny and Luna in the nest.
Ginny was sitting at one end of the sofa while Luna sat on the other side, both of them were reading.

Harry parked himself down between them with a sigh.

“You all set at work?” Ginny asked him, leaning over to give him a kiss on the cheek.

“Pretty much.” Harry said. “What about you?”

“All packed, my things and yours.” She told him.

“That's good to hear.” He told her truthfully.

“I went on my shopping date today.” Ginny told him.

“I forgot all about it.” Said Harry. “How did it go? Did you get some good stuff for Ron's flat?”

“Oh it went better than OK.” Ginny told him with a grin and it took him a second to realise what she meant.

“You and Jessica didn't?” Harry started to ask with surprise.

Ginny laughed, she was pulling his leg.

“No, but I think she might be open to a little fun you know, Harry.” She told him.

“How do you know that?” She asked, genuinely curious.

“Just from a few things we talked about and a little woman's intuition.” His wife replied mysteriously.

He let it drop, she could have her secrets.

“If you say so.” He told her with a little pout. “Did you manage to get stuff for Ron's flat though?”

“Yeah, we did.” Ginny told him. “But we had to leave most of it at the shops after we paid for it. She's going to go pick it all up when they have some where to put it.”

“Why does she hav-Ah” Harry cut himself off realising.

“The specialist was at Grimmauld place today and yesterday when they were hollowing the place out it was full of rubble and stuff.” She told him.

Harry nodded.

“I can't wait to get to France and get this all over with.” He confessed.
“It'll be fine and you'll probably enjoy yourself.” Ginny predicted.

“I hope you're right.” He told her.

“I'm always right.” She admitted, modestly and Harry pinched her thigh a little but she just smirked.

“Luna.” Harry said and drew her attention. “Is there anything you would like before you go on your extended trip?” He asked her.

She would be leaving only days after they returned, when they came back next Wednesday they would have only until Saturday morning with Luna before she was departing to accompany her ageing father on this next adventure.

“I'm not sure what you mean?” Luna said. “Do you mean something I need to take on the expedition with me?” She asked.

“Not exactly, but if there is anything you need...” He began.

“I think he means is there anything special you want to do before you have to leave us.” Ginny said.

“I don't think so, though I'd like to spend some time with you both when you get back from France.” She said.

“We will.” Ginny said.

“We can manage that.” Harry told her and pulled her close to him and then Ginny too.

He fell asleep with them under each of his arms, their sides pressed against him as they read.
Harry arrives to his meeting with Hermione to find her in a seemingly foul mood.

The next morning, though thankfully not as early as usual he headed into the Ministry of Magic at around quarter to eleven. Stopped briefly at his own office to see if some sudden crisis had arisen that would tragically but through no fault of his own prevent him from being able to go to France. He even spoke to a few people but unfortunately found that everything was pretty much running smoothly.

So he headed to keep his meeting with Hermione.
He even arrived on time!

He knocked on the outer door and stepped in.

“Mr Potter, eleven o'clock.” Noted Helstia Wiggins, Hermione's assistant. “I'll see if the Minister is ready for you.”

As she spoke the last word, Hermione's door opened and she stuck her head out.
I'll see him now Helstia and was about to duck back into her office when a thought seemed to strike her.

“Helstia, this is likely to take a while so you may as well do have an early lunch.” Hermione told her and before her assistant could begin her ritual of objecting Hermione spoke again.

“You had better lock the door on your way out though, I don't want any unplanned visitors walking in. Not unless they have made an appointment.” She said firmly.

“Minister...” Helstia started.

“When is my next appointment after this one?” Hermione asked her cutting her off.

“I-Uh.” The woman looked down at her desk. “It's a quarter to one this afternoon, after you've had your lunch.” She said looking back up at her boss who nodded.

“Very well, have a long lunch but make sure you're back fifteen minutes before my next appointment and remember to lock the door on your way out. I'm too busy to have interruptions from unexpected visitors.” He told her assistant in such an authoritative and grim manner that Helstia didn't dare object.
She simply said. “Yes, Minister.” and began to tidy up her desk and collect a few things before standing.

“Inside, Potter.” Hermione told him firmly.

Harry didn't know what to think, what was this meeting about and why was she in such a foul mood? Maybe something had come up after all, although... She had scheduled this meeting a while ago so she probably would have warning if he wasn't going to France.
He walked through to her office, half expecting to find something horrible in there but found it as it usually was. Piles of neatly stacked papers, well lit in the room despite it having no windows. A collection of surfaces and drawers that only purpose seemed to be to put more paperwork in or on.

“Take a seat, Potter.” She told him in a no-nonsense voice as he heard Helstia depart out of the other door. Closing her own door firmly and locking it with her wand, Hermione turned to him and smiled. Surprised Harry raised an eyebrow questioningly at her.

“Do you think she bought it?” Hermione asked him.

“Who bought what?” He said.

“Helstia.” Hermione said rolling her eyes. She had walked over to her desk and began picking up piles of papers and replacing them on the surfaces that had just noted seemed to serve just this purpose. “I wanted her out of the way, so I pretended to be a bad mood. You’re going to have to remember to look moody when you leave here.” She told him.

“I-OK but why?” Harry asked her.

She had pretty much cleared everything off of her desk now and she turned to him as she set the last stack down.

“Oh, Harry you’re impossible sometimes.” She told him amused. “I got rid of her so we could spend a little time together in private before you and Ginny leave.”

“Oh.” Said Harry catching on and then realising why she had cleared her desk and why the meeting was to take so long.

She was smiling at him with a glimmer in her eye. She bit her lip and then spoke.

“I’ve got something to show you.” She told him.

“What is it?” Harry asked, more relaxed now.

She blushed a little then walked over to him.

“Move the chair back.” She told him gesturing, he got up and pushed the chair away from her desk. He turned to wait and see what she was going to do.

“Sit back down in it.” She told him, he did so still curious because she was still blushing.

“I’ve never done this before at work.” She confessed and before Harry could ask her what she was talking about because they certainly had done some interesting things in this office which is what he thought she had had in mind, she moved.

Hermione took off her Minister’s robes to reveal the dress she was wearing underneath. She turned around facing away from Harry and lifted her dress up and bend slightly. Harry saw that firstly, she had on no underwear and that secondly she was wearing a plug. At work.

She had been right, she had never done this before, not at work.

Harry grinned and she blushed a little more and bit her bottom lip at his reaction.

“Are you...Pleased?” She asked him.
“Very.” Harry told her. “I think I'd like a closer look though.” He said and she smiled excitedly, he recognised the look from all the way back at Hogwarts when she was breaking a rule with him and Ron and was getting a thrill out of it.

She moved closer to him standing pretty much between his own feet, turned around still holding her dress up and bent herself over for him. Her small buttocks parted themselves almost in front of his face. His hands moved without him even thinking about it, he let his large hands slide over her smooth backside before gripping her firmly and spreading her wider.

She let out a soft sound of pleasure and anticipation.

Harry let a finger hook into the small ring that was attached to the end of the plug, he let himself tug at it ever so gently and was pleased at the way she arched a little more and at the change in her breathing.

“This is quite a going away present.” He told her. “You know how much I love to play with your little arse.” He said, still tugging and moving it.

“Mmm.” He heard her get out.

“I think I'm going to enjoy having you bent over that desk with my cock in your little fuckhole.” He said and he could see that she was already wet.

He let his free hand go lower than her tiny plugged anus and used a thumb to run between her folds then rub around the small bundle of nerves.

“Mmm.” She repeated again, the lower half of her body wiggling slightly under his hands. “I can't wait.” She told him breathlessly.

“Can't wait for what, Hermione?” He asked wanting her to say it and waited for a reply, knowing she would know what he wanted from her.

“I can't wait for you to bend me over my desk and put your cock in my... Fuckhole.” She said. Harry knew that say it aloud would heighten the sense of being naughty which was making her so excited. “Why don't you show just how much you want it.” He suggested and removed his hands from her.

She turned around, flushed and still excited.

She dropped to her knees in front of him and reached for his suit pants. In no time at all she had unbuttoned and unzipped him, she had her small hand around his thick shaft and the broad head of him in her mouth.

He let his head fall back and his eye close just enjoying her eagerness, her hands moved over his length while her mouth and tongue tended to the tip of his sex.

A minute or so of this and the soft smacking sounds her lips made as she sucked the head of his cock really worked him up.

“Why don't you take your dress off then come sit down.” He told her. After a couple more seconds she did. He stood up and Harry could tell by the look in her eyes she really wanted him inside her.

She lifted the loose dress up and over herself and was entirely naked under it.

“No bra either?” Harry said as she made her wait back to him.

“They're in my drawer.” She admitted but Harry didn't care as she was straddling his lap. They kissed passionately and Harry let his hands run all over her. Her small breasts, her narrow waist and over her hips. Cupping her small buttocks and then tugging a little on her plug just her feel her moan into his mouth.
He reached a hand between them and pressed himself to her wet folds, not breaking their kiss she slowly sank herself down him. Moaning into him, settling herself and continuing lower until she rested at his base.

She broke from their kiss to catch her breath a little and Harry let his hands continue to roam over her. When she was ready she began to rock her narrow hips over him, they were kissing again and Harry let his finger hook into the hoop of her plug and held still. Every time she rocked herself, his cock fully inside her core she would pull against the plug inside her other opening which made her groan even more.

She was doing her best to keep relatively quiet but he was glad Helstia wasn't in the other room. He moved his lips from her's and set them on her slender throat to kiss and let his teeth graze over the skin.

He hands on his shoulder went around the back of his neck as she moved herself to press tighter against him.

He started to tug and jerk the plug know the effect it would have on her and soon enough as her body seized and she let out a fairly loud wail into his shoulder the muffle the sound. Harry felt a familiar wetness expelled from her core and onto him.

He held her as she clung tightly to him, panting and shuddering. Before long she had recovered enough to kiss him again which he returned.

He was still rock hard and inside her and when their kiss had deepened to something fierce again and her hips started to rock on him he knew she was ready for more.

He broke their kiss apart, caught his breath a little then spoke.

“"I think I'd like to bend you over that desk now and play with you for a while.” He told her and she half grinned at him before biting her lower lip.

She pulled herself up off him with a slight noise when came from inside her and managed to walk over to her desk. She put her hands down on it, spread her legs apart while bending and looked back at him.

He stood up, not forgetting his trousers and boxers were still round his ankles and even managed not to duck walk or shuffle over to her. He stood behind her, his hands roughly groping and kneading her rear before he finally looped a finger through the hoop.

Tugging on it and working it out of her very slowly he listened to her moans and enjoyed the way her back arched for him.

He ran his free hand over it, up her spine and down her narrow sides as his other toyed with her. As he had done with Luna he let the widest part of it stretch her several times before he took it out of her. He replaced it a few more times too before he thought that she was ready for him. He set the plug aside and pressed the tip of himself at her most precious pleasure spot and slowly, very slowly eased his wide length into her.

He let the broad head of his cock breach her first, pulling out of her then breaching her again. Then he let himself slowly go deep into her tiny little behind ensuring that she was relaxed enough before he went further.

Finally he sunk himself to his base inside her and his hands were running up her shuddering back, he closed his eyes for a few seconds enjoying being completely sheathed in her.

Then he started to rock. Slowly at first, enjoying her gripping his entire length as he slid back and almost from her and then sinking himself back into her to the fullest. Every time he sank himself into her deepest part she would groan with pleasure and he would pause.
to enjoy the sound and the feeling.

He began to truly move now, a steady rhythm she had taken a hold of the robe she had tossed onto her desk and stuffed some of it into the mouth to stifle the noises she made in her pleasure. He knew she was on the edge of weeping in her anguish, he reach a hand under her forcing himself to lean further over her and cupped her dripping sex.

The sounds she made where becoming more and more animalistic. Low groans coming from deep inside her tiny body and her breath ragged.

His position changed now he couldn't continue his steady long thrusts into her but had instead sank himself deep into her, his fingers moving over her wet pussy while his hips pressed hard against her, he let them roll around knowing that the feeling of his large hard cock deep inside her and the sensations she felt internally as it moved around in there would drive her over the edge and he was right.

Soon her felt her tense around him and her body go ridged, a gush of liquid ran through his fingers and the muffled scream had a wild edge to it. This sent him over the edge and rather than letting up while she tried to ride out her waves of pleasure his own hips bucked to ensure he long thick member stay as deep in her insides as he could keep it. He began to spill his hot cum inside her, the jerky movements of his hips keeping his length moving inside her and prolonging her climax. He felt another gush come from her core and groaned against the back of her neck.

He kept her there pinned by her insides over her desk as the two of them stayed joined throughout their release. Then we was folded over her breathing heavily as she did the same. Her smaller hands holding onto his one free hand next to her face, his other still trapped under her.

“Fuck, Hermione.” He breathed out against her skin. “I love you, you know.” He told her.

“I know.” She said “I love you too.”

They stayed like that a moment more before she slowly pulled himself from her, even having spent his seed deep inside her he still enjoyed the involuntary groan she let out as he moved out of her. She stayed limply over her desk for a minute while Harry say back down on the chair.

The only noise in the room their breathing, he saw his seed sliding from her and down her leg. She didn't seem to mind him watching her.

Eventually he saw her move and she pointed her wand between herself and with a muttered word he didn't quite catch the wetness that ran down her was gone.

She made her shaky way over to him and sat in his lap, his pants were still around his ankles. She held her for a while and they kissed each other tenderly.

Before long his length was hard again and pressed between his own stomach and hers, their kissing became deeper again and he pulled back from her.

“One more time?” He asked her.

“Always with you.” She told him breathlessly. He raised her small frame up and and sank back down onto his long hardness as she had done before though much faster this time.

They held each other rocking their hips, kissing passionately in the chair. Harry again let his hands roam freely over her soft smooth skin to eventually settle on her tiny rear end though he didn't probe her small entrance there presuming she would be a little sore, he cupped her buttocks and let his hands help to move her hips.

It seemed like no time at all when their next release came, together they spent themselves again.
Hermione clinging to him as liquid spilled from her for the third and final time that day and he pulling her against him just as hard, he spilled into her this time into the core of her small frame. Their lips still together as they groaned their joint release into one another. Slowly they went from groaning into breathing heavily and then kissing tenderly again as they recovered themselves.

Harry still inside her the entire time they came down from their pleasure.

They stayed in the chair for a while, kissing and talking about Harry's trip, how much they would miss one another while they were away even though it was only for a week. He promised her that he would do his best to make a good impression and she promised to check in on Luna while they were away.

Before long they had to get dressed, though they did it between kisses. Hermione used her wand on him to clean any signs of her pleasure from showing, she cleaned the chair too.

As they were kissing and hugging goodbye for the third or fourth time they heard the outer office door open and that was their queue to separate for real this time.

And after a reminder from Hermione, Harry left the room managing to look grim and moody for which he was thoroughly impressed with himself privately because after the time he had spend with Hermione it was hard not to have a huge grin splitting his face.

As he made his way back to his office, he closed the door and let his face have the smile he had been wanting to show the entire walk back.
The Monstrosity

Chapter Summary

Prisoner transportation and looking like tough guys.

Harry had relaxed in his office for a while before he became restless about the upcoming trip.

He had headed back out into the department to check that he had got everything in order for the second time knowing that he was being a bit of a pest but a little confused by the way everyone seemed to jump to obey his orders or answer his questions. It took him a little while to realise that they had seen him return from a long meeting with the Minister for Magic and seemingly in a foul mood when he had. They all thought he was angry and were trying not to get on his bad side.

He was about to set them at ease, not with the truth but with a change in his actions when a familiar face walked down the hall with a broomstick casually over a shoulder.

“Afternoon.” Called Bill.

“Afternoon!” Harry replied and grinned at his brother-in-law's slow jaunty walk in his direction.

When Bill's unhurried stroll brought him to Harry they shook hands.

“You get in alright?” Harry asked him.

Nodding Bill said. “Got a visitor's badge and everything.” He pointed out.

And he indeed had a visitors badge on his jacket.

“So you did.” Harry said. “You must have been a good boy.”

“You know me.” Bill said grinning easily. “I'm just so lovable.”

Aurors were standing around looking curious at this man who had walked into their department and seemingly with only a few words turned their ill tempered boss into a grinning, joking man.

“This is my brother-in-law, Bill Weasley.” He said to the small gathering. “He'll be joining the escort as he's heading to France anyway.”

Bill nodded calmly around at everyone, gave a small wave. “Pleasure.” He said lazily to the hurried greetings that came from all directions.

“Well we have a few things to talk about with the rest of the team before we go so you'd better follow me.” Harry told him.

“Right you are, lead the way.” Bill said.

The two of them walked through the department, Harry managed to collect Grimsby and Ringwold on the way as they headed to meeting room where they found Watkins and Manson already there. They really must have thought he was in a foul temper if they had arrived early.

Entering the meeting room, he introduced Bill who actually shook hands with everyone this time
knowing they would be travelling companions. When it was over Harry gave Bill a brief run down of what to do if things went bad, which was most stay out of the way of any curses flying from either side, defend himself or help out if he could otherwise to simply fly away if he thought his life was in real danger.

To this he had replied that he understood what to do but assured them he wouldn't be running away from a fight if one happened and leaving them all behind. Watkins had pointed out that none of them would think any less of him for leaving and that it was probably the smart thing to do, to which Bill had replied. “If I up and left Harry in a fight for his life, either my mum would murder me when I got home or my sister would for leaving her husband behind.” He told them all with a smile.

They all laughed at this.

“I'm not sure Ginny would actually let you die, she'd probably want to draw out your suffering a bit.” He told his brother-in-law who agreed with him.

“So you what we're doing, where we're going, why we're going there and what to do on the way if anything bad happens.” Harry half told and half asked.

Bill nodded.

“Right well, I suppose the only thing left to do now is getting suited up then go get our cargo.” Harry said and everyone made their way to their feet. Harry led the way to a small locker room, Watkins who was the only woman in the group went into another.

“I'll join you in five for a safety check.” He told them and they went into the locker room.

Harry pointed out a small bag for Bill to put his clothes in and they all undressed and got into the battle suits.

The battle suits as they called them reminded Harry a little of what muggle policemen used for when they were sent into riots. There were lots of differences though. Firstly there wasn't a large helmet with a plastic visor on it instead there was a head piece that was a little like a balaclava made of leather, it had a kind of visor on it but it only slid down to cover the eyes, which they would need if it rained and to protect their eyes from bad winds. The next difference was a general one. Their suits while black and the top half looking vaguely like a tool or weapons vest was covers in pockets similar to them the whole thing was much sleeker and smaller. There wasn't much need for physical protection bulking up the suits as they were magically protected. Each suit came with a big pair of sturdy black boots that came half way up their shins and the last difference was the gloves. Harry thought they looked a little like full fingers quidditch gloves. They had no holes in them of course but they had the same bumps and ridges on them. While these gloves and boots made their hands and feet look slightly oversized he knew that they could look quite intimidating. Especially if the visor was down and you didn't know who was inside the suit.

Watkins joined them and they all went over the little checks to ensure everything was fastened properly and done up. Harry took a hold of the little bag that Bill had put his clothes into and used the double zips it had running along the length of it's top and bottom to zip it to Bill's back.

He felt Ringwold doing the same for him and his clothing. The rest of them were leaving their
clothing here as they would be returning.

“Blimey.” Commented Bill at their general appearance and Harry knew that was common reaction.

“Just remember that you're wearing one of these suits too.” Noted Ringwold. “So you don't start wondering why people are running to get out of your way.”

“I'll try to keep that in mind.” Bill told him and by the way his eyes crinkled he knew that Bill was grinning.

“Alright everyone!” Harry yelled to cut off the other chatter in the room when Ringwold had finished securing Harry's bag to his back.

“Grab your brooms and we'll head down over to the holding cells to get Fontaine. Remember no discussing plans or tactics in front of the prisoner.” He told them.

“Yes, sir!” They all told him.

“Once the prison is out of his cell take up formation around him, we will then lead him down the hall to the processing room where he will be secured to his transport. Understood?” Harry asked.

“Yes, sir!” Came again.

“Then once the prisoner is secure we well all head in formation again out of holding into the hall where Mr Walmsly and only Mr Walmsly will be waiting with our portkey! Understood?” Harry demanded.

“Yes, sir!” They chorused a third time.

“On my count we will all touch the portkey and on the other side we will hold our formation until it is time to fly. Again, do not discuss plans or tactics in front of the prisoner, understood?” Harry asked.

“Yes, sir!” They said a final time and Harry was slightly amused to see Bill join in this time. Bill himself looked slightly amused too.

“Alright, you lot.” Harry said. “Get a hold of your brooms and follow me.”

Harry lead his way through his department, the sight of them instead of scaring the people why went by as they were all aurors simply prompted the usual comments. 'Good luck' and 'safe trip' or 'come back safe' were heard cast I their general direction. Harry also received a few well wishes for his trip and that they would see him next week.

Waving acknowledgement to these with his free hand he continued out of The Auror Department soon after the reactions Bill had been warned about began to occur. There were only really ever two reasons the aurors were seen wearing these suits one was if they were transfering a prisoner like now and the other was if they were on a war path and heading into a battlefield of dark wizards. As his department didn't broadcast it's intentions to the entire Ministry no one outside of the department was ever really sure which it was.

The sight of six blacked out and armoured wizards marching towards them was enough to make several witches and wizards who had been about to head in their direction suddenly decide they had business in another. To turn a few faces pale and generally make people stop in place as so not to end up in their way or move out of their way as they went by.

They remained entirely silent as he led them down to the holding cells.
They arrived with the guard wizard on duty and another leaving as soon as they saw them Harry knew to alert Mr Walmsy of their arrival and then to steer clear.

“Security detail here to remove prisoner Jullian Fontaine from holding and to escort him from the Ministry of Magic headquarters.” Harry told the guard who nodded.

“Very good, sir.” He said. “This way.”

And he lead them to the cell that contained Fontaine.
Harry already knew what he would see when the cell door was opened. A slightly drowsy looking Fontaine bound at the wrists and looking slightly worse for wear.
Harry stepped a side and gestured silently. Ringwold and Manson stepping into the cell and taking a hold of an arm each.
Harry turned a led the way with Bill directly behind him, Grimsby behind Bill. The trio of Ringwold, Fontaine and Manson followed next with Watkins bring up the rear.

In silence they moved back into the processing hall where they had first found the guard. There was now a broomstick here. It was no ordinary broomstick and they were specially made for the Ministry. The auror's politely nicknamed this thing 'The Monstrosity'.

The Monstrosity at the tip of it started off like any other broomstick, though maybe a little sturdier looking than most. It had the footholds and everything else a broomstick had but where you would normally expect a broomstick to finish with it's bristles the monstrosity instead curved down sharply and up again to continue it's wooden handle about another six feet before twisting back up and ending with the bristles you would normally expect to see on a broom.

This was all so that a long narrow and spelled length of wood could rest on top of the six foot, sightly lower part of the handle. It was just wide enough to lay a person down on it.

Laying on the floor next to it was a matching length of spelled wood to which they would be securing and binding Fontaine before placing into The Monstrosity to be secured again. They had to bind him, put him into what was essentially a sleeping bag so that they wouldn't freeze to death on their flight. Then secure him to the first length of wood, as they were binding him a second time Harry looked out into the hall they were heading to next.

Harry noted that Mr Walmsly awaited them in the hall, his hands full and looking a little nervous. Harry didn't suspect him of trying to break the dark wizard out of any kind of foul play he just knew that Mr Walmsly was always nervous about being close to a dark wizard.

There was no one else in the hall at all, which was as it should be.

“Secured, sir.” Said Ringwold.

“Good, into position Grimsby.” Harry said.

“Ready, sir.” Said Grimsby who had mounted The Monstrosity with Fontaine wrapped up warmly and bound to it.

“Alright, move.” Harry told them.

They all moved into the hall, Watkins briefly put up a barrier between the escort and the rest of the holding area as procedure dictated, left only the escort and Mr Walmsly in the hall.

“Next position.” Harry ordered and all of the moved.
The portkey that Mr Walmsly was holding with a specially designed and very large pair of tongs looked like a simple length of metal tubing though it was anything but simple. Everyone in the escort dived to stand on either side, three on one side and two on the other. The only person who didn't choose a side was Grimsby who was still mounting The Monstrosity. He had hovered up to the end of the metal tube, furthest away from Mr Walmsly so he could reach out a hand and place it around the end of the portkey.

The rest of them held it with their own one free hand along the length of it.

“By your time, Mr Walmsly.” Harry said.

“A-Yes, sir.” He said in his feeble voice. “If everyone is ready, on three.”

He counted down slowly and Harry saw an instant before he was gone Mr Walmsly click the button on the tongs, the light coming from the end that Grimsby was holding and then after a pulling sensation they were all minus Mr Walmsly, stood in a small clearing, the sound of the sea very close by.

“Positions.” Harry said and all of them besides Grimsby and the bound Fontaine moved. Standing facing outwards so they could see in every direction.

“Always the nervous sort Walmsly, isn't he?” Said Ringwold.

“Aye, but he's not an auror is he?” Answered Grimsby.

“Where 'ave you taken me!?” Demanded Fontaine from his place on the back of The Monstrosity.

“Be silent Fontaine or I will silence you.” Harry shouted back after a moment of silence he spoke again.

“Bah, you Potter!” Fontaine spat with venom. “Your dirty trick is the only reason you got me!”

“You were warned.” Harry said resigned and making his way over to Fontaine.

“If you had fought me fairly and to the death, like a duel should be I would-” He cut off as Harry's Liplock jinx hit him. Harry saw his furious eyes glaring at him but Harry stared right back into them thinking about another set of frightened blue eyes he had looked into. He didn't know what his expression was but Fontaine stopped trying to murmur through his lips and broke eye contact with Harry.

Harry walked back to retake his position in the circle.

As he did he heard Ringwold speak.

“If it had been a duel to the death Fontaine.” He said in a serious voice. “You would be dead.”

None of them spoke for a while after that, waiting for the sun to sink over the horizon fully though a small exchange did occur right before Harry decided it was time to head out.
It was between Manson and Grimsby who were good naturedly arguing over who looked the best in their suits.

“Alright everyone.” Harry said and they all dropped silent. “It's time to move out. Mount your brooms and get into position.” They all got into their places.

Harry in the lead, Bill behind him. Grimsby and Fontaine in the middle with Ringwold and Manson
either side of him and Watkins bring up the rear.

“Visors down and we go on three!” Harry warned as he slapped his own visor down. He heard the rest of them do the same and he counted down.

They took off into the dark sky, gaining height at first when Harry thought that they were height enough he checked a small compass that he pulled from one of the suits pockets and altered their direction.

The flew through the air in silence for what seemed a long time as the wind was too loud to allow them to really speak. Harry occasionally check to make sure his direction was true only having to correct slightly one time.

When Harry was thinking to himself that he would see the French any moment he spotted them slightly lower down than them and some distance away.

He raised an arm up in a gesture that meant stop.

“HOLD POSITIONS!” Harry bellowed to be heard over the wind. As they all slowed and stopped the wind became a bit more bearable now they were no long flying through it only remaining floating in the air. Harry looked and saw that everyone still held their positions.

He made and wands out gesture and then a hold gesture before removing his own wand and moving some distance in front of them. He waited on his own there and watched as the French headed directly for them. They halted about the length of a quidditch pitch away and a single flier headed towards Harry. They wore similar armour but it was much bulkier.

When the one flier got close enough and pulled up his visor Harry saw that it was Quentin Moreau. He grinned and nodded to Harry.

“IS ALL WELL?” He yelled and Harry nodded.

“YES, ARE WE READY TO SWAP?” He shouted back to Quentin.

“I THOUGHT YOU WOULD NEVER ASK!” He shouted back dramatically.

They both grinned at each other.

Harry raised a hand and gave a thumbs up, while putting his wand away into the suit pocket for it.

A moment later Grimsby flying The Monstrosity arrived at their central meeting point as another French auror joined him on a Monstrosity of his own. A few moments later and Fontaine was rebound on his new but very familiar transportation and Harry gestured that he should return, which he did.

“I’M GOING TO GET MY BROTHER-IN-LAW AND SAY GOODBYE TO MY TEAM THEN WE’LL JOIN YOU!” He shouted to Quentin.

“ I’LL WAIT HERE, THE THREE OF US WILL REGROUP WITH MY TEAM TOGETHER. I ASK THAT YOU BOTH FLY BY MY SIDE SO THEY CAN KEEP THEIR FORMATION!” Quentin shouted back.

Harry nodded that he understood.

He headed back to his aurors and Bill.
“ALRIGHT, YOU LOT HEAD HOME SAFELY YOU UNDERSTAND?” He bellowed at them.

He got a round of ‘yes, sir’s and ’enjoy your holiday!” he gave them a rude gesture with his finger and he knew they were laughing.
He was laughing too.

He caught eyes with Bill who flew closer to him.

“WE EACH FLY BESIDES QUENTIN ON THE WAY TO FRANCE!” Harry told him while pointing to where Quentin hovered in waiting. Bill nodded that he understood and gave him a thumbs up.

The two of them waved to the rest of his team, who waved back and turned themselves around and he and Bill made their way to Quentin.
Harry arrives in France.

Quentin Moreau led the way with Harry and Bill at either side of him, with the wind too loud to allow any conversation the three of them and the rest of the French escort flew in silence. Quentin changed their course slightly when the bright lights of Calais came into view, the enormous expanse of lights glittering in the dark before them. Quentin turned them slightly to the left so they wouldn't fly over to city but instead in the direction of the darkness beside it.

A little while longer and after decreasing their altitude Quentin signalled for them to slow down, the all reduced their speed and Harry saw that the French auror was leading them to an oblong shaped clearing in some trees. They touched down and all took a moment to regain the use of their legs while Quentin checked the time and began looking for something. Harry assumed he was searching for their portkey.

“Here!” He called and reached down to pick up a straight wooden pole that had some carved patterns in it. Quentin moved over to the auror who was still on the French Monstrosity that held Fontaine bound to it.

The auror dismounted the broom ensuring that it stayed on the ground and stationary as he did so, rather than risk letting it tilt over and roll Fontaine onto his face.

“Come close.” Quentin told Harry and Bill. “Put a hand on the portkey, keep it there because it will be activating very soon.” He informed them.

They did as they were told and there was a few brief exchanges in French that Harry didn't understand. Unlike the specially designed portkey and tongs they had at their Ministry of Magic that Mr Walmsy had used to transport Fontaine with him having to touch it, the French hand a simpler way.

They simply plonked down the end of the carved wooden pole directly onto Fontaine's exposed face. When Fontaine looked like he was trying to swear up at them but was unable to open his mouth, Quentin looked at Harry questioningly.

“Ah.” Harry said a little embarrassed. “He wouldn't shut up and being captured while we were waiting to leave so I put a Liplock jinx on him.”

A couple of the French aurors snorted and chuckled.

“I would 'ave sawn 'is mouth shut, like the muggle 'ealers do to their wounded!” One of the masked men said.

Quentin looked amused. “Well, I suppose there is no harm in leaving it there until we reach the Ministry.” He told Harry. Harry saw him check the time again. “Almost time now. Less than a minute.” Then Harry assumed he repeated the warning in French.

They waited in silence and then suddenly they were all yanked away to reappear in a very large and open hall that was filled with people surrounding the large open space that the escort and Fontaine
had arrived in. They were applauding and somewhere shouting in French, very confused Harry turned to Quentin.

“What is all this?” He asked in a raised voice to be heard over the noise.

He was pulling off his headgear when Harry had asked the question but answered as soon as he had gotten it off.

“Aha, just well wishers and a welcoming party.” Quentin said. “I would have kicked them all out but they all work here at the Ministry too.” He admitted.

They were French Ministry of Magic workers who had come to see Fontaine brought in. Harry noticed that Bill had taken off his headwear and Harry followed his example. He tugged it under one arm, the same one that his broom was tucked under and tried to flatten his hair a little.

An older man with a pleasant face was leading a small group of wizards and witches towards them. He shook hands briefly with Quentin and exchanged a rapid series of French questions and answers, then Quentin spoke to his aurors who started to unbind Fontaine from the Monstrosity but leaving him inside his sleeping bag like cover and still bound under it. One of them used their want to make Fontaine float into the air and the rest of the escort, minus Quentin surrounded him and lead him out of the large hall. Harry watched this before he noticed that Quentin and the pleasant faced man had both turned to Harry.

“Minister, may I introduce Harry Potter, Head of the Auror Department for the British Ministry for Magic. Harry, this is our Minister for Magic Hugo Menard.” He finished.

Harry shook hands with the French Minister for Magic a little awkwardly as he still had his broomstick sticking out from under the other.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Minister.” Harry said hoping this was a diplomatic enough greeting.

“And you too, Mr Potter.” Menard said enthusiastically. “We are happy to have you here and we are grateful for all you have done for us.”

“I’m glad to have helped.” Harry told him.

“I’m sorry to have this mob here at your arrival.” Said the Minister. “But they do work here and all of them, myself included wished to see Fontaine arrive to receive punishment for his crimes.”

“I understand.” Harry lied trying to be diplomatic again when the truth was that arriving in this hall surrounded by strangers had made him very nervous until Quentin had explained.

Realising that Bill was just standing beside and a little behind him Harry turned to introduce him.

“Ah, Minister.” Harry said gesturing. “This is my brother-in-law, Bill Weasley. He has family in Paris he was going to visit so he came with us as extra security.”

“Pleasure to meet you, Mr Weasley.” The Minister said politely shaking hands with Bill.

“It’s nice to meet you, Minister.” Bill said.

“You have family in Paris?” The Minister asked.

“My In-Laws, the Delacours.” Bill told him.
“Ah, the Delacours, yes. I know them.” He told Bill. “Though not as well as I should perhaps. We have met several times at charity events and only spoken briefly in passing.” The Minister said. “A noble family and by all accounts they are good people.”

“I like them.” Bill said as if admitting a secret though with a smile and the Minister returned the smile before turning back to Harry.

“You will of course be at the trial on Friday.” The Mernard said. “But after that we will have have an official part in your honor, Harry.”

Before Harry could say anything the Minister continued. “There will of course be some unofficial parties that will take place following I have no doubt of this so we will see each other many times.

“I expect so.” Harry said.

“But for now, I must leave you. I will also be at Fontaine's trail and perhaps we will talk again there.” Menard predicted.

“Of course, Minister.” Harry said.

“A pleasure to meet you both.” The Minister said with another round of hand shakes and he led his small group of witches and wizards away in the same direction the escort had taken Fontaine. Quentin turned to Harry and Bill.

“I will have to go deal with a few things very soon.” He told them. “But I will arrange transport for you both first. Where are you actually staying?” He asked.

“We're staying with Bill's In-Law's.” Harry told Quentin. “So I imagine Bill will be able to get us there.”

“Not a problem.” Bill said with a nod.

“Ah, this is good news.” Quentin said. “I hope to see you again, Bill and talk a little next time but for now I beg you to excuse me to take care of business.”

Harry knew that sometimes things couldn't wait when you ran a department of aurors so he hurried to reply.

“No problem, Quentin. We'll speak again soon. Do I just come back here on Friday morning for the trial?” He asked.

Quentin shook his head. “I'll come to get you at the Delacours home on Friday morning. You could wander for weeks in this place and never find the courtrooms. I will come for you around eight thirty?” He asked.

“I'll be ready.” Harry promised. They shook hands then Bill and Quentin shook hands and then it was only Bill and Harry standing there.

A few of the French Ministry witches and wizards looked like they might be thinking about coming over to talk to him and Bill so Harry thought they had best escape while they had the chance.

“Shall we get going then?” Harry asked.

“No point in hanging about.” Bill agreed.

Harry set a hand on Bill's shoulder and with a crack found themselves standing on the loose
gravelled ground outside an enormous pale mansion. Harry tried to take it all in from where he was standing but couldn't he would have to back up quite a distance into the well kept lawns and grounds to be able to see the entire front of the place.

“Massive, isn't it?” Bill asked.

“Huge.” Harry admitted.

“It's actually pretty nice inside though.” Bill told him. “Come on, I'll show you.”

Bill walked up to the large front doors and opened one of them. Harry followed and inside found himself standing in a large entrance hall with a huge marble staircase that lead up to other floors. There were paintings and lights on the walls and a huge chandelier handing from the ceiling. It was clearly the home of a very wealthy family.

“'Allo? Bill is that you?” A deep male voice called from somewhere.

“It is!” Bill called back. “Me and Harry.”

A man came out from a hallway and Harry found himself looking at Monsieur Delacour. A short and plump man with a pointy black beard. He opened his arms as he walked towards them both with a huge smile on his face.

“Son!” He declared to his son-in-law. “It is good to see you!” He enfolded his much taller son-in-law in a hug which will returned.

“And Harry!” The man said in his booming voice. Harry thought he was in danger of being hugged like Bill had but Mr Delacour offered him a hand. “It is good to see you again too!” He said.

“It's good to see you too, Mr Delacour.” Harry said politely as his hand was enthusiastically shaken.

“Apolline!” Shouted Mr Delacour back in the direction he had appeared from. “They have arrived!”

Turning back to Harry and Bill he seemed to take in what they were wearing for the first time with surprise.

“What is this?” He gestured to their suits.

“Official Ministry armour.” Bill told his father-in-law with a grin. “We've only just dropped off Fontaine.”

Mr Delacour's face darkened at the mention of Fontaine.

“You've have done a good thing bringing him here for punishment.” He told Bill and Harry seriously. “The two he murdered were a very well loved couple. They were good people and our community here in Paris was deeply saddened at losing them.” He turned to look at Harry. “And you, Harry. You are the one who captured him.”

“With my aurors.” Harry pointed out.

“Even so, it was you who duelled with him and you who defeated him. Even if you weren't almost family and who you are already. I would be honoured to have you stay in my home just for capturing Fontaine.” Mr Delacour told him gravely.

Harry was uncomfortable.
“You're embarrassing him.” Bill said with a grin and slapped a hand down on Harry's shoulder. “Always the modest one is our Harry.” He said.

Before Harry could reply new arrivals entered in the entrance hall.

First came Apolline Delacour, a beautiful older woman with the same white blonde hair as her daughters. She was followed by Ginny, Fleur and Victoire.

“What what you got on?” Demanded Bill's wife.

Before anyone could answer she continued. “I don't care, just go take it off.” Fleur said.

“I don't know.” Ginny said making her way over to Harry. “I sort of like it.” She said.

Harry smiled, he and Ginny hugged and shared a quick kiss while Victoire interrupted Bill's greeting of his mother-in-law.

“Daddy!” The girl cried out and hugged him. Smiling Bill hugged his daughter back, she didn't care what we was wearing.

“How are you sweetheart?” He asked his daughter who began to tell him every single thing that she had seen, heard or done since they had last seen each other, mere hours ago.

Harry greeted Mrs Delacour and thanked her for allowing him and Ginny to stay at her home.

“It's a pleasure.” She told him. “We have lots of room and with only Gabrielle here now, it can seem so empty.”

“We'll we're both very pleased you invited us.” Harry said firmly. “Where is Gabrielle?” He asked curiously looking around, he must have missed her in the crowd. At the question Mrs Delacour looked uncomfortable.

“We'll she was supposed to be home by now but I'm sure she just lost track of time with her friends is all.” She told Harry. “You know how it is when you're younger, you just want to stay out with your friends all the time and avoid your parents.”

“Yeah.” Harry agreed but he sensed something more to her words but wanted to be polite. “I'm sure when she realises she is late, she'll come straight home.” He told Mrs Delacour.

“I'm sure you're right.” She said with a smile.

“Did you manages with all the luggage alright?” Harry asked Ginny.

“Yeah, it's already in our apartments.” She said.

“Our apartments?” Harry asked.

“You and Ginny have the guest suit on the west side of the house.” Mrs Delacour told him. “It's a bit more private, you have your own sitting room and a small kitchen with your rooms. Of course we don't expect you to have to cook for yourself but you have the option to if you want.” She finished.

“They're really lovely rooms, Harry.” Ginny told him.

“I don't doubt it.” Harry said. “Thank you again Mrs Delacour.”

She waved him off.
“Uncle Harry!” Harry heard and Victoire was yelling over to him from in between her mother and father. “Aunt Ginny gave me the chocolate frogs!” She told him. “I was really good like I promised!”

“I'm glad to hear it!” He told her smiling a little. “Did you get any good cards?”

“I got a Dumbledore!” She told him excitedly.

“That's the best one!” Harry told her.

“What is this?” Asked Mr Delacour. “Of course my Victoire has been a good girl. She is always so very good.”

Victoire took up her new place in her grandfather's arms to receive all the love and attention she could get out of him. Harry smiled knowing that no matter what anyone Mr Delacour he would never hear anything bad said about his granddaughter. The love and affection of a doting grandfather was powerful enough to block out reality.

“I don't care!” Harry heard Fleur telling Bill. “I don't like it, go take it off now that you have greeted everyone.”

“Would you show me our room?” Harry asked his wife.

“Rooms.” She corrected him

“Rooms” He amended.

They excused themselves politely from everyone and Ginny led him upstairs and to the west side of the huge mansion.

It was quite a walk.

Unlike Bill, Harry wanted to get out of the suit and into something more familiar but first he really wanted to just be out of the suit.

It had one quite serious design flaw in it which he was sure would also force Bill to remove his own suit sooner or later.

There were no openings or zips in the pants of the suit that didn't belong to a pocket.

For the last half an hour he had been silently fighting the call of nature and was now dying to relieve himself.

He didn't even stop to admire the rooms but frantically pulled himself out of the suit as if it were burning him before running to the bathroom with Ginny's laughter ringing out behind him.
Chapter Summary

An arrival, something unexpected and Ginny has the beginnings of an idea.

Ginny had informed Harry that they were all having a meal downstairs in about an hour. He showered and at the same time managed to have moderately high pitched conversation with his wife, who wasn't in the shower about the journey he and Bill had taken to get here.

He was mostly sure that she heard his retelling as he heard vague noises coming from her direction in the next room. He couldn't be entirely sure that the two of them were having two entirely different conversations though.

Harry got out of the shower and after finding his glasses and then his wand managed to use it to dry himself.

“You might want to not say anything if Gabrielle isn't at dinner.” Ginny told him from the edge of the bed. Harry had just finished putting on some underwear and socks when she spoke. He turned to look at her.

“Why? What's going on?” He asked.

“From what I can tell, it sounds like Gabrielle had been a bit of a brat lately.” Ginny told him. Harry started dressing himself putting on one of the tailored suits Ginny had laid out for him while he showered.

“I thought something was a bit off when Mrs Delacour was talking.” He noted.

“Yeah.” Ginny said. “She turned eighteen and she thinks she knows everything about the world now from what I could pick up.”

“That sometimes happens.” Harry noted. “Hopefully we can avoid getting stuck in the middle of a family argument while were here if she's going to be off out with her friends the entire time.”

“Pfft.” Ginny said at that. “It might be interesting to see what happens.”

“You just like the drama.” Harry accused.

She grinned at him.

“Did you hear me talking about Quentin coming to get me on Friday.” He asked.

“Yeah.” Ginny said. “You'll have to ask him when we're supposed to be having dinner with him and his wife.”

Harry sighed.

“Let's just try to get through this one first.” He told her standing up right and straightening up his suit.

Ginny made her way over to him and made some adjustments to his attire.
“We'd better head down.” She said.

“I'd rather be a bit early than have everyone waiting on us.” Harry agreed.

The two of them left their apartments and made their way through the large mansion in search of the dining room, if not the dining room then at least signs of another human life. They managed to find a dining room at one point but it was absolutely massive and judging by the way it was dark and empty, this wasn't were they were supposed to be and so they decided to continue their search. They eventually heard voices and headed in the direction they were coming from, round another corridor and then through an open doorway from which light spilled out.

Inside they found an extremely large kitchen that was open to the rest of the room, the rest of the room had a row of small tables all pushed together. Mrs Delacour was in the kitchen and looked very busy as she piled food onto dishes. Mr Delacour was sitting at the tables with everyone else, Harry thought that he and Ginny must have been wandering the place for a while as the had set of early and still arrived last.

They were greeted with friendly waves and calls and went to join the group at the tables. Harry and Ginny took seats next to each other and were quite close together. Harry supposed that pushing all these smaller tables together and being a little cramped was better than having to use the enormous dining table they had seen on their way here.

He thought that they would have had to talk to each other by sending letters with owls the table had been so long.

“I see you're out of the suit.” Harry noted to Bill who laughed slightly.

“I needed the loo.” He told Harry who grinned.

“So did I, it was the first thing I did when I finally got it off.” He told Bill.

“That's a serious design flaw in those suits, Harry.” Bill told him.

“I know but they're not really supposed to be worn for very long.” He told Bill.

“You should have seen him dancing around trying to get out of it.” Ginny told her brother.

“I can guess it was similar to my dance when I realised I needed to get out of it quickly.” He said to her.

“Aunt Gabrielle!” Cried Victoire and broke free from the group to run towards the door.

Gabrielle had just walked into the kitchen and Harry was surprised by what he saw. Gone was the timid little version of Fluer from when Harry had last seen the girl a couple of years ago. Gabrielle looked like, well Harry thought she looked like a muggle supermodel. Her white blonde hair was very long and shiny which she tossed over her shoulder as she cat walked into the room. She wore a small party dress with a neckline that was closer to a belly line. There was a lot of skin on display, she was very slender. She had heavy smokey eye make-up on and lipstick ringed the smile she gave to her niece as she opened her arms for her.

“How are you little one?” She asked her niece, her accent still pretty pronounced.

“I'm staying for the whole week!” Victoire told her excitedly and continued speaking rapidly. “I was
really good and got two chocolate frogs from aunt Ginny and uncle Harry but grandpa said he would buy me lots of sweets when he takes me out. Have you come for dinner? Grandma is making dinner for us all, you know? Dad eats lots of meat, have you seen how much he can eat? Come this way!"
The girl demanded pulling on Gabrielle's hand who just laughed and followed her niece.

“Where have you been, Gabrielle?” Asked Mr Delacour and he sounded a little cross but was trying not to show it.

“You told me to be home for dinner, so I'm home for dinner!” Gabrielle shot back and everyone besides perhaps Victoire could tell that there had been words exchanged between them prior to their visit.

“We expected you to be home hours ago to great our guests.” He told her.

“Well, I had things to do and you only said to be home for dinner.” She told her father in a slightly heated tone.

“You look like you have been at a party.” Fleur said to her sister, her tone made it clear that she didn't approve of what her younger sister was wearing or that she had only just shown up now.

“Where you at a party, aunt Gabrielle?” Asked Victoire, who was obvious to the tension in the room.

“No, sweetheart I was just with some friends is all.” She told the girl.

“Come and take your place, Victoire. Dinner is ready now.” Fleur said, indicating that she should sit between her and Bill.

“I want to sit next to, aunt Gabrielle!” Victoire cried.

“You can sit next to me if you like.” Gabrielle told the child and Harry knew this wasn't going to end well if someone didn't intervene.

“Your mum will be on her other side.” Ginny said to Fleur. “It'll be fine, the food is here now.”

And it was, plates of food were floating from the kitchen and over to their motley grouping of tables. Harry thought they all looked quite delicious and he said so in hopes it would cause more distraction.

“It's good to see you again, Harry.” Gabrielle said when he spoke. She took the seat opposite his as Victoire had taken the one opposite Ginny.

“It's good to see you too, Gabrielle.” He told her. “You've changed a lot since I last saw you.”

“Do you like what you see?” She said and Harry thought he was the only one her heard it during the racket caused by the plates settling down and people speaking. He thought he himself had misheard her but the direct look she gave him across the table only confirmed what he thought he had heard.

“I-You look very nice.” He said in as neutral a tone as he could manage.

Before either of them could say anything else Mrs Delacour took her place on Victoire's other side and Mr Delacour boomed out in his deep voice. “Alright everyone, let's dig in!”

Everyone began piling food onto their plates, helping themselves to whatever was in reach that they fancied. Harry, remembering his and Quentin's cheeky shots at each other avoided the beef and opted to have chicken instead. Though he supposed eating beef a little rare wouldn't kill him, he had visions of cutting into it and seeing blood come out.
He thought that Bill might quite enjoy the way the French cooked their beef, he was fortunate to have married a French woman. With the wolffish aspect to his nature now, he probably just eats it as is. Harry tried to avoid Gabrielle though he did have to make small talk and answer a few questions when she spoke to him, she was after all sitting directly opposite him at the small table.

She was pretty alright, more than pretty and she knew it. The was she had been so forward though had anyone else overheard it would have been extremely awkward on them all here. Especially since he was sitting next to his wife. Though Ginny probably wouldn't have minded, thinking on it though he got the impression that his wife thought Gabrielle was being a bit of a brat. He couldn't disagree with her.

The few exchanges Gabrielle had with her parents were brief and with undertones of long-standing arguments. The crux of them being as far as Harry could tell was that Gabrielle was eighteen now and had decided that she was allowed to do as she pleased. This seemed to involve going out and staying out as long as she wanted without letting her parents know where she was going or what she was doing. Harry knew that her parents were simply worried for their daughter but he also knew that to Gabrielle it would seem like they were trying to control her and treat her like a child. He really did not want to be around when an argument broke out between Gabrielle and her parents though he was trapped here for a week so he wasn't very optimistic.

“What are you plans for tomorrow, Harry?” Called Mr Delacour from his end of the tables.

“I honestly don't know.” Harry told him truthfully. “I'm getting picked up by Quentin Moreau on from here on Friday morning and there next day is supposed to be some sort of event with the Minister about me and Fontaine.”

“Well we should all go out together, we have a place much like your Diagon Alley, here in Paris we call 'la petite ville'. It has many shops and places to see!” Mr Delacour told him.

Harry looked to Ginny who nodded.

“That sounds wonderful, Mr Delacour. Harry and I would love to see it.” Ginny answered for them both but Harry nodded at the same time.

“Then it is settled!” He boomed. “What about the rest of your stay? We too will be attending the commendation on Saturday but is that all you have planned?”

“I'm- Ginny and I are supposed to be having dinner with Quentin and his wife Sabine at some point while we're here but we haven't set a time or date yet.” Harry told Mr Delacour.

“I don't know them well but I believe they to be good people.” He told Harry. “See if you can find out when you are to dine with the Moreau's then Apolline and I will have places to take you for the rest of the your stay or not if you would prefer a night or two of rest here and there.”

“I'll find out as soon as I see him again.” Harry said. “I wouldn't mind a relaxing day or two but I'm sure Ginny would like to go out a few times at least though.” He said with a small smile.

“Of course. We won't force you to come out with us but the option is always there. There is always somewhere to be in Paris!” He declared and Harry nodded a thanks to him which he returned and then began to speak with his daughter Fleur.

Bill was talking with Ginny and Mrs Delacour was fussing over Victoire. Harry felt something on his leg and a second later he realised that it was Gabrielle's foot. She had removed her shoe and was running her foot up the inside of Harry's thigh. He looked at her...
and she was giving him that same direct look she had given him before only with a small smile on her lips now.

Harry reached down under the table, he didn't grab her foot but instead he took a hold of Ginny's wrist and moved her hand over his legs. He set her hand down directly on Gabrielle's foot.

Ginny froze for a moment and so did Gabrielle, Ginny didn't turn to say or look at anything but maintained her conversation with Bill, looking as though she was listening to him intently. Gabrielle's eyes had widened when she realised that it was Harry's wife's hand on her foot. Her eyes widened even more as Harry felt Ginny pull Gabrielle's foot further up and planted it directly on Harry's crotch. Her hand moved Gabrielle's foot over his crotch a few times as if to say 'if you're going to do it, do it properly.' then pulled her hand away, leaving Gabrielle's foot on his groin. Gabrielle was frozen in place and Harry was a little surprised at what Ginny had done but also surprised at himself for putting her hand there. He had no idea why he had done it, he hadn't even thought about. Just done it without thinking.

That's probably why Gabrielle hadn't moved her foot away because even he hadn't known that he would place his wife's hand directly on it.

Gabrielle kept her foot there but she didn't move it around, Harry pretended like it wasn't there and seemed to be listening to his brother-in-law along with Ginny. In slightly more than a minute but less than two Gabrielle removed her foot from his crotch and he saw a faint pink tint to her cheeks.

The rest of the meal went as a normal meal between friends and family should. They all ate and enjoyed their food. Harry thought that Mrs Delacour was a pretty good cook but she didn't hold a candle to Mrs Weasley's cooking.

Mrs Delacour was thanked by almost everyone at the table. Harry noted that Gabrielle didn't thank her mother for the food but said nothing. They all conversed lightly and then listened to Mr Delacour tell them about 'la petite ville' and the kinds of places that they had there. He had to assure Victoire that yes they sold sweets and chocolates there and that yes he could by her lots of them.

Time went by and it gave their dinner time to settle before Mrs Delacour brought out a fantastic selection of desserts. There were things Harry didn't recognise but looked delicious. He ate probably more than he should have but those little pastry things with the cream in them really were very good and he excused himself by pretending it was in an effort not to offend his host and hostess by making them think he didn't like their cooking.

The evening came to an end when it was time for Victoire to go to bed. She protested of course because it wasn't fair that everyone else got to stay up but she didn't. However Harry was rather full and pretty worn out so he and Ginny had announced that they too were going to retire for the evening which Bill and Fleur used as a counter to their daughter's protests.

This might not have worked on it's own but when Mr Delacour pointed out that the sooner she went to bed the sooner she would wake up tomorrow and that was when he would be buying her plenty of sweets and chocolates. This turned the tables and it was Victoire who was trying to usher her parents up to bed now as they weren't moving fast enough for her liking. Harry thought she would have been content with a sprint.

He and Ginny managed to find their way back to their rooms and get inside.
“That little brat!” Exclaimed Ginny and Harry knew she wasn’t talking about Victiore. “Harry, if she tries anything again let me handle it?”

“I don't know...” Harry said, envisioning Ginny and Gabrielle going at each other.

“Harry.” Ginny said coming close. “I'm not going to cause a scene or do anything stupid but that little princess needs to be taught some manners.” She said firmly. “Just, if she tries anything again let me take the lead, OK? I promise I won't do anything mental.”

“Alright...” Harry agreed begrudgingly and Ginny kiss him.

“What exactly do you have in mind?” He asked.

“I'm not sure yet.” Ginny said looking very thoughtful. “I think I have an idea but it will only work in the right circumstances.”

“And what's that?” Harry asked.

“I was thinking about giving the little brat what she wants and them some.” Ginny told him.

Harry was both worried and if he was honest a little bit excited. He knew his wife and he could recognize the look in her eyes. He knew she was already thinking about a list of things she would do to 'punish' the younger girl.

He was pretty sure it would be very pleasurable for him to watch and experience. It would be deeply satisfying for his wife but poor Gabrielle, who thought herself grown up and fierce who had been bold enough to try make a move on Harry right under his wife's nose would have no idea what she was in for.
I'll Pay The Man!

Chapter Summary

The group heads to la petite ville, things don't go quite as planned.

Harry slept in late the next morning as he had been very tired the night before. He was awoken by someone roughing up his already sleep worn hair.

“Get up!” Ginny told him.

He managed to grumble out something that could have been mistaken for language while he fumbled for his glasses. When he got them on and sat up he found Ginny fully dressed looking bemused at his groggy state.

“What time is it?” Harry asked but before he could remember that he was watching a watch Ginny spoke.

“It's time for you to get up, you've missed breakfast and we'll all be going out in about forty-five minutes.” She told him.

“Bloody hell!” Harry said and crawled out of bed and dashed into the bathroom. “I'm going to have a quick shower, will you find some clothes for-”

“Already on it.” Ginny called from the bedroom.

“Love you!” He called, he thought she might have returned his sentiment but he had turned the shower on and it was pretty loud. He waited a moment for it to heat up then stepped in letting the warm water help him wake up.

Ten minutes later he managed to drag himself out of the warmth and dry off. After having a quick shave and brushing his teeth he returned to the bedroom.

“Your coat is in the little lounge.” Ginny told him. “Don't forget it, I'm going to go back downstairs. We're all in a sitting room just off the entrance hall. Don't be long.”

“I'll just get dressed and be straight down.” He promised.

Harry kept his promise, remembering to grab the black overcoat on his way out he wrestled it on and made his way through the long halls.

“Ah, there he is!” Boomed Mr Delacour when he entered the small sitting room to find everyone waiting there. Even Gabrielle was there and he was not sure how to feel about that, apparently she would be going with them.

“Sorry, I was pretty tired yesterday.” Harry said.

“Don't worry, Harry dear.” Mrs Delacour told him. “You worked hard yesterday, you and Bill both.”

“I thought I was going to have to send you a howler to try and rouse you!” Mr Delacour told him
with a smile.

“It might not have been enough.” He admitted. “Ginny was half way through beating me up when I finally came round.”

“I was not, I just ruffled your hair!” She claimed.

“Why does Harry's version of events sound more like you then Gin?” Bill asked smirking at his little sister.

“Well if it was true then poking fun at me for it isn't a good idea, I'll start giving Fluer pointers.” He threatened.

Bill held up his hands to protest his willingness to drop the matter. “I'll say no more, I promise!” He said.

“That's better.” Ginny said.

“Well seem as we are all here, why don't we head out a little earlier?” Mr Delacour said. There was a general round of agreement at this and they all followed Mr Delacour and Victoire who was holding his hand. She must have remembered that she would be getting spoiled today. They went through some halls that Harry hadn't been down yet and through a door way into a large garage.

In the garage were two cars, both of them looked very expensive. They looked like classic cars that a collector might have, they were polished to a perfect shine both of them a deep blue colour with dark tinted windows.

Mr Delacour headed to the larger of the cars which and opened a rear door and gestured with a hand.

“It's bigger inside!” Victoire exclaimed as she climbed in, she was followed by Bill, Fluer, Gabrielle and Mrs Delacour and then Ginny.

“You'll have to ride up front with me I'm afraid, Harry!” Mr Delacour told him, closing the door.

“No problem.” Harry said and got into the passenger side door.

The inside was just as polished as the outside, there were hard glossy woods and shiny leather everywhere. Victoire had been right, it was much larger inside. From the outside you would expect there to be a long seat in the back enough for three people to sit elbow to elbow but the reality was much different.

There was indeed a long single seat for three people where you would expect it to be but there was also a long space between it and another three person seat which faced to directly.

There looked to be plenty of foot room for everyone.

The front of the car was more like a regular car, two seats in front, Harry was sitting in one of them and Mr Delacour soon took up the other one as the driver. Harry noted that there were a lot of extra dials and buttons on the car and thinking about how dangerously The Knight Bus travelled he swiftly put his seat belt on.

“Belts on everyone!” Called Mr Delacour and those who hadn't already belted themselves in did so now.
“Alright, next stop la petite ville!” He said. As he started the car the large garage doors opened and he pulled out of them. He drove down their long gravel road until he reached the large gates to his property which slowly opened themselves too.
Pulling out into the street, Mr Delacour drove.

Harry was quietly surprised at how well Mr Delacour drove. It was nothing like The Knight Bus, he did use some of the extra buttons on his dashboard but only sparingly and mostly to avoid being caught in traffic jams.
The muggles were oblivious to their passing.
Harry thought that with how smooth the drive was he needn't have bothered with his seat belt, he could have shaved in the car without cutting himself.

When they turned down their final street before they reached their destination, Mr Delacour turned them into a seemingly dead end and rather filthy alley. Harry was about to call out that Mr Delacour wasn't slowing down but like the magical barrier to get onto platform nine and three-quarters they simply passed through the wall and out into la petite ville.

It was quite a sight.

It looked like an intersection of four busy streets, lined with shops from the 1930's frozen and perfectly preserved. Mr Delacour's car fit right in here.
There were witches and wizards busily moving between shops, under the colourful awnings. Harry spotted a few goblins turning the corner and heading down a street out of Harry's view. People were sitting outside small cafes at tables drinking hot drinks and laughing with their friends. Victoire was amazed and was begging to be taken to every shop she could point out.

Mr Delacour pulled into a small car park which only had two other cars in it and they all got out to take in the sights.
Harry noted that some of the shops seemed to take up several floors while others were just ground floor shops. Carry caught a few snatches of conversation in English through the majority of them were in French.
He even heard another language being spoken by two dark skinned men who went by though he had no idea what it was.

Mr Delacour looked at this large expensive watch then up at everyone else.

“All right!” He boomed. “You see that cafe over there with the blue awning?” He pointed. “I say we meet back there in one hour for a spot of lunch, or we can all stick together in a group, what do you say?”

“I'd like to go to a few places with Bill, do you mind looking after Victoire father?” Fleur asked.

“Not at all!” He said. “I have to take my granddaughter to some sweet shops!” He said smiling down at Victoire who was sticking close to him.

“We appreciate it.” Bill told his father-in-law.

“It's no trouble, we love to spend time with her.” Mrs Delacour said.

“Will you two be alright on your own?” Bill asked Harry.

“We'll manage, we might even run into someone who speaks English but if not we'll just meet you back at the cafe.” Ginny told her brother.

“Come with us, Gabrielle.” Said Mr Delacour.
Gabrielle looked about to tell him that she had her own stuff to do here but Victoire spoke up.

“Aunt Gabrielle, come with us! We're going to get some chocolates!” The girl cried.

At this she smiled at the girl.

“Of course I will go with you, sweetheart.” She said kindly to the girl and Harry was glad to have avoided witnessing a potential argument.

“Alright, the cafe with the blue awning in one hour!” Mr Delacour declared.

“On hour.” Agreed Harry along with other words of agreement and confirmation.

Ginny hooked her arm in Harry's and led them both into the thick of things. The two of them wandered in and out of shops, Harry was curious to see what was on offer though as a lot of the signs were in French he couldn't find out what a few things were or were supposed to do. Most however were easy enough to figure out.

As Mr Delacour had said the night before, this place was much like Diagon Alley though the brands of items were different from the ones he was used to seeing and the feel of the place in general was different. Harry wondered what the general feeling of it being different was about as he was led from shop to shop by Ginny who bought a few things for herself but mostly gifts for everyone back home. As Harry was relegated from husband to mere bag carrier he thought that the difference might have been that this place had an air of an outdoor market to it, all the places though owned by different people and sold different things seemed connected somehow. It seemed naturally to wander into one shop just to look around then leave without buying anything and heading into the next. While in Diagon Alley each place of business was distinctly it's own place.

It wasn't necessarily a good or bad difference just simply different. The change of atmosphere was refreshing, he felt himself begin to really relax for the first time since he had arrived in France.

As they walked back out of their latest shop, Harry noted a sweet shop across the street from them. Not being able to spot Victoire and her chaperones in it he decided he would risk going inside to buy some French sweets for Teddy. It didn't look like anyone was in there at the minute, so Harry decided they should move fast.

“I think I should get Teddy some sweets for when we get back.” Harry told Ginny using his head to gesture to the sweet shop as both of his hands were busy with shopping bags.

“Can we just go in here first?” She said pointing to the shop next door to the one they were standing outside of.

“If I end up with more bags I'm not going to be able to carry a single mint out of the sweet shop!” he told her.

“You go to the sweet shop and then come find me in here, OK?” She said grinning at his mild exasperation.

“Alright, but if you buy a wardrobe you're carrying it back because it won't fit in the car.” He told her.

She shushed him but smiled and headed into the shop.

Harry made his way over the street and walked into the sweet shop. It smelled very good in here. As every time he walked into a shop that sold nothing to sweets and chocolate, he was overwhelmed by the choices. The shopkeeper must have seen the look of slight helplessness and indecision on his face and wandered over to help him.
He said something to Harry in rapid French and Harry could only shake his head helplessly.

“Uh-Parlez vous...Anglais?” Harry managed and was impressed with himself.

“That's good, that was all the French I know I'm afraid!” Harry admitted.

The man was about the same age as Mr Delacour, Harry thought and looked just as jolly. He gave Harry a kindly smile.

“On holiday I assume?” He asked.

“Yes, I am with my wife and some relatives.” Harry said. “I was hoping to buy a few things for my godson back home.” He told the man.

“Ah, how old is he?” He asked.

“Ten.” Harry said then continued. “Or eleven no, he's ten. He hasn't started at Hogwarts yet.” He said with more conviction.

“OK, is there anything he is particularly fond of?” The man asked.

“Well, he likes chocolate like all kids but I know he likes fruity flavoured sweets.” Harry said thinking hard. “Also he likes the try out sour things, nothing that messes with you that much he mostly just like to try the flavours.”

“We can work with that!” The shopkeeper declared. “I can show you a few things, come this way!”

He picked up several different boxes and packets from around the shop from different displays, at one point seeming concerned he turned to Harry and spoke.

“I'm not going over your budget am I?” He asked.

“No, no. I don't mind spending a few galleons on him, so long as he enjoys them.” Harry said and it was true. Harry wasn't overly fond of children but Teddy was a special case. Harry had made sure that he was involved in Teddy's life as Sirius had been unable to be for him. Like Harry Teddy had lost both his parents while he was still a baby, all he knew of them was what other people told him. He lived with his grandmother and Harry and Ginny made sure to visit him often. He had even stayed at their home overnight a few times.

“I have some sour candies that I have sent from Germany that sell very well.” The shopkeeper was telling him. “Ah here they ar-Oh.”

He said stopping in front of an empty display and looking embarrassed. “Sold out, but don't worry I'll just get the next box out from the back. I told you they were good! I only set this box here yesterday morning and already they have all sold! Please if you will wait a moment, I'll be but a moment then we'll get all of this bagged up for you.”

He lead Harry to the store counter and tell down the small mount of chocolates and sweets there. He smiled briefly at Harry then headed through the door behind the counter.

The entrance doorbell chimed and Harry turned expecting to see Ginny. He had been in here for a while after all.

It was not Ginny who entered though but Gabrielle as she was alone.
“Hello, Harry.” She said walking over to him.

“Gabrielle.” He replied.

“Got a sweet tooth have you?” She asked as she reached him, gesturing to the small pile of things he was buying for Teddy. “I know something sweeter that you can taste.” She said in a breathy voice leaving no way to mistake her meaning.

“They aren’t for me, actually.” He said.

“For your wife?” She asked him. “I don’t think you should worry about her.”

“They’re for my godson and as Ginny is just across the road and think you had better worry about her.” He told her firmly.

She tutted at him.

“Gabrielle.” Harry said and was about to tell her to behave herself but she leaned into him, pressing herself onto him, he could feel her small breasts pressing into chest.

“How about we go look at a few things together and take our time about it?” She asked her arms going around his neck.

Harry couldn’t take hold of her arms and move them as he was still holding two arm loads of bags, he was about to drop them and remove her arms anyway when the shopkeeper returned.

“Oh!” He said looking a little surprised. “This is... Your wife?” He asked uncertainly and Harry knew that Gabrielle looked a little young for him.

He wanted to say no that she was not his wife but he also knew that it looked like he was willingly accepting her attention and if he said that she wasn’t his wife well...

“Oui.” Said Gabrielle smiling at the shopkeeper. “Just getting some treats for our godson.” She told him. “Isn’t that right, hun?” She asked in a sweet voice, knowing that he didn’t want to make a scene.

“That’s right, we had better not take up any more of this man’s time. He has been very helpful.” Harry said, trying not to grit his teeth at having to play along.

“Of course.” She said and kissed him once on the lips.

“Well I have them, I’ll put a box of them in the bag with the rest of them.” The shopkeeper said putting a bright green box onto the pile with the rest of the sweets.

“No, add a couple more. We like to treat our godson.” Gabrielle told the shopkeeper.

“Oh, very well!” He said, and put two more boxes onto the pile. He started counting up the cost and putting each item into a back while Gabrielle kept her arms around his neck.

When the shopkeeper gave him the price, he realised he needed to reach into his pocket to pay the man. He began to set down the bags and he would finally be able to move Gabrielle from him but she moved first.

“You’re holding all our bags, dear.” She said pleasantly. “I’ll just take grab some change to pay the man.”

She moved her arms from around his neck and Harry felt her small hand snake into his pocket and reach to his groin rather than for change. He opened his mouth about to tell her to get her hand off his cock, the shopkeeper be damned but she spoke again quickly and moved her hand from him to
“Ah, here we are!” She said brightly and paid the shopkeeper. “And a little extra for being so helpful!” She told him smiling a sweet smile at him.

Harry reached up and managed to hook the bag of sweets in the slightly lesser weight down hand before he turned. “Thank you for your help.” Harry said to the shopkeeper behind him and he couldn’t help from sounding a little cross.

He walked out of the shop and wasn’t going to stop as he crossed the street, he was going to go directly to his wife to tell her what had happened.

Gabrielle stepped in front of him stopping him.

“Aw, don’t be so cross Harry. It was only a bit of fun.” She said lightly.

“It wasn’t Gabrielle and you know it.” He told her, his voice low and angry.

“Won’t you let me make it up to you?” She asked in a sweet voice and batted her eyelashes at him.

Turning and going around her, he headed for the shop that Ginny was in.

“I will make it up to you, Harry.” He heard Gabrielle say behind him. “I’ll see you very soon.”

Harry walked into the shop Ginny was hopefully still inside, he was angry with Gabrielle and a little annoyed with Ginny for making him agree to let her deal with it and if he was honest a little annoyed at himself for actually agreeing.

He saw a familiar head of long fiery hair and headed for it.
Ginny's Performance.

Chapter Summary

Ginny's plan gets set into motion.

(Ginny gently but firmly shows Gabrielle her place, who in turn discovers that she is sort of excited by it.)

Ginny had been furious when Harry had told her about his encounter with Gabrielle. Harry had told her that he would be having words with the girl despite having told her last night that he would let her deal with it. Ginny had told him that she had a plan and that she would deal with this very soon, he promised him that Gabrielle wouldn't be pulling a stunt like this again but he must let her deal with it.

Reluctantly Harry had agreed but had told his wife that if she didn't do something before Gabrielle tried something like this again, he would be taking matters into his own hands.

She had agreed and promised that things would be resolved before the end of the night. She still wouldn't tell Harry exactly what she had in mind.

The lunch at the cafe was tense with Harry, Ginny and Gabrielle all there with the rest of them, pretending nothing had happened. Victoire managed to keep anyone else from noticing though as she was showing off everything that her grandfather had bought her.

Harry and Ginny spent a little more time wandering around shops but Harry was in too much of a bad mood to really enjoy them any more and Ginny was distracted with her plan, he supposed. The two of them had been ready to head back to their rooms at the Dalacour's mansion right away but they stayed because everyone else was staying.

Not wanting to leave early and risk anyone noticing their change in mood they had agreed to meet everyone back at the car in another hour after they had all finished with their own shopping and sightseeing.

They returned home and Harry took all the bags back up to their rooms. When he and Ginny were alone again she sat him down in their small sitting room and told him what she had planned. Harry would have ordinarily found his roll in her plan something to look forward to but in the mood he was in he was more looking forward to watching Ginny do her part.

He was honest enough with himself to know that chances are when the time came he would feel more enthusiastic about his own role but for now Ginny would have to begin this scheme by setting the bait.

Later that evening Ginny headed downstairs while Harry remained in their sitting room. He knew now that Ginny was going down to let everyone know that she would be disapparting back to la petite ville to retrieve a bag she had left behind.
She would tell them she was going to go try find it in one of the shops she had been in that day and she might be a while and not to worry about her or Harry not joining them for dinner as they had made use of the kitchenette in their rooms.

She told them Harry was working on his speech for Wednesday, which had reminded Harry when she had been telling him her plan that he still needed to write one.

If she wasn't back in an hour or hour and a half at the most then they could send out the rescue party for her. She would come to them first to let them know she had returned.

This would leave Harry, seemingly without his wife and alone in his room while everyone else had dinner. He knew it would only be a matter of time before Gabrielle found her way up.

Harry, at a small writing desk and had thought to attempt to try again at a speech but was having no luck, didn't react when he heard the door open quietly and close. He didn't turn around but continued to look down at the parchments from the folder with Hermione's talking points. He felt a hand on his shoulder and when he turn slightly in his set Gabrielle sat down on his lap with her arms once again hooped around his neck.

"Gabrielle." He said in a neutral tone.

"I've come to make up for my little game today." She told him sweetly. "How about I show you just how sorry I can be?" She told him with a little pout. "I will let you punish me for being a very naughty girl."

"That's what I had in mind." Said Ginny, who was standing directly behind Gabrielle having walked quietly over the carpet from the open bathroom door wearing a bathrobe.

Gabrielle jumped up and looked at Ginny, her eyes wide.

"Aw, look how surprised you look." His wife said in a false voice.

"You're supposed to be out." Gabrielle accused.

"I know." Ginny said placidly. "It must be so hard for you when you don't get exactly what you want." She said moving closer to the diminutive girl.

"You obviously don't mind other women being with Harry, so why should you care?" Gabrielle said, trying to go on the attack.

"And you think you're enough to please my husband do you?" Ginny said, still in that falsely sweet voice.

"Well you obviously cannot satisfy him, that's why he has to go elsewhere." Gabrielle fired at Ginny while Harry sat in the chair, simply watching. His part in this wasn't involved in this part of Ginny's plan.

"And you can?" Ginny asked.

"I'm going to show your husband what a real woman can do." Gabrielle told Ginny, not backing away from Ginny's closeness but putting her own face firstly up to his wife's.

Ginny who was not raising her voice and only wore a fluffy white bathrobe must have given Gabrielle the impression that she could push Ginny around simply by being bold and aggressive.
It was a mistake that by the end of the night she would either regret or thoroughly enjoy, only time would tell.

“Well, my husband doesn't fuck just anyone and I'm not sure you're up to the job.” Ginny told Gabrielle. “I think I'll have to find out if you're worth his time, little princess.” His wife spat the word 'princess'.

It took Gabrielle a second to process what Ginny had said.

“What are you talking about?” She demanded.

“Take off your clothes.” Ginny said.

“What?” Gabrielle said incredulously.

“Go on, show me what you have to offer my husband, or are you suddenly not enough of a real woman now that you know I'm here?” Ginny goaded.

“I'm not getting naked for you.” Gabrielle said.

“That's what I thought.” Ginny told her looking smug. “All talk and no action.”

“It's you who is all talk and no action that's why Harry needs a real woman.” Gabrielle said hotly.

“See, all talk.” Ginny said again calmly with a smug look. “All this real woman talk and that's all your doing, still talking. You could have gotten your clothes off by now and shown Harry what he's missing out on but all you do is talk big.”

Gabrielle looked back at Harry who was still sitting placidly on the chair, leaning back in it looking relaxed. He raised an eyebrow at her as if to say, 'Well? Are you all talk?'

“Are you not going to say anything?” Gabrielle demanded of him.

“I'm waiting to find out if my wife is right.” He told her. “She has been right about you so far.”

“All talk.” Ginny said. “This spoiled little princess just wants what she can't have, it's a good job really she couldn't handle your cock. She is too scared to even take her clothes off.”

“I'm not scared!” Shouted Gabrielle. “It's you who is all talk, I'm going to show your husband want he really wants.” She said and started to lift her dress up over herself. “I'm going to fuck your husband right here in front of you!” She almost shouted in anger and threw her dress down to the ground revealing that she wore nothing at all on under it.

Gabrielle turned to face Harry boldly with a hand on her cocked hip.

“This is what you want, Harry.” She told him. “You can't lie about it, I know you want to fuck me.” She said.

Harry just looked her small naked body up and down slowly, as if deciding if he wanted to do anything with her at all.

Ginny walked around next to Harry so she would look over Gabrielle's naked front with him.

“You're still a girl.” Ginny told her. “Do you even know how to please a man?”

“Of course I know how to please a man!” Said Gabrielle heately. “And I'm not a girl, I'm young
and slender as a woman should be!"

Ginny stepped forward quickly, a hand shot out to roughly grab a hand full of Gabrielle's white blonde hair at the back of her head and she pulled the naked girl forwards against herself. Ginny's face was so close to the surprised Gabrielle's that when she spoke her their lips were almost touching.

“Harry likes to play rough and the boys you've let fumble around and grope you aren't even in his league. Look at you, a little bit of a tight grip in your pretty hair and you're ready to run.” Ginny said very quietly.

“My husband only fucks the best, most beautiful pussy. He only fucks ladies who know how to really play.” Ginny almost whispered into the girls mouth.

Ginny slowly licked the younger girls lips and gave her a gentle kiss on them before speaking again. “If you really want to have my husbands big juicy cock inside you and it is big, believe me on this. Then you can play by the rules and be a good little girl while I see if you have the bottle to stick around or you can walk out of this room and don't bother wasting his time again. When I let go of your hair you can decide you're really woman enough to do as your told without being a bratty little princess or you can step back and leave.” Ginny kept her eyes locked with Gabrielle's and took a step back releasing her then she spoke again.

“While you're deciding I'll show you what a real woman looks like and if you're too scared by it then you can leave.” Ginny told her and she opened then let her bathrobe drop to the ground, revealing her own naked form.

Gabrielle's eyes widened by she didn't move. Eventually she spoke.

“You planned this?” She asked. “You planned all of this didn't you?”

“Yes.” Ginny told her.

“Why?” Gabrielle asked.

“To see if you really wanted to play or if you're just a little girl who likes to tease.” Ginny told her. “I'm pretty sure you're going to leave the room and not bother us again but if you stick around I plan to really test you out and see if you can handle more than just being groped by some boy who doesn't know what he's doing.”

“Test me how?” Gabrielle asked licking her lips a little nervously.

“Oh you know, the usual fun stuff. Seeing how well your pretty little mouth works, having a really good play with that little princess pussy of yours.” Ginny told the girl being deliberately vulgar to test her reaction, his wife moved her naked form over to the small girl who hadn't moved from the spot Ginny had released her in.

Ginny's hand trailed over Gabrielle's flat stomach and around her waist then back as Ginny moved around her, behind then around the other side in a little circle. Her hand lingered all the way around.

“I think I might just taste your pretty little mouth anyway before you run away.” Ginny said and put an arm around Gabrielle's little waist and pulled their naked bodies hard together. Their faces close once again Ginny spoke. “What do you think of that princess? Are you going to freeze up like a little girl being kissed for the first time, going to run away or are you going to
surprise me by showing me you might be able to play?"

And with that Ginny's other hand went back into Gabrielle's hair and held her head in place though she didn't seem as rough with her this time. Ginny pressed her lips against Gabrielle's who for a moment didn't reaction but held still Harry saw that his wife was about to release the girl and Gabrielle must have felt the change too because she suddenly opened her mouth to Ginny and began kissing back.

They kissed slowly at first then Harry saw his wife let her tongue enter Gabrielle's mouth, the kiss deepened a little more and Ginny used the hand in Gabrielle's hair to move her head slightly to one side for a better angle. Ginny deepened the kiss more, it was a kiss of lust and domination as they took from the small girl in her arms.

When a small moan came from Gabrielle Ginny pulled her face back but kept their bodies pressed close together. Gabrielle gasped for air and looked a little dazed in Ginny's arms.

“Hm... Maybe there is hope for you yet.” Ginny told the girl in a musing voice. “Let's see if you want to run when things get a little heavier.”

Ginny let go of Gabrielle's hair and let her hand fall to the girls tiny waist, her other hand mirror it on her other side before moving up and down the tiny girls frame while they locked lips again. Harry saw his wife's hands slide down and around behind Gabrielle to cup what little the girl's rear had to offer. Another small moan passed from Gabrielle's lips into Ginny’s.

Ginny let a hand slide down to Gabrielle's narrow thigh and pulled it up to make the girl's leg wrap around her hip. Garbielle; Harry thought, without thinking let her arms go around his wife's neck as she had one to him, her eyes were closed and she seemed lost in the moment.

Another small moan came from her throat and Ginny pulled her head back but kept Gabrielle's leg cocked up and around her.

“Not bad.” Ginny said. “Now show me what your mouth can really do.” She told Gabrielle releasing her leg and setting her hands on the girls shoulders. She pushed the girl down gently telling her without words to go to her knees and Gabrielle did. She hesitated, on her knees in front of his wife, Ginny's pussy just inches away from the girls face. Harry knew that she was thinking that she was the real test, if she did this then there would be no going back, she would be giving herself over to them as a willing participant.

Ginny just looked down at the girl, watching in silence and waiting for her to make her decision. They could both clearly read the conflict on the girls face. She was being ordered around and toyed with and she was confused as to why she was excited by it. Harry knew that this was it, if she was going to run away then now would be the time.

He thought that there was a real chance that she would, he had let Ginny play out her plan and she thought there was a even chance of it going either way.

Harry thought it was more likely to send the girl running. He was a little surprised but didn't show it as Gabrielle's head moved forwards between his standing wife's legs.

“Well, now.” Ginny said lightly. She turned her head to look at her husband. “I guess I can really see if she'll be any good to put her lips around your cock.” She had an excited grin on her face and Harry returned it to her.

He was semi-hard in his suit trousers from watching this performance, he let his eyes move back lower to watch some more.
Ginny shifted her stance a little, stepping a little wider to open herself a little more and settled a hand on Gabrielle's white blonde hair.

“Mmmm.” She let out a pleased sound at the girls attentions. “It feels nice but she doesn’t seem very eager.” She said as if speaking to Harry but he knew the words were meant for Gabrielle.

Gabrielle's small hands moved up the sides of Ginny's thighs and her jaw moved more as she redoubled her efforts.

“Ahh, that's a bit better.” Ginny said letting her eyes close and a hand stroke through Gabrielle's hair softly. “You might make a good little toy after all, I might even invite you to our house and train you a little bit.”

Ginny let her hips move a little, letting her sex move over the girl's mouth and few times before directing back to where she had been.

“I wonder how you taste, little princess.” Ginny murmured looking down at the girl. “I think I'll taste your little pussy now, stop.” Ginny said 'stop' is a slightly firmer more commanding voice and Gabrielle stopped.

“Good girl.” Ginny cooed and let a hand stroke Gabrielle's cheek as she gazed up at his wife.

“Harry, do you mind if I sit Gabrielle in your lap for a minute while I taste her little pussy?” Ginny asked, again speaking the words deliberately so Gabrielle could hear them.

Harry sat back again in his chair, not knowing when he had sat up to watch more closely and he let his knee parts. He gesture down with an open palm at his lap, the bulge clearly visible there.

“Thanks, Harry.” Ginny told him sweetly. She was thoroughly enjoying herself and her game.

“Go and sit yourself down in my husbands lap. Get yourself comfortable there and open your legs for me.” Ginny told Gabrielle.

Gabrielle stood up, her cheeks a little flushed but she moved to Harry, she met his eyes for a moment then looked away turning herself around. Her small rear sat down on his bulge, riding up between the small buttocks.
She let her body fall back against his chest and he let his hands sit on her narrow waist as her knees moved apart.

Ginny walked over and lowered herself down in front of the two of them, he put a hand on Gabrielle's thighs and pushed them further apart.

“That's better.” She said and moved her hands again.

Harry watched as Ginny's finger ran over the small folds between the girls narrow thighs once and then back up.

“Look how wet you are.” Ginny said, holding a glistening finger up then putting it into her own mouth so Gabrielle could see clearly, Harry felt her body shift minutely in reaction and her breathing was a little quick.

Ginny moved her face down and let her tongue plunge inside the girl who stiffened on Harry and he heard her breath catch. Ginny's tongue run up and out of Gabrielle's wet sex and move up where she closed her mouth over the bundle of nerves there.
Gabrielle's caught breath burst out from her and she sucked in a ragged lungful of air, her hands had
gripped the sides of the chair and her hips had instinctively pushed up, trying to keep herself against Ginny's mouth, wanting more and her body reacting the only way it knew how.

Harry heard the wet popping sound make when Ginny's strong sucking lips came free from Gabrielle's most delicate parts and he hear the half whimper and half moan come from the small girl.

“Mmm, did that feel good?” Ginny asked but when she got no reply she spoke again with that edge of command in her voice. “Answer me, Gabrielle.” She said.

“Yes.” Gabrielle got out breathlessly. “It felt good.”

“That's better, when you're a good girl who does what she is told and answers questions when she is asked, you get rewarded.” Ginny said in a lecturing tone before lowering her face back down.

Harry watched down the length of Gabrielle small body, down past her tiny breasts and hard nipples, over her smooth stomach with flexed and relaxed as Ginny's pleasure took control of her body. To the apex of her narrow thighs where Ginny's tongue plunged back her soaking sex before returning to her folds and then her small nerve centre.

As Harry watched this, he felt Gabrielle losing more and more control over her body, a minute went by and she couldn't hold in her sounds of pleasure, moans came from her between ragged breathing, Harry knew that soon her orgasm would take a hold of her. Ginny pulled away from the girl who cried out in wordless anguish at the lost.

“Don't stop!” Gabrielle pleaded, she sounded as if she were on the verge of tears.

“Hm.” Said Ginny looking up at her disapprovingly. “You don't tell me what to do, princess. You ask nicely or you beg.”

“Please!” Gabrielle cried out.

“I will carry on if you tell beg me to eat your pretty little princess pussy.” Ginny said.

“I'm begging you, please!” Gabrielle said.

“That's not what I told you to say.” Ginny said “If you do it right then you will get a treat.”

“Please, Ginny. Eat my pretty little princess pussy, please! I will do anything you say!” Gabrielle cried in a ragged desperate voice.

“Good girl.” Ginny said in a pleased voice, she deliberately gave Gabrielle's most sensitive spot a delicate kiss and looked up to meet her eyes before she let her mouth work hard to give the girl the pleasure and release she had begged for.

She didn't last long, maybe it was her inexperience coupled with the fact that Ginny had had plenty of practise between a women's legs and knew how to please.

Gabrielle's hips bucked up, Harry set his large hands over her flat stomach to hold her in place she screamed a long cry of desperate pleasure before her hips jerked up and back over and over, her sex still being worked by Ginny's mouth.

Gabrielle's hands moved from gripping the sides of the chair to reach for anything else they could find before returning back to the sides of the chair after finding nowhere else to go.

She eventually lay limp over him, her small body trembling and her small breasts rising and falling as her lungs pulled in breath after breath.

Ginny crawled up, her arms on Harry's thighs as support to bring her face level with the girls.
“Did you enjoy yourself, princess?” Ginny asked gently her face close to Gabrielle's. Gabrielle nodded wordlessly.

“What did I tell you about answering questions?” Ginny reminded.

“Yes, I enjoyed it.” Gabrielle said in a breathless voice.

“And what do we say?” Ginny prompted.

“Thank you.” Gabrielle said.

“That's right, now give me a kiss to show me how much you appreciate it.” Ginny told the girl sandwiched between Harry below her and Ginny who was above her.

Gabrielle kissed Ginny almost frantically for a moment before Ginny pulled away.

“That's it, such a good little princess, aren't you?” Ginny said stroking Gabrielle's hair soothingly as the girl still recovered from her climax.

“Yes, I a a good little princess.” She repeated back to Ginny who smiled at her obedience.

“Now, you need to get up off my husband and get on your knees where I was.” Ginny said firmly and pushing herself up she stepped back to allow Gabrielle to move. She did, shakily she almost slid down to the floor before turning around on her knees between Harry's legs.

Ginny stepped over her and turned to take up the position on Harry's bulge that Gabrielle had just vacated though she didn't lie back against him but stayed upright straddling.

“This.” Ginny told Gabrielle who was looking up at Ginny. Ginny had moved her hands down to Harry's bulging pants and unzipped him, his cock sprang out of his pants and into Ginny's waiting hands. “This.” She repeated. “Is my seat, you can only sit here if I tell you that you can.” Ginny said to the girl on her knees in front of him.

“Do you understand?” Ginny asked.

“Yes.” Said Gabrielle and she looked down at the floor.

“Look at me.” Snapped Ginny and Gabrielle's head jerked up. “I don't mind you sitting in my place but only when you are told that you can, by me or by Harry.” Ginny said. Ginny's hand was stroking up and down his long thick shaft as she spoke and Gabrielle was trying desperately to keep eye contact with Ginny and not look at his hard cock in her hands.

“You can look at it.” Ginny told her and her eyes moved instantly to look at Harry's cock. “It's beautiful isn't it?” Ginny asked and Gabrielle nodded.

“Isn't it?” Ginny repeated forcefully.

“Yes, it's beautiful.” Gabrielle said quickly.

“Good girl.” Ginny told her. “But you need to stop forgetting to answer my questions or I'll have to start punishing you. Will you remember?”

“I'll remember.” Gabrielle said.

“Now, I told you that if you begged me to eat your pretty little princess pussy that I'd give you a
treat, and this is your treat.” Ginny told the girl who licked her lips without thinking.

“Not so fast.” Ginny said after seeing this.

“Now, I want you to tell me that you understand when you can sit in my seat and when you can't.” She demanded of the girl.

“Only when you tell me or if Harry let's me.” Gabrielle said.

“That's right, good girl.” Ginny said then say lay back over Harry, holding his throbbing cock between her legs as if it were her own. Harry’s arm want around his wife's middle holding her against him.

