

Chapter 22

"I can't believe I let you talk me into this," Hermione said, pulling her hair up into a bun.

"It was your idea to make Harry go," Tonks smiled.

"Because he needs to get that memory from Slughorn," Hermione huffed. "I didn't think you'd make me go with you."

"Oh, come on. It'll be fun," Tonks said, bumping her shoulder.

"You know people are going to talk," Hermione frowned.

"Then let them talk," Tonks shrugged.

Grabbing a leather jacket off the bed, Tonks put it on over her crimson dress.

"Harry better appreciate this," Tonks said. "I'm not a fan of dresses."

"You look great," Hermione told her, smoothing down the front of her pink dress. "I'm sure Harry will love it."

"You're new boobs make that dress fit great, by the way," Tonks said, smiling as the brunette blushed. "You haven't had any issues with the potion, have you?"

"No," Hermione said. "And please tell your mum I said thank you."

"You can tell her yourself when you come over for during break," Tonks told her.

"I still can't believe Harry bought a house," Hermione said, shaking her head. "Have you chosen a Secret Keeper?"

"Not yet, but Harry has a pretty good idea," Tonks smirked. "Come on, time to go show off for our man."

"He's not my man," Hermione protested as Tonks hooked her arm and pulled her towards the door.

"Sure he isn't," Tonks said sarcastically. "It's a pity Fleur couldn't make it. That would've really made for an exciting night."

Walking out of the Head's suite, Tonks led Hermione into the Gryffindor common room. Harry was sitting on the couch near the firing, looking bored as he listened to Colin Creevey. Noticing them out of the corner of his eye, he perked up and smiled at the sight of them. Excusing himself from Colin, he stood up and walked over to them.

"Wow, you both look amazing," Harry grinned.

Tonks smiled as he leaned forward to kiss her on the lips. His eyes raked over her body briefly before he turned to Hermione. She blushed prettily and smiled as he kissed her cheek and whispered something into her ear. Straightening back up with a crooked grin, he offered them his arms.

"Ooh, such a gentleman," Tonks said as Harry led them through the portrait hole.

"When am I not a gentleman?" Harry asked.

"Last night," Tonks said, her eyes sparkling. "It wasn't very gentlemanly doing that to poor, innocent Hermione."

“Tonks!” Hermione hissed, looking around frantically.

Catching Harry’s eye, they shared a smile.

“You really do look great,” he said, eyeing her up and down. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you in a dress before.”

“Yeah, well, don’t get used to it,” Tonks told him.

“Then I’ll just have to savor it,” Harry grinned.

Grabbing her hand, he lifted and led her in a twirl. Tonks made it halfway around before she stumbled and had to grab onto Harry to keep her balance.

“Not used to heels, Tonks?” Hermione giggled.

“Oh, shut it,” Tonks grumbled.

Grinning, Harry glanced at their backs.

“They do make your bums look great, though,” he said.

“Harry,” Hermione exclaimed with a blush.

Tonks laughed as Harry wiggled his eyebrows.

It was a short walk to the fifth floor, where Slughorn was holding his Christmas party. Tonks could certainly understand why Harry was a fan of the portly potions professor. The moment he saw Harry, he latched onto him and paraded him around the room like they were at a dog show.

Sure, they got to meet some interesting people, like a Vampire and Gwenog Jones, but she could see Harry was fighting the desire to storm off. Hanging onto his arm, Tonks rubbed his arm soothingly and tried to draw as much attention to herself as possible. On his other side, Hermione whispered to him, quietly giving him information about the people they were meeting.

Mercifully, after almost half an hour, there was a crash at the back of the room. With a quick apology, Slughorn left to investigate.

“Thank Merlin,” Harry sighed.

“That was a bit much,” Hermione frowned.

“Are you sure we can’t just beat the information out of him?” Harry whispered.

Hermione smacked his arm lightly.

“That might be a tiny bit illegal,” Tonks smiled.

“Pity,” Harry said.

Walking over to the drinks table, they all grabbed a glass of Slughorn’s admittedly fantastic punch.

“You have to admit, Sluggy sure knows how to throw a party,” Tonks said, looking around at the crowd. “It’s like a who’s who of Magical Britain in here tonight.”

“Dumbledore said he likes to collect people,” Harry said with distaste.

“That’s a Slytherin for you,” Tonks told him.

“I wish that’s all we had to worry about from the Slytherins in our class,” Hermione said.

“Fancy seeing you here, Granger,”

Hermione’s eyes went wide as she looked over at McLaggen. As he walked over to her with a confident swagger, Tonks felt Harry tense.

“Oh, hello, Cormac,” Hermione said, deliberately looking away from him.

