

Time Keeps on Slipping

1.

Time slowed as Harry watched the spell approach. Sirius stood before the Veil. Once it hit him, he'd be gone. Harry was not going to let that happen. He lunged, shouldering Sirius out of the way. The spell struck him in the center of his chest, sending him right through the Veil.

For a moment, everything froze. Somewhere nearby he heard something let out a pained scream. He felt his body lurch as the direction shifted suddenly. Harry was launched out of the Veil and rolled along the floor. He tucked his shoulder, using the pull to get his feet back under him. Using the remaining momentum, he popped up to his feet with his wand raised, scanning for targets.

Instead of Death Eaters, he found a couple of rather confused witches. The rough sound of combat was replaced by the shuffling of papers and the squeaking of a mail cart. He could pick out the signs that there had been a fight. There was a ragged chunk of wall missing, a long gash ran along the floor, and another patch of the wall looked like it had melted. None of them were fresh. They hadn't been there a few minutes ago, but now they had been there for quite a while.

"Hello Harry Potter." A beautiful blonde woman said as she approached him.

He recognized those big silver-blue eyes.

"Luna?" He asked.

It was her, but not. She was taller, her figure had filled out just a bit more, and she was older. She smiled brightly.

"What is going on? Where is everyone?" Harry asked trying to get all the questions out.

"One moment." Luna said holding up a finger.

She pointed to the door at the end of the hallway. It burst open and a bushy-haired witch stormed through. He would know Hermione regardless of how confused he was. It was actually a relief to see her. She had to know what was going on. As he got closer the relief started to fade. He recognized the robes she was wearing; they were very similar to the style the Ministry workers had worn during his trial.

"Luna." She snapped as she stomped over to the blonde. "What is so important you had to send an owl in the middle of my speech?"

"Hermione?" Harry said.

"One moment, Harry." She said glaring at Luna. "You know how important today is. Those stuffy old bastards are trying to use Harry's memor-"

Her words came to a sudden stop. She slowly turned to look at Harry once more. Hermione pulled him into one of her bone-crunching hugs. She pushed him away, suddenly drawing her wand. It moved in a complex pattern. He felt a breeze woosh around his body before fading just as quickly.

"How?" Hermione asked as she stared from Harry to Luna.

"I was hoping you could tell me." Harry spoke up before she could start again. "We were fighting the Death Eaters, Bellatrix cast a spell at Sirius, I jumped in front of it, and now I'm here. Where is everyone? Is anyone hurt? Why is everyone older than me now?"

Luna simply smiled. Hermione took a deep breath.

"Only you, Harry." She muttered. "You fell through the Veil. Sirius went berserk. He killed seven Death Eaters, including Bellatrix. Dumbledore and Voldemort were dueling, so he stormed in, cut Voldemort's legs off and we were able to capture him. Dementors ate his filthy soul that night. After that, Dumbledore went around destroying these horcrux things Voldemort had created. Sirius was exonerated and awarded an Order of Merlin. The war ended the night you died."

The last word came out as a whisper.

"That was fifteen years ago." Luna chimed in. "I told them you'd be back, but no one listened."

"You said that the nargels would guide his spirit back to us once he defeated the whangdoodles." Hermione snapped.

"Do you see any whangdoodles?" Luna asked.

"No." Hermione pinched the bridge of her nose.

"And now he's back." Luna said with a smile. "It is good to see you, Harry. I'm sure everyone will be very excited to find out you're alive again."

"No." Hermione practically yelled. "We won't tell anyone until we know for sure that he's back. And that he is really Harry."

"Who else would I be?" Harry asked.

"A specter using Harry's form. Some sort of otherworldly being that has stolen Harry's body." Hermione began to count off the various possibilities. "Death incarnate come to-"

"I get it." Harry said with a sigh. "What were those spells you cast on me? They had to tell you something."

"We'll see about that." Hermione narrowed her eyes at him. "Get him in a room. I want tests run on him."

"Minister." One of the nearby witches piped up. "What tests?"

"All of them." Hermione replied. She turned back to Harry. "We'll talk about this once you're clear. If you are something wearing Harry's form then I will make you regret ever stepping foot in this realm."

With that, Hermione turned away. Her robes swooshed dramatically as she stomped back through the door. She pulled it off so much better than Snape. Harry looked at Luna.

