

A Strange New World

Chapter 2

After returning from the Ministry of Magic, Hermione quickly called a secret meeting with her two friends. They all met up in Ginny's room at the Burrow. Hermione walked into the small bedroom and found Ginny and Fleur already waiting.

"Amelia's really going after Harry. They had a meeting together, and she pleaded her case. Harry still thinks it's a bad idea, but even he can see that something has to happen. Not only that, but now that he's come home, the women are putting a lot of pressure on her. The rich, hoity-toity ones like Narcissa Malfoy and that Greengrass bimbo are even trying to get special treatment. They're saying that they are uniquely qualified to offer him the best possible protection from bad actors," Hermione snorted. "Unfortunately for them, Harry would still have to agree to it even if Amelia did ... which she hasn't."

"Is Harry still angry with Amelia?" Ginny asked as Hermione sat on the edge of the bed between the two girls.

"Annoyed is more like it," Hermione answered. A few days before, the Ministry basically fired Harry from his job as an Auror. For one thing, crime significantly decreased along with the sudden drop in population. However, the main reason was that it was an unnecessary risk to have him working such a dangerous job. They didn't want to risk him being injured or killed.

"Harry understands the reasoning, but he isn't pleased," Hermione filled them in. "Thankfully, she did the smart thing and signed him to a twenty-year contract. Harry will still get paid with yearly salary raises and doesn't have to do any work."

"Lucky bastard," Fleur muttered, which made Ginny giggle and Hermione roll her eyes.

"Personally, I think she did that to free up his time to ... you know ..." Hermione hinted.

"Propagate?" Fleur guessed, and Hermione nodded. Ginny didn't like the sound of that. None of them did.

"I think we've talked enough," said Ginny. "We need to make a decision," she added with a little force. Hermione sighed and wiped her sweaty palms on her jeans.

"You don't think it'll be weird?" Hermione asked them.

"It will take some getting used to, but we are already used to adapting. Another change is a drop in the bucket," Fleur gave her opinion. Ginny nodded in agreement.

"We're already close friends. Considering the way things are going ... I think it's better if we stick together," said Ginny.

"But what about our living situation? Is Harry supposed to go from house to house and ..."

Hermione began ranting, but Fleur eased her worries.

"No," she simply answered. "That will only cause problems between us. If we are to do this, then we must do it correctly. We will 'ave to all live together," she said with finality.

"But where?" Hermione asked. Her house wasn't that big, and she had books and equipment filling up most of it. Shell Cottage was also fairly small in size, and Fleur's mother and sister were also living there.

"Here," Ginny quickly told them. They all looked at her, and she blushed in embarrassment from answering so quickly. "I talked to Mum about what Apolline had said, and she confirmed it. She thinks it's a smart idea if we were to ... umm ... join forces, so to speak," Ginny said, blushing even harder.

"I wouldn't 'ave expected it from 'er," Fleur said, still not believing it.

"Me either, but I guess it makes sense," Ginny said. "Most of my family is gone. I'm the only one she has left. She's used to having a house full of family, and now there's nothing. Anything that would give her back even a piece of what she lost would seem like a blessing, I imagine," she explained.

"I'm not saying we should live here just for her," Ginny quickly added. "Your house is full of junk," she said, turning to Hermione. Hermione puffed up at having her equipment called junk. "And Shell Cottage is small and already full of people. The Burrow isn't huge, but there's plenty of room."

Fleur looked around Ginny's room. "No offense, but there's barely room to stretch in 'ere."

"We'd obviously have to make some changes to the house, but between the three of us, we could get it done," Ginny assured her. "If your mother and sister wanted to live here as well, I'm sure Mum would be thrilled to have them," she added.

"So, we're really going to do this?" Hermione asked. Now that things were getting real, she was becoming nervous. Ginny and Fleur looked at each other and slowly nodded. Hermione's heart began beating just a little bit faster. "Remember, Harry still has to agree," she reminded them.

"Why wouldn't he?" Ginny asked. Hermione winced at her question.

"Harry is a little sensitive about this whole issue right now. Amelia isn't exactly the most tactful person around and likes to get straight to the point. If we talk to him about this after she already

annoyed him, he might not be in the most positive frame of mind,” Hermione told them. This made them think for a moment. Fleur tapped her finger against her chin while thinking before she spoke again.