“Drink?” he asked, holding up a goblet.

“No, thank you. I have one,” Hermione said.

“Well, how about a dance, then?” McLaggen asked, taking her hand.

Hermione snatched her hand away quickly and unconsciously shifted closer to Harry.

“Sorry, but I came with Harry,” she told him.

“Potter?” McLaggen asked as if he was confused. “He’s here with his girlfriend. I’m sure he wouldn’t mind if you danced with someone else. Would you, Potter?”

Tonks cut in before Harry could answer angrily.

"I don't think he quite gets it, does he?" Tonks asked, looking at Harry pointedly.

"Get what?" McLaggen asked.

"Maybe you should show him," Tonks said, nodding towards Hermione.

Understanding what she wanted, Harry smiled. He turned to Hermione and swept her up in his arms, causing her to blush prettily. She just had time to gasp before his lips descended on her. Tonks smirked as she watched McLaggen redden with anger.

"The bookworm is taken," she said.

Giving her a glare, he turned back to Hermione just as she threaded her fingers through Harry's hair and thrust her tongue into his mouth. Tonks kept her hand on her wand, but McLaggen just gave them a disdainful look before he turned around and marched off.

Once he was out of sight, Tonks turned to Harry and Hermione with a smirk. She let them kiss for a few more seconds before clearing her throat.

"He's gone now," she told them.

Harry's hands drifted from Hermione's hips to her bum, which he gave a squeeze. Hermione squeaked into his mouth, then pulled back and smacked his chest lightly.

"Prat," she said breathlessly.

"At least McLaggen will leave you alone now," Tonks smirked. "So, how about that dance?"

“Dance?” Hermione asked.

Tonks shared a look with Harry, and they both grinned. Each of them took one of Hermione’s hands and pulled her out onto the dance floor.

They got to enjoy being out on the dance floor for an hour before Filch crashed the party, dragging Malfoy with him. When Snape came to his rescue, Tonks looked over at Harry and knew from the look on his face that he intended to follow them.

“Do you have your cloak?” she whispered.

“In my pocket,” Harry replied just a quietly.

Tonks turned to Hermione, who bit her lip and nodded.

“Let’s go then,” Tonks said.

Harry blinked in surprise, then smiled as they headed for the door. Once they were alone in the hall, they pressed together tightly so he could wrap the cloak around all of them. Hermione took a moment to take off her shoes, a move Tonks followed a moment later.

Creeping through the hallways of Hogwarts, they followed Snape and Malfoy at a distance to be safe.

“...Don’t need your help!” Malfoy yelled.

Smack!

“You ungrateful child. I swore an Unbreakable Vow,” Snape spat.

Tonks' eyes widened. Looking over at Harry and Hermione, she could see neither of them understood what that meant.

"This is my time, my mission," Malfoy responded petulantly.

"I'm trying to help you, Draco, but I can't if you don't keep me informed," Snape hissed.

"You just want to take the glory for yourself," Malfoy whined.

"Glory? You think this is about Glory?" Snape asked aggressively. "You foolish, petulant child! Your life is at stake. Do you think the Dark Lord will hesitate to kill you should you fail? Or your mother?"

"I won't fail! I won't," Malfoy said, his voice growing quiet. "I don't need you, and I don't need your help."

There was silence for a moment before they heard the sound of footsteps retreating down the hall. Signaling Harry, Tonks led them back down the hall. Once she was sure they were alone, she took off the cloak.

"What's —" Hermione started.

"Not here," Tonks interrupted. "Let's go back to our room."

Walking the familiar path back to Gryffindor Tower, they walked in contemplative silence. When they got back to Gryffindor Tower, it was mostly empty. Only one couple was still up, snogging in front of the fire. Everyone else was asleep, eager to leave for the holiday in the morning.

Entering the Head's suite, Tonks silenced the door as soon as it was closed.

“What’s an Unbreakable Vow?” Hermione asked impatiently.

“It’s a magical vow between two people,” Tonks said, sitting on the couch.

“What happens if you break it?” Hermione asked.

“You die,” Tonks said.

“But why would Professor Snape make an Unbreakable Vow?” Hermione asked.

“I see two possibilities,” Tonks said. “Either he was backed into a corner and had to in order to keep his cover, or...”

“Or he isn’t on our side,” Harry said.

Tonks nodded, and Hermione’s eyes widened.

“But Dumbledore trusts Snape,” she insisted.

“Dumbledore makes mistakes, Hermione,” Harry said. “And Snape’s never given *us* a reason to trust him.”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves,” Tonks said, interrupting the brewing argument. “We should talk to Dumbledore about this. When did you say he was coming back?”

