

Chapter 13

Tonks smiled and kissed Harry on the cheek as he left to go spend time with Ron and Hermione. While she loved being able to finally spend so much time with him, she'd been waiting for this moment apart for the last two days.

As soon as he was out of sight, she turned and went to the study in search of her target. Fortunately, the house was relatively empty right now. Molly was out shopping with Hestia and Kingsley, Sirius was enjoying his freedom, and Arthur was at work. That left only her, Harry, Hermione, the two youngest Weasleys, Fleur, and Remus, who was upstairs taking a kip, in the house.

Making her way through the maze of rooms on the first floor, Tonks could already see the difference Winky had made in just the past few days. It was actually quite impressive how the little Elf could get so much done when they'd spent months cleaning with little effect.

Walking into the study, she spotted Fleur sitting on the couch with her legs crossed, one foot bobbing in the air while reading a book and sipping a glass of red wine. Pulling her wand, Tonks cast a quick Privacy Charm on the doorway before walking over.

"Wotcher, Fleur," she said with a bright smile.

Fleur looked up and smiled in return, "Bonjour,"

"Can we talk for a minute?" Tonks asked, sitting next to her on the couch, her body turned slightly.

"Of course," the blonde replied, marking her page and setting her book on the end table.

"How are things going with Bill?" Tonks asked.

Fleur pursed her lips and shook her head.

“Not well,” she said. “I get ze feeling ‘e sees me a ‘is next conquest, you know?”

“I’m sorry,” Tonks told her sympathetically. “I wish I could tell you he’s not like that, but I don’t know him that well.”

Fleur gave her a small smile before leaning back against the arm of the couch with a sigh.

“Ow are things wiz you and ‘Arry?” she asked.

“Great,” Tonks answered, a fond smile stretching her lips. “I really do love him, but I wish we could spend more time together. I can’t wait until he graduates.”

“I’m ‘appy for you,” Fleur said with a small, slightly sad smile.

Tonks smiled back even as she wondered about her expression. For a while now, she’d noticed the sad, wistful looks Fleur gave them on occasion. She couldn’t help but wonder if it was because she wanted a relationship like that of her own or if she wanted Harry specifically.

Probably a bit of both, she thought, feeling bad for her new friend.

“The sex is great, too,” Tonks joked with a grin while waggling her eyebrows.

Fleur giggled and leaned forward to slap her knee lightly, causing her to laugh as well.

“E does ‘ave a nice cock, non?” Fleur asked with a smirk.

"Mmh," Tonks hummed in agreement with a smile. "What was your favorite thing he did while you two were together?"

"You really want to know?" Fleur asked cautiously.

"I'm curious," Tonks said with a shrug.

Fleur hesitated for a moment before grabbing her wine and taking a sip.

"Ze way 'e looked at me," she said, a soft smile on her lips as she stared at something unseen over Tonks' shoulder. "Ze other men I 'ave been wiz, zey change under ze Allure. Zey become like animals. 'Arry never did zat. 'E never lost control, no matter what I did. It made me feel..."

"Special," Tonks suggested.

"Oui," Fleur said before shaking herself from her memories.

"Listen, you know his birthday is tomorrow, right?" Tonks asked, getting a nod and a curious look in answer. "Well, I want to do something special for him, and I was hoping you could help..."

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"Are you going to continue the DA this year?" Hermione asked.

"I don't know," Harry said with a shrug as he sat with her and Ron in the room he shared with Tonks. "I guess it depends on what our teachers like."

“Even if we have a decent teacher this year, I think you should still continue it,” she told him.  
“With Voldemort out in the open, we all need to be prepared.”

“I’ve got other things to worry about, Hermione,” Harry said.

“Which is even more reason to keep doing it,” Hermione countered. “You have to admit you learned a lot teaching everyone else.”

“I suppose,” Harry sighed. “I guess we’ll have to see if anyone is still interested when we get back to school. They may not want to come back if we have a good teacher.”

“Are you kidding, mate?” Ron asked. “The DA was great. You’re the best teacher we’ve had.”

Harry sighed when Hermione nodded her agreement.

“I’ll give it a try,” he gave in, getting excited smiles from his friends.

There was a long moment of silence before Hermione looked at him cautiously.

“Has Dumbledore talked to you more about the Prophecy?” Hermione asked.

