

Chapter 2

After spending Friday night, all of Saturday, and Sunday morning in bed with Tonks, the two of them decided to head back to the Burrow.

“Wotcher Weasleys, Fleur,” Tonks greeted them brightly as they entered the house.

While Tonks was unfazed by the situation, Harry blushed under the knowing looks he received.

“You have more mail,” Hermione told him, trying and failing to hide her amusement at his obvious discomfort.

Harry groaned as he took a seat in the living room while Tonks, Fleur, and Ginny laughed at him.

“How bad is it?” Harry asked warily.

“Not too bad,” Hermione said with a smile. “You only have two more bags of letters to go through. Fleur and I went through everything to get rid of anything suspicious.”

Ron ducked his head, and his ears went bright red when Hermione glanced at him.

“Anything illegal?” Tonks asked after smirking at the embarrassed redhead.

“No, it was all Love Potions and mild Compulsion Charms. All of which are entirely legal, unfortunately,” Hermione said.

“Do you know who sent the one lover boy here fell for?” Tonks asked, gesturing to Ron.

“Melissa Redding, according to the letter she sent,” Hermione said, crossing her arms with a satisfied smile as Ron blushed even further. “Ron tried to burn it, but I think Ginny still has it.”

“What?” Ron squeaked as he gave his smirking sister a horrified look.

“I thought you might like to keep it,” Ginny said with an innocent smile. “Has she replied to your letter, yet?”

Ron groaned and covered his face with his hands.

“Melissa Redding?” Tonks asked. “The one that works at the Ministry?”

“You know her?” Ginny asked gleefully.

“Unless there’s another witch with the same name,” Tonks said with a shrug, then smiled at Ron. “You want to see what she looks like?”

Before he could answer, Tonks scrunched up her face and began changing. In moments, they were looking at a blonde-haired witch that appeared to be in her early thirties, with a thin body and an impressive bust. Ron’s jaw dropped as he looked at her, his eyes continually glancing at her chest as it stretched Tonks’ purple shirt. The girls burst out laughing at the look on his face while Tonks changed back to her normal look with an impish grin.

“I didn’t know you had a thing for older women, Ron,” Ginny said through her giggles.

Hermione held her sides as she shook silently. Even Fleur, who Harry hadn’t seen laugh in weeks, gave a tinkling laugh.

“Lunch is ready!” Mrs. Weasley called out.

Ron practically ran from the room, his face glowing red with embarrassment. Harry and the others stood, following at a more sedate pace.

“Hey, Molly?” Tonks asked as they took their seats.

“Yes, dear?” Mrs. Weasley replied.

“How long does it take before the Pregnancy Charm starts working?” Tonks asked.

Harry choked on his pumpkin juice while Hermione, Ginny, and Fleur all giggled at him. Tonks gave him a smirk as Mrs. Weasley, who looked just as flustered as he did, gathered herself from the unexpected question.

“It takes a couple of weeks,” she said. “Are you sure this is what you want though, dear? Having children isn’t something you can change your mind about.”

“I’m sure,” Tonks said with a bright smile. “I’ve thought about this a lot.”

Mrs. Weasley opened her mouth to speak, but Mr. Weasley reached over and patted her arm, silencing her for a moment. Sighing, her shoulders sagged slightly.

“I know you’re both old enough to make your own decisions. I just want to make sure you know what you’re getting into to. Especially you, young man,” she said, pointing at Harry.

Harry nodded and, thankfully, the conversation turned to a different subject. Clearly, Mrs. Weasley wanted to say more, but she managed to keep her peace on the situation. She had certainly changed since the start of the war, he thought.

After lunch, the girls all got together and disappeared into the living room, whispering and laughing.

“Harry, could you come help me in the shed?” Mr. Weasley asked. “I picked up something called a record player, and I was hoping you could show me how it works.”

“Sure, Mr. Weasley,” Harry said.

Ron, having no interest in looking at Muggle technology, went flying, while Harry walked out to the shed with Mr. Weasley. The shed itself was about twice as large on the inside, with rows of shelves packed with the most random assortment of Muggle objects imaginable. At the back, there was a worn, wooden work bench cluttered with mismatched tools.

Mr. Weasley grabbed a crate containing an old record player and a small collection of vinyl records. Harry spent several minutes showing him how it worked. They couldn’t get it to play, however, because the shed lacked any outlets to actually plug it into.

“Fascinating,” said Mr. Weasley, admiring the artifact. “Listen, Harry, have a seat. There’s something I want to talk to you about.”

“Okay,” Harry replied, surprised by the sudden change in topic.

Taking a seat on one of the two old bar stools in the shed, Harry took a seat while Mr. Weasley took the other.

“Are you aware of the political ramification of Kingsley’s announcement?” Mr. Weasley asked.

