

The Cost of Sacrifice

Silently, in the dead of night, the door to the Hogwarts library swung open as if of its own accord. Under his father's cloak of invisibility, Harry closed the door and crept deeper into the stacks of shelves. At the back, he reached a locked gate that fenced off the Restricted Section.

"Alohamora," Harry whispered.

With a barely audible click, the latched door popped open and the hinges let out a slight creak as he pulled it open.

"Lumos," he cast.

Under the low light of his lit wand, Harry began scanning the shelves. With the threat of the prophecy hanging over his head, and a massive surge in new DA students to teach now that the club was official, he felt more pressure than ever to learn new spells and improve in any way he could.

After finding a couple of books on more powerful curses and defensive magic than what was normally taught at Hogwarts, he was about to turn away when the glimmer of gold lettering on a red leather spine caught his eye. Harry moved his wand closer to read the title. *Improving Thyself Through Magicks*, it read.

Grabbing that book as well, Harry slipped out of the Restricted Section as quietly as he'd slipped in and relocked the gate behind him. With his deep knowledge of secret paths and shortcuts, it took very little time for him to get back to the sleeping portrait of the Fat Lady, which he'd left propped open just slightly with a folded piece of parchment.

Climbing through the portrait hole, Harry removed the parchment, allowing the entrance to fall closed as he walked over to the couch nearest the glowing ember of the dying fire. With only the light of the fluttering torches along the wall, he opened the first book and began to read.

Not for the first time, sleep evaded him as he read through the night. Before he knew it, the dark night sky gave way to the blues and pinks of early morning as the sun made its slow up over the distant mountains. Sighing, Harry made a couple more notes on spells he wanted to learn before picking up his last book, *Improving Thyself Through Magick*.

It turned out, rather surprisingly, to be a book on rituals designed to improve virtually anything a person could want through sacrifice. Despite being appalled by the thought of killing small animals - or even other people, as some rituals called for - Harry couldn't help but find himself fascinated by the results some of the rituals promised. They ranged from small things, like permanently enlarging certain parts of the human anatomy, all the way up to much more meaningful changes, like increasing a person's magic or prolonging one's life.

The more he read, the more rituals he discovered that didn't require lives. Unfortunately, they often required sacrificing something just as heinous, like spilling virgin blood or taking someone's freedom. Harry soon realized that with rituals, there was always a cost. He looked throughout the book, hoping to find a ritual that allow him to make a sacrifice, but his search was in vain. Either rituals didn't work that way, or the author was too selfish to consider that an option. Given some of the terrible way they recommended finding virgins, willing or not, he presumed it was the latter.

"What are you reading?"

Harry startled at the sound of the familiar voice and slammed the book closed as he looked over his shoulder. There, he found Hermione looking down at him with a disapproving frown. He'd been so engrossed in his book that he hadn't even noticed some of the early risers beginning to come down from their dorms.

"Just a book," Harry said, rubbing his burning eyes under his glasses. "What time is it?"

"It's just past six," Hermione said. "Harry, where did you get that? That book looks dangerous."

"From the library," he said. "I was just curious. I thought it might have some spells I could use for the DA in it."

Narrowing her eyes suspiciously, Hermione walked around the couch and sat down next to him while he buried the book under the other two on the table and picked up his notes.

“Have you been up all night?” she asked, eyeing the long list of notes in his hand. “You haven’t been reading that book again, have you?”

Harry sighed, wishing she would give it a rest. Ever since he’d found the Half-Blood Prince’s book, she been on him constantly about it. Couldn’t she see that he didn’t care about his stupid grades, he wondered. He needed that book to impress Slughorn and the spells he’d found in the margins had become quite useful. In fact, just last week, Hermione had used the Muffliato Charm herself so they could talk in the library without being overheard.

“No, I haven’t,” Harry said, answering the last question and evading the first. “I was just looking for some new spells to teach the DA, that all.”

Hermione chewed her lips and stared at him closely.

“Harry, I really think you should show that book to Dumbledore,” she said. “Look at what it’s doing to you.”

“I haven’t even looked at it tonight,” Harry told her with a clenched jaw, his frustration boiling over.

“But, Harry - these kinds of books – it isn’t like you,” Hermione said, motioning to the red and gold book with her hand.

“Look,” Harry hissed, his temper reaching its limit, “you and Ron might be able to go back to pretending everything is fine and normal, but I can’t. In case you’ve forgotten, I don’t have a choice.”

“That’s not what I meant,” Hermione said.

“Then what do you mean, Hermione?” Harry asked. “You’re always saying I should study more. Well, here I am, studying, and now you want me to stop. Well, which is it?”

Leaning back, Hermione looked surprised and hurt by his outburst. Growling in frustration, as much with himself as with her, Harry snatched up his books and stormed up to the dorm.

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Hermione sighed sadly as she watched Harry leave. It seemed like every time they talked lately, it turned into an argument. Putting her hands on the couch to push herself up, she noticed the red book still on the table. In his rush to leave, Harry must have missed it.

Looking up at the stairs to the boy’s dorm, she bit her lip thoughtfully. She’d only gotten a glimpse of what it was about but seeing the word sacrifice had her worried. Harry had proven himself more than willing to risk himself to try and save others. She could practically feel him growing more desperate each day as the Ministry failed to stop Voldemort in any meaningful way. Hermione feared it was only a matter of time before Harry lost patience and tried to do something drastic.

To make matters worse, this time, she didn’t have an answer. Even Dumbledore seemed to have little to tell them these days. That, more than anything, frightened her to the core. If the most powerful wizard in the world didn’t know what to do, how were they supposed to figure it out?

On top of that, she felt like she was losing her best friends. Ron had gone off and abandoned her in favor of Lavender at the drop of a hat, and Harry was growing more and more distant with each passing day. Hermione knew he must be feeling scared and angry, but she didn’t know how to help him.

His accusation that she was trying to pretend like nothing was wrong hurt, but she had to admit it was partially true. As much as she hated to admit it, a large part of her wanted to ignore the problems of the world and let the adults handle it. Unfortunately, Harry didn’t have that choice.

Feeling curious, concerned, and admittedly guilty, Hermione grabbed the bright red book and dashed up to her room. With a couple of hours until classes started, she climbed onto her bed and closed the curtains, she began to read through the book as quickly as she could. The magic inside was both horrific, and fascinating at the same time. At first, she could understand why Harry had grabbed it, given the title, but not why he had looked so engrossed in it.