“Then maybe we should put ‘im in a positive frame of mind,” Fleur stated. The other two looked confused. “We are three attractive females,” Fleur added. “Per’aps, we should remind ‘im of that,” she said with a cheeky smile.

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Harry rubbed the area between his eyes to try to alleviate the slight headache that was forming. Harry stopped in the middle of the street and groaned. It was bad enough that Madam Bones was demanding a meeting with him every day, but now she was getting Professor McGonagall to do her dirty work. He remembered their conversation perfectly.

“You must understand how bad our situation is, Harry,” McGonagall had told him. “Look around,” she demanded as they walked the empty corridors of Hogwarts.

“There hasn’t been a single student here in over a year, and when they finally do come back in a few months, there will be fewer than ever,” she said.

“Professor ...” Harry groaned, but she stopped him.

“I understand, Harry. Amelia’s placing a very heavy burden on your shoulders, and she’s probably not being very diplomatic about it,” McGonagall said. “The subject makes me just as uncomfortable as it makes you.”

“If it makes you uncomfortable, why are you pushing for it?” Harry asked her. It seemed like the last thing McGonagall would ever do.

“Because despite Amelia’s imprudent attempts, she’s still correct in her assessment. We need help, and you’re the only one able to provide it,” she told him.

“What about muggle men?” Harry asked her. “Why not bring some of them into the fold?”

“Did Amelia not explain it?” McGonagall asked. Harry shook his head. McGonagall sighed.

“While the males got the worst of it, practically every female got sick as well. Male and female magic is mostly the same, though there are some key differences. Female magic can more easily be transferred to their growing child. When the virus arrived, it attacked all of our magic. The slight differences are what saved the women, though at a cost. Our magic was damaged, making it impossible to have magical children with non-magical males. Perhaps that damage will naturally be repaired over time, but we have no way of knowing,” McGonagall told him.

"That's terrible," Harry replied, aghast at how bad everything now was.

"Indeed it is," McGonagall nodded.

"Still ... I don't like the idea of being used as breeding stock," Harry explained.

"Yes, the very notion is beyond crass, but sadly, we're at the point of necessity. If we don't do something now, then our society may very well crumble. Not to place a guilt trip on you, but think about the friends you have left. What kind of world do you want them to live in?" Harry remained quiet while thinking.

"It will get better in time, but we desperately need your help now," she concluded.

"But what kind of help can I really be?" Harry asked her. "I'm only one man."

McGonagall's face spread into a small smile. "True, but there are things we can do to help boost your performance and productivity."

"There's nothing wrong with my performance, thank you very much," Harry shot back, annoyed at the insinuation. McGonagall raised her palms.

"I'm not saying there is, but it's a lot to ask for even the most virile of men."

They entered the Great Hall. Harry found it strange that it was so empty. It felt wrong. He turned to McGonagall.

"Professor ... be honest. What do you think I should do?" Harry asked for her personal opinion.

"If I were in your shoes, I would do what was needed of me. However, I would do it by my rules, not theirs," she told him.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked for clarification.

"Remember that you're in charge of your future and actions," she explained. "Not the Ministry and certainly not Amelia. She's trying to do what's best for the people, but you must do what's best for everyone ... including yourself." Harry silently nodded while taking it in.

"I'd also try to enjoy myself. You're a young man in a unique situation. Have fun, but also use the opportunity to build yourself a family and a long-lasting legacy," she finished. After finishing his conversation with the Headmistress, Harry took a long walk and ended up in Hogsmeade.

Harry stopped pinching the area between his eyes and took a deep breath. It was a lot to take in. Hogsmeade looked much the same as the last time he was there. Fewer people were at the Three Broomsticks, though that wasn't surprising. There were a few children out ... all girls, and

none of them were squealing happily or running around like little maniacs. They played quietly to themselves, which made him very sad. They had obviously lost loved ones as well. Harry breathed in deeply and exhaled loudly. McGonagall was right. This wasn't the kind of world he wanted his friends to grow up in. He wanted a magical world full of life, happiness, and wonder. That was the reason why he kept fighting Voldemort instead of running scared. If he did nothing, all his, his parents, and everyone else's sacrifices might be wasted. McGonagall was right about another thing. Harry was in charge of his own life, and if he did it, it would be his way or the highway. Harry continued down the street, lost in thought until the afternoon sun waned.