“Not ‘til after the break,” Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I think he’s found a lead to another Horcrux.”

“We’ll just have to talk to him when he gets back,” Tonks said.

“Gah! This is so frustrating!” Harry exploded. “Why the hell can’t he just tell me what’s going on!? I’m so sick and tired of being kept in the dark! He won’t tell me more about the Horcruxes! He won’t tell me what he’s doing! He won’t tell me anything about Malfoy! And what the hell is up with his hand!? Has he told the Order anything?”

Tonks snorted, “No. He just avoids the question.”

“What?” Harry asked.

Following his eyes to Hermione, Tonks saw her looking away and biting her lip.

“Do you know something, Hermione?” Tonks asked.

“Not really,” she replied.

When Harry gave her a disbelieving look, she sighed.

“I was curious,” Hermione said. “I looked into it, and the only thing that fit was the Withering Curse. But it can’t be. That kills within minutes, hours if you’re lucky, and there’s no cure. You said Dumbledore’s hand was like that over the Summer, right?”

“Yeah,” Harry said, his shoulders slumping. “Yeah, it was. Why can’t he just tell us anything? It’s always some game where I have to figure things out with no clue what I’m actually doing.”

Sighing, Harry dropped down onto the couch and pushed up his glasses so he could put his face in his hands. Tonks shared a glance with Hermione as she rubbed his back soothingly. The pressure was mounting on Harry, and the cracks were starting to show.

Dumbledore was playing a dangerous game. There was only so much a person could take before they snapped. It was almost like –

Was that it, she wondered. Was Dumbledore trying to push Harry to the breaking point in order to discover the power mentioned in the prophecy?

Tonks shook her head. Just the thought that he might be capable of that made her sick to her stomach. No, there had to be more than he was telling them.

“There’s nothing we can do tonight,” Tonks said. “Let’s go to bed, love. Hermione and I will drain all the stress out of you.”

Snorting, Harry sat back and smiled at them softly.

“You girls are too good to me,” he said, wrapping an arm around them and hugging them close. “I don’t deserve any of you.”

“Don’t say that,” Hermione said, smacking his shoulder.

“After all the lives you’ve saved, you deserve more than you get,” Tonks said, her lips quirking up in a smirk. “Now, let’s go see if we can fit that big cock of yours in Hermione’s bum.”

“Tonks!” Hermione exclaimed blushing.

“What, you seemed to like his fingers and tongue last night,” Tonks said.

“But-”

“Exactly!” Tonks grinned.

Hermione gave her a flat look while Harry burst out laughing.

“You’re terrible,” she said.

“Yeah, but you love me,” Tonks said, still grinning.

Hermione huffed, but her lips twitched in a smile.

Standing up, Tonks grabbed Harry’s hand and pulled him up off the couch. When Hermione stood, she took her hand as well and led them towards the bedroom.

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“You okay, Hermione?” Lavender asked with a smirk as Harry, Hermione, and Tonks climbed into the carriage.

“I’m fine,” Hermione said, shifting uncomfortably on the hard seat.

“Sure you are,” Lavender said, causing Parvati to giggle.

“I just pulled a muscle trying to lift my trunk,” Hermione said.

“Uh huh,” Parvati hummed. “And this has nothing to do with the fact you and Harry were snogging at Slughorn’s party last night or the fact that you didn’t come back to the dorm until early this morning?”

Hermione blushed while Tonks covered her mouth with her hand. Harry could feel her shaking next to him as she stifled a laugh.

“I – we – that was just so McLaggen would leave me alone,” Hermione protested.

“And you were hiding from him in Harry’s bed all night?” Lavender asked.

Parvati and Tonks burst into giggles. Smiling, Harry wrapped his arm around Hermione’s shoulders.

“I think the jig is up,” he told her.

Hermione buried her red face in his chest with a groan.

“It’s about time you two got together,” Lavender grinned. “We’ve been waiting for that to happen for years.”

Parvati nodded in agreement.

“We’re not together,” Hermione sighed, lifting her head. “We’re... Oh, I don’t know.”

“Friends with benefits?” Tonks offered.

Lavender and Parvati giggled while Hermione glared at a grinning Tonks.

“Fuck Buddies?” Tonks asked.

“Tonks!” Hermione yelled exasperatedly.

Sighing, she turned to Lavender and Parvati.

“Please don’t say anything,” she said pleadingly.

“We won’t, But what *is* going on between you two?” Lavender asked, looking between Harry and Tonks. “I mean, we all know there’s something going on between you and Fleur...”

“How did you know that?” Tonks asked.

“We could hear her screaming in the loo at the Three Broomsticks,” Parvati giggled. “I think you forgot to silence the floor.”