While she didn't have personal knowledge of his – anatomy – she somehow doubted he would be worried about something like that at the moment. As she read deeper, seeing what other benefits these rituals could provide, she began to understand. Knowing Harry, he would have been looking for a way to possibly sacrifice himself to stop Voldemort. Hermione bit her lip and fought back tears that threatened to spill from her eyes as she came to that realization.

Was he really that desperate, she wondered.

Thinking back on all the times Harry had risked himself to save just one life, her own included, the answer was clear. He would, without a doubt, give up his life if it meant stopping Voldemort for good. To her relief, Hermione didn't find any ritual of that type in the book, but that didn't mean it didn't exist somewhere else.

Just as she was about to close the book, she found a ritual that caught her attention. Unlike most of the other, this one didn't require some despicable sacrifice to complete. It was a sex-based ritual that required a witch tie herself, magically, to the wizard performing it, leaving them bound to him forever. That wasn't what caught her eye, however. What piqued her interest were the results. Once completed, the wizard would permanently gain some of the witch's magical power, and nearly all of her knowledge.

Hermione bit her lip as her mind ran wild with the idea. Harry was already a powerful wizard in his own right, but with the aide of just a few witches, less if they were powerful, he could truly become a force to be reckoned with. Not to mention the number of times she'd wished he knew some of the things she did.

Oh, the amount of trouble and heartache he could have avoided, she thought.

But was she really willing to give up her own future to help him, she asked herself. The first, rather cynical, thought Hermione had was that if she didn't, and they lost the war, she wouldn't even have a future to worry about.

Shaking her head, she forcibly pushed those thoughts away and focus on the ritual itself. Rituals, as a whole, were anathema in the wizarding world because of their very nature. Hermione was going to need more information about this kind of magic before she seriously considered moving forward with it. There was only one person she knew of that would answer her questions without running to professor.

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As Ancient Runes came to an end, Hermione hurriedly put her book away and left to wait just outside the door. Her nerves were a wreck, and the thought of forgetting the whole thing and walking away crossed her mind more than she cared to admit, but another part of her refused to let that happen.

After just a couple of minutes of waiting, the witch she was waiting for left the classroom. The strikingly beautiful Daphne Greengrass was one of the very few Slytherins that had never shown any outward animosity towards Hermione, or any other Muggleborns. They weren't friends, exactly, but they had worked together well enough in both Ancient Runes and Arithmancy over the years.

"Daphne," Hermione called out as the attractive blonde and her close friend, Tracey Davis left the room. "Could I talk to you for a minute?"

Daphne turned to look at her with a raised, perfectly manicure eyebrow for a moment before nodding her head.

"I'll see you at lunch," she said to Tracey.

“Alright,” the thin, dark skinned with replied with a carefree shrug.

“What do you need, Granger?” Daphne asked.

Unlike the majority of her housemates, Daphne didn’t sneer her last name like it was a curse.

“In private?” Hermione asked while worrying her hands nervously.

Daphne looked at her curiously, increasing her nerves, before nodding and gesturing for her to lead. Turning, Hermione led her a short way down the hall to an abandoned classroom where she closed, locked, and silenced the room.

“What this all about?” Daphne asked, crossing her arms over her chest.

“I just need your help with something,” Hermione said while setting her bag in a chair and pulling out the red and gold book. “I came across this book in the library, it’s really quite fascinating, but I had some questions I was hoping you could answer.”

“Why just ask one of the teachers?” Daphne asked.

“I didn’t want them to get the wrong idea,” Hermione said, opening the book on the desk and motioning for her to take a look.

Eyeing her curiously, with a furrowed brow, Daphne walked over to take a look. A blonde eyebrow arched high on her forehead as she flipped through the pages.

“I can see why,” Daphne said. “You do know that most of these are highly illegal, don’t you?”

“I wasn’t planning on using any of them,” Hermione said quickly. “I was just curious about the magic. I remember you mentioned your family performed rituals on the solstices, so I was hoping you might be able to tell me a bit more about it.”

“I’ve participated in several rituals, but nothing as complicated as these,” Daphne told her before her head tilted slight to the side. “What did you want to know?”

“Well,” Hermione said, licking her lips nervously, “I was wondering about some of the bonds mentioned towards the back of the book. It mentions witches belonging to a wizard after the ritual, but it doesn’t go into detail.”

“I’d have to see the ritual,” Daphne said, motioning to the book.

Nodding, Hermione leaned over and flipped through the pages until she came to the one she wanted.

“This one, here,” she said, tapping the pages.

Daphne leaned over the book, her bright blue eyes flying back and forth over the page.

“It looks like a bond of servitude,” she said.

“You mean like slavery?” Hermione asked, her heart plummeting into her stomach.

“No, not like that,” Daphne said, her eyes still on the book. “Essentially, it binds you to a wizard as property. They were used up until a few hundred years ago, when wizards would repay debts with their daughters, or settle feuds. There are laws to protect witches in that situation now, so this sort of bond doesn’t hold the same value anymore. The wizard would still own you, but you would still be a person in the eyes of the law, instead of mere property.”

“That’s barbaric,” Hermione hissed disgustedly.

Daphne just shrugged as she continued looking over the ritual.

“This one isn’t as bad as most rituals of this type,” she said. “I mean, you still wouldn’t be able to marry anyone besides Potter, but I doubt you’d have a problem getting him to agree.”

“I’m not —” Hermione started, only for the words to cut off in her throat when Daphne pinned her with a piercing gaze.

“It’s true, isn’t it?” she asked. “The prophecy is real, and you want to use this to help him.”

Hermione swallowed thickly and paled as Daphne began to pace the room. She opened her mouth to deny it, but the words wouldn’t come out. Daphne would know she was lying. The girl was too smart to be fooled by any lame excuse she could think up. Hermione desperately wished she’d thought about this a bit more before talking to her about it. She’d been so focused on getting answers, and what they would mean, she hadn’t considered the chances of Daphne figuring out what she was doing.

“Please don’t tell anyone,” Hermione begged.

“Do you think he can do it?” Daphne asked demandingly.

“What?” Hermione asked.

“Do you think Potter really has a chance of beating him?” Daphne asked with shocking aggressiveness.

“I don’t know,” Hermione said, admitting the truth to herself as well as Daphne. “I know he’ll die trying though, and I won’t let that happen. I can’t.”

Angrily, she swiped away the hot tears falling from her eyes.

“You really think this will help him against You-Know-Who?” Daphne asked incredulously.

“I can’t just sit by and do nothing!” Hermione exclaimed. “Everyone has just taken a step back and expected Harry to do everything on his own ever since that stupid Chosen One article came out. He needs help, and if no one else is going to do it, then I will.”