"Come along, Harry." Luna held out a hand. "We've got testing to do."

Harry took her hand. The familiar touch helped ease the tension that had been growing with every moment since he had arrive at the Department of Mysteries. To them it was over fifteen years ago. To

him it was maybe fifteen minutes. He intertwined his fingers with hers. Luna's serene smile helped as well.

She led him into a nearby room that looked a lot like a muggle doctor's office. After she let go of his hand, she motioned for him to take a seat on the raised platform. Harry did, suddenly feeling rather awkward.

"Your wand, please." Luna asked holding her hand out.

He gave it to her. She held it up to get a closer look at it. Her gaze went cross-eyed as her inspection continued. She swished the wand through the air. It emitted a spray of sparks. Luna giggled. She put the wand in a small box behind her.

"What's that?" Harry asked, suddenly feeling exposed without his wand.

"Discovery Box." Luna replied. "It identified the type of wood, the core, when it was activated, and the last ten spells."

"This place looks..." He searched for the word. "Mundane?"

"Hermione has helped integrate a lot of Muggle ideas into the magical world." Luna pulled out an empty vial. "The Traditionalists aren't happy, but she's the best Minister we've had in years."

"Hermione is Minister?" Harry asked.

Luna nodded. "Hold out your arm."

Harry did. She tapped his arm with the vial. He felt a little pinch. When she pulled the vial away it was filled with his blood.

"Just a few more tests." Luna kept her smile. "Lean forward."

Harry did. She plucked a hair from his head.

"Ow." Harry pulled back, rubbing the top of his head. "What are you doing?"

"Taking samples." Luna replied with roll of her eyes. "You heard her. Hermione said to test you for everything." She held up a square block of dark wood. "Hold this."

Harry stared at her for a moment. Slowly, he held out his hand. She placed the block in his palm. He relaxed when it didn't do anything. A sudden jolt of energy zipped through his body.

"Aaugh!" Harry yelled.

He tossed the block toward the counter behind Luna. She hummed a tune as she picked it up. Her song paused as she wrote something down. Harry watched her carefully as she turned back to face him.

"Now what?" He asked.

Luna held out a plastic cup. Harry looked from it to her. He shrugged.

"Pee in it." She explained.

"What?" Harry stared at her.

"It's common practice, Harry." Luna shook her head. "Even muggles do this when they go to the doctor."

"Yeah." Harry sighed. "I guess."

Luna watched him expectantly.

"Is there somewhere I should take this?" Harry asked.

Luna shook her head. "Go ahead."

"With you here?" Harry asked loudly.

Luna paused.

"Oh. Right." She turned around so she wasn't looking at him. "Go ahead."

Harry closed his eyes and rubbed a hand against his forehead. He turned around, unzipped, and provided the sample. Once he was finished, he set the cup on the raised platform. He turned around to see Luna staring at him. Her eyes dropped to his crotch, where he hadn't zipped up yet. Harry yelped. She added something to her notes.

"Cup, please." Luna asked holding out a hand. "Don't worry, it's spelled to be spill-proof."

Harry zipped up quickly before handing her the cup. She put it on the counter behind her. He watched as she tapped it with her wand. It flashed through a few colors before returning to normal.

"Why did you need that?" Harry asked.

"Otherworldly Beings have a hard time replicating bodily functions." Luna explained.

"Have you encountered a lot of Otherworldly Beings?" Harry asked.

"I am sworn to secrecy." Luna replied happily. "Drop you pants."

"What?" Harry blushed.

"Drop you pants and lay on the table." Luna repeated. "I guess we should test your hearing too."

She waved her wand. His ears popped.

"Ow." Harry clamped his hands over his ears. "Stop that."

"Your hearing is perfect." Luna took a note. "Now, drop your pants and lay on the table."

"Why?" Harry asked raising his voice.

"Sperm sample." Luna said with a smile.

Harry's face burned with embarrassment.

"Pardon?" He managed to squeak out.

"I need a sample of your sperm." Luna explained. "The fresher the better."

"Are you sure?" Harry asked.

It dawned on him that he was alone with her.

"She did say to test everything." Luna replied happily. She patted the table behind him. "Hop up. Pants down. I will take care of the rest."