“I think she has potential.” Ginny said to him. “Will you let our little princess try to please you?” Ginny asked him.

“Do you think she will be able to?” Harry asked because he had sworn he would play along with her show. The reality was that he was half mad right now and was barely able to restrain from pinning them both down with magic and fucking them until they begged him to stop. Ginny would pay later for how long he had had to wait while she put on her show.

“I think we should let her try use that pretty mouth of hers to give it her best shot.” Ginny said.

“Alright, I trust you.” Harry said.

“Well, princess. Here's your chance to get your pretty lips around my husbands fat juicy cock.” She said to Gabrielle, still holding Harry as if his sex were her own.

Gabrielle licked her lips again before leaning forwards and wrapping her small mouth around the head of him.

“Made sure you do a good job.” Ginny said, her other hand stroking the girls hair. “Use your tongue and taste as much of it as you can... That's it, good girl.”

Harry's hands were cupping Ginny's breasts then one slide down to her sex and began to rub and probe her. As he touched his wife, she directed Gabrielle's mouth on him, pushing her further onto his large cock, pulling her away. To use her tongue, then pulling her off of him to have her use her mouth on his long shaft, then only her tongue. Then lower to his balls and back up.

Gabrielle obeyed her words, her breathing becoming heavier and when she was pulled from him to be instructed elsewhere she would gasp in air. Ginny moved herself from his wandering hands and shifted her position. His hands going back to her waist to support her, he sank herself down completely on his hard wet cock and let out a moan of pleasure.

“Oh, this feels so good Gabrielle, you have no idea.” She told the girl who's head she still held by the hair, she slowly pulled her forwards and Gabrielle immediately set to work with her tongue on Ginny's pussy as she moved herself up and down on his cock. As he slid in and out of her he could feel Gabrielle's tongue occasionally lap at his shaft, wet with his wife's arousal.

Ginny began to lose herself and before long he heard the familiar sound of her of her lust erupting from her throat and out through her gritted teeth. He felt her core clench around the base of him, squeezing hard.
He held her on him as her body jerked wildly before going ridged then falling back against him, panting, he felt her pull him from her sated centre before she forced Gabrielle's mouth back over him. Ginny didn't let up even as she slowly recovered herself, she worked Gabrielle's mouth over him, forcing his cock deeper inside her, moving her faster and faster.

He could feel himself coming close, his hands gripped his wife's hips and then she knew he was close.

“"I'm going to let you go now, Gabrielle and you're going to swallow everything.” Ginny said. “Don't waste a single drop of my husband's cum or you really won't like what I do to you, girl.” She threatened.

As Ginny released Gabrielle's head she didn't pull away but continued to slide him in and out of her mouth, keeping her lips tightly around him. He could feel her tongue movingly hungrily inside her mouth working to bring his release.

Harry tensed and felt himself begin to spill into her small mouth and she didn't even pause. She kept working up and down, the only time she stopped her moves were to swallow but her lips didn't break the seal they made around his thick cock.

He bit into his wife's shoulder and she remained motionless on him, letting him mark her in his pleasure.

When he was emptied and Gabrielle had swallowed all of him she let up on her movements and gasped in a breath, the air she had been pulling in through her nose hadn't been enough.

She sat back on her feet, her red face looking up at him and Ginny, her mouth still open and she panted.

“"Good girl.” Ginny told her. Ginny took his cock in one hand and directed it towards Gabrielle. “Now thank Harry for cumming in your pretty mouth and show some appreciation.” She told Gabrielle.

The girl leaned forward again and kissed up and down his length.

“"Thank you, Harry. For cumming in my pretty mouth.” She said, still sounding breathless.

“"Good girl.” Ginny told her, now come here. She said opening her arms for Gabrielle as she lay on him. Gabrielle stood up and almost fell forwards into Ginny's arms.

“"Now.” Ginny said holding the smaller girl's naked body against her own. “Listen to me carefully. Now you know your place and how this works, the next time you come to my husbands door, you had better have the right attitude otherwise you'll be punished.” Ginny said and one of her hands came down very hard on Gabrielle's small rear. She gasped and looked up at Ginny wide-eyed as she held her in her arms. Ginny continued.

“"But if you behave yourself, not just in here but be a good girl. The next time you're here with us, you'll be treated like a good little princess instead.” Ginny said and Harry saw his wife's hand stroking over the red hand print that had already come up on her small right buttock.

“Next time, you might even get to feel Harry's cock inside you.” Ginny told the girl and tilted her head down a little to give her a small kiss on the lips. “Do you understand?” Ginny asked softly.

“I understand.” Gabrielle said to Ginny, their lips so close they were almost touching again.

“What do you understand?” Ginny asked.
“I have to be a good girl.” She replied.

“That’s right, and that means outside of this room too. No more being a spoiled little brat otherwise that’s how you’ll be treated next time.” Ginny said. “Maybe next time you’ll even get Harry’s cock in here.” Ginny said and he saw a finger glide down between Garbielle’s small buttocks and he saw her eyes widen.

“Oh?” Ginny said amused. “I hear you French girls love to have a cock in your arse, though yours is pretty small.” Ginny said musingly. “Anyway, it’s time for you to go now at least until tomorrow night and remember to be a good girl because good girls get rewarded.” Ginny said.

His wife lifted herself up forcing Gabrielle to stand too.

Ginny stood in front of the younger girl.

“Put your dress back on.” Ginny told her and Gabrielle obeyed her. “Good girls get what?” She asked when Gabrielle had put her dress back over herself.

“Rewarded.” Gabrielle said immediately.

“And what will you be?” Ginny prompted.

“I’ll be a good girl.” Gabrielle said. Ginny stepped forward and gave the smaller girl a small kiss on the lips before stepping back.

“Good night Gabrielle.” Ginny said.

“Goodnight, Ginny, goodnight, Harry.” Gabrielle said and turned for the door she paused for a moment before leaving and turned around to face them both then looked at Harry.

“I’m sorry for teasing you.” She said and Harry smiled.

“I’m sure you will make it up to me, another time.” He said.

She gave him a small smile, her cheeks flushed again then she nodded once and left.

Ginny too had to get dressed, she had to appear in the entrance hall to let everyone know that she was back. She took with her one of their may shopping bags and with a crack was gone from their small sitting room.

Harry spent this time removing his clothes and turning the bedroom lights on, when Ginny finally returned he stood naked before a hand on her white throat.

“You owe me.” He said to her and at the excited look in her eyes he released her and she was once again naked before she reached their bedroom.

It was much much later before the two of them slept.
Trial.

Chapter Summary

Harry heads into the French Ministry of Magic for Fontaine's trial.

Harry managed to wake himself up the next morning, Ginny who was asleep next to him remained in bed. Harry's and her night, especially after Gabrielle had left take taken a lot of out both of them. Harry wished that he could stay in bed too but Quentin would be coming for him to lead them both to Fontaine's trial.

Harry did all the usual morning things, showered, brushed his teeth and so on before getting himself dressed. He didn't wear one of his familiar suits today though, he instead took out his official dress uniform as Head Auror of the Ministry of Magic. He would be speaking in an official capacity today and in a courtroom no less, when an auror went to trial they wore their dress uniforms, Harry was no exception.

His official dress uniform was black, the trousers were plain and well made while the top, Harry thought had a vaguely oriental-style to it, the collar looked like a formal eastern style suit. On the shoulders of the black top were 'M' with the wand in their centre's stylised and embroidered very neatly.

Over the right hide of his chest there was a small official Ministry of Magic emblem also in golden embroidery. His right upper arm had from top to bottom; A symbol that looked like a small sun with the letter H in it's centre, signifying that he was a head for a department. Next was a wand that signified which department he belonged to in the greater grouping of all the different departments that belonged to the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. Following that there were several lightning bolts and stylised dragon heads which appeared to be breathing fire signifying various acts of bravery and successes that he had been awarded throughout his career.

All of these commendations and symbols of station were very small and didn't quite reach his elbow. He checked himself over in the mirror at least a dozen times and each time he had tried to flatten his hair but it simply returned to looking slightly dishevelled.

He gave up attempting to fix it.

“You look very nice.” Ginny said sleepily from the bed.

“Did I wake you?” He asked, he had tried to be quiet.

“No, but I'm not staying awake for much longer.” She told him in a quiet voice.

“Lucky.” He commented and watched her smile smugly.

“Good luck today, tell me all about it when you get back.” She said to him.

“Thanks, and I will.” He promised.

“Don't forget to ask Quentin about dinner.” Ginny told him.

“I won't. Speaking of, he'll be here soon so I'd better get going.” He told Ginny as he moved over to the bed. He gave her forehead a quick kiss then headed out of the room.
“Bye.” He hear her say softly as if she were already mostly back to sleep.

“Bye, Gin.” He replied knowing she probably hadn't heard him.

On the way through their small sitting room he pointed his wand at a box that contained the fourteen identical reports on Fontaine's actions while he had been in England. It floated along behind him as he closed the door to their rooms and headed through the Delacour's mansion.

He found himself in the entrance hall with the box floating next to him and not two minutes later there was a polite knock on the huge doors followed by the chiming sound of the doorbell.

Harry opened the door to find Quentin Moreau, dressed in a similar fashion to Harry but in the French version.

“Good morning.” Harry said unsure whether he should invite Quentin inside or if they were leaving right away.

“Good morning to you too, Harry.” He said. “We had better get going, we will have to make our way down to the courtrooms and with the crowds, it might take a while.”

Nodding, Harry stepped out and the box floated with him.

“I didn't know you were so decorated.” Quentin commented, noting all the symbols on Harry's arm.

“Well, I'm Harry Potter.” He joked. “They like to give me things.” He told Quentin.

Harry pointed to a lightning bolt on his shoulder. “I got this one for bravely unclogging the department toilet.” He lied with a grin and Quentin snorted.

“You're a terrible liar, Harry.” He told him and offered an arm for Harry to take.

Harry placed his hand on Quentin's arm, took a firm grip of his floating box and the two of them vanished with a crack.

They appeared in the very same hall that the escort had arrived in a couple of days ago with Fontinue, there wasn't a crowd awaiting them this time though it was busy with witches and wizards moving through it.

Harry saw a few people nod to Quentin respectfully then to him when they saw him. Both he and Quentin returned their nods and Quentin led Harry out of the hall.

“So how is this going to go exactly?” Harry asked, walking besides Quentin as he led Harry round turns and down corridors.

“Well, we'll go into the courtroom. The official's who will judge Fontaine will arrive then the prosecutor will read out a Fontaine's crimes. The two of us will sit around through this and then sit around some more while the evidence is presented to the officials.”

They entered an empty lift and a wizard was stepping forwards to join them in it but a slow shake of the head from Quentin, standing their with Harry both of them in their official uniforms was enough to make him nod his head in a small bow and step back, allowing them to have this ride to themselves.

“Once that is all done, Fontaine will have the chance to either defend himself or not, I expect he will not. He has stopped speaking since you brought him here. He won't answer any of our questions
though truthfully the evidence of his crimes is so overwhelming that there isn't really anything he can tell us that we don't already know.”

The lift door opened and the two of them stepped out and Quentin continued both his quick run down of the events that would take place and with leading Harry to their destination.

“After that, I will speak briefly an accounting of events to the officials and ordinarily they would then go apart while they discussed his sentence but after I speak it will be your turn, I assume your box is full of reports for the officials?” He asked Harry.

“Fourteen identical ones.” Harry confirmed. “One for me for reference and the rest for the officials.” He told Quentin.

“Well, we'll give them to a clerk when we arrive and they will see that the officials have them when it's your turn to speak. I'll translate for the general audience but all off the officials speak English also.” Quentin informed Harry.

“Well that's a relieve, what then?” Harry asked.

“Well, they might ask you a few questions but after that we all leave for however long the officials say they will need, I expect an hour no longer than two while they privately confer and review the evidence in more detail.” Quentin said turning them both down another hall way which was very busy with people standing around.

“Then we return to hear the sentencing, which will be in French again but I'll translate what they say for you.” Quentin promised.

“Thanks.” Harry said.

“We're here, let's get through this crowd and get inside. Don't be afraid to shove a little.” He told Harry with a little grin but his words were just a little joke, people moved politely out of their way when they noticed them trying to squeeze by, some more small nods and and word or two exchanged between them and Quentin in French.

They walked through two large double doors into a very large courtroom, many of the seats already filled. At the front of the room was a raised bench that was semi-circular that looked out over the entire room.

At one side of the room the was a door and at the opposite side another door that led into a cage, which Harry assumed Fontaine would be standing in. Quentin called over to a young looking man who wore very smart robes and he came over.

“Leon, this is Harry Potter.” He introduced. “Harry, this is Leon Mercier, he is a legal clerk who assists the officials in their duties in seeing justice done.”

Harry managed to shake hands with the younger man without dropping his box.

“An honour to meet you, sir.” He said to Harry.

“It's a pleasure to meet you.” Harry said politely.

“Leon, Harry has been lugging that box around with him for too long. It has inside it reports for each of the officials for when he speaks. Would you take it from him and see that the officials have them for when Harry speaks?” He asked the young man.

“Of course, sir.” He said and held out his hands for Harry to give him the box.
“One second.” Harry said. “I just need to grab my own report from it.” He told him and reached in the pull one out, he made sure to grab the topmost one with was his personal report, it had some notes inside it. He managed to open it a little one handed to spot his own handwriting inside it before flipping it closed. He handed over his box and tucked his own black leather report under his arm.

“Thank you, Leon. My arms were getting pretty tired.” He half joked.

“No problem, sir. I will see that these are given to the officials or sitting on their benches in front of them before you speak.” Leon said. Harry was beginning to like the younger man, he seemed very earnest and he was well spoken and polite.

“Thank you, Leon. You're a great help.” Harry said, not knowing if it was true in general or if this was the first time he had ever done a favour for someone in his life.

“No at all, and sir if you don't think it inappropriate for me to say this I would like to thank you personally for capturing Fontaine, Mr and Mrs Chevalier were very good people and he needed to be brought to justice for what he did to them.” The young man finished and Harry could tell that he meant every word.

“It's no trouble, Leon. I was just doing my job but I'm happy to get a dangerous person off the streets and happier to help bring him to meet his punishment.” Harry told Leon.

Who nodded gravely.

“I had better go get these to the officials, if you would both excuse me?” He asked politely and both Harry and Quentin nodded.

The young man headed off in the direction of the large semi-circular benches and seats.

“We'll be seated in the front row.” Quentin told Harry and led him in the same direction that Leon had gone.

The two of them took seats on the long pew-like seats to wait for things to begin.

“Would you mind if I had a peak at your report?” Quentin asked him.

“Uh-Sure but it's got my scribbling all over it.” He warned the man as he handed it over.

Quentin opened the leather folder and began looking through it, he paused at the photographs of Murphy's injuries. Large ragged cuts on his skin and lots of blood.

“How is Murphy by the way?” Quentin asked him. “Is he recovering?”

“He's back in the office already.” Harry told him. “He's not quite back up to hitting the streets yet but he and Ringwold are holding things down while I'm over here.”

“That is good, he was very lucky.” Quentin said.

He saw and felt Quentin tense slightly as he had stopped on another page with a photograph. Harry knew what it was before he even looked. It was the same one that he had flicked to when looking over these reports in his office back home. The frightened blue eyes of an old man.

“Ah.” Quentin said quietly. “This is the man.” He said.

“Jonathan McCall.” Harry said.
“Jonathan McCall.” Quentin repeated seriously as if committing the name to memory. “The poor old fellow never stood a chance did he?” He asked sadly still looking down at the photograph.

“He had no magic to defend himself.” Harry said, just as sadly. “He is one of the reasons I am here.”

Quentin closed the leather folder softly and handed it back to Harry.

“We will see justice done today for Jonathan McCall, for Murphy and the others who he harmed here.” Quentin told him with determination blazing out of his eyes.

Harry simply nodded, his lips firm and his face serious.

Soon after Leon was standing in the space in front of the official's table and spoke out loudly in French. A hush fell over the room, people seated themselves and two guards closed the doors to the courtroom.

Leon spoke again and everyone stood, Harry hastily getting to his own feet with everyone else. Thirteen witches and wizards entered from the door to the left, they all looked very grave and serious in their dress robes. They walked in a line and took their seats behind their desks.

Leon spoke out again in French and everyone sat back down. Another sentence of French and he gestured to the officials and walked to one side to stand by the door that they had entered from.

The French Minister for Magic sat in the centre seat, six officials to either side of him. Gone was the pleasant man with an easy smile, now a serious man looked out at the courtroom. He spoke briefly in French to the entire room before gesturing with a hand.

The door on the other side of the cage opened and Fontaine was pushed into it before it closed behind him. There were hisses and low murmurs from the people in the courtroom but a sharp look from Hugo Menard, their Minister for Magic quietened them down.

Menard spoke again in French to both the crowd of onlookers and to Fontaine who stood in chains and looking like he couldn't hear anything anyone said. Fontaine looked like only he was in the room, he took no notice of the crowd and simply stared into the middle distance at nothing in particular.

Soon after Menard gestured to a man who was seated at the other end of the first row, smartly dressed like the officials though not so grandly he stood up with pile of papers and his wand in a hand.

He walked forwards into the open space before the officials, addressed them briefly and all the officials opened a blue folder that sat on their benches in front of them. He began to speak in French reading occasionally from his papers, the officials would also occasionally look down at their blue folders to check something and several times the prosecutor, Harry supposed used his wand to conjure large illusions that everyone in the room could see.

They were grizzly and gruesome sights, copies of crime scene photos the French authorities had taken. There were butchered animals, images of injuries like Murphy's that some lucky people had survived and then finally there were several photographs of what Quentin told Harry in a whispered voice of Mr and Mrs Chevalier's home. They never actually showed their faces only parts of cropped photos them. Quentin told them that the officials would be fulling down at the full un-doctored photographs in their blue folders but out of respect for the dead they wouldn't be displaying their faces for the entire crowd. While Harry respected this he thought that if people could see the true consequences of these crimes that they would treat it with the respect and gravity it deserved but this was not his choice to made and respecting the dead was still a good way to go about things.
After all the officials who would be deciding Fontaine fate still saw the brutal truth of everything. Soon after, the prosecutor's words came to an end and he gave the officials a small bow before returning to his seat. Menard spoke to the crowd briefly before turning to face Fontaine grimly. He spoke several times and Harry needed no translation to tell that he was asking Fontaine to account for his actions.

Fontaine just ignored him though, still staring off into nothing.

Menard said something again with a sigh then turned to look at Quentin, he gestured and Quentin rose from his place next to Harry and walked into the space before them. He nodded politely to the officials but did not bow, Harry assumed his station allowed him to get away with only a polite nod.

Quentin spoke French in a firm voice, he sounded confident and looked assured by his words, he spoke to the officials as much as the crowd and he saw a few heads nodding around the room. Harry could only assume that they were in agreement with whatever he was saying. Finally his speech came to an end and Harry heard Quentin mention Harry's while speaking to the officials. Menard nodded to Quentin and Harry knew it was time for him to speak.

Quentin turned and gestured for Harry.

"If you would give your report to the officials please, Harry." He said and Harry stood and walked to Quentin who remained by his side.

"Speak to them in English, I'll translate after you if you pause a little for me." Quentin told him and Harry nodded.

Harry looked up at the thirteen officials and have them the small respectful nod that Quentin had, if his rank let him get away without bowing then Harry could to. They were the same rank after all.

"Witches and Wizards of the French Minister of Magic." Harry began letting Quentin speak his words in French.

"I am hear today to ask you, on behalf of my own Ministry of Magic and for those who wish to see peace and law maintained, that you listen to a brief report on Jullian Fontaine's actions while in our country. It is our hope that you will hear my report and take his actions into account before you pass judgement on Jullian Fontaine." Harry said.

"We will of course hear your report, Mr Potter." Menard said and several of the other officials nodded at his words.

"Thank you." Harry said simply. "If you would please open the black leather folders that Mr Leon Mercier has placed on delivered to you, I will begin."

All thirteen of them opened the leather folders and Harry began to speak. He told them very briefly of being informed by Quentin about Fontaine's possible arrival in England then of their search with the help of the French aurors. He asked them to turn to the page that showed Murphy's injuries.

At this there was a pause and Quentin turned to Harry.

"Do you wish to display the photographs in your report for the courtroom? They are not edited so they will see everything." Quentin asked him.

He thought about it for a moment and then nodded. They could see everything in the photographs, he hadn't written on any of them during his note making and he wanted to impress on everyone in
the room the gravity of Fontaine's actions.

“Show them the photographs but not my notes.” Harry requested and Quentin nodded.

He pulled out his wand, pointed it at Harry's open folder and the photograph appeared above them for the people behind him to see.

As he explained how only Murphy's partner Ringwold and his decision to either continue after Fontaine and risk his partner dying or to let Fontaine go and save his partner was the only reason he had survived the attack.

Harry asked them to turn their reports pages again where he reached the photograph of Jonathan McCall. He could see all thirteen members react to the photograph as Harry explained that McCall had been a squib and while knowing full well the things that could be done to him by Fontaine he had no magic at all with which to defend himself.

Several of the officials looked sickened, and there were more than a few gasps as the people in the courtroom behind him saw the full unedited image.

Harry knew full well the effect of the photograph. He had looked in person into the old man's frightened blue eyes and knew their power. While in life they had no power to defend or save him in death they showed what Fontaine had been willing to do to send a mere message. A helpless old man reduced to a simple tool for his use. Fontaine had no respect for human life and Harry knew that the officials got his point.

He then told them that after getting an approximate location on Fontaine via their location ritual they had headed after him. He showed briefly some photos of the damaged building in Hogsmeade from the curse Fontaine had fired and which Harry had managed to dodge after pushing Watkins and the French auror Sebastian out of the way.

He included a photograph of the torn up and bloody ground in which the two of them had duel and gave the most minimal accounting of the duel itself.

“And so I ask that you consider his actions when making your decision on Fontaine's fate. While the crimes he has committed in another country have no legal standing in your own legal system, they can still serve to illustrate the character of the man in question. I have every faith in this assembly and their desire to see justice served and I thank you for using up your precious time to hear my report.”

Harry finished and nodded to them. “Do you have anything you would like to ask or anything you would like me to clarify?” He asked.

Throughout Harry's report he had paused after every other sentence or before he began the next part and Quentin, true to his word had repeated the entire thing.

“I think your report covered everything we needed to know, Mr. Potter.” Menard said. “It was very succinct and it's points where clear. We thank you for speaking and we will of course take his actions into account while we deliberate.”

“That is all I can ask of you, thank you all.” He said and when Menard gestured that he and Quentin could return to their seats, they both gave another small nod and turned.

As Harry turned he locked gazes with Fontaine who wasn't looking blank eyed any more. He was staring directly back into Harry's eyes.

His face was twisted with hatred and he tried to lunge forward but was brought up short by his chains. There were gasps in the courtroom but Harry stood still and didn't flinch.
Fontaine spat out some rapid and angry sounding French at Harry who couldn't understand before the door opened behind him and a guard stepped in, pointed a wand at Fontaine's back and he stiffened and stood frozen. His mask of hatred for Harry locked onto his face.

Harry shook his head to himself before he and Quentin who had also paused returned to their seats. There were hushed conversations going on in the crowd of the courtroom, it had been the only reaction that Fontaine had given them.

Menard spoke out again and everyone eventually fell silent.

He spoke out for a couple of minutes then all thirteen official stood, the crowd following them a moment later and Leon returned to the space in front of them and spoke aloud.

“An hour and a half before we must return.” Quentin told him quietly, Harry nodded that he had heard. The officials left the way they had came in and two guards pulled the still frozen Fontaine back through his door behind his cage.

The only movement on him were his chains.

“What did Fontaine say to me?” Harry asked Quentin as people in the courtroom either began to leave or start conversations with people near them.

“He called you a dog and said that the only reason you got him was because you caught him by surprise. He was saying something about you being a sneak before the guard silenced him.” Quentin told Harry who frowned at this.

“Don't worry, no one seemed to believe him and especially not after you showed the photo of the building where he tried to curse you before you had even spotted him.” Quentin reassured Harry.

“Well, that's good to know.” Harry admitted. He didn't want everyone here thinking he had acted like a coward.

Leon joined them and spoke to Harry.

“That was a very compelling report, sir.” He told Harry. “That poor old man...” He trailed off looking sad.

“Will receive some measure of justice when we return.” Said Quentin in a confident voice into the silence.

“Yes!” Leon said and nodded to himself. “I don't doubt it. As I saw your report was very well spoken.” He said to Harry.

“Thanks, I think it was good enough to illustrate my point.” He said.

“As you say.” Leon agreed. “The officials were surely listening well.”

“Leon.” Quentin said. “I thought I might ask Harry to join me for lunch before we must return, would you care to join us?” He asked.

“Ah.” Leon said with a shake of his head. “I would be honoured but I have duties to fulfil elsewhere, I must make preparations in two more courtrooms then I can only have a short break for myself before I must return here.”

“That is a shame, perhaps another time.” Quentin told him.

“Another time.” Leon agreed a little disappointed.
Harry offered his hand to the younger man, who Harry quite liked.

“If we don't get to speak again after we return, it's been a pleasure to meet you Leon.” Harry told him truthfully.

“The pleasure has been mine, sir.” He said shaking Harry's hand.

“If you're ever in England, or at my Ministry you should stop by, we can have our lunch together then.” Harry told him.

“Ah, you are too kind, you do not have to go through such trouble for me.” Leon said.

“No, I mean it Leon. I'm not just being polite, it's a genuine offer.” Harry said truthfully.

“You're are as people say.” Leon said. “An honest man as well as a powerful force for good in this world.”

“Well, I don't know about all that.” Harry said a little embarrassed at Leon's words.

“Modest too.” Quentin said with a grin at Harry's discomfort.

“Shut it, you.” Harry warned but he was smiling too.

“I will certainly look you up should I ever be fortunate enough to have the chance.” Leon told Harry earnestly. “But if you would please excuse me, I really must be going.”

“Of course.” Quentin said and gave the younger man a small slap on the back. “Take care, Leon.”

“Yes, sir.” He said and with a small wave to both of them he hurried quickly out of the courtroom.

“I think I like that boy.” Harry told Quentin.

“I've always liked him.” Quentin agreed. “He's honest and earnest and he works very hard. I respect that.”

“They're good qualities.” Harry agreed.

“Let's see about getting something to eat shall we?” Quentin asked.

“Lead the way.” Harry said gesturing for him to do so and the two of them left the courtroom and headed back into the maze that was the French Ministry of Magic.
Tell Them This is the Only One.

Chapter Summary

Lunch, verdict, a change and celebration.

Quentin led Harry to a cafeteria, it was very large and quite busy. One side of the room had a long buffet style set up where people could take their trays and load them up with food they chose as they moved along.

Behind this was a kitchen, Harry saw it was also very busy and occasionally a witch or wizard would head out of it with their wands floating more food to replace something on the food line. There were some long tables at which people sat eating and Harry was reminded of Hogwarts. At the other end of the room there were smaller tables which were much emptier and after Quentin and Harry had loaded up their trays they headed to an empty one.

They sat down and the two of the dug in. Having missed breakfast Harry was quite hungry despite the gruesome things that had been on display through the morning. He had chosen to put on his tray, a very delicious looking chicken sandwich, a small bowl of some kind of crisps, a green apple and an eclair.

Harry was almost done with his sandwich when someone approached their table. He was a little older than Harry, closer to Quentin's age. He wore a uniform the same as Quentin's though he showed only a few decorations unlike Harry who had many and Quentin who had slightly less. The French wore their honours on their chest.

“Do you might if I sit with you?” He asked in English that Harry presumed was for his benefit but the man spoke to them both.

“Of course, Raf!” Quentin said easily. “Join us.” He gestured at the seat next to himself.

“Harry.” Quentin said. “This is Rafael Legrand, he is head of contraband.” And Harry held out a hand over the table and shook.

“Raf, this is Harry Potter, Head of the Auror Department back in England.” Quentin said.

“Of course I know who he is!” Raf said. “Good to meet you, Harry.” He said.

“You too.” Harry told him.

“What is contraband?” Harry asked.

“It is, the much like your Misuse of Muggle Artefacts department.” Raf told him. “We deal with items that are contraband.”

“Oh I see.” Harry said.

“I have spoken many times with Archer Bennett when we have had to work on stopping smuggling operations.” He told Harry.
“Ah, Archie.” He said. “That is... A very large and loud man.” He said hesitantly.

Raf laughed at this.

“You are right, he is like a giant trapped in a large wizard body.” Raf said.

“He is quite good at his job though.” Harry said, not wanting to speak ill of the head of the Misuse of Muggle Artefacts department.

“This is true.” Raf agreed. “For all his loudness and grand talk he does his job well.”

Harry nodded.

“Weren't you in the courtroom today?” Harry asked nodding to the man's uniform.

“Ah, not in your courtroom. I was in another one speaking about my own case.” He told Harry.

“Oh? Did it go well?” Harry asked.

“Yes, my case went through and the witch is being charged.” He nodded in satisfaction.

“What did she do?” Harry asked curiously.

“She was selling counterfeit cosmetic products on a large scale, they were giving people very painful burns.” He told Harry. “we didn't manage to charge her for any of the sales but we got her for smuggling them with the intent to distribute though.”

“What will happen to her?” Harry asked.

“She will have to pay a very heavy fine and spend some time behind bars.” Raf said with a satisfied tone.

“How big was the fine?” Quentin asked and when Rafael answered Harry almost choked on his last bite of sandwich.

Raf grinned like a shark.

“That'll put her out of business for some time, I expect.” Quentin noted, also amused.

“How long will see spend in prison?” Harry wondered.

“She was sentenced to three years at Faustine's. Though I expect she will be out in less than two.” Raf said.

“Faustine's?” Harry asked curiously.

“It is a prison for non-violent crimes up near the northern border.” Quentin told him.

“Where will Fontaine go?” Harry asked.

“He'll be going to The Pit.” Raf said with certainty and a seriousness he had yet to show thus far.

“The Pit?” Harry asked.

“A very old place in the south.” Quentin explained. “It is said the name comes from the original prison that was there. According to legend the first witch or wizard they put there was thrown into a magically sealed pit.”
“The story says that they had to build their own bed out of the mud at the bottom of it.” Raf told him.

“For every new dangerous criminal they dug another pit and threw them in, only lowering food and some buckets down to them and never speaking to them.” Quentin said. “Or so the story goes.”

“What is the place really like?” Harry asked them both.

“Like any other heavily fortified and guarded prison though they still have the pits they are built into the ground and only one prisoner is in each pit. They aren’t thrown food and buckets any more if that really happened but they do have their food and such lowered down to them. They only get an hour per day out of the pit and spend it in the exercise yard.”

“Sounds as bad as Azkaban.” Harry told them and they both nodded.

“Granted, they are sometimes given books or other small things to pass the time and they are allowed to have a visitor once a month but the kinds of people who end up in The Pits don’t usually have visitors coming to see them.” Quentin said.

“That is where Fontaine belongs.” Said Raf firmly before turning to Quentin and speaking in a slightly lighter tone. “So tell me how the trial went.”

Quentin gave his fell head of department as run down of the mornings events half in English and half in French. Harry heard him say Jonathan McCall's name and Harry knew that he had been right that Quentin was memorising it. Rafael gasped upon hearing that he was an old man with no magic of his own and let out a stream of, Harry was sure, foul curses in French.

When Quentin was coming to an end of the retelling a young looking witch and equality as young looking wizard approached their table looking nervous. Quentin broke off his tale and the their of them looked at the new arrivals.

“We are sorry to interrupt you, sirs.” The wizard said. “But we have a small request.” This accent was very thick. He seemed to hesitate, unable to say what he wanted.

The witch stepped forward placed down a book that Harry had seen before, it had his face on it but the writing was French. It was one of the many accounts of his eventual defeats of Voldemort.

“We wish to ask you with you would do us the honour of signing this for us, please Mr Potter.” The witch got out in a hurried voice which got higher and higher as it went on.

Sighing slightly and looking around Harry realised that he didn't have anything to sign with.

The young wizard stepped forwards, knowing what he was looking for and set down a quill next to the book.

“Alright, but if you hear anyone else thinking about asking me for this you tell them that this was the only one I am signing, OK?” He said firmly.

They both nodded and looked excited.

“Of course, sir.” The witch said.

“We will let everyone know.” The wizard told him.

Harry signed his name on his own chin and the two of them thanked him in English and in French as
they bowed several times and backed away from their table.

Quentin was on the very of laughing and Raf looked amused.

“Such devoted fans you have, Harry.” Quentin said trying to sound casual.

“Not a bloody word.” Harry told them pointing at them both. “From either of you.”

The two of them burst into laughter at this while Harry looked grumpy, soon though he chuckled a little with them. He couldn't help himself, they both looked so funny.

“Alright, alright.” Said Raf. “I have to get going.” He told them.

He offer a hand to Harry who shook and assured each other it was a pleasure to meet one another. He slapped Quentin lightly on the shoulder and left, taking his tray with him.

“We still have a while before we have to get back.” Quentin pointed out.

“You are going to sit here until then?” Harry asked.

Quentin shook his head. “Let's head to my department, we can get a decent cup of coffee there... Or tea.” He added.

The two of them did just that after removing their own trays and setting them on a pile to be cleaned as they left the cafeteria.

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The two of them exited the courtroom for the second time that day. They walked back the way they had come heading to the large hall where they had arrived that morning.

The judges had sentenced Fontaine to life in prison without any chance of parole. Harry had watched Fontaine closely as they had pronounced his sentence and he had once again shown no sign of listening to them. He had returned to the courtroom unfrozen and again looking uninterested. He didn't try to even look for Harry, not even when the guards had opened his door to take him away. Harry had expected something from the madman but who knew that was going on inside his head.

The general chatter in the courtroom after it had been called to an end had seemed pleased with this sentencing both he and Quentin received a few pats on their backs as they left the room. Quentin had confirmed to Harry that Fontaine would indeed be going to The Pit.

Harry was always conflicted when someone was sentenced to be imprisoned on the one hand he didn't like to be the reason someone would be locked away for the rest of their life but on the other hand he knew that there was no other choice. He had taken one more dark wizard off the streets before he could hurt more people and he always had to remind himself of this afterwards.

Foolish, he knew to spare even a drop of pity for someone like Fontaine but there it was. He did his best to set it out of his mind as they both reached the large hall.

“Are you ok to disapparate back on your own?” Quentin asked him

“Yeah, I know the place well enough by now.” Harry assured him

“That is good.” Quentin agreed.

“Before I forget, my wife asked me to ask you when exactly we would be having dinner.” Harry remembered.
“Ah, yes.” Quentin said, like Harry the thought of having a couple's dinner hadn't been in the forefront of his mind with everything that had been going on. “Well, tomorrow we will have your commendation ceremony but if you're not doing anything on Sunday evening, maybe then?”

“It sounds good, do you think you could pick us up again?” Harry asked.

“Of course.” Quentin assured him. “Let us say early evening, around seven?”

“We'll be waiting for you at seven.” Harry agreed.

“Then it is settled!” Quentin pronounced.

“Er, what should we bring?” Harry asked. “Is there a certain kind of wine your wife likes that we could bring with us?”

“Do not worry, you don't have to bring anything.” Quentin assured him.

“Well, I know that you mean that but my wife won't care, she won't come empty handed.” Harry pointed out.

“Ah, I see what you mean.” Quentin said looking thoughtful. “Have you heard of la petite ville?” He asked Harry.

“Yes, we were there yesterday.” He told him.

“You know how to get there on your own?” He asked.

“I can apparate there.” Harry said.

“There is a wine shop, on the corner of the western street. It has a bottle green awning and sign. If you pop into there any of the house wines will do, Sabine likes all of their house wines so long as they are red.” Quentin told him.

“Thanks Quentin.” Harry told him. “You've saved me from getting an earful from my wife.”

“We poor husbands should look out for each other.” Quentin told him with a smirk.

“If we don't who will?” Harry asked agreeing.

“Oh, any I know your wife will also probably ask but the dress is what you could call 'smart-casual'. ” Quentin told him. “No need for anything too fancy though I know you will probably be wearing a suit.”

“I don't think I even packed some jeans.” Harry admitted. “I miss them sometimes.”

“Well I'll be wearing mine in your honour.” Quentin told him. “I will see you tomorrow anyway, you and Ginny will both meet Sabine and our daughter.”

“We will.” Harry agreed.

The two of them shook hands and then Harry was back at the Delacour's with a crack, standing in the entrance hall. There was a commotion in the sitting room to one side and everyone came running out. He realised only after Mr Delacour demanded in his booming voice. “Well? How did it go?”

“Life. No chance of parole.” Harry said, getting to the point.
Mr Delacour and his wife talking in French, Ginny came over to give him a hug and he hugged her back with the hand that wasn't holding his leather report.

“Good job, mate.” Bill said slapping him on the back.

“Yes, you have done good to put that man where he belongs.” Fluer said and when Ginny released him Fluer gave him a kiss on the cheek.

“Well done, Harry.” Gabrielle said and smiled at him from a distance.

“Thank you.” He said politely to her, though he didn't know why everyone was thanking him. Fontaine would have been sent to prison without his report he expected.

“Your uncle Harry has put a very bad man behind bars.” Mr Delacour was explaining to Victoire. “He hurt a lot of people and now he can't do it ever again. He has done a very good thing, your uncle Harry has.”

“I think this news is cause for a small drink.” Mrs Delacour suggested and although it was still only late afternoon and not quite evening yet they all agreed.

Harry was mildly surprised when Mrs Delacour walked over and link her arm with Ginny, who didn't seem surprised at all. She gave him a look that said 'I'll explain later.' as Mrs Delacour led her to Gabrielle and link her other arm in her youngest daughters with a smile. The mother led them both down the hall and everyone else followed. Bill and Harry trailing behind slightly.

“So did everything go about as you expected?” Bill asked quietly.

“Pretty much.” Harry told him nodding. “He got what he deserved.”

“That's good, come on brother mine!” Bill said a little grandly and threw an arm over his shoulder. “Let's go celebrate a little, you're on holiday after all.”

Harry simply nodded and went into the kitchen which was apparently where Mrs Delacour was leading them. Shortly after wine was opened while Mr Delacour raised a toast to 'justice served' which they toasted, including Victoire with a glass of juice. Harry only had the one glass of wine before Mr Delacour offered both him and Bill some very expensive whisky which they both gladly accepted.

During the small celebration Harry watched Mrs Delacour with Ginny and Gabrielle. Ginny and Gabrielle both seemed a little embarrassed by the older woman's sudden outpouring of affection. Not understanding this, he asked about it when he got a minute along with Ginny.

“Gabrielle appologised to her parents this morning.” Ginny told him quietly. “She told them that I had had words with her and pointed out that she was behaving like a little brat.”

Ginny had another sip of her drink.

“Well, not in those words but that's the general idea. She did it in front of us all at breakfast and she's been acting like the perfect daughter all day. Mrs Delacour cornered me around lunch time and she was almost in tears she was so happy.” Ginny told him.

“What did she say?” Harry asked.

“That she doesn't know what I said to Gabrielle and she won't ask but she is happy that I've shown her about badly she was behaving. She told me that she doesn't know how she could thank me for this but I told her that we're almost family and she invited us to stay at her home so not to worry
about it, you know?” Ginny said.

Harry nodded.

“Anyway, she seemed happy with that and told me that we're welcome to visit anytime we want, even if we just want to get away for the weekend. She said don't even bother letting them know a head of time because there will always be a place for us here.” Ginny told him still in her hushed voice.

“Blimey.” Harry said taking it all in.

“Anyway, she's been treating me like a third daughter ever since.”

“What's Fluer or Gabrielle's reaction to all of this.” Harry asked.

“Fluer thanked me too and she seemed happy that I've mended fences and Gabrielle... Well like I said she is behaving like the perfect daughter but I might be wrong but I don't think I am... I think she's happy that there isn't any tension between her and her parents any more.”

“You think it's genuine?” Harry asked.

“No.” Ginny told him. “I think she is happy to keep her parents happy and behave herself around them but she hasn't suddenly changed over night which is fine. From what I've seen I think she'll play nicely with her family from now on and stop being bratty but what she does on her own time is her business.”

“That sounds about right, it's good though that they've made up.” Harry noted.

“Yeah, hopefully it will last.” Ginny said.

“Hopefully.” Harry agreed.

Harry suddenly whipped out his wand, Ginny stepped back from him, wide-eyed and alarmed.

The leather folder containing his report shot out of Victoire's small hands and off the table it had been on. Flew across the room and Harry caught it.

Victoire looked shocked and everyone else was staring at him.

“It's my report from the trial.” He said a bit weakly. “It uh... Has pictures in it.” He said looking at the adults who suddenly understood.

“Can I see them?” Victoire asked. “I wanted to look at them!”

“No, no, no, sweetheart.” Said Mr Delacour smoothly. “They would give you very bad nightmares.”

“Quick thinking, Harry.” Bill said from his seat.

“It's my fault for just leaving it on the table, sorry Bill.” He said to his brother-in-law meaning it, it could have been very bad if Victoire had looked inside it. Harry met Fluer's eyes next. “Sorry Fluer, I'll be more careful.” He told her.

“No harm done.” She waved it away and gave him a small smile.

Turning back to Ginny, she pulled the leather folder from him.

“You'll regret looking inside.” Harry warned her.
She hesitated in opening it then she closed it again and handed it back to him.

“Make sure you don't leave it lying around again.” She told him.

“I won't.” He told her.

“Now, stop looking so grim and have another drink.” She told him.

And he did, many more drinks.
Fluer took Victoire up to bed, Gabrielle volunteered to read a bedtime story when Victoire kicked up a fuss about having to go to bed. Both Ginny and Mrs Delacour were a little bit dizzy some time later and both went up to find their beds, leaving Bill, Harry and Mr Delacour sitting together with their drinks.
Harry gave them an account of the trial with a little detail, they drank a little more to honour the dead and it was late when Harry managed to stumble back to his rooms, the leather folder under his arm.
The next day Harry was not feel so well after staying up late with Bill and Mr Delacour, they had probably drank a little too much. He had a vague memory of opening the leather folder to show them what was inside during his recounting of the trial. It took Harry a very long time to finally get out of bed, into the shower and to get himself dressed. This was a good thing in part as it gave Harry the chance to slowly come more awake. Ginny hadn't been in bed when he had half roused himself so when he was half decent he went out of their rooms in search of his wife. On the way down the long halls of the Delacour's mansion after turning a corner and with the stairs leading down in sight, he heard his name being called.

“Harry.” Said Gabrielle's voice. He turned around to face in the direction of the sound to see Gabrielle's head sticking out from a door.

“Gabrielle?” He asked and for some reason her cheeks went a little red, maybe she was remembering the night of Ginny's performance. She looked around to be sure the vast hall was empty then stepped out, she was only wearing a thin nightdress. She quickly made her way to Harry, who stood, letting her approach him.

“I just want to say, well done for yesterday.” She told him.

“Uh, you thanked me yesterday with everyone else.” He pointed out.

“I know, I know.” She waved this off. “But I mean really to thank you. Mr and Mrs Chevalier were aunt and uncle to a friend of mine.”

“I see, I'm sorry for her loss.” He said meaning it, he knew only too well that for every untimely death there were left other victims. Entire families left devastated, a part of them torn away and never to return.

“You really mean that, don't you?” Gabrielle asked him.

“I am not sure I know what you mean?” He asked.

“You aren't just saying that to be polite.” Gabrielle clarified.

“No.” Harry sighed. “I've seen the pieces left behind after something like this too many times to toss around empty words about this kind of thing.”

“You're a good man, Harry.” Gabrielle said and he was a little embarrassed.

“Uh- Thanks.” He said, Gabrielle smiled a little at his being uncomfortable. “I had better go find Ginny.” He told her. Gabrielle smiled a little and her cheeks turned red again but she nodded to him.

“You can tell Ginny that she doesn't have to keep watching me the way she does.” Gabrielle said.
“What do you mean?” Harry asked, knowing exactly what she meant.

“I'm not going to turn into... A brat again.” Gabrielle said quietly then looking down at the floor she continued. “I'm glad to have all this...” She waved her hands around a little unable to find the words or trying to indicate something. “Family squabbling out of the way.” She managed. “I don't want to make my parents angry again, it was exhausting for everyone.”

“It hasn't been all that long, Gabrielle.” Harry pointed out. “Ginny has good reason to keep an eye on you.” He told her.

“I know.” Gabrielle told him sounding a little frustrated. “But I won't upset my parents again, I don't want to have to keep avoiding them and my house because we're angry with each other. I will still have my friends, I'll just be sure to keep my parents happy from now on.”

Harry considered the girl, she seemed to be genuine. While part of the reason she wanted to keep her parents happy was for her own convenience, a part of her seemed to actually want to keep them happy in general, to have a happier home life, which was close enough.

“Well, that's good.” Harry said. “I'll tell Ginny what you said.”

She nodded but said no more about it.

“Sylvie, my friend will be at your commendation today.” She told him. “She will want to meet you, and her parents.”

It was Harry's turn to nod, not wanting to say anything about this subject.

“I'll introduce them to you, if you don't mind.” She half offered, half asked.

“Alright, you can introduce us.” Harry agreed, already not looking forward to meeting a grieving family with that gratitude in their eyes.

“Good. I will go now.” Gabrielle said, almost as if asking his permission but not quite. She had given him a look from under her lashes as if she were watching him to make sure he would allow her to leave.

“Alright Gabrielle, I'll see you later on.” He told her. She nodded at this and turned to walk back to the room she had emerged from. She was almost at the door when Harry spoke.

“And Gabrielle.” Harry said, stopping her. She still stood facing away from him but her upper body half turned back to him. She looked at him questioningly.

“Ginny might not just be watching you to see if you misbehave.” He told her and at her continued quizzical look he continued. “She might be admiring the view.” He said and pulled that little bit of red back to her cheeks.

“Although.” He said as if speaking to himself. “Maybe she is hoping that you misbehave in some small way, so she can have a little fun punishing you next time you come to our rooms...”

She looked down at the floor but Harry caught a small smile on her lips, almost shy before her long silvery hair covered her face.

“I'll see you later, Gabrielle.” He repeated.

“See you later, Harry.” She almost whispered, Harry turned and continued his long journey to find
his wife, he heard Gabrielle’s door close quietly behind him and he smiled to himself a little.

Harry eventually found Ginny, Mrs Delacour and Fluer in the kitchen at the small collection of tables, which seemed to be the place to hang out at this mansion. Maybe it was to stay close to the food in case you got hungry and then starved to death trying to make your way to the kitchen down the long halls.

“Look who decided to get up.” Ginny said as he entered the room.

“I had to rest my back.” Harry told her, making his way over to the tables. “People are going to be patting it a lot today.”

“Maybe they’re giving you a medal of stupidity for duelling a madman by yourself.” Ginny shot back.

Harry pretended to think this over as he took a seat next to her. “I wonder what it would look like.” He said musingly.

“Like your dragon one, only with an arse for a head.” His wife told him.

“I hope the colour matches.” Harry said.

“Good morning, Harry.” Mrs Delacour said, breaking into their back and forth.

“Good morning, Mrs Delacour.” He replied.

“My husband was not feeling so well this morning.” She told him with a slightly amused look at him.

“Nor was mine.” Fluer said.

“They have taken Victoire out to see Paris.” Mrs Delacour told him.

“I think they only agreed so that she wouldn't keep asking so loudly.” Fluer noted.

“We did stay up quite late.” Harry admitted, wondering why either of the two men thought that giving Victoire what she wanted would ever keep her quieter.

“How do you feel, beloved?” Ginny asked him in an overly sweet tone.

“About as well as I normally do when I have to put my uniform back on for a second day.” He told her, not wanting to discuss his mild headache and dry mouth. “Is that bacon I smell?” In what he thought was probably the least subtle hint ever.

“I will make you a sandwich for your breakfast.” Mrs Delacour said looking amused again but taking pity on him. “What would you like on it and would you like some coffee?” She asked standing up.

“Uh, just buttered bread and I would love some coffee, thank you Mrs Delacour.” He told her gratefully.

“Did you remember to ask Quentin about our dinner date?” Ginny asked him.

“Yes, I remembered.” Harry said. “It’s on Sunday, he’s picking us up from here at seven in the evening.” He told his wife.

“You actually remembered then.” She said sounding as if she hadn’t believed he would, she shared a slightly bemused look with Fleur so Harry continued just to see their faces.
“It's smart casual, nothing all that fancy. Quentin told me that he would be wearing jeans. I asked him about what we should bring, he told me that we didn't have to bring anything but I eventually got out of him that Sabine is fond of the house wines at a certain place in la petite ville. She likes almost all of their house wines so long as they are reds. It's a place on the corner of the western street with a bottle green awning and sign.” Harry finished.

Ginny and Fleur both looked very surprised at his level of seemingly preparedness about this, Harry silently thanked Quentin. Looking out for one another indeed.

“We'll be meeting them both at the commendation today anyway, with their daughter.” Harry said into the silence.

“I-Well, OK. That's good.” Said Ginny. “I'll go to the wine shop some time tomorrow.” She still didn't know quite what to say but before it dragged out Mrs Delacour returned to the tables.

“Here you are, dear.” She told him setting down a large bacon sandwich on a plate down in front of him and followed it up with a very large and delicious smelling coffee mug.

“Thanks, Mrs Delacour.” Harry said with a grin.

“You're very welcome.” She said and returned to her seat.

Harry listened to the three women chatting away as he devoured the bacon sandwich, occasionally using a hot mouthful of coffee to help it get down faster.

“You're on the front page of the paper.” Fleur told him at stop in their flow of conversation after turning to look at him.

Harry spluttered in his coffee slightly before setting it down.

“Not again...” He said.

“It's not bad.” Ginny told him quickly.

Mrs Delacour reached to the empty seat besides her and pulled up a folded newspaper and handed it to him.

Harry took it with a murmur of thanks and unfolded it.

Harry saw a very large photograph of himself and Quentin shaking hands and looking pleased. They were both in their full uniforms and he recognised it as the hall from the French Ministry of Magic. After a moments thought he realised that this was just after they had made their plans for dinner and Harry had left before shaking hands.

In the top right of the photograph was another photograph over it and it was a photograph of Fontaine's gaunt and hollow eyed face.

The text of the article was in French but he saw his name in the writing several times.

“What does it say?” Harry asked.

“Not all that much about you in the main part of the article.” Fleur told him. “They use your name on the front page to make more sales I think, but the inside is mostly about Fontaine.”

“They say on the front that you and Mr Moreau were pleased to have captured Fontaine and brought him to justice. It says that the two of your have a good working relationship and are rumoured to be
personal friends.” Mrs Delacour told him. “Inside the article you only get spoken about when they talk about Fontaine's capture in Britain and then again to say you are to be honoured by the Ministry of Magic.” She finished with a reassuring smile.

Harry set the paper down and sat back with relief.

“Well that makes a change.” Harry said.

Ginny laughed and began to tell Mrs Delacour some of the things The Daily Prophet had written about him, Fleur even joined in too. Harry continued to drink his coffee and listened to them, he had to admit that the way they told Mrs Delacour made it sound pretty amusing but as Harry knew all too well it wasn't so funny when you were the topic they were writing about.

When Harry felt that he was capable of more movement again he stood and told them that he had better go find his uniform to wash it for later today.

Ginny informed him that she had already taken care of it and that it was hanging up in the wardrobe on the left. He thanked her with a kiss on the cheek and told them that he was going to make some last minute additions to his speech and then get changed.

Harry returned to his rooms.

He still didn't have a speech.

He had come to realise at some point that trying to write a speech was pointless. He would never be happy with whatever it was that he had written. He had decided instead to just write down a few points he didn't want to forget, mostly they were about international relations that he knew Hermione would want him to mention and then there were some names he had written down and wanted to remember to talk about.

He was going to wing it and hope that he didn't repeat himself too much or forget how to speak. There was this and he was also hoping that Quentin who would no doubt be translating his words would polish up some of the rough edges or better yet, come up with a better speech and pray that the people who would be there who spoke English wouldn't give the game away.

Harry found his uniform exactly where Ginny said it was, he changed into it and made sure to put his small collection of notes into his pocket. It was at this point that Ginny returned to their rooms and began her own preparations to ready herself for the gathering.

Harry simply watched his wife and once she knew he was watching her she seemed to take her time. Her movements deliberate, almost like a ritual.

Harry enjoyed watching her, not least because she did most of these things in her underwear and her dress went on last.

She wore very form fitting red dress that was slightly asymmetrical at the shoulder, gone was her customary thick braid today, her long red hair was down and free. It looked very glossy and soft and Harry had to make an effort not to run his hands through it because he knew it would only annoy her when he messed I up.

His wife's beautiful pale skin stood out against the solid red of the dress that hugged her perfect figure.

She finally stood up and picked up a small handbag and turned to him where he sat on the bed.

“You look beautiful.” He told her, the words were simple but he meant them without reservation, he knew she understood this by the way she smiled at him.
“Thank you.” She told him. “You don’t look half bad yourself in that uniform.” She added with the return of her playfulness in her tone.

“No one will be looking at me.” He assured her and won another smile from her.

“Well we had better get going so people can admire my glorious visage.” She told him.

He stood and opened the door for his beautiful wife, struck again by one of those odd feelings of surprise at how lucky he was to have managed to capture her. The two of them headed down to the entrance hall of the Delacour mansion to meet up with everyone else before they all headed out to listen to Harry make up a speech and hopefully not make too much of a fool of himself.
Harry and his party arrive at his commendation.

They all appeared outside some very large gates.
The place the commendation ceremony was to take place was a large country manor house, the place was owned by the French Minister for Magic himself. Though Mr Delacour had informed him that the Minister didn't actually live here but rather hired the place out for formal events and gatherings when the Ministry for Magic didn't need to use the place for official functions.

The place apparently had a full time staff, it was in so much demand by the wealthy magical families from all over France and even, he had been told, some from outside of France.

A witch and a wizard who were neatly dressed stood outside the gates they had arrived at and smiled politely to them as Mr Delacour led their group towards them.
He handed them several invitation cards while speaking in French before turning to gesture at Harry and Ginny.

The wizards eyed widened slightly and both he and the witch looked at Harry intently.

Harry nodded to them both, hoping it was the right thing to do. When they returned his nod and the witch even smiled to him, he knew he had done the right thing.
One of them gestured with their wand at the gates which opened while the other pointed her wand at a small scrap of parchment she had written on and it zipped off further into the grounds.

The wizard motioned for them to follow him and they all walked through the gates. To one side of the gates Harry saw a pile of carpets, they had been hidden from view from the outside by the large walls but now they were quite obvious.

The wizard walked over to the pile and jumped slightly to step onto the top most one. The carpet rose from the pile, the wizard on top of it and it glided smoothly over to come back to in front of them all.
Magical carpets were still banned in England but not apparently in France.
They all stepped onto it, the gates had now closed behind them leaving only the witch to guard it and the wizard very smoothly rode them along the road through the spacious grounds and to the manor house.
Victoire was talking animatedly to her mother about the flying carpet and Harry was admiring how smooth the ride was, all of them were standing and moving quiet fast but it felt as if he were standing on solid ground.
The gentle breeze that ran over them was definitely altered by magic as it should have been much rougher and colder on them by the speed they were travelling and the time of the year but it felt like a pleasant summer breeze.

He was wondering if all flying carpets were so smooth or if the wizard was just a very good flier when he caught sight of their destination.
The place was enormous, it was about twice the size of the Delacour's mansion though looked much different. It was old red brick covered in thick patches of vines, there were too many windows to
count, large and small.
The huge doors at the front of the building stood open and Harry could make out several people standing by them. As they got closer he could see a large entrance hall inside those doors and then his attention was caught again as he recognised one of the people waiting by the open doors. The wizard came to a gentle stop and the carpet lowered to the ground. They all got off and the wizard took off again and zoomed, much faster Harry thought, back to his position by the gates.

Harry turned from watching the wizard on the carpet to greet the person he recognised, Leon was already heading towards him with a smile on his young face. Mr Delacour was talking to another one of the people standing by the open door in French.

“Mr Potter.” Leon said. “It is good to see you again, sir.”

“Leon.” Harry said offering his hand. “You didn't tell me you would be here today?”

They shook.

“I only just found out yesterday evening, I suspect that Mr Moreau had a word with the Minister because I received word from his office that I would be required here today to 'ensure that our honoured guests arrive and find their way around without difficulty'.” He said the last as if quoting his orders. “So I am supposed to take you inside and make sure you don't get lost.” He said.

“Well, I'm glad to have you as our guide.” Harry told him truthfully. He did really like this young man though he hardly knew him, there was just something about it that was very genuine and friendly which spoke to Harry.

“Leon, I'd like you to meet my wife Ginny.” Harry said, realising that he was standing in front of Ginny who was on her own as the rest of the group had followed Mr Delacour. Harry stepped a side and the young man's eyes widened when he caught an unobscured view of his wife. Harry couldn't blame the young man, she looked very fetching.

“Ginny, this is Leon Mercier. He works for the French Ministry and helps see justice done in the courtrooms.” Harry said.

Leon reached out a hand to Ginny and she shook it with a small amused smile at his reaction to her.

“I-It is an honour to meet you, Mrs Potter.” He said. “I of course knew that you are a famous quidditch player but I did not know you were such a lovely woman too.” He said.

Harry wasn't jealous at the young man's words, nor was he upset by Ginny's smile at them. It was plan as day to both of them that Leon Mercier wasn't trying to make an advance at Ginny but he was simply complimenting her beauty. Again it was the young man's genuine demeanour that shone through and even Harry smiled at little at him.

“You're too kind.” Ginny said to him. “So you judge criminal cases?” She asked politely.

“Ah-No, your husband is being too kind.” He said. “I am just a clerk for the courts, through one day I hope to become an official there.” He admitted.

“I'm sure you'll get there in no time.” Ginny told him. “The Minister for Magic chose you personally to great his guest of honour after all.”

Leon looked surprised at this then pleased. “I hadn't thought about it like that!” He said.

“I think she's right.” Harry said. “You've been noticed by the higher ups and I think you'd make a
great official.”

“Thank you.” The young man said modestly. “But please, let us not forget my duties. If you would follow me inside, I will show you to the private waiting area.”

When Harry looked over to the rest of their group who were looking back over to them from just inside the double doors, Leon turned to see what he was looking at.

“Oh, of course. You will be able to rejoin them and the other guests once the ceremony is done.” He told both Harry and Ginny.

He led them towards their group and spoke to Mr Delacour in English, Harry suspected for his benefit.

“Mr Delacour.” Leon greeted him respectfully. “I am afraid I must steal away Mr and Mrs Potter from your party for the preparations for the ceremony. They will of course rejoin you one it is done, I hope you can forgive me.” He asked.

“Of course, young man.” Mr Delacour boomed and Harry could see that Leon's respectful words and honest tone had already won over the older man. Mr Delacour waved this away and spoke. “They are the honoured guests, they have things to do. I wouldn't fault you for doing your duty.” He told Leon.

Turning to face Harry and Ginny. “We will meet up afterwards.” He told them both.

“I'm sure Leon will help us to find you.” Harry told Mr Delacour.

“Good luck, mate.” Bill said. “We'll be the one's laughing at the bad jokes in your speech, you know... Out of loyalty.” Bill said with a smirk.

“Thanks.” Harry replied with heavy sarcasm then Leon led him and Ginny away.

Leon took them to what seemed to be a spacious sitting room with several areas in it where a few small groups could gather together and converse. When they first entered Hugo Menard, the First Minister for Magic walked over to greet him.

“Minister.” Leon said with a small duck of the head and stepping to one side. “Your guests.” He gestured to Harry and Ginny.

“Thank you Leon, thank you.” Said the Minister giving Leon a small slap on the shoulder.

“Minister.” Harry repeated Leon's words but more firmly and in greeting.

“Ah, Mr Potter.” Hugo said. “Good to see you again. Are you well?”

They both shook hands.

“I am Minister, and yourself?” Harry asked politely.

“I am much better now that this whole ordeal with Fontaine is finally at an end.” The Minister admitted. “I have been pulling out my hair in frustration the entire time he was loose and even when you had captured him the press would not stop demanding that I see him punished.”

“I'm sorry it took so long for us to get him back over here.” Harry said but the Minister waved this off.
“Not your fault, international politics. It could not help but take time.” The Minister said.

“Please Minister, let me introduce you to my wife, Ginny.” Harry said gesturing to Ginny, who had a similar effect on the Minister for Magic as she had had on Leon though the Minister didn't comment on her appearance.

“A pleasure to meet you.” The Minister said, shaking hands with his wife who returned his greeting politely.

“I hope you are prepared to give a small speech after the ceremony.” The Minister began. “We will begin fairly soon I should think but I will be addressing our guests first. It is customary to say a few words after these things.” He told Harry.

“I've got a few things to talk about.” Harry assured the Minister who nodded at his words.

“This is good.” The Minister told him. “Now if you will both excuse me, I will have to speak to a few people back out there.” He gestured vaguely to indicate the regular guests who were presumably somewhere else in the massive building. “I will have Leon here come to let you know when it is time for you to join me and he will bring you.”

“Of course, Minister.” Harry said.

“I hope to speak to you both again afterwards when we are more relaxed and celebratory.” The Minister said to both Harry and Ginny who assured him that they would be delighted to speak more.

“Come now, Leon. We have things to do.” The Minister said a little grandly.

“Yes, Minister.” The young man agreed politely and with a small nod and smile to him and Ginny he followed the Minister for Magic out of the room.

Harry, during this exchange with the Minister for Magic had spotted another familiar face and taking his wife's arm he led her in it's direction.

Quentin Moreau stood from the small seating area that he shared with a woman and a young girl. With a smile the two of them shook.

“I'm glad you made it, I thought I might have to send out some of my aurors to find you.” Quentin told him lightly.

“They would have found me already half way here being dragged by my wife.” Harry said and Quentin turned his smile to Ginny.

“It is good to see you again, Ginny.” He said warmly. “I'm sure you would have had him more than only half way here though.” He told her.

“I'd have been most of the way up the drive way.” She said with a smile and shaking Quentin's hand. “It's nice to see you again too.”

The woman and young girl who had also stood when they had approached came fully in to view as Quentin stepped to the side.

“Harry, Ginny, I would like you to meet my wife Sabine and our daughter Constance.” Quentin said to them.

Ginny reached a hand out to Sabine and they both shook and greeted.
Harry gave a small wave and a little smile to the young girl Constance, who returned both a little shyly.
Constance looked to be around thirteen or fourteen, she was a pleasant looking girl with the same dark brown hair as her mother. She was slightly sun-kissed with brought out a few freckles over her nose.
Harry reached a hand towards her mother while Ginny turned to the young girl.

“It's a pleasure to finally meet you.” Harry said.

“And you too.” She told him and her accent was a little more pronounced than her husbands but still more clear than most. “From yours and my husbands words, you are not looking forward to the ceremony?” She asked quizzically.

“Ah-Well it's just that...” Harry began.

“He is too modest to accept gratitude in such a public way.” Quentin said, grinning at Harry's plight. “And he doesn't want to have to make a speech.” Ginny betrayed him with the same unsystematic grin on her face as Quentins.

“I see...” Sabine said trying to be politely neutral but with both of their spouses grinning at him she was having a hard time from joining in.

“Must you?” Harry asked slightly offended by their blatant enjoyment of his discomfort.

“We must.” Quentin told him gravely.

“He's right.” Ginny said with a nod. “We lowly and humble people can't miss this chance enjoy the great Harry Potter's humiliation as the opportunity comes so seldom.” His wife said in just as serious a tone as Quentins.

“I don't like either of you two very much.” Harry noted to them both.

“How will we go on?” Quentin asked with a hand over his heart.

“On your own, preferably.” Harry shot back and moved to take a seat. He gestured for Quentin's wife and daughter to join him on the sofa and when they did he continued. “I'm getting rid of you both, I'm marring your lovely wife Sabine, and Constance will be the new head auror.” Harry told his wife and Quentin who were still standing.

Constance let out a small giggle and Sabine smiled at their play.

“Ah well.” Said Quentin gesturing for Ginny to take a seat on the sofa opposite Harry and his own wife and their daughter. “Who are we to defy the will of the famous Harry Potter?” He asked.

Ginny shook her head as if to say 'no one'.

“I suppose we might as well get married too, we'll raise our children to follow The Gospel of Potter.” Ginny quipped.

“Don't I get a say in this?” Sabine asked, still amused.
Her husband shook his head sadly at her.

“I'm afraid we aren't important enough.” He told her.

“Oh well, things could be worse I suppose.” She said with a feigned sigh.
“Now you've even turned my new wife against me.” Harry told Quentin.

“Betrayed again.” He said to Harry who shrugged. “Are you prepared?” Quentin asked him in a more serious voice.

“I've got a few notes in my pocket.” Harry answered him not surprised at the change in tone. He reached up to pat his uniform pocket to feel the small folded paper in there.

“That's good.” Quentin said. “I'll translate for you, I'll be out there a little before you anyway.”

“I feel like I should be paying you for all the translation work.” Harry told him.

“I wouldn't say no to an extra wage.” He told Harry.

“I might even be able to go as far as getting you your own coffee mug at my department, you're there often enough.” Harry said.

“Such wealth.” Commented Quentin.

“So, Sabine.” Ginny said before the two of them could get going again. “What do you do?” His wife asked.

“Oh, I am a healer.” Sabine answered. “Though I only work part time now.”

“A healer?” Ginny said then looked to Constance. “An auror for a father and a healer for a mother, you'll be Minister for Magic one day.”

Constance smiled shyly at his wife but shook her head.

“I do not plan to be Minister for Magic.” The girl said.

“She wants to be a curse-breaker.” Quentin told them and the girl looked even more shy.

“My brother was a curse-breaker for Gringotts!” Ginny told the girl who looked surprised at this.

“Really?” Constance asked.

“Yes, he's here today. I'll introduce you to him.” Ginny promised.

“That would be good, thank you.” She replied.

“Have Beauxbatons broken up for the holidays already?” Harry asked, realising that Constance would be a student there.

“Not yet.” Sabine answered him. “They break up at the end of next week but Constance was allowed to come and attend this ceremony, she will be returning on Monday to stay for the rest of the week.” Sabine said and the last about Constance returning was spoken more to the girl than in reply to Harry.

For the first time Harry saw something other than meekness in the young girl and she looked like she would argue but they were interrupted before another word was said. A wizard cleared his throat politely then spoke in French to Quentin who replied.

“I am being asked for.” He said standing up. He leaned forwards and gave his wife a kiss on the cheek and smiled to his daughter. “We will speak again before our dinner tomorrow night I'm sure.” Quentin said to Ginny then turned to Harry. “I will see you out there, my friend.”
“See you out there.” Harry agreed and nodded.

Quentin followed the wizard out of the room, the same way the Minister for Magic had left.

As Ginny and Sabine were talking about how much they were both looking forward to their dinner tomorrow evening, having been reminded of it by Quentin. Harry saw Leon return to the room and began to rise but stopped and Leon waved a hand to him indicating he should stay.

“Not time yet, Leon?” Harry asked as he reached their sitting area.

“Almost.” The young man said. “I'm actually here to escort these lovely ladies to their seats first though.” He said turning and smiling to Ginny, Sabine and Constance.

“You're a lucky man then.” Harry said.

“I am at that.” Agreed Leon with a smile.

“I like him.” Ginny told Harry.

“So do I.” He said and Leon looked embarrassed but pleased by their words. As the three ladies stood up, collected their bags and looked to Leon he spoke and gestured grandly with an arm.

“If you three beautiful ladies would do me the honour of allowing me to escort you to your places...” He said bowing slightly.

Constance looked a bit red and Harry thought the young girl might have just developed a crush on the young man despite her still being only a child.

“I will return soon.” Leon told Harry before leading them out of the room.

All too soon Leon returned and led Harry down a hall and then through a door where they waited behind the scenes as it were. Harry could see Quentin and Hugo, the Minister for Magic on a small stage. It was more of a speaking platform than a stage for which Harry was thankful. Quentin was speaking in French into a small microphone that sat upon a little podium to the guests which Harry couldn't see properly.

The Minister looked to be nodding at his words as were the several other witches and wizards standing with them. Harry heard his name a few times but he could tell this wasn't his invitation to join them by the tone of Quentin's voice.

When Quentin spoke his name again and turned to gesture in Harry's direction, Harry felt Leon's small pat on his shoulder, he felt his heart skip a beat before he walked forwards into the sound of polite applause.
Harry was standing with Hugo Menard on his right and Quentin on his left, both he and Quentin were slightly to the side of the Minister for Magic as he stood and spoke into the microphone. He addressed the guests in English while Quentin spoke the French Translation.

“So the Minister of Magic award Harry Potter with this small token of our gratitude.” Menard was saying as a thin wizard walked to the Minister's other side with what looked like a jewellery case in his hands though Harry knew what would be inside it. “Services to our people...”

Harry watched the thin man open the case and fold it back so it was set to display it's contents. Inside was a small golden medal in the form of a charging horse. Attached to it was a red ribbon which would soon go over Harry's head to display the horse on Harry's chest. “Bravery and fearlessness in the caught of justice.” Menard finished.
The Minister for Magic took hold of the horse, then let the ribbon unfurl and he opened it open and turned to Harry.

Harry stepped forwards and bowed his head slightly as the Minster for Magic set the ribbon over his head, he straightened the horse against Harry chest before stepping back from him and letting his hands meet.

Harry nodded to him then to the crowd before shaking hands with Menard, when the crowd began to slow their applause the Minister for Magic gestured Harry towards the microphone.
Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out his notes, he set it down on the small surface on the podium that was out of view from the crowd.

He took a deep breath then looked up from it and began to speak.

“Firstly, I would like to thank no only the French Ministry for Magic but also everyone here and the rest of the French wizarding community for bestowing his honour on me.” Harry said and was surprised that his voice sounded firm and clear, as Quentin repeated his words in French Harry waited then continued.

“I would also like to thank a number of people, without whom I wouldn't have received this honour. I would like to thank James Ringwold, Elise Watkins and the rest of my department and in particular Peter Murphy who was greatly injured in the line of duty and who almost died of his injuries. I must also give thanks to your own Aurélien Dufour of the French Auror Department who helped in the search for Fontaine as well as Sebastian Morin who too was injured in the line of duty during our search.” Harry said with pauses to allow translation. The last wasn't entirely untrue as Sebastian had been injured though not seriously when the bricks from the building in Hogsmeade had fallen on him and Watkins. Harry left out that it was mostly just cuts and bruises, he considered this his effort to be diplomatic.

“Furthermore, I must give special thanks to Quentin Moreau, who heads the entire Department of Aurors right here in Paris for all of his invaluable assistance and advice.” Harry said and he heard
Quentin faulter slightly at the mention of his own name but pick back up smoothly.

“Quentin and myself have worked together many times before, I consider this man and friend and I know that the French wizarding community is in the safest hands with him in charge. I suspect Fontaine may have even fled your great country simply to escape Quentin’s wrath and endless determination to see justice done. However neither he or your Ministry would let Fontaine escape justice even after he had left the country.” Harry said and noted that Quentin looked a little flushed at having to speak these words about himself though he didn’t think it was very noticeable.

“As I said, Quentin and I have worked together many times before, we have found that working together despite having different jurisdictions and being a country away from each other, that we are better united at keeping people safer and bringing those who have committed crimes to meet their justice. I hope to continue this relationship with him and the French Ministry of Magic and our cooperation when in the pursuit of those goals and in hopes that the ever growing bond between our two peoples will only grow stronger.

Before I come to an end, I would ask that you remember not only those who have lost their lives or have been hurt by Fontaine but to have compassion and show understanding for your neighbours, both here and in my own country who have suffered great loss. But do not pity them but respect what they have been through, instead stand resolutely with them and with the rest of us who fight against such reprehensible crimes each day. Remember what it is we wish to prevent from happening again. Two nations will stand shoulder to shoulder as a single people united against evil. Thank you.” Harry finished, hoping he hadn't over done it.

Harry took a step back and the Minister for Magic shook his hand again. The crowd applauded enthusiastically this time and Harry was surprised to see people standing as they applauded.

“That.” The Minister for Magic said over the noise. “We one hell of a message.” He said seeming pleased.

“Thanks.” Harry said feeling slightly better about it, he decided to pick up the paper with his notes and replace it back into his pocket before the Minister for Magic realised he had been mostly making it up as he went along.

Harry felt a tap on his shoulder and turned to find Quentin standing behind him, looking a little flushed still he shook Harry's hand as they had done many times before but he pulled Harry into a half hug and patted him on the back before releasing him.

“I'll get you back for dragging me into this.” Quentin promised with a huge smile. “But other than that, very well done, Harry.”

Harry grinned back at his friend.

The Minister for Magic spoke briefly in French and Quentin informed Harry he was telling everyone it was time to celebrate.

Harry who had spotted Ginny, Sabine and Constance sitting at a table with two empty seats, waved a little to them and smiled to his wife who returned it. He looked around the large room and managed to find the rest of their group and he repeated the small wave to them.

Harry saw Bill give him two thumbs up grinned and then Quentin was leading him back behind the stage.

“That was very well done!” Leon told him excitedly.

“Thanks.” Harry said, feeling much better now that most of his responsibilities for this trip were finally over. All that was left was to be polite and enjoy the rest of his time here.
“Are you free to enjoy the celebrations now too?” Harry asked Leon who was leading both him and
Quentin back into the rest of the manor.

“I suspect that the Minister for Magic will have a few things he wishes me to do.” Leon told him.

“Well if you get some freedom you’re welcome to join us at our table.” Harry said.

“And if you don’t get any freedom, you can always tell the Minister that Harry Potter would like
someone with him to advise him.” Quentin said to the younger man as they all walked out into a hall.

“Ah, maybe but won't you be there to give advice?” He asked unsure.

“No all of the night, I have my own rounds to make so if you see Harry without me then you can
suggest it.” Quentin told him.

“You don't think the Minister would mind?” Leon asked.

“He seems to be in a good mood and if you word it right you might get away with it, you never
know.” Quentin said.

“He did seem pretty happy.” Harry said. “Plus, higher ups like it when someone points out a problem
to them if they already have the solution.”

“Harry is right.” Quentin said. “Maybe if you give him a look, Harry can look a little more lost and
confused than normal.”

“If you give me a thumbs up.” Harry said. “I'll probably have forgotten what it means and look very
confused.”

Quentin laughed and Leon looked like he might want to but he was looking more hopeful at the
prospect of getting the night off work to enjoy himself a little.

“You would do that?” Leon asked.

“Of course.” Harry told him. “Just give me a signal that the Minister doesn't see and I'll look as
confused as I can.”

“I will think about it.” Leon said but he looked excited now.

“You do that.” Harry said. “Sometimes you need to unwind a little.”

“No truer words have been spoken.” Quentin agreed as the three of them walked through a large
doorway into the room they had just been in though using the same entrance the guests had used,
Harry supposed.

“Well, I suppose.” Leon said. “But for now I will leave you both to enjoy your evening. Please
excuse me.”

“Thanks Leon.” Harry said. “You've been a great help to me during my stay here and I hope to see
you later on.”

“Oh we'll see him.” Quentin predicted but Leon only grinned slightly as he left them.

The two of them headed towards where they had seen their spouses. When they came into sight
Ginny stood up and put her arms around him. With a kiss on his cheek she spoke to him.
“That was excellent.” She told him.

“I didn't over do it?” Harry asked, valuing her opinion.

“If you were speaking to a British audience it would have been too much but the French like a little of the dramatic.” She said. “It was just right.”

Quentin who had just parted from his own embrace with his wife took a seat between her vacated one and his daughter. Sabine looked to Harry as Ginny and he parted.

“You should not have been so worried, you did very well.” She told him which drew a smile to his face.

“Thanks.” Harry said, he really did feel much lighter now it was over.

“Sit down.” Ginny told him. “Me and Sabine got you both drinks already.”

Harry did as he was told and sat next to his wife. He did indeed have a drink, Harry raised it to his lips and sipped. A pleasant burning sensation filled him but with a slightly unfamiliar taste, it was a very good taste.

“Oh wow, what kind of whisky is this?” Harry asked.

“I don't know.” Ginny admitted.

“I don't either.” Sais Sabine. “But I expect it is probably the best they had seem as the drink was for the guest of honour.”

“It's very good.” Harry told them.

“I'm so glad you like it.” Ginny commented.

“Well I'm glad that you're glad that I'm glad.” He told her smiling.

“You're in a better mood.” Ginny noted with a small smile.

“I feel a bit better knowing I don't really have to do much now.” Harry explained.

“Oh you've still got plenty to do yet.” Ginny informed him sipping from a glass of wine.

“Like what?” Harry asked.

“We have to socialise with the other guests.” Ginny told him. “And remember this isn't the last party we'll be at while were here so you'll have to socialise again.”

“I suppose.” Harry said. “But it's not exactly the same.”

“Not as bad as having to make a speech?” She asked.

“Exactly.” He said.

“I hate to interrupt.” Quentin told them both. “But may I make a small suggestion?”

“Of course.” Harry said.

“I think we should all head over to the other table to meet with the rest of your party while people are still distracted with drink ordering.” He said. “Otherwise, you're likely to be stopped at every table on
Harry picked up his drink and stood.

“Who else if not each other?” Harry quoted back to Quentin who grinned at him, remembering that they were to look out for each other.

Ginny and Sabine rose too, picking up their handbags and Constance rose to have Quentin put an arm around his daughter shoulders.
When everyone had their drink in there hand they made their way towards the Delacour’s table, they actually managed to get there without anyone stopping to talk to them.
Mr and Mrs Delacour both stood up when they arrived.

“Harry!” Boomed Mr Delacour. “You did fantastic!” The plump man said and shook his hand warmly. Harry managed not to spill the drink in his other hand while being shaken and replied.

“Thanks, Mr Delacour.” He said.

“He is right, you did a wonderful job.” Mrs Delacour told him and gave him a small kiss on the cheek and Harry smiled in return.

“Um- Mr and Mrs Delacour. This is my friend Quentin, his wife Sabine and their daughter Constance.” Harry said gesturing to them.

“Of course I know the Moreau's though I did not know that you and Quentin knew each other so well.” Mr Delacour said turning on the family. He greeted them all enthusiastically and then Mrs Delacour greeted them more sedately.

“Come, come.” Mr Delacour told them. “We have room enough for all at the table, take a seat.”

Harry sat down next to Bill as Ginny seated herself next to him with Gabrielle on her other side. Quentin, Sabine and Constance sat between Victoire and the Delacours.

“Well done, Harry.” Bill said to him.

“Thanks, mate.” He said.

“From what I have overheard.” Bill told him. “The rest of the guests like your speech.”

“I hope so.” Harry then in a low voice. “I pretty much made it up as I went along.” He admitted to his brother-in-law who laughed at this.

“You're as bad a Ron for putting things off.” Bill told him.

“Where do you think Ron gets it from?” Harry asked.

“Might have a point there.” Bill allowed and they clinked glasses and sipped.

Mr Delacour and Quentin were discussing previous events they had met briefly at while Fleur and Victoire were engaged with Sabine and Constance.

Harry, Bill and Ginny chatted between themselves with Gabrielle on Ginny's side occasionally joining in. At one point Harry saw Gabrielle go very still and her cheeks flush and he suspected that Ginny’s hand that wasn't holding her wine glass which was out of sight under the table might have strayed.
Harry managed to remain at the table enjoying everyone's company before he was summoned to go great other guests by Mr Delacour and Quentin. The two other men led him and Ginny with them and the four of them began to make their way around the room. They would talk briefly with a person but mostly with couples who congratulated Harry on his medal and that they thought he had given a good speech. This repeated several times as they all made their way to the bar.

Going to the bar was their excuse to be moving around and claiming to be getting drinks for their table it was also their excuse to keep their polite conversations fairly brief. When they reached the bar they would order drinks for everyone and take them back, during this time no one approached them, they would return to their table, relax with the friends and family until they finished their drinks and the cycle would repeat.

The conversations weren't actually that bad. Harry had expected the worst but everyone was very polite and they didn't seem to want to linger around taking up their time. There were a few invitations to other smaller gatherings while Harry and Ginny were still in France but they were unable to confirm their attendance to any of them as they were unsure of their plans as yet. Those who had issued the invitations were not put off by this but simply told them that the invitation stood and if they decided to join them at a later date then they would be welcome. It was very polite.

Things continued this way until early evening when there was a slight hiccup in this routine. Harry was returning from the facilities and was walking down a hall when he spotted Gabrielle trying to have a subdued argument with a group of witches and wizards her own age. Harry headed in their direction.

A young wizard with what Harry thought was a ridiculously asymmetrical hair cut seemed to be the one currently arguing with Gabrielle. When he saw Harry approach from behind Gabrielle he cut himself off and smirked nastily at Harry.

“Gabrielle.” Harry said and she turned to him looking flushed and a bit wide-eyed.

“Is everything alright?” He asked her.

“I-Yes, I was just heading back to our table.” She said.

“So now you do what you are told because the famous Harry Potter is here.” The boy said nastily in a thick French accent. The fact he was speaking in English when he had been arguing in French with Gabrielle told Harry that the words were as much for him and for Gabrielle.

“Who is this boy?” Harry asked to Gabrielle “And what happened to his head?”

The boy flushed and a couple of his friends tried to stifle laughter.

“He is called Matteo.” Gabrielle said but didn't comment on Harry remark about the boys hair.

“You looked like you were arguing with him.” Harry noted.

“Just a disagreement is all, I'm staying with my family tonight but they wanted to go out.” Gabrielle said with a gesture at the group.

“Well, I'm heading back to the table. We can walk together.” Harry told her.

Gabrielle nodded. “OK.” She said.
“Look at her, she is all meek for him.” Matteo said derisively. Gabrielle looked like she was going to say something she might regret later so Harry spoke up.

“Listen. Matteo.” Harry said. “If Gabrielle decides she wants to do something with her family then that is what she is going to do. Why should she listen to you? A boy who can't even find someone to cut his hair properly and are those women's pants?” Harry asked looking the boy up and down.

Matteo looked furious, he pulled out his wand and the people behind him gasped. Harry didn't move, he didn't reach for his own wand or look away from the boy's eyes. He spoke in a deadly serious voice.

“If the next thing you do isn't to put your wand away.” Harry said. “The only thing that will be left of you is a stain on the floor and that ridiculous hair cut of yours.” Harry had managed to capture that cold tone to his voice that sometimes scared suspects he interviewed into speaking more freely.

He watched the boy swallow before he put his wand back into his pocket.

“That's better.” Harry said still in that calm icy voice. “If I hear that you've bothered Gabrielle again because she won't do what you want I'll be very annoyed. Do I make myself clear?”

Matteo nodded.

“Good. Now get out of my sight.” Harry told him and he stood there without moving until Matteo and his ridiculous haircut had disappeared from view.

He looked to the rest of them who were watching him wide eyed and a little excited.

“Have a pleasant evening.” He said in a normal voice, he offered his arm to Gabrielle who set hers in it and he led her back to the main room.

“I can't believe you did that.” Gabrielle said, she didn't sound angry that he had interfered with her and her supposed friends but more excited as the rest of her friends had been.

“All we did was exchange words.” Harry said calmly. “If he bothers you again let me or someone else know.”

“I can't believe he ran away too!” She exclaimed and a small laugh bubbled up from her. Harry was a little amused but tried not to show it.

“Is Matteo as tough guy?” He asked and he couldn't keep the amusement from his voice even though he tried. Gabrielle laughed fully now.

“He likes to think he is!” She said. “Though I don't know how he will save face after this.”

“Well if he grew his hair out of that hair cut he could probably cover his face entirely.” Harry said which made her laugh even more.

“It is a ridiculous hair cut isn't it?” She said and Harry nodded. “It is from a muggle fashion magazine.” Gabrielle told him.

“That's depressing.” Harry noted.

“Thank you for coming over.” Gabrielle told him when she had stopped laughing. “I hope you don't think it was my fault.” She said.
“I don't think that.” Harry said.

“That's good.” Gabrielle told him. “I hope Ginny doesn't either.”

“I'll tell her it wasn't.” Harry said. “But, I won't tell anyone else about it.”

“Thank you.” Gabrielle said looking relieved.

“Although, Ginny might choose not to listen so she has an excuse to... Have words with you.” Harry said, aware that they could be overheard.

Gabrielle flushed and he saw the same glimmer of excitement in her eyes as she had shown before. Harry knew if he told Ginny about that then she would definitely be 'having words' with Gabrielle, in private, probably while Harry was watching. He considered this as they returned to their table.

Quentin met Harry's eyes as he returned to his seat and without speaking directed Harry's attention to the other side of the room.

Harry looked and he saw the Minister for Magic surrounded by people in deep discussion. He spotted Leon who was looking back at Harry in hopes of catching his eyes. He saw Leon raise a thumb at him, Harry picked up his half finished drink and downed it.

“Excuse me again.” Harry said to the table.

He stood up and nodded back to Leon and Harry headed to the bar alone trying to put on his best confused face while looking around at all the people speaking French.
Harry enjoys the rest of the celebration and returns home with his wife.

Harry made sure not to look over in the Minister's direction and as he was at the bar, he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned to find Leon standing behind him trying to hide a smile.

“Oh Leon!” Harry said a little melodramatically. “I thought you had business on behalf of the Minister.”

“The Minister thought it would be a good idea if I were to stay close by you, in case you required assistance.” Leon said.

“The Minister thought of that did he?” Harry asked.

“Of course, he is very wise.” Leon replied.

“Very thoughtful too, to send such a helpful young man to assist me.” Harry noted and Leon nodded, still trying not to smile.

“Well, I don't want to be seen to have a hanger on hovering around me all night, it could endanger this celebratory atmosphere.” Harry said seriously. “I suppose if you had a drink in your hand, you would just look like another guest.”

“I...Suppose I would blend in more.” Leon said.

“Well, why don't I just get us a drink.” Harry said.

Harry ordered another drink and Leon requested a glass of wine and the two of them headed back towards their table. Harry made a point of stopping to converse with people who wished to speak to him while Leon stood with him. When Harry thought that the Minister had surely seen Leon standing with him while he was seen speaking to other guests he led them the rest of their way to their table.

Harry picked up an empty chair from a table no one sat at current and set it down between his own seat and Bills.

Leon took a seat next to Harry and both the two of them exchanged looks with Quentin before the three of them started to laugh.

Without explaining why they laughed, keeping their petty deception between the three of them, Quentin introduced Leon to the table.

Leon politely greeted everyone in return and was soon at ease with their group as they chatted.

Fleur had now swapped places with Constance who was listening to Bill raptly as he told her about his time as a curse-breaker for Gringotts.

Sabine and Fleur were fussing over Victoire, while the rest of the people at the table talked with each other.

Harry soon felt the call of nature again, he had passed on another whisky several times throughout the evening and had a non-alcoholic drink between them so he wouldn't get drunk. Those larger
glasses of juice were what made him need the bathroom again so soon. He excused himself again and headed back to the facilities, after taking care of business he was on the way back when he was approached by two witches and a wizard.

“Could I have a word with you, Mr Potter?” The man said. He was a serious looking man with dark brown hair and he looked a little tired. Harry noticed that the woman next to him also looked tired.

“Of course.” Harry said and offered his hand.

“I am Valentin Chevalier.” The man told Harry and shook his hand. “This is my wife Louise and our daughter Elisa.”

“Ah.” Harry said, understanding their tired look. “I glad to meet you.” He said.

“You may not know this but-” Mr Chevalier began but Harry cut him off.

“I know who you are Mr Chevalier.” Harry told him. “I'm sorry for your loss.” He said, he didn't say it with sympathy because he could tell that Mr Chevalier was a serious man. One who wouldn't want Harry's pity so when he had spoken he had spoken firmly and with a nod.

“I see.” Mr Chevalier said a little surprised. “Yes, uh, thank you. I- We wanted to thank you personally for capturing Fontaine.” He said and his voice regained some of it's seriousness by the end.

“There are no thanks necessary.” Harry told him. “But you're welcome. I was just doing my job and even if Fontaine hadn't done what he had done in France. For that he did in my own country alone I would have gone after him.”

“I'm sure.” Mr Chevalier said. “But you have our thanks nonetheless.”

“I've been told by a lot of people that your relatives where very well liked in the magical community.” Mr Chevalier told Harry.

Mrs Chevalier spoke for the first time. “My sister-in-law and her husband were much involved with charity, they helped a lot of people.”

“They sound like good people.” Harry said.

“They were.” Mrs Chevalier said.

“Your speech was very good, I thought it cut straight to the core of matters.” Mr Chevalier told Harry. “No dressing things up in pretty words like most politicians.”

“Thank you.” Harry said. “But it's probably because I'm not a politician, I run the auror department back home. I try to stay away from politics and just do my job.”

“Well, you have done a good thing by capturing Fontaine, so you are doing something right.” Mr Chevalier told Harry.

