

Chapter 26

“Joyeux Noël!”

Harry jolted upright, blinking rapidly to get the sleep out of his eyes. Around him, the girls stirred as Gabrielle ran into the room and jumped onto the bed.

“Gabrielle,” Fleur whined.

Hermione clutched the covers to her naked chest while Tonks yawned widely.

“Eet’s Christmas, get up,” Gabrielle said, excitedly tugging at the blanket covering her sister’s head.

“Stop it,” Fleur said, swatting at her hand. “I’m not wearing any clothes.”

Holding a hand to her mouth, Gabrielle giggled, her cheeks turning pink as she glanced over at Harry. Looking down, he made sure the covers were covering him properly.

“Go wake maman,” Fleur told her. “We’ll be down in a bit.”

Bouncing off the bed, Gabrielle raced out of the door, her robe flapping behind her.

“At least she waited until nine,” Tonks yawned.

“But I wanted to wake everyone zhe fun way,” Fleur pouted.

Snorting, Tonks spanked her, causing her to squeal before hopping out of bed. Harry stared unashamedly at her naked body as she raised her arms above her head and stretched. Catching his eye, Tonks smirked before she turned and sauntered into the bathroom. He smiled to himself and reached over to pick up his wand, closing the door with a flick.

"I can't believe we forgot to lock the door," Hermione said, throwing the covers off and climbing out of bed.

Harry and Fleur shared a look and smiled. Hermione had practically dragged him into bed the night before after watching him with Amelia. Apparently, she found watching her boyfriend finger the Minister for Magic exciting.

Fleur leaned forward and kissed him passionately before slipping out of bed and dashing into the bathroom. Rolling her eyes, Hermione followed after her, with Harry trailing behind a second later. After a quick shower, the girls kicked him out so they could get dressed. Apparently, their outfits were supposed to be a surprise.

Wandering down to the kitchen, Harry joined the others at the table.

"Happy Christmas, Harry," June smiled.

"Happy Christmas, everyone," he smiled.

"Can we open presents now?" Gabrielle asked.

"Not yet," Apolline told her, setting a steaming mug in front of Harry. "We need to wait for everyone."

Harry smiled as Gabrielle pouted cutely. Taking a sip, he was surprised to taste hot chocolate instead of the expected coffee.

"Ooh, that's good," he said.

"It's a Delacour family tradition," Apolline smiled.

Harry smiled back, feeling more touched by the gesture than he was willing to admit.

"Where are Hermione and the others?" Robert asked.

"They'll be down soon," Harry replied. "They're just getting dressed."

Suddenly, Iffy peeked her head out of Andy's hair and looked around. Flying over to the fruit bowl, she looked over the wide variety Andy and June had bought for her. After a moment, she settled on a banana. Harry smiled as he watched her try in vain to lift it, her little wings flapping furiously. Giving up, she tried to peel it open, only to fail and stomp her foot in frustration.

Lifting his wand, he levitated it over to him. Iffy followed after it, grinning when he peeled it open for her. Cutting off a large chunk, he set it down on her plate and took a bite of what was left.

"Oh, sweetheart, you look wonderful," Andy smiled.

Turning in his seat, Harry grinned. Tonks and Fleur had come down, wearing the same skin-tight dress Hermione had bought at the shops. Fleur's was green, while Tonks' was half green, half red, the same as her hair.

"You look great," he said, kissing Fleur as she passed. "But I thought you didn't like dresses."

"Are you complaining?" Tonks asked with a smirk.

“No, no. Definitely not a complaint,” Harry said quickly.

Smirking, Tonks leaned down and gave him a kiss before taking a seat.

“Where’s Hermione?” June asked.

“She should be coming,” Tonks replied.

“You made it,” Fleur smiled.

She held the mug of hot chocolate to her face, inhaling deeply before taking a sip. Closing her eyes, she moaned sensually. Watching her curiously, Iffy flew over and looked into Harry’s mug.

“You want some?” he asked.

Summoning another mug, he shrunk it down until it was a good size for Iffy and then scooped out some of his hot chocolate. Staring into the mug, she sniffed it inquisitively before bringing it to her lips. Harry smiled as her eye widened, and she licked her lips, foam sticking to her upper lip.

