

Chapter 31

Warning: Futa Tonks/Fleur in this chapter. I'm still keeping this a Harry/Tonks pairing. This isn't a harem, and he won't be dating anyone else, but they will be inviting more women into bed. I know you guys will joke about it in the comments, and feel free, but it feels like the right direction to go with this story. I can't see these characters, as I've written them, not exploring their sexuality. But don't expect to see other women constantly. I'll be adding them sporadically, and only when it fits the story.

Harry smiled as he watched Hermione and Michelle blush throughout breakfast, even though neither of them could stop smiling.

"So, how are things back at Ilvermorny?" he asked.

"Alright," Michelle shrugged. "It doesn't feel quite the same without you there, but at least I get my homework done on time now."

"Aw, I missed you, too," Harry said.

And despite his overexaggerated tone, he did. He'd missed their banter.

"Professor Turner's coming," Hermione told them softly.

They all turned toward the head table and watched Professor Turner hobble her way towards them with the help of her staff.

"I guess that means it's time to go," Michelle sighed.

She and Hermione turned to each other. Their gazes locked for a long moment, and an unspoken conversation passed between them before they leaned forward and kissed. Whispers

broke out across the hall, and the Weasley twins wolf-whistled loudly. Yet apart from a fresh blush adorning their cheeks, neither of them acknowledged the attention they were getting as they slowly parted and smiled uncontrollably.

"It was good seeing you again," Dora smiled.

Michelle smiled back and stood, leaning over the table to pull her into a hug.

"It was good to see you, too."

When she turned to Harry, he grinned, stood up on the bench, and vaulted over the table. He landed lightly on his feet and opened his arms wide.

"Come on," he said, smiling and waving her in for a hug.

Michelle shook her head at his antics and stepped into his arms. He hugged her tightly and grinned as her large breasts flattened against his chest.

"Merlin, those are big," he muttered.

Michelle pulled back sharply and smacked his arm hard.

"Shut up," she growled.

Laughing, he pulled her into another hug and kissed the top of her head. Professor Turner reached them just as they separated again, a small smile on her lips.

"Ms. Breckenridge, Mr. Potter, Ms. Tonks, I need you three to come with me to the Headmaster's office," she said.

Harry and Dora shared a surprised look.

“Why us?” Dora asked.

“I wasn’t informed, but I believe it has something to do with the investigation,” she told them.
“Sirius is already waiting for us.”

Their surprise turned into worry, and Dora rushed to run around the table as they followed Professor Turner out into the hall. The walk was painfully slow because of Professor Turner’s limp, but none of them dared voice a complaint. They eventually reached the third floor, where Professor Turner gave the gargoyle the password, and they rode the spiral staircase to the top.

The door opened before they could knock. It swung open on silent hinges to reveal Dumbledore sitting at his desk with a tired frown and Sirius standing to the side, arms crossed over his chest.

“Ah, thank you for coming,” Dumbledore greeted them with a pleasant smile. “Please, have a seat.”

“What happened?” Harry asked before he was even halfway to his chair.

Dumbledore leaned on his elbows and steepled his fingers.

“A concerning discovery,” he said. “Early this morning, Alastor was asked to conduct a welfare check on Barty Crouch. He’s been ill and hasn’t reported to the Ministry in weeks. The only contact anyone has had with him has been by owl, mostly through his assistant, Percy Weasley. Most unusual, especially for a man like Barty Crouch, and given his ties to the Tournament, Alastor asked Sirius to accompany him.”

He paused and glanced over at Sirius, who continued in his stead.

"Crouch was there," he said heavily. "And it doesn't look like he's been there for some time. The entire Auror department is out looking for him now. And it gets worse. The basement looked like it had been turned into a prison. Something seriously foul was going on in that house."

"Why would he be keeping someone prisoner in his own house?" Harry asked.

"We don't know," Dumbledore said. "And at this point, it's just as likely that Barty was being kept prisoner in his own home. We simply don't know enough to rule out anything at the moment. Not to worry. The Aurors are working hard to determine what happened."

There was silence for a long moment, and Harry turned to Dora, taking her hand in his.

"So, what do we do now?" she asked.

"Nothing," Sirius said. "I'll keep investigating and let you know the moment we learn anything. For now, keep training for the Third Task and let me know if anything, anything at all, seems out of place."

Harry nodded unhappily, but he understood.