“Thank you, I appreciate that Mr Chevalier.” Harry said.

“We will not take any more of your time.” Mr Chevalier said. “We just wished to express our gratitude to you personally.”

“I wish you have the need to.” Harry said honestly and Mr Chevalier smiled sadly.
“So do I, Mr Potter, So do I.” He said.

Harry returned to his table a little more subdued after speaking with the sad family but eventually managed to pull himself out of his thoughts and back into the conversations taking place around him. It was around an hour later when Ginny leaned close to him and spoke into his ear.

“I think we can leave now without being insulting.” She said and Harry nodded.

Harry announced to the table that he and Ginny would be leaving. He was implored to stay longer but Harry refused saying that the last few days had been busy ones and that he would like to get a little rest.

Fleur told him that she would come back with them with Victoire, Bill was mid way through telling Fleur that if she wanted to stay a while long then he would take Victoire back instead. Victoire naturally protested any such idea of leaving and even words from her grandparents weren’t enough to get her to agree.

It was Gabrielle who promised to read her a story and if her parents allowed it she would take her back to la petite ville tomorrow. This managed to convince Victoire to give in, the promise of possibly more treats tomorrow too much to give up on.

Fleur told Bill to stay and he thanked her, giving her a kiss.

As Harry and Ginny, with Fleur, Gabrielle and Victoire headed out, Harry had to shake hands with several people before they were allowed to pass. A young boy approached them with a quill and something else and handed them to Ginny. This surprised everyone, Harry looked down to see a brochure for a Holyhead Harpies match that he wanted Ginny to sign.

Ginny was thrilled and Harry was happy for her.

She signed it for him and briefly spoke with the young boy who was no more than eleven as he probably would have been off at school, unless of course he too had been given permission to attend this event like Constance had.

Ginny spoke with his parents and the boy’s mother used the quill to write something down on a piece of paper she pulled from her bag. She handed it to Ginny who was grinning, she turned back to the boy and spoke briefly and his entire face lit up.

She gave the boy a hug and they all continued on their way.

When they were out of the main hall and away from the noise Harry asked.

“What was all that about?” He wanted to know.

“George, the boy is apparently a big fan.” Ginny said smugly.

“I gathered that.” Harry said smiling. “But what was the rest of it about.”

“I asked his parents if they would take him to a match if I sent them tickets.” She said.

“That’s why he looked so pleased.” Harry noted.

“I’ll send a letter back home tomorrow so I don't forget, they'll get some tickets for the next match probably.” Ginny said, still pleased that she had been asked for an autograph and not Harry.

Their smaller group soon returned back to the Delacour mansion and they headed their separate ways. Fleur, Victoire and Gabrielle one way and Harry and Ginny to their rooms.

When they made it back, Harry got himself out of his uniform and just remained in his boxers. He watched Ginny undress their form hugging red dress, unlike him though she hung it neatly over the back of a chair. Harry’s discarded uniform tossed to the floor.
Harry lay down on the bed, leaning back against the headboard and Ginny soon followed him. Harry recounted his brief meeting with the grieving family but deciding he didn't want to end things on a depressing note he told Ginny about his, Quentin and Leon's little scheme to get him out of standing beside the Minister all night. The two of them discussed the people they had spoken to and conversations they had been part of while apart. Harry remembered the boy with the ridiculous haircut and Gabrielle and he spent some time telling Ginny about it, including the conversation he had Gabrielle had had on their way back.

No sooner had he finished telling Ginny about this when they heard a knock through their open bedroom door on the door to their small sitting room.

"You should answer it." Harry told Ginny. "It's probably another one of your adoring fans."

Ginny punched him on the arm but got up and headed to the door.

"Gabrielle." He heard Ginny say through the open door way.

"May I come in... Or would you rather be alone." He heard Gabrielle say with uncertainty.

"Hm." He heard his wife musing. "I think you should come in, I want to talk to you anyway."

"OK." He heard Gabrielle reply and then the sound of the door closing.

Ginny re-entered their bedroom, a hand in Gabrielle's as she pulled the girl along behind her. Gabrielle was still wearing the slightly more modest but still fashionable looking dress she had worn out with them today, Ginny was like Harry only in her underwear.

Ginny kept walking into the room pulling Gabrielle behind her but when she got to the foot of their bed, Ginny released Gabrielle's hand and continued walking back to her side of the bed without the girl. Ginny got back onto the bed returning to her place besides him, the two of them on top of the covers. Ginny and Harry both just looked at Gabrielle who stood at the end of the bed looking awkward and unsure what to do.

The two of them watched her, it took her a second to steel herself but she eventually lifted her chin and spoke to them both.

"I- I was in an argument earlier tonight." She said, looking at Ginny. "It was in a public place and Harry had to fix it for me."

Ginny made a noise that wasn't words but indicated that she was listening.

"I wasn't a good girl like you said, so I have come here for my punishment." Gabrielle finished, looking at Ginny and seemingly avoiding Harry's eyes.

Harry had raised an eyebrow. He had told Gabrielle that he would let Ginny know that it wasn't her fault but the girl apparently wanted to be punished. Gabrielle couldn't know that he had already told Ginny all about it so he knew that Ginny knew about the girl's apparent desire too.

"I see." Said Ginny slowly with a thoughtful look on her face. "Well, on the one hand you have come here to confess to us about something you have done wrong which is good. I'm inclined to give you a treat for doing this but on the other hand..."

Ginny trailed off looking at Gabrielle closely.

"On the other hand you still told us that you have done something wrong and that can't go unpunished..."

Gabrielle's cheeks were a little red and she kept looking down at the carpeted floor and glancing back up to sneak peeks at Ginny and him.
“Harry, dear.” His wife said, turning to him on the bed and leaning against him. “Will you let me punish our little princess for her bad behaviour.” Ginny asked him when she knew damn well that he would say yes as he would like to see his wife punish the girl almost as much as Ginny would like to actually do it.
She was still putting on a show for Gabrielle though, re-enforcing that Harry was in charge and that Ginny was second only to him. He pretended to consider it before nodding slowly.

“I think I would like to see you punish Gabrielle.” Harry said. “But what did you have in mind exactly?” He wondered.

“I have a few things in mind but I thought I would start off my making her skinny little backside red with shame.” Ginny told him. “Then, maybe a few other things afterwards if I don't think she has learned her lesson.”

Ginny was leaning hard against him now, pushing her breasts against his arm as if desperate for his approval. Harry knew she was trying to set an example for Gabrielle, once again showing that his word was final.

“I see.” Harry said. “It sounds like a good start.” And he nodded once more, he put his hands behind his head in a show of relaxation. Half lying and half sitting up against the backboard of the bed in nothing but his boxers. He was ready to watch his equally undressed wife put on a show for him, though privately he had decided that he wouldn't be waiting around throughout the night as he had done the last time but for now, he would let her play.

“Thank you, dear.” Ginny said pleased and kissed him on the cheek before pulling back to her previous position.

Ginny was also sitting back against the backboard of the bed now and was looking at Gabrielle.

“Princess.” Ginny said.

“Yes?” Gabrielle asked looking back up from the floor to meet Ginny's eyes briefly.

“Take off your clothes, I want you entirely nude.” Ginny said to Gabrielle.

Gabrielle nodded once a little hesitantly then again once more with a little more conviction.
The girl moved the shoulder straps of her dress over her shoulders and slid the fabric down her small body and down to pool on the ground around her feet.
She stepped out of the dress and began to unclasp her bra, as the piece of material came away from her skin it revealed the girls small breasts, there was hardly anything for the bra to support.
Gabrielle started to raise her hands to cover herself but stopped herself midway, she reached down to her underwear and hooked her thumbs into it.

“Ah ah.” Ginny said, stopping the girl. “I think you should turn around before you pull those down.”

She said to Gabrielle who nodded once again and turned around to set her narrow back to them.
Knowing that Ginny wanted the girl to show herself Gabrielle lowered the last of her underwear and bent herself as she did. Revealing her small buttocks and letting them part slightly with her movement, letting the two of them catch a glimpse of the girls most intimate parts before she stepped out of the last of her clothing.
Gabrielle straightened back up and remained turned away from them, letting them look at her and staying where Ginny had instructed.

“Alright princess.” Ginny said. “You can turn around now.”

Gabrielle did just that and turned to display herself for them. The white skin seethed her small and narrow frame, she kept her hands by her sides not blocking their view of the flat expanse of her
stomach or the small definition that created the valley that ran down to her hairless centre. She stood there for almost a minute in the silence of the room while both he and Ginny simply looked at her. Gabrielle's cheeks were red again but she didn't look like she would run away any time soon.

“Very nice.” Ginny commented as if to herself. “Now princess why don't you come here.” And Ginny pointed to a spot on the carpeted floor next to herself, still relaxed on the bed. Gabrielle walked around and stood exactly where Ginny had pointed and remained still as one of Ginny's hands idly ran up the girls thin thigh to their apex and a single finger touched briefly at the girls centre before moving up.

“I want you to lay across me, I want that skinny little bottom of yours on my lap where I can see it.” Ginny said and Gabrielle moved over his wife. She hesitated not sure what to do as the top half of her body was now encroaching on Harry's side of the bed and he didn't move from his relaxed position to give her any indication about what he wanted. Ginny solved the girl's problem by putting her hand on the back of Gabrielle's neck and pushing her face down directly onto Harry's boxer covered crotch, her rear end exactly where Ginny had wanted it over her own lap.

“That's it.” Ginny said. “I think this is just the right place.” Her hands were moving over Gabrielle's pale bottom slowly, she kneaded the flesh occasionally and Harry could feel Gabrielle's breath on his cock quicken.

When Ginny drew back her hand and brought her palm down on Gabrielle's bottom, Harry felt the breath wash over him at the same time he high pitched squeak of noise. Ginny's hands were running over her skin again then once more her palm pulled back and came down on the other side of Gabrielle's rear. Harry heard Gabrielle gasp on him this time and he felt himself stirring against her face.

Ginny continued her slow massaging of the girls rear then pulling her hand back to bring it down on one side before repeating this on the other. Gabrielle's breathing was heavier and sometimes she would gasp into it or let out a small sound of what sounded like half surprise and half pleasure. It was as if she couldn't decide which it was. Harry supposed as had been the case the first time Ginny had played with the girl that she was enjoying herself but didn't understand exactly why she was excited by it.

“Well.” Ginny said as the fingers of one hand quested down to move between the girls legs and Gabrielle moved slightly, almost on the verge of writhing.

“It looks like our little princess is enjoying herself.” Ginny said bringing up glistening fingers. “This doesn't seem to be very effective as a punishment.” She spoke as if to Harry but the words were for Gabrielle.

“Maybe it's time to move on to the next part of her punishment.” Ginny said musingly. She pulled her hand back and brought it back down with a loud slap on Gabrielle who cried out this time at the force of it. “Get back up.” Ginny told Gabrielle who managed to scramble backwards over them to stand next to Ginny as she had done before. Harry could see her eyes were a little watery from Ginny's attentions but she didn't look upset, her cheeks were still red and when Ginny ordered Gabrielle to turn again for them Harry noticed that her other cheeks were just as red.

“Very pretty.” Ginny commented. “Turn back around a listen.” Gabrielle faced them again and waited for Ginny to speak.
“I want you to go over to the wardrobe and inside it at the bottom there is a trunk.” Ginny told Gabrielle. “At the bottom of the trunk you'll find a small wooden box, I went you to bring it to me, understand princess?”

“Yes, I understand.” Gabrielle said.

“Good, now do it.” Ginny told Gabrielle as Gabrielle moved to do as she was told Harry watched Ginny bring the wet fingers of her hand to her own mouth and taste Gabrielle's sex from them.

Gabrielle returned with the small wooden box back to the place Ginny had ordered her to stand and she offered to box to Ginny who took it.

“Good girl.” Ginny said taking the box from her. Ginny set the box down in her lap and looked back up to Gabrielle.

“Do you know what is in this box?” She asked the girl who shook her head. When Ginny's eyes narrowed at her she quickly spoke aloud.

“No, I do not know what is in the box.” Gabrielle said.

“Careful.” Ginny said softly to remind the girl to remember to answer out loud, Ginny's hands undid the small silver clasp on the box and she slowly opened it.

Gabrielle who was looking down at the box gasped as she saw what was inside it and her eyes widened.

Ginny smiled.
Inside the Box.

Chapter Summary

Things continue as Gabrielle sees what is inside Ginny's little box.

Gabrielle looked both frightened and excited.

Inside the box was a small collection of toys, a couple of small vials and several small boxes, neither the vials or smaller boxes had any labels though one of the vials was the colour of pearls.

Ginny slowly moved her fingers idly over the toys starting from the largest to the smallest, Ginny was watching Gabrielle's face intently as her fingers moved over each item.

“Tell me princess.” Ginny said. “Have you ever used any of these?”

Gabrielle shook her head then remembered to speak aloud. “No.” She said.

Ginny pouted. “It's really hard to tell who you're speaking to exactly so I think you should call me mistress when you answer me. Do you think you can do that?” Ginny asked her.

“I-Yes, mistress.” Gabrielle said and it came out slightly awkward.

“Really?” Ginny pressed.

“Yes, mistress.” Gabrielle repeated more firmly this time.

“That's much better.” Ginny told the girl. “So you have never used any of these things...” Ginny said musingly. “I think I'll be kind and start you off with something more your size.” She said making a show of studying the box and it's contents.

“You do after all have such a small little bottom and it would be a shame to break it.” Ginny said.

“What do you think, Gabrielle?” Ginny asked her.

“I-” Gabrielle hesitated, still looking inside the box from her standing position. “I think that would be alright.” She said then quickly added. “Mistress.”

Ginny allowed it.

“Well, I think we'll use this for now.” Ginny said and pulled from the box a very small plug, it was the smallest one in the box and quite narrow compared to the others. It had on the end of it a small ring much like the one Hermione had worn though this one was red.

Gabrielle looked slightly relieved but she didn't make a sound.

Ginny set it on the bed between herself and Harry and place the pearlescent vial next to it before setting the wooden box on the bedside table on her side, next to her wand.

“I want you to get on the bed on all fours, princess.” Ginny told her. “Put one knee between my legs and one between my husbands so that that little red bottom of yours is nicely on show for the two of us.” Ginny told Gabrielle.
Gabrielle stood on the bed and walked herself carefully between Harry and Ginny, standing facing away from them with one foot between both of their legs. She lowered herself down so she was almost straddling one of each of their legs before taking her weight on her knees. She rested her hands down in front of her, shifted her knees a little and presented her reddened rear end both Harry and Ginny.

“As pretty as your little bottom is, I think we would like a closer look, princess.” Ginny commented and Gabrielle shifted herself backwards awkwardly, her foot pressed into Harry's hard crotch and she stopped.

“That's better.” Ginny said and both he and his wife had reached out a hand to move it over one of Gabrielle's buttocks. Harry felt her toes move a little in reaction to their combined touch, but otherwise she held still as they both hand their hand over her. Harry squeezed a little and parted her slightly, Ginny did the same after he had spreading her wide for them, exposing the small entrance which Ginny planned to use.

“You're really very pretty, princess.” Ginny told Gabrielle.

“Thank you, mistress.” Gabrielle said a little breathlessly.

“Hm, I think you should lay your face down and hold yourself open for us.” Ginny said to Gabrielle. Gabrielle lowered her face down to the covers and reached her small hands back. As he and Ginny removed their own hands, Gabrielle's replaced them and re-exposed herself for them.

“That's right.” Ginny said. “Just hold yourself just there so we can have a look at your little holes, that pretty little pussy of yours looks very wet.” Ginny commented.

Harry reached forward and ran a finger up through the girls glistening folds before tasting his finger, she was unfamiliar to him but sweet.

Ginny who had picked up the small vial unstopped it with a small pop, she looked over to Harry and tipped the vial slightly towards him. He moved his finger to it and Ginny tilted it to let some of the liquid drip onto his finger. Gabrielle was tense as his finger came to rest on her small and tight rear entrance. Harry slowly rubbed over it, coating it in the expensive liquid. Ginny who had reached over to her bedside table to retrieve her wand, pointed it at where Harry was rubbing and he felt a silent spell pass from it's tip to the girl.

Gabrielle caught her breath slightly but otherwise didn't move.

Harry continued to let his finger rub over her, massaging the small spot then occasionally applying a little pressure against it before continuing to rub. Slowly Gabrielle began to relax, her body becoming less still and her breathing becoming more even.

“That's it.” Ginny said soothingly, letting a hand run up and down Gabrielle's thigh. “You're relaxing, my husband isn't a cruel man. He will take his time.” She told her.

Harry slowly applied more pressure and let his finger tip begin to press into Gabrielle, he heard her catch her breath again as his finger tip breeched her. He held still and let Gabrielle get used to the feeling before he pulled his finger tip back out of her and rubbed again. He breeched her again and slid his finger a little further inside her this time before slowly pulling back out, Gabrielle seemed relaxed enough that the next him he entered her he kept his finger inside her and slowly worked it back and forth, letting himself move back into her a little deeper each time until his finger was completely inside her.
He held it there and moved it a little, letting Gabrielle get used to the sensations she was feeling.

“Very nice.” Ginny said and leaned her upper body forward so that her face was close enough to plant a little kiss on Gabrielle's reddened buttock.

“How does it feel princess?” Ginny asked.

“I-It feels strange.” Gabrielle said and then managed to add “Mistress.” before too much time had gone by.

“Does it feel uncomfortable?” Ginny asked the girl.

“I don't know...” Gabrielle said. “It doesn't hurt if that is what you mean.”

Ginny gave Gabrielle's sore red rear a small slap while Harry's finger was still inside her. He felt her tighten around him as she gasped.

“Did you forget who you are talking to?” Ginny asked in a sharp tone.

“I'm sorry.” Gabrielle gasped out. “I'm sorry, mistress.”

“That's a little better.” Ginny said and let her hand move over the spot she had slapped in a soothing gesture. Harry let his finger move again and Ginny moved her hand to rub at Gabrielle's wet centre. Immediately the girl's breathing changed and she made small movements against the two of their hands.

The two of them kept their fingers moving and it wasn't long before Gabrielle was enjoying the attentions of them both enough to let out some small sounds of pleasure.

Ginny removed her hand and picked the small vial back up.

“I think you're ready for a little more now.” Ginny said and as Harry pulled his finger from Gabrielle, Ginny poured some of the liquid onto Gabrielle's anus. Harry was quick to replace his hand and rub the liquid back into Gabrielle and then into her with the same finger.

By the time Ginny had stoppered the vial again and set it back down between them Harry was already beginning to move his finger in and out of Gabrielle freely and was moving it to stretch the girl in preparation for the second finger he would slide into her.

Ginny let her own fingers move back to Gabrielle's pussy and let them glide between her folds and to the small bundle of nerves to a moment. Gabrielle arched herself back and Harry let the tip of his second finger breech the girl with the first this time.

He didn't pause for long but repeated to slow gestures he had done with his single finger, letting them work into Gabrielle a little more for a while until he could breech her and move freely inside her as he had done before.

Gabrielle's breathing was heavy and when she arched herself back with her small movements of pleasure she would let out soft moans as the duel sensations worked over her.

Ginny removed her hand again and while Harry toyed with Gabrielle, ever more firmly and seemingly to the girl's growing approval, Ginny unstoppered the vial again and coated the small plug.

When Ginny gave him a look, Harry pulled himself from Gabrielle's rear and he let his finger inside slide into her small warm pussy. She moaned at his quick entering of her, his slick fingers allowing him to simply slide his two fingers completely into her despite her own wetness and the tightness of her core.

He let his finger curl inside her several times, enjoying the way her body reacted.
When Ginny set the head of the pug against Gabrielle's anus, the girl stilled but Harry moved his fingers inside her causing her to arch back. Harry knew that Ginny held the plug firmly against Gabrielle so that as she had moved back she had applied pressure to herself, on her own. Harry continued to let his finger move inside Gabrielle and as Ginny began to apply a little pressure of her own with the plug, he let his thumb move down while his fingers remained inside her and rub against the small bundle of nerves. Slowly but surely the head of the plug began to partially breech Gabrielle as they moved, until it moved inside her more and more.

When Harry could see it was time, he paused his own movements and as Gabrielle moved back over the thickest part of the small plug, Ginny held it firmly and Gabrielle's own movement let the small toy move inside her. Her groans cut off as she felt herself close up around the narrow end of the plug, realising it was inside her now.

“There.” Ginny said with satisfaction. “It's inside you now, such a good little girl.” She cooed. Ginny's finger moved into the small hoop on the end of the plug and he moved it a little, a groan coming from Gabrielle.

“How does it feel having this little toy inside your little bottom.” Ginny asked. “Does it feel nice? You're certainly look like you're enjoying it.”

“I-.” Gabrielle gasped, cutting herself off and Ginny moved the plug inside her. “It feels so strange, mistess.” Gabrielle said.

“But do you like it, princess?” Ginny asked.

“Yes. I think I like it, mistess.” Gabrielle managed to get out before groaning at Ginny's toying again.

“That's good, you're such a good little girl Gabrielle. I'm very pleased with you.” Ginny told her.

“That-” Gabrielle's breath caught interrupting her. “-nk you, mistess.”

“It's alright, princess.” Ginny said again in that cooing voice. “I'm enjoying playing with your pretty little bottom. Just think, one day you might get to feel my husbands thick hard cock inside it.” Ginny said, still moving her finger sending sensations up Gabrielle's body, forcing movements and sounds from the girl.

“It's so filling, you feel so full when he fucks your asshole. It's so thick and hard inside you, you feel like you might burst. They way he drives it so deep inside, my pussy is so wet just thinking about it.” Ginny said to Gabrielle. Harry's own fingers were also moving and Gabrielle's movements were becoming almost frantic.

Ginny's words and both of their moving hands were sending Gabrielle higher and higher and both of them knew she would go over the edge soon.

“And when he cums inside it, you can feel your little hole squeezing around the base of his hard cock and you feel his hot cum filling you even more inside.” Ginny was saying in a low seductive voice to Gabrielle. “It feels so good, when he cums inside, using your little fuck hole, filling you up, emptying into you and you know that you're a good little girl and that you're lucky he chose your little arse to use, to fuck and cum inside.” Ginny was saying and Gabrielle was seconds away from her climax.

“Do you want to be that good little girl one day? Do you want to feel my husband's big cock cum inside your pretty little asshole? Do you think that would feel like princess?” Ginny demanded,
moving her hands roughly now, Harry was also moving his own faster and with more force.

“Yes!” Gabrielle practically screamed then she seized and wailed. Harry, even lubricated and with Gabrielle already so willing had felt the girl's pussy remain so very tight throughout all of this but when her orgasm came she was little a vice around his fingers. The small core of the girl slick and gripping around his fingers over and over as her entire body tensed and relaxed over and over. Gabrielle's wail of pleasure and turned into a muffled scream as her face had turn into the bed covers, the scream turned into a ragged groan that was music to both him and Ginny

His hard cock, still in his boxers was throbbing by now and he knew that his wife's pussy would be slick with her own arousal.

Gabrielle went limp, the knees not really supporting her raised rear any more she fell forward, Ginny managed to remove her finger from the hoop of the plug before Gabrielle had fallen away from them. Harry's finger's slid from the girl, soaking and glistening.

Gabrielle lay completely on her front now, trembling and gasping in breathes, her face still buried in the covers. Her small hands squeezed the covers where they had gripped them and her toes were curled.

Harry used what had been his free hand to take a hold of Ginny's chin and turn her face to him. He ran his slick fingers over her lips and then into her mouth. Ginny's tongue running over them as he held her face in place.

He then pulled as she moved her face as he directed it and the two of them kissed passionately, tasting Gabrielle's orgasm on each other as well as their own taste.

When they pulled back to suck in air, Gabrielle had stopped trembling and was just breathing deeply, having recovered herself from her intense climax.

Ginny put a hand on Gabrielle's ankle that had moved from between Ginny's leg during the girl's release. “Did that feel good, princess?” Ginny asked Gabrielle.

“Yes, mistress. Thank you mistress.” Gabrielle gushed. “It felt so good.”

“You should thank my husband too, he prefers to be called 'sir', you haven't earned the right to call him master yet. Now thank him too.” Ginny told Gabrielle.

“Thank you, sir.” She said. “It felt so good, thank you.” Gabrielle told him.

“Good girl.” Ginny said. “Now, you are to get up and go into the other room. Stand up first.” Ginny told her firmly.

Gabrielle shakily managed to crawl off the bed and onto her unsteady feet and return to the place Ginny had ordered her to stand earlier. She was still breathing a little heavy and she was flushed.

“You are going to go to the kitchenette, you're going to make me and Harry a cup of tea each and bring them back to us.” Ginny told Gabrielle. “You can have a bottle of water, if you want but you are to have it in the kitchenette while you make our tea. Do you understand?” Ginny asked Gabrielle.

Gabrielle nodded and spoke. “Yes, mistress. I understand.”

“Good, my husband likes his tea strong and sweet with only a little milk.” Ginny paused looking at Gabrielle to be sure she was listening.

“Yes, mistress.” Gabrielle said with a nod.

“I like mine the same but with plenty of milk.” Ginny said.
“Yes, mistress.” Ginny repeated.

“That's a good girl, now go.” Ginny said and Gabrielle made her way out of the room.

Ginny turn to Harry when she had left.

“I can't wait to have that little girl's face against my pussy.” Ginny said to him, Harry could see the excitement in her eyes. She looked down at the large bulge in his boxers and smiled licking her lips. Harry lifted his hips up and Ginny moved without having to be told, she pulled his boxers down to release his throbbing cock. When she pulled his boxers off over his feet she looked up to his cock then to his face and then she was drawn back down to his cock.

Ginny took him in her hand, moved her face down and took the head of him into her mouth. She made a pleased sound as her tongue ran over the pre-cum soaked tip of him, relishing the taste with her eyes closed. Harry let a small low sound of pleasure escape his own throat at the feeling.

Ginny pulled him out of her mouth and lapped at him a few times with her tongue before looking up to his eyes as he looked down at her. His cock still in her hand and his shaft pressed over her face, she spoke.

“I think I'll make her suck this lovely cock before she gets her mouth on my pussy.” Ginny said to him, her voice still low so it wouldn't carry into the next room.

“Good.” Harry said. “I don't mind you playing, you know I enjoy it but I'm not going to wait around again.” He told her firmly.

Ginny nodded, still with his cock against her face and her eyes locked with his telling him without words that she understood. She could play but he needed to be satisfied.

Ginny pressed some kisses to his shaft before releasing him and standing up, her feet on either side of his legs. Ginny quickly unclasped her bra and tossed it to the side, then she slid her underwear down her legs and after a little movement managed to kick them off her feet.

She stepped as if to move back to her side but Harry caught her ankle with a hand.

“Not yet.” He said. “Step closer.” He told his wife and she smiled excitedly as she stepped herself closer to him, she knew what he wanted. She moved her legs to either side of him giving him access to her while she stood over him.

Harry moved his face forwards only slightly with was enough to press himself against her, to let tongue slide out and run over her wet core. He tasted her and listened to the happy sound she made quietly. He let his tongue run between her folds before moving up to her own nerve centre, there his lips formed a seal and he sucked very hard. He felt her hands fall on his head, knowing her legs weren't quite as steady now.

Harry heard a sound from the other room, he sank a finger completely inside Ginny and pulled it back out slowly. When Gabrielle returned carrying a cup in each hand, Ginny was back in her place though naked now and Harry was in his place, also fully naked, his erect cock clearly on display. As Harry was tasting his finger he watched Gabrielle's tongue dart out to lick her lips unconsciously as her eyes took in the changes.
Chapter Summary

The evening continues.

Gabrielle moved over to Harry's side of the bed first and held out a cup for him.

"Thank you, Gabrielle." He said taking it from her hand, the colour of it looked right and he thought she might have gotten his tea perfect on the first go.

"You're welcome... Sir." Gabrielle said. When she turned around to walk around to the other side of the bed, Harry could see the plug still inside her was having a very small impact on how she walked. Harry knew that it wouldn't have been noticeable to someone who wasn't watching for it but he enjoyed the sight anyway and sipped his hot tea.

Gabrielle reached Ginny and offer her remaining cup.

"Thank you." Ginny said taking it.

"You're welcome mistress." Gabrielle said.

"Why don't you be a good girl now and go put your face between my husbands legs. You can use that pretty little mouth on his thick cock." Ginny said to Gabrielle. "How does that sound?" Ginny asked.

"I would love to, mistress." Gabrielle said with a small excited smile.

"Then you can, go on now. Don't leave my husbands cock unattended. You're already lucky that he took the time to be careful with your little bottom instead of taking his own pleasure." Ginny said.

"Yes, mistress." Gabrielle said and instead of crawling over Ginny who was naked and holding a hot cup in her hand, she moved quickly to the foot of the bed, stopping opposite Harry and crawled onto the bed. Gabrielle moved between his legs and lay down on her front, her lips pressed against the head of his cock to kiss it before her hands had managed to move up to take a hold of him.

Gabrielle moved him slightly in her small hands and began to set long lingering kisses to the head of his cock. Harry had just taken another sip of his tea when her small mouth opened and wrapped around the large tip of him.

He heard a small sound, much like the one Ginny had made, come from Gabrielle when her tongue began to run over him and take in his taste.

Both Harry and Ginny drank their tea, Ginny watching with interest as Gabrielle moved over her husbands cock.

It was obvious that Gabrielle couldn't take him entirely into her mouth and into her throat so she didn't even attempt it, instead Gabrielle made up for this my sucking as much as she could with great enthusiasm. When she pulled him from her mouth to catch her breath she would lavish kisses over him, she let her tongue run up and down his shaft as she breathed on him.

She moved lower and Harry moved his legs slightly apart more to allow Gabrielle to move her lips onto his balls, she gave them the same attentions as she did his hard cock. Kissing them, licking and
then taking them into her mouth by turns to suck and run her tongue over.

Harry noticed her legs shifting slightly, knowing that she already wanted more of her own pleasure. He would see she was sated and more before the night was through when he took his own pleasure from her small body.

Harry noticed that one of Ginny's hands had moved down between her own legs and she was rubbing herself, her eye lids lowered slightly as she watched the girl suck his large erect cock. Not wanting to spent himself so soon, he put a hand in Gabrielle white hair and pulled up slightly, her mouth making a small pop as the tight seal of her small lips broke from him.

She breathed heavily and looked up at him.

“I think Ginny would like some attention too, I'm going to finish my tea.” He spoke to her.

“Yes, sir.” She said and moved to take up the same position between his wife's legs as she had with his own.

When Gabrielle's mouth found Ginny's core, Harry saw his wife's eyes close and her tongue run up on her upper lip. A exhalation of air from Ginny's nose at her pleasure and the way her hips moved forward to press Gabrielle harder against her almost held his attention but he managed to notice in time and reach out his free hand to take Ginny's cup.

It had been tilting and Harry was sure about to spill before he managed to take it from her. He saw a small smile on Ginny's lips and her eyes remain closed as both of her now empty hands moved down to rest on Gabrielle's head.

Harry set Ginny's cup on his own bedside table but kept his own, when he turned back to continue watching he could see that Ginny had Gabrielle well in hand. She moved her own hips and used her hands to move or hold Gabrielle's face just exactly where she wanted it.

As Harry drank his tea, he watched Ginny slowly slide down the backboard in her enjoyment bit by bit, Gabrielle moved back a little more with Ginny's movements until Ginny was laying completely flat on the bed.

Her leg's open, eyes closed and able to move her hips more freely over Gabrielle's face as her hands kept her where she wanted the younger girl.

By the time Harry finished his tea and set the empty cup down next to his wife's, Ginny was moaning and sighing out her pleasure as Gabrielle licked and sucked at her wet core.

Her hips moved more forcefully, with more speed and Harry watched his wife move herself and hold Gabrielle in place as she sought her own climax.

When one of Ginny's hands moved from Gabrielle's head and slapped down on the covers, he saw Ginny sitting up just slightly with her weight on the one elbow, the other hand firmly holding Gabrielle's face between her legs.

He saw Ginny's jaw between to tighten in the side of her face and he knew she was about to reach her released.

Ginny's hips pressed hard forwards, grinding herself over Gabrielle several times before he watched his wife find her climax. A familiar sound torn from deep inside Ginny's throat and escape from between her clenched teeth as her hips bucked up once hard, he held herself there as the sound bled from her before her hips started to thrash as her body started to spasm. Harry admired the beauty of his wife as her head fell back into the pillows, screaming her release. The pale skin of her exposed throat, her eyes closed and the beautiful look of agony on her face.

Harry saw her free hand return to join her other on Gabrielle's head as she rocked her hips up and down, riding out the last of her orgasm, her sex rubbing over Gabrielle's face as it was held in place before Ginny's body relaxed and unknotted. The only movement from it was her gorgeous breasts moving up and down as she sucked in lungfuls of air one after the other, while her grip on Gabrielle had loosened the girl kept her face between Ginny's legs, Harry saw her kissing his wife's sex tenderly knowing that she would be extremely sensitive after just finding her release.
Soon enough Ginny's hands were stroking Gabrielle's hair as her breathing became less desperate and verged more into contentment.
Harry needed his own pleasure.

He moved up to stand on the bed, he set his hands under Gabrielle and easily picked her up, he moved only enough to set her down on top of Ginny so their faces were level.
Stepped back Harry moved first one then the other of Gabrielle's slender legs to the outsides of his wife's own. Then he reached for her hips and pulled her up onto her knees.
He paused to admire the view of his wife's open legs and glistening pussy exposed below Gabrielle, who was on her knees over Ginny, her small red bottom with the plug clearly visible between her cheeks and her own small wet pussy below it.

Gabrielle hand moved herself up onto her hands and she was looking back at him. He met her eyes and spoke.

"I think Ginny would like to be kissed." He told her and Gabrielle nodded and turned her face away from him, she lowered her face down to his wife's and kept herself open and ready for him, knowing what was to come.

Harry moved down to his own knees behind Gabrielle and when the broad head of his cock pressed against her wet folds, he heard her take in a sharp breath in anticipation. Harry looked down at himself against her and for a second he really wasn't sure if he would fit. He knew he would try though, he needed to take his own pleasure. He had waited long enough and watching, while enjoyable had only fuelled his own lust.

Harry rubbed himself over Gabrielle, he heard small noises come from her mouth and pass into Ginny's. Knowing that he couldn't really prepare Gabrielle's small core any more than they had he began to enter her. There was some small resistance from her as he pressed the head of himself between her folds, Gabrielle froze but as she didn't pull away Harry knew that she was holding herself in place for him rather than in discomfort.
Slowly the head of his cock pushed into the hot tightness of her and he paused a moment to let her adjust to his invasion of her. He had one hand on her narrow waist and the other holding his hardness in place, he slowly pushed forwards and couldn't help but close his eyes in pleasure as he felt her close around him as be moved a little deeper.
He listened to the soft moan, no muffled as she had broken her kiss with Ginny. He pulled himself back a little before moving back forwards. He heard the same moan again though it was muffled again this time.

He worked himself back a forth, moving just a little further inside her each time but when he was around half way inside her he heard her gasp.

"Har-Sir." Gabrielle corrected herself in a voice that was begging for breath. "I-Please, let me work you into me... You are so big." She said.

"Gabrielle." Harry said doubtfully, not sure this would work.

"Please, sir." Gabrielle said. "I want to have you inside me it's just that I've never been with someone so big before..." He told him and looked back at him with earnest eyes.

"Are you sure that you can handle this?" Harry asked her.

She broke into a singularly wicked grin. "No, sir." She told him and her tone left no doubt that she very much intended to try. Harry couldn't help but smile a little in return and Ginny let out a wicked little laugh.
“Oh, you're such a naughty little girl.” Ginny said with mirth as her hands came up to run over Gabrielle's narrow back. “You're going to love having Harry big cock all the way inside you.” Ginny told Gabrielle.

“Alright, would you like me to just hold still.” Harry asked Gabrielle, still looking her in the eyes and he could still see the glimmer in them as she replied.

“Yes please, sir.” She said. “If you don't mind.”

Harry nodded and held himself still, the head of his cock still inside Gabrielle's small pussy.

Gabrielle turned her face back around and she steadily herself on her hands and knees and slowly began to rock herself back and forth. Harry couldn't see her expression but he could see Ginny watching the younger girls face that was so close to her own with a rapt expression, focusing on it intently as Gabrielle moved herself on his large cock.

Gabrielle moved herself back, impaling herself on him taking him inside her, her wetness shining on his hard cock when she moved back forwards again. Gabrielle gasped and moaned when she would occasionally move back a little more, taking just a little bit more of him into her. It was slow going and Gabrielle tightness was intense, he wanted to grip her slender frame with his hands and just drive himself into but he resisted the urge and simply set them on her slower back, letting her skin slide over them as she moved back and forth.

Gabrielle let out deeper and deeper moans of pleasure, Harry had let his head fall back and his eyes close at the sensations. By the time Gabrielle's skin slapped against his, taking all of him inside her he knew that she was on the verge of an orgasm the way her moans ripped from her throat.

“Good girl.” He heard Ginny say to Gabrielle in a cooing voice then he heard Gabrielle's sounds of pleasure become muffled and mix with the sound of lips and tongue roughly meeting.

She was so incredible tight around him, his entire length being constricted inside her small core. Unable to resist he let his own hip move ever so slightly forwards as she moved back and he heard her cry out, he froze and looked down to Gabrielle before it registered that it was a cry of pleasure and not pain then lowly let his hips rock forwards again to meet her movement. Again she cried out and when he did it once more he heard a low sound of agonising pleasure come from the small girl from between clenched teeth.

Harry let his hips move more and more, not truly thrusting into her but more simply meeting her own movement half way. When he set his hands firmly on her tiny waist and moved forwards again he felt Gabrielle's small core squeeze tightly on him and he knew she was about to reach her climax. Harry kept meeting her movement with his own, he saw Ginny's hand move up to Gabrielle's raised rear and her open palm caught against the hoop of the plug still inside the girl, causing it to move inside Gabrielle's anus. He immediately felt Gabrielle squeeze around him, her body stiffened and she screamed out her released as her core gripped him over and over. Harry held himself inside her, hardly moving his hips now and would have held still completely if it weren't for Gabrielle's spasming body. It was too much for Gabrielle, he pulled herself forward with a cry as his entire length was pulled from her, she fell forwards onto Ginny, whose arms went around the girl. Gabrielle's thighs closed shut tightly as her core continued to throw wave after wave of pleasure through her small body.

Gabrielle's cried turned to whimpers as she trembled the last of her pleasure over Ginny, who kissed Gabrielle without receiving anything in return, Gabrielle just didn't have enough control of her own body to even attempt to return anything right now. Harry had to privately admit to himself that his effect on the small girl was moderately pleasing. He
was sure that she had never had such an intense orgasm before. His cock was still hard and standing out in from of him as he watched Gabrielle slowly come down from her climax. Unable to control his own lust, he reached down to grab at Ginny's ankles and he pulled her legs a part under Gabrielle who lay over his wife.

Harry had only managed to half open Ginny's legs before her own power opened them the rest of the way. Leaning down over Gabrielle's back who lay on his wife, he sank himself roughly into Ginny's waiting core. He heard Ginny cry out in half pain and half pleasure, knowing she loved it when he was rough with her, he also knew himself enough to know that he couldn't be gentle any more. He needed to find his own release.

Harry's lips met his wife's over Gabrielle's shoulder, Gabrielle's own face buried in Ginny's neck, kissing at the skin there. Harry pulled his hips back and sank them back down, trusting back into Ginny who cried out again in pleasure.
Knowing he wouldn't last long after all this and not wanting to draw anything out, Harry set himself firmly and began to trust up into Ginny hard and rough, uncaring of her own pleasure simply taking his own.
Ginny loved it.
Harry just kept slamming into her over and over, soon her sounds were muffled as she took a hold of Gabrielle and locked lips with the younger girl.
Harry's face was right there to watch them kiss passionately, he heard every stifled cry, every hitch in her breath and every deep moan.
Gabrielle moved her own legs back open over Ginny, pressing herself down onto his wife hard which gave Harry that little bit of extra room to work over them as he kept driving down.

He felt himself close and his movements became frantic, he bit down on Gabrielle's shoulder and heard her cry out. He close his eyes and Heard Gabrielle cry out again, he knew that Ginny had done the same thing he had done on Gabrielle's other shoulder. Harry's hips bucked once then so did Ginny's, as her own climax came just after his own to meet him. He spilled into her core, his hips pushing down, grinding into her, bucking up to keep himself completely inside her.

He wasn't sure how long this lasted but both he and Ginny were gasping, Gabrielle was between them trying to set small kisses on both of their faces and making soothing sounds. Harry managed to pull his length from Ginny's hot tight core pulling a groan from her and he flopped back over onto his side of the bed breathing hard.

Gabrielle eventually moved off of Ginny to come to rest between the two of them as Harry and his wife recovered themselves.
Gabrielle face him and spoke softly, not meeting his eyes.

"I'm sorry I couldn't... Keep going it was just too intense...” Gabrielle said to him unable to find the right words. “I've never felt it like that before.”

Harry unable to speak yet, just reached a hand up to run through her hair in what he hoped was a comforting gesture. Gabrielle looked at him then and continued.

"I'll do better next time, sir.” She told him firmly. “I'll make it up to you.”

Ginny rolled onto her side, coming up behind Gabrielle spooning against her.

“You'll do OK.” Ginny told Gabrielle still a little breathlessly a set a kiss on one of Gabrielle's twice marked shoulders. “But you did alright, considering.” Ginny said, letting the girl off easy. Harry was
included to agree. He had felt her tightness and knew it had to have been just as intense from her side of things.

“We're going to the bathroom.” Ginny said both to him and Gabrielle. “I'll take that little plug out of your pretty bottom for now.”

Ginny worked herself up to her knees then managed to stand, she reached down a hand to Gabrielle who took it and Ginny pulled Gabrielle up, leaving them both standing on the bed while Harry lay there.

“It was when you moved it that things became too much.” Gabrielle admitted to Ginny who smiled.

“I was hoping to send you over the edge, I just didn't expect you to fall so far.” Ginny told Gabrielle, still holding the girls hand as she walked carefully to the edge of the large bed.

“I've never had it feel like that before.” Gabrielle said, looking embarrassed.

“You enjoyed it though didn't you, little princess?” Ginny said with a wicked grin. Gabrielle laughed a little and looked sheepish but nodded.

“I did.” Gabrielle admitted as Ginny pulled her into the bathroom, laughing and closed the door.

Harry smiled a little and closed his eyes, he could hear Ginny and Gabrielle talking inside the bathroom though he couldn't make out their words. About five minute later the door opened and the two of them returned and climbed back into the bed.

Gabrielle between him and Ginny again.

Gabrielle leaned over to Harry and gave him a small kiss on the lips.

“Thank very much, sir.” She told him very politely.

“You're welcome, Gabrielle.” Harry said. “I managed to enjoy myself a little too.” He pointed out and she smiled.

“I'm so hungry.” Ginny exclaimed. “I just realised I haven't eaten since breakfast!”

At her words a loud rumble emanated from Harry's stomach and he just grinned and Ginny and Gabrielle laughed.

“I don't want to get up.” Ginny complained.

“We could order food.” Gabrielle said then looked down. “Or I would order it for you both before I go.” It was painfully obvious that she wasn't sure if she would be allowed to stay or if they would kick her out now that the fun was over. It was almost comical and Harry couldn't stifle a snort.

Ginny spoke at the same time.

“That sounds lovely, we'll all eat here in bed.” Ginny said, an arm going around Gabrielle's waist and the girl smiled.

“What do you want to eat?” Gabrielle asked.

“What places can we order food from?” Ginny asked.

“Pizza.” Harry said in a voice that made pizza sound like the only thing in the world that could save
him from his worst nightmare. Before he had even finished speaking he was already thinking about eating pizza.

“What places can we order pizza from?” Ginny said in the exact same voice.

“There are a couple of places, muggle places that will deliver.” Gabrielle said.

“Shit.” Harry swore and both Ginny and Gabrielle looked surprised. “I don't think I've got any muggle money.” He said. “I forgot to get some changed before we came.”

“I've got some in my bag.” Ginny told him rolling her eyes.

“I knew I married you for a reason.” Harry said, relaxing again.

“Which ever one is the best, we'll order from there.” Ginny said, as if they would decided to order from somewhere not as good for no apparent reason.

“We have a telephone downstairs.” Gabrielle said. “I can go down and call them, what do you want?”

“Hm..” Ginny said and began to think as if it were the most important decision of her life. “What are you getting?” Ginny asked Gabrielle who also didn't seem to have made up her mind. The two of them began to discuss the merits of which pizzas they could order and Harry was about to put on a robe, hope on his broom and just go find any pizza when they finally came to a decision.

“Alright, so I'll get a vegetarian, you're getting the ham and mushroom and we'll share.” Ginny said and Gabrielle noded firmly. Seeming to both just remember him they turned to look at him.

“What about you?” Ginny asked him.

“Meat.” Harry said. “Big.”

Ginny rolled her eyes at his monosyllabic response.

How big are the largest pizzas?” Ginny asked Gabrielle. Gabrielle gestured an approximation of the size with her hands and while Ginny's eyes widened slightly it seemed a challenge to Harry.

“Yes.” Harry said before either of them could say another word. “Just get them to put lots of meat on it.” He said, already he could feel his mouth salivating at the thought of it.

“Every meat?” Gabrielle asked sounding uncertain, Harry's eyes narrowed slightly as something occurred to him.

“Every normal meat.” He amended and Gabrielle looked amused.

“No frogs legs?” She asked.

“I can turn your red bottom into a purple one you know.” He told her but she grinned defiantly at him. “No frogs legs.” He said firmly.

“Alright, I will go place the order.” Gabrielle said shimmying to the edge of the bed then off of it. Ginny got off the bed too and began to rummage through her bag as Gabrielle began to piece together her clothing and underwear.

“You didn't have shoes on.” Ginny told Gabrielle who seemed to still be looking.
“Ah, I left them in my own room after I read to Victoire.” She remembered.

“Maybe you should put something more comfortable on before you come back.” Ginny advised Gabrielle as she handed her some muggle notes.

“I will.” Gabrielle said.

“Or if everyone is already asleep, just rub back here in a robe.” Ginny told Gabrielle who smiled shyly again which made no sense to Harry considering what they had just done.

“I will be back soon.” Gabrielle said and she hurried out of the room, he heard the outer door open and close quietly through the open bedroom door.

Ginny came back to the bed and got in bed to Harry, though she was under the covers now. Knowing she wanted to be close, Harry got up and got himself under the covers too and Ginny's immediately pressed against him, her arm going over his stomach.

“What do you think of her?” Ginny asked and Harry knew what she meant.

“I think she'll have to take her time but I think it might work out.” Harry said.

“Me too.” Ginny said and pressed a kiss to his stomach which growled at her.

Harry grinned.

Gabrielle returned about ten minutes later, she was only wearing a robe as Ginny had suggested. Ginny scooted away from Harry a little and lifted up the covers. Gabrielle knowing this was her invitation climbed into the bed and over Ginny to get inside the covers, keeping her robe on.

At Ginny's slightly confused look Gabrielle spoke.

“I'll have to go get the food when it arrives.” Gabrielle said and showed a small round device in her hand. “It's for when someone is at the gates, it let's us see out of it and speak but it looks like a muggle intercom. I can open the gates with it.” Gabrielle told them.

“Are you going to give the pizza boy a show?” Ginny asked with a smirk and Gabrielle half laughed and half denied it.

The two of them chattered back and forth for a while, Harry just listened and relaxed.

“When you take Victoire out tomorrow, I'll come with you.” Ginny told Gabrielle. “I need to get a couple of bottles of wine for when me and Harry have dinner with Quentin and Sabine.”

“I only plan to take her around noon. Is that alright?” Gabrielle asked.

“That's fine, I think I'll enjoy a lie in tomorrow.” Ginny said.

A small chiming sound emanated from under the covers and Gabrielle pulled out the small round device. Harry craned a little to get a look at it as Gabrielle tapped her wand to it.

He saw a muggle wearing a t-shirt and a matching cap standing outside the Delacour's gate.

Gabrielle spoke briefly in French then tapped the round device twice, the image on it vanished.

“I'll go get the food.” Gabrielle said hurrying up out of the covers and dashing from the room.

“Where exactly was she hiding that wand?” Harry asked idly as he and Ginny waited for Gabrielle
“Her sleeve.” Ginny said with a trace of humour.

“Is that what it's called?” He said attempting to be funny but when Ginny snorted he felt that it was more at him than because of him but he smirked anyway.

Gabrielle returned with two pizza boxes and was carrying them on a third pizza box that was the biggest Harry had ever seen.
He sat up, looking at it and Gabrielle smiled a little at his gaze.

“If only he looked at me like that.” Ginny sighed dramatically.

The three of them, minus Gabrielle's robe sat up in bed eating pizza. Gabrielle and Ginny shared pieces of their own pizzas and Harry after his first slice was privately reluctant to offer any of his own giant pizza, it tasted so good. After two more slices he offered some of his pizza to the two girls knowing himself well enough to admit he would never finish this things.
He was right, even after they both had a large slice and Harry continued to eat there was still a third of it left.
The box was closed firmly and tossed to the floor, along with the more two human sized pizzas which were empty.
The three of them fell asleep.
Ginny on one side, Gabrielle between her and Harry.
Full and sated, they slept contentedly.
The next morning, Harry was awoken by the call of nature. He managed to slide out of his side of the bed, leaving Ginny and Gabrielle sleeping together in the bed. He moved quietly to the bathroom and took care of business before he returned to the room.

He looked down at the two of them in bed for a moment. Gabrielle, slight as she was fit easily into Ginny's arms. She was pressed up tightly against Ginny, the bridge of her nose against Ginny's neck. Harry who had been on Gabrielle's other side pressed up close against her had had his arm over both of them and had been very comfortable.

After considering their sleeping forms for a moment decided he didn't want to disturb them so early, he moved out of the bedroom and into the next room heading for the kitchenette to take care of his parched throat.

Moving quietly he put some water into the kettle and set it boiling. He managed to find a cup, some tea bags and sugar. He reached down to the small fridge and pulled out the milk. Having everything he needed once he had found a spoon he simply waited for the kettle to finish boiling, standing in the kitchen naked. He was careful not to spill any of the boiling water as he fixed himself a cup of tea, he left it on the side while he put everything away.

Harry stood there for a time, leaning his bare backside against the kitchen counter and after his tea had cooled enough to drink he sipped. Harry thought about the day ahead of him, he and Ginny would be meeting Quentin downstairs this evening for him to take them both to his home. Harry was looking forward to spending an evening with Quentin without some crisis looming over the two of them, he quite liked Sabine, Quentin's wife.

Thinking back on their exchanges the night before, he decided that she was a good match for his friend. Their daughter seemed nice enough too, as nice as any school aged girl he supposed remembering the brief look of outrage when Sabine had stated that her daughter would be returning back to school. No one is perfect, Harry mentally shrugged to himself.

He was most of the way through his tea when the bedroom door opened. Quietly, Gabrielle crept out of it holding her robe closed. Obviously not finding him still in bed she wasn't surprised to see him standing in the kitchenette.

“Morning.” Harry said quietly to Gabrielle as she closed the bedroom door gently behind her.

“Good morning, Harry.” Gabrielle replied just a quietly.

“Are you going back to your own room?” He asked and Gabrielle nodded.

“I thought I should get back to it early before everyone wakes up.” She told him.

“Oh?” Harry asked with a raised eyebrow. “I thought you were an adult now who does what she
wants.” He teased.

Gabrielle frowned and looked down. “I-It's just that I don't want my parents to-

“Gabrielle.” Harry cut her off. “Come here.”

Gabrielle looked up at him and moved in his direction, Harry spoke before she reached him.

“I was just teasing.” He said gently. “I think both Ginny and I are both happy keeping this from everybody else” He said, his head tilting slightly to indicate the rest of the house and the other people there. “It would be difficult to explain things and they wouldn't understand.”

Gabrielle who was standing in front of him now nodded, seeming relieved. Then it seemed to occur to her that Harry was completely naked.
Her cheeks flushed a little and she kept her eyes directed above his waist with an effort.

Harry smiled slightly at this and took another sip of his tea.

“I'm glad we all understand.” Gabrielle said to him and he nodded.

“You know, I'm pretty sure everyone had a lot to drink last night and are going to stay in bed this morning.” Harry pointed out. “You probably could have stayed in bed for another hour or so.”

“You might be right, but I would rather not risk it.” Gabrielle told him.

“No, sirs, any more?” Harry asked with a teasing tone and Gabrielle smiled slightly knowing he was only playing. “Did you enjoy yourself last night?” He asked.

“Yes.” Gabrielle said. “I really did. I hope we can do this again before you leave...” She trailed off looking a little sad at the thought of their departure next week.

“Gabrielle.” Harry said, drawing her attention again. “You do realised that you're a witch, don't you?” And at her confused look he continued. “I'm pretty sure you know how to apparate and I'm almost certain that you know where we live.”

Gabrielle looked cautiously hopeful.

“You mean, I can visit?” She asked.

“Of course you can.” Harry said and raised a hand when she opened her mouth to speak. “But, you have to remember that you can't just vanish without letting your parents know that you're alright.” He told her seriously. “And if you're planning on spending the night at our home, you have to remember that you need to tell your parents something.”

“I can't tell them the truth!” Gabrielle gasped quietly, still keeping her voice down.

“I didn't mean that.” Harry said. “I mean you can't just disappear for the night without telling your parents that you're staying out.” Harry told her. “And if you tell them that you're visiting Bill and Fleur then you don't show up there...” Harry trailed off.

“I see what you mean.” Gabrielle said. “I will have to think of something.”

Harry nodded.

“But, you and Ginny won't mind if I do come over? If I can think of a way to explain it?” Gabrielle asked again wanting clarification.
“I don’t mind you coming over and I'm pretty sure that Ginny will be thrilled to get you into her playroom.” Harry said. “But there is something else you should be aware of.”

“What is it?” Gabrielle asked looking concerned.

“You are not the only person who me and Ginny spend time with.” Harry told her.

“I didn't think I would have been the only one.” Gabrielle told him.

“We have a very close friend who lives with us, Luna.” Harry told Gabrielle. “Although... She is leaving shortly after we return and she is likely to be gone for a while...” He said this almost to himself before shaking his head slightly and continuing. “Anyway, just showing up without any warning, you might find us with company whether it's like what you, Ginny and I shared last night or just regular visitors. Either way you need to be prepared to deal with this.”

“I-Understand.” Gabrielle said and she looked like she wanted to say something.

“Whatever it is you're dying to ask, just ask.” Harry said. “No point in leaving things in the dark.”

“You have someone who lives with you?” Gabrielle asked. “Like, as your slave? What is the playroom? And I won't just show up, I'll let you know before I come to make sure it is alright. What does-”

Harry held up a hand.

“Firstly, Luna isn't our slave. She is our friend and our lover. We spend time together.” Harry said.

“But, she is... That is Ginny is her mistress and you are her master?” Gabrielle asked unable to let Harry finish.

“Yes, I suppose but she has her own life and she is her own person. She lives with us and when we are not enjoying each others company she helps us.” Harry said, doing a terrible job of explaining things.

“Like, a maid?” Gabrielle asked and she seemed fascinated by it.

“Like a willing maid, who is not a prisoner or our slave.” Harry said.

“But, you and Ginny both have sex with her... In the way you did with me?” Gabrielle asked him.

“Yes, very similar but Luna has been our friend for years and she has lived with us for a long time so things are a little different than they are with you.” Harry said.

“Different how?” Gabrielle asked him.

Harry thought for a moment.

“Last night, when Ginny sent you for tea.” Harry said looking at Gabrielle who nodded that she remembered. “Do you remember what was inside you at the time?”

Gabrielle blushed a little but nodded.

“Well, Luna does things like that for us all the time as well as many other things. She takes care of our home while she is there and she is always available to me and Ginny. She takes great pleasure in what she does for us and what we do and for her. She likes to be treated a certain way and likes to treat me and Ginny a certain way. But as I said, she is her own person. She leaves the house, goes
places, visits her family and friends her... Position in our relationship is entirely consensual and we're all quite happy with it.” Harry said.

Gabrielle absorbed this and then nodded finally.

“You said she is leaving soon?” Gabrielle asked.

“She is leaving on a trip with her father, from the sounds of things she will be gone for quite some time.” Harry said. “But when she comes back she will resume her place in our house if she wants to.” He told Gabrielle firmly so that she had no doubt that he and Ginny wouldn't be trying to replace her with Gabrielle.

“Am I- Do you think I can't-” Gabrielle tried but Harry cut her off again.

“Gabrielle.” Harry said firmly and looked her in the eyes. “It's not that you are or that you can't, anything. It's not about you at all. Luna is leaving on her trip and when she returns if she wants to continue our relationship then she is more than welcome. Ginny and I would be very sad to see her go and it upset Ginny more than she let on at the thought of Luna being away from us for so long just for her trip. We don't plan to replace Luna when we expect her to return to us, it would be horrible if she came home and found that we had replaced her with another pretty blonde girl, who was younger and even had the French accent to go along with the maid duties.” Harry said this last with a little smile at Gabrielle who smiled back a little.

“Again, Luna is a person she has thoughts and feelings and is very dear to us.” Harry said draining the last of his tea and setting his empty cup down on the side. “Just as you are a person with your own thoughts and feelings. It would be disrespectful to both of you if we just used you both like interchangeable tools. Like you're both just things and not people.” Harry shook his head. “That's not how we do things, every person who Ginny and I spend time with is an individual and each relationship is slightly different depending on them and how things work between us.”

“I understand.” Gabrielle told him. “I hadn't thought of it that way but I understand.”

“You're just too eager to get into a French maid costume for Ginny.” Harry said to Gabrielle who grinned.

“Wouldn't you like to see me in one?” She said to Harry her smile turning a little wicked.

“Very much.” He admitted. “But if and when you visit, things will be different for you than they are for Luna. I'm not saying that we will use you and throw you out until next time.” Harry clarified. “I'm say that if you for whatever reason ended up spending more time with us that you would have a different role than Luna.”

“I understand.” Gabrielle said and Harry could tell that she did, he nodded meeting her eyes letting her know without words that he knew she understood and he gave her a small smile.

“What other kinds of roles did you have in mind?” Gabrielle asked him a little flirtatiously.

“Hm...” Harry said, looking thoughtful. “You might look good as a fireman.” He told her and she swore quietly at him and gave his arm a punch while he chuckled softly.

“I don't know.” He told her honestly. “It's not how things are, I wouldn't just push you into a role and expect you to do it. Things are supposed to come naturally and at this point, Ginny and I enjoy our time with you and I'm pretty sure that you like the things that Ginny does to you.” He said pointedly looking her in the eyes for a reply.
“I-I do.” Gabrielle confirmed.

“That's good and that's what we have for now, if things change then they change but trying to force them never works.” He told her. “Although, I really wouldn't mind seeing you in a French maid outfit.” He told her grinning and she grinned back.

“Oh, sir!” Gabrielle said, thickening her French accent outrageously. “Would you mind ever so much if I looked for something to polish?” She asked him, her eyes wide and innocent looking.

Harry laughed and pulled her close to him.

Harry kissed Gabrielle, she felt her smaller body melt against him. They tasted each other, letting their tongues touch and roam before pulling the kiss back a little into a more tender thing.

Harry who was naked was fully erect and pressed against the robe covered front.

Gabrielle pulled back from out of his arms, breathing a little heavily and looked down at his erection. She made to reach for it but Harry pushed her hand aside. He moved that hand forward, two fingers coming to rest just below her neck and he moved them down her front letting her robe fall open.

Gabrielle shrugged her small shoulders and the robe fell from her, her beautiful naked body displayed for him. Harry admired her tiny form, the tiny waist, her small hips and slender thighs. The modest breast that moved up and down on her chest as she breathed.

Gabrielle stepped forwards again, her small hands went behind his erect cock that was standing up against his belly then against her hands as they cupped around it.

She stepped closer, pressing his hardness against her naked front, her hands holding him against her there. She moved them, up and down slowly rubbing his hardness against her. Her gaze moved between what her hands were doing and up to his face to see if he was enjoying it.

Harry was enjoying it.

He leaned his head down and when she looked back up from between them he caught her lips with his own, he kissed her deeply as they had done before while her hands kept moving over him.

When she pulled her lips from him for air, he sucked in his own breaths.

Harry, used the back of his hands on her forearms to gently push her hands off his hard cock. He set his hands on the backs of her thighs and lifted her up easily. Her arms instinctively went to go around his neck and he saw brief look on confusion when inside of pulling her legs around him he kept lifting her.

Her hands came to rest on his head for balance, and she gasped when she realised what he was doing. He moved his hands slightly and lifted her thighs over his shoulders then setting them on over them.

His face was almost where he wanted it.

He turned around standing in the same spot and leaning forwards a little Gabrielle, keeping her hands on his head let her back lean against the cupboards above the kitchenette.

Harry moved his hands a little more again to take hold of her firmly, his large hands at the very meeting of her small bottom and the tops of her narrow thighs and pushed his face into her core.

Harry let his tongue run through her folds, up to the small centre of nerves and back down again, again, again and once more before he moved his tongue back down and pushed it into her. He could hear her gasping and moaning and could feel her small hands gripping his hair tighter when his tongue moved a certain way. He tasted her sweet sex deeply, letting her arousal coat his lips.

He pulled his tongue from her and ran it back up, sealing his lips around her most sensitive spot and letting his tongue lash over it inside his mouth.

He broke his seal, letting his tongue continue to moved over her before returning to suck once more a little harder, his tongue moving a little faster.
He looked up her almost flat front, to her face. Her head was back against the cupboard and her jaw clenched. She looked down wanting to watch and caught him watching her, he sucked even harder on her, he saw her eyes roll up as she groaned, her head fell back against the cupboard and she began to tremble on him. Harry let up a little, letting his tongue move back down her, delving into her again. When he moved it back up he spent some time kissing on her, letting his tongue move slowly around the small pleasure centre before he eventually sucked her again. This time he did not let up, letting his tongue move as fast as he could. Her thighs suddenly squeezed hard around his head, her small fists of his hair tightened and her attempts to remain quiet turned into a deep growl from between her clenched teeth as her climax came over her. Harry looked up, not stopping his mouth and watched her face. Her eyes were closed, no sound was coming out of her and her face was turning red. Every part of her was a tensed muscle before finally she relaxed and gasped in air, her trembling resuming. Harry managed to let her slide down him and get his hands back holding her firmly by her small rear as her legs went around his waist, she clung to him, trembling and sucking in air. Her arms around his neck and her mouth dragging in air over his shoulder. Harry held her, enjoying himself as his hard cock was trapped between them. The position she was in and the fact that she was clinging desperately to him, trying to press her body as hard and as close against his own meant that his shaft was firmly pressed against her hot wet sex on one side as he pushed herself against it. Slowly she managed to come back to herself enough to give him small kisses, her shaky breath blowing against him from them. After a minute or so she seemed to realise he was rock hard against her and she moved her hips a little, rocking against him. Knowing that he couldn't take the time to work himself into her small pussy and not wanting to be teased with it, he spoke to her, his lips against hers. “I think I'd like you to get on your knees and show me what your pretty lips can do.” He said. When he felt her move to do as he had asked, he set her down, slightly disappointed to have taken his hands from her small rear. Gabrielle dropped down to her knees, her hands took a hold of him almost instantly and her small mouth was over the head of his cock. She sucked him hungrily, her small hands squeezing him, jerking up and down his long thick length while she kept him in her mouth. He felt her tongue running almost frantically over everything in her mouth and he let his hand fall to her hair as his eyes closed. He enjoyed himself, leaning back against the counter keeping his eyes closed. When she pulled away from him, he opened his eyes again to watch as her mouth sucked against the skin of his shaft, moving down and down it's length but coming to his balls. Just as hungrily she worked over them, Harry saw that the hand she wasn't holding him with was between her own legs and moving furiously. She seemed afire with lust. Her lips moved back to kiss his shaft and she spoke in a breathless voice. “I can't wait to feel this big cock inside me.” She said and kiss it. “I can't wait to feel you cum in your little princess's pussy.” She said her tongue now licking up his length. As she took him back into her mouth he spoke, letting his eyes close. “If you're so ready, why don't you climb back up here and try.” He sucked in a breath, enjoying the feel over her teeth grazing over him. “Climb on top of me and lower yourself down, even if you can't take me all I think I still want to cum in your little pussy.” He managed to get out. Gabrielle pulled back from him and looked up. Her eyes where on fire, she stood up, her body almost trembling and reached her arms up for his neck. Harry lifted her up and she immediately
wrapped herself around him again. With his hands holding her small ass, she kept one hand around
the back of his neck and reached down between them taking him in her hand. She shifted herself a little against him before he felt the head of his cock run over her folds then stop as she held him at her opening.
Harry saw her pretty face frown and her mouth open in wordless pleasure as she lowered herself over his tip. She paused holding herself there then she moved her arm back around his neck, shifting her body slightly.

“Be good girl.” Harry told her, his lips against hers. “And lower yourself onto my cock.” He told her.

Gabrielle groaned half at his words and half at her attempt to obey them, she lowered herself onto his, impaling herself on his long thick cock and managed to take half of him inside her tight pussy before she had to stop for a moment.

“You're doing such a good job.” Harry said, his lips still against hers. “Such a good little girl.” He told her and her lips moved passionately against his own as she lowered herself again. She pulled herself back up and then pressed back down, she fucked herself on his hard cock taking almost all of him into her. Her moans and whimpers falling from her lips directly onto his. Talking to her seemed to drive the girl wild so he did it some more.

“Your tight little pussy feels so good.” Harry told her, keeping their faces together. “My hard cock can feel every part of you inside, your tight, hot little pussy.” He said it was like setting fire to her, she moved more, gasping in air, moving herself on him faster, taking all of him in her lust. Her movements were frantic and she couldn't decide between squeezing her arms around his neck to cling to him or from staying loose enough so that she could continue to move up and down on his cock. Harry gave her both by firmly taking hold of her rear and let his hips do the moving while her arms tightened around him.

He thrust into her over and over again, she was so tight and he loved the feeling of it, her heat around him as he moved in and out of her.

“Fuck me.” Gabrielle got out. “Fuck my little pussy, fuck your little baby girl, Harry. Cum in my little pussy!” She gasped out and her own words seemed to send her over the edge, Harry felt her clench around him as he was pulling down, he drove himself back up, her already tightening pussy and as she screamed out her pleasure he felt himself spilling into her. She was impaled on him, held in place by his arms. Her body spasmed, as if racked by a seizure then every part of her went tense, she seized then froze, seized then froze as her waves of orgasm destroyed any sense of control she had over her own body. Harry remained thrust up into her the entire time, spilling himself deep inside her holding himself deep in her core as she spent her lust. Slowly her seizures of pleasure became trembles and the entire tensing of her entire body changed from jerks then to simply clinging to him.

The two of them breathed, their faces hidden in each others shoulders. Slowly they came back to themselves and when they heard a slow clap come from behind them both of their faces turned.

“That.” Ginny said. “Looked amazing.” She told them both clapping still. “I want whatever it is you made her for breakfast.” His wife said grinning and walking over to them.

Gabrielle started to laugh then cut off with a groan as Harry pulled his length from her using only his hips. He kept a hold of her and she kissed him.
Harry saw that there were tear tracks down her cheeks. Frowning at her.

“I didn't hurt you did it?” He asked and she laughed again and gave him another kiss.

“Yes, and it was magnificent.” She told him.
You Wore Jeans!

Gabrielle hadn’t stayed much longer after that, only long enough to come back to herself, recover slightly while they all talked a little then she had left to get back to her own room in her robe.

It was still only seven-thirty in the morning, after exerting himself after so little sleep Harry decided he should get a little more sleep. Ginny joined him and demanded he recount everything that had happened between him and Gabrielle. He started to but she wanted more details so he had to begin again. He recounted everything in as much detail for his wife as he could remember, from their conversation until they had heard Ginny applaud them. Ginny thoroughly enjoyed his retelling and noted, as he had, that dirty talk and calling Gabrielle his little girl had seemed to have had quite the effect on the girl. Ginny said she would remember this and Harry had no doubt of it.

He and Ginny returned to slumber for a while longer and woke up when Harry’s watched chirped at him at nine. He vaguely remembered pointing his wand at it the night before, some time before his pizza had arrived to remind him to wake up in time for breakfast. He got himself back up for the second time that morning and hit the shower. Ginny stayed dozing in bed, she watched him when he returned from his shower as he cleaned up the room a little. Their tossed underwear and Harry’s rumbled uniform still on the floor. When Harry picked up his uniform the charging horse medal fell loose from the pile and he set it on the side. Harry threw all the other clothing into a small washing basket before taking the pizza boxes and cups out of the bedroom.

He threw out the rubbish and washed up, he returned to their bedroom to finally get dressed for the day and picked out his suit.

“Are you staying in bed or are you coming down for breakfast?” Harry asked her.

“I’m going to stay in bed.” She told him sleepily. “I’ll eat later when I go out with Gabrielle and Victoire.”

“Alright, I’ll see you later on.” Harry said and planted a kiss on her forehead, she smiled and nestled herself back deeper into the covers.

Harry wandered through the halls, almost certain he was going the right way now having slightly gotten used to this route through the Delacour's mansion. He knew he was right when he spotted the stairs and he headed down them. When Harry reached the hall that contained the entrance to the kitchen, he could hear voices from it but more importantly he could smell food. Harry entered the kitchen and dining area to find, Mrs Delacour in the kitchen busy cooking. He saw Bill, Fleur and Victoire seated at the tables with drinks, apparently not having eaten yet. No sign of Gabrielle or Mr Delacour.

“Morning, Harry.” Said Bill easily to him when he spotted Harry.

“Morning, Bill.” Harry returned, both Mrs Delacour and Fleur greeted him and then Victoire and he returned their greetings as he took a seat at one of the tables.

“How are you feeling this morning?” Harry asked Bill.
“A little rough but not nearly as bad as I think my father-in-law is feeling this morning.” Bill said with a grin.

“Oh?” Harry asked curiously, before Bill could answer Mrs Delacour called over from the kitchen.

“Harry, I am making a full English as my guests are English.” Mrs Delacour said, sounding amused at herself. “Would you like some?” She asked him.

“Yes, please, Mrs Delacour.” Harry answered. “That sounds great.”

“It won't be long, I'll get you a drink first though. Tea or coffee?” She asked him.

“Coffee please.” Harry said, as Mrs Delacour began making his coffee Harry motioned a ‘one second’ gesture at Bill and headed into the kitchen to collect his cup from Mrs Delacour.

“I would have brought it over.” She told him but he just smiled.

“My legs work just fine and you're already doing more than enough for me and Ginny while we're here.” Harry said. “The least I can do is walk over here to pick up a cup!” He said and Mrs Delacour smiled at him.

“You're both always welcome here, this is no trouble at all.” She told him.

“We both really appreciate it, we've really enjoyed your hospitality.” Harry said.

“Bah! You!” Mrs Delacour said gesturing him away with a spatula. “Go sit down, take your sweet words with you.” She told him with mock anger.

“Yes, Ma'am.” Harry said in his best meek voice but smiled as he took himself and his cup back over to the tables.

“I've got something for you.” Bill told him as he sat back down.

“Mmm?” Harry managed while he was sipping at his coffee.

Bill reached down under the table and pulled up a small black box and tossed it to Harry. Harry caught it and looked at it confused as when he opened it there was nothing inside. Then he realised what it was.

“Yeah.” Bill said seeing that he realised.

“I forgot all about this.” Harry admitted. “The medal was just-” Then he trailed off.

“Tossed carelessly on the side?” Bill guessed and Harry shook his head, looking down at the case for it slightly embarrassed.

“Actually.” Harry said quietly. “I forgot all about it until I picked up my pile of clothes this morning and it dropped out of them.”

Bill laughed at him.

“Such disrespect!” He said in mock outrage. “If the good people only knew!”

“Alright, alright!” Harry said. “If you're so concerned about it, instead of putting it in it's case we shove it up your-”
“Breakfast is ready!” Mrs Delacour announced.

“Breakfast!” Victoire yelled loudly, cutting of the conversation she was having with her mother and Harry notice Bill wince slightly at the volume.

“So, you were saying you weren't feeling quiet as bad as someone...” Harry reminded Bill.

“Ah, right.” Bill said eyeing the floating plates as they flew towards them, with Mrs Delacour following behind. He lowered his voice.

“Well, after you left last night. We had a few more drinks, my father-in-law though had a bit more than a few. Bloody hell that man can drink.” Bill said.

“Thank you, Mrs Delacour.” Harry said down the row of tables as his plate arrived in front of him.

“You're very welcome, Harry.” She called back, then Bill, mining his own manners thanked her too and was told he was welcome. Fleur and Mrs Delacour seemed busy with Victoire and their own breakfasts so Bill continued his voice still low.

“Anyway, as I said. He drank a lot more than the rest of us. I was talking with your friend Leon when my father-in-law gets to his feet, and shouts across the room.” Bill told him, the two of them were both eating their food in bites as Bill was speaking.

“I look over, two of these old fancy pants are stood up at a table, wands out and pointed at each other, screaming at one another in French. I didn't catch much of it over all the noise but what I did catch. The skinny one called the tall guy a- Well never mind that. They looked to be on the verge of duelling it out right there with everyone around them.” Bill was saying as Harry listened to every word.

“Anyway, dear old dad.” Continued Bill. “Half marches over to them and half staggers. I don't know how he moved to quickly but me and Leon manage to catch up to him as he'd pulled his own wand out. He pointed it at the taller of the wizards.” Bill said, both he and Harry washed their mouthfuls of food down with a swig from their cups.

“He points his wand at him and in French says, 'You're a sneaking, filthy liar and a coward, you always have been and you all will be. I know what you are, I know what you've done. You make me sick.' and the guy went white.” Bill said. “Like he'd turned into a corpse right in front of us kind of white.”

“Blimey, what happened? Why did he say that?” Harry asked.

“I dunno why he said it, mate.” Bill admitted. “But me and Leon managed to get in front of him and we weren't having much look calming him down but Quentin appeared. Oh that's right!” Bill said interrupting himself. “This was just after he, his wife and their daughter Constance had just called it a night and gave us their goodbyes. We thought they had left but they were still making their way through the crowd to the exit. Anyway! Quentin comes over, whips out his wand faster than I could blink and says 'You gentlemen have one chance to put your wands away and move on your separate ways.' and I’m not exaggerating Harry, his voice sent chills down everyone's backs.”

“What happened next?” Harry could barely keep his voice down.

“Well, the tall guy who had gone white, put his wand away a stormed off. The little skinny guy put his wand away too then my father-in-law finally put his away. He walked over to the skinny guy and put an arm around him like they were old friends and the two of them walked off together to the bar, whispering to each other. I couldn't follow them and bloody well listen in but I would a liked to hear
what they were talking about. Anyway, I asked Quentin if he knew what it was all about but he just shook his head and told me that maybe he’d tell me about it another time. Anyway, me and Leon promised Appolline we'd go get her husband and fetch him back to the table so we did but when he found him at the bar he was alone and looked grim.” Bill said.

“Did you ask him what it was about?” Harry asked.

“Yeah but he told us that we wouldn't understand and that he didn't want to talk about it.” Bill said. “The way he spoke, we didn't want to press the issue to we just brought him back to the table with us. After that, well... The party was a bit ruined for us so we ended up just coming back home.”

“Blimey, I wonder what that's all about.” Harry asked.

“I'd like to find that out myself.” Bill said.

“And there is no sign of Mr Delacour this morning then?” Harry asked.

“I doubt he'll be up before noon.” Bill said, shaking his head.

Harry shook his own head at the events that had transpired after he had left.

“Oh, it was Leon who gave me the medal case by the way.” Bill said. “He's an alright bloke, that one.”

“He is.” Harry agreed with a nod. “I like him.”

The two of them finished their food without saying any more on the matter.

Gabrielle arrived a little while after, assuring Victoire that she hadn't forgotten about her promise take her out that day. Not too much longer and Ginny arrived down stairs to join them. While the two late comers eat some more breakfast that Mrs Delacour produced for them, Bill and Harry talked about nothing in particular. Harry mentioned Ginny’s young fan from the night before and the ticket's she had promised to set to him. Ginny overheard this and thanked him for reminding her about it.

Bill told him about young Constance and her interest in curse-breaking. By this point he and Bill had left the kitchen and moved to a small sitting room, discussing small things and letting their large breakfasts digest.

At around eleven thirty, Ginny poked her head into the room they were in.

“We're going to head out a little earlier.” Ginny told him.

“Alright.” Harry said. “Buy me a treat!” He demanded in a petulant voice, Ginny gave him a rude gesture with a grin on her face and left.

“What was that about?” Bill asked.

“When I go out, Ginny sometimes demands I bring her something to surprise her.” Harry told him. “Thought I'd try it out for myself.”

“She didn't seem too pleased.” Bill noted.

“I'll have to check whatever she brings back for poison and traps.” Harry agreed.

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When Ginny returned late that afternoon to their rooms and found Harry relaxing on the sofa, she presented him with a small paper bag.

“What this?” Harry asked.

“It’s your treat.” Ginny told him setting her other bags down.

Harry sat up, righting himself on the sofa and opened the bag cautiously.

Inside, he found a rather nice looking selection of sweets and chocolates. He peered suspiciously into the bag and Ginny laughed at his look.

“They’re just sweets.” Ginny told him sweetly. “No tricks..”

Not liking the tone of her voice or the way she watched him so intently, he slowly closed the bag and set it aside. “Thank you.” He said again slowly.

“You’re not going to have one now?” Ginny asked him brightly.

“I think I’ll save them for later...” Harry said.

“Are you sure?” Ginny asked him with a pleasant smile on her face and her eyes wide.

“Yeah.” Harry said slowly. “I don't want to spoil my appetite.”

“OK!” Ginny told him cheerily. “Just don't forget about them!”

And Harry was sure he had made the right decision not to eat any of them.

“Did you manage to get some wine?” Harry asked trying to change the subject.

“Yes, I even asked one of the shopkeepers what Sabine normally buys and he pointed a few kinds out.” Ginny told him.

“That's good.” Harry said. “Did everything go alright with Victoire?”

“Yeah, she was happy enough to have Gabrielle buy her things.” Ginny said.

“I suppose she would be.” Harry agreed, in his head he was already going over his pretend disappointment face for when he just happened to discover that the bag of sweets Ginny had given him had disappeared and that he had probably ever so clumsily thrown them, out by accident of course.

“Well we’ve got a few hours to ourselves before we have to get ready, what do you want to do?” Harry asked.

“I know what I'm going to do.” Ginny told him.

“What?” Harry asked.

“I'm going to have a long bath then I'm going to take a nap.” Ginny said. “You can just relax, you can even sneak in a few of those sweets, one or two won't spoil your appetite.” She told him.

“I-Yeah, I suppose I might have one or two later while you're in the bath.” Harry lied.

“Alright!” Ginny said brightly, she leaned down to give him a peck on the cheek and walked
through to their bedroom.

Harry and Ginny were standing in the entrance hall to the Delacour's mansion. Ginny wore a sundress despite it being only weeks away from Christmas. She wouldn't get cold though as they were pretty much going step outside then be back inside another home. Harry had on a suit but in an effort to seem more casual, he had taken off his suit jacket and had it over one arm instead. They were waiting for Quentin to arrive and when Harry heard a low crack outside, he knew that his friend had arrived. Harry moved forward and opened the front door to find Quentin about to take a step onto the steps leading up to him.

“How did-Ah you heard me apparate.” Quentin said.

“Yep.” Harry agreed.

Quentin was wearing dark blue jeans and a pale blue jumper with the sleeves rolled up.

“You wore the jeans!” Harry pointed out as Ginny came up behind him.

“I told you that I would.” Quentin said then gestured down to them grandly. “In your honour!” He said.

“What are you two talking about?” Ginny demanded.

“Harry told me about how he never gets to wear jeans any more, only suits. I told him I would wear mine in his honour.” Quentin explained.

“You're both ridiculous.” Ginny pointed out. “You for wearing jeans because of that.” His wife told Quentin then turned to Harry. “And you for missing wearing jeans when you could probably buy a jeans making factory.”

“I'd still never get the chance to wear them though.” Harry said in his defence. “This was my only casual setting to wear them and I didn't pack any.” He told her sadly.

“We'll get you some nice jeans when we get home and you can even wear them in bed as pyjamas.” Ginny told him like she was speaking to a child.

“Aw!” Exclaimed Quentin in mock envy. “I never get to wear jeans to bed!” He said like a child jealous of his friend whose mother let's him stay up late.

“Both ridiculous.” Ginny repeated at their antics.

“Maybe so, but will you still join us for dinner?” Quentin asked and bowed grandly.

“I suppose so.” Ginny sighed but then smiled at Quentin. “How are you, Quentin, besides casually dressed?” She asked.

“I'm very good thank you for asking, what about your beautifully dressed self?” He replied.

“I'm well rested and looking forward to spending some time with your and your wife.” Ginny told
him and lifted up a large handbag. “I even brought the wine.”

“Well I hope you both like Indian food.” Quentin cautiously told them.

“You've made a curry?” Ginny asked, surprised but sounding pleased.

“Sabine has, I am a poor cook.” Quentin admitted. “And it's not a very hot curry, only a chicken korma but she makes it very well.” He assured her.

“Gin loves spicy food.” Harry said. “You probably could have made a curry out of pure fire and she'd like it.”

“Well if we had known, maybe Sabine would have made something a little hotter.” Quentin told them both.

“I'd say 'next time'.” Said Ginny. “But about the spiciest thing Harry likes is black pepper. He'd run away crying.”

“Hey, I've tried spicy things before.” Harry protested.

“Yeah, and you ran away crying then too.” Ginny said.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Korma sounds great.” He said to Quentin. “We should get to it sooner rather than later though in case I need to spend some time crying to myself.”

“We'd better go now then, if you'll join me?” Said Quentin who offered both his arms. He and Ginny took them and a second later they were standing in a hallway somewhere else.
Harry took in his surroundings.
He was in a quite large hall way, though not on the scale of the Delacour’s mansion. The scale of this place was that of a large house, a more normal sized residence.
There was a lot of aged and polished wood, thick carpeting and intentionally dim lighting.
Harry could smell the food cooking, it’s scent having spread throughout the house.
There were several photos in the hall way and Harry realised that they were standing just inside the house, the front door behind them.

Harry thought he might like this place already, while everything in sight looked very well made and was probably quite costly, the place looked like a well loved home rather than gaudy or to display wealth.

“This way!” Quentin said, leading them down the hall to an open door where a more normal level of light bled out from.
Harry and Ginny followed one of their hosts, through the open door way into a large dining room and kitchen. The dining room part was directly in front of them as they entered while the kitchen was at the other side of the room.
Again, the furnishings and décor looked finely made but modest for it's expense.

“I have returned with our guests!” Quentin called to his wife, Sabine, who was standing in the kitchen stirring something in a large pan.

“Hello!” Sabine said brightly looking over at them. She set down the large wooden spoon she had been stirring with, wiped her hands on a small tea-towel and walked out of the kitchen from around a floating island.

“Welcome to our home!” She said moving to them.

“Thank you for inviting us.” Ginny said as Sabine reached her, they exchanged a brief air kiss on each others cheeks before Sabine turned on Harry to give him the same treatment.

“Quentin!” Said Sabine in an admonishing tone. “You didn't take Harry's jacket.” She told him.

Quentin slapped his forehead. “Ah, well I'll have to take them back home now. The entire evening is ruined!” He said rolling his eyes but with a small smile. He reached out at hand to Harry for his jacket and Harry placed the folded up jacket into it.

“I'll go hang it in the hall.” Quentin said and left the way they had arrived.

“It smells very good.” Harry said to Sabine and it was true, the food did indeed smell very good and Harry was pretty sure that the mild Indian dish was at a spice level that he could comfortably enjoy.

“You are kind to say so.” Sabine told him. “Come to the counter, I will get you both a drink.”

“Oh.” Ginny said reminded. She reached into her bag and pulled out two bottles of wine, their slender necks gripped between her fingers and displaying them to Sabine. “I brought wine.”

Sabine smiled at this. “Thank you, but you didn't have to!” She told Ginny, Harry knew this to be what ladies said to each other even if they were pleased that the guest had indeed brought something.

“Oh!” Sabine said as the labels on display registered, she was surprised. “I- Those are two of my
favourite wines! How did you-” Then she stopped with a look of comprehension coming over her face.

“Your husband informed us and the clerk at the shop was very helpful.” Ginny said.

“What have I done now?” Asked Quentin returning to the room, looking not at all worried.

“Did you really sent them to buy wine for me?” Sabine asked looking a little embarrassed at the idea of her husband demanding their guests bring his wife's favourite wine.

“He didn’t.” Harry said cutting in, remembering to that he and Quentin were supposed to be looking out for each other. “I insisted then insisted some more, then after I’d told him that any old wine wasn’t good enough he finally told me that you quite liked the house wines from a certain shop.” Harry said to Sabine who looked to find this acceptable.

“Well, I really do like those wines but as I said, you didn't have-” She tried again but Harry cut in again.

“I'm pretty sure your husband told me the same thing several times but I stopped listening to him after I managed to pull the wine shops location from him.” Harry said with an easy smile. “Ginny went there today while she was out and grabbed couple, it was no trouble really.”

Harry briefly met eyes with Quentin while Ginny said assuring Sabine that she had been out there anyway with her niece. Quentin gave Harry and almost imperceptible nod of thanks which Harry returned as he looked away from his friend and back to the conversation between their wives.

“Well, I'd kept you both standing here long enough!” Sabine announced. “Come, sit. Have something to drink, the food will be done shortly. I'm just waiting on the rice to boil is all.” She told them as they all moved over to the kitchen island which had a row of high seats that were a mixture between chairs and bar stools.

Three of them took seats while Sabine went to the other side of the kitchen island and grabbed some glasses. She set the four of them down and when Ginny set the two bottles of wine down next to them, Sabine popped open the top of one of them with her wand and poured them all a glass of the dark red wine.

“So, have you been enjoying your time in Paris so far?” Quentin asked after they had all taken a sip from their glasses.

“I have.” Ginny said. “I think Harry has been too stressed to relax until today.” She noted.

Quentin nodded in understanding at this.

“Well, you are staying until next Wednesday are you not?” Sabine asked Harry who nodded in confirmation.

“We'll be leaving Wednesday evening.” He told her.

“Well, you have a few days to relax a little and unwind, I'm sure you'll enjoy your time here now that you don't have auror business to take care of.” Sabine predicted.

“You're probably right.” Harry agreed taking another sip of his wine. He wasn't all that fond of wine, he didn't dislike it but it wasn't his drink of preference. He had to admit though that the wine in his glass was rather good.
“I just realised, is your daughter joining us?” Ginny asked.

Sabine shook her head but it was Quentin who spoke.

“I don't know what your brother told Constance but she told us this morning that she wanted to return to school today, she said she had a lot of reading to do in the school library. I don't know if I want to kiss that man or curse him.” Quentin said.

“Bill did mention his talk with her to me.” Harry said. “He told me she didn't have much clue about the kinds of research and prep-work you have to do before curse-breaking, not to mention that you need to good well in school before anyone will even think about taking you on as an apprentice.”

“Bill did do well at Hogwarts, he was Prefect and Head Boy.” Ginny agreed.

“Well, I think she is probably trying to improve her grades then.” Quentin said, sounding relieved. “I think I might kiss him then next time I see him.”

“Constance is a clever girl.” Sabine said. “But, this last year she had been letting herself fall behind a little.” Admitted Sabine.

“Hopefully, your brother had lit a fire under our girl and inspired her to work hard again.” Quentin said.

“I'm sure that's it.” Harry said.

“She'll probably do fine.” Ginny said. “It might just have been normal teenage things that distracted her at school, she probably would have pulled her grades back up on her own, given enough time.”

“Well, whatever the reason.” Said Sabine, now stirring the pan of rice again. “I'm glad she seems to be enthusiastic about learning again, though I still don't know where she got the idea to become a curse-breaker.” The lady told them.

“Nor I.” Quentin admitted. “Though, it's a good profession.”

“Good pay, well respected and not just by witches and wizards, I've seen goblins actually smile at Bill.” Harry noted.

“Bill always got to travel around a lot to some beautiful places.” Ginny told them, adding yet another reason why curse-breaking was a good job.

Seeming a little reassured by this Sabine smiled at them. “Now you say it like that, it does sound like a wonderful job.” She told them.

“She'll do fine, she seemed like a smart girl.” Ginny assured Sabine.

Quentin was asking Ginny about what it was like to be a professional quidditch player, while Sabine was draining the rice then plating it up. Harry watched his friends wife take up a large wok and begin to add the curry to the centre of the rice on each plate.

