

Chapter 28

Donning their heavy winter clothes and boots, Harry, Hermione, Robert, and June trudged through the knee deep snow as they walked to the edge of the property.

“Ready?” Hermione asked.

Harry nodded. Raising her wand, Hermione pointed it towards the sky with a look of concentration on her face.

“Protego Totalum,” she encanted.

A tiny ball of pale blue magic shot into the air almost fifty feet before it stopped and expanded outwards rapidly, forming a dome around them. It covered the entire property, eclipsing even the Fidelus Charm in size.

“What does that one do?” June asked curiously.

“It creates a ward that hides us from sight,” Hermione told her.

“Neat,” Robert commented.

Taking out his wand, Harry began clearing away the snow. At first, he tried to use a wind spell, thinking he could blow it away. It worked on the top layer, but he couldn't get the densely packed snow underneath to budge. He resorted to vanishing it to get to the brown, dead grass underneath.

“Where do we put the posts?” he asked, wiping the sweat from his brow.

“Every six feet,” Robert said. “I didn’t bring a tape measurer.”

“That’s fine,” Hermione said. “Metimur.”

Bright green sparks danced from the tip of her wand, leaving long, thin trails in the air. Zipping over the ground, they crisscrossed like little fireflies, leaving behind a glowing grid on the ground. Brandishing his wand, Harry walked over to one of the corners.

“Deprimo,” he muttered.

With a muffled *thud*, a deep, round hole was gouged out of the frozen earth. Moving along six feet to the next mark, he repeated the process.

“I wish you had been around last Summer when we built that new deck,” Robert said.

“I think we n-need to see if the council w-will let us put in a hot tub,” June shivered.

As soon as Harry finished making the holes they needed, he flicked his wand, casting a Heating Charm on her. Immediately, her folded arms relaxed, and she let out a cloudy sigh of relief.

“Thank you,” June said gratefully.

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled.

“Well, now we just need to build a shed,” Robert said.

Harry turned to Hermione with a wide-eyed look, “But there’s no wood,” he said.

Suppressing a smile, she smacked his shoulder.

“Prat,” she said.

Harry just grinned in response. Hermione brandished her wand and, with a complicated movement, ripped a large tree out of the ground. With a few move swishes, flicks, and slashes, the tree was cut into posts and boards. As she levitated them over, Harry took over and guided them into place. Taking a box of screws out of his pocket and setting it on the ground, they floated out of the open top. Moving into place, they screwed themselves into the wood. In just a few minutes, they finished the shed frame and started on the walls.

Working as a team, Hermione made the boards while Harry built the shed, Robert offering guidance occasionally. When the walls were finished, they turned to work on the roof.

“Defodio!” Hermione shouted.

A deep gouge was cut into the earth, where she began pulling out sheets of shale. Floating them over to the roof, Harry put them in place and stuck them there with a Permanent Sticking Charm. From there, they finished up the door and stood back to admire their work.

“That doesn’t look too bad,” Harry said.

“For less than half an hour’s worth of work, that’s amazing,” Robert said.

“Now, we need to make it look run down,” Hermione said.

“I still don’t understand why your going to ruin a perfectly good shed you just built,” June said, shaking her head.

“We’re not actually ruining it,” Hermione said. “It’ll just look that way. But with the Fidelus, anyone looking at it will only see the part sticking out. We need to make it look natural.”

Waving her wand, she cast a series of charms Harry wasn't familiar with. Before his eyes, the shed aged, boards came loose, and the roof caved in. It looked odd when she cut the shed in half, but he knew that from outside the wards, you would only be able to see the side sticking out. When she was finished, Harry looked through the door and smiled. Despite the outside looking ruined, the inside looked as good as new.

"That's incredible," June breathed over his shoulder.

"This really is a brilliant idea, Harry," Hermione smiled. "Now, everyone can come and go whenever they need to without having to worry about being seen."

"Can we go back inside now?" June asked. "I think that Heating Charm Harry used on me is starting to wear off."

"Warming Charm," Hermione corrected as she took down her ward. "A Heating Charm is used over an area, not on a person."

"Yes, dear," June smiled.

Making their way back to the house, Harry heard June scream behind him. Spinning around, he watched as she stumbled on something under the snow and lost her balance. He reached out as she began to fall. Grabbing his arm, she gave it a sharp tug, pulling him off balance too. His arms wrapped around her while they fell. Harry landed softly on his back, with June falling on top of him, her face bumping into his.

"Great, now she's falling for him, too," Robert muttered.

"Da-ad," Hermione exclaimed, unable to stop a laugh. "That was horrible."