Hermione felt her resolve building even as she spoke. What had been an abstract idea, now solidified into a pure determination. Daphne paused in her pacing and stared at her intensely for a long moment.

“Alright, I’ll help,” she said. “But I want a private bedroom wherever we live. There’s no way I’m sharing a bed with you and whoever else you get to join every night.”

“Wait, what?” Hermione asked, shaking her head.

“I don’t want You-Know-Who to win anymore than you do,” Daphne said, glaring as if daring Hermione to challenge her. “Besides, my father is going to marry me off to the highest bidder before the year is out. At least, this way, I have *some* choice in who I end up with.”

“That’s horrible,” Hermione said.

“That’s life,” Daphne replied with a shrug. “Now, who else do you think you can get to join us. If we’re actually going to go through with this, we need to make it count.”

Hermione wasn’t sure how she felt about Daphne being a part of things, she’d planned on carefully picking the other girls she wanted to involve. Only a few minutes later, Daphne had convinced her about just how foolish that was.

“This isn’t the time for petty jealousy, Granger,” she’d told her rather harshly. “Potter needs all the help he can get. Turning someone down just because you don’t like them will only make him weaker in the end.”

As much as Hermione wanted to disagree, she couldn’t.

Over the next week, Hermione and Daphne worked together to plan the time and place of the ritual. Timing was crucial to get the maximum effect. It was decided that Yule would be the ideal opportunity to perform it. Unfortunately, that only gave them a couple of weeks for Hermione to find more witches to take part.

Eventually, she decided to hold all of the girls back at the end of their next DA meeting and talk to them all at once. After forcing them all to sign an extremely complicated contract she’d developed alongside Daphne that would wipe their memories if they didn’t agree to take part in the ritual, she explained everything and asked for help.

Hermione knew that asking teenage girls to give themselves over to one man for the rest of their lives would be a tough sell, but she never imagined how tough. No one, not even Ginny, was willing to take part. Tearfully, Hermione watched them leave, glad none of them would remember any of it once they left the room.

Unwilling to admit defeat, Hermione pulled both Tonks and Fleur aside when she got to the Weasley’s for Christmas break. Originally, she’d only planned on talking to Tonks, but when she learned that Fleur and Bill had broken up when she discovered him cheating on her only a few days before, she decided to make the offer. Hermione still didn’t like Fleur, but she could admit that the woman clearly cared for Harry by the way she responded to seeing him, and she was also quite skilled and powerful.

To her surprise, and relief, once she had gotten oaths and explained everything, both women readily agreed. Now, only one hurdle remained: telling Harry.

Hermione's plan was actually made simpler by the attack at the Burrow. With the house sadly burned and in need of heavy repairs, everyone was sent back to Hogwarts for the rest of break. Harry was also left without an excuse to avoid Slughorn's party on the night they planned to perform the ritual, and in desperate need of a date.

There was a bit of a squabble among Hermione, Tonks, and Fleur about who would get to take him until Daphne got irritated and intervened. With Tonks as the only one who didn't understand rituals, and thus unable to help prepare, she got to go to the party. Despite her disappointment, Hermione had to admit it was quite funny to see the shocked look on Harry's face when Tonks offered to be his date as she escorted them to the school.

After helping Harry get ready for the party, Hermione used the secret passage under the Whomping Willow to sneak Fleur into the school under Harry's borrowed cloak and up to the Room of Requirement. There, they, along with Daphne, who'd stayed at the school for the holiday, prepared for the ritual.

"This timing is much better than waiting after break," Daphne said. "The ritual should be at least ten percent more efficient."

"That's good," Hermione said while conjuring a mattress on the floor. "I just wish the Weasley's house didn't have to burn down to make it happen."

Fleur huffed a few feet away, where she stared at the diagram for the ritual circle. Hermione frowned but refrained from making a comment. After a bit of thought, she really couldn't even blame her for the way she felt. After months of being spoken ill of by the family she planned to marry into, something she herself was regrettably guilty of, it was Bill that acted poorly. Even then, Hermione had overheard Mrs. Weasley saying how she was glad Bill had realized Fleur wasn't the right girl.

"Why do I get the feeling I'm missing something?" Daphne asked, looking between the two of them.

Hermione glanced over at Fleur, who sighed and ran a hand through her long, blonde hair.

"I was engaged to Beel," she said. "A few days ago, I caught 'im cheating on me wiz anoizzer woman."

"Ah," Daphne said in understanding. "Are you sure you're alright with this then? Sharing Harry with all of us?"

"Of course," Fleur said, brushing off the concern. "I do not mind sharing, I enjoy sleeping wiz women as much as I do men."

Hermione's eyes widened. She'd never considered that happening.

"Beel broke my trust," Fleur continued. "I loved 'im and 'e betrayed me. I know 'Arry weel not do zhat."

"You sound pretty confident," Daphne said.

"Oui, I am," Fleur said, waving her wand to draw a chalk circle around the mattress. "I just 'ope zhe sex ees better zhan eet was wiz Beel."

Despite what they were planning to do in just a short time, Hermione couldn't stop the blush from coloring her cheeks.

"Was it that bad?" Daphne asked.

"Eet wasn't 'orrible, but 'e 'ad no imagination!" Fleur huffed, flicking her wand to add eight white chalk runes around the outside of the circle. "Eet was always zhe same. 'E never wanted to try anyzhing new. Zhen 'e cheats on me, like *I* am not enough for 'im."

Fleur scoffed and shook her head. Picking up the book, she walked along the edge of the ritual circle, correcting a few small details.

“Eef anyone deserved to cheat, it was me after zhe number of this I ‘ad to feenish myself after ‘e went to sleep,” Fleur said.

“Well, from what I’ve seen, I don’t think Potter has that much experience,” Daphne said. “He may not be much better.”

Hermione bristled slightly, but really didn’t know what to say to that. She knew Harry didn’t have any real experience other than one kiss with Cho the year before.

“Eet’s not about experience so much as eet’s about caring for your partner. ‘Arry ‘as always been very caring, I’m sure ‘e weel be fine,” Fleur said before a smirk crossed her lips. “Besides, ‘e ‘as four of us to teach ‘im, non?”

“I suppose,” Daphne said, beginning to levitate and light candles at the cardinal points. “I’ve never been too bothered about sex to be honest.”

“Zhen you are doing eet wrong,” Fleur told her.

“Seeing as how this will be my first time, I doubt that,” Daphne said.

“Really?” Fleur asked, her eyebrows raised in surprise.