"Unfortunately, in all the commotion of this morning's discovery, Ms. Breckenridge, your Portkey back to America was canceled," Dumbledore said, lips twitching under his beard.

Harry wondered why he would find that amusing when he caught a flash of embarrassment on Sirius's face.

"Oh, how did that happen?" he asked, smirking at his Godfather.

Sirius glared at him for a moment, but when everyone stared at him expectantly, he huffed.

"I forgot I had to take her back with me, alright?" he said. "I Flooed the office to tell them I wasn't going to make it to the Senate hearing, and they could cancel the Portkey, and I just... forgot. Sorry, Michelle."

"It's alright," Michelle smiled. "I don't mind staying an extra day."

"Three days, actually," Dumbledore corrected. "All the international Portkeys to America are booked solid until then. You're welcome to stay until then, of course. Alternatively, if you would like to, and your Headmistress agrees, you could spend the rest of the year at Hogwarts with the rest of your classmates."

"Really?" Michelle asked excitedly. "I could stay?"

"Indeed," Dumbledore smiled.

Professor Turned arched an eyebrow and looked at him curiously.

"That's a very unusual offer," she noted.

"This Tournament has become far more trying than I anticipated, especially for Mr. Potter. I thought it might help to have another familiar face to help him bear the weight," he replied before turning to Michelle with a twinkle in his eyes. "And she appears to have gotten quite close to our own Ms. Granger, as well."

Michelle blushed and smiled shyly.

"I had noticed that as well," Professor Turner smiled. "Well then, would you like to remain here at Hogwarts for the rest of the year, Ms. Breckenridge?"

“Yes,” Michelle answered eagerly. “I’d love to. Thank you. Thank you, so much.”

“You’re quite welcome, my dear,” Dumbledore smiled. “Now, I believe classes will be starting soon. Since you don’t have any of your belongings, why don’t you follow Mr. Potter for the day to get a feel for the castle. I’m sure we’ll be able to arrange for your belongings by the end of the day, and a trip to Diagon Alley to get any books you’ll need.”

“I’ll get them,” Sirius offered. “I’ll be heading by there anyway.”

“Excellent,” Dumbledore said. “What classes are you taking, Ms. Breckenridge?”

Reaching into his desk, he pulled out a sheaf of parchment and scribbled out a list of books as Michelle listed off her classes.

“Unless I’m mistaken, those are the same classes Mr. Potter is taking,” he said, to which Harry nodded. “Then I trust you’ll be willing to share your books until Sirius can acquire hers?”

“Of course,” Harry grinned. “Hopefully, he doesn’t forget.”

Dora snickered behind her hands while Sirius rolled his eyes.

“Watch it,” he warned.

“You know, it might help you remember if you write it on the back of your hand,” Harry smirked.

“I’m not going to forget,” Sirius said, taking the list from Dumbledore.

“We’ll see,” Harry grinned.

Climbing to his feet, he, Dora, and Michelle left the Headmaster's office and made their way back down to the Great Hall.

"I thought you were leaving," Hermione said when Michelle retook the seat next to her.

"Dumbledore's letting me stay for the rest of the year," Michelle grinned.

Hermione's eyes widened in disbelief. When Michelle nodded, she threw herself into her arms, nearly knocking her off the bench.

"That's wonderful!" she exclaimed happily. "But why?"

Harry gleefully explained Sirius's fuck up.

While Dumbledore had asked him to show Michelle around the school, since Hermione shared all of his classes, she excitedly took over. She gave her the grand tour, telling her all about the castle, the classes, and their professors. He followed them from class to class, watching them with a smile. And while he was disappointed to lose Hermione as a partner in some of their lessons, it was well worth it to see how happy they were.

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Dora's day wasn't nearly as enjoyable as Harry's. The professors were really piling on the work, trying to prepare them for their NEWTs. As much as she wanted to put it off until later, she knew she couldn't. Delaying now would only mean she'd have to work twice as hard later. In that spirit, she trudged her way to the library to check out the books she'd need before they were all gone. She was wandering through the stacks, looking for a book on animation charms, when she ran into a familiar face.

"Tonks!" Fleur smiled.

“Hey,” Dora said, eyeing the stack of books in her arms. “Are you doing homework or researching something for the Tournament?”

“Both,” Fleur grimaced. “I feel like I barely ‘ave time to sleep.”

“I know,” Dora groaned. “They’re really piling it on. At least the Third Task is still four months away.”

