

Restoration Proclamation

Chapter 1

Throughout Magical Britain, Witches and Wizards were turning on their wireless to listen to an important announcement from the newly elected Minister for Magic, Kingsley Shacklebolt. They were only months removed from the end of Voldemort's reign of terror, and the horrific losses that occurred at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. People were desperate to rebuild their lives and move on from their painful losses.

At the Burrow, the Weasleys – along with Harry and Hermione – sat around the kitchen table waiting for the broadcast to begin. Fleur, the wife of the only Weasley to lose his life during the war, Bill, clung to Harry's hand under the table. Fleur had insisted on staying in England to help rebuild, because she believed it was what Bill would've wanted. After the loss of her husband, Fleur had taken to staying as close to Harry as possible when they were at the Burrow. While the rest of the Weasley's certainly treated her better now, being belittled and insulted for over a year had left its mark.

Hermione sat on his other side, as far away from Ron as possible. They dated for all of a week before getting into a fight that nearly destroyed their friendship. Ginny looked at Harry sadly, but to her credit, she'd taken his declining their getting back together after the war rather well. The twins tried to be their normal, joking selves, but there was a sadness hidden in the depths of their eyes. Mr. Weasley looked to have aged ten years, and Mrs. Weasley bustled about, pretending everything was perfectly normal. Ron was, unsurprisingly, stuffing his face, ignoring everything around him. Harry couldn't tell if it was a coping mechanism, or if his friend was simply largely unphased by the events that had transpired. There were two other Weasleys not currently at the house, Charlie and Percy. Percy was working at the Ministry, and Charlie was helping to track down and recover the dragon Harry, Ron, and Hermione had ridden out of Gringotts.

As they waited for Kingsley's announcement, Harry chatted with Fleur about her family. If there was one way to get her to smile, he'd learned, it was to talk about Gabrielle. As a third year at Beauxbatons, she was going through puberty and having all kinds of trouble with boys thanks to her Veela Allure. Of course, Fleur had to take the opportunity to tease Harry about her sister's crush on him.

Finally, the Wireless crackled to life and the room went silent.

“Witches and Wizards of Great Britain. I give you the Minister for Magic, Kingsley Shacklebolt,” announced a familiar voice.

“Was that Percy?” Mrs. Weasley asked.

“Yes, Kingsley hired him as his personal assistant yesterday,” replied Mr. Weasley.

“Shack hired that prat?” Fred asked.

Mrs. Weasley swatted the back of his head, and Fred rubbed where she hit as everyone chuckled.

“Good evening,” Kingsley’s deep, soothing voice came through the speaker. “Tonight, I have a very important announcement. As I’m sure all of you are aware, over the last few months, the Ministry has been working tirelessly to not only rebuild itself, but our world as a whole. Many lives have been lost due to the cruelty of Voldemort and the incompetence of previous administrations. Currently, our population is the lowest it has been in seven hundred years, since the great Dragon Pox plague.

“After speaking with several experts, we have decided on a plan of action to not only rebuild, but to help heal our world for the horrors it has suffered. Using funds from assets confiscated from captured Death Eaters, we are enacting what is called the Restoration Proclamation. Any witch, over the age of 17, that becomes pregnant within the next year, will be awarded a sum of ten thousand Galleons. It is our hope that this will help increase our population, and help witches, young or old, to improve their lives. While we hope many will take us up on this offer, I encourage all of you to think carefully before making any decisions.

“In addition, for those who are not ready for such a commitment, the Ministry is hiring at all positions, and we have numerous restoration projects for those looking for more temporary

work. All restoration work pays a minimum of four Galleons a day, and a list of jobs can be found here, at the Ministry. Lastly, Harry Potter has personally asked me to announce that the newly built Potter Orphanage is looking for caretakers and teachers. For more information, please address your letters to Andromeda Tonks at the orphanage.

“Thank you for your time this evening. I know that it may be hard to trust the Ministry after the last two administrations, and perhaps even before that. Unfortunately, there’s nothing I can say or do in a single day to prove that we have changed. That we have rebuilt this government from the ground up to be better, and root out corruption. Nevertheless, it’s what we have done, and what we will continue to do until we have earned back your trust. Thank you, and good night.”