“Whoops,” Tonks shrugged while a smirk.

Suddenly, the carriage lurched to a stop. Climbing out, Harry helped the girls load their trunks onto the train.

“You never did answer my question,” Lavender pouted.

“Huh, I guess I didn’t,” Tonks said. “Have a good holiday, girls!”

“Oh, come on. This is the best gossip all year,” Lavender groaned.

Tonks laughed as she walked away.

“Happy Christmas,” Harry smiled.

“Happy Christmas, Harry,” they replied in unison.

Walking down the train, Tonks found an empty compartment for them to sit in. Ron and Ginny joined them a short time later.

“You won’t believe the rumors going around,” Ron chuckled. “People actually think you and Hermione are dating.”

Harry and Hermione shared a look while Tonks burst out laughing.

“I know, crazy, right?” Ron asked. “So, when are you coming over to the Burrow?”

“Actually, I’m planning on inviting everyone over to my place for Christmas,” Harry said. “Andromeda, Ted, and Hermione’s parents are coming over today, and they’re going to help me buy some new furniture.”

“I still can’t believe you bought a house,” Ron grumbled.

Ginny rolled her eyes, “I wrote to mum, and she said we’ll talk about it when we get home. I’ll let you know what she says, but I’m sure she’ll at least let us come over and visit.”

“You’ll have to send the letter with Hedwig because we’re putting up the Fidelus today,” Harry said.

“I thought owls couldn’t go through the Fidelus Charm,” Hermione said.

“Hedwig can,” Harry said confidently.

“I think she’s his familiar,” Tonks said. “She’ll be able to find him anywhere.”

“Ooh, why did I think of that?” Hermione asked.

Tonks shrugged and then cuddled into Harry as the train began to move.

“Don’t get too comfortable. We have a meeting in the Prefects carriage,” Hermione said.

Tonks groaned.

“But I’m comfy,” she pouted.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

“Come on,” she said, then turned to Ron and Ginny. “We’ll be back in a while. Can you save our seats?”

“Sure,” Ginny said.

Smiling, Hermione grabbed Tonks’ hand and pulled her up and towards the door.

“Aw, why do I have to go?” Tonks whined.

Shaking his head, Harry got up and followed them.

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After the rounds, the rest of the trip to London was relaxed. When they pulled into the station, Harry and Ron helped the girls lug their trunks off the train.

Harry had barely straightened up from loading Hermione's trunk onto the trolley when he was enveloped by flowery perfume and a curtain of blonde hair.

"Arry. It's so good to see you,"

"It's good to see you too, Fleur," Harry said, hugging her tightly.

Ron gawped at her as she pulled back, smiled, and then gave Harry a searing kiss. By the time she pulled back, Harry's felt a bit foggy, and he had to give it a shake to clear it.

"Alright there, Harry?" Hermione giggled.

"Ermione!" Fleur beamed.

Letting go of Harry, she descended on the brunette and gave her a swift but passionate kiss. Tonks giggled as Hermione blushed brightly and gave Fleur a hug and a kiss of her own. When she turned to Ron, he closed his glazed eyes and puckered his lips. Smiling, Fleur leaned down and gave him a light peck on the cheek.

"Bonjour, Ron, Ginny," Fleur said.

"Ahem."

"Oh, mum, dad!" Hermione gasped before hugging them tightly. "I thought I was meeting you outside."

"Molly showed us in," Hermione's mother, June, smiled.

“We’re not interrupting anything, are we?” Robert, her father, asked.

“No, of course not,” Hermione blushed.

Harry nearly snorted out loud when Tonks stepped forward and thrust out her hand in a blatant distraction.

“Hi, I’m Tonks,” she said.

“You’re Harry’s girlfriend, right?” June asked.

“Yup!” Tonks said brightly.

“And who’s this?” Robert asked, nodding to Fleur. “I don’t think we’ve met before.”

“Oh, sorry,” Hermione said. “Mum, dad, this is Fleur. Fleur, these are my parents, Robert and June.”

“She’s Harry’s other girlfriend,” Tonks added.

“Not helping, Tonks,” Harry muttered.

Robert and June shared a look.

“Is that – normal – in your world?” Robert asked.

“Not really,” Tonks said.

When June and Robert looked at each other in confusion, she laughed.

“Sorry,” she said with a giggle. “It’s a bit of an unusual situation, but it does happen. I’ll explain better tonight when we get to the house. Speaking of which, we should leave soon. It’s getting late.”

“Uh, do you know where our parents went?” Ron asked.

“Oh, they’re over there,” Robert said, pointing to the left.

Harry looked over and found Mr. and Mrs. Weasley talking to Amelia Bones. Around them were several Aurors standing guard.