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Harry got home as the last rays of summer light peaked over the horizon. When he entered Hermione's house, his eyes widened at what he saw. Hermione was lying on her belly on the couch while reading a book. This wasn't shocking in any way. There was hardly a time when she didn't have a book in hand. No, what shocked him was the fact that she was only wearing a t-shirt and a pair of panties. The shirt was hiked halfway up her back, leaving the lower half bare. Her panties, if you could call them that, were light purple and barely more than a few strings stitched together. The string in the back was wedged deeply between her shapely cheeks. Her entire naked ass was on full display. Harry couldn't stop his eyes from traveling over her bare bottom and down her smooth, sexy legs. The front of his trousers became painfully tight. Remembering that this was Hermione he was perving on, he straightened up and cleared his throat. Hermione turned her head and smiled prettily. "Hey, Harry," she chirped.

"Umm ... Hey ... Hermione," he responded while trying not to stare at her ass. Hermione followed his line of vision until she saw what he was looking at.

"Oh my gosh!" Hermione squeaked and sat up. She covered the crotch of her panties with her hands. "I'm so sorry, Harry! I forgot that I'm not living alone," she said apologetically. Harry looked away, his cheeks suddenly feeling warm.

"It's alright, Hermione. I'm the one who's sorry. This is your house, and I should have ..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Hermione was on her feet and standing beside him. "It's okay, Harry. I suppose we're being a bit silly," she told him. "We're both adults, right?" Harry looked at her and nodded. She smiled prettily at him.

"There's no reason for us to be embarrassed. We're best friends," she said, wrapping her arms around his midsection and hugging him tightly. Harry's arms instinctively snaked around her slim waist. "If anyone has the right to see me in such a state, it's you," she humorously said. Harry chuckled and held her tighter, forgetting he was sporting a raging erection that was pressed firmly against her belly.

"I guess that's true," he replied. "Are you saying you don't mind if I see you prancing around in your panties?" he teased.

"That depends," she said, looking up at him cutely. "Do you like seeing me in them?" she asked, equally teasing him. Hermione could feel how hard he was, so she definitely knew he liked it.

"I must admit, you're easy on the eyes," he told her truthfully. Hermione looked pleased with his response and stood on her tiptoes to kiss his cheek.

"I'm glad you think so," she said, breaking the hug. "These panties are so small, though," she said, sitting back down on the couch. As she did, her legs spread slightly, giving him a momentary view of her covered crotch. She was correct. They were very small. The strip of thin material didn't fully cover her, and he could see the sides of her smooth, hairless lips. The crotch of her panties was pressed so tightly against her slit that Harry could make out the exact shape of her womanhood. It appeared that one wrong move from her would cause the thin strip of material to pull aside and expose the rest of herself to him.

"As I explained before, we have to buy some of our clothes in the muggle world. I guess there's a bit of a difference regarding underwear sizes," she commented. Harry barely heard what she was saying. He was too busy trying not to stare.

Harry spent the rest of the night in perpetual hardness due to Hermione being true to her word. She didn't hide her body one bit and didn't care if he looked. He even had an inkling that she enjoyed it.

The following morning, Harry woke up and found Hermione gone. She often ran her errands first thing in the morning. Unfortunately, since he was no longer an active Auror, Harry found himself with little to do. Sure, getting paid to sit around and do nothing wasn't the worst thing in the world, but it did leave him bored and restless. He had no idea what to do with his life. Being an Auror was always his plan, but for the time being, that plan had gone straight down the crapper. Now, he needed to come up with a new plan.

Harry turned to the window when he heard pecking. He went over and opened the window, letting the owl in. He gave the owl a half-eaten slice of his morning bacon and untied the letter from its leg while it happily ate. Once the letter was off, the owl quickly finished its snack and hooted thankfully at him before flying out the window. Harry checked the letter and found his name on it. Opening it up, he was hit with a delicate perfume scent that he found very pleasant. The letter was short and straight to the point.

Harry,

Meet me at my house at ten, and we will go swimming. I refuse to take no for an answer.

Love,

Fleur

Harry snorted and refolded the letter. He checked the clock. It was twenty til. Harry shook his head amusedly and went to his room to get ready.