“We should go to the dining table.” Sabine called over her shoulder to them.

Harry picked up the bottles of wine while Ginny picked up her glass and handbag. Quentin led them over to the dining table which was a dark polished wood. The three of them set down their loads then took seats and as they did plates and cutlery was already arriving at the table to gently set down in front of them.
Sabine followed and took her own seat next to her husband, leaving Harry and Ginny opposite them both.

“Thank you, Sabine.” Ginny said. “It looks delicious.”

“You're both very welcome.” Sabine told Harry and his wife.

“Well, let us eat!” Quentin declared and took up his cutlery and did just that.

Harry half filled a forkful with rice then scooped some of the orangish, yellowish curry and chicken onto the fork. He cautiously put it in his mouth and began to chew. When his mouth didn't explode into flames, he managed to actually taste the food. It was actually very delicious. While technically it was spicy it was more... Spiced and seasoned than it was hot which suited Harry just fine, especially as it tasted so good.

“Mmm.” Harry let out without really meaning to.

“No tears then?” Quentin asked with a grin and when Harry shook his head smiling closed mouthed around his food, Quentin noticed his wife's confused look and explained.

“Ginny told me that Harry doesn't seem to cope well with very spicy food.” Quentin told his wife. “I believe she said that if he eats something too hot he will 'run away crying'.

“Oh!” Said Sabine looking mortified. “I didn't know, I would have made something else. You don't have to-”

Harry help up a hand and swallowed.

“Sabine, it's delicious.” He said. “Ginny was exaggerating. My wife likes to try to hottest things she can possibly find and just because I don't want to scold my mouth with the ridiculously hot things she finds from who knows where, she thinks I can't manage to eat a pepper imp without running for a healer.” He assured Sabine. When she still looked a little unsure he continued.

“Honestly Sabine, I'm not just saying it to be polite, I mean it. You food is delicious.” Harry scooped up and large forkful and dramatically put it into his mouth, chewed and swallowed. “See.” He told her. “No tears, no flaming mouth, just delicious chicken korma.”

“Well, if you say.” Sabine said. “But if you feel like you've had enough you don't have to be polite and eat it all...”

“I'm going to eat every last bit of this.” Sabine told him.

“So very brave.” Quentin said in a falsely admiring tone.

“Stuff it, you.” Harry said but only received a smirk in return.

“So.” Ginny said to the table, cutting them off before he and Quentin could get started. “How did you two meet?” She asked.

“She poisoned me!” Said Quentin and Sabine slapped him on the arm.

“I did no such thing!” She exclaimed.

“So you keep saying but I know the truth.” Quentin told them as much as he was replying to his
wife, Harry could tell there was a story behind this.

At Harry’s curious look Quentin spoke on.

“When I was a young auror.” Quentin said in a story telling voice. “I was just starting out at the Ministry of Magic. A dashing, handsome and powerful wizard, patrolling the streets of Paris, saving fair maidens from certain doom...” He told them grandly. “I happened to get into a duel while rescuing one such beauty and by luck alone the foul villain managed to clip me on the leg with a curse.”

Sabine was rolling her eyes but looked amused, Harry was grinning at his friend’s obvious exaggeration and Ginny looked just as amused.

“I was forced by the rules to go to the hospital to be checked out, I wouldn’t have gone for such a minor thing, you understand? But rules are rules.” Quentin said. “I was taken to a room when in walked a young and inexperienced healer.” He told them looking to his wife, letting them know that she was this young and inexperienced healer in his tale.

“I, wanting to be helpful kindly decided to let this young novice practice her art on my small injury so that one day she might be even better. She told me that she would have to put me to sleep while she deal with my injury but I assured her that such a small wound didn’t cause me any pain, and that she should simply proceed with the healing.” He told them and Sabine actually snorted at this but let her husband spin his tall tale.

“So very brave.” Harry said, imitating the words and tone Quentin had fired at him earlier. Quentin grinned at his return fire but continued his story.

“However, she would not be dissuaded of putting me to sleep for the healing so I finally agreed, for her sake of course.” He said.

“Of course.” Ginny said in a highly amused voice.

“Little did I know, this was her evil plan all along.” Quentin assured them. “I had not realised that the sight of my bare and marvellous legs had affected the young heal so deeply. So when she returned with my sleeping draught I did not realise that she had mixed with a powerful love potion.” Quentin told them gravely.

“When I awoke, I was fully ensnared by it’s foul magic. I was hopelessly in love with the young healer and begged her to allow me to take her out. She of course couldn’t seem too eager lest her superiors realises what she had done, so she protested at first most convincingly but eventually she made a show of reluctantly agreeing to allow me to take her on a date.” Quentin explained. “And so I have been her prisoner ever since.” He finished looking sadly down at his almost empty plate.

“You are the biggest liar I have ever met!” Declared Sabine.

Harry and Ginny were both chuckling at them both, the story had been well told and even though it was obviously full of lies and exaggerations you could still make out the truth of what had happened without it having to be explained.

“You cannot even mix a love potion and a sleeping potion!” Sabine pointed out to Harry and Ginny’s amusement.

“So you say, though we only have you word for it.” Quentin said to his wife with a wolfish grin.

“Maybe I did mix them!” Sabine told him. “That would explain why you always fall asleep so fast
“She didn't get to finish the sentence as both Harry and Ginny roared with laughter, cutting the rest of it off. Quentin laughed but looked a little embarrassed, soon Sabine looked victorious and joined in their laughter.

“But that is not true at all, I am merely resting for-” Quentin tried.

“Don't bother, mate.” Harry said shaking his head. “She got you.” He told Quentin.

Who after a moment nodded, acknowledging his defeat by his wife's words.

When they had stopped laughing and finished their food, Sabine had taken their plates away to the kitchen, returned with small deserts for them all that were in small bowls the size of cups and were some kind of cream, chocolate cause and chunks of chocolate cake in layers that Harry wolfed down. The four of them sat relaxing.

“So how did you and Harry get together?” Sabine asked Ginny.

Ginny set down her wine glass. “We were at school together.” Ginny told Sabine

“He was my brother's best mate, he was a year older than me, pretty tall I guess, mostly just convenient though.” Ginny said, making him sound like something she just happened to find lying around. “Plus you know, he was The Chosen One and all that but mostly it was because around at the time.” Ginny said looking over at him. “He's been clinging to me ever since.”

Harry shook his head at this but was amused.

“I understand.” Sabine said sharing a smile with Ginny.

“Oh.” Harry said, remembering something. “Quentin, what was all that about with Mr Daclour and those wizards last night?”

Quentin sighed and took a large gulp of his wine.

“It is a long story and one that doesn't have a satisfying conclusion.” Quentin told him. “Are you sure you want to hear it?”

“I'm pretty curious.” Harry admitted a little cautiously and Quentin sighed again.

“Well.” He said. “What happened last night wasn't so uncommon, but I will tell you what I know from the beginning.”

Harry nodded to Quentin's words.

“It started years ago, back when the current heads of the powerful wizarding families were young witches and wizards... I was only a boy at the time, you understand? So this is all second hand accounts.” Quentin warned.

Harry nodded again and Quentin continued.

“Well, they all would get together for gatherings. Many of them would simply be parties or dinners but from what I can tell every so often they would gather to perform some kind of magical working. I don't know what kind.” Quentin told him before he could ask. “Anyway, from what I can gather these group magical gathers were different each time, something they all wanted to try together.” Quentin paused to take a sip of his wine.
“Anyway, at one of these magical gathers something happened. I don't know what it was or who did what or even when it was but from the very little I have been able to find out, it appears that whatever happened at the gathers caused a divide between them. Since that time, all those years ago the families have been divided. They snap and snarl at each other like last night.” Quentin said.

When Harry opened his mouth to ask a question, Quentin held up a hand to him.

“I know you have questions, so do I but I will tell you truthfully, Harry.” Quentin said. “I still don't know what happened, none of them will give me an answer. They don't talk about it at all, like it was some great scandal and unless you already know what happened or were there at the time, they will remain completely silent on the matter. I checked the archives at work and there were no reports of any crimes or illegal acts so I cannot investigate the matter officially.” He sighed. “This that I know is all pieced together from small context clues, as far as I am able to find out, they are all divided by whatever it was that happened. I don't know if it was some kind of insult or something more serious. I don't even know if this is a small thing that has been nursed as a grudge all these years or if they are still truly angry about it. All I know is that they clash from either side of this divide occasionally at social functions. It doesn't happen every time but as last night, when people have had a little too much to drink... Well, when two of them start to argue they are quick to take sides and come to stand by their own. As Mr Delacour did last night, there had never been an actual public duel over this are far as I know though I suspect there have been some in private. There is nothing I can do, I have no more information on this and believe me, my friend, I have tried to find out more. But, nothing comes of it.” Quentin said with a shrug and an unhappy look on his face, he took another long pull from his glass emptying it.

He set it down on the dark polished wooden table and set his shoulders.

“Anyway!” Quentin said in a determinedly cheery tone. “Enough of this old riddles and gloomy tales, you are here to enjoy yourselves!”

The rest of the night was enjoyable after their first few attempts at getting the conversation going again, Quentin gave Harry a tour of his home which had five bedrooms. It was all very nicely decorated and truly was a home rather than simply a house.

Harry liked the place.

They had returned to their wives to find them in deep animated discussion and had both been pleased that their two other halves seemed to like each other. It was at around midnight when he and Ginny departed though Sabine and Quentin, just as deep into their glasses as he and Ginny had assured them that they could stay the night in one of the guest bedrooms but they had declined, opting to return to their own rooms at the Delacour manor. Harry had told his friend that if they stayed, they would keep drinking and it would be time for him to return to England by the time he managed to sleep off their evening together.

Ginny had demanded that Sabine and Quentin would have to visit them at home some time so that she and Harry could host them for dinner. Sabine had sworn that they would do so and the two women had hugged as if they were old friends.

Harry and Ginny had vanished with a crack and within fifteen minutes the two of them were mostly undressed in their own bedroom in the Delacour mansion and already fast asleep having both thoroughly enjoyed their night.
The next day neither Harry nor Ginny woke until early afternoon and when they did awaken they
didn't get out of bed. The amount of wine they had consumed the night before rendering them too
miserable to face anything outside of their rooms.
They had both convinced each other to shower, which they had done together but they hadn't gotten
dressed properly afterwards. Harry simply put on some boxers and got back in bed while Ginny used
that trick that all women seemed to possess of somehow turning some loose clothing into comfortable
pyjamas without altering them in any way but by simply wearing them.

The two of them simply dozed in bed and wasted the afternoon and as early evening approached it
was Ginny who broke first.
She had demanded food.
After a brief discussion Ginny had left their rooms, in search of one of the Delacour's, specifically
Gabrielle to ask her for the telephone's location and for the number of the place they had ordered
food from the night before, barring this Ginny had said if she couldn't find Gabrielle, she would find
someone else and order food from another place.
Harry had remained in bed idling thinking about possible foods that he could be eating. Ginny had
returned some time later and informed him that Gabrielle had gone out to a dinner that had been
planned long before their arrival in Paris but Mrs Delacour had ordered some pizzas for them and
told Ginny that she would let them know when it arrived.

A little while later a small paper bird flew into their open bedroom door and onto Ginny, it revealed a
note from Mrs Delacour that their food was here.
Soon after the two of them feasted and eventually had slept again.

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On Tuesday morning, both Harry and Ginny were up early having had plenty of sleep.
They had just found their way down to the kitchen and dining area to find Mr and Mrs Delacour,
Gabrielle and Victoire seated there.

“Good morning, you two.” Mrs Delacour said. “How are you both feeling today? Better I hope?”

“Much better.” Ginny said for them both.

“That is good.” Mrs Delacour said warmly. “I haven't started making breakfast yet though so you
might have to wait a while.” She told them.

“Actually.” Ginny said as they took their own seats. “Harry and I were going to go out to la petite
ville and see if we could find somewhere to have breakfast there.”

“Oh?” Mrs Delacour asked.

“Yeah, it's not because of your cooking.” Harry assured Mrs Delacour quickly. “It's just we spent all
day inside yesterday so we'd like to get out a bit.”

“I know a few good places you could go to.” Mr Delacour told them.

At Harry's interested look he continued.

“Gabrielle tells me you went to get some wine yesterday, well just around the corner from there,
two... No three doors down there is a small cafe with some seating outside of it. They have good
food but their coffee is fantastic.” Mr Delacour told them.

“If you're planning to stay there for a while then there is a place to the east towards the end of one of the streets, it has a blue awning and sign, it is called Camille's that opens later on, you can have lunch there.” Mrs Delacour suggested.

“What kind of place is it?” Ginny asked interestingly.

“It's usually pretty busy but it's quite large so you won't have a problem being seated. They serve many different kinds of things there. I usually get the tarte flambée and my husband the steak diane but they have a collection of dishes from different countries there.” Mrs Delacour told Ginny.

“They have a chocolate mousse there that is delicious.” Gabrielle added.

Ginny looked to Harry.

“Will we be there that long?” She asked him.

“Well, I'm pretty sure we need to buy another trunk for the things you've bought so far so we might as well buy a few more things to put inside it while were there. Christmas is coming up after all.” He said.

“Then we'll go there two. Camille's?” She asked to Mrs Delacour who nodded.

“With a blue sign and awning to the east of that wine shop.” Mrs Delacour said.

“It sounds like a plan.” Ginny said.

Harry checked his watch, it was still not even eight in the morning yet.

“I think we've got a little time before we should head out.” He noted.

“Then I will make you a drink before you go.” Mrs Delacour said. “What would you like?”


“Me too, please.” Ginny said.

As Mrs Delacour began to stand Gabrielle set her hand on her mother's shoulder. “I'll do it.” Gabrielle told her as her mother sat back down. She smiled to her daughter.

“Thank you, Gabrielle.” She said to her.

“Do you want another one cup?” Gabrielle asked her mother who nodded with a smile.

“Father?” Gabrielle asked Mr Delacour.

“No thank you, Gabrielle.” Mr Delacour declined but seeming pleased. “What about you, little one?” He said to Victoire who had been listening to the adults talk.

“Do you want another drink, sweetheart?” Gabrielle asked her niece.

“Can I have a hot chocolate?” Victoire asked.

“Of course, you can!” Gabrielle told the girl who grinned at this news.

“Thanks aunt Gabreille, you're the best!” Victoire declared.
Harry saw Ginny trying not to roll her eyes at this.

“Two teas, a coffee and one hot chocolate coming right up!” Gabrielle said and headed into the kitchen area.

“So, Harry.” Mr Delacour said. “What are you doing for Christmas this year?” He asked.

“Uh- We'll be going to the Burrow.” Harry answered.

“Ah, yes.” Mr Delacour nodded. “Molly, she is a very good cook.” Mr Delacour's eyes flicked over to his wife and then back again and he spoke without a pause, making it seem as his next words had been intended to come out anyway. “Though I prefer my wife's cooking, she truly goes above and beyond at Christmas.” He finished and won a smile from his wife with these words.

“Can I stay here for Christmas dinner?” Victoire asked him.

“Ah, no, sweetheart.” Mr Delacour told his grand daughter kindly. “You stayed here for Christmas last year remember, this year you will be with your other grandparents.” He told the girl who pouted.

“I want to stay here.” She sulked pulling a smile from her two grandparents.

“I know, and we would love to have you but all of your grandparents love you very much so we have to share you instead of keeping you all to ourselves.” He said and began to tickled Victoire. Harry was glad that he wasn't hung over any more because if he had listening to the the sounds Victoire made, yesterday. Well he wasn't sure where he would have disapparated to but and probably wouldn't have cared so long as he had gotten out of earshot.

“Your poor grandpa Weasley would be heartbroken if he had to spend two Christmases without you.” Mrs Delacour told Victoire. “You wouldn't want to upset him would you?”

“No...” Victoire said reluctantly. “I like granddad Weasley, he tells me funny things about the muggles.” Victoire admitted.

“Well, there you have it.” Mr Delacour told her. “You'll get to hear more funny jokes about muggles from him and we'll make sure to send you lots of gifts when you go home.”

“You promise?” Victoire asked.

“We promise.” Mr Delacour said. “They'll be waiting with all your other gifts at your home on Christmas morning.”

Victoire grinned at this.

Gabrielle returned floating their cups into place for them and was thanked by himself, Ginny and her mother. Victoire simply began to blow and try to at her hot chocolate.

They sat drinking their hot drinks, Gabrielle told him and Ginny that Bill and Fleur were having a lie in and that she was in charge of Gabrielle this morning.

Harry asked Mr Delacour if he knew a place where he could buy another trunk. They really did have quite a lot of things to take back with them and Harry was sure that they wouldn't all fit into the trunk they had brought with them.

Mr Delacour told him about a place opposite a sweet shop and Harry knew it was the place that Ginny had gone into while he had visited the sweet shop to buy things for Teddy. The place Gabrielle had pretended to be his wife.

Harry wouldn't be returning there with Ginny, especially since the shopkeeper would be wondering
why he suddenly had another wife.

Harry thought he would do a little Christmas shopping of his own today now that he knew he would have most of a trunk to fill up. He was thinking about what to buy Teddy, his godson.

Harry would be handing over the sweets he had bought to Teddy no matter what, they weren't a Christmas gift, he would have to look around for something good enough.

Not long afterwards Harry and Ginny had left the Delacour mansion, arrived in la petite ville and found their way to the café that Mr Delacour had recommended.

Mr Delacour had been right, the food as good but coffee was even better.

He and Ginny wandered around the place, going into plenty of shops. Harry bought a few Christmas presents for people but still hadn't seen anything he thought would be good enough for Teddy.

Several hours went by without any more luck in finding something and Ginny finally asked him while they were eating their lunch in the place that Mrs Delacour had told them about why he looked so grumpy.

“I can't find anything to get Teddy for Christmas.” He admitted, stabbing some chicken with his fork idly.

“Well, we haven't looked everywhere yet.” Ginny pointed out. “And besides, you know what Teddy is like. He'll love anything you get for him.”

It was true.

While Harry didn't like children all that much, mostly he found them to be much like Victoire. Teddy was different, he was a little older and while he had that spark of adventure that his mother had had, he also had another side to him that was much like his father. He could be extremely thoughtful and he was always grateful to receive a gift, not so much for what the gift was but for the enjoyment of receiving a gift from someone who cared enough to get him one.

Then Harry was struck with an idea and he grinned.

“You've thought of something haven't you?” Ginny asked amused.

“He's going to Hogwarts in September.” Harry said. “I can buy him loads of things that will be useful for him instead of just a big toy and some sweets.”

“Well, I don't think he'll appreciate school supplies for Christmas, Harry no matter how grateful he is, he's still a just a kid.” Ginny said.

“No, not just school supplies really but like little useful things.” Harry said. “Just trust me, I'll find him plenty of things he'll like.”

It was several hours later and in a rare change of places, it was Harry who had more shopping bags than his wife.

Harry had found plenty of the kinds of things he was looking for. He had bought Teddy; a rememberall, a sneakoscope, a nice set of gobstones and he had bought several packs of exploding snap cards. Harry planned to take Teddy to Diagon Alley himself when the time came for him to buy his school robes and books. They would buy his other supplies then too.

The best thing Harry had found was in a jewellery shop that Ginny had insisted that they go in. He had bought two silver lockets that were a pair.

They were very plain looking and didn't have any ornamentation on them, their real appeal was what they did.

They sent messages to each other.

One person would write a message on a small piece of paper, they would then fold it up as small as
they could and place it into their locket. The other person who had the other locket would also have a small piece of paper inside their own though it would be blank.

When a note had been placed into the first locket, the second locket would heat up ever so slightly to tell them that they had a message.

The writing that had been written on the first piece of paper would vanish from it and appear written on what would have been the other lockets blank piece.

Leaving the original user with their original note though now without the words they had written on it.

It worked both ways and Harry thought that being able to send each other small notes while Teddy was at Hogwarts would please his godson.

Harry had bought the two lockets despite how expensive they were after the shopkeeper had demonstrated what they did and after the shopkeeper had assured him that they would work up to a distance of one thousand miles.

While Ginny had protested at his buying Teddy a sneakoscope, even she had admitted that they were a wonderful present. Just the kind of thing that Teddy would love.

When the two of them headed to their last stop, to buy their new trunk, Harry briefly considered buying two so he could give one to Teddy but decided that he would let Teddy pick out his own when they went to Diagon Alley together.

Finding a large but plain trunk that wasn't too expensive didn't take long and when they had paid for it, both he and Ginny dumped their bags into it and floated it out of the shop.

Not long after they had both vanished, along with the trunk to return to the Delacour's mansion.

After greeting Mr and Mrs Delacour who had heard them arrive, asked how their day had been then informed them that there was a small party tonight at the home of a friend of theirs and asked if he and Ginny would like to attend, to which Ginny had replied that they would love to attend.

The two of them took their trunk back to their rooms and spent some time unpacking their other trunk and rearranging their contents into both trunks.

The two trunks still had a fair bit of room left in them both but there was definitely not enough room to fit all of their things into a single trunk.

The two of them had then relaxed for about an hour then had showered, changed and generally made themselves look presentable before heading back down in search of their hosts.

He and Ginny ran into Mr Delacour as they reached the stairs.

“Oh.” He said stopping. “I see that you are both ready.” He commented.

“We were just coming to let you know that we're ready when you are, there's no rush.” Harry said.

“We'll I'm just going to get ready now myself, Appolline is already getting ready.” Mr Delacour told them.

“We'll be in that sitting room when you're ready.” Ginny told Mr Delacour. “There is no hurry.”

“Very well, though I don't think we'll be too long now.” Mr Delacour told them and headed off to the left hallway at the top of the stairs, where Harry presumed he and his wife had their own rooms but not knowing for sure as he had never been in that part of the mansion.

He and Ginny went down to sit in the sitting room, they were in there for about five minutes before Gabrielle poked her head around the door.
“You two are going out?” She asked.

“With your parents.” Ginny said. “To one of their friend's places.”

“Ah, well you both look lovely.” Gabrielle said. “I'm sure you'll have a good night.”

“Thank you.” Ginny said then patted the empty seat on the sofa next to her. Gabrielle entered the room fully and sat down there.

“Harry was telling me about the conversation the two of you had the other morning.” Ginny said. “The one before you both put on that lovely show.” Ginny said, making Gabrielle blush and look to the doorway to be sure no one was there to overhear.

“You really were a good little girl, weren't you?” Ginny asked in a quiet but wicked voice and Gabrielle went even redder. “Don't be shy, I enjoyed watching it almost as much as you looked to be enjoying it. Did it feel good to have Harry's big cock cum inside your little pussy?”

“Yes.” Gabrielle almost whispered. “It did.” She was looking down at the floor.

“That's good. You were a good little girl and got to enjoy your new daddy using you.” Ginny said enjoying Gabrielle's blushes. Gabrielle simply nodded.

“Well, you'll get to do it again if you're good little girl. Harry told you about visiting us so you know what to expect, right?” Ginny asked.

“Yes, I might not be the only person who visits you and that I need to think of a way to explain my absence from home before I let you know I want to visit.” Gabrielle dutifully said though still very quietly.

“That's right.” Ginny said. “It's good that you understand, I'll have to think of some way to reward our precious little princess when she visits.” Ginny said then she looked to the door way to check it was still empty and leaned forward to give Gabrielle a small kiss on the lips.

“Now, you should clear off before your parents show up.” Ginny told her.

“Yes.” Gabrielle agreed standing. “I hope you have a good night, both of you.” she said a moved to the open doorway.

“Gabrielle.” Harry said stopping the girl with his voice.

“Yes?” She asked.

“Make sure you behave yourself.” Harry reminded her.

“I will.” Gabrielle said with a nod.

“What are you going to be?” Ginny asked with another wicked grin but her eyes were gentle enough to let Gabrielle know she was teasing her.

“I'm going to be a good little girl.” Gabrielle whispered a small smile trying to find it's way onto her lips.

“Good girl.” Ginny said and gave her a less wicked and more happy smile.

“Goodnight.” Gabrielle said.
“Goodnight, Gabrielle.” Harry said, letting the girl escape before Ginny teased her even more.
Chapter Summary

Harry and Ginny join the Delacours for the evening.

Harry, Ginny, Mr and Mrs Delacour arrived outside another mansion though this one was modest when compared to the Delacour's home. Still it was clearly a very large and very expensive building, the double front doors stood open and a witch waited by the open doors to greet guests.

Mr Delacour led them to the witch who welcomed them all and told them to proceed through the mansion at their own leisure. Harry was looking around and the 'party' seemed to be spread throughout many rooms, he was small groupings of finely witches and wizards in different rooms as they walked through the place.

He saw people moving from room to room in search of more guests to converse with or simply a change of scenery.

Mr Delacour led their small group into a large room which Harry noted contained a bar, which appeared to be their first stop.

Harry didn't object to this, nor did anyone else because they reached the bar and Mr Delacour ordered drinks for himself and his wife then after asking, he ordered for Harry and Ginny.

With a probably very expensive whisky in his hand and Ginny with a probably just as expensive glass of wine in hers, Mr Delacour told them that they should fine their hosts and introduce Harry and Ginny to them as well as letting them know that he and his wife had arrived.

Again without any objections they followed Mr Delacour once more.

Both Mr Delacour and Mrs Delacour exchanged polite nods of greeting with other witches and wizards as they walked but they didn't stop to talk. They were led into a small games room which to Harry's surprise seemed to be styled after a muggle games room.

It contained several pool tables, even two dart boards though as Harry saw a wizard throw a dart, it left a glittering green streak of magical light behind it and when it hit the board, well... Harry wasn't sure what happened exactly but it looked to him as though the board rippled and changed in some way but he wasn't close enough to tell. It was certain though that the games were magically changed from their muggle counterparts.

There was even another bar in this room, though this one was much smaller and had only one person behind it to serve drinks.

“Ah! Look who it is!” Called an older looking wizard as he saw Mr Delacour leading their group over in his direction.

“We have brought a couple of our own guests, I hope you do not mind.” Mr Delacour said, shaking the man's hand warmly.

“Not at all, I see who your guests are and they are more than welcome here.” The man said before pulling his hand back.

“Appolline, you look lovely as ever.” He said to Mr Delacour who smiled politely and exchanged air kisses with the man. “And you are Harry Potter.” The man said sizing Harry up then offering his hand.
Harry shook the man's hand.

“I am Mathis Henry.” The man told him, in his French accent the name 'Henry' almost became 'Onree' but Harry understood him well enough.

“A pleasure to meet you, Mr Henry.” Harry said. “This is my wife Ginny.” He said gesturing to Ginny.

“Another lovely woman to grace my poor gathering with her presence.” Mathis said as he and Ginny shook hands.

“Flatterer.” Ginny accused him lightly.

“Guilty as charged.” Mathis said. “But certainly not a liar, your dress is quite fetching.” He told her.

“Thank you, that's very nice of you to say.” Ginny said, seeming pleased at the compliment to her dress.

“Well, as I said, you two are welcome here in my home. I hope you will enjoy yourselves while you are here. My gatherings are a little more relaxed than most, as you can see guests move freely throughout my home and while there is food I do not expect anyone to be seated at a dining table being overly polite to one another.” Mathis explained to them.

“It is a refreshing change from the usual.” Mr Delacour said. “It's why Appolline and I like to attend Mathis' gatherings when we can.” He said.

“And it would not be the same without you both here.” Mathis told them.

“We wouldn't miss it unless we had no other choice.” Mr Delacour replied. “I think we will stick by Harry and Ginny for a while and move around a little. I will come find you later on?” Mr Delacour asked at the end.

“I hope you do.” Mathis said easily. “I have my own rounds to make, we will talk more later.”

Mr Delacour slapped the older man on the shoulder lightly and then turned to the rest of their group. “Shall we move around a while?” He asked.

“Let's.” Ginny answered.

They spent probably the better part of an hour moving very slowly through rooms and halls, following Mr Delacour's lead and stopping to speak with witches and wizards, the conversations themselves were not very interesting more polite inquires into everyone's health and well being, a comment or two on some not particularly interesting news that had happened recently and the occasional congratulations to Harry on the medal he had received.

Both he and Ginny smiled politely and responded to all questions asked and as the small witch who they had been speaking to moved on away from them Mr Delacour turned to them and spoke an a quieter voice.

“Well, I should say that that was enough wandering around and speaking to people. We can go settle in a room now, order some more drinks and a little food and enjoy the rest of the evening.” Mr Delacour told them.

“Is it always like this?” Ginny asked. “Making sure to been seen to speak with people before you're allowed to relax and enjoy yourself?”
“Mostly.” Mrs Delacour said. “Though it's a little different depending on where the gathering is taking place, like here, everyone is free to move around from the moment they arrive to it is expected to be seen doing just that.”

“What about at other places?” Ginny asked Mrs Delacour as Mr Delacour led their group away again.

“Well, if we were all formally dining then it is expected that you make conversation with your nearest seated guests and continue to be seen conversing with them. It's considered rude to simply greet them, talk a little then enjoy your room.” Mr Delacour told Ginny.

“I guess that's why they usually server lots of very small courses.” Ginny said.

“Exactly, anything larger would go cold while you spoke.” Mr Delacour said approvingly.

“Would you like to settle down in the room we met Mathis in or would you prefer nother?” Mr Delacour asked Harry.

“No, that's fine.” Harry said and he walked with Mr Delacour with their wives talking quietly behind them.

The four of them claimed a large table that Harry guested in fitting with the theme of the games room was supposed to be like a booth in a pub or bar but it was much too open and the furnishings much too fine to pass for a pub or bar. Even so, it afforded them a small measure of isolation and they would be able to clearly see the rest of the room and if anyone was approaching them.

“I can go get us some drinks.” Harry offered. “If everyone wants the same again?”

“Thank you, Harry.” Mrs Delacour told him kindly. “I would love another wine.”

“I too would have another, I will see about trying to get us a little something to eat in the meantime.” Mr Delacour said.

“Surprise me, get me something fruity that the bartender has to mix.” Ginny demanded of him.

Harry rolled his eyes and smiled.

“Alright, something fruity that the poor man has to mix.” He confirmed.

“Do you have any idea what you want to eat?” Mr Delacour asked him.

“I-Uh, I don't know what is on offer?” Harry said. “Ginny can decide for me, she knows what I like.” Harry said.

“So the spiciest most raw meat dish they have?” Ginny asked sweetly.

Harry just gave her a look.

“Alright, Alright.” Ginny said. “I'll get you something you will actually eat.”

“You're too kind.” Harry said sarcastically then to Mr and Mrs Delacour. “I'll be back with your drinks soon.”

Harry walked down to the other end of the games room, as he had suspected the pool game was altered by magic too. When the cue ball struck a red ball, it missed the pocket and bounced off the cushion, when the moving ball came into contact with other balls on the table, knocking into them
only slightly. The other balls moved with more force than they should have, they span and turned moving as if they had lives of their own on the table, changing the layout of the game entirely.

Harry reached the small bar and the bartender smiled politely at him.

“Two red wines, one whisky and uh... My wife would like some kind of mixed fruity drink.” Harry finished a little lamely.

“This is no problem, sir.” The bartender told him with a smile. “I assume the more frilly and exotic the better?”

Harry nodded. “Though, nothing with magical side effects.”

“I have just the thing in mind.” He told Harry.

“I'm glad to hear that, because I have no idea at all.” He said.

The barkeeper laughed a little and began to pour colourful liquids into a silver mixer, he added what looked like some sugar then something else that was a deep red power, much finer than the sugar. He then poured what Harry recognised as white rum into the mixer and then closed the lid, beginning to shake it up.

“You are, Mr Potter are you not, sir?” The man asked him.

Harry nodded cautiously.

“I do not mean to pry, sir. I ask only because the lovely women with the red hair is your wife correct?” He asked Harry who nodded again.

“She is, yes.” He said.

“Ginny Potter.” The bartender said. “My little sister adores her.”

“Really?” Harry asked, curious.

“Yes, sir.” The bartender said. “She is a big fan of the Holyhead Harpies, being a young girl and the Harpies being an all female team, she looks up to them very much.”

“I assume your sister isn't here tonight?” Harry asked.

“No, sir.” The man replied now slowly pouring the mixture into a tall narrow glass that flared wide at the top. “She is only fourteen and is still at school, she will be red with envy that I made a drink for Ginny Potter when I tell her at Christmas.” He said with a little smile.

“What is your name?” Harry asked the young man.


“Do you get a break while working here?” Harry asked him.

“Uh, in half an hour I take a fifteen minute break, sir, why do you ask?” Eliot asked looking confused.

“Well Eliot. On your next break, if you can find something for my wife to sign and something to sign it with during your break then I think I might be able to persuade her to sign something for your sister. I think maybe she would enjoy it as a Christmas present when she returns home from school,
what do you think?” Harry suggested, knowing that Ginny wouldn’t need exactly zero persuading. Eliot’s eyes were wide and he had frozen.

“Are you sure, sir?” He asked in a low excited voice. “Do you think she would?”

“I think I can convince her.” Harry said.

“Sir, I will find something on my break. I’ll break off and quickly began making the rest of the drinks Harry had ordered while continuing to speak. “Thank you so much for this, sir. Solène- My sister she will be overjoyed. I don't think she will even believe it!” He told Harry excitedly, Harry couldn't help but smile at the excited tone.

“Well, I'll speak with her and I'm pretty sure they will sign something for you.” Harry said as Eliot presented him with a small tray and set his drinks down on top of it. “I'll see you a little later on, when you return from your break.” Harry said.

“Yes, sir! And thank you again, sir.” Eliot said nodding.

“No trouble.” Harry said easily and took up the tray and returned to his groups table.

Harry set down the tray and Ginny smiled seeing her tall multicoloured drink, straw and umbrella handing out of it.

“Will this do?” Harry asked.

“I think so, I hope it takes nice.” Ginny said, taking the large glass from the tray. “What's in it?”

“No idea.” Harry said.

Mrs Delacour took her and her husband's drinks from the tray thanking Harry.

“He has gone to find food for us.” She explained her husbands absence.

“I wish him luck.” Harry said. “I'm quite hungry.” He said. “What did you get me?” Harry asked Ginny.

“You'll have to wait and see.” She said after she swallowed a mouthful of her fruity drink. Her eyebrows went up at the taste. “Oh, this is quite good!”

“I'm glad you like it.” Harry told her. “I was speaking with Eliot, the guy who made your drink.”

“Oh?” Ginny asked, clearly knowing he had more to say.

“Well, it turns out his little sister his a huge fan of yours.” Harry told her. “He was telling me that she would never believe he had made the Ginny Potter a drink when he tells her about it over Christmas.”

Ginny's eyes were wide and excited.

“I told him, that when he's on his next break, if he can managed to get a few things together then maybe you would sign something for him to give to his sister for a Christmas present.” Harry said.

“I will!” Ginny said and then set down her drink beginning to rise.

“He doesn't have anything yet!” Harry told her and set a hand on her shoulder pushing her back down. “He is going to get something when he goes on his break in half an hour.” He told his
overeager wife.

“Of course.” Ginny said, as if she weren't almost desperate to please a fan. “After his break.” She said.

“After his break.” Harry repeated, very amused and he saw that Mrs Delacour's eyes matched his own.

Mr Delacour returned to the table and took back his seat.

“Food is ordered and will be brought out to us when it is ready.” He told them in a satisfied tone and took up his new glass.

“Thanks.” Harry said. “I'm starving actually and I've eaten loads today.” He told Mr Delacour.

“Nothing wrong with a healthy appetite.” Mr Delacour told him expansively.

Mrs Delacour recounted Harry's trip to the bar to her husband, telling him about Ginny's young fan and that her brother would be fetching supplies on his break, he was amused at this but Ginny seemed to miss it entirely or simply ignore it. Harry caught her looking at her small watch several times and looking over to the other side of the room in the direction on the bar. Harry smiled and sipped his drink to hide it.

Shortly after the food arrived and Harry found that Ginny had ordered him pretty much everything you could think of on a Sunday roast dinner. His plate was huge and when compared to everyone else's more modest sized meals his looked ridiculous. It looked very good though so he simply dug into it. It turned out to be as delicious as it looked, though he didn't manage to finish it all and he had had to pause briefly while Ginny quietly scolded him for getting gravy on his shirt. Harry was unrepentant but allowed her to use her wand to remove the gravy.

He eventually pushed his mostly empty plate away from him though and leaned back in his seat with a sigh.

“I thought you would finish it all, for sure.” Mr Delacour said to him with an amused look.

Harry shook his head.

“I was trying but, it's defeated me.” Harry admitted.

“Ah, well. There is always next time.” Mr Delacour said and the thought of attempting that meal again made him a little ill.

“He's gone!” Ginny said excitedly and Harry looked to her. Ginny was looking over at the bar and when Harry looked over as well he saw that Eliot was no longer there but a young witch instead, busily serving drinks.

“So he has.” Harry said.

“I think I might try to get his address and send some tickets for them too.” Ginny said musingly.

“I'm sure he won't object, he's probably going to become the best brother ever this Christmas.” Harry
Ginny grinned. “You're probably right.” She told him and looked a little smug. “He didn't ask for your autograph did he?” Ginny asked.

“Me? No, I'm just Ginny Potter's husband.” Harry told her with a show of looking downtrodden.

“Don't worry, you're pretty enough to be my trophy husband for a few more years yet.” Ginny told him.

“Then you will be trading him in for a newer model?” Mr Delacour asked Ginny.

“Of course, something a bit more exciting. Not so plain and boring.” Ginny said to Mr Delacour without missing a beat.

“Naturally.” Mr Delacour said.

“This Potter model.” Ginny said gesturing to Harry as though he were one of Mr Delacour's cars and not her husband. “They're reliable enough even if it does take a few tries to get them going but he's really slowing down in his old age.” Ginny was telling Mr Delacour seriously.

“Have you tried giving him an oil change?” Mr Delacour asked, openly grinning now.

“I tried but I wasn't sure where to shove the dipstick.” Ginny said and Mr Delacour roared with laughter which made Ginny grin like a wolf.

Harry just shook his head.
Chapter Summary

The evening continues.

A little while later Harry spotted a familiar face enter the room and head over to the bar.

“I see someone I know.” Harry said to the table. “I'm just going to go say hello.”

Harry stood up and brought his almost empty glass with him, he made his way over to the small bar and tapped the man on the shoulder.

Sebastian Morin, one of the French aurors who had helped in the search for Fontaine and had almost been hit by a curse in Hogsmeade, turned around to face Harry. At first he was surprised then delighted.


“Fancy seeing you here, Sebastian.” Harry said and offered his hand, the two aurors shook.

“It's good to see you again, I didn't get a chance to stick around after your commendation.” Sebastian told him. “I had to leave pretty much right away, I was on duty you see, otherwise I would have come over to congratulate you.”

“It's no trouble, I understand.” Harry told him easily.

“You made me sound like a hero in your speech!” Sebastian half laughed and half accused.

“Well, I didn't actually lie, you were injured after all.” Harry pointed out.

“I got a bump on the head and some scrapes and bruises is all!” Sebastian said. “You made it sound like that entire building fell on me.”

Harry just shrugged and grinned.

“Can I get you a drink?” Sebastian offered, noting Harry's now empty glass.

“Please.” Harry said. “A whisky.”

As the young witch set down a glass in front of Sebastian, he slid it over to Harry.

“Could I have another one, please.” He said to the witch who nodded and moved off again. “Looks like we drink the same thing.”

“Thanks, Sebastian.” Harry said. “So you're a guest here tonight too?”

“No, my sister is the guest. I'm just tagging along.” Sebastian said.

“You heard about the open bar too then?” Harry joked.
“I could smell it a mile away.” Sebastian said, when the witch set down another whisky in front of Sebastian, he thanked her then held up his glass to Harry.

“I don’t know if I ever really thanked you for pushing me out of the way...” Sebastian said seriously.

“You did, though after your bump on the head you probably forgot.” Harry cut in.

“Well, I'm in my right mind now so please accept my thanks, Harry. I know what you said in your speech and what things were really like. You did really save my life that day, and Watkins.” He told Harry.

“No trouble.” Harry repeated and clinked his glass to Sebastian's.

The two of them drank.

“So you are hear with your wife and the Delacours?” Sebastian asked.

“Yes, you should come over. I'll introduce you.” Harry said.

“I don't want to intrude.” Sebastian protested.

“You're not intruding, we've fought on the same battlefield and bled in the same fight. You're welcome anywhere I am.” Harry said magnanimously.

“I suppose you're technically right.” Sebastian replied. “We were both a bit of a mess afterwards even if I didn't actually do any of the fighting.”

“Well. I'd say you dodged an attack but didn't actually return fire I suppose you could class it as being in a fight.” Harry said.

“I think I'll tell it that way from now on, if you don't mind.” Sebastian said grinning.

“I swear that's exactly how it happened.” Harry said amused. “Now come over and meet everyone.” Harry put an arm on Sebastian's shoulder and was about to turn him in the direction of his table when Eliot hurried into the room with a small bag, looking flushed and a little wide-eyed. He locked eyes with Harry and seemed relieved as if he thought they would have already left by now.

“Oh.” Harry said to Sebastian. “One moment.”

“Sir, is-Am I still-” Eliot tried.

“Everything is fine Eliot.” Harry told him calmly.

“Sebastian and I were just about to head over to the table, why don't you join us?” Harry suggested.

“Yes, of course, sir.” Eliot said nodding twice.

The three of them walked back to the table.

“Everyone.” Harry said to his wife and the Delacours, drawing their attention. “This is Sebastian Morin, he was with me in Hogsmeade. He was one of the aurors who managed to dodge Fontaine's attack but had a bit of a building land on him afterwards.” Harry gestured to Sebastian.

“Sebastian, this is my wife Ginny.” Harry told him and after he reached over to shake Ginny's hand, Harry continued. “And these are our lovely hosts, Mr and Mrs Delacour. I think you might know them already though.”
“Not personally but I of course know of the Delacours.” Sebastian said and spoke to them both in French, Harry couldn't understand what he said but he sounded very polite.

“Ah, it is nothing.” Mr Delacour replied in English and waved off whatever Sebastian had said. “You are a brave man who keeps the city safe, and you are more than welcome to sit with us.”

Mrs Delacour said something in French to Sebastian in a soothing voice and made him blush slightly and duck his head.

“You are both too kind.” Sebastian said then smiled and took a seat.

“And this.” Harry said, putting an arm out to Eliot, who had stood silently near them during these introductions, holding his small bag tightly and looking very nervous. “Is Eliot, who has been making us such lovely drinks all evening. He is here to meet my wife and become the greatest big brother in Paris this Christmas.” Harry finished.

Ginny was grinning, he patted the empty seat next to her.

“Why don't you come take a seat here, Eliot. I believe we have a few things to talk about.” She told him.

“Yes, of course-But only if-” He looked nervously around at everyone but saw no objections. Harry nudged the nervous young man towards the seat and he eventually sat down. Harry took the seat next to him, sandwiching Eliot between him and Ginny.

“I brought a poster from my sister's room and a quill with some good ink.” Eliot said quickly as if he thought they might suddenly change their minds about him and send him away. “If you could sign it for her, I- Well, I don't know what I can do to repay you, I would be so grateful and Solène- My sister she is such a huge fan of yours! She would be overjoyed!” He was saying in a steady stream of words to a grinning Ginny.

“Eliot!” Harry broke in putting a hand on the young man's shoulder. He had seemed much calmer than this when Harry had spoken to him at the bar. “Don't panic, you're speaking very fast. Ginny will be happy to sign your sister's poster and probably anything else you have.”

“I-Well, you see...” Eliot started then spoke in a rush. “I brought a small camera with me, I hoped to ask-Well I of course understand if you would rather not and I of course do not wish to press but do you think that you could perhaps...”

“Yes.” Ginny said with less of a grin but with more of a reassuring smile to Eliot who seemed to deflate in relief. “I'll take a photograph for you.”

“Thank you so much!” Eliot gushed. “I thought that Solène might not believe it, even with your signature and the camera was at home right there, so I thought, I hoped I could ask you to let me take a few photographs so I could show her.”

“I'll take a few photographs, I'll sign them all too and you can take a photograph of me signing her poster as well.” Ginny told him.

“Thank you so much.” Eliot said and began to hurriedly pull things out of his bag. He pulled out a large rolled piece of paper which was obviously the poster from his little sister's room. Then he set down a small ink bottle then some quills next to it. Then he produced a small camera and set it down on the table. “I'm not sure how to- How do you want to take the pho-” He started.

Ginny picked up the camera, cutting off his words. She looked at it for a moment then she handed it
over to Mrs Delacour who took it with a smile. They had been speaking quietly with Sebastian, evidently explaining the situation to him and the three of them were grinning.

“Would you mind?” Ginny asked.

“Not at all.” Mrs Delacour said.

“Make sure you get my good side.” Ginny joked.

“I'll get them both.” Mrs Delacour said back.

Ginny picked up and unrolled the poster which was a Holyhead Harpies poster that showed the entire team and Harry recognised it as their most recent one. Ginny posed with a smile, holding the poster up to show that she was indeed holding the girl's poster.

A small flash and then Ginny set the poster down and picked up a quill. Harry opened the small ink bottle for her and slid it over to her.

“It was Solène right?” Ginny asked.

“Yes, S, O, L, E, N, E.” Eliot said to Ginny who nodded.

Ginny leaned over the poster and glanced at Mrs Delacour who nodded for her to continue. Ginny then wrote on the poster and another flash came from the camera.

Ginny continued to write. Harry leaned over to get a look at what his wife was writing.

As she finished and moved her hand Harry could see that it said:

'To Solène, your brother Eliot told me all about you while he made me some lovely drinks. He asked if I would sign our poster for you and I told him that I would. You sound like a true fan, I look forward to seeing you at one of our games and if you bring your poster, I'll see if the rest of the ladies will sign it for you. With all the love in the world, and wishing you a merry Christmas. -Ginny Potter- of The Holyhead Harpies.'

Eliot looked confused as he too read the message.

“If you've got a piece of paper.” Ginny told him. “Write down your address and I’ll have some ticket's for our next match sent to you. I'll make sure your sister gets to meet the team.”

Eliot look stunned. Ginny handed him a quill and he wrote on a scrap of parchment as if in a daze, Ginny took it from him and after blowing on it lightly she put it into her bag.

Eliot just continued to watch them as if he had been struck on the head.

Harry was grinning, so was Ginny at the young man's look. He was well on the way from being the best brother in the world to the best brother in the universe.

There was another flash and Harry knew that he had been included in this photograph from the direction on the light.

Mrs Delacour took yet another still covered photograph from the camera and set it down carefully on the table with the others. Ginny reached over and took the one that Mrs Delacour had set down, she flipped it over so the back of it was facing upwards and leaned down again to write on it.

When she had finished Harry saw it read:

'This is your poor brother looking amazed when I told him I'd send you some free tickets. - Gin'.

“What about a photo with the famous Harry Potter?” Mr Delacour said to the dazed young man.
“I-Don't-I'm mean of course but I don't wish to be-” Eliot tried.

“Nonsense!” Mr Delacour cut in. “It will be something to show your children one day!” He told Eliot.

Having too much fun, Harry throw his arm around Eliot's shoulder and leaned in, he held his drink up to the camera as if toasting it and grinned.

“Smile, dear.” Mrs Delacour said to Eliot “You look so lost.”

“I'm sorry it's just so overwhelming.” Eliot said. Ginny took a hold of Eliot's hand and set her own drink into it. He looked down at the drink in confusion for a moment then he looked shocked and amazed as Ginny Potter, Harry Potter's wife leaned over and planted a kiss on his cheek. Harry laughed and the flash captured the moment. Both the Delacour's were chuckling and so was Sebastian.

When the covered photograph slid out of the camera Mrs Delacour offered it to Harry.

“I think that you had better write on the back of this one.” She told him.

Harry took it and then picked up one of the quills. Knowing what the photograph would show even before it had developed Harry knew what to write on the back of it.

'When I'm in Paris, I look for my friend Eliot. There is no one finer at making drinks and we would be best friends if my wife didn't like him just a little too much, your loyal customer and good friend - Harry Potter.'

Grinning as he finished writing he set the photograph down on the pile with the others, everyone except Eliot who still looked amazed leaned over to read it, Mrs Delacour and Ginny both laughed and Mr Delacour and Sebastian grinned at what they read.

“I think your break is probably over now.” Ginny said to Eliot nodding over to the inpatient looking witch behind the bar, who was staring over at him. This seemed to snap Eliot out of his daze and he began to scramble to replace his items back into his bag.

“Yes, it's well over my break time. Thank you all so very much, I don't even know what to say.” He told them. “I will never forgot this, I swear it.” He told them placing the rolled up poster into the bag. Harry who had closed to ink bottle firmly handed it to him and looked Eliot directly in the eyes.

“It's no trouble Eliot, don't worry about it. Remember to keep an eye out for those tickets in the post and get back to work before you get into trouble.” Harry said and Eliot nodded and smiled seeming more like the young man Harry had first spoken to behind the bar.

“Yes, thank you all so much. I will look out for the post!” He told them getting to his feet. Harry stood up too to allow Eliot out from between him and Ginny. Harry took a hold and Eliot's hand a shook it before patting him on the shoulder and directing him back to his post where the impatient witch awaited him.

“Go.” Harry told the young man with a smile and Eliot walked back to the bar with his bag.

Harry sat down again.

“I wish I could see his face when he peels those photographs open.” Ginny said sounding on the verge of laughter again.
“I think he will look just as surprised as he looks in the photographs.” Sebastian put in.

“I think you are right.” Mr Delacour agreed with another wolfish grin.

“Does this happen everywhere you go?” Sebastian asked the question to both him and Ginny.

“No.” Ginny said. “Normally it's someone wanting Harry's autograph and Harry trying to avoid being spotted in the first place.” Ginny told the auror.

“But Ginny loves it when someone wants her autograph and not mine.” Harry said. Ginny just grinned smugly.

“My mother asked for my autograph when my name was in the paper over the Fontaine case.” Sebastian told them with a self-deprecating smile.

“I told you, you were a hero.” Harry said and clinked glasses with Sebastian who laughed good naturedly.

Sebastian stayed with them for a while longer before he told them that he had better go find his sister, he told Mr and Mrs Delacour that it was an honour to meet them and that they were indeed good people as he had heard. He told Ginny that it had been a pleasure to meet her too then he and Harry shook hands and promised to see each other again next time their cases crossed.

“He seems a good fellow.” Mr Delacour noted when Sebastian had gone.

Harry nodded.

“Good at his job and doesn't hesitate to run into danger to do the right thing.” Harry said.

About another hour went by and Mr Delacour was slightly more than tipsy. They all decided that it would probably best to leave sooner rather than later. Mrs Delacour told Ginny that she had made some sandwiches and put them in the fridge back home and that she should take some of them up for herself and Harry when they got home. Not having eaten a giant sized meal like Harry had, Ginny had thanked Mrs Delacour and readily agreed to take some.

When they were walking out of the building Mr Delacour was unsteady on his feet and Harry put an arm around the older portly man in what appeared to be a gesture of friendship but was really to help steady the man. Harry thanked Mr Delacour for bring them out during their last night in Paris and which Mr Delacour assured him was no trouble at all. Harry continued to speak thanking him for hosting himself and Ginny and told him that he truly had not needed to be so generous. Mr Delacour again told him that he was welcome any time.

When the four of them appeared in the entrance hall back at the Delacour's mansion, Mrs Delacour took Ginny off in the direction of the kitchen while Harry led Mr Delacour upstairs.

“You know Mr Delacour, I was talking with Quentin about what happened the other night after my commendation.” Harry said.

“Ah, it was a foolish thing.” Mr Delacour said thickly.

As Harry got up the stairs and turned to the direction he presumed the Delacour's rooms were in he asked the older man.
“It is a thing best left in the past.” Mr Delacour told him. “But I cannot help still be angry about it...”

“What did happen all those years ago, Mr Delacour?” Harry asked him.

Mr Delacour didn't answer for a while before he finally spoke in a low voice, slurring quite heavily.

“I don't know if I should speak of it” Harry heard Mr Delacour get out. “So long ago now but I remember still.” He said and he sounded as if he was speaking to himself.

What Mr Delacour said during their walk to their rooms Harry would never expected. He had expected some dark ritual gone wrong, some deep scandal but the truth was so ridiculous that it was all Harry could do not to laugh. He eventually found Mr Delacour's rooms and managed to get the older man into his bed. Harry pulled off the man's shoes, already hearing snores coming from him.

Mrs Delacour entered the room and assured him she would take care of him and thanked Harry.

Harry left the room and headed back towards his and Ginny's own. He was about half way there before he started laughing to himself.
Letters and Cracking the Whip.

Chapter Summary

Not that kind of whip, you fiends. Not yet anyway... ;)

Harry writes some letters, reads many more before he heads back to work.

The next morning Harry awoke alone in bed.
He checked his watch and saw that it was quarter past ten.
Harry remembered the previous night bit by bit then when he remembered what Mr Delacour had
told him he buried his face into the pillow to keep the sound of his laughter from carrying.

Harry got up and out of bed, he looked into the other room and saw that Ginny wasn't in there, when
he went into the bathroom to take care of his business he knew that Ginny must already have gone
downstairs as it was also empty.
Still thinking about Mr Delacour's words Harry decided he would write a letter and that he would
send it just before he and Ginny left.

Harry showered and shaved then put on the last suit he would be wearing in Paris. He spent some
time putting away the few things of his and Ginny's that were out, into their trunks.
He then headed downstairs in search of the others.

***********

It was early evening.
He and Ginny were standing with a trunk next to each other in the entrance hall to the Delacour's
mansion.
Bill and Fluer and their daughter Victoire would be staying until a little later this evening so they too
were there to see him and Ginny off.
After many thanks, handshakes and hugs all around and the assurance that everyone was free and
welcome to visit each other at any time.
Harry had handed Mr Delacour, who didn't seem to recall his and Harry's little conversation from the
night more, a small bundle of envelopes and had asked if he would send them out for him.

Most of them were addressed to various important people Harry had met during his time in Paris,
thanking them politely for various things and saying how much he and Ginny had enjoyed meeting
them.
This was Harry's last attempt at maintaining good diplomatic relations, knowing Hermione would be
thankful for his effort.
Another letter was to Leon, that would be sent to the Ministry of Magic. It was brief and it simply
stated that Harry had genuinely enjoyed meeting the young man and that he hoped to meet him again
one day. He had wished him luck in his career progression and hoped that things turned out OK for
him.
Harry, in a brief moment of devilishness had copied down the address that their poor bartender Eliot
had written down for Ginny and Harry had sent him a letter too. He expressed his hopes that Eliot
found the photographs, which Harry assumed he had uncovered by now, were to his satisfaction and
that he hoped that when the tickets arrived for his sister that he too would take the chance to go to a
match.
He thanked the young man for the very good drinks and signed it once again as his good friend.

The last letter was in the middle of the pile and was for Quentin, it wasn't addressed to Quentin's home but to his office at the Ministry of Magic.

Harry could remember the exact words he had written in the letter.

To my good friend Quentin.

I had a rather interesting conversation with someone the other night, someone who was extremely far gone into their drinks. I am almost certain that they will not remember what they told me and I am going to tell you this in hopes that you will keep their words to yourself.

It is in relation to the conversation we had the other night when Ginny and I dined with you and your wife Sabine. That's right, I have discovered the old mysterious reason for the divide between the eldest members of the wizarding families of Paris.

I admit, I expected there to be some dark secret thing, some horrifying scandal or even some kind of cover up of a murder but the truth is something else entirely. I tell you this because I know that you can keep a secret and because you told me about how much time you invested in trying to uncover clues about this matter and well, to be honest, I need to tell someone what I know and you will be the only person I ever tell about this. I will not even be telling my own wife about it.

I hope you are not too deeply disappointed when I tell you the true reason for the divide between the eldest couples of the wizarding families.

You will note that I say eldest couples.

That is because what happened directly involved them, it was in fact one of the very issues which caused the divide.

Many years ago, at one of the gatherings you spoke of where magical rituals took place, several of the families, couples in fact spoke before the gathering before they met with the rest of their group. They decided that they would propose a certain magical ritual to the rest of their group and well...

The ritual they proposed, entailed something that the others were not willing to do.

You see, the ritual called for the sharing of bodies in the most intimate of ways along with some rather depraved sexual acts, swinging couples when compared to the things suggested, seem almost vanilla and downright respectable ways to behave.

I quote 'their were masks with phallic growths on them and non-human costumes' were apparently some of the more middling acts involved with the ritual.

The rest I shall not inflict upon you.

It was apparently very obvious to those who were propositioned that the ones who were suggesting the ritual and the sharing of spouses were very familiar with the practise.

Times being what they were and not even taking into account their personal tastes... You can see why the idea was rejected.

I ask, no I beg that the next time you have to break up a fight between two of the families that you please try not to laugh when looking at the elderly men or women in question at the thought of what happened.

I implore you not to delve deeper into this matter because you might be surprised when you find out who were the ones proposing and who were the ones being proposed to.

As your friend, I assure you that you do not want to know more about this.
Please use this parchment to wipe away your tears, whether of disappointment or laughter then burn it.
No one should know about this.

Your friend,
Harry Potter.

Harry and Ginny vanished with a pop and appeared in their own home, their trunks beside them with a crack.

The place was dark but not entirely so, there was a light shining from down the hall. Leaving their trunks right there both he and Ginny headed towards the light. They walked into the nest to find Luna, sitting on the sofa a book in her hand and looking up at them with a surprised expression.
Her surprise turned to joy and she jumped to her feet, book forgotten and tossed to the sofa.

“You're home!” She said.

Ginny wrapped her arms around Luna and Harry enfolded them both.

“Yes!” Ginny said. “And we have presents!”

“It true.” Harry agreed. “We are home and we do have presents.”

Luna eventually straightened up and pulled out of the embrace, she hurriedly picked up her discarded book and set it down on a side neatly.

“Would you like something to eat or drink? Should I run a bath?” Luna asked them.

“You can run me and bath.” Ginny told her. “And you had better be in it waiting for me by the time I've finished unpacking a few things.”

“Yes, mistress.” Luna said looking pleased.

“I don't need anything right now Luna. You just do as Ginny says.” Harry said easily. He flopped down on the sofa, feeling as though it was what he was supposed to do though he truly didn't feel all that tired. It wasn't as though he had done all that much actual travelling to get home, he and Ginny had returned to their rooms, spent ten minutes ensuring everything was packed then floated their trunks down into the Delacour's entrance hall, stood around for a while then appeared back home.

He supposed while he had enjoyed the latter part of his trip, he was still glad to be back home. Both Ginny and Luna had vanished out of the room so he was alone when he groaned aloud. He would be back at work tomorrow.

Not wanting to think about this Harry pulled himself back up and left the room. He saw as he moved through the entrance hall that both trunks were gone. He headed upstairs and into his office, he heard Ginny busily taking things out of the trunks in their bedroom from down the hall.
Harry saw a stack of envelopes on his desk, addressed to him.

Knowing that tomorrow being back at work would only be more difficult if he didn't read his letters, he sat down at his desk with a sigh. He reached for the first one on the neat stack and opened it.
Harry spent about two hours in his office opening letters and replying to the ones he needed to, tomorrow would at work looked like it would be a nightmare. It wasn't all work related though as he had founded a letter from Ron. He had opened it with a grin, glad to hear from his friend.

Harry.

Wow, imagine that! People throwing you a party and thanking you, Harry Potter for nabbing a dark wizard. I'm sure you'll learn loads of interesting things from this new experience! But seriously mate, let me know how it goes. I'm glad you'll be at the Burrow for Christmas, and we'll definitely go for a pint before then. I'll be back a week before Christmas so either you pop round to get me or I'll come round to your place. I can't wait for have a break from this place, I know it's Hogwarts and all but still, it's not quite the same when you're teaching here.

Enough of that though, you'll have to show me the progress on Grimmauld Place when I get back. I can't imagine what the place is going to look like though it's probably all full of tools and work gear still. I hope you managed to get that portrait off the wall without anyone getting cursed for life, I'll be pretty annoyed if Dean had been turned into a giant arse with ten legs.

Looking forwards to seeing you in a couple of weeks, mate even if you are a good for nothing git with a stupid glasses and a scar on his massive head.

Though I'll probably see you and your massive head before you see me.

Give my love to Gin, your only friend,

Ron.

P.S: Don't tempt me with the rock cakes, mate. I'll bloody do it, I swear.

Harry had grinned the entire way through reading the letter. He had written only a short reply, promising that he would tell Ron all about Paris when Ron returned home and promised that he would take him over to Grimmauld Place too if he could arrange a time to go their that wouldn't get in the way of Dean and Jessica who were extremely busy working on the place.

This was a lie, in the other letters were a series of small updates sent by Dean and Jessica and even one or two by Dean's wife Julie. They were small things just letting him know what had been completed and what they still had left to do. When Harry had gotten through them all, reading the progress reports, they ended with Dean telling him that everything he had asked for would be finished a couple of days after he returned from his trip. That Dean would let him know by sending another letter and that after they were done they were going to start work on their workshop as Harry had told them they could.

Harry had written a letter back to Dean immediately after he had finished reading them all.

Dean

And Jessica and Julie too!
I've got back home and I've finished reading all your progress updates. It seems like everything is going great, I would love to come have a look at the place but I'll wait until you've finished with what you're doing first.

Remember, we're planning to surprise Ron with his place so I expect Ginny will want to get in there at some point before he returns home. We'll speak more about it in person anyway, just let me know when you're done with everything and you're starting on your own place and then I'll come round to have a look.
I can't bloody wait to see it!
I'm going to be pretty busy the next few days with work though, judging by the pile of reports and updates on my desk.
Bloody hell, I wish I'd stayed in France now!

Anyway, thanks again for all the updates and I hope you're all well.
I look forward to hearing from you soon!

Harry

Harry had found another letter that was both work related and from a friend.
It was from Hermione.

Harry

First of all I hope you and Ginny are well and I hope that you both enjoyed your time in Paris. I had copies of all the papers sent to me during your stay and everything they said about you seems to indicate that things are going well.
About that, the second thing is that one Thursday morning, at nine-thirty I have you booked in for a meeting with me first thing in the morning. I want a full report of everything and I expect it to take you a while to tell me, so the meeting is scheduled to allow two hours for us.
I hope you remembered to keep your receipts Harry, you can bring them with you to our meeting.

And the third and final thing is: tell Ginny that I expect a full report from her too!

Hoping to see you very soon,

Hermione.

Harry wondered if he should write back to her but decided against it as he would be seeing her first thing in the morning apparently, he groaned inwardly at this knowing that she would need to know these things but he also knew that his own department needed taking in hand. Harry himself would need to be brought up to speed in more detail as things had apparently gotten a little out of hand while he had been away.

When Harry was done he had four piles on his desk. The first was replies that needed to be sent out, the second were letters or reports that he needed to keep, the third were letters that he needed to take into work with him tomorrow and the fourth pile was made up of letters that he could throw away. He decided to do that right away and threw them into the cold fireplace in his office and a flick of his wand later the pages were smouldering ash.

He put the letters and reports he would have to take with him tomorrow into a black leather folder, the put the letters he needed to keep into a drawer and he picked up the letters in their envelopes that
he needed to send out and took them with him as he left his office. He went downstairs and set the letters onto a table in the entrance hall, knowing Luna would send them for him. After a brief stop by the kitchen for a glass of water and several biscuits that didn't survive long enough to reach the kitchen door as he left. He headed upstairs to see what despicable things his wife and Luna were getting up to.

*************

Harry arrived to work with just enough time to make his way to Hermione's offices. He was fairly well rested though only because he had chosen to leave his wife and Luna to their playing while he went to bed. Well that was not entirely true. He had gone to bed before they had and he hadn't exactly ignored them when he had found them both. It was just that after an hour or so when Ginny was ordering Luna to the playroom he had call it a night for himself and left them though he dearly wanted to join them.

Knocking on the outer door he let himself inside and received a nod from Helstia Wiggins, Hermione's assistant.

“Welcome back, Mr Potter.” She said. “The Minister is expecting you, go right ahead.”

“Thanks.” Harry replied and moved through the room to knock lightly on Hermione's office door.

“Come in.” Harry hear from inside and was already opening the door.

Harry closed it behind him and turned to see Hermione behind her desk, just visible behind stacks of parchment and paper.

“Harry!” Hermione said standing.

“Hello Hermione.” Harry said and enfolded Hermione in his arms, the familiar smell of her hair reaching his nose as the top of her head came to rest under it.

“Did you miss me?” Harry asked her and heard a snort come from the small woman. She pulled back from him and walked back around to her desk.

“You've only been gone a week.” Hermione told him as he took a seat opposite her.

“Well.” Harry said. “A man can dream.”

“Well dream on your own time, Harry.” Hermione told him and rearranged some of the papers on her desk. “Right now, I need you to tell me everything that happened while you were in Paris.”

“Everything?” Harry asked.

“Well, everything related to work and international relations.” Hermione told him. “I'll find out everything else from Ginny.”

“Probably.” Harry agreed.

“And firstly, before I forget.” Hermione said, holding out a hand, palm up to him. “Your receipts.”

Harry sighed as if he had been charged with a great burden and pulled out the little gift Hermione
had given him to collect his receipts in. He set it down in the palm of her hand and sat back in his
chair to watch her.

Hermione nodded approvingly then when she opened it up to look inside she frowned down then
looked up at him. “Harry!” She said annoyed. “I told you that they were important.”

Harry just grinned.

“What are you grinning at, you won't be able to get your money back now!” She told him angrily.

Harry shook his head, still grinning.

“What?” She demanded of him.

“There are no receipts.” Harry said.

“Obviously.” She said.

“No, you don't understand.” He told the angry little woman. “We stayed with the Delacours, I was
mostly given everything for free while I was there and when we ate out, well Ginny and I paid for
that ourselves.”

Hermione looked a little less angry and a little more suspicious. “Which means what exactly?”

“It means the trip didn't cost the Ministry a thing.” Harry told her, confirming her suspicions. “Oh,
we spent plenty of gold while we were over there on things like presents for people. We ate out a
few times but none of that would have been refundable by the Ministry and since everything else
was complimentary, the open bars, free meals or from the generosity of our hosts, the Ministry didn't
spend a thing.” Harry said still grinning.

Hermione looked like she wanted to remain annoyed but she apparently had no reason.

“Harry, I hope you didn't take advantage of-” She began.

“Nope.” Harry said cutting in and shaking his head. “Me and Ginny even offered to pay the
Delacours for their kindness but they wouldn't hear of it. Plus with Bill, Fleur and Victoire there it
was more of a family visit than us just barging in on them.” Harry told Hermione. “Though, I'd
probably send them a couple of bottles of wine with their Christmas card, just to say thanks.”

“Okay.” Hermione said now cautiously pleased. “I'll find out more about it from Ginny
but I'll definitely be sending them some nice bottles of wine.”

“I know a good place in Paris that will probably be able to deliver them to the Delacours for you if
you sent them a letter and some money. Ginny can tell you about it...” Harry suggested.

“I'll ask her about it.” Hermione said. “Now, tell me about Paris.” She demanded of him and as
Harry began to speak, Hermione began to take some notes. Harry watched what she was writing, she
wasn't taking down his every word but simply writing some key notes, some of the names Harry
could remember and small recounts of general events.

She asked him plenty of questions, most of which Harry could answer but some that Hermione said
she would ask Ginny about, stating that she would probably remember. The report took quite a long
time, it was well over an hour before his retelling of events came to an end.
He had not exactly lied to Hermione but when he told her what had happened he had worded his
retelling to make it seem as if the speech he had given at his commendation ceremony was one he
had already prepared rather than admitting to just making it up at the time. When he had told her of the commendation ceremony he had been forced to open up his leather folder and pull out the case containing the medal for her to see. He would have rather left it at home but he had suspected she would demand to see it, so he had thrown it into the case with the letters and reports he had needed to bring in with him today. He had left out anything relating to Gabrielle and other personal things and had simply stuck to things that might be considered work related.

“Are you sure that this is everything?” Hermione asked him.

“Pretty sure.” Harry nodded. “Well, everything work related. I’m sure Ginny will fill you in on the rest.”

Hermione nodded at this then took in a breath.

“Well, Harry.” She began. “I-From the looks of things you did alright. I wish you had gone to one or two more social events but I think you did OK at the ones you did go to.”

“So you're not going to sack me then?” Harry joked.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

“No, Mr Potter. You are not in disfavour with the Minister for Magic at this time.” She told him importantly but with an edge of sarcasm.

“That's good.” Harry said pretending to be relieved. “The Mrs would kill me if I got canned.”

“Probably.” Ginny agreed, matching his quipping.

“Well, I think that's everything for this meeting then.” Hermione said and after putting her notes to one side she stood up.

“Kicking me out?” Harry asked, starting to rise.

“I really need to get back to work, Harry.” Hermione told him. “I've got so much to do with Christmas coming up and then the new year. I need to have all the new policies in order before then so that they can come into effect at the start of next year...”

“Hermione.” Harry cut in. “Don't run yourself into the ground. We've talked about this before.”

“I know, Harry but there really is a lot that just needs to be done.” Hermione told him.

“I get it but still Hermione, if Ginny finds out that you're working yourself into old age...” He said letting himself trail off.

Hermione sighed.

“I suppose there are a few things that could wait until after the new year but there are still a lot that can’t.” She told him.

“Well, just do the essential stuff first, get it out of the way and then if there is time and you're not at the point of passing out then you can start on the rest.” Harry said but Hermione still didn't look fully convinced. “Think about it this way.” Harry told her seriously. “The essential stuff is the last of this years work and the non-essential stuff is the start of next years work. Once you're done with the essential things and only if you feel like it or have the time, you can do one or two things that are
next years work. That way, you're ahead of schedule and on top of things but even if you don't do any of that other stuff, you're still finished and on time with your work load for the rest of this year.”

“It seems like it makes sense...” Hermione admitted cautiously.

“It does Hermione.” Harry said firmly. “You're just too tired and overworked to realise it, especially buried under all these papers.” He told her waving at the huge stacks on her desk.
She looked like he was on the verge of agreeing with him but not quite so Harry decided to take action to help his overworked and tired friend.

He turned around and opened her office door.

“Helstia, could you come in here for a moment please.” Harry called to Hermione's assistant.

Hermione looked shocked and confused at this but Harry ignored this.

Helstia stuck her head around the door to look around then stepped in slowly.

“Oh, yes?” She asked just as confused that Harry Potter had called her into the Minister for Magic's office instead of the Minister for Magic herself.

“Helstia.” Harry said in a brisk voice. “The Minister as I'm sure you have noticed is extremely overworked. We've decided that her workload.” Harry gestured to the stacks of papers and parchments.

“Needs to be divided into two parts.” He continued telling Helstia. “Hermione needs some help in sorting all her work into essential and non-essential parts.” Harry told Helstia, he gestured for her to come in further and join him next to the crowded desk.
When she did she looked cautiously at Hermione, waiting to see if her boss would say something.

“Helstia.” Harry said in a different tone which drew her attention back to him. “You and I have some things in common.” He told her seriously. “While we both work at the Ministry and we're are both professionals, the most important thing we have in common is that Hermione isn't just our boss, she is also our friend.” Harry said, though he suspected that Hermione wouldn't consider Helstia to be a friend but more of a colleague, she knew that Helstia would think herself Hermione's friend.

“Right?” Harry asked looking the woman directly in the eyes.

Helstia nodded cautiously.

“Well, it is our duty as the Minister for Magic's employees to make sure that she is able to do her job efficiently. It's also our duty as her friends to make sure that she doesn't work herself into the ground. She is the best damn Minister for Magic this place has had in years and we can't let her fall to pieces.” Harry said a little dramatically.

“So it's been decided that Hermione's work load will be split up, the essential things will be things that are to be done before the end of the year, things that simply cannot wait but all the rest.” Harry said raising a finger as if he would be interrupted.

“Things that can be put off for a while or aren't essential to keeping the Ministry for Magic running will be set aside as the beginning of the workload for next year.” He continued.
“I need you to help Hermione divide her workload, we can't have her burning out on us! We need to make sure she is rested and not overtaxed so that she can give her full attention to the things that need to be done and do them with a clear head!” He finished.

Helstia seemed to be quite taken by his speech, which like in Paris he was simply making up as he went along, he was pretty sure he was repeating himself but apparently if you just kept talking and
used the right tone, people would just accept it.

“So you, who works with the Minister for Magic herself, day in and day out, the person who knows her work better than everyone but Hermione herself should be the one to help her with this. There is no one better to help the Minister for Magic in her duty of running the magical world than you, her assistant and friend. Are you ready to get to work?” Harry demanded of the almost rapt assistant while Hermione stood there just watching, still shocked into silence.

“I am!” Helstia exclaimed. “I can sort her workload out without difficulty!”

Harry nodded as if he and Helstia were about to ride into battle together.

“I knew Hermione had picked the right witch for the job when she hired you!” Harry lied.

“I won't let the Minister down!” Helstia cried.

“I don't doubt you for a second!” Harry said back. “You get started here and I'm going to go whip my entire department into order!”

Helstia nodded enthusiastically, caught up in the moment.

“Helstia.” Harry nodded to her.

“Mr Potter.” Helstia nodded back.

“Minister.” Harry nodded to Hermione then walked out of the room as if he was on a mission to save the world.

Harry was half way back to his own department before the grin finally split his face. He managed to suppress it by the time he had entered the Department of Aurors though. He walked into the situation room and called over to Ringwold who was looking down at some papers with Watkins besides him.

“Ringwold!” Harry boomed.

Looking up a little startled.

“Sir!” Ringwold and Watkins both replied.

“Where is Murphy?” Harry demanded of them.

“Out sir, overseeing a raid.” Ringwold answered him. “He'll be back in the next ten minutes though.” Ringwold added looking down at his watch.

“You and Murphy in my office as soon as he gets back. You two need to bring me up to speed.” Harry told him.

“Yes, boss!” Ringwold said.

“Good man.” Harry said.

“Welcome back, sir!” Offered Watkins.

“Thanks Watkins.” Harry said “You take control of things while Ringwold and Murphy are in my office, you know what needs to be done.” He told the young woman who nodded and replied.

“Yes, sir!” As Harry strode out of the room, his leather folder under his arm to head to his office.
It was early afternoon as Ringwold and Murphy left Harry's office. They had been in there since about fifteen minutes after Harry had entered, remained inside through their lunch hour and then a couple of hours afterwards. Harry had finally dismissed the pair with their orders, a stack of signed paperwork that he had gone over with them and told them that they were to go get something to eat, take their time about it but then they were both to get cracking with their new assignments.

The two of them had done a pretty good job of running the department while Harry had been away, he hadn't really expected anything else. Neither he nor they could have foreseen the workload that would land on their department while Harry was away though.

When the decision had officially been made that Fontaine would not face trial here but rather over in France in their courts, the Fontaine case had officially been closed. This had left Harry's department with only nine open cases, this was actually quite impressive considering that this wasn't just England but also Wales, Scotland and both Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland which were under his jurisdiction.

During his time away, two of those cases had been closed following the arrests of the dark wizards in question and a further two more arrests had been made and would be closed officially following a trial. This had left the department with seven open cases which would have been shortly reduced further to five. However, during his time away another eight new cases had opened up though thankfully none of them were for murders but rather other acts of dark and illegal magic.

The Department of Magical Law Enforcement was made up of many divisions, one of those divisions had been the 'Hit Wizards' but it had been absorbed by Harry's auror department. The Hit Wizards had been tasked with performing and assisting in raids on dangerous wizards and witches who were wanted by other divisions that made up The Department of Magical Law Enforcement. Illegal imports or other such things.

When Harry's department had absorbed the Hit Wizards, their duties had fallen squarely in his hands. While this meant extra work it also meant that instead of the small division of Hit Wizards out there helping the other divisions, the work could be spread out throughout the entire auror department between the much greater number of witches and wizards.

So aside from hunting down dark witches and wizards, the aurors would be put on raid duty and teams of them would routinely join other divisions and departments on their raids, adding their strength and expertise making the entire business a lot safer.

Usually this was all their was to it, they would simply go along and assist but every so often they would go on a raid for say illegal imports and end up finding evidence of much greater crimes and so an official investigation would have to be started and a new case opened.

It was during these routine raids while Harry was away that Harry's department had picked up most of their new cases.

Four of those cases had been opened up and both Ringwold and Murphy agreed that there was definitely something to them, they had told Harry that another two of them looked like they might not actually end up being cases for their department at all but would have to wait until things had been fully investigated before they could officially close the cases and hand them back to the original divisions.

The remaining two new cases they were unsure on yet and would have to investigate further before they could make a guess about them.

All in all this left Harry with fifteen open cases, two of which were expected to be closed and possibly that number would be further reduced depending on how the investigations went.
After the three of them had gone over this they had then begun the paperwork, signing documents and raid orders for everything. This had taken some time, Harry hoped that with Murphy and Ringwold being able to be more active as aurors rather than having to spend their time running the rest of the department that the investigations would pick up their pace and that the cases they knew for definitely in their area of interest would also make some head way.

Harry sat back in his chair and sighed. There wasn't much to be done about things other than took their chins in and steam on ahead with the things they would normally do. He had had some idea of how busy things would be today after reading the reports and letters in his home office the night before but he was glad to have stamped and signed what needed to be stamped and signed so that everything that could be done was being done.

Harry was hungry. He didn't want to head to the Ministry cafeteria because he knew that Murphy and Ringwold would be there and he didn't want to give them the impression that he was watching over them or pressuring them to hurry up with their late lunches.

He decided that he would leave the Ministry for his lunch and find somewhere to eat in muggle London, or maybe even Hogsmeade.

He stood up and put on his coat when a memo slide under his door and flew over to his desk. Harry sighed and walked over to it, already resigned to not going out for some lunch as he picked it up but it turned out not to be more work or some crisis. It was instead a memo from Hermione that simply said: 'Thanks.'

He smiled at this and hoped that he hadn't made things worse in the long run with this impromptu speech and heavy-handed reshuffling for Hermione's work. Deciding that the memo would have been a hell of a lot longer and probably would have contained some curse words if he had messed things up, he chose to assume that she meant her thanks to mean that she was OK with what he had done.

Adjusting his coat again, Harry headed out of his office in search of food.
Yes, Mistress.

Chapter Summary

We get to hear things from Luna's side of things.

(Note: The story will resume it's usual perspective in a chapter or two, for now though we see events as told by Luna.)

Luna Lovegood was in the kitchen making sandwiches.

She knew that both Harry and Ginny would be returning home soon and she also knew that the two of them would have been busy with work today, having just returned from their trip to Paris. Luna hoped to hear more about their trip and was sure that her Ginny, her mistress would indulge her curiosity on the matter if she asked later.

Luna had made breakfast for her mistress and master this morning though Harry had left without eating, he had ‘to get to the Ministry of Magic to deal with things’, he had told her and Ginny.

When her mistress had left, Luna had spent some time taking care of things, performing her duties while they were away. She had sent off many letters after they had both gone, she had then done a little cleaning though as she had had the house mostly to herself for the last week, there wasn't all that much to set to rights.

Luna had dwelt on the rotten timing of it all in her free time that day as she had done while they had been in France. Harry and Ginny had been away for the week and now that they had returned they were both extremely busy.

Luna felt a little guilty that she wished that they had less work to do and could spend a little more time with her before she had to leave herself at the end of the week. She had only this evening, Friday, Saturday then most of Sunday before she would have to go.

She also felt a little guilty about that too as she was actually quite looking forward to the expedition with her father, though she would miss her master and mistress a lot while she was away from them. Their week away had only confirmed this and Luna knew that her trip would be much longer.

She sighed again at herself, as she found herself thinking her lugubrious thoughts once more and focused on her small task.

Luna sliced the sandwiches then arranged them neatly on a tray before she covered them over then placed them in the fridge. She turned back to turn to kettle on, to ensure that when either Harry or Ginny arrived, the water would be hot already if they required tea or coffee.

She was wondering what she could do next when she heard the crack that signalled an arrival. She neatened her appearance sightly, checking her braid was still tight and her tight dress wasn't rumpled as she moved quickly to the entrance hall.

She found Harry there kicking off his polished black shoes, Luna thought he looked a little worn out but he smiled to her when he saw her.

Luna smiled back.
“Welcome home.” She told her master. “Can I get you anything? There are sandwiches already made and the kettle is boiling.” He informed him as he walked over to her.

His large arms enfolded her and she couldn't help but close her eyes against his chest as she took in his scent.

“It’s going to be a nightmare without you, Luna.” Harry said into the top of her head and Luna sighed quietly.

“I’m sorry to have to go.” She told him and he pulled back a little but kept his arms around her. He was looking directly into her eyes and spoke seriously.

“Luna, Ginny and I both know you have to go, we don't blame you for anything and you know we're not angry with you.” He told her and she nodded, knowing it was true. “But that doesn't mean we aren't going to miss you. I don't just mean how much you take care of us, I mean missing you but we all understand.” He told her gently.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn't have brought it up.” Luna said, not wanting to have caused unhappy thoughts. “You didn't.” Harry pointed out. “I did.” He said and before she could say anything else, he kissed her softly but pleasantly before pulling away from her entirely.

“Sandwiches and tea sounds great.” Harry said and in an uncharacteristic display of playfulness from her master she felt his hand slap her right on the bottom as he walked past her and headed towards the kitchen. Luna felt her lips tug into a small smile and she turned and followed him.

Harry seated himself on one of the tall stool seats that sat along the kitchen island, he watched him stretch his arms out and flex his back as if working out aches. Luna moved over to the kettle which had boiled by now, she quickly had a teacup on a saucer brewing a strong black English tea with two sugars inside it. She turned around and taking a plate with her she took out some sandwiches from the tray in the fridge and arranged them neatly on the plate. She added a little milk to Harry's tea, just how he liked it and presented them both to him, setting them down in front of him on the island.

“Thanks, Luna.” Harry said with gratitude in his voice, this pleased Luna very much.

“You're welcome, sir.” She told him with a small smile.

“Have you eaten yet?” He asked her and when she shook her head and replied.

“Not yet.” To him, he pointed to the fridge from which she had taken his sandwiches, giving her a firm look he spoke.

“Then get yourself something and take a seat, there's plenty of hot water left in the kettle too I don't doubt.” He told her.

“Yes, sir.” Luna said and obeyed her master's orders.

Luna seated herself after she had made up her own tea and plate of sandwiches. She sat in the seat next to Harry and began to eat as her tea was too hot to drink yet.

They ate in silence for a moment before Harry spoke.

“Did you managed to send off all those letters?” He asked her and after a brief moment in which she
swallowed she replied.

“Yes, all of them are sent off and there are two new letters on your desk that arrived today.” Luna said.

“Thanks.” Harry said and Luna nodded her acknowledgement. Harry wasn't as strict as Ginny when it came to answering out loud. He didn't mind if she simply nodded or gave another non-verbal answer to him but Ginny liked Luna to reply with words. Luna knew her mistress enjoyed hearing her speak out loud when she was being intimate with her but she also knew that Ginny liked to catch her not answering out loud occasionally so that her mistress could discipline her for it. Sometimes Luna intentionally broke the rules knowing that she would receive a thorough punishment for it, which delighted her as much as her mistress enjoyed giving the punishment. Sometimes even her master would deign to punish her personally and a small thrill zipped through Luna at the mere thought of it.

Luna enjoyed her mistresses pleasure and displeasure, her mistresses ministrations were always exquisite in both their pleasure and plain. Luna adored the way her mistress took her in hand and the precise beauty involved in many small details and rules her mistress commanded. However, the way her master used her was something else entirely. It was not better nor worse. It was just so different from Ginny. When the mood took her master, his actions were instead wild and animalistic in their dominance of her. An edge of pain or possible danger when he acted, their was a knowledge that she would be taken and used exactly as he willed it, knowing that nothing would stop him and that she was entirely as his mercy. While this struck something inside Luna, much as her mistress's precise and orderly rules did. Luna was always left with a deep satisfaction that touched her soul as much as it satisfied her body. Luna knew that her mistress had been overwhelmed and caught up by her master's nature too, before Luna had been invited to join them and Ginny as Harry's wife took her rightful place beside him to be mistress to those whom he was master over.

The two aspects of domination from her master and mistress were so different and yet both of them elicited equally pleasing reactions from her.

A dichotomy of order and precision and savagery and wildness that soothed the need she felt in her soul. She was truly going to miss them while she was away.

As Luna was finishing her tea, lost in her thoughts she heard another crack of sound and knew her mistress had returned. Luna stood about to go attend to Ginny when Harry raised a hand stopping her.

“Relax.” He said. “Just make her up and plate then finish your tea.”

Luna obeyed.

“In the kitchen!” Harry called out of the open door. “Sandwiches!” He said and soon enough Ginny entered the room. Ginny set her handbag down on the kitchen island and took a seat next to her husband, the side opposite where Luna's now empty plate and half filled cup sat.

“How was work?” Harry asked his wife as she set a kiss on his cheek.

“Alright but the girls are jealous I got a week off.” Ginny told him and she sounded a little pleased. “What about the Ministry?” She asked her husband as Luna walked over and set down a plate for
her. Luna turned away to head back to her own seat but she was ensnared by her mistress's arms from behind. Ginny's arms caught her around the waist and Luna let herself lean back into her mistress as the arms pulled at her gently.

"The place is chaos." Harry said. "Loads of new cases opened up while we were in France. Even Hermione was swamped under." Harry said then set his tea down turning to face his wife who was resting her chin on Luna's shoulder and looking to her husband.

"That reminds me." Harry said. "Hermione expects all the details of our trip from you. She told me to tell you she wants a full report." Harry's face looked serious as he continued. "And you need to keep an eye on her next time you see her, she looked tired as hell this morning. She's trying to do too many things at once. I pulled a little stunt this morning and I think I might have managed to help her out a bit but you need to make sure she actually takes the time to relax when she isn't at work. You know what she's like." Harry finished.

"I'll talk with her." Luna heard Ginny say from beside her ear. "What stunt did you pull?" Ginny asked and Luna heard the curiosity in her mistress's voice.

Harry snorted and seemed less serious and more amused. "I'll let her tell you about it when you see her." He said and Luna hear Ginny sigh in annoyance at not being told.

Then Luna felt Ginny's lips on her cheek, she kisses lightly and tightened the embrace of her arms, hugging Luna. Luna knew there was a small smile on her lips as she closed her eyes and enjoyed her mistress's love.

"Eat your sandwiches and let Luna finish her tea." Harry said to Ginny who released Luna after kissing her once more.

Luna walked back to her seat and resumed her cup of tea while Ginny picked up a sandwich.

"What's going on with Grimmauld Place?" Ginny asked before sinking her teeth into her food. Harry sat down his tea and swallowed.

"Dean and his sister sent little reports the entire time we were away. From the looks of things everything is going smoothly and it'll be done fairly soon." Harry replied. "Well, as done as I told him to make it, you know Ron's place and-" He cut off as Ginny nodded to him, her mouth full but showing him she knew what he was talking about.

"Anyway, I wrote back to him and told him I'm pleased with his updates and I can't wait to actually come see the place. I reminded him you'd need to get into Ron's place to set up his surprise party at some point before he comes back from Hogwarts and I told him to let me know when he's got the last things done and I'll go round to see the place." Harry told his wife who nodded then after swallowing spoke.

"I want to see the place too, not just for Ron's party but you know, just to see what it's like. When do you think you're going to go round?" Ginny asked Harry.

"Not sure, probably the start of next week. I told him I'm pretty busy with work so..." Harry said.

"Well, when you know tell me so I can come with you." Ginny said.

"I will." Harry agreed.

As Luna finished her tea and Ginny ate, Harry set down his empty cup and stood up, stretching his tall frame and yawning loudly.

Luna stood up and collected their plates and cups as he spoke.
“I’m going to open some letter in my office.” He announced, Luna heard him give Ginny a kiss before he left the room and Luna began her task of washing their plates and cups.

She hadn’t finished them before Ginny brought her now empty plate over, setting it down to the side of the sink. Luna immediately picked it up and set it down into the water with the other plate when she felt Ginny’s arms go back around her waist.

Luna stood at the sink with her mistress directly behind her, her mistress’s arms around her body so that she could continue to do the washing up. Luna had to keep her eyes from closing as Ginny’s hands roamed over her, gliding over the tight leather dress. Her hands moved down her sides, from her waist to run over her hips. When they moved back up her front and Ginny cupped her breasts Luna couldn’t help but let a moan sound of pleasure escape her lips. Luna felt Ginny’s lips press against the back of her neck and she could feel that her lips were grinning against her skin. Luna continued to wash the plates while her mistress kneaded her breasts over her dress while standing behind her.

Luna couldn’t help but move her head slightly to one side, exposing her neck to her mistress who immediately pressed small kisses over the skin there.