Hermione was surprised as well, though inwardly, she also felt relieved that she wasn’t the only virgin.

“I’m not really a fan of boys,” Daphne said with a shrug.

“Zhen why do zhis?” Fleur asked.

“Because if I don’t, my father will pick a husband for me,” Daphne said. “And I can guarantee anyone he picks won’t be nearly as kind as Potter. I’m just hoping he’ll be kind enough to let me spend some time with Tracey once this is done.”

“I’m sure ‘e will,” Fleur said.

“Of course, he will,” Hermione assured her. “So, are you and Tracey...?”

“Fucking?” Daphne finished.

Hermione felt the heat return to her cheeks while Fleur covered her mouth to hide her grin.

“I meant dating, actually,” Hermione said, trying to not let her embarrassment get the better of her.

“No,” Daphne said. “We’d like to, obviously, but we both know that’s not possible with my father.”

“I’m sorry,” Hermione said sympathetically.

“That’s just the way things are.” Daphne said with a shrug.

“I think zhat’s eet,” Fleur declared, looking between the book and the ritual circle.

“Good work,” Daphne said, looking over the circle closely. “Looks like we’re ready. Any last questions before Potter and Tonks get here?”

“You said the ritual will interfere with other magic,” Hermione said to which Daphne nodded. “What are the chances of it interfering with the Contraception Charm?”

“Pretty slim, but it’s been known to happen,” Daphne answered. “If we don’t cast magic in the room, we should be fine, but there’s always a risk. Even without the ritual, the Contraception Charm has very small failure rate.”

“Right,” Hermione said with a nod.

“Weel zhe Allure affect eet?” Fleur asked.

“No,” Daphne said, shaking her head. “Magic produced from the body is fine, it’s foreign magic that we need to be careful of. Once the circle activates, and the ritual starts, no more wanded magic. In fact, even the charms on our clothes can interfere. We should change into robes now, and then take them off before we enter the circle.”

Nodding, Fleur dug into her bag and pulled out four white, Acromantula Silk robes.

“Here, I brought zhese for you,” she said, handing one to each of them.

“You really didn’t have to do that,” Hermione said, admiring the way the smooth, slippery flowed like water through her hands. “This is lovely, thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Fleur said.

After a quick but grateful thank you from Daphne, the two blondes started stripping out of their clothes. Hermione followed their lead a moment later, though her movements were much slower. She’d never felt more inadequate than she did in that moment. Both Fleur and Daphne were not only beautiful, but they also had incredible bodies. Their breasts were much larger than her own modest bust, their waists thinner, and hips wider. Feeling self-conscious, Hermione began rushing her movements, stripping out of her clothes and covering up with the thin robe.

She couldn't help but wonder how Harry was ever going to find her attractive compared to those two. That didn't even take into account Tonks, who could change her body at will. Would Harry even want to share a bed with her again after tonight, she wondered.

Before she could think on it anymore, the door to the Room of Requirement burst open. Hermione's eyes widened as she watched Harry and Tonks tumble into the room, their faces attached at the lips while their hands scrambled to divest each other of their clothes.

"Oh my," Hermione whispered.

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Harry couldn't believe the turn his night had taken. Sure, Tonks had flirted with him at the party, but he thought was just her being, well, Tonks. Instead, the moment they left the party, she pulled him into a dark alcove and snogged the breath out of him. Once they started, it didn't take long for him to get over his surprise and return the favor.

Seeing Tonks smirking up at him with a flushed face and swollen lips had him harder than he'd even been in his life. Harry didn't know if this was just a one-night thing for her, or if this could turn into something more, but there was no way he was going to turn down the woman he'd fancied for the last year and a half.

"Why don't you show me that Room of Requirement you were talking about?" Tonks asked.

Smiling, Harry led her down the hall, hand in hand. The walk to the seventh floor took longer than usual because they both stopped to kiss heatedly what must have been a dozen times on the way. By the time they finally reached the door, Harry was ready to take her right there in the hallway.

As soon as she opened the door, he backed her into the room, his lips sealed firmly against hers, and kicked the door closed. Tonks frantically pulled at the buttons of his shirt while he

yanked down the zipper of her dress. While slipping his hands inside to run along the bare skin of her back, Harry froze at the sound of someone clearing their throat.

Looking over her shoulder, he was surprised, and confused, to find Hermione, Fleur, and Daphne Greengrass looking back at him. Hermione blushed and covered her mouth, Fleur just smirked and gave him a wink, while Daphne shook her head with an annoyed expression. Even more curiously, all three of them were wearing white robes that, with how thin the fabric was, revealed none of them were likely wearing anything underneath.

“Er, Tonks,” Harry said, nodding over her shoulder.

“Really?” Daphne asked. “You couldn’t wait?”

“I was just getting him warmed up,” Tonks replied with a grin.

“What’s going on?” Harry asked cautiously.

Everyone turned to look at Hermione, who bit her lip nervously.

“I found that book on rituals you were reading a couple of weeks ago,” Hermione said, picking the book up and showing him.

“You had it?” Harry asked.

He had spent days searching for that book, but eventually gave it up as lost. It was then that the robes, the clear ritual circle in the room, and everything else started to make sense.

“Wait. The four of you – No!” Harry exclaimed.

There were a myriad of shocked thoughts running through his head. He couldn't believe even Hermione would be willing to do something like this, let alone three other girls, including on who he'd shared maybe a handful of words with over the last five and a half years.

"Potter, I did not spend the last month working on this for you to back out now," Daphne said.

"Arry, we want to do zhis," Fleur said.

Harry opened and closed his mouth a few times as he looked around the room. Tonks smiled and nodded when his eyes landed on her, while Hermione was watching his reaction nervously.

"I – we're talking about the same ritual, right?" Harry asked, looking at the girls incredulously. "You know, the one where you're stuck with me for the rest of your life."

"Oui," "Yes," "Obviously,"

Harry stared at Tonks, Fleur, and Daphne in shock before looking over at Hermione, the only one who hadn't spoken.

"We know what we're getting into, Harry," she said. "All of us have thought about this a lot and we want to help you."

For his part, Harry was utterly speechless. He couldn't believe they were actually willing to go through with something like this. And why the hell was Daphne here, he wondered. She'd never showed any kind of interest in him before, and now she was suddenly offering to spend the rest of her life with him.

Tonks wrapped her arm around his waist and kissed him on the cheek. Harry looked at her, still not sure quite what to say or do. Part of him wanted to refuse on principle alone, but another part of him was scared enough to admit he could really use their help. There was also the undeniable fact that he was attracted to all of them.