Harry stared wide-eyed at her.

"What does that mean?" Harry's voice came out strained.

"I'm going to help you produce a sample." Luna purred. "Would it help if I took off my robes?"

He swallowed the lump in his throat. He nodded. Luna gave him a sly smile as she undid her robes. They dropped to the floor exposing her nude form. His eyes drank in the sight. Her breasts were a little larger and her hips a bit wider, but she was still petite. A little tuft of blonde hair capped her beautiful lower lips. He desperately wanted to see if her breasts filled his hands and how her little pink nipples felt against his tongue.

"Luna!" Harry gasped.

"Yes, Harry?" She asked.

"You're naked." He whispered.

"I know." She smiled at him. "Did you think it was chance that I was the first one to find you?"

Harry couldn't get his mind to form actual words.

"I've been waiting for you, Harry." Luna placed a hand on his chest.

She pushed him back onto the table. Harry stared in wonder as she rolled her wrist, wandlessly banishing his pants. Out of the corner of his eye he saw his jeans flutter to the counter behind her before folding themselves. His socks and shirt joined a moment later. Now he was as nude as she was.

"I've waited for you." She said walking her fingers up his legs. "I knew the moment I met you; you would be my first. My only."

One of her hands cupped his ball sack. She hefted them, feeling the weight. Her other hand began to stroke him to full hardness. It didn't take much. Seeing her naked had already gotten him ready to go. Her firm grip began to stroke him as she met his gaze.

Harry's eyes glazed over as she worked his member. Luna smiled. She leaned forward and placed a small kiss on his lips. Harry's hips lurched at the contact. Luna kissed him again, longer this time, and tasting his lips with her tongue. All the while she continued to stroke his shaft.

"I'm..." He groaned. "Luna... I'm..."

"Go ahead, Harry." Luna whispered. "Cum for me."

She kissed him again. Deeper this time. Their tongues danced. Harry's legs shivered as he sent jets of cum up along his torso. A few strands hit Luna's cheek. She giggled as she pulled away from the kiss. Harry let out a moan as her hand stopped stroking his cock. It was still painfully hard. The sound caught in his throat as she scooped the bit of cum off her cheek and popped it in her mouth.

"Oh, poo." She looked at him with a smile in her eyes. "I was supposed to get a sample."

Luna straightened up. She looked at the ropes of cum that stretched the length of his torso. An empty vial appeared in her hand. She swiped her finger along one of the strands. It transferred to the vial in a flash.

"This will have to do." She shrugged. Her hand idly returned to his cock and resumed stroking him.

Harry usually was done after one go, but that was by his own hand. Luna had worked him to full hardness and kept him standing at attention. A playful smile crossed her face as she stroked him.

"Now, Harry." Her pace increased. "This will not do. You can't speak to the Minister with this beast stealing all of the attention."

"Beast?" Harry was having hard time thinking.

"Yes." Luna stroked him slowly. "Your magnificent cock will surely distract our wonderful Minister. We can't have that. She's a married woman after all."

"Married?" He asked, trying to focus.

"It's rude to interrupt." Luna giggled. "Your cock is just too gorgeous. See how thick it is? How it fills my hand so fully? Look, my fingers don't touch." Her grip tightened to emphasize her point. "And this perfectly shaped knob. How could anyone focus on anything else?"

Harry lost all sense of thought as Luna dipped down and placed a kiss on the crown of his cock. She swirled her tongue around the edge and finished with a slow lick of his shaft. Leaning back, she placed both hands on his length, stroking him steadily.

"Goodness." Luna huffed. "Both of my hands fit to spare." She stopped talking for a bit, focusing on stroking him. One hand shifted to caress his sack while the other continued on. "And these balls. Morgana, Harry. Any woman in breeding age would just beg to have these emptied inside her. Poor Hermione wouldn't be able to get any work done. We don't want that."

Harry tried to speak but the words came out as muddled gibberish.

"There's only one thing for it." Luna let out a dramatic sigh.

Luna climbed up onto the table, somehow making it look graceful. She straddled his hips and raised herself over him. Her hand guided his cock to her soaked lips.

"We're going to have to fuck." Luna leaned forward placing a kiss on his lips. "Please, Harry."

"Yes." Harry practically yelled.