“I think she likes it,” Andy chuckled as Iffy took another gulp.

The fairy nodded enthusiastically and burped loudly.

“Just make sure you brush your teeth afterwards,” June told her.

Suddenly, Fleur gasped.

“Ermione, you look fantastique,” she gushed.

As she got up and hugged Hermione, Harry looked at her and smiled. The form-fitting red dress clung to her body like a second skin, and she’d tied her hair back in a loose bun.

“And look at zhis derriere,” Fleur said, staring appreciatively.

“Fleur!” Hermione exclaimed, blushing lightly.

“You look great, Hermione,” June smiled. “I can’t believe how much you’ve grown up.”

“How do you think I feel,” Robert muttered.

“Oh, stop,” June said, slapping his arm lightly.

Giving her parents a smile, Hermione turned to Harry and bit her lip nervously.

“What do you think?” she asked.

Smiling, Harry stood and wrapped his arms around her.

“You look beautiful, love,” he said, kissing her softly.

“Can we open presents now?” Gabrielle asked impatiently.

Apolline looked to Harry, who smiled.

“Yes, we can open presents now,” he said.

Grinning, Gabby shot out of her seat, hugged him tightly, and then dragged an equally excited Astoria into the living room.

“So, did you three plan this?” Harry asked, gesturing to the girls’ dresses as they followed after them sedately.

“It was Fleur’s idea,” Tonks smiled.

“I zhought of it after zhe way you reacted to ‘Ermione’s,” she smirked.

“Well, you look great,” Harry said sincerely.

Smiling, Tonks suddenly pulled them all off to the side. Holding a finger to her lips, she pointed to June and Robert. Just as they were about to walk into the living room, they stumbled to a stop.

“What’s happening?” June asked nervously. “Why can’t we move?”

“Look up,” Tonks told her.

Following her finger, they spotted a sprig of mistletoe hanging at the top of the doorway.

“I got it from Fred and George’s shop,” Tonks grinned. “It’s enchanted to hold you in place until you kiss.”

Sharing a look, Robert shrugged before pulling June and leaning down for a kiss. Tonks whistled loudly, prompting clapping and laughter from the others. The mistletoe jiggled above their heads before zipping off into the house.

“Let me guess, it repositions itself after every use,” Hermione said, smiling.

“Yup,” Tonks grinned.

Giggling, Hermione shook her head and then pulled them into the living room. Taking seats around the tree, Gabrielle and Astoria started handing out presents.

“Hang on, girls,” Harry said. “There’s one present I want to give everyone first.”

Waving his wand, numerous identical, rectangular presents floated into the air and then drifted over until everyone had one. Hermione glanced at him curiously as they all unwrapped them and held up identical gold locket.

“Open them,” Harry smiled.

Looking at Tonks, he watched as she pried open the oval pendant to reveal a mirror on one side and a blank face on the other. Turning to Amelia, he nodded. She took out her wand and gave the mirror a tap. Harry watched over Tonks’ shoulder as her mirror rippled for a moment before settling into an image of Amelia.

Hermione gasped, “This is like the mirrors Sirius gave you.”

“Exactly,” Amelia smiled. “It was Harry’s idea. He wanted a way for everyone to get in contact quickly if something happened. All you have to do is say the name of the person you want to talk to while looking at the mirror. If there’s an emergency, tap it with your wand to contact everyone. I’m sorry, Robert, June, but I couldn’t get that to work without magic.”

“Oh, that’s fine,” June smiled. “This is so much better than waiting for a letter. Thank you.”

“Yes, thank you,” Eva smiled, her eyes swimming. “I know Hogwarts is safe, but I feel a lot better knowing my daughters can call for help if something happens.”

“This is brilliant, Harry,” Hermione gushed. “What made you think of it?”

“Well, I felt bad that Daphne and Astoria couldn’t send letters without risking someone finding the house,” he explained. “I thought about getting them mirrors like Tonks and I have, but I didn’t know where to get them. I talked to Amelia about it and how I wished I could connect more than two, and she came up with this.”

Smirking, Tonks leaned close.

“Daphne’s so going to suck your dick for that,” she whispered.

Looking over at Daphne, he found her staring at him intently, her bright blue eyes glittering.