Harry blinked at the Wireless while the rest of the room broke into loud chatter. While Harry had certainly talked to Kingsley about rebuilding and paying people to help, he hadn’t meant paying witches to get pregnant.

“Harry, you know how to check for potions in your food, right?” Hermione asked, causing Harry to look at her curiously.

“Yeah, but why would-” Harry cut off as he caught her meaning and paled. “Bugger.”

Hermione patted his arm sympathetically while Fleur let out a musical laugh. It had been so long since he’d seen her smile that he couldn’t be angry with her. He knew Hermione had a point though. Back in his sixth year, a handful of girls, including Romilda Vane, had tried to slip him Love Potions. That was when he was just The-Chosen-One. Now, he was The-Man-Who-Won, slayer of the evil Lord Voldemort and savior of the masses. Maybe he could ask McGonagall to let Kreacher work at Hogwarts again and watch his food, he wondered.

And wasn’t that a thought. He trusted that ancient, partially insane House Elf over the girls he went to school with. Shaking his head, Harry decided to think about it later. After all, there was still over a month before school started. He wouldn’t have to worry about it until then.

Harry was once again shown just how wrong he could be the next morning when he came down to breakfast, only to find Mrs. Weasley, Hermione, and Ginny all taking letters from the

parliament of owls coming and going through the kitchen window. There were owls of all shapes and sizes perched on every surface of the room. On the table, instead of the normal banquet of eggs, bacon, sausages, and toast, there was a pile of envelopes and packages three feet high.

“Please,” Harry said pleadingly, “tell me those aren’t what I think they are.”

Hermione gave him a deadpan look, her hair messier than usual from all the wings flapping around her and turned back to the owl she was taking a letter from. Sighing, Harry took out his wand and summoned all of the letters from the waiting owls. With an extra flick, he stacked them in a neat pile on the kitchen table. The owls, now relieved of their burdens, undertook a mass exodus, and the window for all intents and purposes could have been considered closed and shuttered. Dozens of owls streamed out of the Burrow and broke off in all different directions.

“Oh, thank you, dear,” Mrs. Weasley said, wiping her brow. “If you can help the girls clean the table off, I’ll get breakfast started.”

“Sure, Mrs. Weasley,” Harry replied.

“Why didn’t I think of that?” Hermione grumbled, trying to smooth down her hair.

“But there’s no wood,” Harry said in fake panic.

Hermione smacked his shoulder, but he saw the corners of her lips lift slightly. As Harry and the girls moved the letters off the table and into conjured sacks, Ron stomped down the stairs and looked at them oddly.

“What’s all this?” he asked.

“Half of Britain wants Harry to knock them up because of Kingsley’s announcement last night,” Ginny said teasingly.

“Were there any for me?” Ron asked hopefully.

Hermione rolled her eyes while Ginny wrinkled her nose in disgust at the thought.

“Don’t know, mate. We haven’t read them yet,” Harry said.

“Well, let’s look. Hey, you think they sent pictures?” Ron asked excitedly while yanking one of the sacks out of Hermione’s hands.

Harry could see Hermione getting offended, and he didn’t want to see them get into another fight when they still hadn’t recovered from the last one. Gently, he stepped in front of Hermione and clapped Ron on the back while leading him towards the living room.

“Why don’t you go get started on those and I’ll finish getting the rest,” Harry suggested.

“Good idea,” Ron said, grinning.

Hefting the sack over his shoulder, he carried it off into the living room. Turning around, Harry found Hermione glaring daggers at the back of Ron’s head. He shared a look with Ginny before they both shrugged and finished collecting the letters and packages. When they had put the last of it in the third full sack, they carried them into the living room.

They spent an hour carefully going through the letters. Hermione checked all of them for curses before they were allowed to open them, and she set the packages aside to check them over more thoroughly later. She thought they would be more likely to be cursed or contain something dangerous.

To Ron's disappointment, none of the letters they went through were for him. While most of them were simple letters asking for Harry to give them a child, as they'd expected, some of them did contain pictures. Hermione blushed like a tomato when she opened one letter to find a picture of a pretty blonde displaying herself lewdly for the camera. Ron tried to take the pictures, which Harry had no interest in keeping, but the girls in them all covered themselves or hid off frame when he looked at him. Ginny found it hilarious and laughed loudly while Hermione tried to hide her smile.