“Let someone help you for once, Harry,” Tonks said.

Smiling at him, she moved her arms up to his neck and pulled him in for a deep kiss. When they pulled back, he couldn't help but smile back at her. Looking up, he turned his eyes to Hermione.

“We all want to do this,” she said. “It's a really good idea. Think of all the people you could help if you were just as, if not more powerful than Voldemort.”

Harry blinked at her. That was the reason he'd started looking at the rituals in the first place. With the added power and knowledge from these four incredible witches, he might actually stand a chance the next time he faced Voldemort.

“Harry?” Tonks called, pulling him out of his thoughts.

Shaking his head, Harry looked from her to the others again. Daphne had her arms folded, tapping her foot impatiently, while the rest gazed at him with pleading, expectant expressions.

“I mean – if you're sure,” he said.

Hermione, Tonks, and Fleur grinned at him widely. Daphne's expression didn't change too much, but her shoulders relaxed. Wrapping her arms around his neck again, Tonks pulled him in for a searing kiss.

“Who's going first?” Daphne asked.

“Me,” Tonks and Fleur said in unison.

Looking at each other, they laughed. Tonks reached into the neckline of her dress, pulling it away from her chest and revealing another inch of her enticing cleavage before pulling out a Galleon.

“Flip you for it?” she asked Fleur, who nodded. “Heads or tails?”

“Eads,” Fleur said.

Tonks flipped the large, gold coin and let it tumble through the air. With a metallic ring, it landed on the hard stone floor and bounced twice before spinning to a stop, Dragon side up. Tonks cheer and jumped, causing her lush breasts to nearly bounce out of her loose dress. Fleur gave an exaggerated huff and pouted.

“Now, where were we?” Tonks asked, a playful smile on her lips.

Grabbing the front of his dark green dress shirt, she pulled him in for yet another kiss while her fingers started working on the buttons. As soon as it was open, Harry pulled the straps of her dress off of her shoulders. The small, black dress fell to the floor and pooled around her feet. They groaned into each other’s mouths as her naked breasts pressed against his bare chest.

Still kissing heatedly, Tonks began working on his trousers. In moments she has them open and pushed them down his legs. An instant later, her the palm of her hand was resting on the prominent bulge in the front of his boxers. Pulling back, she grinned at him before dropping to her knees. Harry was acutely aware of the three sets of eyes staring at him as she grabbed the waistband of his boxers and yanked them down. His rigid cock sprang up when it was freed, nearly hitting Tonks on the chin before it hovered in front of her face, pulsating with the beat of his heart.

“Mon Dieu,” Fleur whispered while Hermione gasped and covered her mouth, and Daphne lifted an eyebrow.

Tonks grinned and wrapped her hand around his thick shaft. Leaning forward, she kissed the engorged head as Harry quickly stepped out of his boxers and pulled off his shirt.

“Can you at least get into the ritual circle before you start doing that?” Daphne asked. “And lose the knickers. For this point on, not more casting any magic in the room.”

Harry felt a bit thrown by her almost clinical approach, but that was quickly forgotten when Tonks stood up, giving him his first clear look at her incredible breasts. Smirking at him, she pushed down her panties and stepped out of them. Grabbing him by the hand, she pulled him over to the ritual circle. Both of them carefully stepped over the chalk lines drawn on the floor and walked over to the mattress.

“Er, I’ve never...” Harry said, trailing off.

Tonks smiled and pecked him on the lips.

“It’s okay, we’ll teach you,” she said, pulling him down onto the mattress.

Harry settled between her legs; his hard shaft trapped between her damp folds. Tonks moaned and ran her fingers through his hair.

“Merlin that feels good,” she told him. “I’ve wanted this since I felt it rubbing against my arse when we were dancing.”

Harry blushed, embarrassed she’d felt that, and that he’d gotten excited so easily. Tonks laughed and sat up to kiss him on the lips.

“Wait!” Hermione called out suddenly.

“What?” Tonks asked.

Walking over to her clothes, Hermione dug through them for a moment before pulling out a corked vial filled with an opaque, blue liquid with a mother of pearl sheen.

“Here,” she said, tossing the vial at Harry, who caught it easily.

“What is it?” he asked, shifting to his knees.

“It’s a Daft of Endurance mixed with a bit of Lust Potion,” Hermione said. “It should stop you from getting too tired.”

Harry nodded, knowing what she really meant. Personally, he didn’t think he’d have any problem staying hard around so many beautiful witches, but he popped open the cork and down the potion anyways. He grimaced at the thick, bitter liquid trickled down his throat. After he tossed the empty vial back to her, Daphne stepped forward and pressed her wand to the ritual circle. The chalk markings light up with a dull, yellow glow, and the candles floating in the air light up.

“Whenever you’re ready,” Daphne said.

Tonks grinned and pulled him down towards her. Harry supported his weight on one elbow as they kissed, his free hand sliding up her side and over her ribs to cup on of her large, full breasts. She moaned into his mouth while reaching between them and grabbing his cock. Holding the shaft, she ran his thick head up and down between her slick, hot folds.

“Ready?” Tonks asked softly.

Wordlessly, Harry nodded, already beginning to feel overwhelmed by the sensations he was feeling. Tonks rubbed him up and down between her lips a couple of more times, her hips rolling as she moaned. Finally, she moved him down and placed him at her entrance. Harry rested his weight on both of his arms as he slowly sank into her tight depths. Tonks moaned,

her nails raking lightly over his back while he experienced the most experienced the most incredible sensation he'd ever felt.

When he bottomed out, Tonks moaned sensuously while he paused, both to savor the moment and give himself a time to calm down a bit. That last thing he wanted was to finish too soon. After a few seconds, Harry started to rock his hips. The feeling of Tonks' hot, wet, grasping folds gripping him tightly as he slid back and forth inside of her was indescribable. Threading her fingers through his hair, she pulled him down and kissed him deeply.

Gradually, Harry sped up, pulling his cock out further and then plunging back in deeper. Tonks moaned lewdly and threw her head back.

"Slut," Fleur said, a teasing smile on her lips.

"Like you won't be moaning like a whore on his big cock," Tonks shot back.

Harry blushed lightly but felt a swell of pride at the compliment.

"Ow does eet feel?" Fleur asked.

"So good," Tonks answered with a pleased hum, her smoldering gaze locking with his. "Fuck me harder."

"I'm close," Harry said, panting as he thrust into her vigorously.

"Me too," Tonks gasped, rolling her hips wantonly. "Just a little more."