"Save the terrible jokes and help me up, would you?" June asked.

Robert helped June to her feet while Harry ungracefully climbed out of the hole they'd made in the snow. His hands stung from the snow, and he flexed them as they walked to the front door. Stepping inside, they shed their jackets and headed to the living room to sit next to the fire. Fleur looked up from her book as Harry rubbed his hands and blew into them. Smiling, she stood, pushed him into her seat, and then plopped herself down in his lap.

"Your hands are freezing," she said.

"It's cold out," Harry smiled.

"We finished the shed," Hermione told her.

"Good," Fleur said. "I ate Apparating into zhe snow."

"Where is everyone?" Robert asked.

"Out by zhe pool," Fleur replied. "Ted wanted to use zhe grill."

"Barbeque?" Robert asked excitedly.

Without waiting for a reply, he stood up and walked quickly out of the room. Shaking her head, June smiled and stood.

"I'm going to go get changed first," she said.

Fleur stood as well and pulled Harry to his feet. She led him to the master bedroom, Hermione following closely, where they changed into their bathing suits. Before Fleur could put her top on, Harry cupped her breasts and kissed her shoulder. Smiling at his reflection in the mirror, she leaned back against his chest and ran her fingers through his hair.

“Really, Harry?” Hermione asked.

“Sorry,” Harry mumbled.

Rolling her eyes, Hermione turned her back to him and put her hair up in a ponytail. Smirking, Harry sunk up behind her. She yelped when he suddenly wrapped his arms around her and pulled her against his chest, his hands slipping under her top.

“You prat,” Hermione said, slapping his leg.

Chuckling, he kissed her when she turned to look at him. His fingers teased her nipples, tugging and rolling them lightly under her top. By the time he pulled back, her cheeks were flushed, and her nipples protruded sharply against the fabric of her bikini. Grabbing her hand, he led her and Fleur out of the bedroom and out to the pool.

Everyone else was already lounging under the sun. Susan was in the pool, hitting a volleyball back and forth with Astoria and Gabrielle. Ron lounged on a chair with his hands behind his head, staring raptly at the redhead’s impressive bust each time it breached the water. A couple of seats down, Tonks and Daphne talked quietly. The adults were further down near the grill, talking over drinks while Ted tended to the food.

“Harry, Hermione, are the two of you packed for tomorrow?” Mrs. Weasley asked. “We won’t be able to come back to get anything you missed once we leave.”

“We packed last night,” Hermione told her.

Fleur frowned at the reminder that they would be going back to Hogwarts. Harry was just as sad to leave her behind. A part of him wanted to find a way for her to come with them, but he knew that even if he could, she loved her job at Gringotts.

“Don’t worry, we’ll be back for Easter,” Harry told her.

With a forced smile, Fleur took his hand and kissed him on the lips. Joining the others, Harry suddenly remembered he needed to tell Amelia about the shed. Grabbing his locket, he opened it up and looked at the tiny mirror inside.

“Amelia Bones,” he said.

After a couple of seconds, the surface rippled like water before it settled, showing him an image of Amelia’s face.

“Harry, is everything alright?” she asked urgently.

“Everything’s fine,” he said, feeling bad for worrying her. “Are you alone?”

Amelia nodded, “I’m in my office.”

“I just wanted to let you know we finished the shed,” Harry told her. “It’s about ten feet to the right of where we normally Apparate from.”

“Oh, good,” she said. “Thanks for letting me know. Can you let Susan know I should be home soon? There was a leak in the plumbing, so we’re closing the Ministry early.”

“Sure,” Harry smiled. “See you soon.”

Amelia said goodbye, and Harry closed his locket.

“Hey, Susan!” he called. “Your aunt said she’d be home soon. They’re closing the Ministry early.”

“Thanks, Harry!” Susan yelled with a smile.

A moment later, she screamed when the volleyball hit the water and splashed her. Laughing, she tossed it into the air and jumped up to hit it. Her heaving breasts strained the red bikini she was wearing. He caught a glimpse of her light pink areola before her breasts dropped back below the surface of the water.

“Harry,” Tonks called. “Did you see my mum’s chest?”

Raising an eyebrow, he glanced over at Andromeda. It took a moment, but he eventually noticed her reddened skin and the slightly paler patch between her breasts shaped like a fairy. Looking back at Tonks, they both laughed. Perking up at the sound, Iffy took off from June’s shoulder and flew over with a smile. She landed lightly on his shoulder and sat down.

“Have a nice kip?” Tonks giggled.

“Are you taking ‘er to ‘Ogwarts wiz you?” Fleur asked.