Luna dropped back down. Her eyes went wide as she sank passed his head. She shuddered, a small orgasm running up her spine.

"That will chase the nargels away." She moaned.

Harry nodded. Anything she said right now made perfect sense as long as she kept riding him.

Luna braced her hands on his chest. She focused on relaxing her muscles and let herself drift lower. Her body shivered again, stronger this time, as she took more of him inside.

"Harry." Luna whimpered. "You're so big."

"So tight." Harry groaned in reply.

"Halfway there." Luna said more to herself than him.

She forced her hips down. Taking the last few inches in one go. Her entire body locked up as a string of orgasms chained together. She squeezed her legs tight, trying to hold on as her muscles turned to jelly. Luna peppered his face and chest with kisses. After a couple of moments, she began to rock back and forth. She wasn't moving much, the majority of his length remained sheathed inside of her filled pussy.

Harry was able to gather enough brainpower to direct his hands to her chest. They just about filled them. He leaned forward capturing one of her nipples in his lips. She squeaked as his tongue flicked along the nub. He focused hardening one up before moving to the other to repeat the process. Once both of her little pink nipples were ready, he began to kiss and nibble them.

His hands trailed down her body, settling on her hips. He gripped her tightly. That was the only signal he gave before he began to lift her up along his shaft then push her back down. Luna let out a long, loud moan as his cock sawed in and out of her.

Harry wanted this to last as long as possible. Unfortunately, this was his first time. It was amazing that he had been able to hold out as long as he already had. He pulled her down as he thrust his hips up hard.

Luna opened her mouth in a silent scream as Harry began to erupt inside of her. Her body shook with every thick shot of cum. Harry let out a half moan, half growl as he filled her with his seed.

Finally, Luna collapsed onto his chest. She hummed pleasantly.

"Now." She kissed his chest. "I think we're ready to report to the Minister."

Harry laughed.

2.

Once both were dressed, Luna led Harry through the Ministry Halls. They took a roundabout route, much of which he didn't recognize, and managed to avoid seeing more than one other person. Even then, they were facing the other way focused on their work.

They made it to the Ministers office without an issue. Each time it seemed as though they were going to be spotted, something would happen. A witch needed to sneeze when they stepped out of the lift, the motion pulling her attention away from them. The auror guarding the hall to Hermione's office yawned right as they walked by. Her secretary, an older Pansy Parkinson of all people, spilled her inkpot as was too busy cleaning it up to see them enter.

Harry stared at Luna as they came to a stop in the empty office. She smiled at him and took a seat on a nearby couch. The only other chair available was behind the desk. Everything else was taken by stacks of paperwork.

Hermione wasn't here, but it was clearly hers. Books and scrolls were stacked on every possible surface. The rear window was blocked out by a couple of hanging charts that had numerous notes in her handwriting.

A couple of framed pictures on the desk caught his eye. He stepped closer to take a look. One was of her, Ron, and him getting off the Hogwarts Express. Considering they weren't looking at the camera, he guessed it was taken by Colin Creevey. The other photo was her in a wedding dress next to her husband.

"Ron!" Harry looked over to at Luna. "She married Ron?"

Luna nodded. Harry opened his mouth to speak, but the words wouldn't come out. He leaned against the desk, shifting his focus to the ceiling rather than the room around him. This made no sense.

When did my life ever make sense? She and Ron were constantly yelling at each other. Even their 'harmless' arguments could get quite loud. Sure, Hermione was annoyed with Ron and Lavender slobbering over each other all the time, but it wasn't jealousy. Right? Fuck, was it jealousy? How did I miss that? Constant nightmares, teaching DA, and dodging Umbridge did take a lot of brainpower.

Harry took off his glasses and cleaned them with his shirt.

"Who else is married?" Harry asked after a moment.

"Fred and Angelina. George and Alicia. Neville and Hannah." She paused. "Fleur and Bill. Tonks and Remus. Percy and Audrey. Draco and Astoria."

"Wait." Harry held up a hand. "Wait. Fred and Angelina? I thought she was dating George."

"Not everyone marries their school sweetheart, Harry." Luna replied. "Angelina, Alicia, and Katie went pro. Fred and George focused on their shop. Alicia got hurt, while in recovery she got close to Fred."