“Not yet,” Harry answered, shaking his head. “I haven’t talked to him since we left school. It’s a bit odd, isn’t it?”

“What?” Ron asked.

“Dumbledore’s know about the Prophecy for all this time, but he hasn’t done anything to train me at all,” Harry said, sighing as he ran a hand through his hair.

“He must have had his reasons,” Hermione said, biting her lip. “I mean, it’s not like he could have taught you much more than you’ve been learning at school.”

“Yeah, mate. It’s not like he could’ve made you into Merlin while we were still learning Levitating Charms,” Ron added.

Harry sighed again but didn’t reply.

They just didn’t understand, he thought. It was his life, and Dumbledore had kept so much important information from him for so long. It was infuriating that he hadn’t told him sooner. Even if there was nothing he could do, he should have at least told him.

Before Harry could continue his mental tirade, Ginny knocked on the doorframe.

“Can I come in?” she asked.

Harry opened his mouth, but Ron beat him to the punch.

“We’re having a *private* conversation,” he said rather rudely.

Ginny gave him a dirty look and then turned sharply, her ponytail swinging around like a whip.

“It’s fine,” Harry called out to her. “You can come in.”

He didn’t feel like talking about the Prophecy or Dumbledore anymore anyways.

Giving Ron a mocking look, she walked over to the bed and pushed his shoulder.

"Budge over," Ginny said.

Ron scowled, then sat up and moved over while Hermione moved closer to Harry.

"What the?" Ron asked as Ginny took a seat on the mattress

Looking at the loop of white fabric around his arm, Ron raised it higher to reveal one of Tonks' bras that had been trapped in the blanket. With a girlish squeal, he swiped it off his arm frantically, like it was some kind of spider. There was a moment of silence as the bra landed in the middle of the bed before the rest of them broke into hearty laughter. Ron huffed, crossing his arms while his ears went bright red.

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Harry groaned as he stood in the Quidditch locker room, watching as Katie, Angelina, and Alicia took turns bobbing on his length after he beat Krum to win the Quidditch World Cup. Currently, Angelina was holding him deep in her throat while Katie and Alicia kissed and licked at the point where her full, pouty lips were stretched around his girth.

Rocking his hips, he blinked as his bedroom ceiling came into view. The hot, wet feeling on his glans remained as his mind groggily returned to reality. Sitting up, he looked down into Tonks' sparkling hazel eyes as she bobbed her mouth slowly and sensually on his length. Laying back on the pillows, Harry ran his fingers through her short purple hair with a groan as he erupted in her sucking mouth.

"Bloody hell," Harry panted.

Keeping her lips sealed around his shaft, Tonks slowly pulled off of him and gave him a Cheshire grin before swallowing and licking her lips. Crawling up his body, her large breasts swaying under the loose shirt she wore, she sat on his hips and bent down to peck him on the lips.

“Happy birthday,” she said in a sing-song voice with a grin.

Harry smiled as he pulled her down for a heated kiss, his hand gently caressing her sides and back.

“You are the best girlfriend ever,” he said.

“I know,” Tonks replied with a smirk.

Climbing off of him to stand next to the bed, she stretched her arms over her head before grabbing the hem of her shirt and pulling it over her head. Harry stared appreciatively at her naked body as she turned and sauntered over to the bathroom door. Pausing in the doorway, she looked over her shoulder at him.

“You coming, birthday boy?” she asked before disappearing through the door.

Grinning, Harry jumped out of bed and walked quickly to the bathroom while the sound of the running shower filled the room.

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A while later, Harry and Tonks went downstairs to the kitchen, where everyone wished him a happy birthday. Harry smiled and thanked everyone while chuckling at the humorous and ongoing war for the kitchen between Mrs. Weasley and Winky.

After a filling breakfast, they all moved into the sitting room.

“Time for presents,” Mrs. Weasley said with a bright smile as she handed him a box wrapped in decorative paper.

Harry smiled as he took it from her and tore it open slowly. Receiving gifts still felt like a novelty and one he would never entirely get used to. Thankfully, after the visit from Andromeda and Ted, she had stopped making comments about him and Tonks. It finally felt like she was accepting their relationship.

Inside the box, Harry found a gold wristwatch.

"I know you're eighteen now, and it's a bit late, but it's a tradition in the Wizarding World to give a young man a wristwatch when they come of age," Mr. Weasley explained.