Some time later, Hermione noticed Ron smiling dreamily, staring at a letter he had opened at least five minutes ago.

"Ron?" Hermione asked slowly. "Where did you get that?" she gestured at the cauldron cake in his hands, several large bites missing from it.

"Melissa gave it to me," Ron said with a goofy grin. "She's great, isn't she?"

"Ron, you idiot. Don't you ever learn?" Ginny asked, rolling her eyes.

Hermione sighed.

"Come on, Ron," Hermione said in exasperation. "I bet your mum can make an antidote."

"Antidote for what?" Ron asked, bewildered.

"The antidote for the Love Potion in those cakes you just ate," Hermione said impatiently.

"Melissa wouldn't do that!" Ron exclaimed, clutching the letter to his chest protectively.

"You're just jealous!"

"Jealous? Why would I be jealous?" Hermione asked.

“Because she’s prettier than you are,” declared Ron, staring at the letter in his hands with a lovesick smile.

“Ron, you’ve probably never even met this woman,” Hermione said, her frustration growing.

“Oh yeah, look,” said Ron, thrusting the letter out and pointing to it. “She dots her i’s with hearts. Only pretty girls do that.”

Ginny snorted and covered her mouth to keep from laughing. Harry pinched the bridge of his nose, holding back a smile of his own.

“You’re just jealous because I have better prospects now, and you want me back,” Ron said smugly.

The humor in the room died instantly as Hermione gave Ron an icy glare.

“Better prospects?” Hermione hissed, her hand inching towards her wand.

Harry and Ginny jumped to their feet. Harry went to Hermione, while Ginny went to her brother.

“He doesn’t mean it, it’s just the potion talking,” Harry said softly.

“Come on, Ron,” Ginny said behind him. “Let’s go see if mum can help you write a letter back to her.”

As Ron and Ginny left the living room, Harry hugged Hermione until he felt her relax into him. When she pulled back, she wiped her eyes with the back of her hand and started going through

the letters again. Without a word, Harry sat next to her and did the same. She would talk about it when she wanted to, he knew.

They had only made it about three quarters of the way through one sack by the time Mrs. Weasley called them for breakfast. Harry put the pictures in an envelope and then called Kreacher to take the mail away to Grimmauld place for the time being. If there was anything cursed inside, he didn't want it sitting around the Burrow. He also put some protective charms around the sacks to ensure that, just in case anything exploded or caught fire, it wouldn't burn down the house.

In the kitchen, they found Ron still staring dreamily into the distance while picking at his food. Ginny sat next to him with a smirk on her lips and her eyes glittering with mischief. Harry sat across from her, and Hermione sat on his right, as far from Ron as possible. Looking at Ginny, he raised an eyebrow in question.

"I decided not to tell mum," Ginny whispered, so Mrs. Weasley couldn't hear. "I figured leaving him like this was a good punishment for what he said to Hermione. Plus, maybe he'll learn not to eat food from people he doesn't know."

Harry snorted and looked over at Hermione who smiled at the younger girl.

The rest of the morning was spent lounging around the house. While Harry, Hermione, and Ginny spent time hanging out, Ron penned a love letter. Ginny would occasionally look over his shoulder, her face turning red as she tried to hold back her laughter at what he wrote.

"Wotcher, everyone!"

"Tonks!" Harry greeted her happily.

He, along with Hermione and Ginny stood to greet their friend.

“Oh, hello Tonks,” Mrs. Weasley said with a smile. “Did you come by for lunch?”

“I have to be back at work in half an hour,” Tonks said.

“No problem, dear. I'll make something for you to take with you,” Mrs. Weasley replied before bustling back into the kitchen.

“So, what brings you by, Tonks?” Hermione asked.

“Actually, I need to talk to Harry for a minute,” Tonks said.

“Is something wrong?” Harry asked, more out of reflex than based on Tonks' demeanor.

“No, no. Nothing like that. I just need to talk to you about something personal,” she told him.

“Oh, sure,” Harry said.

After losing Remus and her father, Harry had made sure to stay in contact with Tonks. Even going so far as to visit her at her flat when she didn't reply to his letters. They'd been good friends during the war and had only gotten closer afterwards. Lately, with the rebuilding of the Ministry and chasing down Death Eaters that had escaped justice, Tonks had been too busy to visit often. Now that things were getting back to normal, he hoped they could see each other more often.