Groaning, Harry buried his face in the crook of her neck and fought down his own climax as he tried to bring Tonks to hers. Kissing and sucking at the side of her neck, he slammed his hips

forward rapidly, plunging into her slick depths over and over. Panting, Tonks dug her nails into his shoulders and moaned. With a cry, her arms and legs lightened around him.

“Harry!” Tonks whined.

Feeling her cum around him, Harry grunted as he let loose and spilled inside of her. Stars burst behind his eyes as he experienced the most powerful climax of his life. Around them, the ritual circle flashed brightly, blinding their onlookers for a moment. Harry felt magic rush through him and a million foreign thoughts racing through his mind. Shockingly, despite how fast the thoughts flew through his mind, he was able to understand all of it.

Unexpectedly, it wasn't just Tonks' knowledge of spells that he gained, but the knowledge of her life as well. One of the most surprisingly things he learned was just how much Tonks cared for him. She'd actually begun fancying him the first night they met, the same time Harry had. The only reason she hadn't gone after him sooner, was because he was still in school. After being rejected by Remus, Tonks had jumped at Hermione's offer. Being bond together, even if it was only one way, gave her a sense of security.

“Whoa,” Tonks said, shaking her head. “Hermione, is that knowledge thing supposed to work both ways?”

Harry's eyes widened as he stared down at her. Tonks smiled, stroked his cheek, then leaned up to kiss him.

“The book doesn't say anything about that,” Hermione said.

“We did everything right,” Daphne told them. “I think the author just didn't consider that worth mentioning. He only seems to care about what the caster gains, not the one making the sacrifice.”

“It's fine,” Tonks said with a shrug, staring up at Harry with a smile. “I kind of like it.”

Harry smiled back at her and gave her a kiss. After taking a couple of minutes to rest, the pair eventually got up and Fleur dropped her robe to the floor before stepping inside the circle. He couldn't help but stare at her perfect, curvy figure as she walked up to him with a smirk, her breasts trembling alluringly with each step.

"Cor, I'm leaking like a faucet," Tonks said.

Everyone turned to look at her curiously. Tonks was staring down at her thigh, where a trail of thick, white cum flowed down from her slit. Harry scratched the back of his neck as the girls all turned to look at him.

"I 'ope you still 'ave some left for me," Fleur said teasingly.

"Definitely," Harry said with a grin.

While he lounged on the mattress, Fleur gave him a sultry smile before dropping to her knees and crawling towards him. Pausing at his already hard cock, she placed a kiss on the underside of his shaft. Sticking out her tongue, she slowly ran it up his length from bottom to top, his cock pulsing excitedly as she reached the tip.

"Mmh, you and Tonks taste good togezzzer," Fleur said. "Maybe I weel 'ave to taste 'er later?"

Harry throbbed at the thought, his length jumping up and tapping against Fleur's lips, causing her to giggle and kiss the head.

"Good, you can help me clean up this mess," Tonks said, using a tissue to wipe his cum off her leg.

Fleur chuckled while crawling the rest of the way up Harry's body and hovering over him, her perfect breasts dangling just above his face.

“Would you like that?” Fleur asked him. “Would you like to see me clean your cum out of Tonks?”

Harry swallowed thickly and nodded. Giggling, Fleur ground herself down on his erection, causing both of them to groan. Running his hands up her side, he cupped her breasts and gave them a light squeeze.

“You are so much beeger zhan Beel, mon amour,” Fleur whispered.

Lifting herself up, Fleur lined him up with her entrance and sank down on him quickly with a low moan. Harry inhaled sharply from the incredible tightness of her sweltering depths.

“I should have done zhis sooner,” she said, rolling and flexing her hips.

After rolling her hips a few more times, Fleur lifted herself halfway up his shaft before dropping back down with all of her weight. Harry moved his hands to her wide hips as she started bouncing harshly on his hard cock. Her incredible tits bounced wildly on her chest with each sudden drop onto his length. Perhaps the most erotic part, however, was the smoldering she stared at him with. Fleur looked like a Greek goddess as she rode him.

The deep, lustful moans that came from her lips mad him swell, figuratively and literally, with pride. Holding her hips, Harry thrust up into her in time with her movements, driving his cock even deeper into her core. Fleur threw her head back with a gasp, her entire body shuddering. It almost seemed like she'd reached her climax, but her movements never even slowed as she continued riding him.

With each passing minute, their fucking became rougher and more primal. Reaching up with one hand, Harry grasped one of her bouncing tits and squeezed roughly. Fleur shuddered again, and this time he was certain she'd reach her peak as her folds fluttered around him. Still, the stunning blonde never faltered in movements.

Despite his recent climax, Harry could only hold out against the unbelievable feeling of being inside of Fleur for so long. Bucking up into her desperately, Harry buried his length to the hilt and exploded in her depths. Again, he felt a rush of magic and foreign memories flood through him. Throughout his orgasm, Fleur spoke rapidly in French while continuing to ride him through his climax. Just as the sensations were starting to become too much, she came again, her hot arousal soaking his lap.

Collapsing forward, Fleur nuzzled her cheek against his and peppered his face and neck with kisses.

“Told you you’d be moaning like a whore,” Tonks said.

“Mmh, oui. ‘Arry’s ‘ore,” Fleur murmured.

Smiling, Harry wrapped his arms around her and held her close. Like with Tonks, he found himself shocked by how much Fleur cared for him. He knew she’d taken a liking to him after he saved her sister, but he never realized how much she fancied him the more she got to know him. Again, it was only their age difference that kept her from saying anything.

After Bill cheated on her, Fleur came to the conclusion that Harry was the only decent man she knew. She’d actually planned to seduce him over the summer, but that changed when she got Hermione’s letter. Knowing how close to two were, and that Harry would never betray the woman he was with, even for a Veela like her, Fleur took the chance. For her, it didn’t matter if she had to share him, as long as they were together.

Turning her face towards his, Harry gave her a deep, loving kiss. Fleur moaned into his mouth and returned the kiss with equal measure.

“I should ‘ave told you,” Fleur said when they pulled apart.

“It doesn’t matter now,” Harry said with a smile as he stroked her cheek.

Smiling back, Fleur turned to kiss the palm of his hand.

After a couple of minutes to rest, Harry hardened inside of her again. Fleur laughed happily and rolled her hips teasingly a couple of times before climbing off of him. Like Tonks, a stream of his cum began leaking out of her. Walking up to the pink haired witch, she swiped some onto her finger and held it up. Staring into Fleur's eyes, Tonks leaned forward and licked it clean. A second later, the two gorgeous witches were kissing heatedly.