“I had the Department of Mysteries working on them for the last week,” Amelia smiled. “Being the Minister has its perks.”

“Nymphadora, just make sure you have clothes on when you call us,” Andi smirked.

Tonks rolled her eyes while Harry chuckled.

The rest of the presents were handed out, and they all spent the morning laughing and talking. Sitting on the couch with Tonks in his lap and Fleur and Hermione leaning against his sides, Harry was finally starting to feel like he was part of a family.

"What time are the Weasleys coming?" Hermione asked.

"Sometime after lunch," Harry replied.

"So, right before dinner, then," Tonks smirked.

"You do know Ron's head is going to explode when he sees you in that dress," Harry grinned.

Hermione looked down at herself, blushed, and chewed on her bottom lip.

"Should I change?" she asked.

"Non," Fleur said firmly. "You look beautiful."

"I hope he doesn't react too badly when he finds out we're together," Hermione said nervously.

"He'll just have to get over it," Tonks told her.

"I zhought 'e 'ad a girlfriend," Fleur said.

"He does," Hermione sighed. "But I don't think he really likes her that much. Outside of when they're snogging, that is."

"Maybe you could find 'im a new one," Fleur suggested.

Hermione looked over at Harry questioningly. He thought for a moment before shrugging. He and Ron hadn't talked about girls since he got sick of his questions about Tonks last Christmas.

"I don't know," Hermione said thoughtfully. "Ron really needs someone who can keep him in line."

"Honestly, I think he needs to grow up a bit," Tonks said. "Nothing against the guy, but he's pretty immature. Which is surprising considering you and Harry act like you're thirty."

Harry snorted and shook his head.

"Hey, boss," Tonks called out suddenly. "Didn't you say you were going over to the Abbots for Christmas?"

"They had to cancel. Howard and Samantha got Dragon Pox," Amelia said. "Fortunately, the healers caught it soon enough, so they'll be fine."

"Ooh, Dragon Pox on Christmas, that's rough," Tonks said.

"Is Hannah sick too?" Harry asked.

He'd known about the Abbots and had already invited Amelia and Susan to stay as long as they liked.

"No, Dragon Pox generally only affects older witches and wizards, but she can still carry it," Amelia said. "I'm afraid she's stuck taking care of her parents until they get better."

"Poor girl," Apolline said. "Would she mind if I sent over some 'to chocolate and desserts?"

"No, I'm sure that would be very much appreciated," Amelia smiled.

"I'll help," Harry offered.

Lifting Tonks as he stood, he set her back down on the couch with a kiss. Apolline and Harry walked side by side, Susan trailing after them on the way to the kitchen. They were talking about which pies to send to Hannah when Harry and Apolline were suddenly jerked to a stop.

“Oh, bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

Looking up, he saw the sprig of mistletoe hanging above the doorway a moment before he heard Tonks and Fleur laugh. Blushing, Susan covered her mouth and giggled. Even Amelia was smirking at him. Sighing, he turned to Apolline. With a smile, she wrapped her arms around his neck. Harry rested his hands on the curve of her hips as she leaned forward. Their lips met softly, and he was surprised when she didn't pull back immediately. Without conscious thought, Harry pulled her firmly against him, her soft curves conforming to his muscular frame as they kissed passionately.

When they finally separated breathlessly a long moment later, Apolline looked just as dazed as he felt. Harry was snapped back to reality when he heard Fleur giggle. Kissing him on the cheek, she hooked her arm through her mother's and pulled her into the kitchen. They spoke rapidly in French while he shook his head, trying to clear it.

“I think Apolline lost control of her Allure,” Tonks chuckled.

“You are such a whore, Potter,” Daphne snorted.

“Yeah, but he's our whore,” Tonks smirked.

“Oh, like you don't love passing him around like the school broom,” Daphne scoffed.

“Not my fault everyone wants to take a ride,” Tonks grinned.

Rolling his eyes, Harry left them to their playful squabbling and joined Apolline and Fleur in the kitchen, hoping it would be less embarrassing.

He was quite glad he didn't know French as Apolline and Fleur talked and laughed the whole time they loaded a basket with food for Hannah. In a few minutes, Hedwig was winging her way to the Abbots, a shrunken basket clutched in her claws.