"That one belonged to my brother Gideon," Mrs. Weasley said.

"I can't –"

"Yes, you can," Mrs. Weasley interrupted him firmly, though kindly. "We've always considered you family, and I know Gideon would be proud to have someone like you wear his watch."

"Thank you," Harry said thickly.

Standing up, he gave her a hug, and Mr. Weasley patted him on the shoulder before he sat back down, strapping the watch to his wrist. Taking his hand in hers, Tonks gave him a happy smile and kissed him on the cheek.

"Here, Harry," Hermione said. "It's from Ron and me."

Harry opened her gift to find two books: one on defensive spells and the other on offensive Curses. He got a few presents from some of the Order members, which were mostly sweets and gift certificates to stores in Hogsmeade. Fleur gave him two presents. The first was a couple new designer outfits from her which he was very grateful for, and the second was a pendant from Gabrielle. She had just finished her first year at Beauxbatons and had made him a

necklace she had added protective Charms to herself to protect him from Death Eaters. The Charms themselves wouldn't protect him from more than a single weak Curse or Hex, but he greatly appreciated the thought. Looping the silver chain over his neck, he took his next present from Tonks.

Inside the small box she gave him was a pair of hand mirrors. Knowing they were a replacement for the one Bellatrix had stolen, he grinned happily and kissed her on the lips.

"You'll get the rest of your present tonight," Tonks whispered in his ear.

Last, but certainly not least, was his present from Sirius. After taking the lid off the surprisingly heavy box, he stared in awe at what was inside.

"You got me a Pensieve?" Harry asked.

"I figured you could use it with everything going on," Sirius said with a grin. "Remus, Hestia, and I even left you a few memories we have of your parents in the bottom."

Harry looked into the box and reached in to pull out one of a number of vials filled with a silvery strand of memory with a shaking hand.

"I-" Harry started, his words getting caught in his throat.

Setting the box down gingerly, he stood up and hugged Sirius tightly.

"Thank you," he said in a voice thick with emotion.

"You're welcome," Sirius replied, patting him on the back.

Just as they separated, a large, silvery lion Patronus leapt into the room, drawing everyone's attention.

"Death Eater attack in London," came the voice of Alastor Moody.

There was a brief moment where nothing happened before the room burst into action.

"We need to get to the Ministry," Kingsley said in his deep, commanding tone. "Everyone else, stay here and wait for one of us to contact you."

Harry immediately turned to Tonks, who stood from the couch and walked toward him with a sad smile. Giving his hand a squeeze, she kissed him briefly.

"Sorry, I have to go," she said.

"It's fine," Harry told her. "Stay safe."

With a reassuring smile and one last kiss, she left with Kingsley, Hestia, and Mr. Weasley towards the Floo.

The celebratory atmosphere died quickly after they left. Harry knew Tonks was a capable witch, and he tried to distract himself by talking to his friends, but nothing could completely distract him from the knot of worry in his chest.

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"Do you want to watch some of the memories Sirius gave you?" Hermione asked several hours later.

They sat in the Study with Ron, Ginny, and Fleur, playing Exploding Snaps and talking as they waited for dinner to be ready.

“No, I’d rather wait for Tonks,” Harry said, leaning back against the couch from his spot on the floor.

Stretched out and reading a magazine on the couch above him, Fleur reached down and ran her fingers through his hair soothingly.

“I’m sure she is fine, ‘Arry,” she told him.

Sighing, Harry closed his eyes and relaxed into the comforting feeling.

“I hope so,” he said. “Anyways, how’s work going?”

“Good,” Fleur told him, a smile in her voice. “Some of ze artifacts zey bring back are very interesting. An expedition to Greece just brought back-”

Fleur broke off as the Floo bust to life with bright, emerald flames. Harry climbed to his feet anxiously, waiting to see who would step through. A moment later, Tonks stumbled out of the fireplace, followed by Hestia, both looking exhausted. He let out a sigh of relief as she looked up at him and smiled tiredly. Walking up to him, she wrapped her arms around his neck and rested her head on his shoulder.

“Is everything alright?” Mrs. Weasley asked anxiously from the doorway, wiping her hands on a towel.

“Everyone’s fine,” Tonks answered, turning her head to look at her. “Arthur said he’s going to be running late. He’s helping with the cleanup.”