Luna’s hands moved through the hot soapy water, searching and not finding anything and she realised as she opened her eyes that she closed them while enjoying Ginny’s attentions and that she had also finished the washing up. Luna managed to reach for a small tea-towel and dry her hands as Ginny continued to touch her.

When Luna set down the towel, Ginny’s hands reached over and took her now dry ones. Ginny kept herself pressed against Luna’s back, keeping her pinned against the edge of the sink as she pulled Luna’s hands around her body to rest together at the small of her back.

Ginny kept one hand over Luna’s to keep them in place and Luna felt her head pull back slowly as Ginny’s other hand pulled her braid gently. When Luna was leading her head back as face as it would go, her face looking up to the ceiling she felt her mistress’s lips on her ear.

She spoke softly to her, her orders clear and precise.
When she had finished her mistress’s tongue ran up the side of her neck and behind her ear.

“Understood?” Ginny asked softly.

“Yes, mistress.” Luna managed to get out in a breathless voice, her heart was beating fast in her chest and excitement zipped through her at her orders.

“Good.” Ginny said and released her holds on Luna who moved to obey her mistress’s commands.
Luna does as ordered.

Ten minutes later, Luna walked out of her en-suit bathroom into her large pale bedroom. Almost everything in her room was cream coloured the only other colour in the room were the deep blues that made her think of Ravenclaw.
A slash of colour here and there on the huge bed and more spots of deep blue on the drapes.
There were small decorative pictures and items were if not entirely the same deep blue had enough of it in them to pop out and show that everything was supposed to be exactly where it was, a part of the greater scheme of colours that made up her room.

Luna looked herself over in the large mirror on her pale vanity and saw that her cheeks were a little flushed. Nothing she could do about that now so she simply checked over her braid, her dress and the small straps of leather that were on both wrists and ankles.
When she was satisfied she hurried from the room, closing her bedroom door quietly and padding down the thick carpeted floor barefoot.
As her mistress had commanded her, so she had obeyed at least, in part.
She moved even now down the upper hallway to carry out the remaining wishes of her mistress.

As she walked down the hall she heard Ginny's voice coming from inside Harry's office, though she couldn't hear the words. Luna continued by the office door, beyond the stairs and headed to the end of the upper hall to the last plain unassuming door which stood closed before her.
Usually this door was kept locked but Luna reached for the handle, knowing that it would be unlocked and she opened it easily.

Luna stepped into the room and reached up to the right of the door, switching on the light to illuminate the playroom and all that it contained.

Luna took a moment to survey what was arguably her favourite room in the house.
A room of pleasure, a place of pain and as was often the case the domain of both of them combined.
Luna felt a familiar thrill of excitement and anticipation.

The room contained a large bed to one side, there were no covers on this bed, only pillows and sheets on the mattress. The far wall at either side of the central window stood two large display cabinets, their glass doors allowing the implements of pleasure and plain to be clearly seen.
The wall opposite the bed had hooks and ties on it from which hung various ropes, bindings, chains, some whips and even more hooks.
Luna couldn't help but look up to the ceiling of the room to see several small but very strong loops that protruded from the otherwise smooth, pale blue paint.

Luna closed the door quietly behind her then moved further into the room, her bare feet pressing over some of the mats that took up some of the carpeted floor in various spots. Luna knew her duty and used her wand to light several scented candles and as the smells reached her nose she shivered, forever those specific scents would make her think of the times she had spent in this room.

Luna then set her wand down on a small table, then removed her tight dress, folded it neatly and set
it down next to her wand.
Then she had to wait.
Luna got to her knees, her naked form in the middle of the room and her head bowed as she awaited what would come next.

Luna closed her eyes, simply breathing in the scent of the candles and held still.
It wasn't long before the door opened and her mistress walked into the room, Luna looked up and saw a smile on Ginny's beautiful lips, her eyes were warm as she looked down at Luna but there was a glimmer of excitement in her mistress's eyes that Luna loved to see because she knew what it meant.
Her mistress would be playing with her and Luna, as her toy would relish everything she was given.

Ginny walked over to the spot where Luna knelt, she came to stop standing in front of Luna. Ginny wore only her underwear, lovely matching red laces above and below the tight expansive of her stomach.
Ginny's hips were tantalisingly close to Luna's face and it was all she could do to keep herself from moving her face forward and mouth to the small triangle of fabric at the top of her mistress's long legs. Luna looked up at Ginny, to take in her beautiful body and to avoid the temptation her nearness presented. Ginny was tall and slender, though her body was athlete fit from her profession. The only truly defined muscles on Ginny were her abs, the rest of her body Luna knew, was well muscled but it was hidden under the gorgeous skin that seethed her.

Luna saw the beautiful freckles that touched Ginny's otherwise flawless pale skin and remembered the time Ginny had ordered her to kiss every single one of them. Luna's only regret had been that her mistress didn't have more freckles for her to press her lips to.

Ginny's hand reached down as she looked at Luna and her palm ran over Luna's cheek softly, when Luna met gazes with Ginny, Ginny spoke.

"What should we do with you then?" Ginny asked in a musing tone and knowing how much her mistress loved to hear her speak her replies out loud she answered.

"Anything you wish, mistress." Luna said, fervently meaning it. "I'm yours."

Ginny smiled.

"Yes you are." Ginny said. "My beautiful little toy." She said taking a step back, Luna losing the contact of her hand.

"Undress me." Ginny ordered Luna and she obeyed.

Luna stood up and moved behind Ginny, who held still as Luna unclasped the red lace bra then hooked her fingers under the straps and pushed them forward on Ginny's shoulders. Luna moved around to her front and took the bra in her hands and slid it down Ginny's arms.
Luna placed one cup into the other then moved to set it down on another small table opposite the one her own clothing and wand rested on.

Luna moved back to her mistress and when she stood in front of Ginny about to return to her knees, Ginny stopped her by clinking her fingers and pointing behind herself.
Luna smoothly moved back behind Ginny and then went down to her knees, Luna let her fingers curl under the waist of the red fabric and she pulled down, sliding it down her mistress's long legs. When the fabric reached Ginny's ankles, she didn't step out of them but instead Ginny arched herself and one of her hands moved back reaching for Luna's braid.
Luna made sure that she was reached easily by Ginny and as she took a firm grip of Luna's hair, she
had barely begun to move Luna's head before she herself moved, knowing what her mistress wanted. Luna moved her face forwards to Ginny's exposed rear and was firmly held between her buttocks, Luna's mouth already in motion.

Luna let her eyes close as she heard a sigh of pleasure come from her mistress's lips, Laun slide her hands up the sides of Ginny's long legs, coming to a rest on Ginny's rear and pushing slightly, opening her mistress to allow Luna to please her more fully.

“Mmm.” Luna heard from Ginny's lips. “That's it.”

Encouraged, Luna moved her tongue with more force and was rewarded by another sound of pleasure from her mistress. Luna knelt there, her tongue working and Ginny's hand firmly holding her braid and she had to work not to press her thighs together though she was by now aching for attention.

Briefly she considered doing it anyway simply to have her mistress punish her but she held firm. Ginny pushed herself back hard, holding Luna's face in place as she ground herself over it before she stepped away from Luna.

Luna caught her breath and remained kneeling.

She watched as Ginny moved away from her and went to stand by a piece of furniture that resembled an old sawing horse though rather than a hard piece of wood resting in it, it instead had a large cushioned piece of material.

The centre of the mass was bowed in the middle, as if a saddle usually rested there, Luna knew though it looked as if it would give out under any significant weight that it was in fact quite firm.

Ginny clicked her fingers and pointed at it.

Luna stood up and obeyed, moving over to the saw horse she knew what her mistress wanted. Luna lay herself over it, her stomach firmly on the cushioned mass as she bent over it, allowing it to take most of her weight. Luna's naked rear was held in place, firmly up and presented for her mistress and whatever she might decide to do.

Luna felt Ginny's hands roughly grip her bottom, squeezing her flesh, spreading and parting her, exposing her behind fully to her gaze. She couldn't help but let her eyes close when her mistress's finger ran up over her wetness, moving her arousal up between the cheeks of her bottom, firmly over the small muscle there.

Then the finger left her body and Luna remained still, her eyes still closed and waited.

“Mmm.” Ginny's voice reached Luna's ears. “I wonder which one I should choose this time...”

Luna remained quiet.

A hard palm smacked loudly against her rear and she gasped. Luna knew she should have answered her mistress's musings.

“You are free to choose anything you like mistress.” Luna said. “I am yours to do with as you will.”

“You should have just said that in the first place.” Ginny said.

“Yes, mistress.” Luna agreed. “I am sorry mistress.”

“So you say, but I think I'll make sure anyway.” Luna heard Ginny say and then the soft sound of bare feet moving away. Luna kept her eyes closed and heard a swishing sound move closer to her then stop behind her.

There was no warning just an instant of pressure against her bottom as whatever her mistress had
struck her with then smarting pain flowing over the skin. Luna sucked in air through her teeth, a hissing sound and then she simply focused on the tingling sensation on her behind.

Another impact, the sound loud in the room as she felt leather slap against her skin. Another intake of air before yet another impact. Luna's breathing was now irregular and she breathed a little heavier. She felt Ginny's palm move over the skin that stung and Luna couldn't help but enjoy the sensation of being touched on the sore flesh.

“Do you want more?” Ginny asked her.

“Yes, please mistress.” Luna said and she received what she asked for.

Three rapid impacts, two on one side and the third on the other. Luna had time only to count the three impacts before a fourth, much harder impact hit her and she cried out.

I palm roughly moved over the spot and Luna pulled in a ragged breath.

“You pretty bottom is turning red nicely.” Ginny spoke to her.

“Thank you, mistress.” Luna said.

There was another impact, this time Luna knew it was a palm and she gasped a little and couldn't help but shift her bottom further up, almost arching herself.

Ginny laughed in a low amused way and let her fingers run over Luna's smarting rear gently.

“You asked so politely, you're a good little fuck toy aren't you?” Ginny asked of her.

“Yes, mistress.” Luna replied. “I enjoy being your good little fuck toy.”

Ginny's fingers moved to Luna's wetness and stroked a little as her reward. Luna knew how much Ginny loved to make her use crude language as she did so so seldom in her own time. Luna knew it pleased Ginny to hear her speak that way and pleased her even more when she made Luna do it.

Two fingers forced themselves inside her completely in a rough forceful movement and Luna gasped then moaned as they curled and moved inside her.

A moment or two went by and Luna enjoyed the sensations before Ginny slid her fingers back out of her. A thumb pressed between her buttocks, moving in circles over her anus before moving away. “That's next.” Ginny said to her and Luna remained bent over the saw horse, awaiting her mistress pleasure. Luna heard Ginny opening one of the glass displays then a minute later there was a small popping sound and Luna knew that Ginny had unstopped a certain pearlescent bottle.

Several seconds later and Luna felt a warm slick thumb slide between her buttocks and rub over her. Ginny placed something on the small on Luna's back and Luna did her best to remain still so she would not knock off whatever was placed there.

Only her mouth moved as a sigh of pleasure escaped it as she felt Ginny's thumb apply pressure to her small ring.

After more pressure combined with rubbing, Luna's exhalation of air got stuck in her throat for a moment as Ginny's thumb breeched her. Ginny kept her thumb inside Luna's rear and moved it slowly, the sides of the thumb moving the muscles that gripped it.
Then she slowly pulled out of Luna who breathed heavily, her concentration fixed on remaining still. Luna felt the object removed from the small of her back and then a moment later Luna felt the head of a plug against the lubricated circle. It moved forwards, applying pressure and turning against her. Luna knew Ginny wasn't trying to put it inside her yet but was simply massaging the muscles there first.

Luna licked her lips and moaned as Ginny applied more pressure. Luna felt herself breeched a little before the plug continued to move. Once more it began to enter her only to be pulled back then again and again, moving inside her a little more each time.

Half way through a heavily exhalation a small noise came from Luna's throat unbidden as the thickest part of the plug moved between her.

Unable to exhale she simply focused on the sensation of being filled and as it moved through her tight entrance and Luna felt herself close around it the breath released with a groan of pleasure.

“That’s it.” Ginny said soothingly and Luna felt her mistress's fingers move through the wet folds between her legs. Luna, unsure when her eyes had opened again she had been so intent on the sensations she felt, let them close again and a small hum of pleasure moved out of her mouth at the duel sensation of being filled in her bottom and rubbed in her most sensitive spot.

It wasn't long before her behind moved over it's own accord, trying to seek out more attention from Ginny's fingers.

Knowing this was a mistake but unable to help it, Luna wasn't surprised when her mistress's fingers retreated from her.

She heard a tut come from Ginny's lips as she heard her move away.

“On your knees again.” Ginny commanded and Luna obeyed her.

Pushing herself back up from over the cushioned saw horse, she saw as she sank down to her knees, Ginny's naked behind as she stood over by one of the display cabinets.

Ginny pulled out a large green bottle which had a screw top, she twisted it open then poured a deep red liquid into the small cap before moving back over to Luna.

“Open.” Ginny commanded and Luna opened her mouth as Ginny poured the red liquid into her open mouth. As always it tasted of cinnamon at first as Luna felt the cool liquid slide down her throat then just as she thought she should be able to feel it settle into her stomach any taste or smell from the liquid vanished as if it were never there.

She felt her thighs tremble and her core seemed to heat even more, soon after Luna's teeth began to chatter and her eyes closed.

Luna was unsure how long this went on for but it must have been about a minute after her teeth stopped chattering that she finally opened her eyes to look up at her mistress.

Whatever Ginny saw in Luna's eyes seemed to please her, the bottle and it's cap were gone, replaced back in the cabinet and Ginny walked over to sit on a soft comfortable chair while Luna remained kneeling by the saw horse.

Ginny kicked one of her legs over the arm of the chair exposing her beautiful centre to Luna, Luna licked her lips and her mistress smiled.

Luna watched as Ginny's hand moved down the front of her body and her fingers reached her wet folds, running through them before returning up to circle the most sensitive spot above.

Luna would give anything to be able to pleasure her mistress right now and even though Luna knew that it was the potion that her mistress had fed her, it didn't change a thing.

Her mistress played with herself, letting fingers move inside her while keeping herself fully on display for Luna, whom she watched intently.

“Would you like to get your mouth on my pussy, Luna?” Ginny asked her lightly.
“Yes, mistress.” Luna said and her voice was a little ragged, she hadn't realised she had been breathing so heavily. “I would love nothing more than to have my mouth on your beautiful pussy.”

Ginny smiled.

“Would you enjoy it?” Ginny asked, still in that light tone of voice.

“Yes, mistress.” Luna told her earnestly. “I would enjoy it so much.”

“What exactly would you like to do with that mouth of yours?” Ginny asked of Luna.

“I want to have my tongue inside you, mistress.” Luna said, unable to keep herself from saying more. “I want to taste ever part of you, drink in your wetness. I want to suck your beautiful pussy and keep my face there while you cum.” Luna said and her voice was hoarse now, she couldn't stop looking at her mistress's pussy, the movement of her fingers and the glistening folds she wanted to taste so much.

Luna heard distantly her mistress make a pleased sound but it was the click of her fingers as they moved away from her centre that held Luna's attention and she was moving before the sound finished reaching all the corners of the room. Luna didn't even try to stand up but instead leapt forward from her knees and moved on all fours.

She felt her mistress's hand grip her braid tightly the same instant her open mouth finally got to taste the beautiful pussy before her.

Luna groaned at the first taste of her mistress's arousal and her tongue delved inside Ginny hungrily. Unable to even savour her taste before her tongue moved again. Luna heard Ginny moan in pleasure and Luna couldn't help but let out an answering sound.

Luna's mouth moved frantically over Ginny, lick, probing and then hungrily sucking at her. Even as she sucked her tongue continued to move and Luna revelled in the taste.

More and more, harder and harder Luna's mouth worked, she knew she was pushing her face hard against her mistress but she couldn't help it. Ginny's hand on her braid seemed to keep her face pushing against her though so she knew that her mistress was accepting of Luna's pleasuring of her, even if it was somewhat rougher and more frantic than normal.

Again, Luna knew it was the potion but she didn't care.

What seemed all too soon, though Luna couldn't say how long she was there for in her small madness of lust, she felt Ginny's body shift in that way that indicated she was reaching the climax of her pleasure.

Luna sucked her and with Ginny's hand holding her face so hard against her while her hips pushed just as hard up, when Luna moved lower to plunge her tongue deep into her mistress to taste her orgasm Luna couple only let her face rub over Ginny as she moved to the lower spot.

As Luna tasted her mistress's sweet release, she realised that she was making desperate hungry sounds as her Ginny's own sounds of pleasure were fading. Luna continued her pleasuring of her mistress but knew that she was slowly coming back to herself.

The small madness of lust that the potion had washed over her was now fading slowly. When Ginny pulled Luna's braid back hard, pulling Luna's mouth from her core it was all she could do to simply gasp in air like Ginny was doing.

As though Luna had had her own released without actually experiencing it.

Ginny's hand moved Luna's head, bringing her cheek to rest against the inside of her thigh and the two of them simply breathed.

Ginny released her tight grip on Luna's braid to let her hand stroke over Luna, as if soothing her.

“Good girl.” Ginny said breathlessly. “Very good girl.”
Luna managed to turn her face inwards slightly to press small kisses against Ginny's skin for the compliment while she continued to stroke Luna.

A few minutes went by before Ginny moved to get herself up.

Luna knelt back allowing her mistress room to stand while she herself remained on her knees before her.

“Luna.” Ginny said.

“Yes, mistress?” Luna asked looking up the length of her body.

“Go get the red robe ready.” Ginny ordered.

Luna obeyed.
Chapter Summary

Things continue inside the playroom.

(Have a look at a couple of wizardly sex toys, I'm sure there is much more in that room but you will at least get to see one or two for now.)

Luna moved over to retrieve her wand from the table next to her folded dress. She turned around and pointed it to a hanging coil of red rope on one of the walls, without a sound she directed the rope to move. It moved like a snake and seemed to slither on thin air as it moved upwards. It snaked through several of the small loops in the ceiling, Luna directed it as it turned back around itself, looping and twisting just so. Eventually there were four five lengths that hung down, four of the lengths ended with small metal hoops while the fifth, central length was actually a large loop of the red robe itself.

Setting her wand back down, the command of the robe now firmly out of her hands she moved over to the hook from which the red rope had been hanging. The only thing left on it now was a thick red strap of leather with bindings along the back of it, a clasp at the ends and the entire other side was simply smooth leather.

Luna took the leather length over to the hanging loop of the red rope and she fastened the bindings to it firmly before turning to look at Ginny, who stood by her chair having watched all of this.

“Fasten yourself in.” Ginny ordered and Luna obeyed. She turned her back so that the now hanging leather strap was at the level of her hips. She bend down to connect the metal hoops to her leather ankle bindings then she did the same for the ones on her wrists, the rope moving easily as her movements pulled on it. Finally she reached back behind herself taking each end of the thick leather strap before pulling them around her front.

Locking the clasp in place she stood, with the magical rope, threaded through the bindings on the strap around her waist and four lengths leading each from one of her limbs. Order obeyed she simply waited. Ginny simply looked at her for a moment with a pleased look on her face, her wand idle in her hand. Then Ginny pointed her wand and Luna was moved. Luna was pulled into the air, high up her hands being pulled up behind her head and her legs being pushed wide. The red rope now as firm as metal, Luna could neither push nor pull her limbs into a new position, the leather strap around her waist taking her weight as though it were a living thing not bound by ordinary rules, which it wasn't.

Luna could only watch was her mistress walked slowly over to her, simply held exposed and in place as her eyes raked over Luna's body. As her mistress had directed the ropes, Luna's open legs leaving her exposed centre just at the right height for Ginny's head. Ginny stepped closer to Luna, Luna could feel Ginny's hot breath wash over her wet sex and could only watch as one of Ginny's hands moved up, Luna thought she would feel her fingers against her
wetness but instead her hand moved under and behind Luna to press against the plug that was inside her.
Luna moaned and before the moan could end, she gasped as her mistress took her core into her mouth sucking hard on her as her finger found the small hoop on the end of the plug and began to move it.
Luna couldn't even move her hips, the only part of her with any freedom was her head and it fell backwards, her eyes closing as another hard suck, close to pain, pulled another moan of pleasure from her.
Luna could feel Ginny's tongue roughly move over her most sensitive spot as the seal of her lips kept pressure on it.
The movement of the plug paused for a moment but then resumed as Luna felt two fingers slide into her sex.
Moaning she couldn't help but toss her head somewhat as the fingers moved down then thrusting back up hard making Ginny's knuckles hit against her with the force of the movement.
The other sensations intensified, the movement of the plug filling her and the speed of Ginny's tongue, the sounds being pulled from Luna without her conscious thought coming louder and more frequently.
Luna felt her mistress pull at the plug, not to remove it from her but simply to let it's thickness pull at her anus from the inside.
When it began to breech the tight hole she would push it back in, Luna counted five times this happened before Ginny's mouth moved from her sex.
Luna looked down for a moment but Ginny set her stance a little and began using her hands harder and faster, Luna couldn't help from closing her eyes again.
The pleasure having built up when Ginny pulled the plug from her and pushed it back in Luna cried out. When she did it again and curled the fingers inside her sex Luna cried out again.
When Ginny did it a third time and set her mouth on Luna to roughly suck her, Luna was lost.

Her pleasure overwhelmed her, her rear being plunged by the plug, the fingers in her core curling and the hard pressure of Ginny's mouth and her tongue tore a scream from her and her body convulse, unable to really move it was more of a shock of all the muscles in her body.
Luna felt her core tightening and flexing around Ginny's fingers, the sound stuck in the throat, unable to get out from the agony of her body seizing up she simply jerked minutely as she hung from the ropes, her mistress's fingers almost trapped inside her from their invasion of her insides.

Luna felt her toes finally uncurl and pain shocked through them as the blood flow restored to them, then her fingers as they took unknotted. Luna could only breath and the ragged sound of it wasn't anything she could control.
Her mistress having forced her body to her will as she had toyed with it so roughly.
Luna simply let her head hang and kept her eyes close as she let the echoes of her climax ripple through her as they slowly faded.

Luna felt a shift and she realised that she was being lowered, she hadn't even felt Ginny's fingers slide from her, but now she stood away from Luna, her wand pointed at the ropes.
She walked back over to Luna as Luna's decent ceased leaving her hanging at what would have been close to her normal height if she were able to stand.
Though her legs were still parted wide and her hands up behind and slightly over her head.
Ginny reached her and two glistening fingers moved to Luna's mouth, Luna opened her mouth and tasted her own sex as her mistress wished.
She made sure to run her tongue over her mistress's fingers, letting her know that she was tasting herself completely as she desired.
Ginny's other hand reached around Luna and she felt it grip her buttock firmly and pull.
Luna hanging was pulled towards Ginny, she felt her wet sex press against the skin above Ginny's
own core. Pulling her fingers from Luna's mouth she hungrily took Luna's mouth with her own, Luna closed her eyes and a small noise of enjoyment moved from her mouth into his mistress's. Ginny's tongue moved over her own, Luna only run her own back over her mistress's, letting her know she was hers to be used and taken as her mistress desires, letting her know that she was grateful for the pleasure and release she had been given.

Ginny pulled away from Luna, and the two of them sucked in air. Ginny kept her face close to Luna and spoke in a low voice to her.

“Did you enjoy that?” Ginny asked Luna.

“Yes, mistress.” Luna took in a breath. “I enjoyed it so much, thank you mistress.” Luna said then again. “Thank you, mistress.” As Ginny's lips rested over her own as she spoke her gratitude. Ginny gave her several small tender kisses before pulling back.

Luna heard the door open behind her and saw Ginny smile over her shoulder.

“Have you come to play with our toy?” Ginny asked.

“I might have.” Luna heard Harry's voice behind her. “Carry on for now.”

Luna heard him move behind her then the sound of him settling into the comfortable chair that Ginny had occupied earlier.

Ginny was grinning, she pointed her wand at Luna again and Luna felt herself shift back slightly, as if her back was laying on an invisible platform, her open legs and exposed core closest to Ginny and her head and bound hands the furthest away.

Luna tried to look to the chair but she couldn't quite see it.

She looked back in front of her at the sound of movement to see Ginny walking away from her back towards the other of the display cabinets. Luna watched her with anticipation, wondering what her mistress would decide to do next.

A thrill zipped through her body as she saw what her mistress turn around with. In her hands was an odd looking object. It looked almost like a capital 'L' shape though instead of a sharp ninety degree angle to it, it was more of a gentle bend. The object was a tan colour, one end the small end was a tightly twisted together series of strands that formed a single short but thick length in their current state, the other longer end resembled as was intended a large penis, thick and hard.

Luna knew it felt exactly like a man would, the softest layer over steel hardness.

The toy was called a phallus. Luna knew that Harry had bought it for his wife, specifically for her to use it on Luna, though Luna knew that Ginny had liked it so much she had bought more of them for her to use on other women. Luna watched as Ginny walked slowly back over to where Luna hung, then she watched as Ginny readied herself. Ginny moved the small end of the phallus between her own legs, and slowly let it enter her. Luna watched her mistress face raptly, knowing exactly how it felt now that it was inside Ginny, having been ordered to use it herself.

When the smaller end of the phallus was inside a woman's sex, the tight twists of it that made up it's thickness unwound, they moved out away from each other inside the woman. Some of the strands moved further inside, deeper in groups in some places or singly in others coming to rest against specific spots. Spots that they touched would be the points of contacts that sound send sensations into the woman.
These sensations were caused by using the other end of the phallus, now standing from between Ginny's legs as if she had replaced her woman's core with the males sex. Luna knew that the phallus was said to be the closest and more accurate sensation to having male sex organs and feeling the pleasure as a male would second only to using a polyjuice potion and temporarily changing your gender.

Luna watched Ginny's face as her fingers formed a ring around the phallus and stroked up and down it's length a couple of times. Luna could see the pleasure on her face and she knew how it felt. Ginny's eyes opened and Luna could see the lust in them, Ginny stepped closer, taking up position between Luna's open legs.

The two of them let out small sounds of pleasure as Ginny's phallus pressed to Luna's opening. Slowly Luna felt herself penetrated and the length of the hard thing slide deep inside her, both see and Ginny groaned at their sensations.

Luna felt Ginny's hands on her hips, she felt them tighten as she pulled back sliding almost from inside her before sinking back inside.

Again they both moaned in pleasure.

She drew back again then began to move in earnest.

Over and over Ginny thrust into her sex, the phallus was thick and it delved deep into her. Luna couldn't move but only endure the pleasure of being driven into her only surcease from this the times when Ginny thrust completely into her and held herself inside Luna, the two of them would let out groans of pleasure at these moments, sharing the sensation each in their own way that brief moment held between them perfect if not for the agony of their lust and desire for more.

Ginny pulled out of her completely and the two of them breathed heavily for a moment before Luna opened her eyes when she felt herself moving again.

She was turned over, she caught a brief glimpse of Harry, seated on the chair watching them before Luna was looking down at the ground, her arms were no longer behind her head but rather they had been brought back down and around her to cross her wrists over the small of her back.

Her rear end, still plugged in front of Ginny, Luna tested her field of view and was able to look over to Harry their eyes locked for a moment before Luna's closed again at the feeling on Ginny plunging back into her.

Luna hung being driven into deeply by her mistress, when she managed to open her eyes she would look over to Harry, watching him as he watched her being used.

When Harry stood up Luna was able to pull in some air as Ginny stopped her driving thrusts, Luna watched him and she thought that Ginny did too as he walked over to stand in front of Luna.

His wand flicked and Luna felt her arms granted freedom by him, he unbuttoned the single button on his suit trousers and Luna knew what to do.

Her arms came back around her, aching from being locked into the place but she ignored this as best she could and managed to unzip him.

He moved his thighs slightly and allowed his trousers to slide down them, exposing the large expanse over muscle that made them up. Luna hooked her fingers over his boxers and pulled them down, his enormous cock springing up into her sight and he looked at it hungrily.

His cock was not artificial, the thickness and long length of it entirely his own.

Luna let one of her hands take a hold of it, relishing the weight of it in her palm he could see the glistening wetness on the broad head of his cock for a moment before she took it into her mouth.

She moaned around it, tasting him her tongue moving hungrily over it as her hand held him in place between her lips.

Luna felt his large hand take a hold of her braid and Luna moved herself further onto him as his hips moved slightly.

Then Ginny moved again and Luna hung between them her master's beautiful sex in her mouth, sliding between her lips as her tongue ran over him, wanting to touch as much of him as she could.
Her mistress steadily driving into her from behind, the length of the thick phallus gripped tightly in her core.
Luna could only sing out her bliss with her sounds of pleasure as she was used by them, as she pleased them with her body, they drove their lust into her and she ignited from it.
When she heard the hiss of sharply indrawn breath from her master's mouth Luna wanted to capture it and keep it forever. Luna then felt another sensation as one of Ginny's hands left her hip and the plug inside began to move once more.
Luna lasted only seconds longer before for the second time that evening her pleasure took her over and she was lost.
She thought Ginny had made her own sound of pleasure but she couldn't be sure, Luna had only known her own released, her mouth around her master's hardness as she first screamed then moaned with the ever slowing tensing and relaxing of her body. She wasn't sure how long this went on but when she could almost think again, she became aware that only the plug remained inside her as she hung from the red rope.
She found herself kissing at Harry's hardness which stood in front of her face, small almost mewling sounds coming from her throat as her lips were desperately kissing the base of him, she moved lower taking a large heavy ball into her mouth and sucked on it as she tried to come back to herself.
She felt her master's hand stroking her head and the hand of her mistress stroking over the small of her back where her hands hand been bound before their release.
Eventually she returned and was simply breathing heavily.

“Thank you.” Luna whispered not sure to whom she spoke. “Thank you.” She repeated wanting them to know that her pleasure was wanted and savoured. That she knew how well they treated her for her service to them, that the pleasure they took in her body was nothing when compared to the pleasure she received in return by those who commanded her.

Luna was moved once more, she wasn't sure by who but she ended up upright, her legs open but knees bent as if around someone invisible. Then Ginny moved into the space there, the phallus pressed between both of their stomachs.
Ginny kissed her and Luna gladly accepted this.
She found her arms were still her own to command and wrapped them around her mistress's neck. Then she froze.
She groaned as she felt Harry slowly pull the plug from her anus, he took his time letting her work herself over the thickness of it before eventually passing over it and the plug came free from her.
She knew her rear didn't even have the chance to close back in on itself before the broad head of her master's cock replaced it. Pushed into her just enough to keep her loose enough so that when he chose to, he could slide his length into her and take his pleasure from her.
Ginny had held still while her husband had done this but when he knew he was ready, Ginny reached down and moved the phallus to Luna's other opening.
Again, only the head of the phallus was inside her, as her master held himself only just inside her anus.
Then slowly, Ginny slid into her and Luna buried her face into her mistress's neck with a moan. When Ginny began to slow slide out of her, Luna felt Harry push into her rear just a little more. Luna groaned and just held herself around her mistress.
Ginny moved back into her and Luna felt her hands move down the sides of her thighs to her buttocks to firmly take a hold of them, spreading them for her husband who once more pushed into her deeper as his wife pulled from her core.
Luna's head tossed backward and she felt as though she were completely free save that the strap around her waist held her weightless in the air.
She leaned her head back onto Harry shoulder, her hands on Ginny’s shoulders as the two of them worked back and forth in her until the two of them when they moved where completely seethed in her.
Luna couldn’t see, she knew her eyes were rolling up into her head as she simply hung there between them their duel sensations filling her in tandem. The only sounds Luna made were the harsh exhalations of air as the sensations caused her breath to lock up in her throat and the deep grunts of visceral and primal pleasure at feeling herself touched deeply inside. Slowly the two movements lost their synchronisation, as her master and mistress let their own lust and pleasure dictate their movements. She would be half filled by one of them as they were pulled out of her as the other had just completed a thrust completely into her. Then the two of them were savagely taking her, both of them thrusting up into her and Luna screamed and cried out, her body moved desperately, throwing itself forward to clutch at her mistress then tossing herself backwards to press back into her master. Their thrusts became wilder and more savage, as if they were stabbing at her as they both drove up into her. Ginny's hand were on her rear, squeezing tightly and Harry's large palms were cupping her breasts. Then Ginny was sucking them with a desperation that Luna felt, then she sucked harder then her teeth were there, then Ginny's teeth were on her neck, Luna felt tears running down her cheeks. Almost weeping at the overwhelming pleasure she spent herself again impaled by the both savagely thrusting into her, biting at her. The two of them didn't slow or let her ride out her release, instead they moved harder and faster and Luna screamed. She knew that if someone heard such a scream they would think her life was being ended but both her master and mistress knew this scream well. The scream was pure ecstasy so overwhelming because she had reached her own climax and was in the throws of it but rather than being allowed to keep it she was being used doubly by the two of them as they took their pleasure from their toy. Her own pleasure was irrelevant and was simply a thing that was happening why they took their own pleasure from her body, in the wild frenzy to reach their own release. Luna final limit of her own climax was pushed further, heightened and prolonged as it moved every higher in intensity by their relentless use of her body. There was a madness that could be found in this place, a pleasure so extreme that it was agony, it could shatter the mind as easily as her body could shatter. A madness only compounded by the fact that it was because she was being used by her master and mistress for their own pleasure, truly used as an object of pleasure, used by them not against her will as in this moment she had no will, she was simply an object of flesh and blood, agonised by exquisite pleasure as she served those who owned her if not in name then in her soul.

Luna passed out. When she opened her eyes she was on the floor, she lay between her master and mistress, her red imprisoning rope gone from her. The three of them were naked, the phallus lay forgotten on the mat near to them. She was mid kiss with her mistress though she couldn't remember it beginning. Her master's large hand ran up and down her side, moving over the smaller width of her waist, up over her wider hip and then back. She could feel his seed inside her, she could feel his semi-hardness against her rump. He kissed along her shoulder and she knew that there would be several beautiful bruises there if not tonight then definitely in the morning.

They talked for a while, then after a small break in which she and Ginny excused themselves to the bathroom, they met up again in the bedroom, Harry having brought them all water. The evening of pleasure and lust had continued though this time with an edge of tenderness to it.
Luna loved and was loved before eventually they three slept tangled together.
Harry was once again in his office at the Ministry of Magic.
It was close to lunch time and he found himself with a few moments to have his own thoughts.
He was thinking over the time he and Ginny had spent with Luna the night before and was once again a little depressed at the thought of Luna leaving them for her trip.
While he and Ginny had bought many things in Paris and several of them were for Luna, he felt as though he should get her something more, he ended up deciding that he would stay in work over lunch, get as much work done as possible before heading out a little early to see if he could find some things for Luna that she might find useful on her trip.
He wondered if Diagon Alley was his best bet or if he should head to Hogsmeade instead.
He settled for Diagon Alley but knew if he wasn't satisfied with things there he would go to Hogsmeade anyway.

Harry left his office and like some horrible twisted bureaucratic version of Father Christmas, he delivered gifts of paperwork to various employees in his department.
Heading briefly out of the department to talk with another department head before he missed his chance and they left for their lunch, he returned a little later to find the situation room almost empty as those who weren't out investigating or searching for someone had left to have lunch.

Harry spent some time looking over the schedules for who was on raid duty and who was on general patrols or actively searching for someone specific.
He changed them a little bit, pairing people with those they were more friendly with and he thought made things a little bit more efficient without overtaxing his aurors.

Next Harry went over some of the investigation reports on the open cases, seeing if there was anything he could add to them, a new idea that might help bring something to light but he didn't have much luck. There was a knock on his open office door and Murphy stuck his head in to ask if the schedules had been changed.
Harry told him that he had done it and asked if he had messed anything up for anyone but was assured that he hadn't and that they were just curious as to why they had been changed was all.
Harry returned to the rest of the paperwork he had to get done and out of his department by the end of the day and after briefly surfacing to find coffee he managed to get it done and on its way.

He did a last check of the aurors in his department to make sure they all knew what they were doing before he left the his department then the Ministry of Magic entirely.

Harry snapped into being in Diagon Alley and the first thing he decided he needed was the lunch he had missed.
Heading over to a small café that Harry knew had great sausage sandwiches, he ordered himself one along with a hot cup of tea and sat down outside despite the cold weather, his coat and hot food enough to keep him warm.

He had just finished the first half of his sandwich when someone called his name. Harry turned in his
Mrs Weasley, a little red faced from the cold weather was smiling over at him, both of her hands full of shopping bags.

Harry stood quickly and moved over to take the bags from her hands.

“Oh, give over, Harry!” Mrs Weasley protested at his removal of her many bags but he managed to wrest them from her. “Well, if you must!” She said redundantly.

“Take a seat.” Harry said, setting his mother-in-law's bags down under his- Now their table.

“Ufff!” Mrs Weasley let out as she seated herself down. “Well, it's nice to have a bit of a rest.” He admitted to him.

“Tea?” He asked pointed at the shop. “And something to eat? The sausage sandwiches aren't up to your standard.” Harry told her confidentially. “But they're not half bad.”

“Oh I don't know.” Mrs Weasley said. “I've spent too much as it is, I suppose I could have a tea though.”

“Nonsense!” Harry exclaimed. “You're not paying for a thing.” He told her standing up. “A nice sausage sandwich and a hot cup of tea for my mother-in-law!” He announced to her and she smiled warmly at him. “Oh well, if you insist Harry, dear.”

“I do insist.” He said. “I'll be right back.”

A couple of minute later and he returned with the promised good in head and set them down on the table in front of Mrs Weasley, who wrapped her hands around the hot cup.

Harry took his own seat and returned to his sandwich.

“So, what have you been shopping for?” He asked before he took a bit and nodded down at all the bags.

“Well.” Mrs Weasley said. “I woke up this morning and went down to the kitchen to put the kettle on and I found a note stuck to it from that daughter of mine!” She said.

“I've heard of her.” Harry quipped and won a small smile from Mrs Weasley.

“Anyway, the note asked if I wouldn't mind doing a bit of cooking for Ron's surprise party.” She whispered this last as if Ron would suddenly pop out from under a nearby table and demand an explanation from her. “Ginny left a small pouch with some gold inside it and asked that I pick up some ingredient and whatever else I might need when I got the chance.”

“I had no idea.” Harry said honestly. “And isn't it a bit early to be making food yet? He's not back for another week.” He pointed out.

“Oh I know, I've only bought the stuff that will keep until then and I'll only start cooking the day before but I thought it would be a good idea to get most of it done while I had the free time so I won't be swamped by it all later.” She told him. “I'm not as spry as I used to be you know.” He told him.

“That's not true, that's the biggest fib since Fudge told everyone Voldemort wasn't back.” Harry said and Mrs Weasley rolled her eyes at him. “I have to admit though, I'm looking forward to Ron's party a bit more now that I know you'll be doing the catering.” He flattered his mother-in-law who slapped affectionately at his hand.

She took a small sip of her hot tea then decided to try the sandwich he had bought her. Harry watched her chew it then swallow then after a moment smile.
“You were right, it's not too bad.” She told him. “Oh and thank you by the way, dear.” She said. Harry waved it away.

“It's only a brew and a sandwich.” He said.

“Oh not that, though thank you very much for these two.” Mrs Weasley said. “No, I meant for all the gifts for me and Arthur from Paris. Ginny left those in the kitchen too.”

“Oh.” Harry said. “Well, you're welcome but I'll be honest, I only picked a few of them out for you both, Ginny picked most of them out.”

“I thought as much, I'm sure that you paid for them all though.” She said drying and Harry laughed a little.

“Actually, I'd say it was probably close to an even split. You forget, your daughter makes a good wage as a professional quidditch player.” He pointed out.

“I suppose you're right.” Mrs Weasley said. “I guess it was a pretty mean thing to say.”

“Don't feel too bad about it.” Harry said. “Before she got signed up, she had no problem spending my money, not that I really minded.” He said with a small smile and Mrs Weasley returned it.

“So what are you doing here? Shouldn't you still be at the Ministry, Ginny said in her note that you were very busy.” Mrs Weasley asked.

“Well, the department is very busy but I finished pretty much everything I can do for today. I worked through lunch.” Harry told her. “And when I was finished with everything else about fifteen minutes ago I thought instead of sitting around doing nothing and annoying my aurors I'd come here to get something to eat.”

“Harry.” Admonished Mrs Weasley. “You shouldn't skip meals, even if you are very busy.”

“Well, I'm making up for it now, it's just a little late is all.” He said.

“I suppose you're right.” Mrs Weasley admitted though the idea of Harry going without food for even a short amount of time seemed like a personal affront to his mother-in-law, it had ever since he had been a boy.

“I might grab a few things while I'm here though, you know Luna?” Harry asked and when Mrs Wealsey nodded with a mouthful of sandwich he continued. “She's going on a long expedition with her father at the end of the week and I thought it might be a good idea to see if I can find a few things she might find useful.”

“Is she leaving you and Ginny for good or will she still be renting a room with you?” Mrs Weasley asked. This is what she believed that Luna rented a room with them and Mrs Weasley's only real experience will Luna had left the impression as it had with others before that Luna was a little be odd. Harry knew that Mrs Weasley thought that he and Ginny rented out a room to her out of kindness, thinking that she couldn't get another place and just didn't want to have to live with her father.

No one who knew about their real relationship with Luna whether knowing about it intimately like Hermione or just had a rough general idea like Bill, none of them corrected Mrs Weasley on it and were quite happy that she had come up with a reason to explain things on her own.

“I think she'll be returning eventually.” Harry said. “Though the trip is likely to be a very long one. We would like her to come back to us but well...” He trailed off and Mrs Weasley nodded in
understanding.

“Well, I think it's a very thoughtful and lovely thing to do for her, Harry.” Mrs Weasley said, singing his praises as in her eyes, he could do no wrong. Harry let it stand without comment. “Where is she going? Is it cold there will she need new clothes?” Mrs Weasley asked him.

“Uh, it's a few places in Africa, so very hot and she has the clothes she will need.” Harry said. “I didn't really have anything specific in mind I was just going to look around and see if anything seemed right.”

“Well, finish your tea and I'll finish mind then we'll have a look together.” Mrs Weasley said.

And that is how Harry spent the rest of the afternoon carrying the many bags his mother-in-law had bought and then even more as Mrs Weasley insisted that Luna would need this, a girl will always find a use for that, if she is going to be in a hot place then this would also be extremely useful. When she and the family had visited Egypt she would have killed for one of these.

Harry eventually was released after he had been forced to have another cup of tea at the burrow when he had returned with Mrs Weasley and her bags. Harry hadn't minded too much though as it was always nice to see his father-in-law.

Harry had promised that as soon as he had been to see Grimmauld Place himself that he would be sure to take Mr and Mrs Weasley over to see Ron's new place and the rest of the building.

Yes, Dean's wife Julie was indeed a muggle as Ron had told her and that yes they was a very nice woman.

Harry confirmed that he had only heard nice things about her and the times he had met her personally she had been lovely.

Yes, he would introduce them if they had the chance and that the presents he and Ginny had bought them were still no trouble.

It was around half-past five when Harry appeared at his own home with a crack and carrying many bags. Both Luna and Ginny appeared to greet him from the top of the stairs.

“I'm glad you're both here.” Harry said making his way up the stairs towards them, still with bags in hand.

“What have you got?” Ginny asked curiously.

“Oh, I see.” Harry said. “Just care about the things I bring home, not about me?”

“Oh shut up.” Ginny said giving him a light slap on the arm. “But seriously, what have you got?”

“Come with me, both of you.” Harry said moving down the hall towards. “I'll show you.”

Harry could almost sense the confusion as he walked by his office door then by his and Ginny's bedroom and continued down the end of the hall to Luna's room.

Unable to open the door with his hands full he stepped back slightly as Luna opened the door to her own room for him.

He walked inside to the pale room and set the bags down on Luna's bed. He gestured to them all.

“They're yours, I paid for them all but I actually only picked out a few things for you but Mrs Weasley picked out the rest once she heard you were going on a trip and I was going to buy you some things.” Harry explained.

“Mum?” Ginny asked.
“Yeah, I got out of work a little early to do a little shopping for Luna and I ran into your mum buying the things you asked her to buy.” Harry said. “Well, some of the things.”

“Oh right.” Ginny said. “I crept into the kitchen this morning before I left for practise.”

“She told me.” Harry said but was looking at Luna.

She seemed taken aback.

“I- This is very kind of you, Harry.” She said to him.

“Don't worry, if there is anything you don't like... And there probably will be you don't have to keep it.” He said. “I'm pretty sure Mrs Weasley went a little mad with my gold back there. Just look through it all and keep what you want, all of it if you like it all. I'll tell you which things I bought you.”

Luna looked a little hesitant and Ginny pushed Luna onto the bed before diving onto it next to her. “It's like an early Christmas that might be a bit crap.” Ginny said and Luna smiled a little at her words.

Harry walked over the the vanity and seated himself down to watch.

Ginny pulled out an item from one of the bags and the look of horror on her face made Harry burst out laughing.

“What was my mum thinking!?” Ginny demanded of them both.

Luna's eyes were wide and then she too started to laugh softly trying to cover her mouth with a hand but it was no use. Ginny started laughing too which made Harry laugh even more, and she tossed the item in question at him.

Harry caught the multicoloured bum bag in one hand and set it down on the vanity. Not everything was as awful as that thankfully, in fact a lot of it seemed to please Luna and Ginny seemed to approve of most of the other things.

When Luna pulled out a small leather bound book Harry told her that it was one of the things that he had bought her.

He moved over to show her what it was exactly.

It was a book that when you pulled on the page more paper appeared out of it, stretching out for about a foot before tearing from the rest of the book neatly and without much effort.

Harry explained that the leather cover was protected against a bunch of things and that she could use it and the surprising amount of good quality paper it contained to write to him and Ginny.

He reached into the same bag looking of another thing he had bought her and pulled out a hard dark polished case which after he opened the clasp for with a small click it opened up to reveal a pair of very nice quills and it had a small depression in one corner of the insides that were for ink.

Ink he had also bought, he explained that the small depression held a lot more ink that it was supposed to and that it wouldn't spill out from it even when the case was closed, turned upside down and tossed around.

Luna seemed very pleased by these things.

Another thing Harry had bought her was a small metal flask that had deep blue leather bindings around it to soften it's hard edges. It also held much more water than it should and would keep the water nice and cool.

Harry warned her though as he had been warned when he bought it that it only kept water cool, not any other liquid and that he wasn't sure why that was but he supposed it didn't much matter so long as it worked.
Luna loved the colour of it as Harry knew she would, he told him that everything he had bought her personally was very thoughtful and useful. Harry returned to his seat by the vanity waiting for her to put out the last thing he had bought her on her own and had to wait while Luna and Ginny discussed the merits of the other items. When she pulled out a small jewellery case Harry sat up again.

“This is the last thing I bought for you.” Harry told her. “Well, actually for you and Ginny.” He said. Luna opened it up to reveal two lockets, unlike the ones he had bought for himself and his godson Teddy, these lockets were very ornate looking with etchings of vines and leaves on them. Mrs Weasley had been scandalised when she had seen the price of them but just has Harry had felt when he had seen the lockets for himself and Teddy, he had bought them regardless of the price.

“What do they do?” Ginny asked, knowing that they wouldn't just be ordinary lockets, not after she had seen him buy the ones in Paris.

“They're like the ones I bought for me and Teddy but instead of notes, you can whisper into them.” Harry said and spoke on quickly. “But they won't work all the time they take at least three days before you can use them again and you can only talk into them for about a minute and a half.” Harry said. “They heat up a bit when you have something to listen to, you don't have to hold them up to your ear to listen to them you'll hear the words if you're wearing it. Though the assistant told me that you do need to speak into them if you're the one sending a message.”

“One for me and one for Luna.” Ginny said seeming pleased at this.

“Oh Harry, this is a wonderful gift!” Luna told him. “All your gifts were wonderful!”

“Well, I'm glad you like them.” He said. “I'm afraid you can't test the lockets out now because I tested them in the shop. You'll have to wait a few days before you can use them.” Harry half apologised half explained. Luna would already be gone from them before the magic of the lockets was renewed.

“Aww.” Ginny complained mildly.

“Well, I needed to test them before I paid for them.” Harry said a little defensively.

“I suppose.” Ginny agreed though not happy about it.

Luna had gotten up and she walked over to Harry and threw her arms around him. Harry hugged her back and ran an hand up and down her back.

“How come you don't buy me things like this?” Ginny demanded of him from the bed.

“Well, one of the lockets is for you.” Harry pointed out as he and Luna parted.

“Yeah, but only because the other is Luna's.” Ginny said. “How come you don't buy me things just for me?”

“I bought you a car.” Harry said.

“Yeah but neither of us can drive and it's been sat in the garage ever since.” Ginny told him.

“Well it was nice that one time we sat in it.” Harry shot back and ducked as a rather horrible looking t-shirt was tossed at him.

He was laughing again.
Luna departs and Harry and Ginny head to meet with Dean and Jessica.

Harry and Ginny spent all of Saturday with Luna, none of them left the house that day and both Ginny and Luna were very emotional. Harry was sad too but he tried not to show it too much fearing to send them all into a spiral of depression. The day consisted of mostly laying around together, talking and touching between their love making. The only times they were apart were when one or more of them went to the kitchen to fetch drinks or food, otherwise they were all in Harry and Ginny's bedroom today. Luna slept with them that night, the three of them exhausted by nights end.

On the Sunday when they awoke, Ginny and Luna cooked a large breakfast and the three of them ate it in the kitchen in their robes. Luna and Ginny then retreated to Luna's room to check and pack the trunk Luna would be taking with her. When Luna had finally left, Harry felt drained emotionally. He sat in the nest with Ginny curled up against him, Ginny was drinking wine and Harry a whisky. His wife was very disconsolate, almost in mourning.

Harry briefly tried to get her excited about going to see Grimmauld Place tomorrow evening but it was no use, so instead he comforted her as best he could. When she fell asleep next to him, he carried her up to their bedroom, undressed her with his wand when he had set her down in bed. He then got into the bed next to her and wrapped his arms around her, she only stirred briefly to nestle into him a little more. He held his wife for a long time before he too finally went to sleep, thoughts of Luna swirling around in his head and his sadness at her having to leave, Ginny's grief and all of it combined having made this day feel like it had dragged out for much longer.

The next morning Harry awoke, Ginny wasn't in bed and he checked his watch in alarm wondering if he had overslept and was late for work. He wasn't late though, he got up shaved, showered and got dressed before heading downstairs to the kitchen. He found Ginny busily cooking in the kitchen, her cheeks were a little flushed.

“What's all this?” Harry asked.

“Breakfast.” Ginny said without looking up at him.

“Pancakes?” Harry guessed.

“Yeah, the kettle just boiled.” He informed him.

“Alright, do you want one?” Harry asked moving over to the kettle.
“Coffee.” Ginny said. Harry could sense that Ginny wasn't back to normal yet but this was her attempt as trying.

Harry made himself a tea and a coffee for Ginny.
He set them both down on the island in front of a chair each.

He was about to take his seat when Ginny hissed and shook her hand, having burnt a finger with some hot oil. Cursing Ginny's ran it under some cold water, her back was to Harry. The level of cursing only confirmed to Harry that Ginny was still very much upset.

Walking up behind her, he looked over her shoulder to see a small red line on her finger. When she pulled her finger out from under the cold water and turned, he was standing directly in front of her, with a tea-towel.
He took her hand and wrapped it in the tea-towel, drying it gently.
Then he tossed the tea-towel to the side onto a counter, lifted Ginny's hand and planted a small kiss on her hurt finger. Then he took her chin between this finger and thumb holding her face still and gave her a long but tender kiss on the lips.

Still without saying a word, Harry returned to his seat and he heard Ginny sigh.

“I'm sorry.” She said. “I know I'm going weird.”

Harry made a non-committal sound as he took a drink of his got tea.

“I know!” Ginny said as if he had said something she already knew. “I think I'll feel better after practise, I can just let it go during it.”

Harry made another sound, taking another sip of tea.

“Yeah.” Ginny said to Harry profound response.

She moved quickly seeming determined that these pancakes would be served up and nothing could stop her. She sat a plate down in front of him with hot pancakes on it. When Ginny sat herself down next to him with her own plate, he leaned over a planted a kiss on her cheek. Still without saying a word.

Harry ate in silence, mostly.
Ginny kept up a steady stream of words, informing him about the plans for practise today, then promising she would be home by five at the latest and that they could head out to see Grimmauld Place right away.
Harry finished his pancakes and his tea.
He took his plate and cup to the sink before walking back towards his wife.
He set his hands on her shoulder and leaned down looking her directly in the eyes, cutting off her stream of words.

“I love you.” Harry said firmly. “Your pancakes were delicious and I have to go to work now.”

Ginny nodded, eyes still locked with his own.

“You and me, tonight after Grimmauld Place, I'm taking you to Persphone's so make sure you have a coat ready tonight.” Harry said.

And Ginny simply nodded again so Harry kissed her.
“I love you.” Harry repeated.

“I love you too.” Ginny finally managed to reply.

“Just checking.” Harry said as if this was all a plot just to be sure she still loved him.

She smiled a little and even that shadow on amusement on her face was enough to make him smile a wide grin.

“See you tonight, don't kill anyone with a quaffle.” Harry warned and won another small smile.

“I won't, see you later.” Ginny said.

And Harry left to get to work.

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When Harry returned home that night, he was in slightly better spirits. One of the two open cases had gone to trial today and now had been officially closed. It was a small thing but it seemed to put a bit of life into the very busy department, showing them that even though their workload was a bit heavier than usual, it was going down.

The atmosphere at work shifted from being one of rushing, mild anxiety and a sense of impending failure to one of satisfaction at hard work yielding results, a renewed determination and generally higher spirits.

Harry saw that Ginny's shoes were dumped into the entrance hall and he knew that Ginny had beaten him home.

“Gin?” Harry called out and got a reply from the direction of the kitchen so he headed that way.

Ginny was in the kitchen, she was checking things in her handbag when he walked into the kitchen.

“How was practise?” Harry asked and set a kiss on Ginny's cheek.

She smiled a little wanly at his question.

“Not good at first.” She admitted. “I was snapping at everyone.” He said.

Harry frowned.

“It changed though when Geraldine threw a quaffle at my head though, I realised I was being a cow.” Ginny told him. “We made up though and practise was pretty good after that but I still wasted half the day first though.” She grimaced at her own words.

“Well, at least it wasn't a total bust.” Harry pointed out. “And you're all made up now.” He said.

“I suppose.” Ginny said. “Are we heading straight back out?” Ginny asked him.

“If you're ready.” Harry said.

“I just need to grab my coat.” She told him and picked up her handbag and walked out of the room. Harry followed her, still wearing his own coat he waited for her to put on her own then he offered his wife his arm.

The two of them appeared not far from Dean's house and old office.

Ginny kept her arm in his and Harry led the way, having been here before while Ginny had not.
Harry led Ginny to the modest building and he reached over to press the doorbell.

A couple of seconds later and Jessica opened the door for them.

“Heya!” Jessica said brightly.

“Hello.” Harry greeted.

“Hey, Jess.” Ginny said with a smile.

“Come on in!” Jessica said and Harry led Ginny though the tiny little hall while Jessica closed the door behind them. He opened the door that led them into the magically expanded room inside.

“Harry!” Dean called over from a desk messy desk.

“Hey Dean.” Harry said back and smiled to his friend as Dean walked over and this shook hands.

“How are you Ginny?” Dean asked her.

“I'm fine.” Ginny said and Harry wasn't sure if that was true but it sounded believable. “How are things with you?”

“Busy.” Dean said. “But good.” Dean said giving Ginny a small hug with a pat on the back.

“Are you guys excited to see Grimmauld Place?” Jessica asked with a huge grin.

“Yes.” Harry said unable to help smiling back a little. “I can't wait to see what the place looks like. I'm sure it's loads better now.”

“Well can't look any worse than what it was before.” Ginny pointed out. “That place was a mouldy old pit.” She said. “Setting the place on fire would have been an improvement, but from what Harry has said you've both really been working hard on the place so I'm sure it looks fantastic.” Ginny said this last to both Jessica and Dean.

“Well, we have been putting in a few hours.” Dean said.

“I think you'll love it.” Jessica told them.

The door that lead into the rest of the house opened and in walked Julie, Dean's wife.

“Hello, Harry. It's nice to see you again!” She said brightly.

“Hey Julie, it's good to see you too.” Harry said. “This is my wife Ginny.” Harry introduced his wife to Deans.

“Oh my God, you're gorgeous!” Julie exclaimed coming over.

“Stop!” Ginny said with a smile trying to break onto her face and Julie laughed.

“I thought Harry was the modest one?” Jessica asked Dean.

“Shush you!” Ginny said to Jessica then turned back to Julie and offered a hand. “It's nice to meet you Julie, Harry has told me about you and so had my brother Ron.”

“Oh dear, I hope they didn't say anything bad.” Julie asked only half seriously.

“Actually.” Harry said as the two ladies shook hands. “Mrs Weasley is looking forward to meeting
“Harry!” Exclaimed Ginny. “That was the worst invitation to a party I've ever heard!”

“Well, I don't—” Harry cut himself off and looked around at the other. “Would you like to come? I mean you don't have to if you don't want but we figured that you three should be there, you've all worked hard fixing the place up and you know, Dean and Ron are mates already...”

“I'd love to.” Jessica said. “Plus this Ron is going to be my new neighbour isn't he?”

“I'll come.” Dean said then turned to look at his wife with a smile. “You fancy it?” He asked her.

“It sounds lovely, do we need to bring anything?” Julie asked them.

Both Harry and Ginny shook their heads firmly.

“Mrs Weasley is doing to food and drinks so pretty much anything that anyone from anywhere in the world bringing anything at all won't be as good.” Harry said with a grin.

“I've heard stories about Mrs Weasley cooking.” Dean said in a slightly awed voice.

“They're all true.” Harry told him still grinning.

“I'm going to tell mum about this, she'll be thrilled.” Ginny said.

“Wait until she's mad at you, this will distract her.” Harry suggested.

“Good idea.” Ginny said with a small laugh.

“So are you all heading straight out now or would you like me to put the kettle on?” Julie asked everyone else in the room.

“We can do right now...” Dean said then looked to Harry and Ginny. “Unless you want a brew first?”

“As good as your coffees are.” Harry began. “I really want to see Grimmauld Place.”

“There's always next time.” Julie said to him.

Dean walked over to one of the crowded desks and picked up a set of keys. Shaking them in the air then pocketing them he grinned a little excitedly now that it was time to showcase what he and his sister have been working on all this time.

“Well then.” He said. “Shall we get going?”

“Yes.” Harry said firmly.

Dean offered his arm to Harry, who took it. Jessica offered her own to Ginny who also accepted it. Dean offered his other arm to his wife and spoke.

“Want to come?” He asked her.

Julie shook her head. “No, you lot go. I'm going to start making your dinner, how long do you think you'll be?”

“No idea, probably at least an hour.” Dean told his wife.
“Well I'll start cooking close to then, if you're any longer than two then you two go hungry.” She threatened her husband and his sister.

“Understood.” Dean said with a grin.

Julie shooed them off.

“Go on, go see the place!” She told them and then with a pop of sound they were all gone.
The four of them appeared with a crack in a dim alley way, Harry knew this place and knew it was only about a thirty second walk to reach Grimmauld Place. Dean led the way, they existed the alley way and turned a corner onto Grimmauld place. At they walked down the street, their breath fogged in the cold night air. Then Harry saw number twelve Grimmauld Place and his pace slowed.

Number twelve looked unrecognisable. All the windows and window frames were new. The drainpipes and even the guttering had been replaced. The bricks had been changed or cleaned, even the roof that Harry could see from the distance he was at looked like it had been redone.

His eyes moved down and he could see the large frosted glass window that took up most of the ground floor. Harry could see the large dark front door next to it. The place looked almost exactly like Harry remembered the concept art had looked from the presentation. While all the new things added to the building were obviously new because they hadn't been there before they didn't look brand new. They looked like they were maybe a couple of years old and immaculately maintained. Everything about the building screamed great quality, good maintenance but modest. There was nothing flashy about the building it was simply there and looked settled into the rest of Grimmauld Place. It only stood out in that it was obviously well maintained.

Though again, Harry knew that the place wasn't well maintained at all and that all the changes were brand new. It had been redone to look like it had been there for some time, to look like it belonged here.

Harry realised that he had stopped, so had Ginny. Dean and Jessica were looking at them both intently to see their reactions.

“It looks exactly like the artwork.” Harry said then he looked around hurriedly to see if they were still alone on the street.

“It looks like it's been here for a while.” Ginny said.

“Well, that was part of the design we showed Harry.” Dean told her. “So the place didn't stand out too much.”

“Is there something you don't like about it?” Jessica asked sounding a little worried.

“No.” Harry assured both her and Dean. “I like it, I just didn't expect it to look so much like the
Harry took a step forward then another and they all started moving again.

They reached the small stone steps that led up to the front door, Harry looked at the small plaque beside the door and the little box above it.

The sign read 'Thomas & Thomas, Dental Surgery. By Appointment Only.'
Under this was a telephone number.
Harry grinned at it.
This would definitely make most muggles stay away, no one likes to visit the dentist.

Harry saw the small box had buttons on it, one for each flat and another with a small 'T&T' on it.
Dean saw Harry looking at the sign and grinned, knowing Harry’s own grin was for the dentist.

“You thinking about trying to fix some teeth too” Harry quipped.

“I'm not an expert but I'll have a look for you?” Dean fired back producing the keys from his pocket.
He put them into the lock, pushed the door open and gestured grandly for Harry to enter.
Harry entered the building, the lights were on inside.
Harry was surprised again and turned around in circles, looking at the entrance hall.

Again it looked almost exactly like the art Jessica had made but what surprised him was the size.
In the picture the, the distance from the front door to the door directly opposite of it which was Jessica's flat looked like it was about two or three steps away.
In reality it was more like six or seven steps.
Harry had thought that it would seem a little cramped but it was actually very open feeling.
Even with the huge glass doors to his right that were the doors to Thomas and Thomas's offices.

Harry spotted a difference on them that had not been on the artwork.
Rather than a sign over them that read 'Thomas and Thomas', the frosted glass door instead had a 'T&T' within a circle in the centre of them.
Half of it one one door and the other on the second door.
The two long frosted glass windows that were to either side of the door had smaller circles on each of them that showed the logo for the business.

“We changed it a bit.” Dean said, seeing Harry looking at the doors.

“It looks good.” Harry said truthfully. “Have you changed the inside too?” He asked.

“No.” Dean said with a shake of the head. “We kept the offices the same.”

Dean moved over to the frosted glass doors and using another key on the ring of them in his hands he unlocked the doors and pushed one open.

“Come look.” Dean said from the darkness inside that vanished an instant later to be replaced with bright light.

Harry entered the offices and Jessica and Ginny followed.

Again, the place looked much like the artwork had shown but the scale seemed bigger to Harry. The inside was one very large room, the seating area to one side, the large sofa, the chairs and the coffee table all there.
Directly across from the doors was a very large desk and chair.
Harry looked to the other end of the very modern and stylish room to see the three doors at the other end which Harry knew were Dean’s office, Jessica's office and the last a small kitchenette/breakroom that had stairs which led down to the basement workshop.

The only difference besides the surprisingly large size of the place was that instead of the very pristine and neatness of the room that had been shown in the art, the reality that they stood in contained many boxes, some trunks and chests laying around the place.

“We've not really moved in yet.” Dean told them gesturing to the things laying around. “Most of this will be going down to the workshop but it's not finished yet so we've just dumped it all up here for now.”

Harry nodded in understanding.

“I really like this place.” Ginny said. “It's not all old and dusty like most wizarding places, it actually looks modern.”

“Thanks.” Jessica said and smiled hugely at Ginny.

“It really does look great.” Harry said.

“Do you want to look in the offices and the workshop?” Dean asked them. “They're not done yet but you can look if you want?”

“Uh, no I'll wait until they're done and I'll see them in all their glory.” Harry said.

“Good decision.” Dean said. “They're a right mess at the minute.” Dean told him.

“But they're supposed to be at this point.” Jessica said hurriedly in case Harry thought they were somehow disrespecting the building and he would be angry at them.

“I get it.” He assured her. “It's got to be done a certain way and it'll look like a mess until it's finished properly.”

Jessica nodded at him.

“So when do you think you'll be moving into this place?” Ginny asked the two of them.

“Well.” Dean said and thought for a moment. “Jessica can pretty much move in to her flat at anytime.”

“Once we've signed a tenants agreement.” She told Harry.

“But as for the business side of things.” Dean continued. “Well, as you can see, most of the actual offices is done, we just need to work on our personal offices. But we've been putting it off a bit to try get the workshop in order so we can move most of our stuff down there. Probably be done by the end of the week and we can move in completely after that.” Dean told him. “Again, once we've signed the tenants agreement and stuff.” He added.

“Well.” Harry said thinking it over. “It will take me a couple of days to get some agreements written up but you guys can move in right away. I think I'll have the tenants agreements come into play for the new year, we'll sign them all before then but you can move into the place as soon as you like.” He said.

“Uh, do you want us to just give you some gold for the time up until then?” Dean asked him.
Harry shook his head firmly.

“Look, mate.” Harry said to Dean and then looked at Jessica to let her know she was included too. “I've only seen the outside of the place, the entrance hall and your office. If the rest of the place looks half as good as this then I'm going to be over the moon with it.” He told them. “Don't worry about paying anything for the remainder of this year, it's going to be Christmas and then New Year soon, you'll only be in here for a few weeks so don't worry about it.” Harry told them both.

“You sure about this?” Dean asked him.

“Positive.” Harry said with a firm nod.

“Thanks, mate.” Dean said. “You've already helped us out loads with this place and now you're giving us a couple of week free rent.” He noted with a grin.

“We're mates though aren't we?” Harry asked rhetorically. “Like I said, the cost of this place is way under what I was expecting and I have you two to thank for that. I bet I'd have been fleeced if I'd asked for a quote from somewhere else.”

“I don't think you'll have been fleeced too badly.” Dean said to him. “You're the famous Harry Potter after all, ripping you off would be bad for anyone's business.”

“He probably wouldn't even have noticed.” Ginny said and Dean snorted.

“Well, shall we go look at the rest of the place?” Dean asked them.

“Yes.” Harry replied. “I can't wait to see it. Everything is miles bigger than I thought it would be.” He told them.

Dean led them out of the frosted glass doors, leaving them open and the lights on inside. He hesitated in the hall and motioned to the door that was Jessica's flat.

Jessica produced her own set of keys and moved in front of them all.

“Come have a look!” She told them excitedly as she worked the key in the lock. “You'll have your own keys to every room anyway so it's not like you can't just walk in. Besides you do own the place.” She opened the door and turned back to them with a grin on her face. “Just don't be wandering in while I'm in the shower, shows aren't free you know!” She quipped at them.

Ginny laughed while Dean looked a little uncomfortable.

“I'm not a pervert.” Harry told her.

Ginny snorted at his words. “Not that kind anyway.” She said which made Jessica laugh.

She led them inside her future flat and Harry looked around, impressed with just how good it looked, still surprised with the larger size than what he had been expecting. The flat was mostly furnished as the artwork had shown but as they looked into each room Harry noticed that even though there was some furniture in the place, it lacked any real personal things. Harry realised that Jessica hadn't really moved any of her own things into the place, unsure if she was overstepping by moving in without having signed anything yet.

“This place looks great.” Harry said to her. “Once you move your things in, it will look even better.” He said, letting her know once more that she was free to move in.
She gave him a smile.

“It's really nice.” Ginny said to Jessica. “I can't believe just how much bigger this place is now. It's hard to get my head round.”

“You should have seen it after the expansion enchantment when the entire place was hollowed out.” Dean told her. “No floors, just the building walls and completely empty inside. I thought I'd messed up at first and got the scale all wrong.” He admitted.

“He was panicking and running around measuring things.” Jessica told them.

“You say that like you weren't doing the same.” He fired back at his sister.

“I bet Ginny could have had the team come to practise here.” Harry joked.

“You're not far off.” Dean said with a grin.

They looked around a little more, commenting on things and assuring Dean and Jessica the place looked great then the four of them left the flat and headed up the stairs.

The first floor hall was completely finished and Dean opened up the nearest flat to let them look inside. He explained as Harry had agreed, these two flats and the ones on the next floor weren't finished yet.

The insides had all their walls in place, the layout completed but they were entirely undecorated as yet besides a coat of white paint on all the walls.

They briefly toured it, just to see the layout then they moved out of the place and went up two more sets of stairs. All the hallways were decorated so as far as anyone could tell, potential tenants coming to see the place wouldn't know that the flats they went by were yet completed.

They reached the third floor and Dean opened up one of the flats and everyone entered.

Again, the size was much larger than anticipated but other than that it looked just like the artwork.

The flat was furnished as Harry had requested, he knew that the one next to it would be furnished too. Harry had wanted them ready to move into so he could show them to potential tenants.

They toured the rooms that made the flat up and Harry was very pleased with it, Dean and Jessica were much more relaxed, clearly able to see how much Harry was happy with their work.

They moved up to the top floor, they entered the first of the two story flats the other one being Ron's new home. Harry was shown around this one first though, it was decorated much like the two smaller flats on the floor below though obviously this was a little grander, a lot larger and they had the upstairs to tour as well.

Harry couldn't help but think that anyone coming to look at the place, if they could afford to rent it would jump at the chance.

Finally they left the flat and moved over to the last one, Ron's place.

Harry was amazed when he walked into it.

It looked fantastic.

The furnishings were different from the other flats, much finer.

The decorating itself was more detailed and less neutral, the only thing that kept this place from looking like a proper home was the absence of personal items and touches which were only missing because Ron hadn't moved in yet.

Ginny and Jessica spoke together about the furnishing they had bought together on their shopping trip, expressing their satisfaction at how good they looked.

Harry ran his hand over the rich leather of one of the sofas, walked into the kitchen looking around at the rich wooden cabinets and drawers.
The marble work surfaces and even the lighting was perfect. He stopped by the large fireplace and Dean informed him that as soon as Ron moved in, he could have someone from the Ministry of Magic come round and connect it to the Floo Network, he had to have someone living here before it could be connected.

Harry nodded in understanding, then they moved upstairs. Harry entered the office, it was devoid of much of the things that filled a working office, papers and parchments and other small things but the furniture was there. The largest piece was the huge fine wooden desk, it looked very grand and Harry knew that Ron would love it. He moved from room to room, becoming more and more certain that Ron would be absolutely thrilled with this place.

Harry couldn't wait to see his face.

“Gin.” Harry called and his wife came out of one of the guest bedrooms with Jessica behind her. “I can't wait to see Ron's face when he sees this place.” Harry said with a huge grin.

Ginny smiled at his excitement.

“He'll love it.” Ginny told him.

“You and Jessica really did a good job with all the furniture.” He told her then looked to Jessica and Dean who looked pleased at his happiness. “And you two.” Harry said to them. “Honestly, this place is amazing. Thank you so much, you've done such a great job. I don't even know what to say.” He told them truthfully.

Dean grinned at him.

“Thanks, mate.” Dean said. “I'm glad you like it.”

“We both are.” Jessica said.

“You're going to have to give me a stack of your business cards.” Harry told them. “I'm going to run through the Ministry throwing them everywhere.” He said with a laugh.

Dean joined him in laughing and Jessica grinned.

Ginny looked pleased and amused at them all.

“Well.” Said Dean finally after they had looked around a little more. “Now you've seen the place properly you can just apparate here but I've got a load of keys for you downstairs in the office.” He said.

“Let's get going then.” Harry said and they all headed back down, Dean locking up behind them. They reached the offices of Thomas & Thomas and Dean motioned for them to sit at the seating area while he moved further into the place. He went into the door that Harry knew was the one with access to the workshop and returned a moment later. He returned to them and set down a shiny black money box. He flicked his wand at it and there was a click of sound then he opened it up and turned it perpendicular to them both. Inside were two rows of keys, each set of keys contained four keys. All of them were cleared labelled and he gestured to them as he spoke.

“Four keys for each place.” He told them. “Two for the tenant, one to use and another as their spare.”
One for you and a spare as well. They open the front door and their flat door.” He explained then pulled the rows back to show the small compartment under them. Inside were three different keys, they were very shiny and Harry thought they might be made of silver. Dean gestured at these three keys.

“These are master keys, these will unlock any lock in the building but I only got three of them because they're expensive. You can just bring one of the master keys with you if you need to unlock something here but like I said, they're expensive and if you loose it it'll cost you to have a new one made.”

“Two spares?” Harry asked.

“Yes, but I was going to suggest that you give one of these to Jess if she is going to be your caretaker then you have one for yourself and another spare.” Dean said.

“Makes sense.” Harry said.

“You can just keep your sets of normal keys as spares in case a tenant loses theirs.” Dean said.

Harry nodded, he reached into the box and took out two of the master keys, they were quite heavy. He looked them over for a moment before offering one to Jessica who took it.

“Thanks.” She said. “I won't abuse them.”

“The shows aren't free.” Ginny said with a grin to her and Jessica smiled.

Harry pulled out his own keys and after a moment looped the master key to the rest of his keys before putting them away in his pocket.

“So.” Dean said. “I have to ask, I know you've said you like the place but is there anything you want changing?”

“Not a single thing.” Harry told Dean, looking him in the eye and holding his gaze. “You and Jessica have done an amazing job, mate.” Harry told him. “I know you'll finish the rest of the place next year and it'll be just as good.”

Dean nodded and looked pleased.

“I'm serious about those business cards though.” Harry said. “I need to start handing them out to people.”

Dean grinned but shook his head. “Can't give you any yet.” He told Harry.

“We're having new ones made.” Jessica explained. “With the new address and phone number on them. The news ones will look loads better too.”

“They're more expensive though.” Dean said to his sister.

“Yeah but like I said, new offices, fresh design and better quality cards will do great.” She told her brother and Harry could tell they had discussed this before.

Dean sucked in a breath and let it go, he turned back to Harry. “That reminds me, Harry,” Dean said. “Would you mind giving us some of the rest of our payment?” Dean asked. “You've paid half of it and that's pretty much covered everything so far but well...”

“I'll have the rest of it moved to your account, mate.” Harry said cutting Dean off.
“You... You don't have to pay in full yet, we haven't finished the job completely.” Dean protested. “It's just that we're running a little low and we still need to buy some things for the actual workshop.” Dean explained.

Harry was shaking his head.

“You're moving your business here, Jessica is going to actually live here so it's not like you're going to run away without finishing the place.” Harry said. “I'll have the rest of the money moved to your account. The same one as last time, you can use it on your workshop and hopefully have some left over for Christmas.” Harry said this last with a small grin and Dean returned it.

“Thanks, mate.” Dean said. “It would help us loads.”

“If you were struggling you should have let us know straight away.” Ginny admonished mildly.

“Seemed a bit cheeky to ask for more money, this place has been expensive enough for you both.” Dean replied a little sheepishly.

Ginny snorted at this.

“It hasn't got me a thing.” Ginny said tartly. “This is Harry's building and he's paid for everything.” She told them. “We have a shared vault at Gringotts that's plenty full but I've been into his personal vault, he could buy ten of these places and have you made them out of gold.” Ginny said. “In fact, if I hadn't stopped him sending more gold to my own personal vault, I could probably have afforded to you have you do it.”

Harry was embarrassed by this.

He did have quite a lot of gold in his personal vault, after Sirus was gone the Black Family fortune had been moved to his vault and it had been a lot larger than the fortune that his parents had already left him.

He had tried to get Ginny to take ownership of half of it as his wife and she had refused, he had then had some of it moved into her own vault anyway in small payments but when she had cottoned on she had demanded he stop it.

The two of them had finally agreed that their personal vaults should remain their own without interference from the other, they had settled on opening another vault that the two of them shared.

Harry had pointed out that the gold in her vault that he had managed to get in there was now hers and that if she were to try give it back or put it in their shared vault would count as interfering.

She had not liked this but he eventually managed to get her to agree to his point.

Harry's entire wage for the time he had joined the Ministry of Magic had been sent directly to their shared vault, he had never once touched it.

He was pretty sure that Ginny's own earnings from playing for the Holyhead Harpies had gone into their shared vault in it's entirety.

When Harry had seen several large deposits in their shared account he had found out that all the signing bonuses, the contract incentives and all the gold that Ginny made from promotional things related to her being a professional quidditch player had also been added to the vault.

The two of them had argued over this and Harry had finally gotten his own way to an extent.

Any further bonuses or other such large amounts of gold were to go into her own personal vault and the two of them would only add their regular wages to their shared vault, they would both use their shared vault for bills or other things that involved their home or other similar expenses.

Their personal vaults were for their own personal expenses.

Harry often dipped into his mass of gold to spoil Ginny, claiming that gifts were personal expenses, though she made a show of pretending to spend his gold recklessly he knew that if he spent too
much on her, too often she would protest. So he used the excuse only as often as he thought he could safely get away with.

Harry had another two vaults opened at Gringotts that Ginny knew about though neither of them had ever had gold taken out of them. They only grew slightly from the interest paid by the bank. Those vaults belonged to his godson, Teddy Lupin and soon, very soon his godson would have access to the first and small of the vaults.
Chapter Summary

Harry visits his godson.

When he and Ginny returned home that night, they had both gotten changed quickly and headed back out so that Harry could fulfil his promise to take his wife to Persephone's. Harry thought the evening went very well, Ginny seemed much happier with things and Harry was pleased that he seemed to have managed to take her mind off of Luna by distracting her with Grimmauld Place and then with their small date.

The two of them had returned home quite late and gotten into their bed and wrap each other up and enjoy their warmth.

The next day Harry had gone to work, the second of the open cases had it's trial and was officially closed which kept the high spirits running in the department. They had even toasted in celebration with their teas and coffees.

When Harry left to return home that evening, arriving at around five he didn't plan to stay there for very long. He looked around the house for Ginny but didn't find her, instead he found a note in the kitchen saying that Ginny had gone to see Hermione and would be back later tonight.

Harry went to his office with the note and wrote on the back of it with his own.

'Hope Hermione is OK, let me know if you get the chance. I'm going out too, I'm going to stop by to see Teddy. I'm taking his presents and sweets, I'll give him your love. If one of us is in bed when the other gets back home we'll talk at breakfast. Love you, Harry.'

After picked up the several bags that contained the presents for Teddy he took them and the twice used note down to the kitchen and returned it to the place he had found it though with his own note now facing outwards.

Harry left the kitchen and then his home with a pop and soon arrived outside in the cold evening air in front of a large door. He knocked on it and waited.

A couple of moments later and a small witch opened the door, her lined face breaking into a smile when she saw who it was.

“Harry, dear!” Cried Andromeda Tonks, Teddy's grandmother. She opened the door up to him still smiling as he stepped into the house. “It's good to see you, Harry. Goodness what are all those bags for? Never mind that now.” She cut herself off. “Come in, come in.” She continued and closed the door behind him.

“TEDDY!” The woman shouted up the stairs and there was a muffled noise that sounded like a reply. “HARRY IS HERE! COME DOWNSTAIRS!” She shouted and as she shoved Harry towards the living room Harry could hear thuds from upstairs then more and more as feet rapidly moved.

Harry had just agreed that he would love a cup of tea and had set the bags down on the floor by the old sofa when a small form ran into the room and froze.
Teddy Lupin, Harry's godson was tall for his age. His skin was currently at a normal colour for his race and species but his hair which was like Harry's and always seemed to stick up in a couple of places was bright blue. Harry noticed that Teddy's ears were currently long and pointed though while one ear pointed up like an ear normally would the other was sticking out to one side slightly and Harry couldn't help but grin. A small wop of sound rang out as Teddy's grandmother smacked him lightly on the back of his head.

“Put your ears back to normal or they'll stay like that forever!” She told him.

Teddy frowned slightly and his ears became human once more.

“How are you, mate?” Harry said and opened his arms to his godson who rocketed towards him and jumped into his embrace. Harry laughed at Teddy hugged him back and then set the boy down.

“I'm great! It's so good to see you Harry!” Teddy said excitedly. “I was wondering when you were going to come round!” Teddy was saying to him.

“Let Harry sit down.” His grandmother told him and Harry sat down still grinning as Teddy didn't stop talking. Andromeda sighed but seemed amused as she left the room to go make some tea.

“...In the paper, I've got the photo upstairs in my room!” Teddy told Harry.

“I wasn't hurt really.” Harry said, having caught some of Teddy's words during their rapid departure from his lips.

“You have blood all over you in the photo!” Teddy pointed out.

“I had some yes.” Harry agreed. “But most of it was only from one cut, on my arm.” Harry said pointing to the arm in question.

“Did it hurt a lot?” Teddy asked him and jumped on to the sofa next to Harry.

“It did for a bit but then the healers fixed me right up.” Harry told Teddy.

“You really beat up that French guy though.” Teddy said with a grin. “Everyone says so.”

“Who is everyone?” Harry asked.

“Well, you know, Gran said so and that's what everyone said in the papers and George said so too when he came round. He brought me some sweets with Verity, do you want some of-Oh I forgot their all gone now.” Teddy said looking a little sad that he couldn't give Harry any sweets.

Teddy's grandmother returned and gave Harry a cup of tea and sat down in her armchair with her own cup.

“Well.” Harry said and took a sip of his tea looking at Teddy. “I can fix that, I've brought you some things from Paris.” He said his godson.

Teddy seemed to take in the bags on the floor near them for the first time and his eyes went wide.

“Are they all sweets?” Teddy demanded seeming a little crazed by the idea.

Harry laughed. “No, they're not all sweets.” Harry pointed to the bag that the sweets were in. “Those are the sweets, grab the bag and have a look inside.” Harry said.
Teddy reached down and picked up the bag and dumped the contents of it out on the sofa between the two of them.

“Are they all French sweets?” Teddy asked excitedly.

“Most of them.” Harry told him and picked up one of the boxes from the pile to show Teddy. “These ones are specially imported from German though.” Harry said and Teddy's eyes were wide at this. As if having special sweets and chocolates from not one but two different countries was the most amazing thing in the world.

“Really?” Teddy asked.

“Really.” Harry confirmed and handed the box to Teddy. “I bought a couple of them for you. When I was in the shop in Paris, the shopkeeper was telling me about how much all the witches and wizards loved them and when he got to the display case it was completely empty!” Harry said and Teddy looked a little frightened as if the sweets he held weren't actually there at all. “He had refilled the shelves with them just that morning and they were all already sold out, so he went into the back to get some more for me.”

“That's amazing!” Teddy cried and managed to open the box. He tipped it and a small green sweet fell into his palm and Teddy looked at it for a moment before popping it into his mouth. Harry could see his jaw working as he tasted it thoroughly then his eyes opened wide again.

Teddy spoke with the sweet still in his mouth. “It's really good!” Teddy told him and Harry was pleased that he liked them.

“Teddy, don't talk with your mouth full!” Admonished his grandmother who was watching from her armchair looking very amused by her grandson's excitement.

“Sorry.” Teddy replied, his mouth still full then his attention was drawn to the large pile of sweets and chocolates between himself and Harry.

“There's loads!” Teddy said and Harry nodded.

“They're from me and Ginny.” Harry said.

“Thanks Harry!” Teddy said meaning it. “And will you tell aunt Ginny I said thanks too?”

“I will.” Harry nodded.

“Teddy.” Andromeda said from her chair. “Don't go thinking you can eat all of these sweets at once. There are far too many.”

Teddy seemed a bit disappointed at this but nodded.

“You've already opened those, so you can have those ones and you can pick out another two for now. We'll put the rest in the kitchen and you can make them last a little while.” She said to Teddy.

“Alright.” Teddy agreed a little mournfully then a thought seemed to occur to him and he looked up at his grandmother. “Hey gran, you can have one of them for yourself!” He told her then turned to Harry. “And you can have the other Harry!”

Andromeda Tonks smiled gently at her grandson and Harry smiled at him too.

“I might pinch one or two of your sweets but you can have them all, Teddy. They're for you after all and I don't feel like eating any sweets right now.” She told him.
“Are you sure gran?” Teddy asked her. “There are loads to choose from?” He said gesturing at the pile.

“I'm sure, dear. It is very kind of you to offer though.” She told him. “You choose some for yourself.”

Teddy looked to Harry.

“I've already eaten loads of them, these are for you.” Harry told him. “Pick out the ones you want for now then put the rest back in the bag so they can go to the kitchen.” Harry said.

“OK.” Teddy said then while he was looking at the assortment of sweets and chocolates he suddenly looked up at Harry and held out the open box in his hand. “Do you want to try one of these though? Or did you already try them?” He asked.

Harry held out his palm and Teddy shook the box and another green sweet landed in it. Harry popped it into his mouth and was surprised at the flavour. It was some kind of sour apple and quite good. He nodded approvingly to Teddy who seemed pleased Harry liked it.

Harry watched as Teddy picked up, looked at and disregarded different sweets and chocolates before finally he chose two and set them to one side.

“These ones.” He said firmly.

“You sure?” Harry asked him and Teddy nodded.

“I'm sure.” Teddy said and setting the open box with the two he had selected he began to put the rest of the pile back into the bag.

When he was done Harry spoke again after taking another sip of his tea.

“So.” He said. “You'll be going to Hogwarts next year won't you?” Harry asked.

Teddy nodded excitedly. “Yeah!” He said. “I haven't got my letter yet but gran said they come in the summer but she said I'll definitely be getting one. Do you think I'll get one too Harry?”

“Without a doubt.” Harry said. “You'll definitely be going to Hogwarts.” Harry told him and his words seemed to make it real to Teddy, as if nothing in the world could change it now.

“I've actually come to talk to you and your grandmother about that.” Harry said and looked over to Andromeda Tonks. “Do you think it would be alright if I took Teddy to buy some of his school supplies?” Harry asked her.

Andromeda Tonks raised an eyebrow at Harry. “It's a bit early isn't it?” She pointed out.

“Gran?” Teddy said in an imploring tone looking to his grandmother to hear her decision on the matter.

She took her time before answering and Harry could see the amusement in her eyes as she deliberately waited to answer the excited boy.

“I suppose it would mean we had to pick up less things the next time when we go for your school...
books.” She said in a musing tone and Harry watched Teddy almost squirm, knowing what he wanted was so very close. “Very well then.” His grandmother finally said and both Harry and she laughed at Teddy's excited whoop of joy and at him jumping up into the air to dance in celebration.

“When can we go Harry?” Teddy finally demanded. “Tomorrow?”

Harry was still grinning as he shook his head. “We can't tomorrow, we'll have to go this weekend when I'm not at work, if that is alright with your grandmother.” Harry said looking over to Andromeda Tonks and looking her directly in the eyes. “We'll probably we out all day.” He said to her and he saw that she caught his meaning.

“Oh well this weekend is as good a time as any.” She replied nodding slightly to Harry. Teddy missed the rest conversation going on between Harry and his grandmother in his excitement. “That's good, because Teddy and I.” Harry emphasised Teddy's name to draw his attention and his godson turned to look at him as he continued to speak. “We have some special business to take care of while were there.” Harry said making it seem very important and Teddy's eyes widened as he understood and he nodded sagely to Harry.

“What kind of business is this?” His grandmother asked sounding very amused as she did each year. “Just some private boys business.” Harry said and Teddy turned to look at his grandmother.

“Private boy business.” He said with a nod.

His grandmother managed not to smile but simply nodded and replied. “Oh well, if it's private and boys business I suppose I don't want to hear about it.” She said and Teddy turned around to look at Harry with a grin that his grandmother couldn't see. Harry winked at his godson.

Harry took Teddy out each year on 'private boys business' or some similar reason, it was actually so Harry could take Teddy out and they could buy some Christmas presents for his grandmother. Teddy thought this was very hush hush and super secret. He would be crushed if he knew that the deception had never been a real one and that his grandmother knew all about it.

He would be absolutely shocked if he found out the other reason too.

Harry took Teddy out and while they were both out, Ginny would bring over Teddy's Christmas presents from them both and she and Teddy's grandmother would hide them away in the house without Teddy there to discover them.

Harry gestured at the rest of the bags.

“These are for you too.” Harry told Teddy. “A couple of things for you to take to Hogwarts with you, I bought them in Paris.” Harry said.

Teddy spent some time going through the few items and was delighted by all of them, both Harry and Andromeda were enjoying themselves watching him. Harry had intentionally not brought the lockets with him, he planned to give them to Teddy when they returned this weekend and explain about they worked. He had considered giving them to him now and had also considered waiting until just before Teddy left for Hogwarts next year but Harry knew he could never make himself wait long enough, he just wanted to give them to his godson. He decided to give them to Teddy with the rest of his Christmas presents that Ginny would be sneaking over this weekend but after watching Teddy's excitement today he had broke down even
more and privately decided that they could been an early Christmas present.

When Harry had finished his tea and then another one, having talked with both Teddy and Andromeda about his trip to France he decided to call it a night.