“Oh, we should go talk to her,” Tonks said. “Excuse us for a minute.”

“Of course,” June said. “So, Hermione, the four of you seem pretty... close.”

“That’s going to be awkward when we get home,” Harry muttered.

“I like the sound of that,” Tonks smiled. “Home.”

Smiling, Harry squeezed her hand and kissed her temple. As they approached Amelia, one of the Aurors stepped in front of them.

“Really, Jackson?” Tonks asked.

“Let them through,” Amelia said.

“Just doin’ my job, Tonks,” the Auror shrugged.

As he stepped out of the way, Harry waved at Susan as they got closer.

“Hey, Susan, Madam Bones,” he said.

“Hi, Harry,” Susan said brightly.

“Mr. Potter,” Amelia nodded. “What can I do for you?”

“Could I talk to you in private for a moment?” Harry asked.

Looking at him curiously, Amelia nodded. They walked a short distance away before Harry put up a Silencing Ward.

“I bought a house that we’re putting under the Fidelus tonight,” he told her. “I want to make it a place my friends can go to if things get bad. I’ll be giving Susan the secret, but I was wondering if you wanted to come over during the break so we could give it to you as well.”

Amelia let out a breath and smiled.

“I can’t tell you how much better I feel knowing Susan has a place to go if something happens to me,” she said. “We plan on having Christmas dinner with the Abbots, but we can come over a few days before.”

“I’ll send you an owl, and we can set up a date,” Tonks said.

“Certainly,” Amelia nodded, then looked at Harry intently. “Thank you for thinking of Susan. My biggest worry is about what would happen to her if something were to happen to me.”

“You and Susan are always welcome to stay with us,” Harry said.

Taking down his Silencing Ward, they rejoined the group.

“Is everything okay, auntie?” Susan asked.

“Everything’s fine,” Amelia replied. “Harry was just inviting us over during the break.”

“Oh, can we?” Susan asked excitedly.

“I don’t see why not,” Amelia smiled. “We’ll go over a few days before we visit the Abbots.”

“This’ll be great!” Susan beamed. “Harry’s been telling us about his new house for weeks. I can help decorate if you want.”

“Sure,” Harry shrugged with a smile.

“It was good seeing you, Amelia, but we really should be going,” Mr. Weasley said.

“We should as well,” Amelia said, shaking his hand. “Have a happy Christmas, everyone.”

“You too,” Harry said.

As Amelia and Susan left, along with the entourage of Aurors, Harry turned to Mr. Weasley.

“Will you be coming over for Christmas?” he asked.

“We still need to talk about that,” Mr. Weasley said before his voice dropped to a whisper. “Molly’s not sure how she feels about not having Christmas at the Burrow, but I’m sure we can talk her into it.”

“I understand,” Harry said. “I’d still like you to come over during the break, so I can give you the secret.”

“Of course,” Mr. Weasley smiled. “We’re both excited to see your new house.”

“Harry, dear, are you sure you’re ready for this?” Mrs. Weasley asked. “Owning a home is a big responsibility.”

“I’m sure,” Harry said. “Tonks and I need a place of our own, and we want to make sure all of our friends are safe. Anyways, we should get going. We still have a lot to do tonight. I’ll send Ron a letter in a couple of days. You’ll have to use Hedwig to get in contact with me.”

“I’m sure we’ll have an answer by then,” Mr. Weasley said.

Nodding, Harry shook Mr. Weasley’s hand, gave Mrs. Weasley a hug, and then left.

“Ready to go?” he asked, stopping just behind Hermione.

“Ready when you are,” Robert smiled.

“Great. Follow me,” Harry said.

Saying goodbye to Ron and Ginny, he led the group through to the barrier. Harry took June’s hand, and Hermione took her father’s so they could get through. Once they were back in Muggle London, they followed Tonks to a nearby area warded specifically for Apparition.

“You didn’t bring the car, did you?” Hermione asked.

“No, we took a cab, like you asked,” June smiled.

“Alright, Harry, you take June, I’ll take Robert, and Fleur can take Hermione,” Tonks said.

“What about Crookshanks?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“E will be fine,” Fleur assured her.

Taking out her wand, Tonks gave each of their trunks a tap. With a sound like a slurp, they swirled in on themselves and vanished to their destination.

“Amazing,” June breathed.

“Everyone ready to go?” Tonks asked. “Right then, on the count of three. One. Two. Three.”

Holding June’s arm, Harry Disapparated. A moment later, they appeared in the driveway of Fort Potter with a slight pop. June, Robert, and Hermione all hunched over, looking sick to their stomachs.

“Just breathe deep. The feeling will pass,” Harry assured them.