About an hour later, Mr. Weasley's weasel patronus showed up in the living room. After getting the secret from Hermione, Tonks left to go pick them up. Thankfully, Amelia had provided her with a Portkey, so she didn't have to make multiple trips Side-Along Apparating everyone. Harry wasn't too happy about her going alone, so he was relieved when no one made a fuss about him going with her.

Walking outside, Tonks shivered and pressed herself against him.

"I think we should build a shed," Harry said. "Like one goes through the wards, so we can come and go without anyone seeing us."

"Hmm, wouldn't they just see half a building?" Tonks asked.

"Maybe we could charm it to look like a ruined building," Harry offered.

"It's not a bad idea," Tonks said. "It would make Apparating in and out safer. We just need to figure out how to make it look normal and build it without drawing attention. We can talk to Hermione and Fleur about it tomorrow. No more worrying today. It's Christmas."

Harry smiled, wrapping his arm around her waist as they passed through the edge of the wards. With a twist, they Disapparated and reappeared near the Burrow. Walking up the winding, snow covered path, they knocked on the door. A moment later, Mrs. Weasley pulled it open with a smile.

“Harry, dear,” Mrs. Weasley smiled, hugging him tightly. “Happy Christmas.”

“Happy Christmas,” Harry said.

“Hello, Tonks. It’s good to see you,” Mrs. Weasley said, letting go of him to hug her.

“Hey, Molly,” Tonks smiled. “You guys ready to go.”

“I think so,” Mrs. Weasley said, patting her pockets. “Come on in while I get the kids.”

As Harry and Tonks walked inside, closing the door behind them, Mrs. Weasley looked towards the stairs.

“Ron, Ginny! Harry’s here!” she yelled.

Immediately, the house was filled with the sound of thundering feet.

“Hey, mate,” Ron grinned, clapping him on the shoulder. “Thank Merlin, you’re here. You wouldn’t believe how boring it’s been.”

“That bad?” Harry smiled.

“Mum’s been too nervous to let us go anywhere,” Ginny said, hugging him and Tonks when she reached the bottom of the stairs. “She won’t even let us go flying.”

“Really?” Harry asked.

“She’s lost it, mate,” Ron said, waving his arms.

“She’s just worried,” Ginny said, rolling her eyes. “That said, she *is* taking it a bit too far.”

“Don’t worry. There’s plenty to do at my place,” Harry grinned. “We’ve got a field for Quidditch - if you can stand the cold – and Fleur put in a pool and a hot tub. She even heated the back patio. It feels just like you’re at the beach.”

“The view’s great, too,” Tonks smirked.

“Come on, let’s go check on your parents,” Harry said. “Do you have everything?”

“If we’re going swimming, I should go grab my swimsuit,” Ginny said. “I’ll be just a second.”

“Me too,” Ron said.

“Just don’t take too long,” Tonks told them.

Nodding, they rushed back up the stairs.

“How do you think Molly would react to seeing us running around topless?” Tonks smirked.

“You know exactly how she would react,” Harry said.

Grinning, she pulled him towards the kitchen, where they found Arthur sitting at the table while Mrs. Weasley loaded platters of food into a basket.

“Are the kids ready?” she asked.

“They’ll be down in a second,” Harry said. “Fleur put in a pool for us, so we told them to grab their swimsuits. Happy Christmas, Mr. Weasley.”

“Happy Christmas, Harry, Tonks,” Mr. Weasley smiled. “I take it you’re enjoying your new house?”

“It’s great,” Harry smiled. “Though, we have a few more guests than we expected. The Abbotts caught Dragon Pox, so Amelia and Susan are still staying with us. The Greengrasses are staying with us, too. Gerard joined the Death Eaters. Evangeline, Daphne, and Astoria are going to be living there for a while.”

“Sirius and Hestia are going to be coming by tomorrow, too,” Tonks added.

“Harry, dear, are you sure you have room for everyone?” Mrs. Weasley asked.

“Oh, I’m sure,” Harry smiled. “Don’t worry, you’ll see.”

Still looking a bit skeptical, Mrs. Weasley nodded just as Ron and Ginny came bounding back down the stairs.

“Kids, are you ready to go?” Mrs. Weasley asked. “Arthur, you have the presents, right?”