“Do you want to go outside?” Harry asked.

“Sure,” she said, before turning to Ginny and Hermione. “I'll see you guys in a minute.”

Walking out the back door, Harry led her over to the shade of the orchard before leaning against a tree and turning to face her.

“So, what did you want to talk about?” he asked.

“You heard that announcement Shack made last night, right?” Tonks asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said with a snort, “I got three big bags worth of letters this morning from witches wanting me to give them a kid. The kitchen looked like the Owlery at Hogwarts this morning.”

“Oh,” Tonks replied, her eyebrows raised. “Well, you can add my name to that list, too.”

“Funny,” Harry said with a smile, one which quickly faded when he saw the serious look on her face. “You’re joking, right?”

“Nope,” Tonks said. “Look, you know how Remus and I had some problems?”

“Yeah,” Harry said, remembering how long it had taken Remus to go out with her in the first place, and then trying to leave on more than one occasion after they were married.

“Well, one of the things we argued about most was having kids,” Tonks told him. “I wanted to start a family, but Remus was scared they’d turn out like him. I was hoping I could change his mind after the war was over, but...”

Harry nodded and squeezed her hand in sympathy. She smiled at him and blinked back her tears.

“I know this is a lot to ask, but you’re really the only person I trust for this,” Tonks said.

“Tonks, if you need the money-”

“No, it’s not about that,” she said. “Well, mostly. I’ll admit, it’s a bonus, but really, I just want a family.”

“You know you could find someone else,” Harry said. “Remus wouldn’t want you to wait around just because he’s not here.”

“I know,” Tonks said, a hint of sadness in her voice. “I’m not ready for another relationship right now. I’ve never had good luck with men. It’s just- this war really made me realize how short life can be, and I don’t want to wait to find the right guy to start a family.”

Harry could certainly understand that. Funny how dying could give you a whole new appreciation for life, he thought.

“Can I think about it?” Harry asked.

“Of course,” Tonks said, then smiled and hugged him. “Thanks Harry, and thanks for checking on me the last few months. It really helped having someone to talk to besides my mum.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry said.

Separating, Harry changed the subject and asked about work at the Ministry as they headed back to the house.

Later that night, Harry called into Hermione into his room. He was staying in Fred and George’s old room while Grimmauld Place was having new wards erected. Once the Death Eaters had discovered they were staying there after that fateful trip under Polyjuice to the Ministry, the previous wards had been utterly destroyed.

Once they were both seated on the bed, he explained what Tonks wanted and asked for her advice.

“If you’re okay with it, I think you should do it,” she said, surprising him.

“Really?” Harry asked, thinking she’d be against it.

“Well, you’ve always wanted a big family. This is the perfect way for you to get it,” Hermione told him. “I’m not saying you should do it for just anyone. But someone you’re close to, like Tonks? Yeah, I think you should. The question is, how do *you* feel about it?”

Harry sighed and really thought about the question before answering.

“The biggest thing for me is I want to be there for my kids, and I’m just not sure I’m ready to be a good dad, you know?” he asked.

“What makes you think that?” Hermione asked in return.

“Well, I’ve never really had good role models for that sort of thing,” Harry said, referring to the Dursley’s.

“Honestly, Harry,” Hermione said in exasperation. “You’re the kindest, most selfless person I’ve ever met. You’re nothing like those *people*. You’ll be a great father one day, I know it.”

Harry smiled at her and leaned back against his pillows.

“Thanks, Hermione,” he said.

Patting his leg, she smiled before standing from the bed. Just as she got to the doorway, she paused and turned back to him.

“Harry, it’s okay to be a little selfish sometimes. Do whatever makes you happy. You’ve earned it,” she told him.

Hermione closed the door as she left, leaving Harry to his own thoughts.

Harry found himself standing in a dense, white fog. Slowly, as it cleared, he recognized his surroundings as King’s Cross station. The gleaming red Hogwarts Express blew its whistle and suddenly, dozens of children came through the barrier behind him.

“Hi dad,” a little blonde girl greeted him.

“Hello, dad,” said a red headed, teenage boy.