“No,” Harry said firmly. “It’s too dangerous. She better off staying here.”

“It would be too cold for her anyways,” Hermione added.

“Zhat’s alright. We’ll keep ‘er company,” Fleur said.

Iffy smiled and shrugged her shoulder. When a shadow passed over her, she and Harry looked up. Circling overhead, Hedwig passed through the enchanted roof of the patio. She landed softly on the back of Harry’s chair, her chest puffed out as she held up a twig with Juniper berries growing from it. With a hoot, she set it down next to Iffy.

“Such a smart girl,” Harry smiled, running his fingers over the top of her head.

Iffy stretched up onto the tips of her toes to pet Hedwig's breast feathers. Plucking a couple of Juniper berries off of the twig, she took a bite out of one and held the other up to the owl. Hedwig carefully took it in her beak and gobbled it down. With another soft hoot, she nipped Harry's finger affectionately. A moment later, she flapped her wings and took to the air.

"Lunch is ready," Ted called.

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As the evening wore on, Fleur grew more clingy. Harry didn't begrudge her a bit, knowing they'd have to spend the next three months apart with only a handful of weekend visits to tide them over. Then, there was Tonks, who he could tell was up to something just from the look in her eye. She spent a lot of time whispering to the other girls, and whatever she was saying had Ginny and Susan both blushing heavily. Daphne's reaction was less obvious, but he caught her glancing his way a number of times.

"Can we go to bed early?" Fleur whispered in his ear as they cuddled in the living room. "I need you tonight."

Smiling, Harry caressed her back and kissed her softly.

"Sure," he said.

Fleur smiled promisingly, her blue eyes sparkling brightly. Standing up, they bid everyone goodnight.

"Ron, Ginny, you should think about going to bed, too," Mrs. Weasley said. "We need to leave for the station at eight-thirty."

As Harry and Fleur made their way to the bedroom, he heard Ron grumble, but Ginny was surprisingly agreeable. He didn't have time to think on it, however, because Fleur was on him the moment the door was closed. Pinning him against it, she kissed him passionately, her hands slipping under his jumper. She broke the kiss just long enough to pull it up and over his head before she kissed him again. Harry's fingers nimbly unbuttoned her blouse, revealing the white bra underneath.

Fleur's blouse hit the floor, followed a moment later by her bra. Lifting up her flowing black skirt, Harry trailed his hands up her bare thighs and cupped her full, thick cheeks. She moaned into his mouth as he lifted off her feet and carried her over to the bed. Not for a moment did her lips leave his as he laid her down on the mattress, hands wandering her perfect curves.

With the pull of a zipper and a light tug, her skirt slipped down her legs before being carelessly tossed aside. Fleur moaned wantonly when the throbbing bulge in the front of his trousers ground firmly against her mound. Finally breaking the kiss, she threw her head back and gasped, her hips rolling desperately.

"Arry," she said breathlessly.

Stroking her cheek, Harry's hand trailed down her neck, pausing to roughly grope her perfect breast before moving over her abs to rest on her hips. Just as his fingers hooked under the waistband of her panties, the door opened behind him.

Harry looked back over his shoulder, raising an eyebrow in surprise when a line of girls waltzed into their room. Hermione walked in first, followed by Daphne, Susan, and Ginny, the two redheads flushing noticeably when they looked at him. Tonks came in last, closing and warding the door with a smirk on her lips.

"What's zhis?" Fleur asked curiously.

"I know you like an audience, so I told them they could watch," Tonks grinned.

Looking at Daphne, Susan, and Ginny, the latter two shifting nervously, Fleur grinned, her eyes gleaming excitedly.

“Seet,” she said, patting the bed.

Though Daphne did her best to hide it, Harry could see the excited sparkle in her eyes and the like dusting of pink coloring her cheeks. Ginny and Susan were much easier to read. Their blushes ran all the way down to their chests, and they had trouble taking their eyes off his chest. With a little encouragement from Tonks, all three climbed onto the bed.

Lifting her hips, Fleur took off her white panties and crawled back onto the bed. Laying on her stomach, she swung her feet back and forth while her hands undid Harry’s belt. She was a bit too close because, when she tugged down his trousers and underwear, his erection sprang free and slapped the bottom of her chin. Fleur giggled and kissed his shaft while her fingers curled around his base.

“Merlin, Morgana, and Maeve,” Susan gasped.

Tonks snorted, “I doubt any of them were hung like that.”

Her voice snapped the redhead out of her daze and caused her to blush profusely.

“Well, considering Morgana and Maeve were women, and no one ever wrote about Merlin’s sexual exploits, you’re probably right,” Hermione said.