“Right here,” Mr. Weasley said, patting his pocket.

“Well, that should be everything,” Mrs. Weasley said. “Where are we Apparating to?”

“Amelia gave me a Portkey,” Tonks replied.

“I hate Portkeys,” Ron grumbled.

“They’re not that bad once you get used to them,” Harry shrugged.

Tonks led the way outside as Mr. Weasley turned out the lights and locked up the house. Once they were past the wards, they all gathered around the length of rope Amelia had turned into a Portkey.

“Ready?” Tonks asked. “One. Two. Three.”

Tapping it with her wand, Harry felt the familiar tug behind his navel before they were sucked into a whirlwind of color. After a few seconds, they began to slow. Reaching out, he grabbed Ginny’s arm and kicked his legs. Seeing what he was doing, she copied his movements, keeping herself upright. While everyone else landed lightly on their feet, Ron plummeted to the ground, landing face first in the snow.

FWUMP!

“Bugger!”

“Ronald, language!”

“It’s bloody freezing!”

“It’s snow. What did you expect?” Ginny asked.

Ron grumbled to himself as Mr. Weasley helped him to his feet.

“You just need to kick your legs, son,” he said.

“Why didn’t you tell me that *before* we left?” Ron asked.

“I thought you learned after the last time,” Mr. Weasley replied apologetically.

“Here, you need to read this,” Tonks said, holding out the slip of parchment.

Harry knew the exact moment each of them read the secret because he could see their eyes widen as they looked at the house.

“Bloody hell! That’s not a house. That’s a mansion!” Ron exclaimed.

“Ronald!” Mrs. Weasley scolded.

“It’s not that big,” Harry said. “Come on, let’s get inside the wards.”

Making their way to the front door, Harry ushered them inside, where they were greeted warmly by the others.

“What’s she doing here?” Ron asked, nodding to Daphne while his parents were distracted.

“Her dad joined the Death Eaters, and she wanted to get away,” Harry said.

“Happy Christmas, Ron,” Hermione said.

“Happy Christs... whoa!” Ron gasped, gaping at her.

Seeing Hermione shift uncomfortably and cross her arms over her chest, Harry elbowed him in the side.

"Huh? Oh, er, Happy Christmas," Ron mumbled.

Narrowing his eyes, he looked from Hermione to Tonks, and then to Fleur. Given their matching dresses, it wasn't hard to put things together.

"Are you two...?" he asked.

"Yeah," Harry said cautiously. "It happened at the start of the holiday."

Surprisingly, Ron nodded before sighing.

"Guess I should've expected that," he said.

"You're not mad?" Hermione asked, surprised.

"Mad, no," Ron said, shaking his head. "Just don't go leaving me out of everything."

"Oh, Ron, of course not," Hermione said.

Dashing forward, she hugged him briefly while Harry clapped him on the back with a smile.

"I'm so glad you're not upset," Hermione beamed. "I really didn't want another fight. Especially on Christmas."

Smiling, Ron nodded as Harry wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

"Come on, let me show you around," Harry grinned.

Letting the others go ahead, he spotted Daphne standing off to the side, alone. With a gesture of his head, he silently asked if she wanted to come. After hesitating for a second, she joined him. Grinning, Harry walked with her toward the living room, only to find himself coming to an abrupt stop. Looking up at the mistletoe above the doorway, he sighed.

“Did you charm it to do this?” he asked, looking at Tonks.

“Nope,” she snickered.

“You had the twins charm it, didn’t you,” Daphne said.

Grinning unrepentantly, Tonks winked. Harry shook his head, smiling.

“Well, come on, Potter. Get it over with,” Daphne said.

With a shrug, Harry pulled her close and kissed her on the lips. Wrapping her arms around his neck, Daphne threaded her fingers through his hair, holding him in place as her tongue slipped between his lips. Kissing him aggressively for several seconds, she pulled back suddenly. Smirking smugly at Tonks, she sauntered off, closing Ron’s gaping mouth as she passed.

“Harry, honestly,” Hermione huffed.

“How was any of that my fault?” he asked, straightening his hair.

“I’ll think of something,” Hermione smiled.

Standing on her toes, she kissed him, then licked her lips.