“Ten o'clock Saturday morning.” Harry said seriously to Teddy who nodded.

“Ten o'clock on Saturday!” Teddy said back to him.

“And?” Harry asked.

“I'll be ready wearing something warm.” Teddy repeated the last of his orders.

“Good lad.” Harry said and gave his godson and hug. “I'll see you then.” Harry promised and stood for a moment straightening his coat in the hall.

“Thanks for stopping by, Harry.” Andromeda said warmly to him.

“Thanks for the tea.” Harry said. “And if you need-” He tried but was cut off my the older woman.

“Not a word more.” She said. “We've been over this, I'll let you know if I need anything.” She told him firmly. “So let it drop Mr Potter.” She said looking at him.

“Yes, Mrs Tonks.” Harry said ducking his head meekly and received a light slap on his arm for his performance.

Harry just smiled then took his leave.
Ron returns home from Hogwarts.

The rest of the week went by without any trouble, Harry and the rest his department worked hard and managed to remove another two open cases, officially closing them.

Ginny was fully informed about the annual sneaking of Christmas presents for Teddy and was prepared. Harry knew she really enjoyed the little deception and her and Andromeda spent the rest of the day together. Teddy still never questioned why Ginny was always at his house 'waiting for Harry' when they returned from their day trips.

Ginny had been off work on Thursday and she had gone shopping during the day to buy things for Ron's flat.

While she and Mrs Weasley had the party itself well in hand, Ron's flat still needed other things. Food in the cupboards, toiletries, even things like new bedding and towels.

Ginny spent the day buying everything she thought Ron would need, though she only bought basic things as Ron would probably want to get his own things and properly make the place his own.

The same evening after Harry had finished work, he and Ginny went to Hermione's house and she helped the three of them moved Ron's things to his new place.

She joined them and had a good look around, she wouldn't be attending the party tomorrow evening as told them that even though she had managed between her and Helstia to cut down her workload thanks to Harry's intervention, she was still very busy and had a lot to do.

Harry was half conflicted.

He wanted Hermione to join them at the party but also understood that it would raise questions from the guests who didn't know the real reason for her and Ron's separation.

He also wanted her to attend so that she could relax a little though he should have known better than to think she would be completely free even after he had managed to force her to slow down a little.

Hermione thought Ron would love his new place, as Harry did.

She said that Harry should get her some of Dean and Jessica's business cards because they had done a really good job.

Harry explained that they were having new ones made but promised that he would drop some off just as soon as he got some himself.

The three of them left and Hermione came back home with the two of them and they spent the night together.

On Friday morning, Harry awoke with Hermione on one side of him and his wife on the other. The two of them were awake and talking quietly.

They ate breakfast together then Hermione left them to go home and get ready for work.

Harry too left not long after being reminded by Ginny about what time to bring Ron to Grimmauld Place.

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At exactly half-past five that evening, Harry walked into The Leaky Cauldron. Looking around he saw Ron sitting at a table with an almost pint glass in front of him and an untouched glass of
firewhisky on the other side of the table.

“Harry!” Ron exclaimed when he spotted him and he stood up.

“Good to see you, mate.” Harry said and he and Ron shook hands and embraced with a slap on the back.

“Got you a drink in.” Ron told him as they took their seats.

“I see that.” Harry said picking up the glass. “Thanks.”

“No problem.” Ron said and the two of them clinked their glasses before drinking.

“I thought we'd be meeting up for a drink tomorrow.” Ron told Harry. “But when I got home and mum said you expected me in The Leaky Cauldron as soon as I got back...” Ron trailed off.

“I've had a hell of a week at work.” Harry said to Ron which was actually true. “I just wanted to get out here with my best mate and get a drink.” Harry said. “You didn't have plans did you?” Harry asked, trying to sound worried.

“Nah.” Ron said. “Always glad to grab a drink with you, just didn't expect it was all.”

“Well.” Harry said. “We're here now.” Harry downed the rest of his firewhisky and set it down on the table.” And I'm one round in debt.” He said with a grin. “So I'd better get on top of it, same again?”

Ron grinned and slid his now empty pint glass to Harry. “Cider.” He said with a nod.

Harry collected the two empty glasses and headed to the bar. He and Ron talked, Harry gave Ron another account of his duel with Fontaine in Hogsmeade, then told Ron about his time in Paris. The two of them went through another two drinks each before Harry pretended to have a great idea.

“Ron!” He exclaimed and Ron looked around a little alarmed.

“What?” He demanded.

“I almost forgot!” Harry said and checked his watch. It had been the first time he had looked at it since he had entered, pretending that he had only now just realised the time when in reality Harry could clearly keep track of the time using the large clock behind the bar that was in his field of view. “I asked Dean to keep Grimmauld Place open and to wait around there so I could show you the place!” Harry said.

“What?” Ron asked seeming a little worried by Harry's urgent tone.

“We're ten minutes late already!” Harry exclaimed and up ended his glass before setting it down. “Come on, mate. Drink up we better get going.” Harry said standing up and straightening his coat as Ron quickly downed the little bit of cider left in his glass and stood up to join Harry.

“Blimey.” Ron said. “You should have said.”

“I completely forgot!” Harry lied. “Come on.”

Harry led Ron out of the old pub and into Diagon Alley before offering his arm. When Ron looked at him confused Harry explained.
“You can't apparate there yet.” Harry said. “All the walls have been changed around...”

“Oh!” Ron said, his eyes widening a little. “Right.” He said taking Harry arm.

Harry and Ron vanished and reappeared with a crack in the same alley, he, Ginny, Dean and Jessica had appeared in at the start of the week.

“This way.” Harry said and led Ron out of the alley. “The outside is already finished.” Harry told Ron in an excited tone. “You'll see in a minute. The halls are all done to and Dean's office is mostly finished too.” He was saying and Ron stopped when he caught sight of number twelve Grimmauld Place.

“Bloody hell!” Ron exclaimed.

And Harry shushed him looking around.

“Bloody hell.” Ron repeated more quietly after his own look around them.

“I know.” Harry said to his friend with a grin. “Come on.” He said and led the way.

Harry stood outside the door and patted his pockets then swore.

“Forgot the keys.” He said to Ron. “Hang on.” And Harry pressed a couple of buttons on the buzzer very clumsily. The first he pressed was the buzzer to Ron's flat, this would let everyone up there know they had arrived, the second was the buzzer to Thomas & Thomas, where Dean would be waiting for them.

A second or two went by with him and Ron stood in the dark then the front door opened to reveal Dean standing in the dark looking a little annoyed.

“I thought you might have forgot.” Dean said with just the slightly bit of annoyance in his voice.

“Sorry, mate. We almost did.” Harry said.

“You almost did.” Ron said stepping forward to offer his hand to Dean. “I didn't even know we were coming.”

Dean seemed to become less annoyed and shook Ron's hand. “Good to see you again mate.” Dean said to Ron and gave Harry a bit of a flinty look but shook his hand too.

“Come on then, I've seen waiting for ages.” Dean said. “I'd like to show you around so I can get back home for my dinner, the Mrs is going to kill me if I'm late.” Dean told them both as he closed the door behind them.

The entrance hall light was off, the only light coming from behind the frosted glass doors and windows of his offices.

“We won't keep you long.” Harry said to Dean. “We're only here for a quick peek so Ron can see the place and his new home.”

Dean opened the doors to his offices and led them inside.

“Blimey!” Ron exclaimed. “Look at this place! It's huge!” He cried with eyes wide.

“Expansion enchantment.” Dean explained shortly, still seeming to want to get things over with so he could get home to his wife.
“Well, it looks amazing!” Ron said. “Blimey, I never thought the place would be so big.”

“The specialist knows his stuff.” Dean said as if only grudgingly. “He's expensive but he knows what he's doing.” Dean gestured to the large open part of the Thomas & Thomas offices and Harry noticed that many of the boxes lying around seemed to be empty. As if they were just there to make the place look a mess.

“You've done a blood good job with the place though.” Ron said to Dean who smiled at this again, seeming only grudging about it.

“Thanks.” He answered. “My sister did most of the decorating though.”

Ron seemed to finally pick up on the fact that Dean obviously wanted to get this tour over with and get home.

“Well.” Ron said quickly. “Let's not hang about, why don't you just show us my place then we'll get out of your hair.” Ron said.

Dean nodded at this and led them out of the offices, he headed through the dark entrance hall and up the stairs. He walked by the first apartment door then stopped and turned to them.

“Look.” He said. “I'm sorry.” He said to the two of them. “I'm just a bit annoyed you're late, I'm sorry I'm being a bit short with you.” Dean said to them.

“I'm sorry for being late Dean.” Harry said, playing his part.

“It's alright, I'm not in all that much of a hurry to get home. I can spare a bit of time.” He said then moved over to the flat door they had walked by.

“Here.” He said as if making something up to them. “Come see in here. It's not your flat.” He said to Ron as he unlocked the door and stepped in. “But it's got the same sort of design.” He lied to them as he flicked on the lights.

Ron stepped into the unfinished room and looked around amazed at the size.

“Your flat is up top and it's set out a bit differently but you see.” Dean said pointing to the doors and their frames. “They have these kinds of doors and little bits like that.” Dean said and Harry thought Dean should have become an actor, he was performing brilliantly. Ron seemed to have bought it without even a hint of a suspicion.

Ron looked around the flat but there wasn't much to see as it was completely unfurnished and the walls only had a coat of white paint.

“It's really massive!” Ron said. “It looks like it's going to be fantastic when it's finished but seriously mate.” He said turning to Dean. “They're miles bigger than I thought they would be.”

“Jessica is good at her job, she'll make it look great.” Dean said.

“We should probably go up top to Ron's flat.” Harry said and looked at Ron. “Like Dean said, it's slightly different being on the top but it's still pretty good.” Harry said to his friend and gestures at the flat they were all standing in. “Like this one.”

“Come on then.” Ron said excitedly. “I can't wait to see it!” He said enthused.
They left the unfinished flat and Dean locked it back up.
They made their way up the sets of stairs while Dean explained that the halls had been finished completely so that Harry could have potential tenants come round to see the flats without being put off about living right next to a building site.
Ron thought this had been a smart decision.

They reached the top floor and walked down it to the entrance to Ron's flat.
Dean fumbled and dropped his large set of keys just outside the door.
“Clumsy.” Dean said a bit weakly as he picked them up. “I skipped lunch today so I'm really looking forward to getting home for my dinner.” He explained as he finally got the key into the lock and unlocked it.

He stepped back leaving the door closed and gestured grandly to Ron to enter his new place.
Ron grinned and opened the door as he stepped through the dark doorway, Dean's long arm reached around it, just out of Ron's sight and Harry knew he had turned on the light.

When the room was illuminated, there was a huge roar of voices shouting “SURPRISE!”
Harry saw a twitch in Ron's arm before he stopped it moving and Harry knew it was Ron's old auror reflexes at work. He had been about to go for his wand but stopped himself as the faces registered to him.

His parents, Mr and Mrs Wealsey, George and Verity, Ginny, Bill and Fleur, Jessica and Dean's wife Julie all stood in the massive, fully furnished and decorated flat.
A large banner hung from the ceiling that read: 'WELCOME TO YOUR NEW HOME!'

“WHAT THE-” Ron got out and everyone was laughing at him.

Harry patted his friend on one shoulder coming up behind him and Dean did the same on his other.

“Surprise mate.” Dean said whose dimples were showing from the huge grin on his face.

Harry had his own grin splitting his face as he leaned close to Ron to be heard over the noise. “Your place was finished ages ago. We just wanted to surprise you with it.” Harry said.

Ron turned to look at him his eyes wide and Harry burst out laughing.

“Your face.” Harry said almost choking.

Ron didn't get a chance to reply as he was swallowed by the well wishers.

“Dean, mate.” Harry said to Dean who looked to him. “You should have been an actor.”

Dean laughed.

“His face.” Dean said to Harry and the two of them laughed together and headed inside, closing the door behind them.
Ron was amazed by everything, everyone in there having been there for some time waiting to surprise him showed him around his new place.

Harry thought Ron might pass out when he noted the stairs and realised that his place had two floors. He had to sit down right then on one of this new large leather sofas and George put a drink in his stunned brother's hand.

The group explained to Ron about hiding up here waiting for him, about Harry pressing the buzzer to let them know he was here. Harry just grinned at his friend when he looked over to him at this. Then he looked to Dean and swore at him for pretending to be annoyed with them.

Harry and Dean roared with laughter, then they could barely breath when Ron repeated Harry's own words saying that Dean should have been an actor.

They all drank there for about fifteen minutes before Harry spoke up.

"Why doesn't everyone start enjoying Mrs Weasley's lovely cooking while I show Ron the rest of his place.” Harry said to general agreement though he thought it was more agreement for Mrs Weasley's cooking rather than him showing Ron around.

Harry and Ron set down their drinks and Harry led Ron up the stairs.

Ron was wide eyed at his office and the huge desk inside it, he ran his fingers over the rich polished wood then something occurred to him.

"Harry.” He said sounding worried. “All this must have cost you a fortune!” He said and Harry held up a hand.

"Before you start.” Harry said. “Listen.”

When Ron nodded Harry spoke on.

“As we agreed, you only pay half rent for being my best mate.” Harry said and raised a hand up again when Ron opened his own to object. “But, for the first two months you're paying full price because we furnished the place for you.” He said. “That will account of some of the things and the rest is your Christmas present from me and Ginny.” Harry told Ron who seemed a little more accepting of this, Harry knew his friend was still touchy about money.

“You still need to buy a lot of your own things too.” Harry told him. “Ginny bought you a few bits yesterday, a few bits of food, some towels and other things but you'll have to buy the rest yourself and you'll need to do a proper shop for food. It's only the basics.

“I don't know what to say, Harry.” Ron said. “I-This place is incredible-And everything in it- I mean bloody hell. I never thought-”

Harry laughed again and Ron shut up looking slightly annoyed and amused at the same time.
“Your face before.” Harry managed to say again and Ron started to laugh a bit too.

“You proper had me going, you and Dean. I had no idea.” Ron told him.

“I know.” Harry said grinning. “Come on, look at the rest of the place.” Harry said and gestured out of the office.
They walked through the upper floor, looking at the guest bedrooms, the bathroom then the master bedroom and en-suite.
Ron was shocked when he walked into the master bedroom to find all of his belongs in there, including the two trunks that he had brought back with him from Hogwarts and that he had left at the Burrow only hours earlier.
Harry explained how they had brought most of it over the night before but Mrs Weasley must have brought his trunks with him when she came here.

“She must really want me out of the house.” Ron said about his mum and the two of them laughed.

“So, are you happy with the place?” Harry asked his best friend.

“Mate.” Ron said seriously. “I don’t even have the words, thank you so much for all of this.” Ron said to him as they stood in the master bedroom.

“No quibbling about the price then?” Harry asked. “Even though it’s doubled for the first two months?”

“I’ll pay it.” Ron said letting a cautious grin spread onto his face.

“Good, or I’ll be kicking you out.” Harry told him importantly.

“Yes Mr Landlord, sir!” Ron said. “Don’t send the trolls round to collect gold, I’ll you I swear!”

“You’d better!” Harry exclaimed with a grin of his own. “Oh that reminds me.” He said. “I'm still working on the tenant agreements but I'll have one for you before New Year.” Harry told Ron who nodded.

“The place is yours for now anyway, Dean and Jessica are here too, they'll get their agreements too but for now none of you have to worry about rent until you've signed.” Harry said. “I can’t be bothered making the agreement more complicated with other payments and the dates so I’m just going to have you all sign agreements that start for the New Year and you can just renew once a year or whatever.” Harry explained.

“Cheers.” Ron said. “And that sounds easier.”

“Oh, Dean said now you're living here that he can finally have someone come round to hook up your fireplace to the Floo Network but I'll let you sort out when with him or Jessica maybe, she's the caretaker after all.” Harry said and after a pause continued. “Or will be officially once she signs too.”

“I'll ask them about it.” Ron assured him.

“We’d better get back down before all the food gets eaten.” Harry said.

“You're right.” Ron said with a grin. “I bet George is stuffing things into his pockets.”

The two of them headed back downstairs and found plenty of food still remaining, they ate and drank for some time. Everyone seemed to be having a very good time. Ron's genuine enjoyment at his new place seemed infectious and Dean and Jessica were asked
several times for their business cards and had to explain repeatedly that they were waiting on their new ones to arrive but promised to get some to everyone.

Harry heard George say to Dean at one point.

“Blimey, if I'd known how good you lot were I'd have got in touch with you ages ago instead of letting your old card collect dust in my shop.” George told Dean who seemed pleased at this. Harry heard George asking about coming to have a look at his a Verity's large flat above the shop in Diagon Alley some time and Dean assured him that he would come though he had to finish up Grimmauld Place first and his own workshop.

George seemed to understand this and said he would be worth the wait.

Mrs Weasley seemed to adore Dean's wife Julie and when Julie expressed her obvious admiration for Mrs Weasley's cooking, Harry thought Mrs Weasley might just adopt the muggle woman and take her back to the Burrow with her.

Ginny gave Ron a list of things she had bought yesterday and the list also had more things on it that he would need to buy. Ron had hugged his younger sister and thanked her for everything she had done, Ginny seemed a bit more touched than she let on by Ron's heartfelt gratitude but she managed to have them both poking at each other with friendly jibes in no time.

Ron spent a lot of time looking over his new place and to Harry's surprise he even saw Ron writing a few more things onto the list Ginny had given him.

Mrs Weasley had almost been reduced to tears when she thanked Harry for getting this place for Ron, Harry had managed to deflect her onto Dean and Jessica stating that he had mostly just thrown gold at this place and that it was the two of them who deserved all the praise.

It got quite late and George and Verity were the first to take their leave, stating that weekends were prime time for kids coming to the joke shop and that they had to open up early tomorrow. They were followed by Mr and Mrs Weasley after she was eventually satisfied that Ron would be alright in his new place.

Then Bill and Fleur left, having a babysitter looking after Victoire at Shell Cottage then after Dean and Julie left and Jessica had said goodnight to her new neighbour and headed down to her own place.

It was only Harry, Ginny and Ron.

It wasn't long past midnight and Ron seemed drained by all the excitement.

Harry and Ginny helped him clean up a little and then they say down together.

“You don't fancy coming to do some shopping with me tomorrow?” Ron asked him.

“I'm taking Teddy out shopping tomorrow.” Harry replied.

“What about you, Gin?” Ron asked his sister who shook her head.

“I'm sneaking Teddy's Christmas presents over to his house while he's out with Harry.” She told him.

Harry spoke after a moments thought.

“I don't think Teddy would mind if you joined us but we might not be able to stay together before I have to get him home.” Harry said slowly.

“What time are you going?” Ron asked.

“I'm picking him up at ten tomorrow morning.” Harry said. “And we're buying some supplies for Hogwarts.” Harry said.
Ron frowned.

“Blimey, have they sent out the letters already?” He asked.

“No, we're not buying books or a uniform, just the rest of the stuff instead and we're going to get his grandmother some presents for Christmas too.” Harry told him.

“Well.” Ron said holding up his list of things. “I'm not going to buy all these things in one day anyway.” He admitted. “I'll just sit with you and Teddy and get whatever I can while were there.” He said.

“Alright.” Harry said. “Oh, I'm taking him to Gringotts too.” Harry said and Ron raised his eyebrows at Harry words.

“You're not-” Ron started and Harry shook his head.

“Just his normal vault.” Harry said.

“Right.” Ron replied.

“Anyway, like I said. I'm picking him up at ten in the morning. Where do you want to meet?” Harry asked.

“I'll meet you at about eleven-ish somewhere, that way you can go to Gringotts with Teddy first.” Ron said.

“Outside The Leaky Cauldron?” Harry suggested.

“Don't take Teddy in there.” Ginny said disapprovingly.

“I wasn't going to.” Harry said. “Just a place to meet outside of is all.”

“We'll know if you take him inside, he'll stink of smoke and beer when you bring him home.” Ginny said.

“I won't.” Harry said then looked to Ron.

“Eleven, outside The Leaky Cauldron.” Ron confirmed.

“Alright, we'll have some dinner somewhere in Diagon Alley, then we'll just play it by ear.” Harry said.

“It's a plan.” Ron said.

“Well we should get going.” Ginny said and started to get up.

“Yeah.” Agreed Harry and started to rise too.

“Good, get out of my flat.” Ron joked. “I'm sick you both.”

“Oi, watching tenant.” Harry warned.

“Future tenant.” Ron corrected.

“Future tenant.” Repeated Harry in the same warning tone.

“Thanks you two.” Ron began.
“Oh leave it Ron.” Ginny said and gave her brother a hug. “We've heard you thank us both enough, we're sick of it tonight.” She told him not unkindly.

“Allright, just so long as you both know I'm grateful for this.” He said.

“We know, mate.” Harry said and gave his friend a quick embrace and pulled apart after a pat on each others backs.

“Allright.” Ron said.

“See you tomorrow then?” Harry said.

“Tomorrow.” Ron agreed.

“Night, mate.” Harry said walking to the door.

“Night.” Ron replied as he opened it for them.

“Don't forget to take your list with you tomorrow.” Ginny reminded her Ron who assured her he wouldn't forget it.

Then Ron grinned at them, made a rude gesture and told them to get out of his flat. They did smiling as Ron closed the door.
Harry arrived to pick Teddy up at exactly ten o'clock.
There was a light dusting of snow on the ground and his breath fogged in the air.
He had knocked on the door once before it was pulled open quickly, leaving him standing his a fist in the air ready to knock again.

Teddy stood grinning up at him, his blue hair speaking out from under the hat he wore.
His coat large and making him seem even smaller.
He was even already wearing gloves Harry saw and grinned at his godson.

“Good morning.” Harry said.

“Hey Harry!” Teddy said, starting to step out as if they would be leaving right this instant.

“Is that Harry?” Harry heard his grandmother call from inside the house then the woman in question appeared from a door.

Teddy sighed quietly and turned back inside, Harry stepped into the entrance hall.

“Morning.” Harry greeted Andromeda.

“Good morning, Harry.” She said. “Teddy has been bouncing off the walls waiting for you to show up.” She told him.

“Well he's here now, we can go!” Teddy pointed out.

“Do you want to come in for a brew?” Andromeda offered and he could see the glint of amusement in her eyes as Teddy sighed.

“Not right now, I think we'd better get going.” He said. “I'll have one when we come back though.” He said.

“Allright, suit yourself.” She said easily then turned to her grandson. “You behave for your godfather, Teddy Lupin. Do you hear me?” She warned him.

“I will, gran!” Teddy vowed. “I promise!”

“Well see that you do, I'll find out if you don't!” She told him.

“I promise!” Teddy repeated in a whine. “Can we go now?” He asked her.

“If Harry is ready.” She answered and Teddy turned to look pleadingly at him.

“Can we go now?” He asked and Harry nodded with a smile.

“Whoop!” Exclaimed Teddy and jumped in the air then ran outside, still whooping and jumping.

“I'll see you later on, Andromeda.” Harry said.

“Make sure he behaves.” She said back with a smile.

“He always behaves with me.” Harry assured her.
If you say so, have fun you two.” She sound in a louder voice.

“Bye gran!” Teddy called from outside kicking at small piles of snow excitedly.

“Remember to behave!” She called to him as she closed the door behind Harry.

“I will!” Teddy yelled before the door finally closed.

Teddy spun to look at Harry with a grin and Harry grinned back.

“Well then.” Harry said.

“Well then!” Teddy said back to him still grinning.

Harry offered his arm to his godson, who ran over to take it in his gloved hand then the two of them vanished.

He and Teddy appeared in Diagon Alley with a crack, Teddy was looking around wildly trying to take in everything going on, all the witches and wizards walking around. All the shops around them he took maybe two steps away from Harry before spinning around to look at him.

“Where first?” He demanded.

“Gringott!” Harry said. “We're going to see the goblins!”

“The goblins!” Teddy said and turned to walk in the direction of Gringott's bank, kicking at snow, skipping occasionally as Harry walked behind him.

Teddy spoke excitedly about ideas of what to buy his grandmother as they moved through the crowds, Harry noticed that Teddy was careful not to kick any snow in a direction that might possibly hit anyone and he was careful not to bump into anyone either nor stray too far away from Harry.

Harry hmm'd and ahhh'd at Teddy's ideas, just letting the boy continue his steady stream and his excited wandering towards the bank.

When they reached it, Teddy came to stand by Harry's side and look up at him.

“Let's go in then, no snow to kick around inside. Stay next to me.” Harry said and Teddy nodded.

Leading his godson into Gringotts Harry was pleased to see only a short line of two wizards who seemed to be together and a single witch behind them.

Even before he and Teddy reached them the two wizard had moved off to attend to their business.

Teddy was looking around but stayed silent as they waited and soon enough the two of them moved up to a high counter at which a goblin sat at.

“How can I help you today?” The small creature said in their surprisingly deep voices.

“We would like to access my godson's vaults for the first time today.” Harry said and he could feel Teddy's surprise and attention locked on him. “Edward Lupin, also known as Teddy Lupin.” Harry said. The goblin looked down at some papers making small grumbling sounds as his mouth moved.

“Ah, there are two vaults one of which has instructions-” The goblin began.

“The other vault.” Harry said cutting the goblin off with a pointed look. The Goblin seemed to understand.
“Very well, you are listed at godfather, do you have your wand?” The goblin asked him.

Harry nodded and produced his wand, handing it over to the goblin who ran several stones and a small metal device over it before handing it back to Harry.

“If you would both like to take a seat in the waiting area, someone will be out shortly to take you to your vault.” The goblin said and gestures over to the waiting area.

“Thanks.” Harry said. “Good day.”

“To you too, Mr Potter.” Then as an after thought looked down at Teddy. “And a good day to you too Mr Lupin.” He said.

“Good day!” Teddy said.

Harry led Teddy over to the waiting area in silence and only after they sat did Teddy turn to speak in a rapid series of whispers to him.

“My vault?” Teddy asked. “What is going on? Did you make a vault for me? The goblin said two vaults—” Harry cut Teddy off by raising a hand.

He spoke quietly to his godson.

“I opened a vault for you a long time ago, it's for buying things for Hogwarts and some other things. Today is the first time it will be accessed.” Harry told Teddy.

“But I haven't got any gold!” Teddy said. “I didn't know about it to put any gold inside!” He seemed mortified by this, as if he should have know about this already and he'd ruined their day out.

“Don't worry.” Harry said quickly. “You weren't suppose to know about it until now. I've put got in it, there is enough gold inside for every year at Hogwarts.” Harry said to a now relieved looking Teddy. “There is enough for Christmas presents for every year and some other things too.” Harry assured his godson.

“Did you put the gold there?” Teddy asked.

“Some of it.” Harry said.

“Some?” Teddy asked. “Who put the rest in there?”

“Well, if you keep gold in the bank and don't spend any of it. The bank will add some to your vault for being a good customer.” Harry explained and this seemed to amaze Teddy. “So some of it, not a lot is from the bank but there is also some of it that your mother and father left.” Harry told his godson gently.

Teddy looked both sad and happy to hear this and it about broke Harry's heart.

“My mum and dad left me some gold?” Teddy asked him quietly.

“Yes.” Harry said. “Well, they left it to me to make sure that it got to you.” He said. “I opened the vault years ago when you were a little baby, so it's had time to grow a bit since then. Your grandmother put some in there too.” Harry told Teddy then spoke in a conspiratorial voice as if telling Teddy a secret.

“I bet these grumpy old goblins are annoyed we showed up after all these years to take some gold out.” Harry said and Teddy grinned at this then seemed worried.
“They won’t keep it will they?” He asked worriedly.

“No.” Harry smiled. “They're not allowed, it's your gold and there is nothing they can do about it.” He said and Teddy grinned again seeming reassured.

“They said there were two vaults?” Teddy reminded him and Harry thought for a moment.

Teddy had two vaults here that Harry had opened in his name. The first, the one they were here to visit today contained exactly what Harry had said, gold enough to pay for all the years at Hogwarts, enough for Christmas presents and then some. Harry knew as Teddy grew he would need some gold of his own to play around with and Harry had made sure that he had more than enough.

Not a fortune, but enough so that he would never feel poor or like he didn't have enough money to keep up with the friends he would make.

Harry hadn't lied when he had told Teddy some of the gold was from his parents and grandmother, though the amount of gold his father had had when he was died wasn't much at all, the small amount his mother had had from her time as an auror wasn't much either even after Andromeda had added the small amount she could spare.

The three small lots of gold wouldn't have been enough to put Teddy through school but Harry had made up the rest and then some. Besides he was pretty sure he'd managed to give Teddy's grandmother back her gold and more over the years by 'helping her out'.

The second vault contained a single galleon from the gold his mother left and a single galleon from the gold his father had left. Then Harry had thrown a small fortune into the vault, it had been locked, the only gold to enter the account was the interest it produced.

This was so that Harry could tell Teddy without lying that the gold inside it was from his parents as well as from him.

He would never tell Teddy how little his parents had had to leave him, he would never reveal how much of the gold was Harry's own.

He wanted Teddy to know that his mother and father had loved him, even if all that remained of them was some gold and the memories of those who knew and loved them.

The vault was never to be opened until Teddy came of age or left Hogwarts. The only deciding factor was if Teddy left Hogwarts before he finished his schooling but had come of age already then he could access the vault, but if he stayed at Hogwarts which Harry was certain that he would, and finished his time there the vault be also be open to him.

Harry expected that Teddy could live for years without having to work before the gold in that vault ran out, though he was sure that Teddy wouldn't be laying around after he left school.

Teddy wasn't the kind to sit still for very long.

“The second vault has a little more gold from me and both your parents.” Harry said. “It's locked up tight though.” Harry said warningly. “And you can only opened it once you finish at Hogwarts, years from now.”

Teddy seemed amazed by Harry words.

“When you've finished Hogwarts, you'll be able to come see how much gold is inside it.” Harry said. “I don't even know how much is in there really. The other vault though, the one we're here to see today.” Harry said. “You'll be able to access with you grandmother when you come to get the rest of your things for school. Then after that you'll be able to come get what you need from it each year.” He said.
“And enough to buy some presents for gran?” Teddy asked, this seeming very important to the boy.

“Yes.” Harry said. “You'll be able to buy presents for your grandmother, and you can probably take a couple of galleons out for yourself here and there.” Harry told him with a grin.

Teddy answered his grin and spoke excitedly. “That's awesome! Thank you so much Harry!” He said and Harry plopped a hand down on Teddy's hat covered head and scuffed it up a bit.

“No worries.” Harry said easily.

“Mr Potter.” A goblin said near them. “And Mr Lupin?”

“That's us.” Harry said, standing up and Teddy did the same.

“I am Unrog.” The Goblin introduced himself. “If you will come this way, I will be taking you to your vault today.” He said.

The goblin led them him and Teddy through a door way, then the three of them got into a cart. The goblin led them on the ride which Teddy enjoyed very much.

Harry enjoyed Teddy's joy almost as much as Teddy enjoyed the ride.

They finally reached the vault in question and the goblin opened it for them. Teddy was shocked at the amount of gold inside it.

Not that he hadn't seen even more gold when Harry had brought him to one of his own vaults, he was more shocked that all this gold was his.

Harry knew then that he wanted to see his godson's face years from now when he saw the much larger vault open up for him.

Harry had to remind Teddy that they were only taking out so much today and that the two of them had to carry it out with them. Teddy nodded seriously then filled up a single small pouch before looking up at Harry to see if it was enough.

“Put a couple more in.” Harry said with a grin and Teddy grinned back doing as Harry had said.

Unrog waited patiently for them and when they left, Harry pointed this out to Teddy who thanked Unrog for taking them to his vault. Harry thought he saw the goblin's eyes soften just a little at this then a little more as Teddy excitedly told him that this was the first time he had been to his vault.

The goblin listened to Harry's godson politely and even gave Teddy a small pat on the shoulder when they departed.

Harry gave Unrog the goblin a nod of thanks which he returned when they left.

As he and Teddy walked back out onto the snowy street Teddy looked up at him eyes excited.

“Where should we go first?” He asked Harry.

“Well Mr Edward Lupin.” Harry said importantly. “Now that you've got your own vault, it's time I taught you about The Three Ways to Buy Things.” Harry said making it sound like a title of something.

Teddy was looking up at him raptly.

“You see, now that you have gold you need to be shown how to spend it, otherwise you'll end up wasting it all.” Harry told him. “You need to know the secrets to spending it properly.” Harry finished.
“Will you tell me the secrets?” Teddy asked.

“I will.” Harry said. “But you have to be willing to learn them.” Harry said.

“I am!” Teddy said earnestly.

“That's good.” Harry said. “I think we should buy you a proper school bag first, I'll tell you about The Three Ways To Buy Things while we pick one out.” Harry said putting his hand to the back of Teddy's shoulders to make him walk with Harry.

“That way, all the other things we get afterwards can go in your bag.” Harry said leading the raptly listening boy along with him. “Then just before we go home, we'll get you a trunk so we don't have to carry it around with us all day.” Harry told him.
Harry led Teddy towards The Leaky Cauldron after Teddy had bought his bag. Harry was looking for Ron as they walked closer and even as he looked, Ron snapped into being not far from them.

“Look who it is.” Harry pointed out to Teddy whose eyes went wide.

“Uncle Ron!” He shouted and ran over to Ron who had looked around at the shout. Teddy gave Ron a half tackle, half hug as Ron grinned and caught him up.

“Alright there you little scamp!” Ron said setting Teddy down.

“What are you doing here?” Teddy demanded.

“Well, I thought I’d come do a bit of shopping with you and Harry.” He said to Teddy. “Do you mind if I join you?”

“No!” Teddy said. “You can come with us! I've got a vault at Gringotts now!” Teddy told Ron who was smiling.

“Have you now?” Ron said. “You're almost a grown up now aren't you?”

“Not yet.” Teddy admitted. “But Harry is teaching me about The Three Ways To Buy Things!” Teddy said in a hushed and reverent voice.

“Is he now?” Ron asked, having no idea what Teddy was talking about but playing along.

“Yeah he is.” Teddy said.

“I think we might as well have an early lunch.” Harry said and shaking hands with Ron. “And you can tell Ron about what you've learned, what do you say?”

“Where should we go?” Teddy asked looking around at the shops.

“How about we go there.” Harry pointed to the café he had sat outside of with Mrs Weasley. “They’ve got great food there.” Harry said.

“Is it good quality?” Teddy asked him seriously.

“Very.” Harry said in just as serious of a voice and nodded firmly to Teddy who nodded back, as if they shared a great important secret. “Besides.” Harry told him with a grin. “I'm paying so don't worry about.”

Teddy grinned at this and he led the way as he and Ron followed him.

“What the bloody hell is The Three Ways To Buy Things?” Ron asked quietly to Harry who grinned.

“I'll let Teddy tell you.” He said.

Teddy couldn't decide what he wanted to get but when both Harry and Ron ordered sausage sandwiches, Teddy ordered one too. Harry ordered a tea for himself and a hot chocolate for Teddy who seemed happy with this. Ron ordered himself a coffee to go along with his food and the three of them waited at the counter for a while as Ron explained to Teddy that he was going to buy some.
things for his new place. Then the three of them moved to a small booth, Harry deciding that they would eat inside today as Teddy was with them.

“Tell Ron about what you've learned so far then.” Harry said after they had all had a few good bites of their food.

“Oh yeah!” Teddy said and leaned forwards to speak quietly to Ron who leaned forward too to hear him.

“Harry told me about The Three Ways To Buy Things.” Teddy said and Ron nodded wisely.

“And what have you learned?” Ron asked.

“Well.” Said Teddy getting his thoughts in order. “You can buy cheap things, they don't cost much but a lot of the time they aren't very well made and they don't last long.” When Ron nodded, Teddy continued. “Then there are the really expensive things that look pretty and are well made.” Teddy explained.

“Then there are the good things.” Teddy told Ron who again nodded.

“The good things are what you need to find.” Teddy said. “They are the things that are good quality but aren't really expensive.” Teddy said.

“That's right.” Ron said taking another bite of his sandwich.

“The tricky part is you have to try to find out which things are the good ones and which ones are just expensive things.” Teddy said.

“You know.” Ron said. “Not all the expensive things are bad.”

“I know!” Teddy agreed nodding quickly. “Harry said, that sometimes it's good to have a few expensive things, for special occasions or as a treat but if you keep buying them then all your gold will be gone before you know it!”

“That's right.” Harry said and Ron nodded to Teddy.

“You seem to be learning well.” Ron said to Teddy.

“I only just found out about them.” Teddy said a little smugly. “I know I still need to learn more but I think understand some of it.”

“Teddy.” Harry said drawing the boy's attention. “Ron is a teach of Hogwarts remember, I bet he knows what a lot of the good things are that other students have bought.”

Teddy's eyes went wide, realising that Ron might know exactly what he should buy.

“I might know a few things.” Ron said.

“Will you tell me if you see any?” Teddy asked.

“Of course I will.” Ron said. “I'll let you know if I see the good stuff.”

“Thanks uncle Ron!” Teddy said, very pleased.

“Teddy knows that the trick isn't to buy the most expensive flashy thing.” Harry said to Ron cluing him in. “And he knows not to just buy the cheapest thing either, he figured out the right school bag to buy, good quality, fair price and it looks pretty good.” Harry said.
Teddy lifted up the bag in question with was a good leather book bag with plenty of room and a comfortable strap.

“Very nice.” Ron said. “I've seen a few like them at Hogwarts, you've picked the right one.” He assured Teddy who once again looked very pleased.

In all honesty, this shopping trip wasn't going to cost Teddy a single thing. He would be replacing the gold Teddy had taken out of the account at a later date, leaving it as it was for when he returned with his grandmother, then he would have to use his gold properly without it being replaced.

Harry wasn't going to tell Teddy this of course, it would defeat the entire point of what Harry was trying to teach him today.

He wanted to instil in Teddy a sense of the true value of gold. He didn't want Teddy to be spoiled and have no regard to money but at the same time he didn't want his godson to lack for anything.

He wanted to teach Teddy to have some financial responsibly and The Three Ways To Buy Things, that Harry had made up seemed a good way to start him on the right track.

He was just glad that Teddy hadn't pointed out the many flaws in the theory and was simply happy to follow the teachings for now.

“Just think.” Harry said when a moment of silence presented itself between them. “This time next year you'll have been calling uncle Ron, Professor Weasley for months.” Harry said.

“Do I have to call you that?” Teddy asked.

Ron nodded hurriedly chewing then swallowing. “You'll have to at school.” He told Teddy. “But, in privately when no one is around you can still call me Ron.” He winked at Teddy who grinned.

Teddy then looked thoughtful then looked up at Ron.

“Do you think I'll be able to learn all the magic properly?” He asked, speaking his small fear in a worried voice.

“Teddy.” Ron said very seriously. “You'll be absolutely fine.” Ron told him. “Don't get me wrong, there will be times when you have to work hard and you'll hate having to do loads of homework” He said with a grin to the boy. “But there will be loads of other stuff that you'll pick up no problem, you'll have a wand by then and you'll be sending out spells everywhere, hexing your mates for fun and cursing your enemies.” He told Teddy.

“I hope so!” Teddy said.

“Though, I'll have to give you a detention if you curse someone in front of me.” Ron admitted. “I am a teacher after all and I can't just ignore the rules.” He said. “But if I don't see it...” He said raising his eyebrows meaningfully at Teddy and won a laugh from the boy.

The three of them finished their food and their drinks and headed back out into Diagon Alley. Harry took his time, much longer than he normally would just enjoying being with Teddy. Ron too seemed caught up by the boys enthusiasm and the two of them managed to guide him gently into making the right purchases.

Ron would periodically vanish and return shortly after with a new bag or two each time. Either to congratulate Teddy on another good choice or if he and Harry shared a look direct Teddy into buying something a little more suitable.

Harry made sure that he didn't force Teddy into buying things that only he approved of but made sure that when Teddy had picked out several options for something that he chose the right one of his
possible purchases.

The three of them moved from shop to shop after buying most of the things that they would get for Teddy right now, they headed over to Weasley Wizard Wheezes to stop in and say hello.

“Blimey!” Exclaimed George. “You've gotten even bigger and I only saw you a couple of weeks ago!” He declared upon spotting Teddy between his brother and Harry.

“Really?” Teddy asked.

“I'm sure of it!” George lied then looked suspiciously at Teddy. “Hey, you're not using your special ability to change your height are you?” He asked of the boy.

Teddy protested his innocent and swore he wasn't.

“Well, I don't suppose you would lie to your poor old uncle George would you?” He asked dramatically.

Before Teddy could comment both Ron and Harry snorted.

“Poor old uncle George?” Demanded Ron and George grinned easily at his brother.

“What brings you three by anyway?” George asked and Teddy explained what he was buying and the secrets Harry had told him about The Three Ways To Buy Things. George listened a nodded wisely, just had Ron had. Instantly picking up on what Harry was trying to do.

“I remember when I first learned of The Three Ways To Buy Things.” George said in a wistful voice, looking off into the distance as if remembering the imaginary event. “Such wonders I saw, and now I even own my own business.” He said.

Harry and Ron managed not to laugh while Teddy looked on listening with great interest as George talked utter nonsense.

“But anyway, enough of the magical fountain of dreams.” George said as even Teddy was looking at him septically. “We can't have our favourite metamorphmagus coming in here and leaving empty handed.” George said gesturing for them to follow him. “So, stuff for Hogwarts.” George said to himself as he walked. “Well, I'm afraid I can't give you much to take with you but I can give you some things to take home.” He said picking up a few things here and there.

“What do you mean?” Teddy asked.

“Well, you see there an old grumpy caretaker at Hogwarts called Mr Filch and he won't let anyone take in anything from this shop.” George told Teddy who looked like he didn't believe him.

“It's true.” Harry told Teddy. “He absolutely hates anything from here and he checks every trunk when they get to Hogwarts to make sure none had anything hidden.”

Teddy was wide eyed at this.

“Why?” He asked.

“A long time ago when me and my brother Fred were at Hogwarts, we used to do a few little tricks here and there, just some fun little pranks.” Said George.

Ron scoffed. “They did more than that, they were the best pranksters to ever go to Hogwarts.” Ron
said.

George nodded modestly. “Anyway, old Filch absolutely hates any sort of fun, so he used to try to catch us doing something wrong and then he'd run to a teacher to try get us in trouble.” George explained. “When we left school and started our shop, Filch banned any and all items that were made by us and as Harry said, he still checks all the trunks to this day to be sure no one is sneaking anything inside.” George finished.

“That never stopped you though.” Ron pointed out.

“Well.” George admitted to Teddy. “We just sent stuff in by post, charmed little boxes so everyone still gets their things anyway.” He grinned.

Teddy grinned back and then looked sad.

“I wish I could have met uncle Fred, I bet I would have liked him.” Teddy told George.

“He knew about you.” George said. “Even held you a few times, he thought you were wicked.” He told Teddy who seemed to feel better at this.

“I think he is-was wicked too.” Teddy said.

“He'd like that.” George said. “Anyway, like I said, I can't give you anything you can smuggle into Hogwarts but I'll be sure to send you plenty in the post when you get there.” George assured Teddy.

George tosses the items he had been collecting into a bag and held it out to Teddy. “But you can still have a little fun at home before you go.”

“Thanks uncle George.” Teddy said and he added the small bag to the collection of items inside his school bag and carefully closed and fastened it back up.

“You're very welcome.” George said. “When I send you some things at Hogwarts, just remember to tell all your new friends where you got them from.”

“I will, I promise!” Teddy said.

“Good man!” George said scruffed up Teddy's blue hair, his hat having long since been put into his school bag.

When the three of them left not long after, the day had grown darker and evening was closely approaching, Harry checked the time and saw that it was closer to five o'clock than it was to four and decided that he had better get Teddy home.

“Alright.” Harry said. “It's getting pretty late and I bet your grandmother is wondering where you are so we had better go get you a trunk and get back home!” Harry said.

“If you're leaving after that, then I think I'm going to go get a few more things before I leave too.” Ron said. “I'll let you two go get a trunk.”

“Thanks for all your help, uncle Ron.” Teddy said earnestly and Ron smiled at the boy.

“Anytime Teddy.” He said in reply. “I'll see you again soon, alright?”

Teddy nodded at this.

“I'll see you again sometime soon as well, mate.” Ron told Harry who also nodded.
“We'll have to go for a real drink this time.” Harry said. “You were suppose to buy the next round before we left.”

“Alright, first round is on me.” Ron agreed. “See you both soon.”

“See you, mate.” Harry said.

“Bye uncle Ron.” Teddy said and Ron departed from them and a moment later he and Teddy turned the other way and went to buy a trunk.

Harry and Teddy returned home and Harry floated the trunk into the house as Teddy excitedly told his grandmother about the days events. Teddy broke off suddenly after entering the living room.

“Aunt Ginny!” Harry heard him exclaim.

“Hey, Teddy.” Ginny's voice reached him. “My husband isn't with you by any chance is he?”

“Yeah!” Teddy told her. “We've been shopping all day, uncle Ron was even with us!” He told her.

Harry steered the trunk into the living room, and let it come to rest on the floor as he and Andromeda followed it inside.

“Hey.” Harry said to Ginny and kissed her on the cheek.

“Do you and Teddy have been shopping together?” Ginny asked him.

“We have.” Harry said and set himself down on a sofa.

“Did you buy anything interesting?” Ginny asked Teddy who assured her that he had, then after a little prompting from Harry who had noticed the slightly confused looks on his wife's and Teddy's grandmother's faces told Teddy he should tell them about what he had learned today. He proceed to tell them about The Three Ways To Buy Things and they listened to him explaining it hiding their amusement.

Tea was made and the adults listened to Teddy recount the day, all about his vault at Gringott up until buying the trunk. Teddy showed them all of the things he had bought, except a single bag that remained in the trunk that Teddy told them was their private boy's business. Both Ginny and Teddy's grandmother made a show of not being interested in such things. The bag contained the presents that Teddy had chosen for his grandmother.

Harry decided that now was the time to show Teddy the lockets. Teddy thought that they were amazing as Harry explained what they did and how they worked. He demanded that they try them out immediately, so using some of the new school supplies Teddy wrote Harry a note while Harry placed a small empty piece of paper into his own locked before putting it over his head.

Teddy finished his note, placed it into his own locket and waited. Harry reminded him that he needed to wear it and soon after he had hurriedly put it on, Harry felt the locked change in temperature.

Harry opened the locket and pulled out the note, it read:
'Hello to Harry Potter, my godfather. From Teddy Lupin.'

Harry smiled at this and Teddy had to show everyone that it worked, then the removed his own paper to check that it was indeed empty of the writing just as Harry had told him it would be. Teddy wanted to then check that it worked the other way round so it was Harry's turn to use Teddy's school supplies and write a note.

'Hello to Teddy Lupin, my godson who looks like a rotten old onion with blue hair. From Harry Potter.'

Teddy looked shocked when he first read the note then laughed with joy and showed everyone the note.

Harry took Teddy's trunk up to his room for him and set it down where Teddy directed. Teddy took out the bag with his grandmother's presents and hid them under his bed.

All too soon for Teddy's liking Harry and Ginny had to leave. Harry promised Teddy that they would see each other on Christmas day and that if he was good for his grandmother between now and then, then he would come to pick up Teddy on Christmas morning to take them to the Burrow.

Teddy swore that he would be good and Harry knew he would be, even with a bag that contained whatever it was that George had put into it. He hugged his godson once more and then he and Ginny eventually left.
It was just past eleven-thirty in the morning on Sunday.
After Harry and Ginny had returned home the evening before, and after he had recounted a grown ups version of the day with Teddy. 
Ginny had informed Harry that her father had spoken with his friend Charles and let him know about the flats being ready to be viewed.
Mr Weasley had asked his daughter to let Harry know that his friend Charles was going to be at the Burrow tomorrow to catch up with his old friend and that if Harry had to time he should stop by as.
Not wanting to miss the chance Harry had sent word to his father-in-law to let him know that he would be there to join them and that if he could get in touch with his friend Charles in time, he was welcome to bring his son with him and Harry would take the both of them to see Grimmauld Place.
He had stressed a little too much, Harry thought after sending the letter, that Mr Weasley wasn’t to make him seem too desperate for a tenant and that if he could manage it then to try to extend the invitation casually.
He had worried that he might have come off as a right dolt for most of the rest of the night but he had actually gotten a return letter from his father-in-law just as he was about to turn in to bed. Mr Weasley's letter assured Harry that there was no need as Charles' son usually accompanied his father on his visits to the Burrow anyway.
As he had already told Charles that the flats were ready, it was twice as likely that Jonathan, Charles' son, would join him this time.
Harry had gone to bed feeling more restful.

“You have anything, Gin?” Harry asked his wife who was coming down the stairs.
“I think so, bag, keys and everything we need to survive a war is all in my bag.” She told him.
“I actually believe you.” Harry said as Ginny reached the last stair and headed across the entrance hall to him.
“Good job I throw with his arm, otherwise I'd never be able to carry this bag around.” Ginny said, linking her free arm through his.
“I'd still probably like you even if your arm dropped off.” He said and before she could reply he pulled her out of their home and the two of the arrived outside the Burrow with a crack.
It was Harry who led Ginny by the arm to the door to the kitchen which made a change for once. He opened the backdoor and stepped into Mrs Weasley's kitchen, already enjoying the smells that hit his nose.
“You're early!” Mrs Weasley exclaimed as she caught sight of them.
“He's worried about making a good impression.” Ginny said setting her bag down on a kitchen counter with a thud and moving to give her mother a hug.
“Well there's no need to be worried about that.” Mrs Weasley said over her daughter's shoulder to Harry. “You're Harry Potter, I'm sure Jonathan is more nervous about meeting you than you are of meeting him.” She told him as Ginny was released and headed to the dining table to greet her father while Harry took his turn at being hugged by Mrs Weasley.
“I just don't want to mess anything up.” Harry told her. “I'm don't exactly have loads of potential tenants lining up and I've never done this before.”

“I'm sure it will be perfectly fine.” Mrs Weasley told him as she released him. “Now go sit down, there are glasses and a jug of juice on the table.”

“Yes, Mrs Weasley.” Harry said without even thinking and both she and he smiled a little.

“Don't worry.” Mr Weasley said offering a hand to Harry as he approached his father-in-law. “Charles isn't the type to stand on ceremony and Jonathan isn't either though he's a bit politer than his father.” Mr Weasley added the last with a smile.

“That's good to hear.” Harry said.

“Molly is right, everything will be fine.” Mr Weasley said. “Now come and sit down.”

Harry did as he was told and took a seat next to his wife. As Mr Weasley poured him and Ginny a glass of juice he spoke on.

“Charles used to work with imports back when I was still at the Ministry.” Mr Weasley said. “And Jonathan started at the Ministry a couple of months ago now, I forget when exactly.” Admitted Mr Weasley. He handed a glass to his daughter.

“Anyway, Jonathan is a MEC.” Mr Weasley told Harry sliding a glass to him as he did. “A junior still but from what Charles said, Jonathan is probably in line for a promotion soon.”

“MEC?” Ginny asked curiously.

“Sorry, dear.” Mr Weasley said to her. “Department of Magical Equipment Control, MECs is just what we call them-called them around the Ministry.”

“It's a bit of a mouthful otherwise.” Harry pointed out, Ginny shrugged a little.

“Makes sense I guess.” She said and drank from her glass.

“Who is he a junior under?” Harry asked Mr Weasley.

“I think it's Jessip or Jestley or something like that, it begins with a J.” Mr Weasley said.

“Jeston.” Harry said.

“That's the one.” Mr Weasley said with a nod taking his seat once more. “Do you know him?”

“Not really.” Harry said. “I've only actually spoke to him once and even that was brief.” Harry told Mr Weasley. “Our departments don't really have much cross over and their offices aren't near ours.”

Mr Weasley nodded in understanding, having worked at the Ministry of Magic himself for years before he retired, he knew how things were.

“Well, I don't know much about the man either.” Mr Weasley said. “But I can assure you that Jonathan is a good lad, good upbringing, professional with a steady job and as far as I know he doesn't have any bad habits, or none that Charles has told me about.”

“It sounds promising.” Harry admitted. “I just hope he likes the place and can afford to move in.”
“He'll love the place, Dean and his sister Jessica did a wonderful job on it.” Mr Weasley said then raised his eyebrows at Harry. “You've come up with the tenants agreements already?”

“No.” Harry said shaking his head. “I've got the latest draft of it in my pocket.” He said patting the pocket in question. “It's got a price on it that I thought was fair, here have a look.” Harry fished out the paper and after unfolding it slide it across the table to Mr Weasley.

“There isn't much here.” Mr Weasley said as he picked it up and lowered his glasses onto his face.

“It's what I want made clear in the final draft, I'm going to have a couple of guys at the Ministry write up a proper tenant's agreement and add in all the usual things but everything on that paper is the basic things that I want.” Harry told his father-in-law who was reading the paper.

“Hmm.” Mr Weasley said reading through it. “Price is reasonable, per month...yes... Why is there two-Oh right one is for the other double flat...” Mr Weasley answered himself. “Standard terms for damages?” He asked at the last, and looked up at Harry as he quoted what was written on the paper.

“For when it's written up properly, so they know to just add in whatever the normal terms are for damages caused to the property.” Harry explained.

“Ah, right.” Mr Weasley said in understanding. “No point in trying to write it yourself if the professionals are going to do it anyway.”

“Exactly.” Harry said. “Plus, I have no idea what it would say I just know that there needs to be one.” He admitted.

“For the duration of one year...” Mr Weasley murmured to himself as he continued to read down the page. “Option to renew...” He said.

Harry waited in silence and took a couple of drinks of his glass of juice while he waited for Mr Weasley to finish the draft of the tenants agreement.

“Well.” Mr Weasley said setting the paper down. “As a draft it seems good, once it's written up properly then I'm sure it will be fantastic and if the additions are more or less what you've written up then it's all very reasonable.” He said.

“I hope so.” Harry said. “You don't think it's too expensive or that I've missed anything out?”

“Ah, well there are certainly cheaper places but they'll all be muggle flats and the prices aren't ridiculous considering how nice Grimmauld Place is now and the fact that it will be a wizard only building.” Mr Weasley said, this reassured Harry a little. “I think however you should probably let them see just how good the place is before you let them know the prices.” Mr Weasley suggested.

“You think?” Harry asked.

“I think so.” He told Harry. “Don't worry, I'm sure that he will love to live in one of your flats but I think unless he sees them first and sees just how nice they are he will see the the prices are actually very good.”

“You think they might put him off if I just show them to him?” Harry clarified.

“Yes, exactly.” Mr Weasley agreed.

“Maybe I'll try get him to go look at the place first then before I tell him about the prices.” Harry said quietly. “But he's bound to ask about the prices right away.” Harry said hearing the defeat in his own
“I'm sure we can ask him to wait—” Mr Weasley began then frowned. “Well, it might seem like you're trying to hide something bad if you don't answer his questions...”

“I have an idea.” Ginny said and both he and Mr Weasley turned to look at her.

“Charles is your friend, dad.” She pointed out and Mr Weasley nodded. “Well just ask him to hold off on asking about the place for now because Harry wants to practise his sale pitch for other potential tenants.” She said. “You're just asking your friend and his son to help Harry out by practising on them before he has to do it for a complete stranger.” She explained.

“I-That might work.” Mr Weasley said seeming very pleased with his daughter.

“I don't really have a sales pitch...” Harry admitted to them both.

“Well all the more reason for you to practise.” Ginny said. “You can make one up when we get to Grimmauld Place.”

“I don't know...” Harry said feeling a little ill.

“Well what did you think was going to happen?” Ginny asked. “That he'd just walk up to you and ask to sign an agreement without asking about anything?”

“No.” Harry said. “I just, I guess I do have a few things to show and talk about but I just never really thought about it as a sales pitch I guess.” He explained.

“Well, I think Ginny's idea is great.” Mr Weasley said. “I'll tell Charles and Jonathan that you'd like to practise showing someone around the place as you've never done it before and I'm sure they'll agree, Charles is a good man. He won't mind and I'm sure Jonathan won't either.”

“That will stop him asking about the place until we go there and by then he'll be impressed with how nice the place is while you tell him all about it.” Ginny said.

“Exactly, I'm sure you'll do great, Harry.” Mr Weasley said.

Harry was only half convinced but he nodded.

Ginny knowing him too well sighed dramatically.

“Don't worry, I'll help you out if you start to mess it up.” She said to him.

“Thanks, Gin.” Harry said gratefully, and kissed her on the cheek.

She accepted his thanks and kiss gracefully and Mr Weasley smiled at the two of them.

“I think they're here!” Mrs Weasley called from the kitchen and she lowered her head and squinted outside through the window. “They've brought someone with them.” Mr Weasley said sounding worried and began adding more things to the various pots and pans hurriedly as if she hadn't made enough food for a small army.

“I wonder who is with them?” Mr Weasley said curiously and stood up heading for the backdoor.

Harry stood up too, a little nervous.

He felt Ginny's hand on his arm and she spoke quietly into his ear.
“It'll be fine.” She said. “And I told you I'd help you out.” She reminded.

Harry nodded once then again more firmly and squared his shoulders as the backdoor opened.

“Arthur!” Called an older man who had a deeply lined face, his hair was black and grey but mostly grey.

“Charles.” Said Mr Weasley and he shook hands with the man. “Do come in, come in.” Mr Weasley said stepping back to allow Charles to enter the kitchen.

As Charles walked over to Mrs Weasley to give her a hug, two younger men entered. The two of them looked to be around twenty years old but that was were the similarities ended between them.

One of them was smartly dressed, very thin and extremely tall with dark black hair that was very neatly combed. He shook hands with Mr Weasley and smiled easily, Harry expected the smile to be stiff and slightly uncomfortable but it was a genuine one he gave to Harry's father-in-law.

The second young man was in jeans and a thick red jumper with the sleeves rolled up, his hair was blonde, he had a thick neatly trimmed beard and he looked very muscular. He was about an entire foot shorter than the tall young man who had entered before him with made him seem short but Harry knew it was simply the perspective.

Harry learned their names as the taller of the young men greeted Mrs Weasley and she named him Jonathan and at almost the same instant the muscular young man introduced himself to Mr Weasley as Robert Mason, or Rob as he was usually called.

The older man, Charles made his way over to Harry with a grin and offered his hand which Harry took and the two of them introduced themselves. Mr Weasley joined them with Jonathan and Rob just afterwards and he introduced Jonathan Ellis and his cousin Robert Mason, though he introduced the latter as Rob Mason.

Everyone shook hands and were told firmly from the kitchen to take seats as lunch would be ready soon.

Everyone did as they were told.

“So, we have a bit of a favour to ask you all.” Mr Weasley said to the three newcomers who looked at him enquiringly.

“You see, Harry.” Mr Weasley gestured to him as he said his name. “Has never been a landlord before so he's never had to show potential tenants around or answer their questions.” Mr Weasley explained. “So if you wouldn't mind, after lunch if you're not in too much of a hurry. He'd like to practise his sales pitch on you while you all take a look at Grimmauld Place.” Mr Weasley finished.

The three looked from Mr Weasley to Harry then back to Mr Weasley.

“I mean, if you wouldn't mind.” Harry said drawing their attention back to himself. “I've never done this before so I'd like to see how well I manage.” He told them.

“I don't have a problem with that.” Rob said and his voice was very deep, he seemed not to mind the idea though and wasn't just saying it to be polite, he looked to his cousin who then nodded and looked back to Harry.

“I don't mind either.” Jonathan said. “I've never been a potential tenant before so it'll be a learning experience for me too, Mr Potter.” He said, his voice was very polite and gentle as he spoke.

“Please.” Harry said. “You're doing me a massive favour. Just call me Harry.” He said and Jonathan nodded.
“Well!” Charles said. “I don’t have anything to do either, I’m not interested in renting a flat from you but I think I’ll tag along too if you don’t mind.” He said with a smile.

“You're welcome to.” Harry said. “You'll probably be the only person there who knows if my sales pitch is any good.” Harry joked.

“And he's the only one who isn't interested on either side.” Ginny put in with a small grin.

“A true neutral party then.” Mr Weasley said smiling.

“Well, not exactly.” Jonathan said. “It's your son and nephew who are looking at the place.” He pointed out.

“Jonny!” Rob said in obviously feigned annoyance. “You just had to open your big mouth! Your dad could have gotten us a better deal with the right words!”

Jonathan's eyes widened at this before he laughed quietly.

Harry got the distinct impression that his brief look of shock wasn't at the thought of missing out on a potential better deal but rather at the idea that they would try to be underhanded. Harry privately made note of this and he thought it was either the sign of a genuinely honest person or one of someone too stupid to have even thought of the idea in the first place.

“Missed a trick there.” Mr Weasley said with a little grin. “Oh well, it's too late now I suppose.” And his friend Charles laughed a little at his tone.

“So, what is the place like?” Charles asked Harry turning to face him. “Arthur told me that you had the entire place pretty much rebuilt like new.” He said.

“Well.” Harry said stalling for time. “I-It's not all brand new exactly.” He said his thoughts kicking into gear. “I had the entire inside hollowed out completely and rebuild after it was expanded, the outside had work done on it too but it doesn't look brand new even though a lot of it is.” He said and the three men were listening to him with interest. “The outside has been made to look very nice but it's been aged a little so that it doesn't stand out, you understand?” He asked.

“Like it's always been there.” Mr Weasley said with a nod. “What about inside?”

“Well, it's all new inside.” Harry said not wanting to talk about it here, knowing that the conversation would end up on the price if he let it. Mr Weasley came to his rescue.

“You'll have to see it for yourself.” Mr Weasley said to his friend. “Don't go making Harry ruin his sales pitch here, Charles. I promise you, the place is beautiful.” He said now including the two younger men in his words. “I've seen the draft of the tenant's agreements and it's very good. You'll find out everything about the place when we get there, what it's like, where it is, who lives there, the rent prices and everything else.”

Before any of them could say anything more Mrs Weasley called from the kitchen.

“Lunch is ready!” She said and then warned them. “Mind you heads!” And plates began to fly from the kitchen over to them.

As they set themselves down along the dining table, Harry was slightly amused to see Charles' avid look at the food. Clearly he was a man who had tasted Mrs Weasley cooking before, Harry noted that Jonathan too had a similar look and that he must have told his cousin about how good the food was because Rob too looked at everything with great interest.

Mrs Weasley soon followed and took a seat next to Harry making three on his side of the table, while
her husband, his friend Charles and his son and nephew were on the opposite side.

“Have you boys agreed to let Harry practise his sales pitch on you?” She asked Jonathan and Rob kindly, the two of them nodded like schoolboys and she smiled at them both. “That's very kind of you both.” She said then turned to speak at everyone at the table. “Well, let's all dig in before the food gets cold.” She said and everyone who wasn't already holding their knife and fork ready in their hands, picked them up and everyone began to load up their plates.

“...Looks really good Molly.” Charles was saying to Mrs Weasley while Ginny was speaking to her father.

“Always makes the most delicious food.” Jonathan was saying to his cousin Rob, which Mrs Weasley overheard and shushed him but she was smiling warmly at him.

If Mrs Weasley hadn't already let them know that she had been listening to him, Ginny and Mr Weasley discussing about how to keep their guests from asking too many questions about Grimmauld Place by asking if they had agreed to let Harry test his pitch on them. The way she guided the conversation away from anything related to Grimmauld Place throughout the lunch would have been more than enough confirmation for them.

She had Jonathan and Rob talking about their work, Harry discussing things about the Ministry with Jonathan, while she talked with Charles.

Rob it turned out was a magical engineer in training, he actually worked for Daily Prophet though not as a reporter, he didn't have anything to do with what was inside the paper. He worked at the printing house where all the copies were made, he told them about he vast magically machines that printed their papers and admitted that it was sometimes a real struggle to keep them running as they were very complicated and he still had a lot to learn about them.

Rob's cousin Jonathan came to his defence and told everyone that his cousin was very modest, he was actually very skilled at his job and that he didn't doubt for a second that he would be a full engineer soon, supervising others and teaching them in no time at all.

This led to Charles telling them that his son Jonathan too would be promoted any day now, that he was doing well at the Ministry and that all his superiors said so.

Jonathan seemed a little embarrassed by this but he did admit to several of his superiors having expressed how impressed they had been with him though he seemed dreadfully shy when it came to talking about his own achievements.

“What's wrong Harry?” Charles asked him.

“Do you know Jeston?” Charles asked Harry.

“I've only met him once.” Harry repeated to Charles as he had told Mr Weasley earlier.

“The auror department is very busy, dad.” Jonathan said. “And their offices are quite far away from ours.”

“That's right.” Harry said. “We're almost about as far away as you can get in the Ministry with someone being down in the cells and the other standing on the roof.” Harry joked. “And Jonathan is right, my department seems to keep getting busier and busier these last couple of weeks.” Harry added with a sigh, speaking the last almost to himself.

Jonathan nodded. “Some of the other juniors were saying that when you left to go to France recent, that the auror department got a huge increase in cases.” Jonathan said. “Though, I don't know if it's true but the juniors from different departments like to talk sometimes.” He added quickly.

“I suppose it is true.” Harry said. “Though I don't think it was because I went to France if that is what they were implying. It was just something that happened, maybe it's because it's so close to Christmas, everyone gets swamped.”
“I can't attest to that.” Jonathan said. “At least in my department.”

“I bet.” Harry agreed. “I can't imagine the kinds of things people are trying to sell at this time.”

“Neither can I most of the time.” Said Jonathan with a small grin. “And I get to see most of them.”

Harry laughed.

“I've seen a few of the things on the inter-division raids that probably wound up going through your department at some point.” Harry said. “Though it would have been before you joined on at the Ministry.”

Jonathan nodded at this.

“What interesting?” He asked curiously.

Harry smiled a little remembering something.

“There was once this raid, we went in to help out. It was for imports and we found a warehouse full of stuff.” He told Jonathan and Rob who was listening with interest while the others at the table chatted. “There was this one section filled with rocks, but they were all packaged up.” Harry recounted. “We wondered what the hell they were, once they had been checked over to make sure it wasn't anything dangerous, we had a closer look at them. It turned out that the guy planned to sell them as a kind of grow-your-own-house magical rock that you watered and over time it grew into a small house.” Harry told the two younger men who looked amazed.

Harry grinned at their expressions and continued.

“They didn't work of course, but the thing was that there was another pile of them, mostly empty already.” He explained to the two men who suddenly realised what that meant and started to laugh. “They must have sold over a hundred of them to people and they were just rocks in boxes. I wonder how long people watered them for before they realised that they were just pouring water on an ordinary rock?”

Harry shook his head and then joined in the laughter of the two younger men.
Harry, Ginny and Mr Weasley appeared in the entrance hall to Grimmauld Place, with them were Charles, Jonathan and Rob who had each taken an arm.

“Well.” Mr Weasley said. “Now that you're all here, I'll be returning home.” He said. “Molly won't let me get out of helping with the washing up that easily.”

“I'll pop back round to let you know how it goes.” Charles told his friend and he and Mr Weasley shook hands.

“Looking forward to it, I'll make sure the kettle is hot for when you arrive.” Mr Weasley promised.


“No trouble, Charles.” He replied easily. “See you all again.” He said to the rest of the group and then vanished with a pop.

Everyone turned to look at Harry, who realised that it was now his time to speak. He wasn't nearly as nervous any more, having met the three men and enjoyed a lunch with them.

They were no longer quite strangers though he still felt uneasy about the price, as far as he could tell it was a good deal. Harry wasn't really looking to make more gold but he also didn't want to just give away rooms to anyone who wanted them.

“Well.” Harry said raising his arms up to gesture at the entrance hall. “This is the entrance hall, as you can see there.” He pointed to the frosted glass doors. “That is Thomas & Thomas' offices, they are the company who worked on this place.”

He gestured to the door to Jessica’s flat.

“That flat belongs to Jessica, she is going to be the caretaker of this place, the one who keeps the halls clean and tidy and does any bits of maintenance that the place might need.” He said. “She is also one of the Thomas's from Thomas & Thomas, so there isn't anyone better suited to looking after the place, she helped build it after all.”

The three men seemed to think this was a good idea, nodding and murmuring their agreement.

“The offices themselves won't really get in the way of anything, maybe you'll hear some muted chatter from inside them if you happen to be walking through the entrance hall but that's about it.”

Harry told them. “They have a workshop in the basement but that is completely soundproofed, so no worried there either.”

Pausing a moment.

“We might as well have a quick look outside while we're all down here, before we go upstairs.” He said. “What do you think?”

“ Might as well.” Charles answered.

“We're here already.” Agreed Rob and Jonathan nodded.

Harry opened the large front door and led the group outside. They walked across the road to stand on the other side of the street and all of them turned back to look at the exterior of Grimmauld Place.
“You can see what I meant by the place having loads of new things but not exactly looking new.” Harry said.

“They've done a good job at blending it in.” Charles admitted.

“It doesn't look run down at all though.” Said Jonathan.

“It doesn't.” Agreed Rob. “Just looks like it's been here a while and looked after.”

“Exactly.” Harry said. “Didn't want the place sticking out. That's pretty much all there is to really see from here though, but I thought you would probably want to look anyway.”

Both Rob and Jonathan nodded at this.

“We might as well go back inside then, it's not so warm out here.” Harry said and led the way back across the road. He paused at the top of the steps to show them the buzzers and the plaque proclaiming the building as a dental surgery. They all chuckled at this and agreed it would keep most people from wanting to come inside.

Harry led them through the entrance hall and up the first flight of stairs and paused in the landing.

“These flats aren't actually finished yet, they're all build and stuff.” Harry said. “They just need to be decorated still is all, but all the halls are done already.”

Leading them up two more sets of stairs, telling them after the first that these two flats too needed to be decorated, they finally reached the second to top floor.

“These two flats are decorated, they're both exactly the same but mirrored either way so you'll only have to look at one of them.” He told them using the master key to unlock the nearest one.

Pushing open the door, he walked inside and the group followed him.

“As you can see, the flat's are really nice and very big, they're decorated pretty naturally though because I've no idea who might want to move into one.” Harry said watching as the three men looked around the flat.

“I thought they would be a long smaller.” Jonathan commented.

“The expansion enchantment took care of that.” Harry said. “If you decide you want to move in, you're free to redecorate the place however you want, you know to match whatever furniture you want to put in here and things like that.” He told them.

He led them over to the bare but very nice kitchen.

“Every flat has a new fridge and freezer already, though again you're free to buy your own if you want and I'll have these ones removed.” Harry said. “Pretty decent sized kitchen, but again there isn't much here right now.”

Harry led them to the small utility room and showed them it, the new washing machine and various small things that every home needed. It was pretty sparse but they were the basics.

Harry led them through the flat, room by room more just to show them the size of it, what it looked like and how it was decorated.

With them not containing much, it was hard to find things to talk about but he managed to keep talking anyway, not wanting them all to just walk into a room and stare around in silence.
“Oh.” Said Jonathan at one point as if remembering something important. “I forgot to ask, do you allow pets?” He asked.

“I-Hadn't actually thought about it but I suppose so, so long as they aren't going to wreck the place or be a danger to anyone?” Harry said questioningly.

“It's nothing like that.” Jonathan laughed a little. “It's just that I have a cat.” He said.

“Oh.” Harry replied sounding a little relieved. “Yeah, that's no problem. I was having flashbacks to when there was a hippogriff in the old attic.” He said a little weakly.

“A hippogriff in the attic?” Asked Rob, his eyes a little wide.

“Yeah, years and years ago. It was actually pretty tidy but he used to scratch the place up quite a bit, massive claws.” Harry explained.

“I can imagine.” Rob said. “How did you end up with a hippogriff in the attic?”

“It's a long story.” Harry said. “Maybe I'll tell you about it another day if we both have a spare ten or twelve hours.” He joked.

“I'll hold you to that.” Rob grinned at him and Harry nodded.

“Well, there isn't much more to see in here, but I'd like to show you the other free flat on the top floor.” Harry said. “Once you've had a look at that, we'll get down to business and you can ask all your questions.”

Charles nodded.

“Alright.” Agreed Rob easily and Jonathan nodded too.

Harry led them up to the top floor and led them into the nearest of the two doors in the hall.

“As you can see, this place is a lot bigger.” Harry said walking into the flat with all of them trailing behind. “As you can see by the stairs, it's got two floors.” He told them, all of their eyes going to the stairs at his mention of them. “Unfortunately, the only other flat like this is next door and it's already taken.” Harry told them.

This flat was furnished better than the other flats below, nothing on the scale of the way they had furnished Ron's place but this place had a couple of sofas and a coffee table, even a nice display cabinet against one wall and a few pictures here and there. Harry had wanted to have a few more things inside this flat for when he showed it to potential tenants because if the place had been completely empty, it would have seemed ridiculously huge.

Even the office upstairs had a few office furnishings inside it, mainly a desk and some drawers but it was enough to illustrate the rooms potential. Harry pointed out that this flat would come with access to the Floo Network, though could only be connected once someone moved into the place.

He took them though the entire flat. Both floors before bring them back down and taking a seat on the sofas with the coffee tables between them.

“So.” Harry said. “Now we come to the details, and let me just say first that I don't expect an answer right away.” He told them. “You can take as much time as you want though the rest of the tenants will be officially signing their agreements to come into effect for the new year.” He warned. “From then on, I'll be actively offering the rest of the flats to other potential tenants but for now, you two are
the only ones who are here to look at the places and for now, this flat is still available at a slightly higher price.” He said gesturing to the larger two floored flat they were currently in. “But after the new year starts, if someone signs up for this place, then you'll have to settle for one of the other flats.” He told them.

“I understand.” Jonathan said with a nodded.

“Understood.” Rob said at almost the same time.

“Right then.” Harry said and reached into his pocket to pull out the draft of the tenants agreement. “This.” He said holding it up. “Is a very rough draft of what will be on the tenants agreement once I have it written up by professionals.” He said. “The prices on here will be the same, so will everything else that is on it on written up in a more official way. The only things that will be added to it are standard rules and things like that about you know, not damaging the place or blowing it up so the other usual things that go into wizarding tenant agreements, you understand?” He asked.

Both Rob and Jonathan nodded.

“Alright.” Harry said, he slid the paper over to them on the coffee table and stood up. The three of them looked at him confused and so did Ginny. “Ginny and I are going to leave you here to go next door, you can look over the draft, talk about it in private and we'll come back in ten minutes.” Harry said.

They all seemed surprised by this.

“Remember, I don't expect an answer right away and I'm not going to be annoyed or angry if you say no either. When we come back, if you want to tell me to bugger off, you can feel free.” Harry said with a grin. “But if you want to ask questions then I'll answer them.” He said. “Is that alright?” He asked.


Rob nodded.

“Alright.” Harry said. “We'll be back in ten minutes.” He told them and he and Ginny left and walked down the hall, knocked on Ron's door and after about ten seconds a surprised Ron let them inside and closed the door behind them.

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“Bloody hell.” Harry said about five minutes later, sitting on one of Ron's nice leather sofas. “The anxiety is killing me.”

Ron was grinning at him, Harry had flopped down onto this spot as soon as he had gotten inside while Ginny had quickly explained what was going on. Ginny had said that he had done a good job of showing them around so Ron was just enjoying watching Harry worry.

“You reckon either of them will go for it?” Harry asked again.

Ginny made an annoyed sound and Ron laughed.

“Stop asking that.” Ginny said. “If they don't want either of the flats then it's not because of something that you did. It just means they don't want it.” She told him firmly.
“But what about the price though.” Harry complained.

“Mate.” Ron said. “The price isn't that bad.” He told Harry.

“Ron's right.” Ginny said. “They might not go for the bigger one if they don't have the gold for it but you knew it was going to be more expensive. The other flats are just as good and the price is a good one.”

“I don't know.” Harry said weakly.

Ron got up and walked to the kitchen chuckling. He returned a couple of seconds later holding out a small glass with a liquid Harry thought he recognised.

Harry took the glass from him and downed the firewhisky in one shot and gasped in a breath afterwards. Ron said nothing but simply picked up the empty glass, still grinning and returned it to the kitchen.

“Do you think it would help if I went over and introduced myself?” Ron asked.

“I don't know.” Harry said honestly and could feel his face pull into a worried frown.

“It's nearly time to go back so there's no point.” Ginny said. “Besides, your ugly mug would probably scare them off.”

“They didn't run away from the red headed banshee following Harry around, so they'll probably stick around if I showed up.” Ron quipped back.

Ginny grinned at her brother and made a rude gesture with her fingers, Ron returned them both.

Harry stood up, walked over to the mirror on one wall and began to straighten up his suit.

“Alright.” He said still tugging it around and then readjusting his tie. “Alright.” He repeated. “I'd better go back in.” He said but didn't move. “It's been ten minutes now, I said I'd give them ten minutes.” He said to his own reflection.

“Harry.” Ginny said firmly and he turned to look at his wife. “Come on.” She said standing up. “We're going back now.”

Harry nodded and headed towards the door.

“Good luck, mate.” Ron called to him still amused at Harry's nervousness. Harry gave him the same gesture he and his sister had shared and as Ginny closed Ron's door behind them, he could hear Ron trying to stifle laughter.

Harry knocked lightly on the flat door, letting them know he had returned and then opened the door.

“No.” Charles said firmly. “But these two have some questions for you.”

“Alright.” Harry said and walked back into the flat with Ginny, both of them returning to the sofa.

When Harry was seated he looked to the two younger men. “Ask.” He said.

They shared a brief look with each other.
“You said that the only changes to the draft would be standard clauses that are found in tenant agreements, things about property damage and other such things.” Jonathan said.

“That's right.” Harry confirmed. “Just them and what is already there though it will probably be written up a little differently.” He said then thinking of something continued. “I mean that exactly as I said, it might be reworded slightly but I don't intend to try trick you into anything with some little legal tricks here and there. I've just written down what I want on that draft, I'm not trying to pull a fast one on anyone, I'm not a professional at this so I'm sure it will be written up sounding a lot better of the proper agreements” Harry told them.

“I-Yes, that's good to know.” Jonathan said. “I did wonder a little about why you only had a draft and not a finished agreement.” He admitted.

“It's only because I literally haven't had time to have one written up properly yet.” Harry told him. “If you're interested then you'll of course get the final thing just as soon as it's ready to look over, so you can make sure there is nothing wrong with it.” Harry said.

“Thank you.” Jonathan said. “I wanted to know would there be a deposit needed for any potential damages.”

Harry thought about this for a moment.

“I don't think that will be necessary but if you do cause some serious damage then I will expect you to pay for it. I imagine that will probably be in one of the standard agreements.” Harry said. “So, so long as that is covered I won't require a deposit. The only thing you need to pay is the first months rent if you decide to move in.” Harry told him.

“Only the first month?” Jonathan asked.

“Only the first month.” Harry confirmed. “Then the second months rent isn't due until the last day of the second month.” Harry said.

“So one rent payment as soon as we move in, then the next in two months time?” Jonathan clarified.

“Exactly.” Harry said. “Then it's just on the last day of every month from them on.”

“That's good to know.” Rob said then asked. “Are all the agreements going to be for one year or will each agreement be different?”

“Well, I thought one year would be a good place to start.” Harry said. “I mean, once someone has lived here for a year they'll have a good idea of whether or not they'll want to sign a longer agreement. Maybe I'll offer them after the first year is up?” Harry asked almost to himself then focusing again continued. “And as for the agreements being different, well. Dean, he is the other Thomas of Thomas & Thomas, his agreement is for an office and workshop so his is slightly different and Jessica's is different too because she is the caretaker but pretty much all the other agreements will all be the same with the only difference being in the price depending on whether they take this flat or one of the other ones.” Harry answered. “All the other flats will be the same.”

“And the length of the agreement if you decide to offer them next year?” Jonathan asked.

“That too.” Harry added with a nod.

“You said that this flat will be connected to the Floo Network but only once someone moves in?” Jonathan asked him.
“Yeah.” Harry agreed. “It’s all ready to go, it’s just that it can’t actually be connected until someone officially moves into the place.” Harry explained.

“How long does it take to get it connected?” Jonathan asked.

“I honestly don’t know.” Harry admitted. “From what Dean said, it doesn’t take long. Less than a day to do it but I don’t know exactly how long. Whether it’s a couple of minutes or a couple of hours. I don’t even know how it’s done exactly.” Harry told them. “But once someone moves into the place, they just have to let Dean or Jessica know when a good time for them is and they will take care of the rest.”

“Alright.” Jonathan said. “Thank you for your honesty.”

Rob caught his cousins attention and they shared a look before nodding.

Jonathan sat forward and spoke.

“I know you said you didn't expect an answer right away but we feel comfortable telling you this.” He said. “We are interest in renting a flat each. I am interested in this one and Rob is interested in the one on the floor below.” Jonathan said and continued quickly before anyone could say anything. “Though everything will depend on the final agreement, we'll need to look over them first.”

“Of course.” Harry said, he could feel his heart beginning to pick up pace in his chest but he managed to not grin.

“But if like you say, the agreement will be pretty much the same as what's in this draft, the prices the same and just the normal reasonable things added to it, then I think we will both be happy to sign them.” Jonathan said.

Harry couldn’t help but let the grin split his face.


Rob grinned at him, Jonathan smiled and his father Charles looked amused. Harry thought he might burst with happiness or melt with complete relief, he wasn't sure which would happen first. Using his body before it did one or the other, he reached a hand over to Jonathan to shake.

“Honestly, I was really worried neither of you would want to move in.” Harry admitted as Jonathan shook his hand.

“Really?” Rob asked him as Harry offered his hand to him next.

“Yeah.” Harry said. “Like I said, I've never done this before so I had no idea if things were going well, or if you were just being polite and hearing me out.”

Charles snorted at this.

“You didn't do half bad.” The older man said to him.

“Thanks.” Harry said to him and shook his hand too.

Jonathan stood up, Rob followed him so everyone else did to.

“I promise to get the finished agreement to you just as soon as I can, so you can look it over.” Harry told Jonathan.
“I would appreciate that.” He said to Harry. “The soon I can look at them and presumably fine them perfectly in order, the sooner they can be signed.”

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The three men had just vanished out of the entrance to Grimmauld Place with a pop, Harry spun around and jumped into the air with a whoop. Jessica's flat door opened in time just for her to witness Harry's celebratory jump and whoop. Jessica looked both very amused and slightly confused, he smiled at Harry and Ginny.

“Harry just bagged two new neighbours for you.” Ginny informed Jessica.

“Really?” Jessica said with surprise. “Wow, that's great news!”

“Well.” Harry said, a little embarrassed to have been caught as he was spoke quickly. “It's not a sure thing yet, they still need to look over the final tenant's agreement when it's ready so they might not-

“Oh give it a rest, Harry.” Ginny told him with a grin. “We both know they are pretty much going to move in, the agreement is just a formality.”

“It's really good news.” Jessica repeated again. “I thought I heard voices out here so I came to noisy.” He told them both with a cheeky smile.

“Sorry.” Harry said. “We didn't mean to disturb you.”

“It's alright, you weren't loud or anything. I just wanted to see what was going on.” She said easily.

Ginny smacked Harry on the arm and he looked at her questioningly.

“If you had kept your voice down, we could have used you key to sneak in and get one of those shows Jessica was talking about.” She told Harry in a whisper that was designed no hide her words from exactly no one.

Jessica laughed.

“I was lying around in my bathrobe for hours earlier too.” She told them. “You missed out.”

“Damn it.” Ginny said with mock frustration. “We'll have to peep through the window next time to make sure.”

“I'll be waiting.” Jessica quipped back.

“And we'll be watching.” Ginny fired back, the two ladies grinning at each other.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Both of you?” Jessica asked Ginny.

“Oh yes, we like to do things together. We're married after all.” Ginny told Jessica.

“I guess that makes sense.” Jessica said. “Peeping Tom and Jane.”

“We're real creeps.” Ginny told Jessica proudly and the two of them started laughing at whatever expression was on Harry's face.

“You want to come in for a brew?” Jessica asked. “You can tell me about my new neighbours.”
“Go on then.” Ginny said. “We promise to behave for now.”

Jessica gestured them both in grandly and as they both entered and Jessica closed the door, Jessica said from behind them.

“That's a shame. I bet it would a been more fun if you didn't, but a promise is a promise.”
Monday morning at the Ministry of Magic, Harry went in search of a lawyer and he knew which department housed them. He was walking through a dimly lit corridor and an almost silent department, when he knocked lightly on one of the doors it seemed very loud.

“Yes?” A voice came from the other side of the door.

“It's Harry Potter.” Harry said. “Are you busy Vincent?”

“Oh, come in, come in.” Said the voice of Vincent Ward from the other side of the door.

Harry opened the door and stepped into the room inside.

Inside was Vincent's office.
Being someone who deals with magical law, his office reflected the precise nature of his work and the many thousands of different tools, implements and books needed to do this job.
This took the form of every single wall being covered by drawers and cupboards, the large desk in the centre of the room was never empty as it had special grooves, holes and other odd shapes cut or carved into it.
Only about half of them were occupied currently with various quills, stamps, clips and other things that Harry didn't know the function of.
Vincent himself sat behind the desk, an old man with iron grey hair, thinned on top and a very neat moustache on his pale face.

“Good morning, Vincent.” Harry said.

“Is it morning?” Vincent asked, sounding mildly surprised.

“It is.” Harry confirmed.

“Oh heavens, I do lose track of time down here.” Vincent said half to himself and half to Harry then shook his head and looked up at Harry. “Is there something I can help you with?” He asked.


“Asked me about...” Vincent mumbled then seemed to remember. “Ah yes! Of course. A tenant's agreement for a wizarding building.... Flats I believe and...” He seemed to think for a moment. “A shop of some kind?” He pitched the last as a question.

“That's right.” Harry said and took a seat opposite the man. “The shop is more offices than a actual shop that sells things...” Harry said.

“Oh that's right, for magical construction and a workshop in the basement.” Vincent said, his eyes seeming fully focused now.

“Exactly.” Harry said.

“Did you manage to write down what I suggested?” Vincent asked him.

“I did.” Harry confirmed and pulled out some pieces of paper from his pocket and offered them to the older man.
Vincent took them and upon unfolding them, didn't begin to read them but instead set one of the
There we go.” Vincent said to himself then returned the page to the others, tapped them into a neat and orderly bunch and then set them down in front of him and began to read. Harry watched him and noticed that the old man's eyes seemed to move over the words at a very quick pace. It took him just over a minute to read through the eight pages and when he finished the last page, he rearranged the pages in front of him into five different places, two with two sheets of paper while the rest were only a single sheet, the eighth and final sheet he kept in his hand.

“I see.” Said Vincent. “So you still wish for me to add only what we discussed?”

“Yes.” Harry said firmly. “I'm not looking to add loopholes or anything nasty, just the standard things, straight forward stuff.” He said.

“Very well.” Vincent said with a nod. “How many copies of the standard agreement would you like?” He asked, his fingers touching down lightly over one of the sheets.

“Seven.” Harry said. “Six for the normal flats..”

“And one for the larger flat.” Finished Vincent for him. “With the appropriate changes in the rental price and the clause for Floo Network access.”

“Yes.” Harry said.

“And a single copy for the others?” Vincent enquired.

“Yes.” Harry said. “I was wondering how long it would take?” Harry asked the older man who seemed surprised at the question.

“Oh.” He said. “About ten minutes, you can sit here and wait if you like but if you have to rush off then I can have them sent up to your office?”

“About ten minutes?” Harry asked, it was his turn to be surprised. “I though it would take hours.” He said.

“Oh heavens no.” Vincent told him. “They won't take long at all.” He informed Harry.

“I'll wait then.” Harry said. “If you don't mind.”

“Not at all.” Vincent told him standing up and moving around his office. The old man opened up several drawers pulling out some pieces of very find looking parchment, then setting them neatly down onto his desk, lining the edges up carefully with certain grooves on it. He moved back away from his desk, opening a cupboard and returned with... Well Harry wasn't sure what it was exactly but it was made up of a series of interconnect pieces of metal, gold if Harry wasn't mistaken. The bits of metal where very thin and had notches and small loops in them, Vincent set it down on the remaining free space on his desk.

Harry watched in silence as Vincent reseated himself, pulled out his wand and then pointed it at the contraption. It jerked once violently then it seemed to stand up on the desk, moving on it's thin golden spindly legs like a spider. It moved over to the pile of nice looking parchments and took up position over it as one of it's 'legs' hooked over a quill that was standing up from the desk in the small hole and then positioned itself once again.
Vincent kept his wand pointed at the strange thing then began to speak out loud to it and Harry saw as Vincent spoke that the device started to write down his words in very neat and precise lettering. Vincent was reading or more accurately, dictating the contents of one of the agreements that Harry had written up, though he wasn't reading it word for word.

Vincent spoke in much more formal words than the ones Harry had written, it sounded very official and very important as if Vincent were reading out major magical laws.