“Ha. See? Even the smart one agrees with me,” Tonks grinned.

Susan relaxed and giggled, though her cheeks remained red. They all turned back to Fleur just as she opened her mouth and swallowed half of his length. Bathing him with her tongue, his skin tingling pleasantly, she bobbed up and down, coating him with her saliva. The position was a bit awkward, so when Fleur wanted to take him deeper, she grabbed his hips and pulled him closer.

Harry shuffled forward until he was hilted in her throat. Running his fingers through her hair, he tilted his head back and groaned.

When he opened his eyes again, he spotted Tonks stripping out of her clothes. With a grin, she shamelessly spread her legs and played with herself. Hermione blushed a bit but followed her lead. As she tossed her clothes to the side, Daphne, Ginny, and Susan glanced their way. When Daphne turned back, Harry caught her eye and stared at her as he thrust in and out of Fleur's voracious mouth. He gave a pointed look at her chest.

Knowing exactly what he wanted her to do, Daphne closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Grabbing the bottom of her jumper, she pulled it up and over her head, revealing the black bra she wore underneath. Without hesitation, she popped open the clasp and tossed it onto the bed. Harry buried himself in Fleur's throat and pulsed excitedly as he stared at her large, perky breasts. Fleur pulled back with a hard suck, drawing his attention back to her.

Staring up at him with a smoky gaze, she pulled off him, lovingly kissing the tip. Rolling onto her back, her breasts thrust into the air, she hung her head over the edge of the mattress, mouth open invitingly. Smiling, Harry caressed her luscious mounds, bending down to suck on the pink, pebbled peaks. Fleur moaned but reached out for his shaft impatiently. Tugging him forward, she took his length effortlessly, her long, pale neck bulging visibly.

"Bloody hell," Harry grunted.

Hands playing with her breasts, he thrust his hips back and forth, feeding his considerable length down her talented throat over and over again. As he toyed with her hard nipples, he heard a rustle of clothing to his right. This time, it was Ginny stripping out of her clothes, her face stained red. Harry watched as her bra fell to her lap, revealing her small but perky tits with pink, upturned nipples.

"Not bad, Gin," Tonks grinned. "Come on, Sue, let Harry see those big jugs."

"Must you be so crude?" Hermione asked, rolling her eyes.

“Says the anal queen,” Tonks said, sticking out her tongue.

While Hermione blushed, Fleur gagged hard. She pushed on his thighs, and Harry pulled back as she sat up and coughed.

“Don’t make me laugh,” she told Tonks with a laughing cough.

Tonks gave her a smirk and shrugged apologetically before looking over at Susan. The busty redhead looked around at the other topless and naked girls nervously.

“You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to,” Hermione assured her.

Taking a deep breath, Susan grabbed the hem of her jumper and pulled it over her head. Hesitating slightly and avoiding looking anyone in the eye, she reached back and unclasped the padded purple bra she wore. Her blush ran down all the way to the tops of her breasts as she slowly let the bra fall. Her massive breasts dropped free, drooping slightly from their weight. Her soft pink areolas were as wide as the rim of a teacup, with small red nipples peeking out from the center.

“I wish my boobs were that big,” Ginny sighed.

Lifting up her small breasts, she frowned as she let them go. They jiggled only slightly before settling. Susan gave a small smile as she fidgeted with her hand like she wasn’t sure what to do with her arms.

“There are spells and potions for that,” Tonks said. “How do you think Hermione here went up two cup sizes practically overnight.”

“Zhey did come out very nice,” Fleur said with an appreciative look.

“Hermione, why didn’t you tell me?” Ginny asked, sounding hurt.

“I thought you knew,” Hermione said, biting her lip. “I mean, you grew up in the wizarding world.”

“I thought it was just one of those scam potions they put in the back of Witch Weekly,” Ginny said.

“Those are scams,” Tonks said. “The real potions are a lot harder to make or a lot more expensive.”

“How expensive,” the redhead asked.

“Don’t worry, I know how to brew it, and Hogwarts has all the ingredients we need,” Tonks told her. “Hell, you could probably even talk Slughorn into letting you make it for extra credit. How big do you want to go?”

“Big,” Ginny said, glancing over at Susan’s breasts wistfully.

“You might want to do it doses then, give your body time to adjust,” Tonks said.

As interesting as the idea of thin little Ginny getting massive breasts was, Harry was growing impatient. The saliva coating his shaft had gone cold, causing him to wilt slightly. Grabbing Fleur’s wide hips, he pulled her over until she was straddling him. She giggled and ground her folds against the underside of his shaft, quickly bringing him back to a full erection.