“No, not really,” Harry said.

“Well, while the Ministry does want to increase the population, there’s more to it than that,” Mr. Weasley explained. “Kingsley really wasn’t a fan of this bill, but the Wizengamot pushed it through. You see, a lot of the old families were brought to the brink of extinction by the first

war with You-Know-Who, and the only worsened with the last one. Many of the families with seats in the Wizengamot are down to only one heir, and most of them are witches.”

“But I thought witches could sit on the Wizengamot,” Harry said in confusion.

“They can,” Mr. Weasley confirmed. “The problem comes from their heirs. They’ll still inherit a seat, of course, but they won’t have their mother’s name. The house will essentially die, and a new one will take its place. That’s something that scares a lot of people.”

“So, they’re going back to the same thing that we just fought a war over?” Harry asked incredulously, his anger growing.

“No, no, you misunderstand,” Mr. Weasley said quickly. “They aren’t doing this out of prejudice. Well, most of them aren’t. You must understand, losing those families is like losing a part of our history. What I’m trying to say, is that a large part of the reason this proclamation was passed is to preserve some of these families. The hope is that if witches have children out of wedlock, they will keep the mother’s name and continue the family line. My point being, many of them will likely seek you out to, well, I’m sure you know by now.”

“Why me, though?” Harry asked, still uncomfortable with the attention.

“Several reasons,” Mr. Weasley answered. “It’s not just your current fame, although that’s certainly part of it. There’s also the fact that the Potters are part of the sacred twenty-eight. One of the twenty-eight founding families of the British Magical government and part of King Arthur’s court. I know it’s not something you’re interested in, but this could give you a massive amount of influence over the Wizengamot in the future. This would also help the witches as well. Ten thousand Galleons is a life changing amount of money, especially with all the damage done by the Death Eaters.”

“So, you think I should help them?” Harry asked.

“That’s not what I’m saying,” Mr. Weasley said. “And I’m not saying you shouldn’t. I just want you to understand what’s really happening, and I wanted to give you time to think about it before you go back to school.”

Harry nodded thoughtfully, “Thanks Mr. Weasley.”

“I’m sure you’ll make the right choice when the time comes, you usually do,” Mr. Weasley said, smiling as he patted Harry on the knee.

Reaching into one of the drawers of the workbench, Mr. Weasley pulled out a bottle of fire whiskey and two tumblers. Pouring a moderate amount in each glass, he put away the bottle and handed one of the glasses to Harry.

“I know it’s not official yet, but here’s to fatherhood,” he said, raising his glass.

Smiling, Harry clinked his glass against Mr. Weasley’s. At the same time, they downed their drinks and blew out a breath full of fire straight up. Unfortunately, Harry sneezed right after, and a bit of fire came out of his nose.

“Gah, burned my nose hairs,” Harry said, sniffing as he rubbed his nose.

Mr. Weasley laughed and patted his shoulder as he stood up. Harry followed suit and they both walked back to the house.

The rest of the afternoon, Harry spent time relaxing with his friends and did a bit of flying with Ron, Ginny, and Tonks. Hermione, as usual, had no interest in flying, and while Fleur did, she wasn’t interested in playing Quidditch.

When he wasn’t on his broom, Harry couldn’t help but think about his conversation with Mr. Weasley. While he had no love for the Ministry, or the Wizengamot for that matter, he could certainly understand wanting to preserve one’s family. What would he do when girls inevitably

asked him to get them pregnant, he wondered. It was one thing to ignore a letter from random strangers, it was another to refuse people he'd known, if not been friends with, for the last seven years.

Lost in his thoughts, he never noticed how much time Fleur spent talking to Tonks, or the speculative looks Fleur gave him throughout the day.

Tonks left after dinner, as she had to be at work early Monday morning. Before she left though, she pulled Harry aside and invited him to visit her again the next weekend, an invitation he was glad to accept. A bit surprisingly, she took him outside and gave him a good snog before she Disapparated.

When he returned to the living room, Fleur spent the majority of the evening curled up against his side. Something was clearly bothering her. He didn't know what it was, and she didn't seem inclined to talk about it, so he decided to try and take her mind off of it by talking to her. They ended up so engrossed in their conversation that they both stayed up at least an hour after everyone else had gone to sleep. It was well after one in the morning when they finally called it a night.

Harry had only been in his room for a few minutes, and had just finished changing into his pajamas, when Fleur came into his room wearing a light blue robe.

"Could I stay wiz you tonight?" Fleur asked. "I don't want to be alone."

"Er, yeah. If you want," replied Harry, surprised by the request.