Every kid that came through the barrier smiled and waved at him, calling him dad.

“Wotcher dad!” a young girl with multi-colored hair exclaimed.

As Harry turned to look at her, she hugged him around the waist and beamed up at him before taking off into the crowd. Following her with his eyes, he recognized the only other pair of adults on the platform.

“Mum, dad?” Harry asked.

He walked towards them while his dad wrapped an arm around his mum’s waist and they both waved at him with bright smiles. Just as he neared them, the fog took over the platform again, and then Harry found himself back in his bed at the Burrow.

“Bloody hell,” he groaned.

Sitting up, he looked out the window to see the sun just beginning to appear on the horizon. Rubbing his eyes, Harry put on his glasses and moved over to the desk. Pulling out a fresh sheet of parchment he began penning a letter to Tonks.

Three days later, on a Saturday, Harry left the Burrow after dinner and Apparated to an alley just outside of Tonks’ flat in London. Taking a deep breath to calm his nerves, he walked up to the door and knocked. A moment later, Tonks opened the door wearing a pair of torn jeans and a Weird Sisters t-shirt.

“Harry!” she exclaimed with a grin. “Come on in.”

Closing the door behind him, Tonks gave him a quick hug before dragging him into the living room and over to the couch. Harry took a seat, and Tonks sat sideways, with her legs tucked under her, to face him.

“I didn’t expect to hear from you so soon,” Tonks said, before grinning mischievously. “Usually, you brood for a week before making up your mind.”

Harry snorted. Tonks never was one for letting people beat around the bush, he thought.

“Yeah, well, Hermione made some good points when I talked to her,” Harry said.

“She usually does,” Tonks admitted. “So, is that a yes?”

“On one condition,” Harry said, causing her to look at him expectantly. “I want to be a part of my kid’s- our kid’s- life, even if we aren’t together.”

Tonks smiled at him affectionately.

“I think I can agree to that,” she said.

Sitting up, she straddled his lap on her knees and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Now we can get to the fun part,” she said with a grin.

Leaning down, Tonks kissed him, her fingers threading through his hair. Harry was a bit surprised by the suddenness of it all, but he kissed her back, his hands running down her back to cup her bum. Tonks moaned and slid her tongue into his mouth, tracing it along his. After a good couple of minutes of heavy snogging, Tonks pulled back and pulled her shirt up and over her head.

Harry’s erection gave a throb as her large, bare breasts dropped into view. As she tossed her shirt to the floor, he bent forward and took her pink nipple between his lips. Tonks stroked a hand through his hair and trailed down his side to grab the hem of his shirt. When she pulled it up and over his head, he let go of her nipple, only to attack the other one when his shirt was off.

Gripping her ass, Harry lifted Tonks up and laid her down on the couch. After giving her nipple one last, hard, suck, he kissed his way down her stomach to the waistband of her jeans. Quickly undoing the button and zipper, he pulled her jeans down her legs, revealing her bright purple panties. Panties with the monogram ‘HP’ stylized to look like a lightning bolt.

Tonks laughed at the nonplussed look on his face.

“Do you like ‘em?” she asked. “They’re part of the new Man-Who-Won line at Gladrags.”

Harry groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose, much to Tonks’ amusement.

“I really need to get a solicitor,” Harry said.

“You can ask my mum, she’s a barrister for the Ministry,” Tonks said.

Not wanting to think about her mum, given their current activities, he turned his attention back to her panties. Grabbing them in both of his hands, Harry ripped them apart at the sides and pulled them off of Tonks before tossing them to the floor.

Rather than looking upset, if anything, Tonks looked aroused. Sitting up, she pushed him on the chest until he was on his back, and she was knelt between his legs. Now, it was her turn to pull off his pants. As she pulled them down to his thighs, she stared hungrily at his large cock when it leapt free of its denim prison.

Tossing his pants to the growing pile of clothes strewn across the living room floor, Tonks leaned down to kiss the underside of his thick shaft, her breasts pressing against his thighs. Licking her way up to the tip, she wrapped her lips around the head and proceeded to swallow his entire length with ease while gazing up at him.

“Holy shit,” Harry gasped.