“Where did you get cherry lip gloss?” she asked, turning to Daphne.

“One of the Muggle stores we visited,” Daphne said.

“Maybe I should get some of that,” Hermione smirked. “Harry seemed to like it.”

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Come on,” Harry said, clapping Ron on the shoulder. “I’ll show you around.”

Leading the way down the hall, he showed Rona and Ginny the library, the pool, and their rooms while they were staying there. When they eventually made it back to the living room, they found Mr. Weasley, Ted, and Robert sitting around and talking while the women took over the kitchen. Dobby helped out where he could, but surprisingly, he didn’t put up much of a fight.

Christmas dinner was a raucous affair, full of laughs and smiles. Everyone ate more than their fill, leaving them content and drowsy. After lounging in the living room and taking time to digest their food, they changed into their swimsuits and relaxed by the pool. Ron practically drooled as Fleur came out in her silver bikini, and Harry smirked, wondering how he would react if she was topless like she had been the last couple of days.

Walking over to Harry, she pushed his legs to either side of the lounge and then sat between them, leaning against his chest. With a smile, he kissed her neck and wrapped his arms around her. When she giggled a moment later, he looked at her curiously. Following her gaze, he chuckled as they looked at Ron. The poor guy didn’t know where to look. His eyes bounced around wildly between Hermione, Tonks, Daphne, and Susan.

“My eyes are up here, Weasley,” Daphne said.

Flushing bright red, Ron looked away.

“Yeah, but the fun bits are lower down,” Tonks said, exaggeratedly staring at her breasts.

Smirking, Daphne stretched before taking a seat on the lounge and closing her eyes. Taking Hermione by the hand, Tonks pulled her into the same position Fleur was in, wrapping her arms around her waist and caressing her stomach.

Laughing happily, Gabrielle and Astoria came running out of the house. Grinning, they jumped into the pool, deliberately splashing Fleur and Daphne.

“You brat!” Daphne gasped while Fleur squealed.

“Careful not to get a cramp, girls,” Mrs. Weasley called. “Ginny, dear, are you sure that bathing suit isn’t too revealing?”

“It’s fine, mum,” Ginny said, rolling her eyes.

She was wearing a crimson bikini, showing plenty of pale, freckled skin. Mrs. Weasley’s swimsuit was a black one piece that looked like something people had worn a hundred years ago. The others followed out after her, Iffy clinging to June’s curly hair and rubbing her stomach.

“I told you not to eat so much,” June said.

Burping loudly as June sat, Iffy curled up in a ball. Looking at her Sympathetically, June stroked her back lightly with her finger.

“We ‘ave some mint leaves in zhe kitchen,” Apolline said. “Zhat should ‘elp her stomach.”

As she walked back inside, there was a sudden *pop*, and a House elf appeared in front of Amelia. Sitting up sharply, Harry reached for his wand.

"Bagsy, what's wrong?" Amelia asked.

"Mistress, bad men is at the house," the old Elf said gravely, wringing his hands. "Bagsy moved everything important like mistress told him to."

"Shit," Amelia cursed.

With a flick of her wand, her clothes from earlier flew out of the house and wrapped around her until she was fully dressed. She's just pulled her badge clear of her pocket when a voice came through it.

"Minister?" Kingsley called.

"What's happening?" Alema asked briskly.

"We're getting reports of attacks all over the country," he replied. "At least a dozen homes have been hit. They look like hit and runs. We've got reports of damage to the homes of the Diggorys, the Abbots, and the Fawleys, and the Lovegoods reported that the Burrow is on fire, but I can't get ahold of anyone."

Mrs. Weasley gasped, her hand held to her chest.

"The Weasleys are with me. They're safe," Amelia said. "Call in everyone you can. I'll be there soon."

"Yes, ma'am," Kingsley responded.

"Arthur, the Burrow!" Mrs. Weasley said desperately.

“Molly, I know you want to check on your house, but I need you to stay here,” Amelia said. “This could be an attempt to draw you out. Your house isn’t worth your life. Believe me, I know how you feel. In all likelihood, my home is a pile of rubble by now.”

“Auntie?” Susan asked tearfully.

“Don’t worry, Susie. It’s only a house,” Amelia said, hugging her niece. “We can rebuild. I’m sorry, but I have to go.”