Fleur set her books on a nearby table, sighed, and leaned against the bookcase.

“I wish zey would just tell us what eet ees,” she lamented. “Ze suspense ees ze worst.”

“Harry said the exact same thing,” Dora said with a smile. “Repeatedly. Oh, and we met Sirius this morning. Apparently, Crouch, the guy with the mustache that helped organize the tournament, is missing.”

“Missing?” Fleur asked, her brow furrowed.

“Yeah, he’s been sending instructions by owl for weeks. Sirius and Moody went to check on him, but no one was there, and the basement had been turned into a prison,” Dora explained.

Fleur’s eyebrows rose in high, elegant arches.

“Do you zink he put ‘Arry’s name een ze Goblet?” she asked.

“We don’t know,” Dora sighed. “But I’m sure Sirius will figure it out. I just hope he does it soon. Do me a favor? Keep an eye out for anything that feels out of place while you're preparing for the Third Task. Someone put Harry’s name in the Goblet for a reason, and this is their last chance to do whatever it is they’re trying to do.”

"Of course," Fleur nodded.

They fell into a companionable silence. Dora found the book she needed and plucked it from the shelf.

"Speaking of 'Arry," Fleur said. "I want to zank 'im for saving Gabrielle."

Dora turned to her quizzically before the real meaning behind her words clicked.

"You want to sleep with him? Again?" she asked incredulously.

"I would like to," Fleur said.

Dora stiffened slightly as she felt her Allure blanket her, but it was light and teasing. Fleur sauntered closer until they were just inches apart, and Dora's eyes unconsciously dropped to her plump, pink lips.

"We 'ad so much fun ze last time, non?" she asked softly.

"We did," Dora admitted, swallowing thickly. "But I told you, I'm not interested in sharing my boyfriend."

"Oh?" Fleur asked, inching closer. "You might not want anyone else to date 'im, but you liked watching 'im fuck me. I saw ze look on your face. I saw 'ow excited you were when 'e came een me, when 'e ruined my derriere."

Dora was breathing heavily, and as much as she wanted to blame it on the Allure, she couldn't.

“Does it excite you to know ‘e’s ze only man to fuck me zere?” Fleur continued huskily. “Ze only man I ‘ave evair allow to cum een me?”

Dora shivered at the thought, and Fleur smirked.

“I don’t want to date ‘Arry,” she assured her softly. “But I love ‘is cock, and I will ride it every chance I get. And I think you want that too.”

“Yeah, and what makes you think that?” Dora asked.

It didn’t come out nearly as confident as she’d hoped.

“You steel ‘aven’t said no,” Fleur whispered.

Dora swallowed thickly. As much as she wanted to deny it, Fleur wasn’t wrong. And they’d already had a threesome with her once, and if anything, she felt closer to Harry than ever. Was there even a good reason to keep pretending she wasn’t soaking her panties at the thought of doing it again?

“Fine,” Dora sighed. “You’re right.”

Fleur beamed.

“But,” she continued, “there’s something I want to try.”

“Gladly,” Fleur said.

“You might not say that when you hear what it is,” Dora warned.

Fleur arched her eyebrow curiously.

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Harry smiled through dinner as Michelle was roundly welcomed to Hogwarts by the Gryffindors, and then immediately teased for her similarities to Hermione.

"Oh, great, another bookworm," Ron lamented.

"Be nice," Hermione hissed with a menacing glare.

"It's fine," Michelle said, patting the back of her hand and turning her eyes to Harry. "I'm used to it."

Harry smiled unrepentantly.

"Someone's gotta drag you out of the library occasionally," he said.

"Definitely a Ravenclaw," one of the twins said while the other nodded.

"And what's wrong with that?" Hermione asked demanding.

"Actually, I think she'd be a Gryffindor," Harry said before anyone could anger her any further. "Thunderbird house is known for adventurers and explorers. Michelle might spend a bit too much time in the library, but she's just as capable of using spells as she is explaining the history and theory behind them. If they hold the tournament again when we're seventh years, she'd be our best pick to win."

"I wouldn't go that far," Michelle said blushing.

"I think he's absolutely right," Hermione said.

"If you say so, mate," Ron shrugged, returning to his meal.

"How long have you and Harry been friends?" Lavender asked curiously.

"Since we started school," Michelle said.

"Got any embarrassing stories?" Lavender asked, leaning in eagerly.