Harry knocked on her door, and she immediately answered it. Fleur's smiling face was stunning to behold. Harry couldn't help but smile back. " 'Arry, I'm glad you came," she greeted him, pulling him inside. "Maman and Gabrielle went to France today, so it will just be us," she told him.

Fleur was wearing a fluffy bathrobe that hid everything but her bare feet. "We will be swimming at the base of the cliff. The water is cold but very invigorating," she explained, looking him over. "But where is your swimsuit?" she asked. Harry rolled his eyes.

"You didn't expect me to come wearing only shorts, did you?" he asked cheekily. Fleur giggled.

"I suppose not. You better get ready then. I already am," she said with a smile. She shrugged off the bathrobe, revealing a boner-popping two-piece bikini that did nothing to hide her gloriously sexy form. The material covering her round, perfect breasts was white and incredibly thin. If he looked close enough, which he was, he could see the outline of her nipples showing through. The entirety of her cleavage was on full display, and the top was held up by a few thin strings tied around her neck and back. The bottoms were even better.

They were just as small as Hermione's panties the previous night. The front triangle sat low and couldn't hide the upmost portion of her bald mound. The bottoms were held up by tied strings on the sides of her hips that were digging into her porcelain flesh. Her long, sexy legs were bare, and Harry wanted nothing more than to run his hands up and down them. He wasn't sure how long he stared at her body, but at some point, he forced his eyes up and found her looking back at him, amused by his behavior. Harry blushed in embarrassment. "Sorry," he apologized.

"You 'ave nothing to be sorry about," she smiled. "A bikini like this was made to be looked at. I would not 'ave wore it if I didn't want you to look," she assured him and giggled before turning her back. His eyes lowered to her bottom. The string was firmly lodged between her jutting cheeks. She bounced on her toes, making her cheeks jiggle.

"It is smaller than I expected, though. I think the muggles 'ave different sizes than we do," she commented, looking over her shoulder and down at her bare ass.

"That's what Hermione said when I saw her ... uhh, well, nevermind," he finished. Fleur hid her knowing smile. "I, uh, better get ready," he said and began taking off his clothes. He was wearing his trunks underneath his trousers. Fleur wasn't shy watching him. Her eyes were firmly glued to him as he removed every piece of clothing until he was only in his shorts. She then smiled sexily at him and stepped up. She ran her hands down his shoulders and over his pecs.

“Do I ‘ave permission to look at you as well?” she asked cheekily. Harry blushed and nodded. Fleur giggled and pecked his cheek. “Merci!” she chirped before taking his hand. “I will apparate us,” she stated before they disappeared.

They reappeared at the base of the cliff nearest her home. Beneath their feet was a beach of small stones smoothed by the relentless tide. Fleur’s hand was still clutching his when she called out, “Come on!” She pulled him into the water.

“It’s cold!” Harry yelped as a small wave hit his lap and splashed onto his chest.

“Quit being a baby!” she laughed and pulled him deeper. Once they were stomach-deep, Fleur pushed him hard enough to knock him over. Harry sank beneath the surface and quickly stood back up with a gasp. Fleur was laughing at him. He narrowed his eyes.

“Why, you ...” he threatened good-naturedly and went after her. Fleur squealed happily and scurried the opposite way. A wave hit her and drenched her in cold seawater. She blew water from her lips as Harry chuckled at her misfortune. His chuckles stopped when he saw her wet bikini top. Now that the cups were soaked, they were almost entirely transparent. Her incredibly stiff nipples were there to be gawked at, and droplets of water ran down the subtle curves of her toned belly. Fleur looked like a mythical siren, and he would happily follow her to his own destruction. She slicked her wet hair back and smirked at him.

Fleur knew exactly where his eyes were trained. The water was very cold, after all, and she could feel how hard her nipples were. They were practically ripping through the fabric. She had chosen this risque bikini for the simple purpose of capturing his attention. She was glad to see that she had. Of course, her mother thought she was being ridiculous. “Just tell him,” she said, but Fleur thought there was no harm in softening him up a bit first, so to speak. Besides, it was fun for her. It had been a long time since she had the opportunity to be flirty with a boy. It made her feel like her old self again.

“Yes, ‘Arry, I am quite cold ... as you can see,” she giggled and strolled up to him. “You could at least be a gentleman and offer to keep me warm,” she teased, slipping her arms around his neck. She pressed her body against his, and he could feel her hard nipples poking his chest. Harry wrapped his arms around her and lovingly rubbed her back. Fleur softly kissed his cheek.