Tonks smiled with her eyes as she slowly sucked all the way back up to the tip, swirling her tongue around his head before pulling off with a *pop*. Looking deservedly smug, Tonks crawled up his body and straddled his waist. Bent down, she kissed him as she ground her damp folds along his rigid length, her lips wrapping around and hugging his shaft. Groaning, Harry bucked upwards, grinding against her firmly while reaching up and caressing her breasts. While Tonks rolled her hips in a slow, firm rhythm, Harry ran the back of his nails along the underside of her dangling breasts, causing her to shiver in delight over him.

Breaking their kiss, Tonks stared down at him with a heated gaze as she raised herself up and reached under her to line his cock up with her glistening entrance.

“I’ve always wanted to do this,” she said breathlessly.

Harry raised an eyebrow, but before he could say anything, Tonks chose that moment to sit down on him. Both of them groaned loudly as his cock sank into her hot, tight depths, her slick walls hugging his length as he stretched her open.

“Oh, *fuck* I need this,” Tonks gasped out.

Barely taking any time to adjust, she started riding him vigorously, rolling her hips as she bounced on his rigid pole. Leaning down, she kissed him heatedly between panted breaths. Harry grabbed her hip in one hand and her bouncing tit in the other while bucking up into her in time with her bouncing.

“Harder,” Tonks panted.

Giving her what she wanted, soon, she was jumping up and down on half of his length while Harry drove up as hard as he could. Eventually, he had to let go of her tits and put both hands on her hips to fuck her harder. Her fantastic tits bounced wildly in front of his face as her nails dug into his shoulders. The slap of flesh on flesh filled the room as their hips collided forcefully. Even at this frenetic pace, it still didn't seem to be enough for Tonks.

“Harder,” she growled. “I need it, fuck me!”

Determined to give her the time of her life, Harry suddenly rolled them over, causing Tonks to squeal in surprise. Throwing her legs over his shoulders, he pinned her shoulder to the couch and slammed into her with deep brutal thrusts, his hips moving faster than he ever thought possible. Tonks clawed at the couch cushions as she threw her head back and howled. Soon, she had to put her hands above her head to brace herself as her body lurched backwards with each powerful thrust.

Catching her breath, she stared down at his cock as it rammed in and out of her drooling lips like a piston, her folds clinging to his shaft each time he pulled back. Above her, Harry huffed in exertion while sweat dripped from his brow. For him, while the feeling was incredible, the most erotic part was the way Tonks stared up at him with pure desire. It set his blood on fire and

made him want to fuck her through the furniture. The look in her eyes, and the sounds of pleasure leaving her mouth made him feel like a sex god.

At such a frenetic pace, neither of them could last long. Far sooner than he wanted, Harry felt his climax building at a rapid rate. He was doing his best to hold on as Tonks writhed under him and her hair cycled through a rainbow of colors. Gasping for breath, her eyes unfocused and wild, her peak hit like a bolt of lightning. Tonks' back arched impressively as her muscles locked up tight, her head thrown back in a silent scream. She trembled violently and her eyes rolled into the back of her head while her hair turned a spiky, neon pink.

Suddenly, her walls clamped down on him and spasmed wildly as she let out a long, grunting groan. The incredible fluttering of her grasping folds drove Harry over the edge. Burying himself as deep as possible, his cock swelled and throbbed with each pulse of cum that flooded her depths. With each pulse, his hips flexed forwards in a futile attempt to go even deeper.

When he was finally done, Harry collapsed on top of Tonks, even as she continued to moan and shudder under him. Letting her legs drop from his shoulders, he kissed her neck and caressed her body gently for the next couple of minutes as she calmed. When she did, Tonks cupped his cheeks and pulled him into a slow, tender kiss.

"You have no idea how much I needed that," Tonks said as they broke apart.

Harry gave her a crooked grin, "You know, it may take a few tries before you actually get pregnant."

"Mhh, good," Tonks said with a smile.

Still grinning, Harry lifted her up, her arms and legs automatically wrapping around him, and he carried her into the bedroom. The whole time, his still hard cock remained buried within her.

Hours later, as they lay cuddled together in blissful exhaustion. Harry was spooned up against her back, one arm under her neck while his other hand rested on her flat stomach. With any

luck, it wouldn't stay that way for long. Smiling contentedly, he closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep to the sound of Tonks' even breathing.

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 ramifications 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.