Harry was so distracted by the sight that he nearly missed Daphne shrugging off her robe. For a moment, he wondered if the Greengrass's had Veela blood somewhere in their family line. While her breasts were a bit smaller than Fleur's it wasn't by much, and they were just as perky. Harry still didn't know what to think of her thought. Obviously, her was grateful for her help, but unlike the others, he really didn't know her that well.

Without a word, Daphne climbed on top of him and immediately placed him at her entrance. She was already pretty wet and didn't hesitate to sink down on him. Unlike fleur, she took her time, but he still caught a grimace on her face as she began taking him deeper.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked.

"I'm fine," Daphne grunted shortly.

Sighing at the curt reply, Harry decided to just try and make this as good for her as he could. Thanks to Fleur and Tonks, he now at least had an idea of why she was here. Running his hand up her stomach, he gently cupped her impressive bust and caressed the soft, smooth skin lightly. Daphne gave a soft sigh as she closed her eyes while sliding up and down on his hard length.

She felt incredibly tight to begin with, but soon loosened enough that she was able to sink down on his entire shaft. After taking a moment to adjust to his size, she started moving again, raising up just a couple of inches before slowly sinking back down. As she got into a consistent rhythm, Harry continued to grope her breasts.

“Fuck,” Daphne hissed, her movements growing faster while her breathing grew labored.

Her long nails dug into the skin of his chest as she started bouncing higher up his length. It wasn't long before she stopped lowering herself down gently and began dropping her weight on him. Harry's hips slapped lightly against her ass with each drop, her full breasts bouncing in his hands. A whimper left her throat as she bit her lip.

“Harry,” she moaned.

Hearing her moan his name, especially his first name, made him smile. A moment later, Daphne went rigid, a loud gasp leaving her lips as she trembled on top of him. She stopped bouncing and began rolling her hips frantically while she shuddered. Her depths spasmed around him wildly for a long moment before Daphne collapsed forward, her breasts flattening against his chest as she panted for breath. Grinning, Harry stroked her back lightly.

“Keep going,” she panted. “We – need to – finish – the ritual.”

Holding her hips, Harry rolled them both over, so he was on top of her. Daphne moaned loudly as his cock sank as deep as it could into her. Finally, she opened her bright, ice blue eyes and looked at him as he began thrusting into her.

“Bastard,” Daphne grunted. “It wasn't supposed to feel this good.”

“Sorry,” Harry said, unable to suppress a grin.

“No, you're not,” Daphne scoffed. “Fucking brute. Just going around, ruining witches with your big cock.”

“I can stop, if you want,” Harry said.

Daphne responded by giving him a glare, one that promised suffering if he did, and wrapped her legs around him. With the new knowledge he had from Tonks and Fleur, Harry now had a much better idea of what a woman wanted. Where before he would have thought she was just putting up with it, he now realized she was enjoying this much more than she'd expected to. Daphne was a girl that like to play games, and Harry was more than happy to play along if that's what she wanted.

Reaching up, he grasped her breast lightly before taking her stiff, pink nipple between his fingertips and giving it a firm squeeze. Daphne gasped and arched her back as he gave it a slight twist, just enough to straddle the boarder between pain and pleasure.

Leaning down, Harry pressed his lips to hers, and Daphne kissed him back passionately. Continually, she pulled her lips back from his to pant for breath between moans and whimpers. It didn't take long for him to notice the tell-tale signs of an impending climax.

"Bastard," Daphne gasped, her eyes burning with arousal as she stared at him.

Smirking, Harry pulled far back and gave her a particularly hard thrust. Daphne let out a scream as she came, her arms and legs wrapping around him tightly. Her already snug folds gripped him even tighter as she came explosively.

"Fuck," Harry groaned.

With just a few more harsh thrusts, he buried himself inside of her and let loose. The potions running through his system ensure that his potency didn't wane at all. By the time he was done, he left her just as full as he had Tonks and Fleur. For the third time, he felt a rush of magic and memories wash over him.

Daphne's life was much different than what he expected of her, and seeing the cold, distant way her family acted, he understood her much more. Surprisingly, he could also see her hatred for the way most of her housemates acted, and indeed most Purebloods. While she appreciated a lot of the older tradition ands magic, she couldn't stand the supremacy they felt over Muggles

and Muggleborns. That change in her opinion had come along after she met her best friend, and frequent lover, Tracey Davis.

As Daphne panted under him, Harry hissed her neck lightly.

“You can spend as much time with Tracey as you want,” Harry said.

“Thank you,” Daphne said gratefully. “I – I never knew your life was so...”

“Crazy,” Harry finished, pushing himself up to look at her.

“I guess that’s one way of putting it,” she replied with a small smile.

It was the first real smile he’d seen from her, and he couldn’t help but think how beautiful it made her look. Harry promised himself he would give her a lot more reasons to smile in the future. After resting for a couple of minutes, Daphne got up and left the circle. Harry watched her go, his eyes drawn to her fantastic ass. At least they were, until he caught sight of Fleur and Tonks in a sixty-nine on the floor. He quickly found himself getting at the sight.

Forcing himself to look away, he looked over at his nervous best friend. With stuttering movements, she dropped her robe and used her arms to cover herself as she stepped into the circle. Harry was extreme glad he had the knowledge of three other women in his head as he stood and walked up to her. Heedless to his nudity, he wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tightly.

“Thank you,” he said softly.

Slowly, Hermione relaxed and stopped covering herself to hug him back. Some people may not have found her as attractive as the other three girls in the room, but Harry certainly did. She blushed scarlet as his erection brushed against her stomach, but he just smiled and leaned down to kiss her.

After hesitating for a moment, she kissed him back tentatively. Harry let his hands explore up and down her naked back, giving her a moment to get used to his touch before venturing down to caress her fit, muscular ass. Hermione moaned in surprise against his lips, but he continued kissing her, his tongue flitting along hers.

Eventually, he pulled back and smile softly down at her flushed face.

“You’re so beautiful, Hermione,” Harry said, his hand stroking her cheek.

Hermione gave him a nervous, but pleased smile before looking down shyly. Holding her hands in his, Harry took half a step back to admire her body. While not nearly as busty as the other girls, he still loved her perky, handful sized mounds capped with perfect red nipples. For someone who spent so much time reading, she was surprisingly toned, with muscular thighs. When Hermione began to fidget nervously, Harry led her over to the mattress and laid down before pulling her down next to him.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked.