“Thank you for spending time with me,” she quietly said. “I get lonely sometimes,” she admitted. Harry hugged her tighter.

“Of course, Fleur. Any time,” he promised. She held him for a while longer until she broke free and went back to splashing in the waves. Harry noticed that she was being very affectionate and hugged him more than once. He wouldn’t look a gift horse in the mouth and happily returned the affection. Fleur seemed quite pleased that he did.

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Harry and Fleur spent the rest of the day together, and by late afternoon, her mother and sister had returned. Fleur and Gabrielle were busy making dinner when Apolline found him.

“So ... Did Fleur wear that bikini for you?” she asked with a small smile. Harry blushed beet-red, which told her everything she needed to know. Apolline chuckled quietly. “Let’s take a walk, shall we?” she asked him.

“Sure,” Harry replied and followed her out of the cottage. Apolline threaded her arm through his, and they walked along the top of the cliff, enjoying the sea breeze.

“The girls are being silly,” she told him, confusing Harry.

“What girls?” he asked her.

“Fleur, ‘Ermione, and Ginny,” the sexy, older Veela answered.

“What are they doing?” he asked for clarification.

“They are trying to secretly seduce you so you will date them,” Apolline chuckled while shaking her head.

“What?” Harry asked, perplexed. “What are you talking about?”

“They are afraid that some bimbo will try and steal you away from them. Their answer is to claim you first,” she replied in amusement.

“Claim me?” Harry asked, still not understanding. Apolline nodded.

“You see, ‘Arry, the girls are afraid you will not ‘ave time for them if things go the way we think they’re going to go. They ‘ave already lost everyone else, and they do not want to lose you too,” Apolline explained. “The most logical answer is for them to be with you.”

Harry finally understood what she was trying to say. “Be with me ... All three?” he nearly squeaked.

“It makes sense. You love them, and they love you. Chances are that it would ‘ave ‘appened naturally anyway. They are just trying to speed up the process with their sexy little shows,” Apolline rolled her eyes.

“That’s why Hermione and Fleur ...” he began, and Apolline nodded her head.

“If that’s true, why not just tell me?” he asked her. He was a bit annoyed that they weren’t just honest with him.

"That was my advice, but they were afraid you might get angry because of everything 'appening at the Ministry. They don't want you to think they are trying to take advantage of you. That's why they are putting on these shows. They want you to see them in a more ... romantic light."

"And maybe I'd come up with the idea myself?" he guessed. Apolline giggled and nodded. "The whole thing's absurd," he said, shaking his head.

"Women are strange creatures, 'Arry. You should know that by now."

"But all three ... at the same time?" Harry still couldn't believe it.

"I wouldn't be surprised if more want to join eventually," she truthfully told him.

"And you'd be okay with all of this?" he asked. The idea was utterly crazy.

"It was my idea," she admitted. "Molly likes the idea as well."

Before he could say another word, she continued. "As mothers, our number one priority is ensuring our daughters 'appiness. I know you would make Fleur very 'appy. Molly thinks so, too."

Harry thought about what she said. He had already promised himself that he would do whatever was necessary to keep his remaining friends happy and healthy. Of course, he never dreamed it would involve a relationship. While annoyed that they didn't just come and talk to him about it, he could understand their worry. The Ministry was pushing hard, and he couldn't hold out for much longer. It made him feel better knowing the girls didn't want to let him go without a fight. He didn't blame them for that. Truthfully, he probably would have done the same if he were in their shoes. It would also be a huge relief to him if he always had someone to come home to ... or in this case, three someones. He loved all three and found them very attractive, and he honestly couldn't picture himself dating anyone beyond those three.

"I guess it kind of makes sense," he relented. "But if it was a secret, why tell me?" he asked her.

"You deserve to know," Apolline simply said. "No girls out there are better for you, and I am confident you will realize that." Harry nodded his head. Apolline then smiled cheekily.

"And now that you know, you can turn the tables on them," she smirked. "A bit of sexy payback wouldn't 'urt anyone, no?" she mischievously added. Harry chuckled and shook his head while Apolline squeezed his arm tighter.

Maybe a little revenge was just what the doctor ordered.