Susan nodded sadly, a tear falling from her eye as her aunt hugged her tightly.

“Is there anything I can do to help?” Harry asked.

“I don’t know,” Amelia sighed. “If I need anything, I’ll contact you. For now, just keep everyone safe.”

Harry nodded, wishing he could get out there and fight back, but knowing there was little he could do.

“Do you want me to come with you?” Mr. Weasley asked, his arms wrapped around Mrs. Weasley.

Amelia nodded, “I might need your help smoothing things over with the Muggles.”

Nodding, Mr. Weasley kissed the top of his wife’s head and summoned his clothes. A moment later, he left with Amelia.

“I can’t believe it,” Mrs. Weasley said, dropping her face into her hands.

Andy and June wrapped their arms around her shoulders, rubbing her back as they talked quietly. Pulling away from Harry and standing up, Fleur grabbed Ginny by the hand and pushed her down into Harry's lap. Smiling gratefully, she snuggled up to his chest while Harry wrapped his arms around her. A few steps away, Susan tentatively hugged Ron, who blushed brightly as he hugged her back.

Suddenly, Harry felt a wave of guilt. While he'd been sitting safely in his house, having a great Christmas, Voldemort was still out there. He'd wasted all of that time out by the pool while he could've been training, getting stronger.

"No," Tonks said firmly. "Don't you dare think this was your fault."

Sitting up, Ginny glared at him, as did Hermione and Fleur.

"Don't be ridiculous," Ginny said, poking him in the chest. "You-Know-Who was always going to come after us. The Weasleys have been opposing Dark Wizards for centuries."

"I know," Harry said softly.

"Then what's bothering you?" Tonks asked, sitting down next to him.

"It's just-" Taking a deep breath, Harry sighed as his girlfriends looked at him worriedly. "I just feel like I should've been doing more."

"Harry, you can't solve everything yourself," Hermione said.

"I know. I just want to do something. Anything," Harry huffed frustratedly.

"You are doing something, Potter," Daphne said.

Harry looked at her curiously.

“Typical Gryffindor,” she smirked. “All cock and no brains.”

Tonks snorted loudly.

“Potter, you rescued me from my father, and you’ve given all of us a home,” Daphne said. “Chances are, we wouldn’t have a Minister right now if it wasn’t for you. Certainly not a good one like Amelia. Not every fight is done with a wand.”

“Yeah, but it’s more satisfying,” Harry said, cracking a smile.

“I don’t think she meant that wand, babe,” Tonks smirked.

He rolled his eyes while Ginny giggled against his chest. Smiling, Tonks cupped his cheek and kissed him tenderly.

“You’re doing everything you can, love,” she told him softly. “There’s nothing wrong with enjoying your life.”

“Oui,” Fleur agreed. “You shouldn’t feel guilty for being ‘appy.”

Sighing, Harry gave Ginny a squeeze before standing up. Walking over to Mrs. Weasley, he knelt down in front of her as she wiped her face.

“Mrs. Weasley,” he said. “I’m sorry about the Burrow. But you’re always welcome to stay here for as long as you need to.”

Mrs. Weasley gave him a teary smile.

“Oh, you’re such a dear,” she smiled, sniffing. “As much as I hate to impose, we might need to take you up on that. Fortunately, our insurance is all paid up.”

“You know, I thought you went overboard when I first saw this place,” June smiled.

Harry smiled back, “At this rate, we’re going to need to expand.”

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It was a few hours later, just as everyone was getting ready for bed, when Amelia and Arthur returned. Harry frowned at the tired, worn looks on their faces. The room fell silent as they entered the living room and took seats.

“How bad is it?” Harry asked.

“All things considered, it could’ve been much worse,” Amelia sighed. “You-Know-Who attacked over forty homes. Fortunately, they didn’t stick around long enough to do any real damage. They broke the wards on the ones they could, did some structural damage, set fires, and left before the Aurors could arrive. There were a number of injuries and a couple of deaths, but the public will be fearful.”

“And the Burrow?” Mrs. Weasley asked anxiously.

“I’m sorry, Molly, kids, it was completely destroyed,” Mr. Weasley sighed.