"Well," Michelle began thoughtfully, "did he tell you about the first train ride to Ilvermorny?"

Everyone listening shook their heads and leaned in interestedly. Harry rolled his eyes and returned to his dinner as she told the story of how he'd disconnected the train car mid-journey and left Jacob and Irene stranded in the middle of nowhere.

"Aw, that's so romantic," Parvati gushed.

"Bloody brilliant," one of the twins said.

"George, write that down," the other, Fred, said.

George pulled a quill and parchment out of his pockets with a flourish and began to write.

By the time dinner was over, Michelle had a few new friends and looked happier than ever as she wished Hermione goodnight at the bottom of the stairs and gave her a kiss.

“Are you that desperate that you had to import another Mudblood into our school, Granger?” Malfoy asked with a nasty smirk. “And you couldn’t even find a wizard.”

Malfoy and his friends laughed as Michelle and Hermione turned to him with a glare.

“Don’t let him get to you,” Harry said. “He’s just jealous your girlfriend is hotter than his.”

Pansy gave him a poisonous glare that made him grin. He expected more out of Malfoy, but he just sneered and left. Maybe he was learning not to push his luck around him.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” Michelle said, giving Hermione another kiss.

As they turned to make their way to the train for the night, Fleur suddenly appeared out of the crowd of students leaving the Great Hall and looped her arm through Harry’s. Ignoring the whispers, he glanced at her curiously. Fleur seemed confused by his confusion, and they both turned to Dora.

“I didn’t get a chance to tell him yet,” she said to Fleur before turning to Harry. “She wants to thank you for saving her sister from the lake, so I told her she could stay with us tonight.”

“Well, I’m not going to argue with that,” Harry grinned as they marched toward the Ilvermorny train.

Harry’s male classmates gave him a mixture of envious and incredulous looks as they passed. When they entered the train, Dora paused and turned back to Michelle with a smirk.

“Are you staying with us again?” she asked.

Michelle blushed profusely and shook her head.

“I’ll, uh, stay with the other girls.”

“Suit yourself,” Dora shrugged.

Then, she pulled Harry and Fleur into their private bedroom and closed the door. It had barely latched shut before Fleur tossed aside her heavy winter cloak, revealing the powder blue robe underneath. Sent Dora a knowing, playful smirk as she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and pulled his head down for a deep, passionate kiss.

Harry’s hands danced over her curves, gliding over the soft silk covering her ass and up to her breasts before moving up further to reach for the clasp. They pawed at each other roughly, quickly stripping away their clothes, only breaking their kiss when it was necessary. By the time they were naked, and Dora still hadn’t joined them, Harry broke the kiss to look at her.

She was as naked as they were, her face flushed and chest rising and falling with excited breaths. With a smirk on her lips, Fleur turned so that they were both facing Dora, her plush cheeks swallowing his excited shaft. Her hands grabbed his and led them up to her breast. His fingers sank into her soft mounds, conforming to the shape of his hands as he squeezed.

“Mmh, show me,” Fleur purred. “I ‘ave been zinking about zis all day.”

Harry cocked an eyebrow, wondering what she was talking about. Dora looked uncharacteristically nervous for a moment before she screwed up her face in concentration. His other eyebrow rose to join the other when he spotted the change. The skin above her bare mound bulged outward, slowly forming into a cock that looked suspiciously similar to his own.

“Mon Dieu,” Fleur gasped.

Dora opened her eyes and looked at him nervously, lip trapped between her teeth.

“That better be for her,” he joked, nodding to the witch in his arms.

A snort escaped Dora's nose, and she smiled.

"That was the plan," she said.

Slowly reaching down, she wrapped her small hand around her length and stroked it experimentally.

"Oh, wow," she gasped, gripping it a bit harder. "Is this what it feels like for you?"

Harry shrugged. Fleur, on the other hand, stepped out of his embrace and approached Dora with an excited glimmer in her bright blue eyes. She didn't bother to ask for permission before reaching out and replacing Dora's hand with her own. Dora gasped, her eyes going wide.

"It feels so real," Fleur said with a hint of wonder in her tone.

"That's because it is," Dora told her, her breath hitching and stuttering. "I can't do the balls, but everything else is the same."

Eyes gleaming, Fleur dragged her over to the foot of the bed and tossed her onto the mattress. She bent over, face hovering over Dora's erect cock, and took it gently in her hand. After taking a few moments to examine it from every angle, she looked up at Dora, her Allure blanketing the room heavily.