Lifting up, she sank down on his cock with a moan. Harry closed his eyes, savoring the feeling of her tight, burning depths.

“Does it hurt the first time?” Susan asked softly.

“It stings a bit, but it’s not bad,” Hermione told her. “If you’re worried, you can practice with toys on your own to get used to it.”

“Speaking from experience?” Tonks asked with a smirk.

Hermione blushed and slapped her thigh lightly.

“It’s not my fault you three turned me into a sexual deviant,” she huffed playfully.

Harry tuned out the banter as he thrust up into Fleur. Each time she descended, she rolled her hips and flexed her muscles, her rippling walls massaging his length. Sliding his hands up her sides, he cupped her bouncing breasts. Falling forward with her forearms landing on either side of his head, Fleur rode him hard and fast, her burning, lustful gaze meeting his. Even as she shuddered her way through her first orgasm, her movements never faltered. Her Allure radiated through the room, blanketing it in a cloud of lust.

The talking turned to moans and groans as the girls around them began touching themselves. The scent of arousal filled the air, permeating every breath Harry took. Around him, he could hear more clothes being discarded, but he couldn’t take his eyes off the woman riding him. Her skin took on an ethereal glow as she sat back up and rode him frantically. Every movement was matched by a wonderous moan escaping her perfect lips.

Harry didn’t know how long they kept going. It could have been hours or even days, but eventually, their bodies could take no more. Throwing her head back, Fleur howled his name as she climaxed more powerfully than he’d ever witnessed before. The spasmodic clutching of her depths pushed Harry over the edge. He thrust as deep as possible as he erupted. Fleur collapsed on his chest when he hugged her tightly as they rode out their euphoria together. Panting, she nuzzled his neck, peppering his skin with light kisses and flicks of her tongue.

Harry had just caught his breath when she sat up and stared at him lustfully. A pulse of her Allure had him rock hard in the blink of an eye.

“More,” Fleur purred.

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Harry stifled a yawn as he stepped through onto platform nine and three-quarters. By the time Fleur was satisfied, it had been two in the morning. Not that he was complaining. He was more than willing to give up a few hours of sleep to give Fleur what she needed. Thankfully, Ginny, Susan, and Daphne had woken early enough to sneak back to their rooms.

Looking back, he smiled as she stepped onto the platform and took his hand. Standing off to the side, they waited for the others.

In typical Weasley fashion, Ron had waited until the last minute to pack the last of his belongings. While everyone else ate their breakfast calmly, he ran around the house looking for things he didn't want to leave behind.

“I feel like I've gone back in time a few years,” Ted smiled as he stepped onto the platform with Andromeda.

“I know,” Andromeda agreed. “I didn't think we'd ever see Dora off on the Express again.”

“I'm not actually going as a student,” Tonks said, rolling her eyes.

Gabrielle stepped onto the platform and looked around excitedly. Astoria chattered with her quietly, pointing out different people.

“She is so excited to go to 'Ogwars,” Fleur said. “I 'ope she can make friends.”

"I'm sure she'll be fine," Harry assured her. "She's got Astoria, and she can always spend time with us."

Smiling softly, Fleur kissed him lovingly. Checking her watch, she frowned.

"I'm sorry, mon amour, I 'ave to go to work," she said sadly. "Write to me, oui?"

"Of course," Harry said. "I'll find out when the next Hogsmeade weekend is as soon as I can."

Smiling, Fleur pulled him in for a searing kiss.

"Je t'aime," she whispered against his lips.

"Moi aussi, je t'aime," Harry replied.

With one last fierce kiss, she pulled back and turned to Tonks and Hermione. Pulling each of them in for a passionate kiss, she waved tearfully before saying goodbye to her sister and heading back through the portal to Muggle London.

"I'm going to miss her," Tonks said, wrapping an arm around his waist and resting her head on his shoulder.

"Me, too," Harry said.

"We all are," Hermione added. "Come on, let's get our trunks on the train."

Saying their goodbyes, Harry helped the girls with their trunks. Ron had disappeared with Seamus and Dean to tell them all about his Christmas break. They got lucky and found two empty compartments near the one Hannah was in. While Susan went to talk to her best friend,

Harry got Astoria and Gabrielle settled in their compartment before returning to the one he shared with Hermione and Tonks.

He'd just finished stowing the trunks overhead when the whistle sounded. Hermione stuck her head out the window to yell one last goodbye to her parents when the train gave a lurch. They took their seats as they pulled out of the station and headed back to Hogwarts. Back to the real world with very real problems.