“Yes,” Hermione said with certainty. “Sorry, I’m just nervous. I’ve never...”

“It’s alright,” Harry said. “Neither did I, before today.”

Smiling at her reassuringly, he leaned forward and kissed her while his hand trailed up her side. As their lips moved together fluidly, he cupped her breast, the perfect size to fit his hand perfectly. After giving her nipple a quick tease, he ran his hand down her body to settle between her legs. Like the others, she was already hot and wet for him. Slowly, he teased his finger along her taut lips and rubbed just above her clit. Pulling her lips away from his, Hermione let out a sharp gasp.

“Enjoy the show?” Harry asked teasingly, his running between her wet lips.

Hermione bit her lip as she looked at him. Leaning in for another kiss, he rolled his body over hers and gently pushed her onto her back. Grabbing his shaft, he rubbed his thick head along her folds and made sure to get himself nice and wet before placing himself at her entrance. Hermione gasped again as he cautiously sank into her.

Slowly, Harry worked his hips back and forth, gradually going a bit deeper with each thrust. It took quite a bit of time, but Harry was eventually able to sink all the way into her depths without causing her any pain. Under him, Hermione panted breathlessly and stared at him with wide eyes. Smiling, he kissed her on the lips and began moving slightly faster. Arching her back, she let out a low moan, her folds tightening around him.

“Oh God,” Hermione gasped.

Harry kissed her lips and groped one of her breasts, his fingers rolling her thick, swollen nipple.

“I’ve always wanted to do this,” he confessed.

“R-really,” Hermione stammered, her hips rolling against his.

“You really have no idea how hot you are, do you?” Harry asked.

“I –” Hermione broke off with a gasp as Harry drove into her.

Letting go of her breast, he trailed his hand down her side before cupping her ass and giving it a rough squeeze.

“You have such a great ass,” he said. “The number of times I wanted to just bend your over in the common room or library when you bent over to get a book.”

“Harry,” Hermione moaned.

A few moments later, her face scrunched up beautifully as she reached a powerful climax. When she came down from her peak, Harry sat up and pulled out of her. Hermione looked at him curiously as he grabbed her hips and rolled her over. Holding her hips, he pulled her up to her hands and knees.

“Perfect,” Harry said with a grin, his hands caressing her smooth globes.

“Harry!” Hermione exclaimed when his hand landed with a light smack.

Chuckling at her outraged look, he grabbed his cock and slipped back into her. With a moan, she turned back around and dropped down to her elbows so she could bury her head in her arms. Harry groped her buns roughly as he thrust in and out from behind her. It also gave him an excellent view of his thick shaft moving in and out of her tight folds. Grabbing her cheeks, he spread them apart to get a better view.

“Harry!” Hermione gasped again.

Despite her scandalized look, her excitement was unmistakable as she tightened around him. Grinning, Harry raised his hand and brought it down on her ass, the impact slightly harder than the first. Hermione grunted and bit her lips as she looked back over her shoulder at him.

“You love it,” Harry said.

Smacking her ass once more time, he leaned over her and kissed her hard. Sitting up, he had one hand on her shoulder and the other on her hip as he dove into her tight depths. As Hermione panted, her arousal drenching his shaft, Harry smacked her ass again, this time hard. With a cry, she came explosively on his cock. She buried her face in the mattress to muffle the sound as showered him in her excitement.

Harry was so shocked and aroused, he followed her not long after. With an animalistic growl, he thrust into her frantically from behind, his hips hammering against her beautiful ass until he exploded. He collapsed over her back as her magic and memories washed over him. Looking back, he felt stupid for not noticing her feeling for him sooner. It was amazing how many blatant clues he'd missed.

It doesn't matter now, he supposed.

He had her now, and he was never letting go. Pulling out of Hermione, he rolled her over and covered her body with his as he kissed her tenderly.

"I love you," Hermione whispered with a smile when they parted, tears swimming in her chocolate-colored eyes.

"I love you, too," Harry said.

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Five years later...

Harry stepped out of the Floo and instantly felt a tiny pair of arms wrap around his leg.

"Daddy! Daddy!" his daughter, Lily Luna, yelled.

"There's my girl," Harry said, picking the four-year-old up with a grin.

Lily's hair changed from long and blonde to pitch black in the blink of an eye as she hugged him tightly.

“Hey, love. How was work?” Tonks asked, tickling her daughter’s side and causing her to giggle.

“Not too bad,” Harry said. “Oh, and Kingsley wanted me to remind you he needs your report by the end of the week.”

“Ruddy paperwork,” Tonks grumbled.

“I know,” Harry said, leaning in to kiss his wife on the lips. “Where are the others?”

“In the kitchen,” Tonks said.

Reaching out, she took Lily from him and carried her towards the kitchen of their large manor. Harry followed after her, and found Hermione, Daphne, and Tracey having a discussion on one side of the table. On the other side, Fleur, who was breast feeding their daughter, Victorie, – named so because she was conceived the night he defeated Voldemort for good – while talking to her mother. Apolline was staying with them to help Fleur after a rather difficult childbirth. While it wasn’t really necessary with four other women around to help, Harry was more than happy to have her visit. Of all of his in law’s, Apolline was the most understanding.

“Hello, loves,” Harry greeted his wives.

A smile light up his face at the loving smiles he got in return. After his graduation, he’d insisted on marrying all of his girls immediately. A couple of years later, after a lot of dancing around, Tracey joined them as well. At first, she had made it clear that she wasn’t interested in men, but after Daphne finally convinced her to give it a try, that went away. After spending a year sharing a bed with him and Daphne on and off, they decided to finally bring her into the family. Since she already lived with them to stay close to Daphne and started joining him, and later the other girls, in bed, it only made sense.

Though he would never call her a mistake, Lily had certainly been a surprise. It seemed that when the girls decided to take their chances with the ritual, they hadn’t taken Harry’s luck into account. Three weeks later, Tonks had come to him with the news that she was pregnant.

Victorie had been more intentional. He had promised Fleur to give her a child once the war was over, and he'd made good on that, just much sooner than any of them expected. Hermione, Daphne, and Tracey all kept tight watch on their Contraception Charms, not wanting children just yet. Although, Hermione looked to be changing her mind as of late. With the post-war clean up nearly finished, and her career well underway, it seemed like only a matter of time until she asked.

Walking over to the table, Harry gave all of his girls a kiss, and a peck on the cheek for Apolline, before taking a seat. When Victorie was finished eating, Harry too his daughter in his arms and held her as he talked with his wives.

After years of fighting, Harry finally had the large family he always wanted.