“Is it always that bad?” Hermione asked, panting.

“You get used to it,” Harry said.

“Urgh, I don’t think I’ll ever get used to that,” Hermione grumbled.

“She sounds just like you did,” Tonks giggled.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“The feeling lessens the more you do it, and it’s not nearly as bad when you’re the one Apparating,” he told Hermione.

After a moment, the three of them straightened and then gaped at the house.

“Harry, this place is massive!” Hermione exclaimed.

“Welcome to Fort Potter,” Tonks said grandly.

“It’s magnifique,” Fleur smiled.

“I have to admit, I wasn’t expecting something like this,” June said.

“How can you afford this?” Robert asked incredulously.

“Robert,” June scolded him. “Be polite.”

“It’s alright,” Harry shrugged. “My parents left me a lot of money.”

“Harry, we should get that Fidelus up,” Tonks interrupted.

“Right,” he nodded. “Hermione, would you be our Secret Keeper?”

“Me?” Hermione asked in surprise.

“We talked about it, and we think you’re the best person to do it,” Tonks smiled. “If you’re willing to.”

“Well, of course I am,” Hermione said. “I mean, if you’re sure.”

“We’re sure,” Harry said.

“This isn’t dangerous, is it?” June asked nervously.

“No,” Harry said. “The spell is perfectly safe.”

“I think she meant if Hermione will be in danger by being your Secret Keeper,” Robert said.

“Dad, I’m in danger just by being a Muggleborn,” Hermione told him, rolling her eyes. “What do I need to do?”

“Just stand right there,” Harry said.

Pointing his wand over Hermione’s shoulder, he closed his eyes and focused on an image of the house and the grounds surrounding it. A fog descended on the property, obscuring the house and everything around it. Keeping that image in his mind, Harry turned his wand on Hermione.

“Fidelus!” he shouted.

Hermione gasped, her eyes widening as the fog raced into her body from every direction. As it cleared, the house went with it, leaving them standing in the middle of an empty field. The moment the last of the fog disappeared into Hermione, her body sagged. She would've collapsed to the ground if not for Harry's arms wrapping around her.

"Sweetheart, are you alright?" June asked worriedly.

"I'm fine," Hermione panted.

"Where did the house go?" Robert asked. "Where are we?"

"Exactly where we were," Tonks told him. "We'll be able to see it again as soon as Hermione gives us the secret."

"What should I say?" Hermione asked, straightening up.

"That's up to you," Harry smiled. "You get to make up the secret."

"Make up the secret?" Hermione asked. "I knew I should've read up on this."

"You just need to make the secret based on the name we gave you earlier," Harry said. "There's really not much to it."

"Alright," Hermione said.

Spinning around, she looked at something only she could see before turning back.

"Wait!" Fleur interrupted just as Hermione opened her mouth.

Waving her wand, she put up a series of powerful Privacy Charms.

“Good idea,” Tonks nodded.

“Go ahead, ‘Ermione,” Fleur told her.

“Fort Potter is located at Number 16 East Hill Lane,” Hermione said.

Robert and June gasped as the walls of the house sprouted out of the ground until the whole thing was visible.

“It worked!” Harry cheered.

“That was brilliant,” Hermione smiled. “You have to show me how to do that.”

“Later,” Tonks said. “Let’s get inside so Harry can finish putting up the wards.”

“What’s left?” Hermione asked as they walked towards the front door.

“I have to take down the temporary protective wards I put up,” Harry said. “The Fidelus might hide us visually, but any wards extending out from it can give our location away. All someone would need is a general location.”

“Or luck,” Tonks added.

Opening the front door, Harry led the group into a large but empty foyer.

“‘Arry, you ‘ave beds for us to sleep on, oui?” Fleur asked.

“We had Dobby furnish a few rooms,” Tonks said. “I think six of the bedrooms are usable, and the living room is set up. We can get anything else we need tomorrow.”

“That’s going to be a lot of furniture,” June said as they walked through two more empty rooms to get to the living room.

“Then it’s a good thing we have magic,” Tonks smiled. “Hermione, could you write the secret on a piece of paper so I can give it to my parents?”

“Of course,” Hermione said.

Walking over to a small writing desk in the corner, she grabbed a piece of parchment and wrote down the secret.

“Thanks,” Tonks smiled. “I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

“Take the Floo. It won’t be disconnected until tomorrow,” Harry said.

Kissing him on the lips, she headed to the fireplace.

“Isn’t that dangerous?” Hermione asked.

“The only people who know I’m connected are Madam Bones and Tonks’ parents,” Harry shrugged. “Madam Bones connected it personally.”

Sitting down next to Harry on the couch, Fleur curled up against his side and rested her head on his shoulder. With a smile, he turned and kissed the top of her head.