"I want to suck eet while your boyfriend fucks me," she said.

Harry's cock throbbed, and Dora inhaled sharply. Biting her lip, she nodded. Fleur's mouth descended on her in an instant, engulfing half her length. Not wasting a moment, Harry stepped up behind Fleur and plunged into her glistening depths. She moaned, which caused Dora to do the same.

Harry settled into a rhythm of long, slow thrusts, pulling all the way back to the tip before surging back into her sweltering core.

“Holy shit!” Dora gasped. “If this is what a blowjob feels like, I need to suck your dick more often.”

He grinned as she threw her head back and moaned, fingers threading through Fleur’s silvery hair. The blonde pulled back entirely, giving her a moment to catch her breath.

“I ‘ave always wanted to try two at ze same time,” Fleur said with a sultry grin.

She descended down Dora’s length again, swallowing her whole, until her nose bumped into her abdomen. Dora’s eyes bulged and her hips lifted from the bed as if she was trying to find an extra inch to drive into Fleur’s throat.

Harry couldn’t resist speeding up his thrusts, hands groping at her upturned ass while she made Dora groan loudly.

“Cumming!” Dora yelled.

And then, she screamed. Her back arched entirely off the bed as she gripped Fleur’s hair and humped her face relentlessly. Her hair cycled through a kaleidoscope of colors before it settled on bright yellow and her muscles relaxed.

Fleur, spit dripping down her chin, let the flagging cock slip from her lips and such in a deep, much-needed breath.

“Ow was zat?” she asked breathlessly, a smirk adorning her swollen lips.

“Wild,” Dora panted, her hair reverting to its usual pink as she propped herself up on her elbows. “It’s not as good as my regular orgasms, but it still felt amazing.”

Grinning, Fleur reached back and patted Harry’s leg. He pulled back, reluctantly slipping from her depths. Like a seductress, she crawled onto the bed, breasts and hips swaying. She climbed over Dora, and with a flare of her Allure, she had both of them throbbing, aching for relief. It took a great deal of restraint on Harry’s part not to pin her to the bed and fuck her as hard as he could.

With her left hand, Fleur grabbed Dora’s cock and lined it up with her entrance.

“Let’s see ‘ow you like zis,” she purred.

And then she slowly eased down, drawing a wanton moan from Dora.

“Oh fuck!” she gasped as she bottomed out.

Fleur smiled down at her, then turned her head to look back at Harry, her gaze smoky, burning with excitement. Harry didn’t wait for her to say anything. He dug his wand from his discarded robes and climbed onto the bed. A quick swish of his wand cast the Lubricating Charm before it was tossed back on the floor. Taking himself in hand, he probed her cheeks until he found her tight, crinkled entrance, and pushed.

“Oui!” Fleur gasped, arching her back.

It took a few moments for Harry to work himself completely into her depths. She was incredibly tight, and he could feel Dora’s cock faintly as she shifted her hips impatiently. He gave Fleur a little bit to get used to the stretch, and then he started moving. Below, Dora took that as her cue and started rolling her hips.

All three of them groaned, but none louder than Fleur.

It took a little while for Harry and Dora to get into sync, but when they did, it was incredible. Fleur rocked between their bodies, moaning wildly. Dropping down to her elbows, she pulled Dora into a deep, demanding kiss.

Harry throbbed and fucked her ass harder. Watching Dora make out with other women was quite possibly his favorite thing in the world. Watching her fuck them wasn't bad either. Leaning over Fleur's back, he took a domineering grip on her long, silvery hair and craned her head back, wrenching her lips away from Dora's and replacing them with his. When he eventually pulled his lips away, he gave her hair a tug and thrust harshly, drawing a wanton moan from her glistening lips.

"Arder!" she gasped.

He shared a look with Dora. Both of them grinned, and then they really started giving it to her. A pleased half-cry, half-shout was torn from Fleur's throat. Harry was in a better position, allowing him to pound into her willing body more easily than Dora could.

Her movements were a little clumsy and uncoordinated. It made sense. She was used to taking a pounding, not delivering one. But what she was doing seemed to be more than good enough for Fleur. She sang their praises in screams, moans, and the occasional burst of incomprehensible French.

It didn't take long for her to reach her first climax. Her whole body trembled between them, her insides clenching and relaxing around their thrusting lengths.