The words may have been different but as Vincent had promised, the contents were the same as Harry had wanted.

When Vincent twisted his wand slightly and spoke a series of numbers Harry was confused. The device had stopped writing, one of its so far unused legs shot off into the air and up to one of the drawers on the other side of the room which was too high up for a person to reach.

The drawer opened up and a quill shot out of the drawer to attach itself to the flying golden rod and then returned very quickly to reattach itself to the rest of the device, though in a different place now. Harry watched the rod with this new quill settle over the parchment and begin to move to fast that Harry who was trying to read what it wrote felt dizzy and had to look away.

When Harry dared to look back it was only because Vincent had spoke aloud again.

“Five exact copies.” The older man announced, still holding his wand at the device.

The thing went mental.

The neat parchment it had written on so far flew out from under its disturbing legs, across the desk, over the papers of Harry’s that Vincent had set into piles so neatly then it hit a long groove on the other side of the desk, coming to a stop.

Vincent directed his wand away from the machine and pointed it at the newly inked parchment and spoke a spell that Harry knew dried the ink.

Meanwhile the device was moving frantically, text appearing on the fresh sheet of parchment now exposed to it.

He managed to read the first line before he had to look away and knew it was repeating what Vincent had dictated to it for the first piece but at a much faster pace.

This second piece of parchment flew across the desk as the first had and Vincent repeated his spell to dry the ink on it. Again and again this happened until the last piece of parchment had had its ink dried and smoothly Vincent picked up the draft which Harry had written and placed it on top of the neat pile of fully completed tenant agreements.

“Just one each now of the others.” Vincent said to Harry giving him a friendly smile.

Vincent repeated his dictation of the first agreement though with the different price which Harry recognised as being for the lager two floored flat. When Vincent spoke the series of numbers again, the device didn’t send anything flying away from it this time but Harry saw that the quill which it had flown to collect last time moved back down into the writing position and began to write rapidly.

When Vincent spoke some more and Harry heard ‘Floo Network’ followed by another series of different numbers and another rod launched from the thing to collect another quill Harry realised what it was doing.

Vincent was simply speaking the name, or number of the clauses he needed to be written into the agreement and the device was collecting the corresponding quill for his request. Harry guessed that the quills that had been collected and used were only ever used for those specific agreements.

The new parchment flew across the desk and Vincent dried the ink, he didn’t even pause as he began to speak the moment his wand moved back to the now still device.

Vincent read out an agreement for Thomas & Thomas, another quill was collected during this which Harry supposed was related to the running of a business.

Another was read out for Jessica, this included the terms for her taking on the duties of the caretaker of Grimmauld Place.
Then finally one for Ron, which also contained a Floo Network section and the change in rental price.

Harry was amazed at the speed which this had all taken place and it took him a couple of seconds to realised that Vincent had spoken to him.

“I'm sorry, what did you say?” Harry asked.

“I said.” Vincent told him. “That it's all completed, I've added an extra copy of the agreement for the regular flats in case you ever lose them.” Vincent said and seeing that Harry was now listening continued. “Just keep that spare one safe and if you ever need more copies of it, just bring it down here and I'll be able to just copy it straight away without having to dictate it all again.”

“Right.” Harry said a little dumbly as he realised that there was only one single pile of parchment on the desk now, with his own drafts of paper interspersed between them. “I'll keep it safe.” Harry promised. “Uh, what do I owe you Vincent?” Harry asked.

Vincent waved this away. “Nothing at all, call it interdepartmental cooperation. It only took...”

Vincent checked his watch. “Eight minutes.” He said.

Harry had to check his own watch to make sure though when he looked at it he realised he hadn't checked the time it had begun so it was a useless gesture.

“Are you sure, Vincent?” Harry asked. “I feel like I need to give you something for helping me out.”

“I'm sure.” Vincent said. “And remember, once one of the agreements has been fully completed and signed, it will divide into two. One for your tenant and one for you.”

“Right, thanks.” Harry said nodding then spoke on. “If there is ever anything you need.” Harry began but was cut off by a raised hand.

“That's very kind of you but I assure you, it's no trouble at all.” Vincent said, the old man stood up and picked up the pile of parchments and papers carefully and offered them to Harry.

Seeing what this meant and not wanting to linger, Harry gratefully accepted the pile and his dismissal, thanking the old man again as he was leaving.

Harry had to pause in the silent hall to collect himself for a moment before he began walking back to his own part of the Ministry of Magic, pleased at having his agreements so fast but still amazed by the powers of magical lawyers.

When Harry got back to his office, he spent a little time sorting the different agreements.

He put each of the agreements that he would be giving to someone to sign into it's own folder and put the rest of the normal agreements and the spare into another folder together.

A thought occurred to him and he picked up two of the folders and headed back out of his office. He had to pause for a moment before he left his department once again to speak with Watkins about one of the open cases but eventually he left and a few minutes later was entering the Department of Magical Equipment Control.

Unsure exactly where to find the person he wanted he stopped a young looking wizard who was clearly a junior.

“Excuse me.” Harry said and the wizard looked almost frightened to be addressed. “Do you know if Jonathan Ellis is at work today?” He asked.

The wizard opened his mouth then closed it before opening it again. “Um, yeah he's at work today.” The young man said in a high pitched voice.
“That's great.” Harry said. “Do you think you can point me in his direction? I'm not sure where to find him exactly.”

“Uh, he is probably in the pen outside Mr Jeston's office, sir.” He replied.

“Right.” Harry said. “Where is that again?”

“Oh, sorry, sir.” The wizard said. “It's down the end of the hall, last room on the right. It's a big open arch, no doors.” He said then added once more. “Sir.” As if he thought Harry would be angry if he didn't.

“Thanks.” Harry said. “You've been very helpful.” He said and the young wizard nodded and moved away quickly, looking relieved.

Harry sighed quietly and headed down the hall.

Turning to move through the large arch, he walked into a large room that had many desks with small dividers with many people inside the room.

More people than there were desks, though many of them seemed to be delivering paperwork, asking questions of those who sat at desks or other things.

With the dividers in place, Harry couldn't seem Jonathan from where he stood and it could take ten minutes to work his way around the large room looking at each desk.

Sighing again he squared his shoulders and put his free hand up to his mouth.

“Jonathan Ellis!” He yelled into the room, several people looked over at him but most either didn't hear him or ignored him. “Jonathan Ellis!” Harry yelled again a little louder but Jonathan didn't appear.

It wasn't a complete waste of time though as a young witch moved over to him.

“You're looking for Jonathan, sir?” She asked politely.

“I am.” Harry said.

“I can take you to his desk if you like.” She offered then nodded to the chaotic room. “It's further in the back, he probably can't hear you over all this.” She explained.

“That.” Harry said. “Would be fantastic.” He told her.

She gave him a small smile and gestured for him to follow her, which he did.

The witch seemed to have trouble moving through the crowded room at first but several times people turned to her with annoyed looks on their faces as she pushed her way through them, caught sight of Harry who was evidently with the witch, went pale and moved out of the way.

Harry heard his name whispered several times which he ignored but he was grateful as the whispers seemed to move ahead of him and his guide and people seemed to be already out of their way by the time they reached them.

Apparently the whispers travelled a little faster than he thought because Harry saw Jonathan's tall frame stand up from behind a divider they were heading towards, looking mildly surprised, then a little more surprised when he caught sight of Harry heading in his direction.

The young witch stopped a few steps away from Jonathan who had moved away from his desk and taken a few steps in Harry's direction. Seeing that she didn't need to lead Harry any further she turned to him and smiled with a gesture at Jonathan.

“What is your name?” Harry asked her.

“Melissa, sir.” She said. “Melissa Bell.” She said.
“Melissa.” Harry said. “Thank you very much, I'd never have gotten through this room without drawing my wand if you hadn't helped.”

The witch smiled at this.

“No problem, sir.” She replied. “I'd better get back to work now.” She said.

“Probably.” Harry agreed. “Thanks again.”

She gave Jonathan a small wave which he returned and she headed back into the crowds, many of which were trying to watch Harry without being seen.

“Jonathan.” Harry said, offering his hand to the young man who took it automatically.

“Sir?” He asked in a questioning voice.

“Less of that.” Harry said. “We had a family lunch together just yesterday.” Harry pointed out. “Just Harry will do.”

Nodding at this then turning to gesture at his desk. “I-If there is anything I can help you with, please take a seat.” He said, Harry knew that Jonathan had noticed their not so subtle watchers and Harry understood that the small bit of privacy offered by the divider was better than nothing.

“It's nothing serious.” Harry said mostly for there observers and walked to the desk to take up the small seat opposite it.

Jonathan took his own seat on the business side of the desk and looked to Harry. Harry lifted up the two folders and spoke as quietly as he could and still be heard over the general noise of the room. It wasn't that quiet at all really.

“Agreements.” He said. “Just had them finished up down below.” He told Jonathan who comprehended him.

“Oh right.” Jonathan said. “That was fast.”

“You're telling me.” Harry said mildly. “Have you ever seen one of your magical lawyers write something up?” He asked, genuinely curious if the younger man had witnessed anything like he had while in Vincent's office.

“No. I haven't.” Jonathan replied then probably hearing something in Harry's note asked. “Why?”

“It's quite a sight.” Harry told him and slid over the folders to Jonathan's side of the desk. “I expected to have them done in a couple of days after he'd had the time to write them up but bloody hell.” Harry said. “It was done in eight minutes and the device for writing them up and copying was mental.” He said then shook himself. “Anyway, here's one for you and one for Rob.” Harry said.

Jonathan looked like he might want to ask more about the agreement making process but let it drop and picked up the folders to look inside.

“You can look them over, give Rob's to him and if you're still happy with the terms then you can come find me and arrange a time for us to all sit down and sign them.” Harry said.

Jonathan nodded at this.

“Make sure to bring the agreements with you, Vincent said that once they're completed and signed that they'll split into two. A copy for me and a copy for you.” Harry told the young man. “If you sign
that is.” He added quickly.

Jonathan nodded again but spoke this time.

“I’ll look over them today, I don’t know if we’ll be ready to sign them today because I’ll have to get in touch with Rob but I’ll let you know as soon as I know if he is happy with them.” Jonathan said to him.

“You don’t have to rush, this place seems pretty busy.” Harry said. “Just remember that I want to have everyone signed up so that the agreements are ready to begin for the new year.”

“I remember.” Jonathan said. “And thank you for getting them to me so fast, I am still a bit surprised.” He admitted.

“So am I.” Harry said with a small smile.

Jonathan looked around the room a little, Harry noticed a couple of people turn away hurriedly to hide that they had been watching. He knew the younger man was nervous at all their onlookers.

“I wonder what they think is going on?” Harry asked, a little amused.

“I don’t even want to attempt to guess what they’re thinking.” Jonathan said. “I heard some people saying your name so I stood up to see what was going on...” Jonathan trailed off seeming to think Harry might be annoyed by this.

“Don’t worry about it.” Harry said. “I’ve been ignoring people’s whispers about me for years.” He told the younger man. “Though, by the end of the day, you’ll probably hear rumours about yourself too now.” Harry warned.

“What do you mean?” Jonathan asked him.

“You know, the usual nonsense.” Harry said with a grin. “We’ll either be mortal enemies or the best of friends and there will be twenty witnesses that no one can find who swore they saw us either duelling it out or getting drunk in here.” Harry said.

Jonathan grinned back a little as if despite himself.

“I hope no one thinks we're enemies otherwise they'll avoid me like the plague.” He said.

“We'll have to be best friends then.” Harry said and looked around covertly to be sure that they were still being watched. “I suppose we'd better give them a bit of a show.” Harry said

“Play along.” Harry mouthed the words to Jonathan whose eyes went a little wide but he nodded ever so slightly.

Harry threw back his head laughing as if Jonathan had told him a great joke and stood up.

“You're one of a kind Jonathan.” Harry said loudly as the younger man stood up too. “My wife said she can't wait for us all to get together again and have lunch.” He told Jonathan who was doing his best to play along.

“I can't wait either.” Jonathan managed to say.

“Well.” Harry said taking Jonathan's hand and shaking it warmly. “I'll probably see you and your cousin Rob again soon.” Harry said still speaking just loud enough to be overheard by their watchers.
“Just as soon as we get the chance.” Jonathan said, returning Harry’s grip.

“That reminds me.” Harry said. “How’s your father?” He asked it as if yesterday wasn’t the first time he had met Charles, Jonathan’s father but instead as if they were old friends.

“He’s doing well.” Jonathan told him, now doing a good job of playing along.

“That’s good, make sure you give old Charles my regards.” Harry said.

“I will.” Charles agreed.

The two of them released grips and Harry took a step back.

“Well Jonathan.” Harry said. “I’d better get back to work and you had probably better to the same, I know how busy you sometimes get down here.” Harry said, once again making it sound like they spoke about it often.

“We do.” Jonathan said. “It was good to catch up again, Harry.”

“It was.” Harry agreed. “I’ll see you soon.”

“Not if I see you first.” Jonathan said, now enjoying their little performance.

Harry didn’t know if it was overkill or not but he grinned widely and pointed both of his fingers at Jonathan as if to say ‘Oh you.’, as if Jonathan’s words were part of a joke they shared. Jonathan saluted him once and Harry turned to set back through the crowd who were now openly watching and headed back out of the department in search of his own. Knowing that the grin on his face would appear to the others as though he had been glad to catch up with a friend when in reality it was just amusement as their little deception. He would have to remember to ask Jonathan what rumours he heard told about himself, the next time they met.
I Wanted To Be Your First!

Chapter Summary

Harry gets his first official tenant, makes some plans and has an interesting conversation with his caretaker.

When Harry had finished work that day, instead of going back to his house he instead appeared with a crack in the hallway on the top floor of Grimmauld Place. Under one arm were the folders containing the tenant agreements so he used his free hand to knock on Ron’s door. There was a moment in which Harry thought that Ron might not actually be home but then the door opened and Ron came into view.

“Alright, Harry.” Ron said with mild surprise. “What are you doing here?” He asked, having already stepped back to allow Harry to come in.

Harry stepped inside and headed to the sofas.

“I've just finished work.” Harry said. “I've not even been home yet but I've got the finished tenant agreements now.” Harry explained as he set the pile of folders down on the coffee table.

“Oh.” Said Ron who had closed the door and followed Harry. Ron flopped down onto the sofa only a second after Harry had done the same. Then he stood up again having thought of something.

“Give me a second.” Ron told him and dashed up the stairs only to return quickly with a quill and ink pot. “Which one is for me?” Ron asked him nodding at the pile of folders.

Harry opened two of them before he found Ron's and slid it over to him.

“That's the one.” Harry said as Ron opened it up and looked inside. Harry expected Ron to read through it but instead Ron's eyes moved over most of the writing to come to a stop where the blank areas were, the parts that needed to be filled in and signed.

“So, I sign here and put in the date for the first of next year?” Ron asked him, already opening the ink pot.

“Aren't you going to read it first?” Harry asked him.

“Nah.” Ron said, dipping the end of his quill into the ink. “No point.”

“What if it says that you have to wash my feet once a week and throw me a birthday party every month?” Harry said.

Ron grinned at him.

“Then I feel sorry for you, because you'll have to put up with me trying to throw you a birthday party from Hogwarts and I don't even want to think about touching your smelly feet.” Ron told him.

“I suppose.” Harry said as Ron began to fill in the date before moving onto signing his name.

“There.” Ron said. “Your turn now.” He pushed the open folder towards Harry, then offered him the
quill and ink pot.

Harry took them, filled in the things that he needed to fill in before finishing it with his signature. Harry offered the quill back to Ron when the parchment changed. For a moment it looked like the entire parchment had been roughly rumpled up and someone had attempted to straighten it then a second later it was back to normal. Both he and Ron were looking at it and Harry reached over to it, brushing a thumb over the edge of the parchment he found a second piece of parchment under it as he had suspected.

“What was that about?” Ron asked, taking the quill from Harry and then closing the ink pot.

Harry didn't answer right away but instead used his newly free hands to pull away the parchment to reveal the exact copy that was resting under it. With a flourish, Harry proffered the parchment in his hand to Ron.

“Your copy of the tenant's agreement, sir!” He said grandly.

Ron took it with a grin.

“Thanking you, Mr Landlord, sir!” He said in the same tone. Ron looked over his copy of the agreement briefly, before standing up again. “I think I'll go put this somewhere safe now before I lose it.” Ron told him.

“Probably a good idea.” Harry agreed, feeling quite pleased that he had just signed up his first official tenant. As Ron went back upstairs, Harry arranged the remaining folders neatly into a pile rather than leaving them sprawled over Ron's nice coffee table then sat back on the comfortable leather sofa, his hands behind his head. Ron reappeared and headed to the kitchen.

“So.” Harry called over to his best friend. “Have you gotten used to this place yet?” He asked.

“Honestly.” Ron said. “Not really, it still hard to remember that everything is mine.” He said out of Harry's view in the kitchen. “But like, it feels like I'm staying in a really expensive hotel or something. I have to keep reminding myself that I don't have to pack up my things and leave at the end of the week.”

“Do you like the place though?” Harry asked.

“Yeah.” Ron said, appearing from the kitchen with two glasses. “I really do, mate. This place is fantastic.” He said smiling.

Harry smiled back, pleased and accepted the glass Ron offered to him. Ron sat back down and raised his glass to Harry, Harry clinked his own against it and Ron spoke.

“To my new landlord!” He said.

“My new first tenant!” Harry said back and the two of them drank.

“That's right.” Ron said. “I am the first official tenant aren't I?”

“Yeah.” Harry said. “In fact you're the only official tenant for now but I'm going to pop downstairs to give Jessica the agreements for her flat and the offices.” Harry told Ron.

“Well, I'll be the only tenant for a while longer then.” He said.
“But you'll always be the first.” Harry pointed out.

“That's true.” Ron agreed. “Are you going to send the other agreements to that Jonathan and uh-?”

“Rob.” Harry reminded.

“Rob.” Ron said and looked as if he was actually committing it to memory this time.

“I already gave them to Jonathan today at work.” Harry said. “He told me that he'd look through them once he got the chance and that he'd have to find his cousin after work tonight so he could look over his own.” Harry explained. “He said if they were both happy with them then they would come find me and we’d sign their agreements together.”

“Ah.” Ron said. “You think they'll sign? Ginny seemed to think it was a sure thing.” Ron said.

“I think they might.” Harry admitted. “But I've made it clear that they don't have to sign if they don't want to, I'm not pressuring them into anything so they still might not yet.” He told Ron.

“But you think they will though.” Ron said.

“I think so.” Harry said.

“That's good.” Ron said. “You'll go from two tenants and a third running a business to five in total.” Ron pointed out.

“I know.” Harry said still slightly amazed by the idea. “Me. A bloody landlord to five people.” He said.

Ron snorted. “We must all be right idiots.” Ron said.

“Probably.” Harry agreed. “Hopefully I won't mess anything up.”

“There are still five more flats to go after that too.” Ron reminded him.

“I know.” Harry said with almost a groan and Ron just grinned.

“Have you thought about how you're going to get the rest of them filled up?” Ron asked.

Harry shook his head. “Not really, not in any way that will be any use.” Harry said. “I'm going to have to wait until the rest of the flats are done really before I start advertising for people to come look at the place.”

“Well, I'm sure you'll get people wanting them.” Ron reassured him.

“I hope you're right.” Harry said.

The two of them talked for a while, Harry told Ron all about the event that his tenant agreement was created in. He seemed to dislike the device on principle as Harry explained it's spider-like qualities. The two of them chatted for a while longer, had another drink before Harry stood up collecting his folders.

“I'll pop down to Jessica's flat.” Harry said. “Then I'll see if I can manage to get home.”

“As your best tenant, I demand you get a caretaker for this place.” Ron told him in an important voice. “These hallways are a shambles and I've been choking on all the dust!” He cried.
“Stuff it.” Harry said and the two of the grinned.

Ron opened the door for Harry who stepped out into the perfectly spotless hallway and turned back to Ron.

“We'll have to go out one night this week after work.” Harry said.

“Yeah.” Ron agreed. “Maybe we should invite Dean and make a proper night of it.” Ron said.

“That's a good idea.” Harry said. “Maybe we should ask George too.” He said remembering that George had asked to be invited out with them one night.

“Yeah.” Ron said looking pleased with the idea. “I'll ask Bill as well, we'll all go on a pub crawl.” Ron said grinning at the idea. Harry thought it sounded like trouble waiting to happen but the kind of trouble they would all thoroughly enjoy.

“Lads night out?” He asked grinning in return.

“Lads night out.” Ron agreed. “I'll see who else I can get, what about Wednesday?” Ron asked.

“Why Wednesday?” Harry wondered.

“Because it's Christmas on Friday, Christmas Eve on Thursday, tomorrow is a bit short notice so it'll have to be Wednesday and even then everyone will probably have to finish work first.” Ron explained.

“Well, Wednesday is my last day at work until after Christmas. Some of the other's might already be off for Christmas so we might be in luck.” Harry said.


“Split the difference.” Harry suggested.

“Half-six then.” Ron said. “We'll meet in The Leaky Cauldron first then once we're all there we'll move on to wherever...”

“Half-six, The Leaky Cauldron, Wednesday after work.” Harry said.

“Exactly.” Ron said. “I'll let you know if it's any different.”

“Alright.” Harry agreed. “You think you'll be able to get anyone to actually show up?”

“I'll give it a shot.” Ron said and Harry nodded.

“Alright, if I don't see you before then, I'll see you on Wednesday.” Harry said.

“See ya later, landlord.” Ron said

Later, tenant.” Harry said and as Ron closed the door he turned and headed to the stairs.

Harry managed to get down to the ground floor without dropping any of the folders, he paused for a moment a little out of breath then knocked on Jessica's flat door. Harry noticed that the frosted glass door of Thomas & Thomas were dark on the inside so he presumed they were closed for the night and the place was empty. Though he thought that it was possible someone might have been down in the basement workshop.
Jessica's door opened and she seemed surprised to see him there.

“Harry.” She said. “What are you doing here?” She asked with an enquiring smile.

“Got the tenant agreements.” Harry explained, still holding the pile of folders.

“Oh!” She said excitedly. “Come in!”

She stepped back to allow him room to move past her and he entered Jessica's flat. She closed the door behind him and followed him as he walked through to her spacious living room. Harry had been here just yesterday afternoon and he was still struck by how nice her place looked. Though it shouldn't have been surprising that Jessica's flat was well decorated since she was a professional at it.

“I've got your agreement here and I've got the one for Thomas & Thomas too.” Harry said, setting the pile of folders down on a table. He began to open a few of them looking for the right ones as he spoke. “I don't know if you're just going to hand that one off to Dean for him to deal with or go over it with him but I thought I'd give it to you while I'm giving you the one for this place.” He explained having found both of the ones he needed.

“This.” Harry said handing one folder to Jessica. “Is the one for Thomas & Thomas.”. Jessica took the folder from him and was about to open it up to look inside when she stopped as he offered her another. “And this is for you personally.” Harry finished.

Jessica took both of the folders, placing her personal one on top and opening it up to look inside.

“I've already given Ron his and he's already signed it.” Harry said. “And Jonathan has his and his cousin Rob's to look over, I think they'll be going over them together round about now.”

“Aww!” Jessica said with a false annoyance. “I wanted to be your first!” She said with a glint in her eye, the double meaning obvious.

“That ship has sailed.” Harry said, which was a reply to both of the meanings. He smiled a little as Jessica grinned wickedly.

“I believe so.” Jessica said. “Or so your wife hinted at.” She said casually.

“Oh?” Harry asked curiously. “What exactly did she hint at?”

“Oh nothing much.” Jessica said. “Just that she said a few things during our shopping trip.” Still in that casual tone as she looked down at the open folder she was holding.

“What kind of things?” Harry asked her, wanting to know what his wife had been up to.

“Nothing all that specific.” Jessica said lightly. “Just a few comment here and there that makes me think a thing or two about your both.” She said.

“And what exactly is it that you think you might know?” Harry asked her carefully.

Jessica didn't answer right away, she thought for a moment choosing her words. “Just that the two of you don't always end up home together alone at night.” Jessica said, she was pretending to read the agreement but her eyes kept flicking up to look at Harry.

“My wife says a lot of things.” Harry said non-committally. “And she likes to tease.”

“So she was just teasing me?” Jessica asked and though her tone was still trying to be casual, Harry
could tell she really wanted an answer from him.

“If the two of you keep flirting with each other, you'll probably end up finding out for yourself.”

Harry said.

Jessica bit her lower lip in an effort not to smile at his words.

“And you don't have a problem with that?” She asked.

“I don't have a problem with it so long as she isn't making you uncomfortable.” He said carefully.

“She isn't.” Jessica said a little too quickly to pull off her casual tone and pretend reading. “I just thought you might object to your wife trying to seduce an innocent young woman.” She said unable to keep herself from smiling a little as her eyes watched only him now.

“Well.” Harry said, picking up the rest of his folders. “Usually I'm already in the room waiting that she drags the theoretical young women into.” He said. “So it's not like I miss out.”

Jessica looked like she wanted to ask him a thousand questions and at the same time like she wanted to ask him if he was busy this evening. Harry just gave her a look with a small smile and stood up with his folders.

“I'll let you look over those in your own time, when you and Dean are ready to sign them let me know and we'll sign them together.” Harry said to Jessica who seemed surprised that he was leaving. “I'll see myself out.” He told her. “I wouldn't want to linger in here, the neighbours might think I was taking advantage of an innocent young woman.” He said throwing her words back at her with a smile.

“Goodnight Jessica, I hope to see you soon.” He said, turning his back to her and walking out of the room, a grin on his face.

“Goodnight...” He heard her say behind him and he walked out of her flat, closing the door behind him before vanishing.
Harry and Ginny have the house to their selves and Ginny decides to play a familiar game they both enjoy.

(explicit sex, rape/force roleplay)

Harry appeared in his entrance hall with a crack. He kicked off his shoes and headed up the stairs with his folders under his arm and calling out.

“Gin?” He yelled and when he had reached the top of the stairs and turned right to head to his office he heard a reply come from back downstairs.

“Office!” He yelled explaining where he was going and continued to it.

Harry entered his home office, flicking on the lights and he set down his pile of folders on his desk.

He looked through the folders, still standing until he found the one that was a regular agreement that also contained Ron's signed agreement and his drafts.

Plucking his copy of Ron's agreement out of it and his drafts, he found another folder from one of the filing cabinets and was putting Ron's signed agreement into it when Ginny entered his office.

“You're home late.” She said.

“I was busy securing your brother as my first official tenant.” He told her.

“You got the agreements?” She asked sounding pleased as he moved further into the office to look down at his desk.

“I did.” Harry confirmed. “Ron signed already and this.” He said holding up the folder that contained Ron's agreement. “Is my copy of it.”

He turned and walked over to a large fine looking cabinet and knelt down to open one of the cupboard drawers at the bottom of it. As the door opened instead of a shelf with various office related items on it there was instead a very dark safe.

The safe was a very dark grey, almost black but you noticed it wasn't actually black when you looked closely at it to see that it was covered in very thin runes and protective markings that were actually black.

Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out his keys, pressing an odd looking piece of metal to the front of the safe, he moved it in what looked like random movements over the metal of the safe then as a small click was heard he pulled it away from the dark surface.

Opening up the safe Harry placed the new folder with Ron's agreement inside it, on top of the small money box of keys. There were other things inside the safe and it was quite a bit large inside that it seemed like it should have been.

There were a few bags of gold, some other folders than contained other important documents and quite a few boxes of different sizes.
Harry closed the door of the safe and there was another click as it locked itself.

“These look really nice.” Ginny said behind him and he turned to see her with an open folder in her hands. “Really neat and good quality.” She commented almost to herself.

“They are.” Harry said moving back over to his desk that his wife was leaning against as she read.

“I dropped off a couple to Jonathan at work today, he’s going to look over them with Rob.” He said as he collected up the remaining folders besides the one Ginny was holding. “I also stopped by Jessica's to give her hers and one for Thomas & Thomas.” He said casually as he turned with the folders and moved over to a filing cabinet.

“We had a pretty interesting exchange while I was there.” He said opening the cabinet up and placing the folders inside.

“What about?” Ginny asked behind him and he knew by her tone she was interested.

He turned back around and moved towards her to gently take to last folder from her hands. “Well.” Harry said. “A little about you, about some things you might have mentioned during your shopping trip with Jessica.” He said turning again to return to the open cabinet. “What she thinks you might have implied.” Harry said still keeping his tone casual.

“What did she say?” Ginny asked him.

“Well, I asked her what it was she thought she might know about us.” Harry said. “And she told me that she thought that you and I might not come home alone sometimes.” He said placing the last folder into the cabinet before closing it and turning back to his wife.

“I said that you like to tease.” He told Ginny. “And she wanted to know if that's all it was.”

“What did you tell her?” Ginny almost demanded, wanting to know what he had said.

“I said that if the two of you kept flirting the way you had been that she would probably find out.” He said pulling out his chair and sitting in it. He reached onto his desk to gather up his drafts, shuffling them up and rearranging them just so his hands would have something to do.

“What did she do?” Ginny wanted to know, now desperate to hear anything that came out of his mouth.

“Oh, she wondered if I was alright with my wife trying to seduce innocent young women.” He said. “Her words, not mine. I told her that as I'm usually already waiting in the room my wife drags these young women into that I don't exactly miss out on anything.” He said, having arranged the drafts into a neat pile, he pulled open a drawer on his desk and placed them into it.

“Then what?” Ginny demanded of him.

“Then what?” Harry said his tone maddeningly casual still. “Well, I give her a smile and told her that once she was done with the agreements that I hoped to see her soon. I said goodnight and that I'd see myself out in case the neighbours started whispering about me being alone with an innocent young woman.” Harry said. “Then I came home.”

Harry looked up at his wife who was looking excited, slightly annoyed that he had played with her during his retelling and looking like she might want to nip at him for it.

“I think.” Harry said slowly. “That in five minutes I'm going to go to our bedroom.” He said looking
his wife directly in the eyes. “And that I'll be very annoyed if I don't find a beautiful woman on the bed without her clothes on.” He said and Ginny grinned that wicked grin of hers, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

“I guess I'll have to see what I can do about that.” She said.

Harry looked away from her and pretended to be looking for something in one of his desk drawers, making it clear that this was her queue to exit his office.

She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek and left the room quickly.

Harry checked his watch the moment she left the room and began to count down in his head.

Five minutes later, Harry stood up and left his office, flicking the light off as he left the room.

He walked down the hall to his bedroom and opened the door.

He stepped inside and found Ginny, standing on their large bed, still fully clothes holding a pose.

Harry took a few more steps into the room watching her and Ginny pointed her wand at herself and her clothes rippled then began to melt from her.

They moved down her posed body revealing her naked form as they bled down to pool around her feet. Harry watched his wife holding still for him, her beautiful skin now bared for him and he drank her in.

It was this he decided later that was the reason that he didn't notice when his wife's wand flicked up at him, he was too distracted looking at her beautiful breasts and long legs so when the brief flash of light blinded him it was the first he realised that he had been hit with a spell.

Harry was on his back on their bedroom floor, his left leg was jerking and kicking wildly.

He was Ginny grin hugely, run over their bed and with a cackle she jumped off it and ran through the open door completely naked.

Harry managed to get his wand out and point it at his leg, undoing the jinx and listening to the sound of his wife laughing as she ran away from him in their house.

Harry got up from the floor, sighed but then grinned to himself.

They had played this game before, and now the chase was on.

He ran from the bedroom in search of his mischievous wife, evidently she wanted to play tonight.

Harry had no objections, he would capture her and then she would be his to do with as he pleased.

Harry turned the way he had seen her run and for a split second caught a glimpse of a pale foot disappearing down the stairs, he ran down the hall in that direction.

When he was almost at the stairs, he heard the slapping sound of bare feet running over the stone floor of the entrance hall. When he got to the top of the stairs, he saw only an open door to the right of the entrance hall that led into the library.

Running down the stairs, his wand still in his hand he ran into the library to find it empty but the door on the other side of the room was open. It led into the formal lounge that they never used unless they had important or new visitors.

He ran into the lounge to find it empty as well, the door on the other side of it open once again.

Thinking that Ginny was not stupid and that she wouldn't just keep trying to run away, knowing that there would be a trick.

He instead didn't pass the through the open door at the other side of the lounge but turned around and ran back through the library and as he was running through he heard slapping feet again and knew he had been right.

As he ran through the open door of the library back out into the entrance hall, he saw his wife running back up the stairs, her bare bottom facing him.

She let out a high yelp as she saw him come out of the library door and he grinned at the sound. She fired a blast of magic at him as she scrambled up the stairs, her wand aiming behind her as she moved.

Harry deflected the spell and moved out of the way of the next but was hit on the ankle by a third, as
he felt his clothing ripple he raised his own wand at her, she was three quarters of the way up the stairs now.
Pointing his wand at her he was not surprised when her wand flew out of her own hand and towards him down below.
He managed to set another spell at her just as she reached the top of the stairs and as his clothes melted into a puddle around his feet, but being wandless she couldn't deflect his spell.
Ginny froze in place at the top of the stairs as Harry, standing in the entrance hall caught her wand, kicked away the pool of his clothing from around his feet and walked up the stairs very slowly.

Ginny was half crouched and half leaned all the way forward, Harry's spell had frozen her mid-scramble just as she had reached the very top of the stairs.
Her legs were still on the stairs but her upper half was on the upper hall.
She was frozen with one hand on the carpeted upper hall, the other hand frozen off the ground mid-movement.
She had one foot on the stairs and again, the other wasn't touching the stairs as it had been caught mid-movement.
As Harry came upon her, he let his finger touch against her sex and as he continued up the stairs, his finger moved over it and between her bare bottom as he went by her.

“Well, well, well.” He said coming to a stop on the upper hall in front of her. He looked down at her below him, her eyes being the only things she could move where looking up at him. “Trying to curse an auror.” He said lightly. “Very bad.” He shook his head and using her own wand which he held in his other hand pointed it at her.
She moved by his will, her body moved itself up the rest of the way onto the upper hall around behind him away putting him between his wife and the stairs.
She came to stand perfectly still in front of him as he turned out.

“Just think, you could have had a lovely evening but instead you decided to try and escape me.” He said with mock sadness. Ginny didn't reply, she couldn't.

Harry circled her, one of his hands running over her breast as he did so then over her backside as he moved behind her.

“I guess I'll just have to take what I want.” He said, letting his lips speak right next to her ear. “And there isn't anything you can do to stop me.” He said moving back around to stand before her.
Though she had no expression at all on her face, her eyes were still her own and they gleamed out at him. He knew if she had control of her own face she would either be grinning at him or trying to provoking him into something.

“Hmm.” Harry said, with a contemplative tone as he looked her up and down.
He tossed her wand to his left, letting it land carelessly on the carpet and pointed his own wand at her.

“I think I know how we'll start off.” He said and she dropped to her knees before him. His naked body standing and his half erect cock inches from her face. With a flick of his wand Ginny had control of her head again, as she opened her mouth to suck in some air he moved himself into her mouth. He left her breathing shift from her now full mouth to her nose and she sucked him hungrily.

“Mmm.” Harry let out as he enjoyed the feel of her around him, unable to use the rest of her body it was up to Harry to move. He let his hips rock back and forth gently at first letting himself become fully hard between her lips.
He looked down to see his shaft glistening he moved in and out of her.
He let his hips move a little more pushing himself deeper into her mouth he did this for probably no more than a minute before he put his free hand on her head, gripping her hair roughly and began to
move his hips with more force.
He pushed himself into her throat several times before pulling back to allow her to suck him. He did
this again and once more before he pushed himself all the way inside her and held there.
A few seconds went by, his hard length completely inside her before he pulled back out and she
gasped in air.

Ginny pulled in her breath looking up at him as she did so.
Harry grinned down at her.

“Enjoying yourself?” He asked lightly.

“Fuck you.” She said back with a grin of her own, still breathing hard.

Harry smiled wider.

“Not just yet.” He said and pointed his wand at her.

Ginny stood up, her body standing tall then she moved her feet further apart before bending her
upper half forwards very low.
Harry walked around behind her and he could see her face between her own legs looking up to
watch him.
He reached a hand forward and ran his fingers over her now wet sex, pulling them up as if to
examine his fingers in better light.

“Hmm.” He said thoughtfully. “Looks like you are enjoying yourself.” He said.

“That's what you'd like to think.” Ginny said to him.

“It doesn’t matter anyway, I'm going to get what I want.” He said. “But I don't think you should be
enjoying it so much.” He said.

He pulled back a hand and slapped her bare bottom hard.

Ginny gasped.

Harry did it again, smacking his palm down on her other cheek.
He brought his hand down again and again, until he heard Ginny cry out.
He moved his fingers roughly over her sex again and she let out a little moan of pleasure.

“You seem to be enjoying this too.” He said, he stepped closer to her let his hard length slide up
between her exposed rear end as he spoke again. “It would be so easy to just fuck you here, there
isn't anything you can do about it. You can't even fight back, not that you seem to want to.” He
added.
He stepped back a little, handing his cock in his hand and he rubbing the broad head over her wet
sex, between her shining folds.

“It's not even a challenge.” He said as he pushed at her opening a little before pulling back. He
moved himself to her rear entrance and pushed a little there too. “Anything I want to do to you.” He
said.
He stepped back and touched his wand to her small tight anus, the tip of it against her. A colourless
liquid began to seep from the want tip onto her and he pushed the narrow tip of is wand into her. She
made a small sound and Harry stopped his wands forward movement about an inch inside her and
turned it.
This made her push back against it against her will, by his command pushing the wand deeper inside
her as it seeped it's liquid into her.
Harry pulled the wand from her quickly and she made another small sound.

In this game she would try to keep from showing any enjoyment of anything he did to her, she would fight and resist him in any way she could normally but having caught her so soon and taken control of her, she couldn't do anything.

Harry knew this would be both frustrating for her as she really enjoyed putting up a fight and forcing him to be very rough and he knew that it would also excite her being at his mercy.

He flicked his wand again and Ginny stood up.

He walked around to her front again and spoke.

“Are you still enjoying this?” He asked her.

“Never.” She lied firmly and he grinned.

He stepped close, pressing his naked body against hers and reached his free hand behind her.

He took a firm grip of her bottom and squeezed it while he watched her face.

He thought she might have wanted to close her eyes but managed to keep them open, though she could keep her face blank as she liked for now she could do nothing to hide the excitement in her eyes.

Harry moved his wand again and she arched herself, pushing her rear out while he held one of her cheeks and her back bending to hold it in place.

He let his finger slide down between her buttocks and rub her slick anus.

Ginny wasn't like Hermione, while she enjoyed being played with here she had other preferences and the other difference was that Harry didn't have to take his time with Ginny.

She loved the pain that came with hard pleasure so he didn't hesitate to push a finger inside her roughly.

She gasped, her face so close to his that he could have touched her lips with his tongue if he wanted to. He watched her closely as he worked his finger back and forth inside her, her eye lids tried to flutter closed once before she spoke and Harry thought it was to try distract herself.

“You can't make me enjoy it.” She said in a defiantly tone, though both of them knew this was a lie. She was just playing their game.

“Really?” Harry asked her softly and forced another finger inside her, when she cried out he pressed his mouth over hers and kissed her roughly, his tongue moving inside her mouth and her own moving with his, unable to to anything else as he took her mouth.

He moved his fingers around inside her, he curled them inside and moved his wrist with a little force and was pleased at the sound that moved from her mouth into his own.

He pulled his mouth from hers, he shifted his hips back slightly, then moved them up and forwards. He cock pressed against her sex as he did this, then the forward movement made it glide between her legs leaving the top of his shaft against her.

His two fingers still in her rear, his cock pressed over her wet folders, he moved his wand again and her hips rocked back and forth slowly.

His face was right in front of hers, each of their breathes washing over the others.

He looked eyes with her, watching her as he forced her to move herself.

Several times her eye lids fluttered as if she was trying not to close them, her breath increased against him and he took her lips with his own once more.

When she eventually let a groan slip out and into his mouth he pulled himself from her completely, letting his fingers exit her rear, his length slide over her once more as he stepped back and she gasped in air as their lips broke apart.
Not giving her the chance to catch her breath, he flicked his wand again and Ginny let out a surprised sound as she found herself dropping first back down to her knees then onto her hands too. She turned herself away from the stairs and began to crawl on hands and knees down the corridor, it had to be uncomfortable as Harry made sure that she kept her firm buttocks pressed up as he forced her to slowly move down the hall.

“You're enjoying this aren't you?” She growled back at him.

Harry laughed, stopping her with another flick of the wand. He set his foot against her raised bottom and with a push of his leg and a flick of the wand she fell forwards onto the carpeted hall.

“Ohf.” She let out.

She growled again at him and swore. Harry had her get back onto her knees, rest her elbows down on the ground and push her bottom up. He brought his palm down hard on her and the skin there already sore for his earlier attentions she cried out right away.

Knowing that when she felt his palm move away from her red bottom she would be expecting a second blow, he instead roughly forced two fingers into her wet sex and curled them inside her. She cried out first in surprised then groaned at the sensation.

“I knew you were enjoying yourself too much.” Harry said.

“Never!” She cried then moaned again as he moved his fingers around inside her.

“Maybe I'll just take you here in the hall.” He said in a musing tone, he pulled out of her and flicked his wand again. Ginny rolled herself onto her back and her legs pushed open wide. She was breathing heavily as she looked up at him, fire in her eyes as he stood looking down at her as she exposed herself for him.

“I think I have a better idea first though.” He said, he flicked his wand one more and she returned to her hands and knees. “Follow me, slut.” He said to her as he turned his back on her and headed down the hall in the other direction.

Ginny moved along behind him on the ground, when they reached where her wand had been tossed. He stopped and flicked his wand, Ginny's face moved down to it.

“Pick it up, with your teeth.” He said again and she opened her mouth and set her teeth on her wand.
Harry flicked his wand again and she continued to walk on all fours, her wand between her teeth as he turned away from her and continued down the hall.

He used his wand to unlock the door to the playroom and walked inside leaving the door open behind him. He moved to the comfortable chair and sat down in it and watch Ginny slowly crawl into the room on her hands and knees. She moved directly in front of him, between his open legs. Harry still controlling her with his wand make her push up onto her knees, lean over his crotch and drop her wand onto his hard sex. He kept her there only moving her face a little further down.

“Kiss it.” He commanded and Ginny's lips pressed against his shaft. She kissed the hardness covered by soft skin before sucking against it. Harry ran the fingers of his free hand through her long red hair as she did and he released control of her head entirely again so that she could move her neck and position her face a little better. He picked up her wand and set it down on a side before moving his hand to his hard cock and positioning himself so that she could take him into her mouth once more. She did, sucking the broad head of his cock with hunger. Licking over him, sealing her lips tightly before dragging them over him.

He let himself enjoy this for a moment before another movement of his wand moved her from him, she stood up before him. He flicked his hand again, giving her back control of her body completely all except for her legs. She shifted herself slightly, flexing and relaxing the muscles that she had be denied to will to move on her own. Harry simply watched her. When she looked at him and demanded.

“Well?” She asked. “What are you going to do to me now, you bastard!”

He only smiled. “Me?” He asked innocently. “I'm not going to do anything to you, you're going to do plenty to yourself.” He informed her.

“I hate you!” She said dramatically.

“That's good.” He told her. “I'm going to enjoy you struggling when I fuck you later.” He said.

He flicked his wand once more and her legs turned her away from him. Her legs moved her across the room to one of the display cabinets and stopped her in front of it.

“Pick something.” Harry said. “I'll let you decide but you had better pick something that you think I'll enjoy watching otherwise, I'll change to choose.” He told her. “And if I choose, you won't like what I pick.” He warned.

“What are you going to do?” She asked him.

“I haven't decided yet.” He said. “Well, I haven't decided where it might end up so choose wisely.” He didn't try to look to see what she chose, he heard her moving some things around and when she stopped he spoke again.

“Have you picked something?” He asked her but she didn't answer him.
“If you haven’t made up your mind then I guess I will have to-” He started.

“I’ve picked something you sick bastard.” She growled back at him.

“That’s good.” He said. “You should have just said so.”

He flicked his wand at her again and she turned. Harry saw she was holding a very average sized toy in her hands, it looked as though she had covered it with the liquid from one of the bottles inside the cabinet.

Harry shook his head.

“That is much too small.” He told her. “You disappoint me.”

Another flick of his wand and she was facing the cabinet again.

“Something bigger.” He commanded. “And I'll even let you lubricate it too, I'm not a complete monster.” He said lightly.

“You're so kind” She practically spat at him, her back turned to him.

When her movements had once again stopped, he turned her around to reveal she now held a larger toy in her hands. It certainly wasn't the biggest but it was closer to the size of his own length.

“That's better.” He said and flicked his wand once more. “Now come here.”

Ginny walked back over to him, came to a stop between his legs once more. She was then turned around and went back down to her knees again.

Harry directed her to lean forwards and once she was in a position that gave him a clear view of her entire rear, another flick of his wand brought the one hand that was holding the toy back up behind her to stop.

He flicked his wand once more and she moved the tip of the toy to her wet sex.

He gave her back the freedom to move herself once more, save that her legs remained under his control.

“Fuck yourself.” He told her.

She growled but she moved the toy over her wetness several times before she began to push it into herself. She worked slowly, knowing he was watching her and enjoying himself.

When she got the thick toy inside about a quarter of the way, he flicked his wand again moving her hand and she plunged the toy deep inside her, almost all the way in.

Ginny screamed and then moaned, Harry could see her core flexing and relaxing as she adjusted around the roughly invading toy.

Then Harry returned her arm to her own control.

“How does it feel knowing that I'll be using you like this soon enough.” Harry said.
“F-fuck you.” Ginny tried but she was trying to stifle her own pleasure to make it sound convincing. Harry sat up and leaned down, he pushed a finger into her anus slowly and Ginny moaned as she continued to dagger herself. Harry pulled out and then pushed back inside with another, pulling another moan from her.

“Speed up.” He commanded her and she obeyed. Her hand moved faster, the skin of her hand making a small slapping sound as it make into contact with the rest of her. She drove the toy in with force and pulled it back quickly to drive back in again. Harry moved his own fingers inside her other hole making sure that as she filled her core by her own hand, he pushed his fingers into her at the same time.

Ginny kept pulling in ragged breathes before eventually small moans came out, more frequent and then growing in volume.

“That's it.” Harry told her in a low voice. “Fuck your tight pussy while I play with your little ass.” He said and her moaning picked up even more. She always enjoyed dirty talk. When Harry thought she might be on the verge of reaching her climax, he pulled himself from her behind, took a hold of the toy from her and moved it hard into her. He didn't pause as she cried out but instead, pulled it back and drove it back down harder, then faster, then with as much speed as he could. She screamed and Harry saw her core clench around the toy invading her, he drove it back into her one last time holding it inside her and he moved it, twisting it and turning the toy so it moved around inside.

He held the toy inside her as she spend her orgasm, face down and her rear up exposed to him. He watched as the muscles of her back and shoulders moved, trying to force her lower half to move, to arch, to push herself back more but without success as he still controlled those parts of her. Slowly, ever so slowly she came back down from her pleasure. Breathing loudly and Harry slid the toy out of her core, pulling a groan from her.

He let her stay there, just breathing as he sat back in the chair to watch. He tossed the toy to one side and kept his wand ready in his other hand for when he thought she would be ready to be moved once more.
A Chance At Freedom.

Chapter Summary

The game continues.

(explicit sex, rape/force roleplay)

When he thought Ginny had recovered enough he flicked his wand once more and she was forced to her feet, facing away from him. He had her hands move out hand low but a little away from her body, she stepped backwards once and then once more, falling back onto him. Her hands by his will settled down on the arms of the chair as she half sat and half lay on him.

“I think I'd like you to move that bottom of yours on my lap.” He told her, a twist of his wand moving her hips on him, as if she needed to have the throbbing cock she was sitting on pointed out to her.

“You can have your body back for now, but your hands will stay on the arms of the chair.” He said. “Don't disappoint me, I expect you to do a good job.” He told her.

“You're disgusting.” She told him, though she was still a little out of breath as she spoke the words.

“You're not doing what I told you to.” He pointed out and she began to move.

She moved her hips from side to side until his shaft came to rest between her buttocks. When he was firmly held there, she began to move her hips up and down, gliding him between her. She leaned forwards slightly, her hands still forced to remain on the arms of the chair but it gave her a little more leverage to push against him with a little more pressure. Harry let his free hand move up and down the smooth pale skin of her back as she moved over him, he then moved it onto her side to slide up and down her moving hips and waist. When she pushed back against him hard, he pushed upwards a little too enjoying the feel of her on him. He eventually moved his hand around to her front to let his fingers come to stop around her neck.

Harry pulled her backwards so she lay against him and he held her by the throat as she moved and ground her behind on him. Harry flicked his wand and Ginny pushed her hips up, moving herself off him enough to allow him to reach down and take himself in his hand. He positioned himself outwards and flicked his wand moving her back down, he length gliding over her wetness and nestling between her thighs. She didn't need to be told to keep them pressed tightly around him as she moved more.

He could feel her breathing change once more as she ground her sex against his hardness, he moved his hand back around to her hair and cupped one of her breasts. He enjoyed the way her body moved in a slightly different way at his touch, she was unable to hide it from him behind against him. Though as they usually did during their game, neither of them mentioned it not wanting to end the game.
He toyed with her nipple, pinching it and rolling it between a finger and thumb and he heard her stifle a sound. He pressed his lips to the side of her neck and heard the half released sound of pleasure once more.

Harry moved his face forwards just enough over her shoulder to peek at hers, he could tell that her eyes were closed. He smiled a little to himself and moved his hand lower not to the junction where her body and legs met but close. He ran his wide palm over the flat tones stomach and a little lower, letting her own movements help with his. He kissed her neck once more and she sighed out a breath of pleasure.

Not wanting their came to end so soon, he flicked his wand once more and hand her pushed herself up from him. She stood with her back to him as he had directed and Harry enjoyed her body breathing for a moment before he moved himself.

“You've been such a good little slut.” He said to her back. “I'm thinking about giving you a chance to escape me.” He told her but she didn't answer him.

“I think.” Harry said standing up and using his wand to direct her to move forwards a head of him. “That I'm going to release you.” He told her back as she led the way out of the playroom and coming to a stop in the hall. “But.” He said moving up close behind her, pressing his hardness to her behind.

“I'm going to give you only one chance, when I release you.” He said close to her ear in a low voice. “I'm going to let you run as fast as you can, and if you can make it all the way to the other end of the hall, to the bedroom then I'll let you go.” He said moving to her other ear as he stood behind her, he let his hand move around to her front and low, his fingers rubbing at the sensitive spot at her core. “But if you don't make it before I can catch you then, I'm going fuck you.” He told her with the edge of a growl in his voice. “I'm not going to use magic on you, I'm going to hold you down and fuck your wet pussy.” He said and was pleased to hear a raggedness to her breath. “I'm going to fuck your little behind too, I'm going to do it and no matter how much you fight or try to stop me, I'm going to cum inside you, use you until I'm done.” He said.

Harry took a step back away from her. He flicked his wand letting her have control over her body once more, she didn't move.

“On the count of three.” He said quietly behind him.

“One.” He spoke and he could see her muscles shift slightly.

“Two.” Her arms moved slightly in preparation, Harry didn't say three straight away but remained silent just long enough to let the tension build.

“Three!” He said and Ginny moved, running forwards.

Harry let his wand fall from his hand and when it hit to carpet, he took that as his own signal to move. He ran fast after her, there was a second in which Harry hadn't quite reached his stride when he thought he might not catch up to her but his longer legs found their rhythm and he began to gain on her.

She had just reached the top of the stairs and she made the mistake of looking behind her to see how far away he was, her eyes widened slightly as one of her feet caught on the edge of the rug that lay over the carpet and Harry grinned. He would have caught up to her in time anyway but her tripping would certainly ensure his capture of her.

He knew it would also annoy her which would make what came next all the more fun for both of
them.

As she tripped forwards, Harry reached her, he put and arm around her waist and pulled her against him as he crashed into the back of her.
The two of them fell forwards and Harry put out his other arm to take the brunt of their fall to the carpeted ground on it for the two of them.
He landed on top of her and she immediately began to struggle as both of then knew she would, as both of them wanted her to.
Harry used his weight on her to keep her pinned down as his free hand moved up to grip one of her wrists. He managed to pull his arm out from under her and move it up to take her other wrist, the hand of which was trying to pry off his other grip.

He pushed a knee between her thighs as she began to kicked them out in an effort to push him off her but her movement only gave him the chance to get other thigh between them and press his knees into the carpet, locking them down in place.
She tried to toss and wriggle to get him off her but instead, Harry pushed his knees apart and opened her legs, he pulled hard on her wrists and after a moment of resistance he managed to force her arms to bend and he pulled them around and back only to be pressed down against the skin of her back.

Harry needed only a couple of seconds to have her wrists held by one of his hands, just long enough for him to use his free hand to reach down between them, take a hold of himself and position his hardness to the wet entrance of her sex.
He didn't push himself inside her, instead he drove his hips down as hard as he could daggering his entire hard and thick cock completely inside her core.

Ginny screamed as he groaned, then her scream turned into a groan to match his own.
He moved his hand back to join his other, he moved her wrists away from her back and pressed them down by the side of her head.
He used his weight on them to readjust his body, sliding himself most of the way out of her before thrusting back down hard.
She screamed again, but this time the groan came sooner to replace the sound.

Harry set himself once more and began to fuck Ginny, very hard.
He used his own muscles to pull himself back but used both his muscles and his weight to drive himself back down.
Over and over until only moans and cries of pleasure came from Ginny's lips, his movements were hard and violent over her.
He drove into her over and over again, occasionally letting himself stay at the deepest he could inside her and roll his hips, moving himself inside her.
Both of them groaned together at this before he returned to driving back into her.

He wasn't sure when he had released her wrists but one of his hands was in her hair, holding a bunch of the red strands in a rough grip, his other was on her waist as he continued to slam himself down.
Ginny's hands were curled into claws, digging into the carpet, her face pressed against it too.
Harry could see the side of her face that was bared to him, her eyes were closed and an expression of pleasure induced agony on it.
The pleasure was building up fast for both of them but there was more he wanted to do to her, his wife, his captive for the moment.

He pulled his hips back and let himself slide out of her, he pushed his hips back forward his wet cock sliding up between her buttocks.
Harry ground himself down on her, sliding over her for a few moments before he pulled himself
He took a hold of his hardness once more and pressed the broad head of his cock to her anus. The combination of the lubrication, his own invasion of her with his fingers and knowing that he didn't have to take his time with her. He breeched her easily and half of him sank inside her.

Ginny screamed and then moaned once more as the plain was washed over by pleasure. Harry pulled himself back before pushing back down making more of him slide inside the tight ring. Back again once more before he pushed back down this time letting his weight follow him as he buried himself completely inside her.

He held himself over her and she held still under him, speared by his entire length, her tight anus gripped around his thickness and his length so very deep inside her body. Harry's eyes were closed as he lay over her, both of them were sucking in air as if they were drowning, he held for a moment before he let his hips begin to rock. He let his knees shift up to either side of her as she lay pinned by him, it allowed him to take hold of her hair once more, is open mouth panting behind her ear as he took his pleasure from her.

He moved his other hand up to her face, his fingers barely touched her lips before her mouth opened and she sucked them. Desperate sounds of hunger and pleasure came from her throat as his hips moved more and more. When he moved them towards her, they moved him up into her with a brutality to them when they moved back from her it was with an ever increasing speed so that he could burying into her all the more quickly.

When he felt himself coming close to releasing, he slowed his pace then pulled out of her arse, the two of them moaning at their shared sensation. He shifted himself off her to one side and pushed her over onto her back, he had barely begun to move back over her before her legs were already opening for him.

He set himself between them and plunged back into her core once more, seething himself completely in her without pause.

She bucked under him, crying out and her wetness squeezed him. Harry thrust back into her hard and felt her squeeze him more, he pulled back and slammed back down into her and continued to drive him in and out of her. He could feel his own release coming and the way her body moved, inside and out he knew that she was going to explode any second. Wanting to spill himself inside her as she reached her peak, he moved ever faster and with more force. He reached a hand up to take a hold of her hair, holding her face in place as his lips crashed down to meet hers, her felt her arms squeezing around him as his hips bucked up into her. They kissed for no longer than five seconds, their tongues hungrily merging before her head pulled back still in his grip and she wailed out her released.

Her hips jerked wildly under him and her core felt like it was trying crush him inside her. He felt her nails digging into his back but he kept smashing his hips down onto hers even as she thrashed wildly as the overwhelming sensations still being forced onto her body as it had already reached it's climax.

Harry jerked his hips up once and then down hard and kept himself inside her as his hot seed spilled into her sex, deep as he could be inside her all the while she was tortured by the overload of pleasure. He bit down on her shoulder hard, her screams so loud that his own half growl and half groan of release was drowned out.

He felt himself stirring around inside her as her body continued to move involuntarily under him. His eyes were closed and he wasn't sure how long he lay there with her. He wasn't even sure when her body stopped moving under him, he only remembered her hands
stroking his sweat soaked hair and her lips touching his face in attempts to kiss him between her gasping breathes.

He lay over her, her legs around him, their bodies pressed against each other the only movement from them was the feel of them both drinking in oxygen.

He was still very much inside her sex, and the bliss that was between them kept both of them in place, neither wanting to be the one to break it.

He managed to move his face to hers to let their lips meet and the two of them kissed each other tenderly, joined by their lust, laying on the upper hall of their home.
Make Sure My Coffee Isn't As Bitter As Your Expression.

Tuesday Harry was sitting in his office at work, he was going over the paperwork for a raid scheduled to take place tomorrow when there was a knock on his door.

“Come in.” Harry called not looking up from his desk as he continued to fill in the form. “What is it?” He asked.

“Um, is this a bad time?” The voice of Jonathan asked and Harry looked up.

“Oh, sorry I thought you were one of mine.” He said. “No, come in, sit down.” He said gesturing to the chair on the opposite side of his desk.

The tall young man stepped into the room and closed the door quietly behind him, he spoke as he took the seat Harry had gestured to.

“We looked over the agreements.” Jonathan said. “Rob and I did, last night.” He clarified.

“And?” Harry asked with interest.

“And they are like you said they would be.” He told Harry. “Nothing hidden or nasty in them and we've decided that we'd like to sign.”

“That's fantastic!” Harry said a smile moving to his face. “Ron, your soon-to-be next door neighbour signed his last night after work.” Harry told Jonathan.

“He did?” Jonathan asked seeming surprised that he wasn't the first to agree to sign, let alone that someone had already signed.

“Yes.” Harry said. “He's my brother-in-law though so he knew how things would be.” Harry explained. “I also gave Jessica the agreements for her place and the one for her and her brothers offices.”

“I see.” Jonathan said. “Did she sign already too?”

Harry shook his head. “No, she needs to go over the Thomas & Thomas agreement with her brother first but I expect they've looked it over already today. Once they're in agreement about it they know to get in touch with me to meet up for the signing.” Harry said. “That's a point, did you have a specific time in mind for you, Rob and I to meet up for your signing?”

“I, well not exactly but we both thought that the sooner the better really.” Jonathan told him and Harry nodded.

“Well I will certainly be glad to have everything signed up and in order, Christmas at the end of the week and stuff.” Harry said and Jonathan nodded this time.

“Do you have any free time this evening after work?” Jonathan asked.

“I do.” Harry said. “You want to meet up tonight?”

“If it's no trouble.” Jonathan said.

“It isn't.” Harry told him. “How about we meet up at Grimmauld Place?” He suggested.
“We can do that, so long as it's after five o'clock some time.” Jonathan told him.

“What about, six o'clock tonight then. We'll meet up at your future flat and get everything signed up.”

“That sounds great.” Jonathan agreed.

“I'll stop by my place before to pick up your keys and if you like I can introduce you to Ron, your neighbour.” Harry offered.

“I'd appreciate the introduction.” Jonathan told him.

“You don't have to worry about Ron.” Harry said with a smile. “He's been my best friend since Hogwarts, he works as a teacher there now and he used to be an auror too.” Harry said. “You could just walk over to his flat, bang on the door and tell him you're moving in next to him and he'd probably just ask you your name then invite you in for a drink. He's the easy going sort.”

“That is good to know.” Jonathan said. “I know who he is obviously since our fathers are friends and of course he's pretty famous in his own right since he was at- Well you know.” Jonathan said a little uneasy at the mention of The Battle of Hogwarts, Harry nodded easily to show he wasn't bothered. “I think I saw him once at the Burrow in passing but we've never actually spoken.”

“Well I'll introduce you and Rob to him tonight.” Harry promised.

“Thanks.” Jonathan said and he seemed to want to ask something else but was unsure if he should.

“Whatever it is you want to ask, just ask Jonathan.” Harry said. “I won't bite your head off.”

“Ah well, you said that the other tenants had moved in already even though most of the haven't signed... Rob and I were just wondering if it would be possible for us-” Jonathan said looking nervous.

“Don't worry about it.” Harry cut in. “You can both move in later tonight if you want, once you've both signed as far as I am concerned your places are yours.” Harry said.

“That is what we were hoping.” Jonathan admitted. “How much more will we owe you for the time up until the agreement officially begins?” He wanted to know.

“Don't worry about that either.” Harry said. “So long as the two of you pay that first month in advance, you can have your places without rent until then. It's not long now until the New Year now anyway.” Harry told him.

“Are you sure?” Jonathan asked. “I don't like to take advantage and Rob cannot stand owing anything to anyone, he is very particular about paying his debts and so am I.”

“Called it a Christmas present.” Harry suggested. “Honestly, I don't mind but if you feel like you need to do something in return you can let anyone know if they are looking for a place that there will be more flats next year once the others are decorated.”

“I can do that.” Jonathan told him quickly. “In fact I think there a number of juniors and even one or two seniors who might be interested in them.” He told Harry.

“Really?” Harry asked him surprised.

“Yes.” Jonathan nodded. “I'm not sure if they are in the price range or if they will even like the place,
though both Rob and I thought it looked great.” He added quickly. “I just know that there are a few who might be interested in at least coming to have a look.”

“Well.” Harry said. “That would be a great help, I've been struggling with how I should go about finding people for the rest of the place.” Harry admitted.

“I will certainly let people know. I'll ask Rob too if there is anyone at his work who might be interested.” Jonathan told him.

Harry held up a hand.

“I don't mean to be offensive but I don't really want any reporters moving into Grimmauld Place.” Harry said. “I know Rob has nothing to do with that side of things and both you and him are friends of the family so I know I can trust you both.” Harry told Jonathan. “But with me being who I am, I just can't take the risk of having a reporter with a reason to get close to me, it's nothing personal it's just something I have to be careful about.” Harry explained.

“I hadn't thought about that.” Jonathan told him slightly surprised at the idea.

“No reason you should have to, but like I said, I have to keep an eye on these kinds of things so if Rob knows anyone who doesn't work for that side of the press and they're a decent person then they're welcome to come look some time next year but none of the other kind if you don't mind.” Harry finished.

“I understand.” Jonathan said nodding. “I'll be sure to make sure whoever I tell about Grimmauld Place is a decent person. No one with a poor reputation or character.” Jonathan assured him.

“I appreciate that Jonathan.” Harry said honestly. “I really do, and besides they'll likely end up as your neighbours so you'll probably want to only tell the good people about it.” He said.

“There is that too.” Jonathan agreed.

“So is there anything else I can do for you?” Harry asked him and the young man shook his head.

“No, that's all I came here for.” He said standing up, Harry stood too and offered his hand to Jonathan who took it and the two of them shook.

“Make sure you remember to bring the agreements with you both tonight.” He reminded.

“I won't forget them.” Jonathan assured him.

“Good man.” Harry said. “I'll see you both later on tonight then.”

“You will, thanks for seeing me.” Jonathan said heading for the door.

“Thanks for giving me your answer so quickly.” Harry said. “Take care and don't work too hard.”

Jonathan gave him a grin at that and with a small wave he left Harry office.

********

That evening after work, Harry had dashed home, briefly and a little excitedly explained his meeting to Ginny and told her that he wasn't sure how long he would be before he finally returned home. She was amused and told him to get going otherwise he would be late. After finding the keys, he gave her a kiss on the cheek and almost ran down the stairs and vanished with a pop before his foot even hit the ground.
He appeared outside Ron's door and knocked on it, a little louder than he intended to in his excitement but it seemed to make Ron answer the door faster.

“You again?” He exclaimed when he had opened the door but he wasn't annoyed and he had already stepped back to let Harry inside.

“Me again.” Harry agreed.

“What is it this time?” Ron asked as Harry walked into Ron's flat and sat on one of the sofas.

“Signing up your new neighbours in-” Harry checked his watch. “About half an hour next door.” He said.

“Blimey.” Ron said. “You don't mess about do you? I went down to speak to Dean earlier to invite him out tomorrow- He's in by the way- And he told me that he and Jess were ready to sign up too.”

“Did he?” Harry asked.

“Yeah.” Ron told him flopping down on the other sofa.

“That's everyone then!” Harry said. “Well, everyone so far. I wonder if he's still downstairs-”

“Nope.” Ron cut in. “He left to go home after I'd spoken with him.” He told Harry.

“Ah well.” Harry said, not too disappointed but he had to admit it would have been nice to have everyone signed up.

“And before you ask, he said that he'd be signing at the same time as Jessica so you'll probably have to wait to get them both.” Ron told him.

“Are you trying to ruin my mood” Harry jokingly accused.

“I'm trying but you're not making it easy.” Ron quipped back.

“Well, I promised your new neighbour that I'd introduce you to them after we'd done the signing.” Harry said.

“Oh great.” Ron said sarcastically. “Thanks, mate.”

“No trouble.” Harry said with a grin.

“Do I have to come sit with you while you're all signing stuff?” Ron asked.

“Nah.” Harry said. “I'll do the signing next door then I'll bring them over here if you like.”

“Alright.” Ron agreed. “I'll get a few drinks out so we can toast to the occasion.”

“Good idea.” Harry said. “Oh, do you have some ink and quills I can borrow to take next door?”

“You don't want much do you?” Ron said as if outraged. “Entertainment, drinks, free ink and quills and having me organise our night out tomorrow.” Ron said. “Maybe I should have read that agreement, I think I missed the part about being your personal assistant.”

“You also missed the part about keeping up moral and service with a smile.” Harry fired at Ron as he was heading up the stairs.
Ron turned to give Harry the most over the top smile he could manage. “Just one moment, sir!” Ron said happily “I'll have your ink and quills in no time at all!”

“That's great Ronda!” Harry said as if Ron were his secretary. “Then I'll have a coffee.”

Harry heard Ron calling him names as he disappeared up the stairs and he grinned.

Ron returned a moment later with a small ink pot and three quills. He set them down on the coffee table and gave Harry a look.

“Make sure my coffee isn't as bitter as your expression.” Harry said and Ron threw a cushion at him and limped off to the kitchen.

“I've only got instant.” Ron called from the kitchen. “So it's going to be bitter no matter what.” He warned Harry.

“Better put an extra sugar in it then.” Harry said.

“Probably right.” Ron called back.

The two of them drank their coffee and talked about possible places to visit tomorrow night then at five minutes to six Harry excused himself to go next door, taking the ink pot and quills with him. Harry let himself into the other flat and pushed the front door to, leaving it slightly ajar but not closing it.

He set the ink pot and quills down on the much more basic coffee table and took a seat on one of the sofas and waited.

He didn't have to wait long before he heard stood steps coming up the last set of stairs and low conversation, he had been seated for less than two minutes.

He stood up as there was a knock on the door and it was pushed open a little to reveal Rob's neatly bearded face poking through.

“How are you both?” Harry asked.

“I'm well, you?” Rob replied.

“Great.” Harry admitted. “Ever since Jonathan stopped by my office to give me the good news. It made my day.” Harry told them both.

“Well I'm happy to be signing.” Rob told him. “I think Jonathan is too.”

“I am.” Jonathan confirmed.

The two young men took seats on the sofa Harry had gestured to and Harry returned to his own seat.

“How are you both?” Harry asked.

“I'm well, you?” Rob replied.

“Great.” Harry admitted. “Ever since Jonathan stopped by my office to give me the good news. It made my day.” Harry told them both.

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“I am.” Jonathan confirmed.

The two young men took seats on the sofa Harry had gestured to and Harry returned to his own seat.

“No last minute changes then?” Harry asked them with a smile.

“None.” Rob said matching Harry's smile with a grin.
“None from me either.” Jonathan added.

“I'm glad.” Harry said. “I was speaking with Ron next door and he told me that Dean and Jessica are ready to sign up too, just as soon as we can all sit ourselves down in a room at the same time.” Harry told them.

“It would seem that you are having a good day then.” Jonathan said.

“I am.” Harry said. “I'm happy to get all this business taken care of so quickly even though I told everyone they had until just before the New Year, it's still good to get things done a head of schedule.” Harry explained.

“I hear that.” Rob said.

Jonathan had set down the two folders onto the coffee table and Harry gestured to them.

“I brought ink and quills so whenever you two are ready, you can start signing.” Harry said.

Rob nodded and took up a quill as Jonathan opened up both of the folders, placing Robin's in front of him and his own on the table directly in front. At the same time, Harry opened up the bottle of ink and placed it between the two of them and both of them dipped their quills into the ink and began to write.

Harry took up the last quill and waited for them to fill it in, Jonathan finished his first and he looked up to Harry and turned his folder around pushing it towards his side of the table.

Harry nodded, dipped his own quill and began to fill in his part before finishing with his signature.

He leaned back as the parchment duplicated itself before the three of them, Rob now having finished his own.

When it seemed to have finished, Harry set his quill in the ink pot for a moment and pulled the fresh copy out of the folder and set it aside.

He picked up the folder and handed it back to Jonathan and moved on to filling out Rob's agreement. After he signed once again the parchment doubled and he pulled from it a copy of the agreement, setting it on top of the other one before handing the folder and remaining agreement to Rob.

“And that's it.” Harry said.

The three of them looked at each other for a moment, not quite sure what to do.

Harry remembered something and reached into his pocket and pulled out a bunch of keys. Finding which one was which, he offered them to their new owners.

“One key to use, one as a spare and if you manage to lose them both I'd got a spare at home.” He said as the two men accepted their keys, looking at them closely. “They will both work on the front door downstairs but they'll only open your own flat doors.” He told them and they both nodded.

“Thank you.” Jonathan said.

“Yeah, thanks.” Rob said.

“I don't know if Jonathan told you about your conversation earlier today...” Harry said to Rob who nodded. “You're both free to move in right away though.” He finished.

“About that, are you sure you're alright with that.” Rob said. “What I mean is without wanting any payment.”

“I am.” Harry said firmly.
“Well if you're sure.” Rob said still sounding a little doubtful.

“I'm sure.” Harry repeated. “Honestly, I'm not some tyrant and I hope not to be an awful landlord.” Harry said to them both. “As I said to Jonathan before, it's not long until the New Year so it's really not a big deal at all.” Harry said.

“Well, we both appreciate it and we'll do our best to be good tenants.” Rob told him and Jonathan nodded at his cousin's words. “And Jonathan told me about what you're looking for in other tenants so I'll be sure to keep that in mind if anyone is looking for a place.”

“And I appreciate that.” Harry said. “So we're pretty much even.” He told them.

Rob nodded at Harry words, seeming to feel better about the whole thing so Harry spoke on.

“I told Ron, next door that once we were done here we'd pop round to his place and I'll make introductions.” Harry said.

“Sounds good.” Rob told him then remembered something. “Oh!” He cried. “I almost forgot, first months rent.” He said reaching into a pocket.

Jonathan's eyes widened too and he hurriedly reached into the inside pocket of his jacket.

“Blimey.” Harry said. “I forgot about that too.” He admitted then laughed.

Rob grinned as he handed a small pouch of presumably gold to Harry, soon after Jonathan handed him one too. Harry put them into his pocket without checking them and shook his head with bemusement.

“I'm not doing well at this landlord business already.” He said.

“You'll probably get the hang of it.” Rob said to him.

“I hope so.” Harry said. “Although, once Jessica signs up it won't be my job to collect the rent so I'll probably be alright. She's not the kind to be forgetful which is lucky for me.”

“I'll have to introduce myself to her at some point.” Rob said.

“Me too.” Jonathan put in.

“Well, you both know where she lives and she's really friendly so you can both nip down when you get the chance.” Harry told them. “But for now, I suppose we'd better not keep Ron waiting.” He said standing up and holding his hands out of the quills. “Better take these back too, seem as I pinched them off Ron anyway.” He said with a little smile. Jonathan handed him his quill and closed the ink pot as Rob handed over his quill.

Harry held the three quills and picked up his copies of the agreements before the three of them walked to the door.

“You're job to lock up now.” Harry said to Jonathan. “It's your place now after all.”

This seemed to please Jonathan and he licked off the light switch and closed the door and locked it. He turned to see them watching him, both of them slightly amused as how much pleasure Jonathan seemed to be taking from the simple act of locking his door for the first time. Jonathan just smiled back at them and shrugged.

Harry led the way down the hall and knocked on Ron's door, the door opened a few seconds later
and Ron was once again in view.

“All signed up then?” He asked all of them, Rob and Jonathan both nodded.

“Your new neighbours.” Harry said.

“Well, come in then.” Ron said stepping back to allow the three of them to enter.

Both of them seemed surprised with just how beautiful Ron’s place was and Harry saw a slightly pleased look on Ron's face as he saw their surprise.

“This place looks miles better than yours.” Rob said to his cousin who just nodded. “And your place looks great so that's saying something.”

“Thanks.” Ron said gesturing for them to all take a seat.

“Thanks?” Harry demanded slightly outraged and Ron laughed.

“Well, it wasn't me who actually did this place.” Ron said. “My sister and Jessica decorated the place fully for me.” He told them, taking the ink pot from Jonathan then taking the quills from Harry.

Harry sat down and Jonathan and Rob followed his example.

“They've done an amazing job.” Jonathan said.

“They have.” Ron agreed. “Maybe you should hire them to do your place.” Ron suggested.

“Ron.” Harry chided. “They've already given me my first months rent and signed a deal to pay me for a year.” He said. “They might not want to pay for a professional decorator on top of that.”

“I suppose.” Ron said easily putting the ink and quills down on the small table near the kitchen.


“A lot of this furniture was pretty high end.” Harry warned him. “But if you give her budget I'm sure she can do wonders with it anyway.”

“I think I might ask her for a quote too.” Jonathan said.

“So, Jonathan and Rob.” Ron called from just outside his kitchen. “What will you two have to drink? Harry will be having a firewhisky, I'll be having a cider, I've got some rum, gin, a bottle of red wine, plenty more ciders, a couple of beers that are made by muggles but they aren't half bad or if you don't want anything alcoholic I can stick the kettle on or get you some juice.” Ron said. “I just thought seem as we've all signed up now, we might want to have a little toast.”

“I'll try one of those muggle beers.” Rob said politely and Ron nodded then looked to Jonathan.

“I'll have a red wine if you don't mind opening the bottle just for me.” Jonathan told him.

“Not a problem, I don't really like red wine but it was a gift and fairly expensive so I didn’t want to throw it out.” He said. “You'll be doing me a favour by drinking it, otherwise it's just going to sit around or be wasted.”

Ron returned with three different sized glasses, appropriate for their contents and a opened bottle of beer floating in front of him as he limped back towards them. The drinks set themselves down on the table gently and as Ron took a seat next to Harry, opposite Jonathan and Rob. The four of them
picked up their drinks and Ron raised his glass first, followed by the rest of them.

“New friends, new neighbours and our awful landlord who doesn't have a clue what he is doing!” Ron said, the four of them clinked glasses and bottle with a smile and drank.
Guinea Pigs, I Think.

Chapter Summary

With Ringwold out sick, Harry has to step in on his last day before his Christmas break.

Harry had returned home much later than he expected that night. After the initial awkwardness of people trying to figure out what new people were like, the four of them began to enjoy themselves. Harry found that Rob was a straightforward, no-nonsense type and he was much like Jonathan's father, his uncle Charles in that regard. Jonathan was generally pretty reserved as Harry had noticed but without being cold or distant. He laughed at jokes and made a few of his own and after the four of them had loosened up a little both Jonathan and Rob asked questions freely of both himself and Ron who answered and asked their own. They might have drank a little too much but they ended up calling it a night and both Harry and Ron offered an invitation to come out with them tomorrow and join the rest of the their friends on their lad's night out. The two of them said that it sounded like fun and that if they could manage it then they would show up at The Leaky Cauldron at the state time but if they weren't there when they were supposed to be then it meant they weren't able to make it and that the others shouldn't wait around for them.

Harry had returned home and told Ginny all about his evening and he listened to him with amusement at his pleasure of signing up two new tenants who seemed to be good guys.

Harry was now sitting in his office, on Wednesday morning and was slightly annoyed. Ringwold had called in sick via owl and he was supposed to be executing a raid with Murphy today. Not having anyone who was a senior free, Harry decided he would step in himself.

Usually on a raid there were at least two seniors to be included, one to go in leading the charge and another who would either bring up the rear or be with a second group of the team called for a division of their forces. They were also there so that if one senior was killed or taken out of the right, they could take command and continue with their mission objectives.

Harry decided to take Ringwold's place though Murphy offered to take point and let his boss bring up the rear. Harry waved this off and told him not to worry about it and that he'd be changing into his protected clothing and he would meet the rest of the team once he was changed.

Harry got out his nice suit that looked like most of the others he usually wore though this one had many protective spells on it, nowhere close to their heavy duty gear that he had worn when escorting Fontaine to France but it had enough to be helpful.

He changed quickly in his office then once he was sure he wasn't forgetting anything he headed out to meet up with the rest of the team. As he walked into the room, Murphy was briefing the juniors who would be coming along and Watkins who was also coming with them. Harry gave Murphy a nod as he entered the room and the man continued the briefing. Harry already knew the plan of action having had to go over the paperwork for it and talked with both Ringwold and Murphy about it already.
Before long the team were heading out of the department and then vanishing only to reappear in an alley way at another part of the country.

Harry looked to make sure the entire team was with them and found that everyone was there.

“Willow, Smith and Hill, with me.” Harry said and the three he had named murmured ‘sir’ and moved to follow him as he walked to the end of the alley. “Exactly on the hour, Murphy?” Harry said behind him as he checked his watch.

“Exactly on the hour.” Murphy's voice came back to him.

Harry led his three aurors out into a street and he took a left. He didn't look back but he knew that Murphy and Watkins would be leading the rest of the group to the right before moved out of sight and going to the rear of the house they wanted.

Harry walked his group down the street then crossed the road heading towards a run down looking house. He looked out of the corner of his eye to see Murphy and his group vanishing behind some houses. Harry looked up the street to be sure there were no muggles or other witches or wizards around and found it empty.

He came to a stop outside the house they wanted, keeping his head down to stay out of sight behind the scraggly hedges that marked the front of the property.

“Hold.” He said quietly and the three members of the team stopped behind him.

Harry checked his watch and watched it for a full minute before the were ten seconds remaining until the hour.

“In ten seconds.” Harry warned the other quietly and heard them take out their wands, Harry did the same and saw the small hand move.

“Alright move.” Harry said in a normal volume now.

He moved quickly through the rusty gate, the others jogging behind him. He ran up the path that was covered in dead leaves, raised his wand and the large old door that stood in the way of them was blasted inwards into the house.

Harry saw a shimmer come up around the property followed by a bang similar to his own come from the rear of the house.

The shield was a duelling dome, which would prevent any escape by disappartion. Harry ran into the house without pausing.

“THIS IS THE AUROR DEPARTMENT, WE HAVE AN ARREST WARRENT FOR MISS HILDA SORNSON!” Harry bellowed into the musty old interior of the house. “SURRENDER YOURSELF OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO USE MAGIC TO SUBDUE YOU!” Harry shouted.

Harry saw what looked like old blood splatters on one wall, he gestured with one hand to his left to an open doorway and one of the team moved to it with their wand raised. Harry continued further into the dark house. He thought he could hear movement somewhere to his right but couldn't be sure.

“Clear.” A voice came quietly behind him, letting him know that the room they had gone by was empty. Harry knew that only two people were behind him now, the third would be by the door they had entered through to prevent anyone escaping from it.

Harry and his two followers came to a large open room with had some winding stairs that led to upstairs. Inside this hall of sorts were a couple of dusty looking tables, a huge grandfather clock that wasn't working and only a vague darkness at the top of the stairs.
“One here.” Harry said quietly and heard a 'sir' behind him and he thought it was from Hill. He would be staying here to hold this position.

Across the hall down another hall Watkins appeared wand first with a young wizard behind him and Murphy following behind. Harry nodded to her and she returned his nodded.

“All clear so far.” She told him quietly.

“Same.” He said. “I guess we're going upstairs.” He said as the group of three met up with Harry and Smith.

“I'll take point, he ready to duck if I say so.” He said quietly to the group.

There were nods of acknowledgement in the dark hall and Harry caught movement out of the corner of his eyes. Murphy saw it at the same time he did and the two of the acted together. Harry grabbed the back of Smith's shirt pulling him back hard and the young junior flew back down the hall they had come from at the same time Murphy did the same for Watkins and Harry used his wand to send the first member of that half of their team flying back down the hall that they had appeared from. They managed to be out of the way just in side as a wand that had appeared to come out of the grandfather clock let out a red blast of magic into the hall. It lit up the dim dank space and huge scorch marks ripped into the opposite wall. Harry who was on his back on the ground, pointed his wand to the grandfather clock and it ripped away from the wall to smash into the newly scorched opposite wall. Murphy got out a flash of magic that went into the now revealed passage way that had been behind the clock but they both saw the dark figure moving back into the dark depths and knew the spell hadn't hit.

Harry got up and was followed by Murphy, then Watkins and then their two juniors.

“Light behind me please.” Harry requested as he moved towards the dark passage with his wand out before him. A light flared up behind him, bright and white. Harry knew the light was high up above him and behind while he stayed low. Harry could turn to look at the light otherwise it would blind him for long enough that he could easily be attacked and killed. He moved into the retreating darkness and saw that the the reason for the houses odd lay out was that this passageway seemed to run though most of the building.

Harry turned a corner quickly, ready to fire a spell at the first sign of movement but found the next cramped part of the passageway empty.

“Pick up speed.” Harry said quietly and he moved faster, still staying low. The light kept up with his faster pace so he knew that the other were still behind him. The moved through more twists and turns in the damn passage before he saw a ladder going up.

“Ladder heading up.” He said to those behind him. “Murphy.”

“Riggs, with me we're going back.” Murphy said and two of their number left them to return to the hall and head upstairs there.
“Light out.” Harry said and the light vanished.

“I’m going up first, Smith stay right behind me but don’t expose yourself to climb out until I say so.” Harry said to the junior between himself and Watkins.

“Yes, sir.” The junior said, he didn’t sound afraid but he was certainly cautious and very serious which Harry was happy to hear.

He moved up the ladders a little awkwardly as he kept his wand in his hand while he did so. He peeked up to see another narrow passageway but the end of it was illuminated by the dim light coming from one of the upper halls. Evidently their witch had left the passageway and re-entered the house itself. Harry got up and moved away from the ladders, walking to the end of it. He spoke quietly behind him.

“A little more passageway up here, come up both of you.” He said and heard them following his orders.

When Watkins and Smith were both up Harry peeked out of the passage exit to look first left and then right. There was no sign of movement and most of the doors in his hall were ajar. Harry moved out cautiously into the hall and was about to turn to his left when he noticed something to his right.

It wasn’t much to notice but in his dim light and on high alert he picked up the change in colour, mild though it was.

Outside one of the doors to his right the was a small scuff in the dusty carpet. Harry thought it might have been made by someone who was moving their feet as quietly as possible and happened to drag it over the carpet a little.

Harry changed his direction and moved towards the most closed door with the mark outside. He could be wrong, he knew that mark could have been made at any time but as he didn’t see any others he decided to follow his gut and head this way.

He raised a hand up to let the two following him know to stop as he came to stop just to the side of the door. He moved his foot and pushed the door open with a toe. As the door moved inwards into the dark room a blast of green light smashed into the door, splinters flying into hall. Harry had turned his face away from the flying bits of wood as soon as he had seen the green glow. He heard Murphy and Riggs running down the hall to join them.

Harry looked to Watkins and Smith. He raised three fingers to them and both of them nodded. Third action, they all knew their places.

Harry nodded to them and saw Murphy see what they were about to do and come to a stop a little further away, holding an arm out to stop Riggs moving any closer.

Harry spun around his wand blasted the remains of the door into the room, he dove into the room after it diving to the right of the door and staying low to the ground. Almost at the same instant as he was still in the air, two blasts of light came from the hall. One of them bright white that shot into the room and another a brilliant blue which fired dead centre towards
the middle of the opposite wall.

There was a loud scream and a stream of red and green lights shot towards the open door frame though no one was there now.

Harry stood up, seeing the half blind witch firing wildly at the door frame and screaming. He pointed his wand at her and a blast of blue light erupted from it, the witches eyes widened just in time to see the blue light hit her and her screaming stopped.

“TARGET DOWN!” Harry shouted.

The room was then stormed by the rest of the team as they barged in, wands still raised.

Watkins and Smith moved over to the prone form at the other side of the room to secure the witch, while Murphy ordered Riggs to stay by the door as he moved into the room and headed for Harry, he flicked his wand up to light the room with a less painfully bright light and spoke.

“You OK, sir?” He asked looking at Harry.

“I am.” Harry said. “Though I wish this floor was a bit cleaner.” He quipped as he tried to brush his right side that was coated with a thick layer of dust.

“I imagine you do.” Murphy said now grinning a little that he knew Harry was unharmed.

“Is she secured?” Harry asked of the two at the other side of the room.

“Yes, sir.” Watkins replied.

“Alright, Smith you guard his door. The rest of us are going to quickly sweep the rest of the building.”

“Yes, sir.” Smith said and moved to the doorway, pausing only long enough to let him and Murphy exist.

“Alright Riggs.” Murphy said. “Sweeps time, we don't expect anyone else but stay on guard anyway.”

“Yes, sir.” Riggs said in his surprisingly deep voice.

The three of them moved down the hall, one of the entering a room, one at a time, declaring it clear before they moved on. Harry smelled it before he saw it and already knew what he would find when he entered his room.

“Body.” Harry said back to the open door. “Multiple bodies and animal remains.” He said.

“Alright, Riggs.” Murphy said by the doorway. “We're all clear now, go let Watkins and Smith know then head down to the others. Secure the property and have one of the others leave to call this in.”

“Yes, sir.” Riggs replied moving off to do as he was told.

Murphy entered the room and looked at what Harry was looking at.

“Is it just me.” Harry asked. “Or does that face look familiar?” He asked gesturing to the body of a man, who looked to have been dead for a couple of weeks.

Murphy looked hard at the face and Harry saw the moment he recognised it.
“Blackthorn.” Murphy said.

“Open case, animal sacrifice.” Harry said now remembering.

“That's the one.” Murphy agreed.

“I didn't know Sornson and him knew each other.” Harry said, unable to remember any association between the two of them.

“Neither did I.” Murphy admitted. “I don't think it was on any of the reports.”

“I don't remember seeing it either.” Harry said.

They both heard Riggs move back past the room to head downstairs.

“You recognise the woman?” Harry asked.

“Nope.” Murphy answered. “You?”

“Never seen her before.” Harry said.

“Well, at least we can close Blackthorn's case.” Murphy said.

“There is that.” Harry agreed. Two cases would be closing soon if as was probably the case Sornson had murdered Blackthorn.

“Bloody hell.” Swore Murphy quietly. “Were those hamsters?” He asked looking down at the remains of small rodents.

Harry looked for a moment and spoke.

“Guinea pigs, I think.” He said.

“Worthless bitch.” Murphy said, speaking about the witch they had come here to take in.

Harry just nodded.

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Harry had just showered in the locker room back at the department. He was glad to feel clean once more, having spent several hours in the grim house while investigative types filed the place, lit it up and revealed that the place was even filthier than it seemed in the darkness.

He had hung around while the teams worked over the place, finding nothing more than the odd bloody stain, a few implements that were associated with dark rituals and of course the two bodies, one of which they knew was Blackthorn's while the other was as yet unidentified.

The host of animal remains seemed to have all been brought up from different parts of the house and dumped into his one room, this seeming to have been where Sornson dumped her dead, human or otherwise.

There wasn't much he found out from the initial reports that he couldn't figure out for himself, luckily though this case wouldn't be his as he was just standing in for Ringwold who would be following up this with Murphy.