“Two girlfriends,” Robert said, shaking his head. “I don’t know whether to be jealous or if I should pity you.”

June smacked his arm lightly.

“I see where Hermione gets her violent streak from,” Harry grinned.

Sitting down on his other side, Hermione smacked his arm.

“Ow! See what I mean?” Harry asked.

“You get used to it,” Robert shrugged.

“Oh, you poor, strong men getting beaten up by women,” June said, patting her husband’s arm. “Joking aside, this place is beautiful, Harry.”

“It really is,” Hermione agreed.

Harry grinned, “You haven’t even seen the best part yet.”

“Harry!” Hermione hissed with a glare.

“I meant the library,” he said, rolling his eyes.

“You have a Library?” Hermione asked, perking up in her seat. “Where?”

“And we’ve lost her,” Robert sighed. “She’s never going to want to leave now.”

“Follow me,” Harry smiled.

Standing up with Fleur, he took her hand and led Hermione and her parents down a long hall at the back of the house. Turning left halfway down, he opened a set of double doors to a two-story library. The more than a dozen bookcases built into the walls were packed full, and a few books flapped their pages like wings, rearranging themselves.

“Where did you get all of these?” Hermione gasped, racing over to the closest shelf.

“Dobby brought them from the Room of Requirement,” Harry said. “I figured they were better off here than rotting in a room hardly anyone uses.”

“Even the Hogwarts Library doesn’t have some of these books,” Hermione said in awe.

Suddenly, June yelped in surprise. Harry spun around, his wand snapping into his hand, and then paused. A Fairy had flown out from somewhere and was darting around the room, looking at them curiously. June held a hand to her chest, staring at it in awe.

“Is it safe?” she asked, her eyes following the sparkles of light that left its wings.

“It’s a Fairy,” Hermione told her. “It must’ve come over with the books. The poor thing is probably scared.”

“I’m sorry, you just scared me,” June said. “I’ve never met a Fairy before. I promise I won’t hurt you.”

“They don’t speak English, mum,” Hermione said.

Ignoring her daughter, June held out her hand and walked forward slowly. The Fairy let her get just within reach before darting a few feet away. June stood still and continued holding out her hand. Cautiously, the Fairy moved towards her.

When it reached her hand, it reached out its own and gave her finger a poke before darting away again. Seeing that June hadn't reacted, the Fairy moved forward again and touched her hand cautiously.

For the first time, Harry got a good look at a Fairy up close. The only time he'd seen one was a picture in a book. It looked like a tiny human woman with blonde hair and without a stitch of clothing covering her body. Clear, multi-colored wings sprouted from its back and flapped furiously without a sound.

Landing on the palm of June's hand, the Fairy walked across it while looking at her face curiously. Taking to the air, it zipped forward and circled around her head. It grabbed a lock of June's curly brown hair and hefted it in her hand. Lifting it to her face, it took a sniff.

"I think she likes your hair," Robert chuckled.

Looking at him in fright, the Fairy wound June's hair around itself and hid so that only the top of its head and eyes were visible.

"Don't scare her," June scolded him softly.

"She likes you," Fleur giggled. "My sister brings zhem 'ome all zhe time. It drives Maman crazy."

"Here," Hermione said.

Harry turned around to find her with a copy of *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* in her hands.

"This will tell you all about Fairies," she said, handing it to her mother.

"I knew I'd find you in here," Tonks grinned from the doorway.

"You could do with using the library a little more, Nymphadora," Andy said from behind her.

"Mum," Tonks whined. "Do you have to call me that?"

"It's your name, dear," Andy smirked. "Hello, you must be Hermione's parents. I'm Andromeda, Andy for short, and this is my husband, Ted."

"Hello," Ted said.

"It's nice to meet you," Robert smiled. "I'm Robert, and this is my wife, June."

"Hello. You're Tonks' parents, right?" June asked.

"Yes. Oh my, you seem to have something in your hair," Andy said.

"I know," June smiled. "Isn't she adorable? She seems to be taken with my hair."

"I see," Andy smiled. "It's odd seeing a Fairy this far north. They usually live in warmer climates. I wonder how she got here."

"We think she came over from Hogwarts with the books," Hermione said.

"Ah, that would explain it," Andy nodded.

As the night grew later, Dobby popped in to light the fireplaces and tell them dinner would be ready soon. He looked happier than Harry had ever seen him, and even Hermione smiled at the sight of him.

Tonks' parents were quite happy to answer all of June and Robert's questions over dinner. It helped that Ted was a Muggleborn, and Andy had lived in a Muggle neighborhood for nearly three decades. It made it easier for them to relate than someone like Mr. Weasley.