Smiling, Fleur hugged him gently. As Harry climbed into bed, he watched her take off her robe to reveal a thin nightgown underneath. From the way her breasts bounced as she moved, and the way her nipples protruded against the silky fabric, it didn't look as though she was wearing anything underneath. Harry swallowed thickly as Fleur climbed into bed and cuddled up against his side. She wrapped one arm around his chest and draped her leg over his, her breath hot against his neck. He struggled not to become aroused at the feeling of her ample breasts pressed tightly against his side and chest.

“Arry?” she said quietly.

As soon as Harry turned to look at her, Fleur pressed her lips to his and kissed him. The next thing he knew, the most beautiful woman he’d ever met was completely on top of him, snogging his brains out. Harry couldn’t stop himself from running his hands along her back, unknowingly causing her nightgown to rise and revealing her matching blue panties.

When she finally pulled back, flushed and breathless, Fleur smiled at him brightly before sitting up on her knees. Grabbing the hem of her nightgown with crossed arms, she pulled it up over her head and tossed it to the floor, displaying her large, perfectly shaped breasts proudly.

“Uh, Fleur?” Harry asked, struggling to take his eyes off of her incredible chest.

“I want you to give me a child like you did for Tonks,” Fleur said as she gazed at him with a pleading look. “Please, ‘Arry.”

Now how the hell was he supposed to refuse that, Harry thought.

“Are you sure that’s what you want?” he managed to ask.

“Oui,” answered Fleur, giving him a hopeful smile as she ground herself down on his erection.

Unable to speak, Harry managed to nod his head. Fleur’s smile turned into a bright grin as she leaned down and kissed him again. His hands moved unconsciously for her chest while they kissed, his hands caressing and squeezing her full, soft mounds. Fleur moaned into his mouth when he ran his thumb across one of her hard, pink nipples.

Sitting up, she shifted off of his legs to pull down his pajama bottoms, freeing his erection to spring up and slap his stomach. Harry sat up and quickly pulled off his shirt while Fleur stared at his cock hungrily. Pulling off her panties, she climbed back on top of him and ground her bare,

slick folds against the underside of his rigid length. Both of them groaned in unison at the pleasurable sensation.

“Arry,” Fleur moaned while rolling her hips.

Lifting herself up, she placed his swollen head at her tight entrance and sank down, taking his full length in one smooth, slow descent. Harry groaned at the feeling of her tight walls grasping his cock. Fleur threw her head back and let out a long, wanton moan as she wiggled her wide hips.

“So full,” she panted.

Licking her lips, Fleur began to slowly raise and lower herself on his length. Reaching up, Harry caressed the underside of her bouncing breasts before cupping them fully. With a sensual moan that sent a shiver down his spine, Fleur leaned down and kissed him heatedly as she rocked on top of him. Sliding his hands down her body, Harry grabbed her hips and started bucking his hips upwards in time with her movements.

Wrapping his arms around her waist and back, he rolled both of them over so that he was on top. Fleur let out a pleased gasp and raked her long, manicured nails along his back as he thrust down into her.

“More,” she gasped.

Panting, Harry worked his hips vigorously, sinking his length into her tight, grasping depths over and over again. Fleur’s large, perky breasts wobbled back and forth on her chest each time he drove into her. As the volume of her moans grew, and the bed squeaked and groaned under them, Harry reached for his wand to cast a quick Silencing Charm. Fleur only took it as a challenge and started moaning louder, the sound egging him on to fuck her harder.

Panting, Harry pulled out of her and rolled her over onto her front, pulling her up on her knees before thrusting into her from behind. Fleur arched her back and moaned lewdly as he pressed

her shoulder down and slammed into her. His hips and thighs bounced off of her round, voluptuous ass, and her smooth, pale flesh rippled from the impact of his thrusts.

“Oui, fuck me,” Fleur gasped while pushing back against him.

Harry panted as he pumped into her hard and fast, each stroke causing Fleur to gasp and moan. Those moans quickly turned into pleased cries when he gathered her hair into a ponytail and used it as a handle to fuck her even harder. With her head pulled back, her whines and cries of ecstasy filled the small room.

“Arry!” Fleur screamed.

She came hard, her walls fluttering around him in the most amazing way he had ever felt. Harry couldn't have held back, even if he wanted to. As he came, Fleur moaned and collapsed under him. Harry followed her down, pinning her to the bed and keeping his cock buried in her incredible depths as he emptied himself inside of her.

They laid in that position for several long moments, savoring the aftermath and catching their breath. Eventually, Harry pulled out of her and rolled to the side, onto his back. Fleur curled up against his side, in much the same way as when they first laid down together.

“Mmh, we are doing zhis again, oui?” she asked.

“Any time you want,” Harry told her with a grin.

“In zhat case, I may not let leave your bed,” Fleur teased.

Chuckling, Harry kissed her on the lips before they settled down for the night and drifted off to sleep.