He still had his report to write up though so he had eventually headed back to the Ministry of Magic. Now that he was cleaned up and dressed in a normal suit, he headed to his office to sent the next hour or so writing up the events of the morning and then he would probably spent another hour prepping the forms he knew he would eventually have to fill in for the rest of the teams reports of the
raid.
It was was he predicted and it was early afternoon when he finished, having worked through his
lunch hour not finding himself hungry after the mornings sights.
He found himself without anything to do currently until all the rest of the reports came back to him
which would be tomorrow.
Harry though wasn't in work tomorrow as it was his last day before getting some time off for
Christmas. He cheerily took the prepped paperwork and his own full report and put them down on
Ringwold's desk. He wrote on a piece of paper:

'As I'm off now until after Christmas, these are yours and Murphy's responsibility. Seem as me and
Murphy completed the raid you were supposed to be on, I reckon he'll make you do these. Don't
worry I'm not completely heartless, I filled out most of them for you. I hope I don't have to hear from
you over Christmas as it probably means something horrible has happened but I'll see you
afterwards. Give my best wishes to your Mrs and enjoy your own Christmas. -Harry'

Smiling with a little maliciousness he set the note down on top of the paperwork.
Murphy walked into the room, saw him at Ringwold's desk and came over to see what he was
smiling at.
He looked down, read the note, then saw what the note was resting on and smiled his own evil grin.

“Oh boss, you're cruel.” He laughed.

“Hey, you weren't going to do all this paperwork while I was away where you?” Harry asked.

“Not a chance, that skiver is doing these.” Murphy said.

“Well, there you go then.” Harry said. “I'm going to do some skiving of my own now, all this is
Ringwold's work now.” Harry said.

Murphy gave him a half amused and half admiring look. “Ah the perks of being the boss.” He said.

“I think it's called delegating.” Harry said as if he had never heard the word before.

“Sounds fancy.” Murphy quipped.

“I learned it from the Minister of Magic, herself!” Harry told him.

Murphy gave him a suitably impressed mock expression. “Must be extra fancy then.”

“It is.” Harry said. “I'm going to go now, you have a good Christmas, Murphy.” Harry said offering
his hand to his fellow auror.

“You too, boss.” Murphy said shaking his hand. “All jokes a side, we all know how hard you work.
You deserve the time off.” Murphy told him with sincerity.

“Thanks.” Harry said “Will you make sure this place doesn't go to hell while I'm gone?”

“I'll do my best.” Murphy told him.

Harry straightened his coat a little, he had a folder tucked under his arm. “If you can manage it, you
might even be able to get Ringwold to help you out.”

“That will be a Christmas miracle.” Murphy said.

“Well.” Harry as he walked from the office. “Tis the season and all that.” He said over his shoulder.
“So I hear.” Harry heard Murphy's voice call after him and he could hear the smile in it.

Harry went home.
When Harry got home he went up to his office to dump his folder onto his desk. He then went to his bedroom to change into another suit, this one although clean and never actually having left the Ministry or even his department to go on the raid with him still felt soiled somehow. When he had one a fresh new suit, he tossed the tie that went with it back into the wardrobe and he unbuttoned his top button. This was about as casual as you could be in such a well made and expensive suit. Harry decided that he would head to Grimmauld Place and see if he was lucky enough to catch Dean and Jessica there, in hopes they wouldn't mind taking the time to sign their agreements.

Harry headed back to his office to write a note and pick up two empty folders. The note was one telling Ginny where he had gone and he left it on the banister of the stairs were she would see if as soon as she arrived home though Harry suspected that he would be back around the same time she returned home if not earlier. The two empty folders were for his copies of the agreements, he remembered the two agreements he had been left with the night before and he kept privately worrying that he would rip them or spill something onto the fine parchment.

With a pop he was gone from his home and the crack announced his arrival as he appeared in the entrance hall to Grimmauld Place. He stepped up to the large frosted glass door of Thomas & Thomas and knocked on them lightly.

He opened one of the doors and peeked inside.

Julie had stood up from behind the reception desk, evidently to see who was at the door. She smiled when she saw who it was.

“Only me.” Harry said and he saw finely dressed older witch seated on the large sofa what made up part of the Thomas & Thomas waiting area. He saw no sign of Dean or Jessica, Julie made her way over to him.

“They're in a meeting a the minute.” She told him. “They'll be finished any second then they'll be seeing Mrs Winterhall.” Julie said smiling to the witch in the seating area who was watching them. The witch nodded at this and smiled politely but otherwise stayed as she was.

“Ah, I see.” Harry said. “I got off work a little early and thought I'd pop round to see if I could catch them both together.” He explained.

“For the agreement?” Julie guessed.

“Yeah.” Harry nodded.

“Well, if you have nothing else to do you can wait around and keep me company.” Julie offered. “I think I might be able to make you a tea or coffee, I might even go as far as some biscuits.” He told him.

Harry smiled at the woman. “Go on then, you've twisted my arm.” He said.

“Have I?” She asked him tartly. “Well anyway, what would you like?”

“A coffee please.” Harry said. “Coming right up.” She told him.
“Mrs Winterhall, would you like another drink?” Julie asked the woman.

“Ah, no thank you. The tea was lovely but as you said, I think I'll be heading in to a meeting shortly.” She said in a rich voice and sounded impeccably polite.

“You're probably right.” Julie said. “But if you change your mind, even if your in the meeting. You send my husband out to fetch you something.” Julie older.

Mrs Winterhill smiled at this.

“Back in a moment.” Julie said.

Harry stood for a moment awkwardly then he sat down in one of the comfortable chairs and set his two empty folders onto the coffee table.

He was just wondering if he should try to make some polite conversation with the other person waiting with him when the sound of a telephone ringing on Julie's now empty desk sounded out.

Harry hesitated for a moment, knowing that Julie was busy in the back room making him a drink but he eventually stood up and walked over to the desk.

He was conscious of Mrs Winterhill watching him as he did so, he pretended not to notice and picked up the telephone.

“Hello, Thomas & Thomas. How may I help you?” Harry asked thinking that it seemed like the thing to say.

“Dean? Is that you?” A voice Harry recognised said down the other end of the phone.

“Seamus!” Harry said in surprise.

“Who is this?” The voice of Seamus Finnigan asked from the other end.

“It's Harry!” Harry said.

“Harry?” Seamus asked him.

“Yeah!” He confirmed.

“Well what are you doing picking up the phone for Dean?” Seamus asked.

“It's the business's phone.” Harry said. “And Julie, Dean's wife is making me a coffee while Dean is in a meeting.” Harry explained.

“I know who Julie is!” Seamus told him. “And you're probably right, I bet she is off making you a brew. She's a gem that woman is.” Seamus told him.

“She is.” Harry agreed.

“Well, I might as well ask you while you're on the phone. I got a letter from Ron about a lads night out tonight.” Seamus said.

“Yeah, The Leaky Cauldron tonight at half-six.” Harry said.

“Who else is going to be there?” Seamus asked him.

“I've got no idea.” Harry said honestly. “Me and Ron thought it would be a good idea to have a get together but I've been too busy with work so he's the one who has been inviting people.” Harry said.
“Fair enough.” Seamus said.

“You coming then?” Harry asked.

“I'll be there, just wanted to check to see someone else was actually going to show up.” Seamus told him.

“Well, there's me you, Ron and Dean who are a definite thing. Maybe George and Bill will be there too and some others. Like I said, I don't know who else he invited.” Harry said.

Julie had come out of the back room with a cup on a saucer and some biscuits on the saucer too, she looked at him curiously seeing him standing at her desk, talking to someone on her phone. Harry smiled weakly at her as she walked over to him.

“Well Julie's back and she is looking at like I'm a bit mental for answering her phone.” Harry said to Seamus who laughed.

“Well you'd better get out of her spot then hadn't you? Tell her I said I'm looking forward to the next time I stay for dinner.” Seamus told him.

Harry looked up at Julie again. “Seamus says he's already looking forward to the next time he comes round for dinner.” Harry told her.

“I bet he is, that rogue can eat for ten.” She said very amused.

“I heard that!” Seamus said. “I wouldn't eat half as much if her cooking wasn't so bloody good.” He said. “And you can tell her I said that too! I'll see you tonight, Harry. It'll be good to catch up!”

“I'm looking forward to it, mate. I'll see you later.” Harry said.

“Bye now.” Seamus said and there was a click as the phone line went dead.

Harry set the phone back down and looked back to Julie.

“Sorry.” He said. “The phone rang and you were away from the desk because you were getting me a drink, I thought I'd answer it in case it was important.” Harry explained.

“But it just turned out to be Seamus.” Julie said with a grin.

“It was, he was just ringing to ask Dean about tonight.” Harry said.

“That's right, the lad's night out.” Julie said offering the cup and saucer to him and he accepted it with a thanks.

“That's the one.” Harry said. “He also said to tell you that he wouldn't eat half as much if you're food were so delicious.”

“That flatter just said that in hopes I'd give him even more food next time.” Julie told him but she seemed a little pleased by it.

“That sounds like Seamus.” Harry agreed taking a sip of his coffee then other in surprise.

“This really good.” Harry said.

“It's the coffee machine.” Julie admitted. “Jessica insisted we buy it for the office even though it was expensive.” Julie explained.
“I can see why.” Harry said taking another sip.

“Me too.” Julie said then added. “But don't tell her I said that.”

“I heard nothing.” Harry said.

Julie nodded and gestured back to the waiting area. “Take a seat, Harry.” She told him. “Enjoy your coffee and biscuits.” She said with a smile.

“I will, thank you.” Harry said and Julie waved his thanks off.

Harry had just set himself down when the office door of what Harry knew was Dean's office opened and a man walked out seeming excited and turned to shake Dean's hand.

As Dean followed him out, Jessica followed behind her brother and the man shook her hand too and she seemed very pleased.

“Thank you for coming Mr Greyson, we'll be in touch as soon as possible.” Dean said.

“I'll be looking forward to it.” The man who was apparently Mr Greyson said. “Thank you both again.”

As the man walked away with a happy expression on his face, he nodded to both Harry and Mrs Winterhill then again to Julie as he went by them. He walked through the frosted glass doors and there was a small pop of sound as Harry heard the man leave.

Dean looked slightly surprised to see Harry there but he greeted Mrs Winterhill warmly and invited her into his office. He looked over to Harry questioningly and Harry was about to try to mime something to him when Jessica motioned her brother into the meeting and murmured something quietly to him.

Dean walked into the office and closed the door behind him as Jessica moved over to Harry.

“What are you doing here?” She asked him. “Is it important? I will let Dean know if it is, I've got to get into that meeting too.” She told him.

“No, I just thought I'd try catch you both at the same time to see about the tenant agreements. Julie said that I can just wait around if I'm not busy and she made me a coffee.” Harry said. “There's no rush.” Harry said.

Jessica nodded. “Well we'll probably be about half an hour or so, so if you still want to stick around will do it afterwards?” She asked him.

“I'll be here.” Harry assured her. “I've got nothing to do for a while so don't rush on my account.” He said.

“Alright, I'll slip Dean a note while were inside letting him know.” Jessica said. “I'll see you in a bit.”

“See you in a bit.” Harry agreed.

As Jessica headed to join her brother in their meeting, Harry picked up one of the biscuits on the saucer and took a bite.

“Mmm.” He couldn't help but let out at the taste. Realising he had made a sound upon taking a bite, he looked over to Julie was looking at him with a satisfied look.

“You made these yourself, didn't you?” Harry guessed and Julie nodded.
“Yep.” She said.

“If I could get you and Mrs Weasley into a kitchen together I think I could die a happy man.” Harry said.

“Oh stop it you.” She told him. “You're as bad as Seamus.” She said.

“I'm not that bad am I?” He asked. “I wasn't lying though, you two could cook a miracle between you, a delicious miracle.” He said.

“She's a darling that woman.” Julie said and Harry nodded.

“She's written to me about ten times since the party.” She told him. “We've been exchanging recipies and she's invited me and Dean over for dinner too.”

“You should go.” Harry told her seriously. “She's an amazing cook, she could win a cooking contest with a boiled egg.” Harry said and Julie laughed.

“I think we will, but some time after Christmas.” Julie said.

“You won't regret it and Mr Weasley is great fun.” Harry told her.

“He seemed very nice when we met at the party.” Julie said.

“He is.” Harry said. “I'm not just saying that because he's my father-in-law. He is one of the nicest, bravest men I've ever met and he's very wise.” Harry said and not a word was a lie, if anything they were understatements. Harry respected his father-in-law deeply.

“You really like him don't you?” Julie asked.

Harry nodded. “They've been like parents to me since I was a boy.” He told her. “They've never asked for a thing in return they both just cared for me without even thinking about it.”

“Dean told me that.” Julie said. “And after meeting them I believe it.”

Harry nodded. “They're the best kind of people and you'll enjoy spending time with them.”

“I think you're right.” Julie said.

Harry and Julie talked about other things while he waited. She asked him about being an auror and he gave her a very brief account of his day, he glossed over the more grizzly details but didn't leave them out entirely.

He explained though that he didn't usually do that sort of the though any more and that he was behind his desk most of the time, filling out paperwork and occasionally leaving his office to spur his underlings into action.

Dean, Jessica and Mrs Winterhill emerged from the office and Harry noticed that Mrs Winterhill wore the same pleased look that Mr Greyson had worn when he left.

They all shook hands and Dean escorted the older witch to the door holding it open for her which she seemed to like.

One she had gone with another sound of a pop coming from the entrance hall Dean turned to Harry.

“Right then!” He said with a grin. “Why don't we all get back into the office and sign these agreements then.” Dean said.

Harry stood up.
“Sounds like a plan.” He said and Harry walked between Jessica and Dean and into the office. The office was pretty spacious, with a large desk at the back wall, an open area with a board that had some designs on it with several seats facing it. Harry knew this would be for presentations. There were various other office furniture in the room, filing cabinets, drawers and some cupboard.

Dean moved onto to take a seat behind his desk, Harry took one of the guest chairs and Jessica took the one next to him.

Dean reached down to open a draw on his desk and pulled up the two folders that contained the agreements. Dean opened them both and turned them on the desk and pushed them over to Harry.

“I hope you don't mind but me and Jess already filled out our parts and signed.” Dean said. “We weren't sure when we'd catch up to you or how long we'd have so we thought it was best to fill our parts out in advance in case we didn't have much time.” Dean explained.

“I don't mind.” Harry said. “Just need my parts doing then?” He looked at the agreements.

“Yes.” Dean said.

“Uh, a quill?” Harry asked

Jessica leaned forwards and pulled up a quill that had been behind some papers, at the same time Dean reached into his desk to pull out a small pot of ink and set it down for Harry. Harry took the quill from Jessica, and dipped it into the ink. He first filled out the agreement for Jessica, that being the shorted and easiest. When he signed it the took on the familiar rumpled look before the second copy appeared. Both Dean and Jessica were looked at it curiously so Harry set down the quill and plucked out a copy for himself. He pushed the folder over to Jessica.

“That copy is for you.” He half said, half explained. He took the copy he held in his hand and put it into one of the empty folders he had brought with him.

Jessica was grinning, pleased. Harry grinned back.

“And just one more to go.” He said and took up the quill again to fill in the second larger agreement. When Harry was done, he repeated his actions, sliding the folder over to Dean as he took his own copy and put it into the remaining empty folder.

“And that's it.” Harry said. “Until next year hopefully.” He said.

The three of them grinned.

“We're officially tenants now.” Dean said.

“And you're our gracious landlord.” Jessica said.

“I dunno about that but I'm officially your landlord now.” He said.

“So modest.” She quipped.

“Well.” Dean said standing up with his folder and moving over to a filing cabinet. “I'm glad that is
settled, it's been poking at the back of my mind all this time, telling me to get it over with.” He said. “Mine too.” Harry admitted. “I told everyone they had until just before the New Year but I'm happy to have it all sorted out before then.”

“I know what you mean.” Dean told him closing the one of the drawers.

“Seamus called your office phone while you were in your meeting.” Harry told him and Dean looked a little surprised.

“Oh really? What he want?” Dean asked him.

“Just to ask about tonight is all, who is coming and stuff.” Harry replied.

Dean grinned. “He's coming then?”

“He said he was.” Harry said answering his friends grin.

“What's going on tonight?” Jessica asked confused.

“Sorry sis.” Dean told her not sounding sorry at all. “Lad's night out tonight, no girls allowed.”

“Oh I see how it is.” She said in a highly offended tone.

“No.” Dean said still grinning. “You don't see how it is, because you won't be there to see anything at all.”

Harry snorted at this and Jessica gave them both a look which just made them both grin more.

“You two are like little boys.” She told them trying for a superior tone.

“Sounds like your little sister has been upset and not being able to go out with her big brother before.” Harry suggested to Dean.

“Oh she has.” Dean told him. “She used to kick up a right fuss over it, she always wanted to come hang out with the big kids.” He said.

“Pffft.” Jessica said standing and picking up her own folder. “Whatever you say, I hope you both enjoy your silly boy's night out.” She told them both.

“Lad's night out.” Dean corrected her as she walked to the office door.

“Whatever you say.” She said again and Dean started laughing as she left the office.
Lads Night Out.

Chapter Summary

Drinks, pizza and even more drinks.

At twenty-six that evening Harry walked into The Leaky Cauldron and looked around. He spotted Ron and George sitting at a very large table considering it was only the two of them there.

“There he is!” George exclaimed with a grin as he spotted Harry and Harry grinned back.

“Alright, George.” Harry greeted him and slapped a hand on Ron’s shoulder as he took a seat.

“Bit early aren't you?” Harry asked of them both.

“I had nothing else to do.” Ron admitted. “So I went and got George from the shop.”

“Begged me to come join him, he did.” George said.

“Did not.” Ron fired back.

“Couldn't bare to be alone he told me.” George teased him.

“Yeah right.” Ron said.

“Just couldn't stand another minute without his favourite brother's company.” George continued.

“Alright, now I know you're full of it.” Harry said.

“Yeah, you went too far with that last bit.” Ron said.

“You might be right, thought I'd risk it though.” George said cheerily, not bothered in the slightest.

“I'd better go grab a drink, you look alright Ron.” Harry said noting Ron's mostly full glass. “What about you George?” Harry asked and George drained the small amount of liquid in his glass.

“I'll have another rum if you please, Harry.” George told.

“Coming right up.” Harry said and headed to the bar.

He ordered himself a firewhisky and another rum for George and returned to the large mostly empty table and slid George his drink.

“You're gent, Harry.” George said in thanks as Harry waved his thanks off with one hand and took a long drink from his glass with the other.

“Blimey.” George said. “Bad day at the office was it?”

Ron snorted.
“Moderately.” Harry agreed.

“Anything interesting?” Ron asked him.

Blowing out a breath Harry opened his mouth to speak but was interrupted before he could get out a word.

“There he is!” Exclaimed George in the exact same tone he had said those exact same words in when he had spotted Harry. Both Harry and Ron turned to see who it was and found Neville Longbottom walking towards them with a sheepish grin at George's greeting.

Harry stood up and offered his hand to Neville who took it and shook warmly.

“It's good to see you Neville.” Harry told his old friend truthfully.

“It's good to see you too, Harry.” Neville said sounding pleased.

“It's been a while.” Harry pointed out as he returned to his seat and Neville moved to take one for himself.

“It has, I'm glad to get the chance to catch up though while I'm away from Hogwarts.” Neville told them and then he greeted the others.

Neville realised shortly after that he needed to get a drink for himself and stood up to go and get one. Ron reminded Harry that we was about to tell them about his day and Harry said to wait for Neville. When Neville returned and took a sip of his drink Harry began.

“So Ringwold-One of my aurors.” Harry explained to Neville and George, Ron already knew Ringwold from his own time as an auror. “Was out sick today but he was scheduled to be part of a raid...” Harry told them.

“There he is!” Exclaimed George and it was Neville's turn to look slightly confused while Harry and Ron looked amused. They turned to see who was here now and found Dean Thomas walking towards them. They all greeted each other and Dean managed to get himself a drink before sitting down with them, Ron prodded Harry into continuing his story but he had to start again for Dean's benefit.

“Anyway.” Harry said having repeated the start of it. “We need two senior aurors on a raid like this and there wasn't one available. There are a lot of people off right now who'll be back in over Christmas and the ones who were in already, well the place is really busy at the minute.” Harry explained. “So I decided to step in and pick up the slack.” Harry told them.

“There he is!” George exclaimed and while Dean looked confused, Neville now looked amused and both Harry and Ron grinned. Turning they found Bill Weasley walking towards them, smiling at his greeting. Once more everyone greeted the newcomer and Bill went to get himself a drink without being prompted. Harry slightly exasperated had to began recounting his story from the beginning once more.

“...Stepped in to take his place.” Harry was saying. “So I had to go and suit up for the raid.”

“Bloody hell not those suits?” Bill asked.

“No, just a normal looking suit with some protections.” Harry explained, knowing that Bill was
thinking about the heavy duty combat suits they had both worn while escorting a dangerous prisoner to France.
The conversation was briefly derailed while he and Bill explained the battle suits to the others and why they had had to wear them. Harry was one again prompted by Ron to continue his story.

“So I got changed and headed into the briefing which-” Harry was saying.

“There he is!” Exclaimed George.

Bill looked confused, Dean looked amused, Neville grinned while both Harry and Ron tried not to laugh.

Turning as a group they looked to see Seamus Finnigan walking towards them with a swagger at all their attention being on him.
One more they greeted the newcomer, who was told to fetch himself a drink and then Harry was called upon to recount his tale once more.

“So.” Harry said with annoyance in his tone at once again having to begin his story from the start, though he was secret a little amused. “I had to stand through the briefing for the juniors and listen to the plan of action that I already knew all about and eventually the briefing ended and we headed out-”

“There he is!” George exclaimed.

Seamus looked confused, Bill looked amused while Dean grinned.
Neville tried not to laugh as both Harry and Ron burst into laughter and they all turned to see who was coming.

They didn't see anyone they recognised and all turned to look at George who burst out laughing.
Realising he was pulling their leg, the others started to laugh to but Seamus had to have to joke explained to him which only made the rest of them laugh even harder.
Seamus looked a bit sour at first when he realised George had been just messing when he exclaimed upon seeing him but as the realised that George had done the same thing to all of them he started to laugh too.

Harry called them all something foul at having been forced the keep repeating his story and George called him a grump.
Harry countered this claim and declaring that the first round was on him, which was met by general approval at those around the table.
Harry listened to what everyone wanted, though Seamus who still had most of his drink told Harry he was good just yet and he headed to the bar.
He managed to remember what everyone wanted and floated the various glasses back to their table with his wand.

When they were all drinking once more, Ron managed to convince Harry finish his story.
Harry sighed but the others demanded it too so he carried on.

He told them about busting the door down, and him and Murphy between them managing to keep anyone from getting blasted by a spell.
He made the mistake of telling them that he used 'action three' to get into the room that the witch was in, it was a mistake because only Ron knew what that meant and both he and Ron had to explain about different actions that were practised by the aurors so that they could pull out a plan of action in the middle of a situation without having to discuss it.
They had to explain what action three was and then action one and two.
Eventually Harry told to continue telling them about him managing to knock the witch out.

The then told them about what they had found in the last room during their sweep of the building and they were all a bit grim faced at that.

“Well.” George said cheerily after a moment of silence. “That Murphy was right, you get to close two of your cases now.”

“Every cloud and all that.” Bill said with a wolfish grin and the rest of them agreed.

Soon after, they decided that it was time to head to their next stop, they all agreed that they were ready to move on though none of them were sure where exactly they were supposed to be going.

“The Black Unicorn.” Ron announced loudly that was that.

Their group rose, called over thanks to the staff behind the bar and waved as they all left and they walked down Diagon Alley together in the direction of The Black Unicorn. They managed to get there all in one piece and enter the pub.

It was moderately busy but they found a couple of tables next to each other that they all sat around.

“Whose round is it next then?” Harry asked.

“Clockwise.” Bill reminded them.

Neville who was sitting to Harry's left sighed and stood up. “Alright you lot, what are you having?”

Neville listened to their requests and returned much as Harry said with various glasses floating with him, his wand out.

“Thanks Neville.” Harry said as Neville returned to his seat.

“You're welcome, mate.” Neville said and Harry clinked his glass to Neville's.

“So Dean is officially your tenant now?” Bill called over to Harry, he and Dean had evidently been discussing it.

“As of this afternoon.” Harry agreed.

“So how many is that then now?” Bill asked him.

Harry counted briefly in his head.

“Five now.” Harry said with a grin. “All officially signed up and living at Grimmauld Place.”

“Blimey.” George said. “You're moving up in the world.” He said. “You'll be rich and famous next, oh wait never mind.” He smirked.

Harry gave him a rude gesture which just made him dip his head in a small bow.

“Ron said the place looks really good.” Neville said to Harry.

“I'm really pleased with it.” Harry said. “Dean and Jessica have done an amazing job.”

Dean looked pleased at this.

“That reminds me.” George said. “Have you gotten your news cards yet?”
“Shit.” Dean swore. “Yes, I forgot all about them. I'll send you some tomorrow.” He told George and then turned to Harry. “I'll send some to you as well, mate. I completely forgot about it, you saw how busy we were today.”

“I did.” Harry said. “Probably a good sign though.” Harry pointed out.

“Yeah.” Dean agreed. “We still have those few flats at Grimmauld Place left to do yet but they'll be done in a matter of days when he get back at them.” Dean told him. “We've got quite a few well paying jobs lined up and a few more might be in the works too for afterwards.”

“I'm glad, mate.” Harry said. “You and Jessica deserve it, I can't praise your work enough.”

“Thanks, Harry.” Dean said.

“Look at you two, you'll be hugging and crying next.” Seamus said.

“You sound a bit jealous, Seamus.” Bill said with a grin and it was Seamus' turn to make a rude gesture.

Laughing the group broke off into smaller conversations between themselves, occasionally pulling someone else into it.

About ten minutes went by like this.

“Ron!” Cried Bill. “Your round now!” He said.

“He's right, we're dying of thirst here.” Dean said.

“How could you do this too us Ron?” Neville demanded. “I thought we were friends?”

“We're his family and he's doing it to us.” George pointed out.

“Alright alright you bloody vultures.” Ron told them all as they grinned at him. “Same again then?” Most everyone agreed to this but Harry spoke up.

“Cider this time for me, mate.” Harry said.

“What kind?” Ron asked.

“You decide, you know which ones are the best.” Harry pointed out.

“Alright, cider for you. I'll see what they're serving.” Ron said and moved off towards the bar.

When Ron limped back to them floating drink included, Harry found a cider in front of him. He took an experimental sip and found it to be very fruity and had a delicious aftertaste. He nodded to Ron, to let him know he liked it and Ron nodded back.

“A gent, our dear little brother.” George was saying. “I knew he wouldn't really let us die of thirst.” He said to Bill.

“He's alright sometimes, our Ronald is.” Bill agreed raising his glass to Ron.

Ron just rolled his eyes.

“I still can't believe that people trust you to import and export their goods, let alone pay you to do it.” Dean was saying to Seamus.
“Well, they need a man who can do the job.” He said smugly. “And I'm that man.”

“What kind of things to you deal with?” Neville asked Seamus.

“Oh all sorts.” Seamus said. “Usually it's popular foodstuffs that do well in other countries but there's a lot of other stuff mixed in too.”

“Like what?” Ron asked.

“Well, with it being so close to Christmas, I've moved loads of toys and things like that to loads of different places.” Seamus said. “Of course, it's quieted down now because Christmas is on Friday and trying to move things at this point would be useless because they'd never sell in time for the Christmas rush.” He told them. “The busiest time is from the start of November, everyone wants their stuff moved out and into the shops ready for the start of December for the Christmas shoppers but the work is steady throughout the year, just picks up a little before any holidays.”

“That makes sense.” Ron said. “Like you said, if they don't get it there before hand they'll never sell in time.”


“What's the weirdest thing you had to shift?” Dean asked.

After moments thought he spoke up. “Once his guy wanted a bunch of muggle sex toys sending to the middle east.” Seamus told them with a grin. “The strange part was he wanted them sending to his own house, not to a warehouse or business.”

“Maybe he didn't have anywhere to send them?” Neville suggested.

Seamus shook his head. “No, he had plenty of places. I'd moved stuff for him before. Anyway I had them sent to his house, I got paid for it but I never heard from him afterwards.” Seamus said. “After some of the things that were in that collection, I'm not sure I want to know what happened him, I hope it wasn't a change in career.” Seamus said with a grin.

“That bad?” Ron asked.

“Mate, I'm not sure some of the things could safely fit into another human.” Seamus told him. “And if they could, I don't want to know about it.”

“Blimey.” George said. “The bloke is either extremely unfortunate or he's living a life that historians will write about one day.”

“I hope it's the latter for his sake and the former for ours.” Neville said and the laughed at this.

About five minutes later Bill spoke up.

“Dean!” He said. “It's that time again.”

“It is.” Seamus agreed and up ended the last of his drink.

Harry drank down the rest of his cider and nodded.

“Alright, what's everyone having?” Dean asked, they all gave their orders and Dean moved off to pay for his round.

A small cheer went up as he returned with the drinks and he accepted the praise as his due.
Harry picked up his firewhisky and they all clinked their glasses.

Twenty minutes later the lot of the left The Black Unicorn and walked out into Diagon Alley.

“Wait!” Cried Harry and they all turn to look at him. “There's food here.” He pointed out gesturing to Diagon Alley in general and they received several sounds of agreement and and 'good point' from Ron.

“What should we get?” Bill asked.

“I think I want something spicy.” George said.

“I could go for that.” Dean said to him.

“I'm not good with spicy food.” Neville said.

“Me either.” Harry told him.

“I think I want some pizza.” Seamus said.

“Why don't we just split up and go grab what we want and meet back up somewhere?” Bill suggested.

“Good idea, brother mine.” George said.

“What do you fancy?” Ron asked Neville and Harry.

“I dunno, something with meat.” Harry said. “Or maybe something with cheese.”

“I'm telling you, pizza is the way to go.” Seamus said to them, overhearing.

“It does have meat and cheese.” Neville pointed out.

“I'll stick with George and we'll find ourselves something spicy to eat.” Dean said and George put his arm over Dean's shoulder.

“A man with good taste.” George said. “Where are we all meeting back up?”

“Meet outside Flourish and Blotts in ten minutes.” Bill said. “We can compare our grub and do some trading if we fancy.”

“Flourish and Blotts, ten minutes.” Harry said and other murmured the same.

“Alright. I'm going to get pizza with Harry, you coming Seamus?” Ron asked.

“I'm coming.” Seamus said.

“What about you Neville?” Harry asked.

“Pizza sounds good.” Neville said.

“I'm going to live a little and go for the spicy option.” Bill said and both Dean and George cheered at this and Bill was included in their shoulder holding.

“Well, we'll see you later on with our delicious pizzas.” Ron called to them as the three walked off arms thrown over each others shoulders.
“Where is the best place to go?” Harry asked.

“I think there is a place down there.” Ron said pointing down one of the streets behind them.

“There is and it's alright.” Seamus said. “But I know where the best place is.” He told them.

Ron bowed to Seamus.

“Oh, lead us to the pizza then.” Ron said.

“I shall!” Seamus declared grandly and moved off in the same direction that Bill, Dean and George had gone in. They didn't keep following them though but turned off the main street into a side street, the four of them talked about what kinds of pizzas they might buy as Seamus led them.

They eventually found themselves outside a small but obviously still open Italian fast food restaurant.

Seamus pushed the door open and headed in first, followed the rest of the group.

“Ahh, Seamus!” Cried a chubby older man from behind the counter. “It is good to see you again!”

“Milo!” Seamus said. “It's good to be back.”

Seamus turned to gesture at the rest of their group.

“My friends wanted to know where the best pizzas where so I brought them straight here.” Seamus said.

“You've done a good thing for your friends then.” Milo told Seamus. “What can I get for you all?”

Seamus ordered 'The Special' which was apparently something he had ordered many times before. Ron asked for a pizza with pepperoni and some sausage on it. Neville asked for a vegetarian pizza but he would like some pepperoni added to it too. This seemed to be no problem.

“And for you?” Milo asked Harry.


“I understand. I'll put pepperoni, sausage, beef and some seasoned chicken if that sounds OK to you?”

“Thank you.” Harry said nodding. “That sounds great.”

“Ah, alright gentleman, stand back and prepare to be amazed!” Milo cried grandly and he raised his wand.

They were all amazed as he told them they would be.

The man used his wand to make their four different pizzas at the same time, the dough stretched itself out in the air from four balls into wide disks.

Their toppings flew around in the air in what Harry thought was a very artful display while sauce flowed up to move onto the dough. The toppings that had danced in the air during this came to rest on the pizzas.

A large block of cheese raised into the air and flew forwards, bursting apart and the magically grated cheese rained down over their pizzas.

More toppings flew up to come to rest on their pizzas and then a brilliant white and blue light surrounded each disk which began to spin in the air.
As they all watched their pizzas cooked before their eyes at an incredible speed.
Four boxes flapped up from somewhere behind the counter like birds and as the pizzas crisped over in all the right places, the boxes were below them as they all settled down into them.

The boxes closed themselves and spun up to come to a stop on top of the counter, everyone’s requested pizza waiting in front of them.

They all cheered.

“That was amazing!” Neville said and Harry saw him tip Milo generously.

Harry did the same, having enjoyed the show and also eager to eat the pizza that had been made for him. Harry noticed that both Ron and Seamus tipped Milo too and they all thanked him many times and promised that they would only get their pizzas from here from this night onwards.

The four of them left Milo’s small shop and they had moved barely thirty feet away before all of them had opened their boxes to pull out a steaming hot slice. When they had all burned their mouths and then eventually gotten to taste their food, they all proclaimed it to be the most delicious pizza that had ever had to which Seamus replied that he had told them it was the best place.

Harry and the others managed to reach Flourish and Blotts just in time to see Bill, Dean and George heading in their direction. All of them showed off their food while Harry’s group told the others about the amazing show Milo had put on for them.

Bill offered Harry some kind of spiced meat but Harry declined.

Harry instead offered Bill a slice of his meaty pizza and Bill accepted with thanks.

“Where are we going next?” Ron asked with a mouthful off pizza.

“Not sure.” Harry said also with pizza in his mouth.

“What about Hogsmeade?” Neville suggested. “They've got quite a few good pubs since the place started expanding.” He told them.

Ron nodded at this and hurriedly swallowed. “There is even a place that is a cocktail bar, they do all sorts of crazy stuff.” He said to the members of their group who weren't busy trading foods.

“The one near that new café?” Neville asked him.

“Yeah.” Ron said. “I forget what it’s called.”

“Cocktails you say?” George asked joining the conversation.

“Yeah.” Ron said once again with a mouth full of pizza. “Loads of them, magical ones too.”


“What?” Bill called over.

“Fancy some cocktails?” George asked.

“Cocktails?” Bill asked raising his eyebrows.

“Our Ron knows a place in Hogsmeade.” George said.
“Go on then.” Bill said.

“COCKTAILS!” Seamus shouted.

“COCKTAILS!” The rest of them called, amused but looking forward.

They all at Bill's request dumped their pizza boxes and other bits of litter into a single pile on the floor and Bill used his wand to vanish it, then Ron was called upon to lead the way.

The seven of them arrived in Hogsmeade in one of the newer parts that Harry only vaguely recognised.

“It's over there!” Neville told the group pointing to a brightly lit place with a neon blue sign on the front.

“Cocktails!” Cried Seamus again and they moved.

Inside the place didn't really have tables but rather it had long narrow counters with tall bar stools. They took a seat close or next to each other and Dean pointed out to Seamus that it was his round.

“Bloody hell, already?” Seamus demanded. “Alright then what am I getting?” He asked.

This was when they realised that none of them really had a clue what the place sold so rather than then all going up to the bar and trying to figure out what to buy, Seamus could simply get them a drink each and he could decide what it was.

The collection of drinks that Seamus returned with was quite a sight. No two of them were even close in appearance or size. He set them down in front of people seemingly at random and Harry ended up with a tall narrow glass which contained a liquid that was bright pink at the top and a deep ocean blue at the bottom.

“What is this?” Harry asked Seamus who grinned.

“I've haven't got a bloody clue, mate.” Seamus told him and turning to address the rest of their group who were asking similar questions of him.

“Look!” Seamus said. “I don't know what your drinks are, I told the barman that he could decide so don't ask me what they are, I don't even know what this is.” He told them lifting up his own glass which was so round it almost looked like a sphere, with a swirling murky red liquid inside.

“Bloody hell!” Exclaimed Ron and Harry looked over to see that Ron's face had gone bright red but the amazing thing were his eyes which looked like they normally did but they looked like they had a tiny thunderstorm going on inside them. They seemed to become a little murky then as if a tiny bolt of lightning had flashed inside them they would light up for a moment.

“Blimey!” Neville cried upon seeing Ron's eyes. “What does it taste like?”

“It tastes pretty good.” Ron said. “But Neville mate, you're green at the minute.” He said with a grin.

Everyone looked at their own drinks wondering what they did.

“Oh.” Seamus said as if just remembering. “I made sure that whatever drinks he chose where magical ones so good luck lads.” He told them with a grin.
“Alright.” Harry said bravely. “Me next then.”

Harry raised his narrow glass and sucked hard at the straw making sure the drain a good quarter of the contents.
The drink tasted vaguely of blueberry and the hunt of something peppery but it wasn't unpleasant.
Harry looked up at the rest of their group, waiting to see what would happen.
They were all watching him.
A moment went by without anything happening as far as Harry could tell and the rest of them who were looking at him showed no sign that anything was happening.

“Ugh.” Harry said feeling something in his stomach. Harry burped forcefully and a pink and blue streak of flame shot out of his mouth, curled up slightly and was gone.

“Bloody hell!” Cried Ron again.

“I think I want one of those next!” Dean said.
The others expressed their own amazement in various ways.

“Alright, who is next?” Harry demanded of their group.

Dean declared that he was next and after drinking some of his own drink he turn vaguely metallic, his coffee coloured skin took on a slightly shiny tone to it and they decided to test to see if he was turning into metal.
George jabbed Dean's arm with a cocktail stick and Dean swore rubbing the spot.
They concluded that he wasn't in fact turning into metal.
Bill went next and his hair raised up, when he moved his hair behaved like it was underwater.
Seamus went next and when he complained that nothing was happening, cloudy red fog came out of his mouth as he spoke.
Everyone was surprised for a moment then they were coughing and waving the red mist away because he smelt like Seamus' pizza.
Neville went next and when he tried to ask then if anything was happening a long high-pitched squeak of sound came out of his mouth.
His eyes went wide and he tried to move his hand to cover his mouth but his hand moved extremely fast and he ended up slapping himself in the face.
Realising that he was moving at a ridiculously high speed he did his best to stay still so he could accidentally break anything.
George drank some of his and when he asked them if anything was happening his voice was so deep that they all felt it vibrate through their bodies.
George, not wanting to waste this turn of events began to sing for them and they were all still laughing as his voice eventually returned to normal.

About twenty minutes later the seven of them were walking through Hogsmeade all in a row with their arms over each others shoulders.

“THE WANDERER!” Cried Ron who spotted their next destination.

“They all chorused.

They headed into The Wanderer, and as the rest of them told George whose round it was what they wanted, he broke off to the bar while they all went to find seats.
They managed to find a single large table that would fit them all and they all cheered when George floated their drinks over to them.
Though they were normal drinks this time, not magical ones.
Seamus broke into the conversations going on.

“Lads.” He said. “Would you look at her.” He said nodding in the direction of three fairy attractive looking witches who were near the bar.

“What one?” Bill asked Seamus.

“The blonde of course.” Seamus told him as if it should have been obvious.

“Of course.” Bill said with amusement.

“She's gorgeous.” Seamus said.

“You should go offer to buy her and her friends a drink.” George said.

“Why her friends?” Seamus asked.

“Well, you don't want to seem like a penny pincher do you?” George said reasonably.

“You think I should?” Seamus asked him.

“Of course, just head on over there all casual like. Say 'would you lovely ladies object if I bought you all drink?' and then you can put your moves on the blonde witch you seem to like so much.” George told him.

“I don't know.” Seamus said. “What should I say to her?” He said worriedly.

“Just introduce yourself and ask her some questions about herself.” Dean advised.

“Yeah, just be yourself.” Neville put in.

“Don't listen to these idiots.” George told Seamus. “No don't want to be boring and predictable, you need to wow her.” He told Seamus wisely.

“How do I do that?” Seamus wanted to know.

“Well, seem as we're friends. Practically family I'll tell you what to say but only if you swear never to tell anyone what I tell you.” George said seriously to Seamus.

“What is it a secret?” Seamus demanded.

“Not exactly but if everyone finds out what the good chat-up lines are then they stop working.” George told him and this seemed to make sense to Seamus in his current state.

“Alright then, I promise to keep it to myself.” Seamus said.

“Very well.” George said and leaned close to whisper into Seamus' ear.

Seamus' eyes widened and he looked at George like he was mental.

“I can't say that!” Seamus said. “Are you mad?”

“You say that but I can assure you that you'll be surprised by the results.” George said.

“There is no way that will work.” Seamus said.

Everyone at their table was watching this exchange now.
“Trust me.” George said. “If you don't take the risk every once in a while you don't reap the rewards. You're a business man, you know that.”

“Are you pulling my leg?” Seamus demanded.

George looked moderately offended. “And after I shared one of the last true great chat-up lines with you, you ask me that? If you're too nervous then just don't go over there, I'm not forcing you.” George told him.

“I'm not nervous!” Seamus proclaimed.

“Well.” George said raising his eyebrows. “Show us how it's done.”

Seamus stared at George for a second then around at the rest of them who were all obviously watching and listening to them and he took a gulp of his drink and set it down.

“Alright then.” Seamus said standing up. “I'll show you how it's done.” He told them side stepping his way out from the table.

“Go on, mate.” Ron encouraged with a grin.

Harry caught a mischievous glint in George's eyes and knew something was about to happen.

They all watched as Seamus made his way over to the three witches, trying to look casual but he was a little unsteady on his feet. Seamus leaned on the bar next to the women and began to speak to them, presumably offering to buy them all a drink.

The bartender came over and the three women told them what they would like, Seamus made a show of paying for their drinks and another one for himself and tipping the bartender.

It looked like Seamus was making idle conversation with the three women while they waited for their drinks to arrive and when they did, Seamus raised his glass up and the three women clinked their glasses to his.

It looked like it was going well until Seamus leaned close to the blonde witch who had made such an impression on him and he spoke into her ear.

Harry saw the witches expression look shocked, outraged and then angry.
She leaned away from Seamus and slapped him across the face, set down her drink on the bar and stormed away her friends shooting Seamus dirty looks before following their friend.

Harry looked at George who had tears running down his cheeks as he silently shook with laughter.

“Oh, you animal.” Harry accused George which pulled everyone's attention to him to see him in his current state.

“George!” Said Seamus angrily as he returned to the table. “You absolutely bastard!” Seamus swore.

“I can't.” George got out through his overwhelming mirth. “I can't...”

Bill started laughing, followed by Ron and Dean.
Neville looked like he wanted to laugh but was trying desperately not to.
Harry was grinning, he couldn't help it.

“Can't believe you actually said it....” George said then his laughter burst out from him, no longer silent.

Seamus was muttering darkly and was very obviously annoyed with George.
As time went by Bill was called upon to provide the next round and he returned with their drinks and an extra shot with landed in front of Seamus.

“Courtesy of George here, I'll be getting the payment off him another time.” Bill said.

“I suppose that's fair.” George said his eyes were still a little watery from the tears that had fallen from them and Harry had seen George occasionally glance in Seamus' direction during the conversations taking place and had seen his eyes widen slightly and his lips clamp tightly close so he couldn't start laughing.
He had quickly looked away again each time though.

“Well, it's better than nothing I suppose.” Seamus griped. “Serves me right though for believing George wasn't trying to make a fool out of me.”

“I didn't do that.” George protested.

“What do you call it then?” Seamus demanded.

“I didn't make a fool out of you, I made you make a fool out of yourself.” George said. “There is a huge difference!”

Seamus was a bit sour but he started to return to his good humour as time went by, they once again moved venue and ended up at The Three Broomsticks.
Harry had to buy a second round of drinks as it was his turn once more, they talked with each other, laughing loudly.
They told jokes and told each other about things that were going on in their lives.

“Here he is!” George exclaimed and they all turned to look at the door of The Three Broomsticks, most of them realised about the same time what George had done and George laughed at several of them threw peanuts at him.

When all of them had realised that no one had just shown up to join the party, the rest of them joined in the assault and laughed.

About an hour later, they were all staggering out of The Three Broomsticks, arm in arm there were many calls for of a repeat of this night.
It was decided to do it every year was too long to wait, every week was too often and once a month might be just about right but no matter what they would try to do this again.

Hugs and best wishes for Christmas were exchanged, then when they realised that it was technically Christmas Eve already, they were all distracted wishing each other a Merry Christmas Eve.
More hugs where exchanged before finally after standing outside in the cold for about fifteen minutes, bumping into each other they began to pop into nothingness and head back to their own homes.
Alright, Alright. No Need To Get Violent.

Chapter Summary

Morning and Christmas morning.

(Sorry for the long absence, had IRL things to deal with. Currently no smut written yet just some fluff for now. I thought I'd better put something out to let you know I'm not dead.)

The next day, Harry felt very grim. He knew that he had no one to blame but himself though so he tried to suffer in silence. When he once more opened his eyes after working up the courage to expose them to the light, he peeked at his watch and saw that it was midway through the afternoon.

He groaned slightly, knowing that he should get up or risk getting his days and nights turned around. He managed to pull himself out from under the covers then eventually to his feet and once that was done he staggered much like he had last night though for different reasons and eventually found himself in the bathroom.

Showering seemed to help walk him up but it didn't do much for the throbbing in his head and behind his eyes. He shaved and didn't bother to get dressed afterwards, he just threw on a robe and headed downstairs, squinting as if he was suspicious of something all the while.

“You look awful.” Ginny said to him in what Harry thought was a voice much to loud and cheerful to be expressing such dire tidings.

“Thanks.” He said and moved to the kitchen counter, for the kettle.

“It's just boiled.” Ginny told him, sitting at the island on one of the tall stools. “I heard you stumbling around upstairs.”

“Thanks.” Harry said again, really not wanting to continue any kind of conversation due to the newly imposed minimum volume limit that seemed to have come into affect without him noticing or being told about it. He found this new and very loud way of speaking to be unpleasant.

He could feel his wife's amusement washing over his back as he silently tried to make some coffee. When he thought he had managed to mix everything properly he turned and went to join her at the kitchen island.

“Well.” Ginny said after he had taken his first sip.

Harry made a sound that wasn't quite words but that still seemed to indicate that he required further explanation.

“What did you do last night?” Ginny asked. “Who was there and how did it go?” She demanded of him.
Harry sighed and decided that if he was speaking instead of his wife, that maybe he could keep the volume of the words being spoken to something that didn't hurt his head.

“Well.” Harry started and he spent almost an hour recounting the night as best as he could remember it. It took so long to tell Ginny about it because he kept remembering more and more things as he spoke, as the coffee seemed to kick start his mind into remembering them and as his own body began to awaken more fully.

“...After we all decided it would be a good idea to get together again sometime we all went home.” Harry finished.

“I bet you don't think it's such a good idea to do it again right now do you?” Ginny asked him, eyes twinkling.

Harry just gave her a look and she laughed at him.

“Alright.” She said. “I'll stop teasing you.”

“More like torturing.” Harry muttered, finishing his second cup of coffee.

Ginny snorted at this, then spoke. “I take it you're not going to be going anywhere today?” She asked him.

“I'll probably be able to made it back to bed or to the nest.” He said. “And if I'm at either of those places then I'll probably be able to make it back here to the kitchen.” He told her seriously.

Ginny took pity on him, she ordered him to the nest and told him she would make him something to eat.

Harry knew he had married her for a reason.

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Harry awoke on Christmas morning to a punch in his side.

“Oi.” Harry protested but his wife didn't care.

“Merry Christmas!” Ginny said excitedly from next to him, when he turned his face to look at her she was sporting a huge grin and he couldn't help but smile back.

“Oh?” Harry said lightly. “Is it Christmas again?”

“Shut up you.” Ginny said. “And bring me some presents!” She commanded of him still grinning, she leaned closer, planted a kiss on his cheek then she rolled away from him, taking the covers with her, leaving him exposed to the cold air.

“Gin!” Harry protested reaching over to try grab the covers to pull them back over himself.

She slapped his hand away and pointed to the door.

“Presents!” She told him smirking. “Now! And they had better be good ones!” She said.

Harry sighed but he was smiling as he rolled off the bed.

He picked up his glasses, set them on his face and then snatched up his wand.

Harry headed out of their bedroom and went down the hall to his office, it was locked which he
expected as he had locked it the night before to prevent his wife from getting to her presents. As far as Ginny was concerned, if she could freely get to her presents even if it wasn't Christmas yet then they were fair game. So he had locked them away in his office and had used a rather complexed locking spell on the door so that she wouldn't be able to unlock it with a key or her wand without him knowing about it. It took Harry almost a minute to unlock it himself, when he opened the door to his office the large red sack was sitting in the corner just exactly how he had left it.

With a flick of his wand, it rose up into the air and followed him out of his office and back down the hall to his bedroom.

A similar sack to his, though it was blue was now taking up the space he had been occupying on the bed a few moments before. His wife was grinning excitedly as she saw him return with her presents.

“You're like a big kid.” Harry told her with a shake of his head.

“I'm the normal amount of excited for Christmas.” Ginny told him. “You're just an old grump.” She said. “Now give me your offerings!” She demanded.

Harry flicked his wand and the large red sack floated over to their large bed and set itself down. Before it had even come into contact with the bed, Ginny had already moved. She opened the sack, stood up on the bed in her underwear then upended the sack, spilling the many wrapped presents out onto the bed, her eyes gleaming the entire time. Harry just watched her, he enjoyed how much she loved Christmas. She really was like a child still, everything was amazing and somehow better to her simply because it was Christmas. He tried not to seem to amused by her antics though, as was traditional for them. Ginny was moving her wrapped presents into piles that seemed to make sense to her but was incomprehensible to any rational person. Once she seemed satisfied with her new layout of presents, she nodded once and then looked up at him.

“Well, aren't you going to open your own presents?” She asked him.

Harry shrugged nonchalantly as if he could take it or leave it. “I'll get to them.” He said easily and Ginny's eyes seemed on fire, he moved back to their bed and after moving the blue sack to the floor, he sat on the bed and watched her.

What followed next entailed Harry receiving fourteen kisses, six hugs, five admonishments for not opening his own presents while Ginny was opening hers. He watched her eyes widen several times, listened to four gasps of surprise and six explanations as to why she was very pleased with a certain present that Harry had gotten for her. Harry enjoyed Ginny's pleasure and childlike glee at opening her presents. He thought that she was going to hug him again so was surprised to receive instead a hard poke in the ribs.

“Now you!” Ginny said. “Come on, I've got you some good stuff!” Ginny explained then her tone became almost pleading. “Harry! Open them!”

Harry put on a show of sighing in exasperation.

“Fine.” He said as if she were asking a huge favour of him.
He reached down off the bed and slowly lifted the blue sack up, he intentionally took his time undoing the corded knot that closed the sack. He peeked at Ginny's expression out of the corner of his eye from time to time to judge how annoyed she was getting with his slow pace. When he reached inside the sack, pulled out a wrapped present and set it down before him then instead of opening that present, reached back into the sack to pull out another one that Ginny broke. She couldn't bare to wait while he took each individual present out of the sack and set it down carefully without opening any of them, so she let out a frustrated growl, pulled the sack from him and upended it onto their bed as she had done with her own.

Harry was grinning again now.

“Every year!” Ginny accused him.

“They're my presents, I can open them however I like.” Harry said.

“Shut up!” Ginny told him and after tossing the now empty sack across the room, she picked up one wrapped present and shove it into his hands. “This one first!” She told him.

“OK.” Harry said as if it made no difference to him.

When instead of opening it right away, he started to feel the shape of it through the wrapping paper Ginny punched him in the arm and growled again. Harry laughed but then relented.

“Alright, alright.” He said. “No need to get violent.” He told her and tore the wrapping paper.

He found himself holding a very nice and very expensive looking set of quills with a matching inkwell. Next he received three very good quality jumpers, then Ginny had set down more soft, wrapping paper covered bundles into his lap which turned out to be many pairs of jeans. She seemed very pleased at how happy he was with them, he told her he wouldn't be wearing a suit today.

Harry also received, two different bundles of sweet and chocolate selections, three new sets of footwear, two of which were trainers and one was a pair of more casual boots which Harry knew were to go with his newly acquired casual attire. Ginny had bought him several books that she knew he had been thinking about buying, the customary season ticket to see all of her quidditch matches which was a running joke between them as it didn't actually cost her anything. He found that he had a new watch that looked very nice, a new razor that promised to be the best shave he had ever had, this came with a small selection of aftershaves and shaving creams. He also found what looked like a small book, when he opened it he discovered it was a booklet of vouchers which he could use to get things like 'One Free Kiss' or 'The World's Best Hug' from his wife, he found a second set of vouchers in a different booklet which was clearly from a much different place and the things he could 'buy' with them were probably best left unseen by anyone under the age of eighteen.

Harry tore out one of the free kisses and presented it to Ginny with great ceremony and she took it from him just as seriously before diving on him and giving him more than one kiss. Harry felt a tingle on his bare chest as something heat up slightly, Ginny felt it too and they broke apart.

Grinning, Harry reached for the locket that hung around his neck and popped it open. The paper he pulled out and opened contained a huge amount of text written in extremely small handwriting so it
could fit onto it.
The note inside read:

“To my godfather Harry Potter. I opened up my presents! You're the best godfather ever! Will you
tell aunt Ginny that she is the best aunt ever too? Thank you so much, this stuff is amazing! What
time are you coming over? Gran is cooking something to bring to Mrs Weasley's for Christmas
dinner so I don't know if we'll be able to leave straight away! But I can show you the other stuff I
got, will you please write back to tell me when you're coming round and please don't forget to tell
aunt Ginny that she is the best aunt ever! Your godson Teddy Lupin.” There was an even smaller bit
of text that had obviously been added afterwards that read: “And Merry Christmas!”

Harry was grinning still and he handed the note to Ginny who started to read it. He saw her smile
and he knew she was reading the part where Teddy had called her the best aunt ever.
While she read, Harry reached over to his brand new set of quills and opened the box.

“He's such a sweetheart.” Ginny said with a smile to him and offered him the note.

Harry accepted it and set it down between his legs with his quills and inkwell.
He opened a couple of the small drawers that were on the bedside table and found some paper.
He tore off a piece about the size that he and Teddy had agreed on and set it down on top of one of
his new books.

They had agreed on a roughly standard size for their notes so that they didn't run the risk of either
writing too much and the other person getting a note that had text too small to read on it or in case
one of their notes was too big to fit onto the other person's paper.
They weren't sure which would happen if one of them wrote too much and the other didn't have
enough paper in their locket so they had decided to keep roughly the same size piece of paper in
them.

“Tell him he's the best too.” Ginny told Harry then added. “Even if he is a little imp sometimes.”

Harry nodded and began to write.

“To Teddy Lupin, my godson. I'm glad you liked your presents, your aunt Ginny says that you're the
best nephew ever even if you are a little imp! I'll probably come around about ten o'clock and I'd
love to see your other presents. Will you make sure to tell your grandmother that even though I'm
coming at ten o'clock it doesn't mean that expect to go to the Burrow right away, make sure you tell
her that there is no rush at all, this is very important for you to tell her Teddy, so please don't forget.
Merry Christmas Teddy, I'll see you soon and be sure to tell your grandmother that me and Ginny
said Merry Christmas to her too. From your godfather, Harry Potter.”

Looking over the note to see if he had left anything out he found that it would do, he offered it to
Ginny to read before she handed it back to him and he placed it into his locket.

“You've still got an hour and a half then.” She said to him as he put away his quills and ink.

“I have.” Harry agreed then with a grin, he picked up the other booklet of vouchers and as he opened
it to look for something he thought he might like to do, Ginny grinned too.

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Harry was standing in his entrance hall, wearing a nice new pair of jeans, his new boots, a dark red
jumper and his dark fog jacket on over it.

Ginny had offered to make him some breakfast but the two of them had been busy and they had left
it a little late. He had settled for a piece of toast before running back upstairs to get dressed. It was nine fifty-nine as he checked his watch and with a yell into the kitchen promising to see Ginny later on at the Burrow he vanished with a pop.

A small crack sounded outside of Andromeda Tonk's house as Harry appeared on the foot path in her front garden, his new boots crunched as he walked through the small layer of snow and he pressed the doorbell.

There was the sound of running footsteps inside before the large door swung open.

“Harry!” Yelled Teddy Lupin and he jumped at Harry who caught his godson in a hug.

“Merry Christmas!” Harry said and set the boy down.

“Merry Christmas, Harry!” Teddy said excitedly. He wore clothing that were surprisingly similar to Harry's, a red jumper and dark blue jeans that were both obviously new. Though Teddy didn't have anything but socks on his feet.

“I think we match.” Harry said looking down at himself then back to Teddy who seemed to think this was a great thing.

“Yeah!” Teddy said. “We match!”

“Is that Harry?” Called the voice of Teddy's grandmother from inside the house. “Don't keep him standing there, it's cold outside.” The voice said though she was yet to see who was at the door or if the visitor was standing outside at all.

Teddy stepped back to allow Harry to move inside into the hall and after Harry had turned back around from closing the large door he saw Andromeda Tonks walking towards him.

“Merry Christmas!” Harry said to the older woman.

Harry was hugged, kissed soundly on the cheek, wished a merry Christmas and then shepherded into the living room with the promise of some tea to come.

Harry sat while Teddy showcased all the things he had received for Christmas, as far as Harry could tell he was shown everything but the things that he and Ginny had bought for Teddy. Harry received his tea midway through Teddy's presentation and kept up a steady stream of enthusiastic comments throughout between sips.

“I'm making a few sponge cakes.” Andromeda told him as she returned from the kitchen where she had spent most of the time since he had arrived. “I'm making them to take to Molly's so she can layer them up and frost them.” She explained.

“I imagine her kitchen is fit to burst right now.” Harry said, knowing full well just how much food would be in Mrs Weasley's kitchen on this day.

“Exactly.” Andromeda said. “I've got to help out somehow so I'm making the cake for one of the deserts.” She said.

“I'm sure Mrs Weasley will appreciate it, she's probably been up cooking since four o'clock this morning.” Harry said.

“She does too much that woman.” Mrs Tonks agreed. “I think I'll be ready to leave for the Burrow in another hour or so.” She half explained and half apologised to Harry.
“I said it's no problem.” Harry said.

“I told gran!” Teddy assured him and Harry nodded approvingly.

“I know but you'll be sat around for a while waiting.” Teddy's grandmother said.

“I actually thought I might pop to Grimmauld Place to see Ron.” Harry said. “I think Teddy would like to see the place too…” Harry suggested.

Andromeda Tonks raised an eyebrow and at the same time her grandson Teddy spoke.

“Can I go gran?” He asked excitedly. “Can I gran? Please?”

“Well you've gone and done it now.” Accused Mrs Tonks of Harry though without any heat. Harry caught that little glint in her eye that said she was amused.

“I suppose I have.” Harry said with a grin.

“Gran?” Teddy asked with a whine.

“Oh very well.” His grandmother told him trying to keep a straight and stern face as Teddy performed something between a jig and a jump of excitement.

“But!” Exclaimed his grandmother which pulled his attention to her once more. “You're to behave yourself for Harry and Ronald.” She told Teddy sternly who was nodding rapidly at her words. “And you had better go put on some shoes and a coat, don't forget to find your gloves and hat…” She trailed off because Teddy had run from the room in search of at least shoes and a coat though neither Harry nor Andromeda were sure if he had heard about the glove and hat.

“I'd sigh dramatically.” She said to Harry. “But honestly, I've been able to get more done since you've been here distracting him than I have all morning.”

“Well.” Harry said smiling. “We'll both be out of your hair for a while and you'll be done in no time.”

“Are you going to go straight to the Burrow from Grimmauld Place?” She asked him.

“I think so.” Harry said. “But I don't even know if Ron is still home yet, I'm presuming he'll be showing up at the Burrow about the same time as everyone was supposed to.” Harry explained. “So I thought we'd probably be able to catch him at home and go together.”

“What if he isn't there?” She asked him.

Harry shrugged. “I can still show him around the place then we can either go to my place until it's time to go or just head to the Burrow a little earlier.” Harry told her.

“Alright.” The older woman said. “Just make sure he doesn't get up to mischief.”

“Do I ever?” Harry asked.

“You brought him home with a bag full of things from George's shop last time.” She pointed out. Harry grinned. “Blame uncle George for that, not poor old uncle Harry.” He said.

“Bah.” The woman said and swatted him.
They ended their conversation there with both of them amused as Teddy stormed back into the room now wearing shoes, a coat, one glove and a hat balanced on his head. Harry stood up and put Teddy's hat on properly, being sure to push it down over his eyes.

“Oi!” Teddy exclaimed as Harry lightly plonked him on the head. Teddy pushed the hat back up and grinned up at Harry who was grinning down at him.

“Where is your other glove?” Mrs Tonks demanded of her grandson and Teddy pulled it from a pocket and began to pull it on over his hand.

“Remember, you behave yourself.” She said to him as he put the glove on. “And I'll see you at the Burrow later on.” She told him.

“OK gran.” Teddy said. “I'll see you at the Burrow, but will you be OK carrying the food there yourself?” He asked of her.

“I have a wand you know.” She reminded him.

“Oh.” Teddy said seeming a little embarrassed. “I forgot.”

“Well don't forget to behave and remember to wish Ronald a Merry Christmas.” She said.

“I won't.” Teddy said. “I mean I won't forget, I will wish uncle Ron a Merry Christmas.” He said.

“Come on then.” Harry said with a pat on Teddy's shoulder. “We'll better get going otherwise Ron my have already gone to the Burrow.”

“See you later gran!” Teddy said and ran out of the room to open the front door.

Harry gave Andromeda Tonks another quick hug, wished her a Merry Christmas once more and headed out to chase down his godson.

Less than thirty seconds later a pop of sound could be heard from outside and the two of them were nowhere in sight.
Ron is a Fancy Pants Now

Chapter Summary

Pre-Christmas Dinner trip with Teddy.

Harry and Teddy appeared with a crack in the alley way near Grimmauld Place. Harry had decided to bring Teddy here so that he could see the outside of the new and improved Grimmauld Place before they went inside.

Teddy was amazed when he caught sight of the building and demanded that Harry tell him how he had done it. Harry was explaining that Dean Thomas, his friend from Hogwarts and his sister Jessica were the ones who had done everything as they reached the steps that led up to the door.

“You see that button there?” Harry asked pointing to the button that would buzz up to Ron's flat.

“Yeah?” Teddy asked.


Teddy pressed the button and a moment later a voice could be heard coming from the small box.

“Hello?” The sound of Ron's voice said.

“Uncle Ron!” Exclaimed Teddy.

“Uncl- Who is-” Ron started.

“It's Teddy Lupin!” Said Teddy a little too loudly.

“Teddy?” Ron demanded with a surprised note in his voice.

“And Harry.” Said Harry.

“Oh, well I suppose I'd better you let you both in.” Ron said. There was a slight buzzing sound and a click and Harry pushed the now unlocked front door open.

“Ron?” Harry asked as he held the door open for Teddy.

“Yeah?” Ron asked.

“We'll be up in a minute or two.” Harry said. “Just going to show Teddy the place a little first.”

“No worries.” Ron said. “I'll stick the kettle on.”

“You're a gent.” Harry said stepping into the entrance hall and closing the door behind him.

Teddy was looking around at the place with his mouth agape.

“What's in there?” Teddy asked pointing at the entrance to Thomas & Thomas.
“That.” Harry said and then realised that there was a light on inside the offices. “Is the offices to Thomas & Thomas, the ones who did all this to Grimmauld Place.”

“Can we go inside?” Teddy asked.

“I'm not sure.” Harry said moving to the glass doors. “I didn't think anyone would be in there today.”

Before he could reach for the doors one of them opened from inside and Dean stuck his head out to see who was there.

“Harry!” Dean said sounding surprised.

“Alright Dean?” Harry said. “Merry Christmas.” He said to Dean.

“Merry Christmas.” Dean said coming out to offer his hand to Harry.

They shook.

“I didn't expect you to be in the office today?” Harry half said and half asked.

“I'm not really.” Dean told him. “Julie kicked me out of the kitchen while she was cooking Christmas dinner, she told me to go do something useful or at least go and sit still somewhere else instead of bothering her.” Dean told him with a small smile. “Do I thought I'd bring the last of the boxes over here.”

“I see.” Harry said. “Well, I'm showing my godson Grimmauld Place and then we're going up to see Ron.” Harry explained and gestured to Teddy who was looking up at Dean.

“Teddy.” Harry said. “This is Dean Thomas, one of the owners of Thomas & Thomas. He's a very good friend of mine and we went to Hogwarts together.” Harry introduced. “Dean, this is my godson Teddy Lupin.” Harry said and he caught the slight look of recognition at the last name in Dean’s eyes as he looked down at his godson.

“It's good to meet you Teddy.” Dean said and offered one of his large hands to Teddy.

“You too.” Teddy said. “And Merry Christmas!” Teddy added with a grin.

Dean smiled. “Merry Christmas to you too, did you get some good stuff?”

“I got loads!” Teddy said the mere memory of the things he had got kicking his excitement into overdrive. “I got this huge bag of sweets and chocolates and I got four new-” Teddy started but Harry broke in.

“I think Teddy wanted to have a peek inside your office.” Harry said to Dean. “If you've got a moment.” Harry suggested.

“Oh?” Dean asked looking down at Teddy. “Well I suppose you can have a look inside if you want to?” Dean said.

“Yes please!” Teddy said not missing a beat and switching topic without a pause.

“Come on then.” Dean said and turned to lead them through the frosted glass doors.

Teddy ran into the office and froze with his mouth agape and eyes wide.

“It's huge!” He cried and turned to look at Dean and Harry. “Why-How is it-”
“Magic!” Dean said.
“But how?” Demanded Teddy.

“An expansion enchantment.” Harry said.

“Is the whole place like this?” Teddy asked.

“Bigger?” Harry asked.

Teddy nodded then shook his head and then nodded again. “Yeah bigger but like this too?” Teddy gestured at the large open office which was very stylish and modern.

Before either Harry or Dean could answer, one of the doors at the back of the room opened and Jessica walked out looking surprised to find more than just her brother in the office.

“Merry Christmas!” Teddy said upon seeing her, Jessica looked slightly confused but smiled at the young boy who had wished her a merry Christmas.

“Merry Christmas to you too.” She said.

“I'm Teddy Lupin.” Teddy told her and he walked over to Jessica and offered his hand to her, the same way Dean had offered his hand to Teddy moments before.

Jessica smiled more and shook the small hand.

“Hello Teddy Lupin, I'm Jessica Thomas.” She said.

“So you're the other person who fixed Grimmauld Place?” Teddy asked her.

“Well, it wasn't really broken exactly...” Jessica tried to explain.

“What my godson is trying to say.” Harry cut in, letting Jessica know who exactly Teddy was. “Is that you're the other Thomas of Thomas & Thomas who did such an amazing job redecorating this old pile of bricks.”

“I am.” Jessica said.

“Teddy thinks you and Dean have done an amazing job and he's only seen this office and the outside of the place.” Harry said.

“It's really good!” Teddy told her earnestly. “Harry is showing it to me and Dean said I could come inside here to have look.” Teddy explained rapidly. “Is all the rest of it cool like this place?” Teddy asked her.

“It's-Cool?” She interrupted herself.

“Yeah, it's really cool!” Teddy said. “It looks like it's from the future!”

“My sister decorated this office.” Dean said. “But the rest of the place is not exactly like this because they're flats for people to live in.”

Teddy looked slightly disappointed at this, Harry could only guess that he had been imagining the entire building looking like some sort of space age place.

“People can't sleep on a nice desk.” Harry pointed out. “And how would your uncle Ron cook his dinner without a kitchen?” Harry asked.
Teddy seemed to consider this before nodding. “I guess that makes sense.”

“Besides, Jessica had done a great job on all the rest of the place too.” Harry said. “You can see when we go up to see your uncle Ron.”

“So you’re Harry's godson then?” Jessica asked Teddy and Harry knew that she was about to ask who Teddy's parents are. Dean shot his sister a warning look and she looked slightly alarmed which gave the chance for Harry to speak up.

“He is.” Harry said. “Isn't that right Teddy?” Harry asked.

“Yeah!” Teddy said brightly. “We've even got magic lockets that we can send messages through!” Teddy said proudly.

“Really?” Jessica asked with probably more interest that was necessary but Teddy was happy to show off his locket.

Dean and Harry exchanged a look and then joined Jessica and Teddy. The siblings gave Teddy a brief tour of their offices and then a little look downstairs where the workshop was and Teddy was struck by how enormous the place was. Dean explained that the entire building had been hollowed out that a specialist had come over and make the entire building bigger inside. Teddy seemed enthralled by the idea and soon enough he wanted to see the rest of the place.

“Come on then.” Harry said when they returned to the offices. “We'll go up, I bet Ron is wondering if we got lost.”

“Thanks for showing me your workshop!” Teddy said to both Dean and Jessica.

“Anytime, Teddy.” Dean said.

“It was a pleasure.” Jessica said.

“I hope you both have a good Christmas.” Harry said. “I'm sure Julie is cooking up a storm.”

“I know she is.” Dean said with a grin, looking forward to the Christmas dinner his wife was cooking about as much as Harry was looking forward to the one Mrs Weasley was cooking at the Burrow.

“Merry Christmas to you too by the way Harry.” Jessica said.

“Oh, did I not wish you a Merry Christmas already?” Harry asked trying to think back. “Sorry, I keep losing track.” He said. “Merry Christmas Jessica.”

“It was nice to meet you, Teddy.” Jessica said to Teddy.

“It was nice to meet you too.” Teddy replied. “And you Dean!” He said turning to Dean.

“You too little man.” Dean said and offered his hand for Teddy to shake again.

“Come on then you imp.” Harry teased. “We've got a building to look at and a waiting uncle Ron to get to.”

“Goodbye!” Teddy said scampering off towards the frosted glass doors.

“Take care!” Dean called after Teddy.
“Bye!” Jessica called after him too.

“Thanks for that.” Harry said to the two of them, Dean waved this away and Jessica smiled.

“He's adorable.” Jessica said. “I can't believe his hair is dyed blue.”

“It's not dyed.” Harry said and at Jessica confused look he just smirked and looked at Dean who nodded, letting Harry know that he would explain. “And I'll see you both again soon.” Harry finished and walked out into the entrance hall, he could already hear Teddy's feet running up the stairs.

Harry caught up to Teddy on the first floor, he opened up one of the unfinished flats there to show Teddy what they looked like before they were decorated. Then he raced Teddy up two more floors to open up the single remaining unoccupied flat that was fully decorated.

Teddy thought the difference was incredible and he asked Harry if Jessica had done all of this. Harry confirmed that she had with a little help from Dean and explained that Dean did most of the actual building with a little help from his sister.

The two of them headed up another set of stairs and Harry pointed to the door at the end of it.

“That's Ron's place.” Harry told Teddy who ran towards it to knock on the door.

The door opened up and Ron was grinning down at Teddy.

“You!” He said to Teddy in a tone that implied Teddy was some kind of unwanted creature invading his home.

“Me!” Teddy cried without fear.

“Go on then.” Ron said moving aside and nodding his head into the interior.

Teddy ran inside and Harry heard a 'woah!' before he reached Ron himself.

Harry and Ron hugged briefly.

“Merry Christmas mate.” Harry said to his best friend.

“You too, Harry.” Ron returned.

“How many times has that kettle boiled?” Harry asked him.

“Three times.” Ron said waving Harry in.

Teddy was looking at everything, this place being much more finely decorated than the other places he had seen.

“Teddy got a tour of the Thomas & Thomas offices and workshop.” Harry explained.

“Yeah!” Teddy said. “Dean and Jessica showed me everything!” Teddy told Ron excitedly.

“Did they now?” Ron asked. “I wonder why they're both at work on Christmas day?”
“Merry Christmas!” Teddy said having been reminded. “And gran says Merry Christmas too!”

“I should think so too!” Ron said. “I wasn't sure if I should give you a present until you said Merry Christmas.” Ron said slyly.

“A present?” Teddy asked. “For-Me?”

“I think it might be.” Ron said as if he couldn't remember.

“What is it?” Teddy demanded running at Ron who briefly wrestled the boy and picked him up.

“I guess I'll have to get it for you, then you can open it and find out.” Ron said and tossed Teddy onto one of the large sofas. Teddy landed with an 'ufff' of air and a grin on his face.

“I'll brew up then.” Harry offered. “What do you want?”

“Coffee.” Ron said. “And you.” He said pointing at Teddy. “Can stay there while I go get your present.”

“I will!” Teddy assured him.

“See that you do.” Ron told him with a mock frown.

“You want a hot chocolate?” Harry asked Teddy then thinking of something. “Uh, do you have any hot chocolate, Ron?”

“You think my mother would let me move into a place without sending me a care package?” Ron asked him most of the way up his stairs.

“There is an upstairs!” Teddy cried, the fact that this flat had two floors only just taking hold in his head.

“That's because Ron is a right fancy pants now.” Harry said, making sure his voice was loud enough for Ron to hear him upstairs.

“I heard that!” Ron called down at them.

Harry grinned at Teddy.

“I'm sure Ron will let you have a look around before we go.” Harry assured Teddy. “So do you want a hot chocolate then?”

“Yes please.” Teddy said.

“Alright. I'll go make you one.” Harry said, taking off his coat, tossing it over the back of a chair and then heading off to the kitchen.

He opened up a cupboard and found everything he needed to make their drinks in there besides a spoon, he had to try a couple of drawers before he located that.

Harry found three cups out ready next to the already boiled kettle.

He was pouring water when he heard Ron's irregular footfalls on the stairs.

“Woah!” Harry heard Teddy exclaim. “Is that for me?”

“It is.” Ron's voice answered.
“It's huge!” Teddy said.

“It's, well it is pretty big but it's not one giant thing.” Ron explained. “It's lots of smaller things all wrapped up together.”

“Thanks Uncle Ron!” Teddy said and Harry could hear the sound of tearing wrapping paper followed by a whooping sound.

Harry couldn't even see what Teddy was so excited about but he found himself grinning while he stood stirring their drinks in the kitchen.

“I wanted some of these!” Teddy said.

“Really?” Ron asked.

“Yeah! I've got loads of sweets from everyone but none of these ones!” Teddy said.

“Well, I'm glad you like them.” Ron said.

There were more sounds, presumably from the movement of his presents.

“Oh wow!” Teddy said. “Wait! There are two of these?” Teddy asked.

“Well, they always come in such small packets.” Ron said. “And when I have them I always end up wanting more.”

Harry flicked his wand and Teddy's hot chocolate and Ron's coffee rose into the air, Harry picked up his own cup of tea and walked back into the large lounge.

Teddy was surrounded by a very impressive pile of sweets, chocolates and savoury snacks. Well, impressive wasn't the proper word to describe the selection. 'Excessive' seemed like an adult way to describe it which meant it was just the right amount in the eyes of a child which explained the huge grin on Teddy's face.

Harry sat himself down on the sofa with Ron as Teddy and his sweets were taking up most of the other sofa.

Ron caught his floating coffee and took a sip, Teddy's hot chocolate set down on the coffee table.

“Cheers.” Ron said in thanks for the coffee.

“No worries.” Harry said. “You've gone a spoiled him haven't you?”

Ron snorted. “Believe it or not, this was the medium package.”

Harry eyed the piles of snacks.

“Medium sized for a human?” Harry asked.

“You know...” Said Ron in a thoughtful tone. “I have no idea.”

“Might be troll sized.” Harry said.

“Well, I think it's a good fit for our little monster then.” Ron said and Teddy who was listening to their every word, tossed a sweet at Ron in outrage, Ron caught the sweet and popped it into his mouth so smoothly, it was as though he had asked Teddy for a sweet and had been expecting it to be tossed to him.
Harry, Teddy and Ron appeared outside the Burrow, the three of them holding some bags. The bags contained presents for the family that Ron had bought for them, Harry knew that the things he had bought would have already been brought to the Burrow by Ginny.

“Can you get the door, Teddy?” Ron asked as they all walked to the backdoor and Teddy opened the door and disappeared inside leaving the door open, almost forgotten in his excitement to get inside to join everyone.

Harry and Ron shared a brief look of amusement before they too entered into Mrs Weasley's kitchen. There were quite a lot of people inside the Burrow though the kitchen contained only Mrs Weasley and an excited Teddy Lupin who was talking to her rapidly.

“I'd love to see, sweetheart.” Mrs Weasley was telling Teddy half amused, half exasperated. “But I need to get Christmas dinner sorted right now.” She explained to him. “Why don't you go and let your grandmother know you're here and you can show me later on, dear?”

“OK.” Teddy said. “Merry Christmas, Mrs Weasley!” Teddy said brightly.

“Merry Christmas, dear.” Mrs Weasley said and gave the boy another hug. As Teddy was released and headed off further into the Burrow Harry approached his mother-in-law and gave her the best hug he could manage with his hands full of bags.

“Merry Christmas, Mrs Weasley.” Harry said to her.

“Oh, Merry Christmas to you too Harry.” Mrs Weasley said. “Ginny arrived about ten minutes ago.” She informed him.

“Did she bring the presents?” Harry asked, being released.

“She put them in the living room.” Mrs Weasley said.

“I'd better put these in there too.” Harry said raising his bags slightly. “Besides, I don't want to stand around your kitchen in case something goes wrong just by me being near it.” he half joked.

Harry was released after a moment and Ron took his turn, Harry moved out of the kitchen and into the Burrow.

It took Harry close to ten minutes by his best guess, just to walk to the living room. He was stopped and hugged, wished a merry Christmas, playfully punched or slapped on the arm or back and generally conversed with while he tried to reach his goal and put down Ron's bags.

When he had finally set down the bags with all the others in the living room, he took a moment standing away from everyone to survey the situation.
Ginny was talking with Verity while George and Bill chatted near by. Ron had been stopped in his own attempt to get to the living room to dump down his load of bags by Fleur and Victoire. Andromeda Tonks was sat down and was listening to Teddy's recounting of his trip to Grimmauld Place.

Mr Weasley was sat next to her listening to Teddy and Charlie Weasley was sitting on the other side of his father.

As Harry watched Percy Weasley, his wife Audrey and their daughter Molly entered the kitchen and Molly ran straight to her grandmother whom she was named after and was caught up in an embrace.

Harry decided that he would go sit with his brother-in-law Charlie who he hadn't seen in a while, when Charlie saw Harry heading to the large dining table to join them he stood up with a smile.

“Harry!” Charlie said and with open arms caught Harry up in a hug. “It's good to see you, merry Christmas, mate.” Charlie said as the two of them slapped each others backs.

“It's good to see you too. Merry Christmas.” Harry said, the two of them came apart and sat down.

“How have you been?” Harry asked. “Hows the dragon business?”

Charlie who had reached over the table to pick up an empty glass and was now pouring Harry a drink answered.

“I'm good, I'm good.” He said. “And we'll the dragon business is the same as ever really, I've been training up a lot of newbies lately.”

“Oh?” Harry asked as he accepted the drink Charlie handed to him.

“Yeah, we've got quite a few different kinds of dragons coming to us soon and while we've got just enough people to care for them properly it'll still be a stretch.” Charlie explained. “So we're all doing our best to get some new staff trained up so we don't exhaust ourselves when the new ones arrive.”

“How long do you have?” Harry asked.

“Until August.” Charlie said then took a sip of his drink before continuing. “The newbies have been in training for ages mind, it's just that with everything going on we've been training them up a lot faster.”

“Blimey, well I hope they learn fast.” Harry said. “I can't imagine it will end well if they don't know what they're doing and end up with a bunch more dragons.” Harry told Charlie but before Charlie could reply Ginny arrived.

“Hey.” Ginny said to him and gave him a kiss.


“Yeah, I'm fine.” Ginny said. “But I think if mum gets interrupted again she'll explode.” Ginny nodded over to the kitchen and both he and Charlie looked over to see Mrs Weasley looking a little on edge, it was her eyes that looked a little wild but she was keeping a smile in place on her face.

“I think you might be right.” Charlie said.

Harry looked around. “Who else is going to show up?”

“I think Giles and his family said they might come.” Ginny said, referring to one of her cousins.
Charlie snorted. “I doubt it.” He said and Harry agreed.

Ginny shrugged. “Other than that, I think it's only Hermione.”
Charlie looked slightly concerned at this.

“You think it'll be awkward?” He asked them both quietly.

“No.” Ginny said firmly. “She's been my best friend longer than she was Ron's wife. Don't make things weird Charlie.” She looked at her brother with a dangerous look.

Charlie held up his hands. “I'm not going to treat her any differently.” He said. “I'm just wondering if it'll be awkward for them.”

“I dunno.” Harry said cutting in. “It might be a bit weird at first but everyone still loves Hermione, she'll probably be fine after a bit.”

“She will be.” Ginny said forcefully.

“Aunt Ginny!” Teddy's voice came from seemingly nowhere before a blue haired body hit his wife.

Laughing, Ginny hugged Teddy and was distracted by the boy thanking her for the presents she had gotten him for Christmas.

It was while she was distracted that Harry noticed that Hermione had just arrived.

Excusing himself he headed towards Ron who was talking with George now, they caught each others eyes and Harry nodded to the kitchen. Ron's eyes widened slightly as he realised Hermione was there being hugged by his mother.

Harry wordlessly took the bags Ron still held and just before Ron headed off to the kitchen he gave Harry a brief nod of thanks.

Harry managed to get through the room with this second set of bags in almost no time, this time around, having already been greeted by most of the people at the Burrow.

He made it to the front room and set the bags down with the rest of them before turning right back around and heading out to see what Ron and Hermione were doing.

He saw that Ron had taken Hermione's own bags, presumably also full of presents from her and the two of them were heading in Harry's direction.

Looking around he didn't see any overt signs from the other guests that anything out of the ordinary had happened which relieved him to no end.

Harry walked to meet them half way and as he was grinning to them both and about to speak when his wife reached them first and caught Hermione up in a hug and the two of them were speaking in low voices, the general festive chatter of all the other guests drowning them out.

“More presents.” Ron said, raising the bags he held.

“Thought so.” Harry said. “You can take them through on your own this time.” He added with a false grumpiness.

“It's Christmas!” Ron protested.

“Then you'd better get the presents where they belong then hadn't you.” Harry fired back.

Then Hermione was giving Harry a hug.

“Merry Christmas, Harry.” Hermione said against his chest.
“Merry Christmas.” Harry replied his arms around her. “Did you get me a present?” Harry asked her.

For some reason Hermione blushed a little and said. “Ask Ginny.” Then she took back one of the bags Ron was holding and quickly headed off. Harry watched Ron follow her and Ginny smirked at his confused look.

“What was that?” Harry asked his wife who had come closer to get her own hug.

“You can’t open one of your presents from Hermione here.” Ginny told him.

“Why?” Harry asked.

Ginny was silently laughing at him.

“Put it this way, you've got a present from Hermione that you can open with everyone else.” Ginny told him, she leaned back to look at him directly, still in the circle of his arms. “And you've got your real present from Hermione that you'll get in private later.”

“Understood.” Harry said, trying not to grin.

What followed was by all accounts, one of their better Christmas dinners at the Burrow. Saying that might give the impression that it was the quality of the food that differed from year to year but the reality was that Mrs Weasley cooking was always excellent. The mood and general atmosphere of the Burrow was one of celebration and after they had all stuffed their faces with what was most certainly too much food, the mood was contented and relaxed. Even Percy who was usually a little pompous couldn’t keep himself from laughing at George's gentle ribbing. As drinks flowed a little more freely for between the adults, the children were discussing the presents that they had received that morning, which led to what Harry was sure could have become out and out rebellion by the children when they demanded that it was time for the rest of the gift giving. Mrs Weasley who was slightly flushed in the cheeks agreed that it was and so Harry, Ron, George and Charlie were set to fetch the bags of presents.

When the children had gotten their hands on their shiny new toys the grown ups exchanged theirs. Harry came away with a surprisingly large haul of goods, many of which were edible and some drinkable. Mr Weasley had bought him a rather expensive bottle of fire whisky. Between him and Ginny, they would be returning home later with a bag full of new things each.

It was when Harry was none too steadily making his way out of the bathroom later in the evening when he almost bumped into Hermione on the landing.

“Oh, sorry!” Harry said just managing to pull his weight back and smile a bit weakly. “Had one too many I think.” He admitted to her.

Hermione rolled her eyes slightly but was clearly amused. “More than one too many, I'd say.” Hermione said.

“Probably.” Harry conceded with a slight tip of the head, he stepped out of the way and gestured to the open bathroom door in what he thought was a grand manner.

“I don't need the loo, Harry.” Hermione said. “Actually, now I think about it I do.” She interrupted
herself. “But never mind that, did you speak to Ginny about your present?” Hermione asked him,

“Ah, yeah.” Harry said. “Sort of, she said it's not a present for the general public.” Harry said gesturing downwards to indicate the busy household downstairs. “She didn't say what it was tho-”

Harry broke off watching as Hermione pulled a familiar looking booklet from her inside pocket and he felt his eyes widen slightly.

“Here.” Hermione said in a hushed voice and looking around slightly nervously as she shoved it at his chest.

Harry took the booklet from her and examined it. It was the same as one of the ones Ginny had gotten him and when he opened it to see inside, he realised just which set of 'coupons' this one contained.

“I- Does Ginny know you got this?” Harry asked unsure how to proceed.

“Yes, we bought them at the same time.” Hermione said still hushed and very quickly. “But put it away before someone sees it and asks what it is.” She half ordered, half pleaded.

Harry's mind began to wander slightly at the news Ginny and Hermione had bought them together, he started thinking of what some of the coupons said exactly and then thought about the possibilities of redeeming different coupons simultaneously.

He either had an odd look on his face or he had simply not acted fast enough for her liking because a light punch on his arm brought him back and Hermione admonished him.

“Harry!” She said in a loud whisper. “Put it away!”

Harry instead reached out grabbing Hermione's hand and before she could protest he pulled her back into the bathroom and shut the door.

“Harry!” Hermione exclaimed as he began looking through the booklet. “We can't! Not here! Everyone is downstairs and-”

“Found it.” Harry said and as if despite herself Hermione broke off to see just what it was exactly he had chosen from the booklet.

Harry pulled out the coupon and presented it to her. She took a second for what it said on the coupon to register before she gave a relieved smile.

Harry grinned at her and she rolled her eyes at him again but took the piece of paper from him as he secured the little booklet in his pocket.

Then their lips were together, what started out as a long tender kiss turned into something a little more heated as their mouths parted and their tongues touched. Their breath merged hotly between their faces as they pulled back slightly to breathe before returning to meet each other ones more.

Without any of them realising when it had happened, Hermione's arms were around his neck and she stood on the tips of their toes leaving her body pressed against his. His hands had been moving up and down her sides and were just about to reach around to cup her small bottom when she suddenly stepped back breathing heavily.

“Not so fast!” Hermione told him in a slightly breathless but teasing voice. “It only said one kiss.”

Harry sighed dramatically but the both of them knew that they couldn't really go much further right now, not here and not with everyone so close.

“That's the only one I'm accepting tonight.” Hermione told him firmly then pointed to the door. “Go
on! I’m actually really busting now.”

“Spoilsport.” Harry said without heat, it was more of a token protest that as a man he had to give.

“Out!” Hermione repeated with a serious face but twinkling eyes.

“Fine.” Harry said moving to the door. “I'll see you back downstairs.” He told her and stepped out through the door and closed it firmly behind him.

He started to walk back down the stairs but had to pause on the darkened stairs to wipe the grin off his face.

While one of the booklets Ginny had given him was full of kisses and other such small things, the other was very different.

It was this booklet that he now had two of, one from Ginny and now the other from Hermione.

Harry hadn’t been able to take the time to really read through the one Ginny had given him that morning but he was pretty sure that he had just spent the only 'one free kiss' it contained and it was the mildest thing in it.

In his slightly intoxicated state it was hard to remember but the thought of the things he could remember seeing in the booklet were making it hard to keep himself from smiling.

As he reached the bottom of the stairs and returned to the cheery noise and lights he promised himself that he would make the most of his little booklets.

He would study them for a while as to use them both in tandem for maximum effect.

He was going to have fun with them and make sure that not a single page went to waste.

Harry silently wished himself a Merry Christmas and enjoyed the rest of the night.
Not a real chapter but read anyway.

I am considering bringing this story back to life.

I'm wondering if there are still people interested in seeing more?

I am currently replacing all the chapters with edited versions though I'm pretty sure that some mistakes have probably slipped through.

Let me know if you're interested in more.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!