Mrs. Weasley's shoulders sagged in relief, and she smiled.

"Alright, dinner will be ready in half an hour," she said before turning for the kitchen.

Harry smiled at Fleur gratefully as she sat up and patted the seat next to her. Guiding Tonks over to the couch, he sat down in between the two witches while she curled up against his side. Slipping off her shoes, Tonks tucked her legs underneath herself and closed her eyes as she laid her head on his shoulder.

"What happened?" Hermione asked.

"They destroyed the Millennium Bridge in London," Tonks said.

Hermione gasped and covered her mouth.

"Why would they do that?" Ginny asked.

Tonks shrugged without opening her eyes.

"Make people scared?" she suggested. "Maybe they wanted to test our response? Who knows?"

"You okay?" Harry asked softly.

"M'fine," Tonks mumbled. "Just tired. The place was a mess, and we had a hell of a time keeping the news cameras away so we could Obliviate everyone."

Harry ran his hand lightly up and down her arm as everyone began to talk quietly about the attack. This was the first big attack, and they all knew things would only get worse.

A few minutes later, when Fleur giggled quietly, Harry was drawn out of his conversation with Hermione. Looking at her curiously, she nodded at Tonks. She was asleep on his shoulder, drooling lightly on his shirt. Snorting quietly, he kissed the top of her head and let her sleep while he continued talking to Hermione quietly.

“Dinner’s ready,” Mrs. Weasley called from the doorway a short while later.

Harry gently woke Tonks, who sat up and wiped her mouth and the wet spot on his shirt.

“Sorry,” she muttered, her hair going pink as she blushed lightly.

“We know ‘Arry is good-looking, but you don’t ‘ave to drool over ‘im,” Fleur teased.

Now it was his turn to blush lightly as everyone chuckled on their way to the kitchen.

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The rest of the afternoon passed quietly, with Mr. Weasley, Kingsley, and Moody showing up halfway through dinner. They learned a few more details of the attack, like the fact that the Death Eaters were gone long before the Aurors showed up, and there were only a few deaths before Mrs. Weasley forced them to change the subject.

With everyone there, Mrs. Weasley got out the birthday cake. With all of his worry over Tonks from the attack, Harry hadn’t even thought about it. It was also the first time he ever remembered anyone singing happy birthday to him, though calling what Ron did singing was a bit generous.

The rest of the evening was spent hanging out with his friends in the sitting room, the atmosphere feeling more relaxed now that everyone was back and unharmed.

“You ready to go to bed?” Tonks asked a while later.

It was still a bit early, but Harry nodded anyways. Bidding everyone goodnight, he looked around for Fleur to thank her again for his present but noticed she was gone.

“Where’s Fleur?” he asked.

“I think she went home,” Hermione said.

“Oh,” he said.

With a shrug, he decided to just thank her the next time he saw her. She’d been over most days since he’d arrived at Grimmauld Place. As soon as they left the sitting room, Tonks perked up and grinned as she dragged him up the stairs. Harry smiled back and tickled her side, causing her to yelp laughingly.

When they entered their bedroom, Tonks locked the door and silenced it before wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him hard. Harry gripped her bum and pulled her against him tightly, drawing a moan from her lips.

“I have a surprise for you,” Tonks said, her eyes sparkling brightly. “You can come out now.”

Harry looked at her in confusion just as the bathroom door opened. Fleur stepped out dressed in a small, light blue robe that showed off her long, toned legs and an enticing amount of cleavage. Smiling sultrily, she sauntered over to stand just behind Tonks.

It didn’t take a genius to see what his girlfriend had planned, and Harry snapped his head over to stare at her.

"I'm sure," she said, preempting his question before he could even ask it.

"Aren't you going to unwrap your present, 'Arry?" Fleur asked, her purring voice already getting him excited.

Harry swallowed thickly as Tonks grabbed both of his hands and pulled him closer to Fleur. Tonks slipped behind him and kissed his neck, placing his hands on the sash and holding Fleur's robe closed.

"Go on, love," she whispered in his ear.

Hands trembling slightly, his erection aching in his jeans even as he felt like he was doing something he shouldn't; Harry untied the sash. Fleur smirked as her robe fell open, revealing the white, lacey lingerie she had on underneath. Shrugging it off her shoulders, she let it slip down her arms to pool on the floor at her feet. Harry's eyes swept over her curvaceous figure while Tonks ran her hands over his chest and continued to kiss his neck.