Eventually, they all grew tired and headed off to bed. The Fairy was already asleep, still cocooned in June's curly hair.

"I bet that isn't the kind of threesome Robert was hoping for," Tonks joked.

"Tonks!" Hermione exclaimed while her mother laughed.

"Must you be so crude, Dora?" Andy asked.

Tonks laughed as they separated, the parents going to one wing of the house and the kids to the other.

"Are you staying with us tonight?" Tonks asked Hermione once they were out of earshot.

"Not tonight," Hermione said, shaking her head. "I'm still a bit sore, and I expect my dad to come check on me early in the morning. Besides, I'm sure Fleur wants some time with Harry."

"I enjoy my time with you too, 'Ermione" Fleur smiled.

"I do too. I just – I think I need a break tonight," Hermione said.

Stopping outside of Hermione's room, Harry took her in his arms and gave her a long, loving kiss.

"Don't stay away too long," Harry whispered. "We love having you with us."

"I won't," Hermione smiled.

Giving him one last kiss, she waved to Tonks and Fleur before slipping into her bedroom. Harry stared at her door for a long moment, a frown on his face.

"She'll come around," Tonks said, pulling him down the hall. "She just needs time to come to terms with how she feels."

Harry shook his head with a smile.

"Have I mentioned how brilliant you are? Both of you?" Harry asked.

"Once or twice," Tonks smirked.

"We wouldn't mind 'earing it a little more often," Fleur said.

Turning to Fleur, Harry wrapped his arms around her and lifted her up.

"How about I show you instead?" Harry asked.

Fleur giggled as he carried her into the master bedroom. Walking her over to the massive bed, he tossed her onto it with a grin.

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Fleur and Harry groaned in unison as he entered her for the first time in two months. Grinding his hips forwards, he savored the feeling of her wet, hot core gripping him tightly.

“I’ve missed zhis so much,” Fleur moaned.

Lying on her side next to them, Tonks grinned as she leaned over to take Fleur’s pink nipple between her lips. As Harry began to thrust, she pinched it between her teeth and pulled up. Fleur arched her back with a hiss, her depths tightening around his length.

“We’ve missed you too,” Tonks said huskily. “I wish you had been there last night when Harry buggered Hermione.”

Fleur gasped and moaned, her walls fluttering.

“She took ‘im in ‘er petite derriere?” she asked.

“Mh hmm,” Tonks moaned, her lips around Fleur’s swollen nipple.

Sucking hard, she pulled back until it came free with a *pop*.

“And she loved it,” Tonks said. “Hermione might’ve been sore this morning, but she was begging for it last night.”

“Mon Dieu,” Fleur panted. “Our ‘Arry has turned zhe bookworm into a slut.”

Staring up at him with a hooded, lustful gaze, her heels dug into his back, urging him forward. Leaning over her, Harry sped up as he claimed her lips in a searing kiss. Feeling a hand rub

between their bodies, he pulled back and looked down. Tonks' hand drifted down Fleur's toned stomach and stopped at the top of her folds. A moment later, Fleur threw her head back and moaned long and low.

Smiling, Tonks leaned in to suck and kiss at the side of her throat, her white teeth nipping lightly at the thin, sensitive skin. Panting heavily, Fleur rolled her hips wantonly each time he plunged into her sweltering depths. A quiet, purr-like moan left the back of her throat each time she mashed her excited clit against the hand between them.

"Arry," Fleur moaned. "I'm so close. Cum wiz me, mon amour. Please. I need to feel you."

With a groan, Harry rested his forehead against hers, staring into her captivating blue eyes as his hand cupped her breast. He could taste her breath each time he panted as he thrust faster. Nails dug into his back, leaving behind trails of fire when they raked along his shoulder blades as Fleur trembled under him.

"Oui," Fleur gasped, followed by a string of rapid French.

Harry smiled and rolled her nipple between his fingers. He didn't need to understand what she was saying to know he was doing something right. Mouth falling open, Fleur gasped as her muscles tightened. Her depths clamped around his length, drenching him in her arousal.

Groaning, Harry thrust deep as he erupted. For several long moments, they rode out their climaxes together. As he sagged tiredly, Tonks giggled and slipped her hand out from between them.

Once he'd caught his breath, Harry gave Fleur a deep, tender kiss before rolling off of her.

"That's one hell of a way to christen the bed," Tonks giggled.

Bringing her hand up to her face, she licked her damp fingers. Smirking, she worked her way between Fleur's legs and dove for her leaking folds.

"Oh, Dora," Fleur moaned, her hands fisting her purple hair.

Harry smiled as he watched.

It was going to be a great Christmas, he thought.