"And Fleur married Bill... as in Bill Weasley? Ron and Ginny's older brother." Harry asked.

Luna nodded.

"Didn't see that one coming." Harry muttered. "Guess Tonks finally got Moony to give her a chance."

Luna shrugged. Somehow, she managed to shove a stack of papers off the couch while keeping them completely intact. She patted the spot.

"Who's Astoria?" Harry sat next to her.

"Astoria Greengrass." Luna replied snuggling up to his side. "Little sister to Daphne Greengrass."

"The name sounds familiar." Harry shook his head as he leaned back on the couch. "What happened to Sirius? Hermione said he was exonerated. Where is he now?"

"He's an auror." Luna ran a hand through his hair. "Never married. No kids. Lives alone."

"That's not good." Harry closed his eyes.

"He'll either try to kill you or hug you." Luna said helpfully. "Possibly both."

"Why would he try to kill me?" Harry squeaked.

"He blames himself for you dying." Luna continued to run her fingers through his hair. "He could think you were some type of shade sent to kill him. Sirius has made plenty of enemies."

Harry leaned into her touch. A moment later he found himself resting his head in her lap.

"Is there anything else I need to know?" Harry asked as his eyes started to drift close.

The evening was catching up with him. He had rushed out to the Department of Mysteries after a long day of class, then there was the running battle, and now this time travel business. Sex with Luna was amazing, but sleep was calling.

Harry was vaguely aware of something approaching.

"Luna." Hermione yelled when she stormed into the office. "What are you doing here?"

Luna shushed her. "Harry's tired."

"Why did you bring..." She motioned to Harry. "It here."

"You wanted Harry's results." Luna shifted a little to offer Hermione a sheet of parchment, but kept him in her lap.

Hermione read through the readout. She shook her head.

"The wand matches." Hermione muttered. "Last spell cast fifteen years ago. Blood sample matches." She paused. "Luna, why is his sperm count listed?"

"You wanted every test." Luna replied as though it was completely obvious.

"You have his sex listed as 'enthusiastic'." Hermione sighed.

Luna nodded.

"Luna." Hermione trudged over to stand in front of the slumbering young man. "It's really him."

Luna nodded again.

"Only you, Harry." Hermione shook her head. "Only you."

Luna nodded once more.

"What do we do now?" Hermione muttered.

"I don't know." Luna answered helpfully. "You're the Minister."

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Harry woke up to the familiar sound of Ron and Hermione talking nearby. He couldn't make out what they were saying, but they weren't arguing. That was a nice change. Fred, or George spoke up. Voices overlapped after.

He had to be at the Burrow. Or maybe Grimmauld Place. That meant they survived the Ministry. It was so stupid of him to fall for the trap. That spell knocked him for a loop though. Hermione being the Minister of Magic, sex with Luna, time travel, Ron and Hermione getting married, sex with Luna, Sirius winning the war in one night, sex with Luna. It was crazy.

Harry squinted his eyes as the door opened. He didn't have his glasses, the person that slipped inside was an amorphous blob until they got closer. The familiar bushy hair made him smile.

"Are you awake?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah." Harry mumbled. "Is everyone ok? I must have blacked out once Bellatrix hit me."

"Mm-Hm." Hermione answered.

"Thank Merlin. You don't have to say it. I know, my saving people thing, almost got me killed. Again." Harry sighed. "I just couldn't lose him. I should have known it was a trap."

Hermione didn't say anything.

"I don't know what spell was, but I had a crazy dream." Harry chuckled. "You were the Minister of Magic and were married to Ron."

"Why is that so crazy?" Hermione asked quickly.

There was something about her voice. Harry pushed himself up to sitting. He realized that he didn't have a shirt on. Madam Pomphrey probably took it off to check him over. Hermione let out a small sound.

"Are you ok?" Harry asked as he searched for his glasses.

"You don't have a shirt on." She whispered quickly.

"You've seen it before." Harry chuckled.

"When?" She sounded scandalized.

"The Second Task." Harry replied. "Swimming at the Burrow. That one time you walked in on me getting out of the shower."

She gasped.

"Oh, yeah, we don't mention that." Harry laughed. "Where are my glasses?"

"Uh." Hermione moved closer.