Mrs. Weasley nodded, tears rolling down her cheeks. Taking the seat next to her, Mr. Weasley rubbed her back soothingly.

"We have insurance," he reminded her. "We can rebuild it bigger and better than before. You always said you wanted a bigger kitchen."

Smiling, Mrs. Weasley leaned into his side.

"Looks like we need to make another trip to the Alley and London for some clothes," Harry said.

"Oh, you don't need to do that, dear," Mrs. Weasley said.

"Take the help, Molly," Andy told her. "You're not going to get that insurance for a couple of weeks, at least."

"Well, we've got some clothes," Mrs. Weasley argued.

"And what are we supposed to go to school in?" Ginny asked. "All of our school stuff was at home."

"You could go in your swimsuit," Tonks grinned. "I'm sure the boys would love that."

"And freeze my bits off?" Ginny asked.

"Oh, well, I suppose we do need a few things," Mrs. Weasley said. "But we'll pay you back as soon as we can."

"Mrs. Weasley, I'm loaded," Harry said. "I don't need or want you to pay me back. You were kind to me when I had nothing, and now it's my turn to return the favor."

"Thank you, Harry," Mr. Weasley smiled, patting Mrs. Weasley's arm before she could speak.

"What about our house, Auntie?" Susan asked.

"Not as bad as the Burrow, but it's going to need some serious repairs before we can go home," Amelia replied. "Although, I've been thinking about that. If it's alright with Harry, I think it might be best if we stay here for the time being."

"Of course," Harry said. "You and Susan can stay as long as you like."

"Is it that bad?" Susan asked, biting her lip.

"We had the best wards the Ministry can offer, and I'm almost certain You-Know-Who was there in person," Amelia sighed. "It would be foolish to think he won't try again."

"Then I'd much rather stay here," Susan said. "I don't want anything to happen to you."

Smiling, Amelia wrapped her arms around her shoulders and hugged her.

"I don't want anything to happen to you either," she said.

"Are Hannah and her parents alright?" Susan asked softly.

"They're fine," Amelia smiled, turning to Harry. "You'll be proud to hear Hannah put up quite the fight. Hexed a couple of them good from the second floor. We even managed to arrest one."

"I take it she's part of that DA Daphne and Astoria joined?" Eva asked.

"Yeah," Harry said, smiling proudly. "Honestly, I didn't think Hannah had it in her. She's always been timid when it comes to dueling."

"You'd be surprised what people are capable of when they're defending their family," Mr. Weasley said.

As they continued talking, Fleur started dozing off on Harry's shoulder. Soon, everyone began heading off to bed.

"Are you ready to get some sleep?" Tonks asked.

"I'll be there in a minute," Harry told her. "I need to talk to Amelia."

"Alright," Tonks said. "But don't be too long."

She gave him a kiss, followed by Hermione, before they woke Fleur and led her off to the bedroom.

"Dobby," Harry called softly.

With a *pop*, Dobby appeared in front of him.

"Hey, Dobby," he smiled. "We're not making too much work for you with everyone staying here, are we?"

"Oh, no, Harry Potter, sir," Dobby said adamantly. "Dobby likes having a family to serve."

"Alright, but if you need a break, you let me know, alright?" Harry asked before getting a nod in reply. "Good. Would you mind getting the bag of Galleons in the study for me? The one behind the portrait?"

"Right away, Harry Potter, sir," Dobby replied eagerly.

He vanished with a quiet *pop*, only to reappear a moment later. Placing the sack in Harry's hands, he grabbed the tea tray from the coffee table and vanished again.

"Hey, Amelia," Harry said.

As she looked up at him, he stood from the couch and joined her on the loveseat.

"Here," he said, handing her the sack. "I want to make an anonymous donation to the families that need help after last night."

Smiling, Amelia patted his knee.

"That's very kind of you," she said. "How much is here?"

"Twenty-five thousand Galleons," he replied.

Amelia stared at him, opened her mouth to speak, then closed it and shook her head.

"I take it back. That's unbelievably kind of you," Amelia said. "Most people ask for a front page article for donations less than half that size."

"I'd rather not be in the paper at all," Harry said.

"I know," she smiled softly. "Thank you, Harry. Good night."

"Night, Amelia," he replied.

Watching her go, Harry sighed before heading off to bed.