Stepping forward, Fleur ran her fingers through his hair before grabbing the back of his head and pulled him in for a kiss. Harry groaned as she pressed herself against him, her thigh brushing against the bulge in the front of his jeans as her tongue caressed his. It was a long moment before she pulled back with a grin.

Worriedly, Harry turned and looked over his shoulder at Tonks. Smiling reassuringly, she pecked him on the lips.

"My turn," she said.

Instead of kissing him like he expected, she spun around and kissed Fleur hard. Harry's jaw dropped as he watched them kiss heatedly for several long seconds, Tonks' hands exploring Fleur's tight stomach. Separating, they both turned and giggled at the dumbfounded expression on Harry's face.

Grabbing Harry's shirt, Tonks pulled it up and over his head before leading him over to the bed. Pushing him so he took a seat, Tonks knelt down and began undoing his belt while Fleur climbed onto the mattress beside him and kissed him hard. The moment his pants and boxers were off, the blonde reached down and grasped his length, her hand gliding up and down slowly.

"I've missed zis," Fleur whispered against his lips.

Standing up, Tonks stripped out of her clothes, her eyes riveted to the hand stroking his shaft as she licked her lips. Pulling her lips from his, Fleur smiled as she bent down to take the tip of his cock between her lips. Harry hissed and groaned, feeling completely overwhelmed by how fast everything was happening.

Grinning at his wide-eyed look, Tonks gave him a brief kiss on the lips before dropping to her knees.

"Holy shit," Harry breathed as he watched her turn her head to the side to kiss and lick the part of his shaft that wasn't in Fleur's mouth.

As Fleur pulled up, Tonks followed her and pressed their lips together. His breath caught in his throat when they kissed, tongues dueling around his swollen head. Grinning, Fleur wrapped her lips around his girth and dove down until he hit the back of her mouth, stopping just a couple of inches from the base.

Pulling back up, she smirked and tilted his length towards Tonks. Making eye contact with Fleur and holding it, she plunged down and swallowed his entire cock effortlessly. Grunting, Harry cursed under his breath and bucked his hips slightly. Slowly, Tonks dragged her lips back up to the tip, where she came off with a light *pop*.

Sliding off the bed and onto her knees for a better angle, Fleur took him between her lips once more. Pushing down until he hit the entrance of her throat, she paused for a moment before gripping Harry's thighs and diving down his shaft. Fleur gagged lightly as her lips gradually crept

lower down his length. It took a bit of time, but she eventually reached the base, her pointed nose pressed against his groin.

“Oh, bloody hell,” Harry gasped as her tight throat spasmed around him.

After holding herself in place for a handful of seconds, Fleur pulled up quickly, coughing and breathing heavily as she stared up at him lustfully.

Tonks shifted behind Fleur and kissed the bare skin of her shoulder while she began bobbing up and down on his length.

“You’re wearing far too much,” he heard her whisper.

A moment later, she popped open the clasp of her bra. Fleur pulled it off and tossed it to the floor, baring her large, tear drop shaped breasts with pale pink, puffy nipples and perfectly round areolas. She moaned around him as Tonks cupped one of her large, firm mounds and gave it a soft squeeze.

Straightening up, Fleur turned and kissed Tonks, one of her hands trailing up to grasp one of her slightly smaller breasts and caressing it softly. Harry fought the urge to reach down and stroke himself as he watched them kiss and grope each other for a long moment.

When she turned back to him, Fleur grinned before walking forward on her knees. Grabbing her own breasts, she wrapped the large, smooth orbs around his cock before taking the sensitive, engorged tip in her mouth and working her whole upper body up and down.

Tonks stood up and sat next to Harry on the bed, kissing him on the lips before running a hand through Fleur’s long blonde hair as she continued to bob up and down on him.

“I’m close,” Harry panted in warning.

Fleur jerked her breasts up and down rapidly while her tongue lashed at his head frantically. Harry trembled as it circled around the extremely sensitive rim of the head of his cock.

“Cum in her mouth,” Tonks whispered huskily, her teeth grazing his earlobe as she pressed her body against his. “Fill it.”