Harry leaned down further, playfully biting and sucking at the side of her neck. He knew the rumors would be swirling by breakfast, and he wanted to leave a mark for everyone to see. But as he gazed down at Dora's beautiful face, he could see her struggling to hold back.

"Wanna switch?" he asked.

Dora slowed her thrusts and nodded. Wrapping his arms around Fleur, and making sure to grab a nice handful of her perfect tits, he lifted her bodily off of Dora's cock. The blonde sagged in his arms, panting heavily as he easily manhandled her around until he was lying on bottom, and he'd moved his cock to her drooling petals.

"Oh, mon Dieu," she groaned.

Harry smiled and hugged her to his chest, luxuriating in the press of her voluptuous body against his while Dora shuffled behind her. Tongue sticking out of the corner of her mouth, she pressed the head of her cock against Fleur's ass and pushed. Fleur let out an even louder moan and bit his collarbone. He continued holding her as Dora moved gently at first, getting used to the new sensation, before she gradually sped up and fell into a fast, steady rhythm. The sight of her perky tits bouncing in time with her thrusts spurred Harry into motion. Sliding his hands down to Fleur's waist, he gripped it tightly and started thrusting furiously.

"Merde!" she shouted, lifting her head, eyes wide.

Harry and Dora were completely out of sync, going at completely different speeds, but they were both railing Fleur as hard and as fast as they could. The bed creaked under them, and Dora's tits bounced wildly, occasionally crashing into each other with a wonderful jiggle.

Together, they sent Fleur spiraling into another climax, and then another. She couldn't do anything other than shake and moan against Harry's chest. The one time she'd tried to lift herself up, her arms had immediately collapsed, and she nearly headbutted him in the chin.

"Oh, Merlin," Dora gasped breathlessly. "I'm going to cum again!"

Despite being wildly out of sync, Harry and Dora managed to finish within seconds of each other. Dora came first, throwing her head back and howling like a werewolf in heat. The sight pushed Harry over the edge, and he bucked his hips roughly as he emptied himself in Fleur's depths.

Dora slipped from Fleur's ass and collapsed on her back next to them. The only sound in the room was heavy panting for several moments before Dora groaned. Closing her eyes and scrunching her face, her cock receded until it was completely gone.

"So, how was it?" Harry asked with a grin.

"Fucking amazing," she said between breaths. "I still like my normal orgasms better, but that was still a lot of fun."

Catching her breath, she turned her head to look at him.

"It didn't bother you, did it?"

"Not really," Harry said. "I'm not interested in dicks, but I kinda liked watching you with Fleur. Just give me a little warning next time?"

"Sorry," she said contritely. "I was nervous."

Shaking his head with a fond smile, he pulled her close and kissed her on the lips. And then Fleur's Allure flooded the room. Harry grunted as he rehardened in an instant.

"Zere must be a spell to do zat," she said, sitting up and grinding on his length. "You need to try eet. Just imagine being pinned between me and 'Arry as we fuck you."

Dora groaned and slid a hand down to play with her folds as Fleur rode him harder, sitting up so they could watch her perfect curves bounce.

Sirius sighed as he set down the latest report on the kitchen table of their rented home and rested his head in his hands.

“What’s wrong?” Marlene asked.

She walked up behind him and started rubbing his shoulders.

“Nothing,” he grumbled. “It’s been a week, and we have nothing. We don’t know where Crouch is, what happened to him, or who was being kept in his basement. It’s maddening. I know this has something to do with Harry’s name being placed in the Goblet. I just know it.”

“And I’m sure you’ll figure it out,” Marlene said, hugging him from behind.

Sirius snorted derisively.

“Not with the way the Ministry runs things,” he said. “Crouch isn’t the only one that’s disappeared. Bertha Jorkins vanished months ago, and no one thought it was important. She worked in the same department as Crouch. I went to school with her. Not too bright, and a bit flighty, but she was a decent person.”

Marlene squeezed him tightly and kissed his cheek. Sighing tiredly, he leaned back into her embrace and lifted a hand to caress her arm.

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

“No,” he said, shaking his head. “Frank and I are going back to Hogwarts tomorrow. I want to take another look at that Goblet. I need to know if it’s safe to pull Harry out of this damned Tournament if things get worse.”

“Well, if there’s nothing more you can do tonight, why don’t you come to bed?”

Nodding, Sirius stood and followed her to the bedroom.