Groaning, Harry bucked his hips as he erupted. Fleur moaned, letting her breasts fall away from his shaft and replacing them with her hand as she stroked him furiously. A shiver ran through his body as she sucked hard, draining every last drop from his pulsating cock.

Pulling off of him with her lips still sealed, there was a smirk in her twinkling blue eyes as she crawled up onto the bed. Harry’s spent length pulsed and began to instantly reharden as he watched her pull Tonks into an open-mouthed kiss. A small trickle of cum leaked between their lips as they swapped it between them with their tongues. Pulling apart, the two witches grinned at each other.

Suddenly, Fleur pinned Tonks to the bed and kissed her passionately. Harry grinned as he watched them roll around the bed, lips constantly attached while they groped at each other’s soft curves. At one point, Fleur’s white panties were pulled off and tossed aside so Tonks could trace her fingers through her folds. Harry recovered in record time watching the arousing display.

When Fleur moaned and rolled Tonks onto her back, Tonks crooked her finger at him. Crawling over, he ran his hands over Fleur’s voluptuous rear as he knelt behind her. Finally pulling her lips away from Tonks, she looked over her shoulder with a hungry stare. Lining himself up with her dripping entrance, he couldn’t help but look up at Tonks one more time. Smiling, she nodded at him.

“Arry, please fuck me. I need you,” Fleur begged.

Harry throbbed at her pleading look. Fleur gasped as he lipped his head between her folds, then moaned as he sank into her.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Tonks asked.

“Oui,” Fleur breathed, rolling her hips as he bottomed out.

Pulling his hips back, Harry stopped with his tip still trapped between her hot, grasping lips and plunged back into her welcoming depths. Fleur arched her back with a sensual moan before staring down at Tonks with a burning gaze.

“I want to taste you,” she said huskily.

Tonks smiled and gave her a kiss before scooting back on the bed. Fleur eagerly dropped down to her elbows and buried her face in her folds. Moaning, Tonks ran her fingers through Fleur’s hair while Harry leaned over her back, grasping one of her breasts and kissing her neck as he thrust into her from behind.

“Fuck, right there,” Tonks gasped, grasping her own breast and rolling her stiff nipple between her fingers.

Just as Harry reached a steady rhythm, Fleur gasped and cried out as she reached a sudden climax. He hissed from the feeling of her hot, silky depths fluttering around him as he looked down at her in surprise.

“Whoa, you must have really needed that,” Tonks said with a smirk.

“Mmh, oui,” Fleur panted.

Tonks giggled, which turned into a moan when Fleur gave her clit a sucking kiss.

Harry continued thrusting into Fleur, enjoying how it felt to be back inside her while watching Tonks writhe on her tongue. Gradually, Harry sped up his pace until his hips clapped against her

round ass, causing the thick globes to ripple from the impact. After being jostled back and forth, she resorted to slipping her fingers into Tonks so she could moan and gasp.

“Arder,” Fleur begged.

Gripping her shoulder, Harry slammed into Fleur aggressively from behind, drawing a long, deep groan from her lips. Tonks reached her climax just moments ahead of her, leaving both women moaning and shuddering on the bed. Harry plowed into Fleur relentlessly through her orgasm, chasing after his own. Panting heavily, he buried himself in her spasming depths and released deep inside of her with a groan.

“My turn,” Tonks said eagerly before he’d even finished.

“I might need a minute,” Harry panted.

Tonks pouted exaggeratedly, causing him to chuckle.

“Maybe we need to give ‘im anoizzer show?” Fleur suggested.

Tonks grinned as Fleur crawled up her body and kissed her passionately. Despite his recent orgasms, Harry could already feel himself getting hard again as he watched.

Best birthday ever, he thought with a grin.

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Hours later, Fleur was passed out with her head resting on one side of his chest while Tonks lay curled up on the other.

"I think you tired her out," she joked, looking up at him.

Harry chuckled, and Tonks was honestly surprised he was still awake. Looking down at her, he gave her a loving but tired smile.

"I love you," he said softly.

"I love you, too," Tonks replied, leaning up to kiss him.

If she'd had any second thoughts about inviting Fleur to join them, which she didn't, the way he looked at her then would have wiped them away. Settling her head back down on his chest, she looked over at Fleur's peaceful face. Smiling, she closed her eyes and drifted into a peaceful sleep.