Harry froze. There were many things he just knew. The weight of the snitch in his hand. How his magic flowed when he held his wand. How Hermione smelled. This was not her. Harry tried to get a sense of the room. The lights were off, he didn't have his glasses, and he had no idea where his wand was. He could practically hear Moody bellowing 'CONSTANT VIGILANCE'.

"I just want to say." Harry said slowly. "I'm sorry."

"Huh?" The false Hermione paused her search.

Harry kicked out at the back of her knees. She tumbled to the ground. He pounced on her, searching for her wand. It was in her back pocket, of course it was. He grabbed it, hit her with a stunner, and rushed over to the door.

He cursed under his breath as he heard the conversation nearby stop. Time was running out. He couldn't just rush out into the hall. Harry flicked on the light. His glasses were on a nightstand on the other side of the bed from where he had thought. Once he had his them, he took a closer look at the girl on the floor had the same build as Hermione. She could have passed for her, except for the bright red hair.

"Damn it, Harry." He grumbled to himself.

He scooped her up and set her on the bed. She wasn't wearing Death Eater robes. From the looks of her, she was around his age. Probably some Death Eaters daughter they were going to use to soften him up. That didn't mean she deserved rough treatment.

Once that was done, he scanned the room. It wasn't anything special. Nothing more than a bed and a nightstand for furnishing. There were no windows. The only way in, or out, was the one door.

Harry turned back to the door. He rolled his shoulders to loosen up his muscles. Charging into the unknown was a plan he was all too familiar with. The trick to doing something stupid was to move fast, cause chaos, and avoid getting trapped.

The footsteps were getting closer. They didn't sound like they were in a rush. Harry covered the girl with the blanket and flicked off the lights. Hopefully, that would buy him a moment or two. He pressed himself against the wall behind the door.

It swung open just as he settled in place. There were two of them. These spoke in hushed whispers, slowly approaching the bed. Harry stunned the one in the back as he jumped through the door. He heard the other person yell in shock.

Harry didn't stop. He rushed forward, scanning the area. Years of dodging bullies and searching for a snitch honed his spatial awareness. He was running down the hallway of a nice house. It wasn't a manor, the decorations were homey, and there weren't any posh looking portraits. This was the third floor. He had just sprinted by the stairs. There had been a group of people coming up.

The end of the hall was quickly approaching. It was a straight shot that ended in a window. He really didn't want to have to jump through it. For one, he wasn't wearing a shirt and he was not looking forward to pulling glass out of his skin. He slid to a stop. His heart was thundering in his chest.

He spun around. There wasn't anything he could use for cover, or even to hide behind. His cloak, where was it? If they had his wand then it only made sense that they would have taken everything else he had on him.

"Come on, Harry." He muttered to himself. "Think."

Option one, jump out the window. No, thank you. Option two, fight. How many people were on the stairs? Had they revived the people in the room? Option three, find out what was behind the doors on either side of the hall.

It wasn't perfect, he'd be trapped, but he was already trapped.

"Option three." He mumbled.

Harry turned to the door on his left, leaving his right hand open in case he needed to cast something. It opened easily. He rushed inside and froze. A boy, probably his age or a bit younger, stared back at him. He was the spitting image of Ron, but better looking. The kid has Hermione's eyes and wasn't nearly as gangly as Ron.

"Bloody hell, you're him. You're really him!" The kid gawked.

Harry stumbled back a step, hitting the door. His head was spinning. He slid down to sit on the floor.

"Where..." Harry cleared his throat. "Where am I?"

"My house." The kid replied. "Holy shit, Harry Potter is in my house. In my room."

"Who are you?" Harry could hear people searching for him.

"Hugo." The kid said. "Hugo Weasley. You knew my parents."

"Ron and Hermione." Harry offered.

The kid, Hugo, nodded. Harry let out a chuckle. It deepened into a laugh and grew into a full-on cackle. The entire situation was driving him mad. He couldn't stop. His cheeks were starting to hurt, and it was getting harder to breathe.

"Are you ok, mate?" Hugo asked, the excitement replaced with worry.

"I'm fine. Just fucking grand." Harry pushed himself to his feet. "Hugo Weasley. Ron and Hermione's kid."

Hugo nodded. His eyes dropped to the wand Harry was holding.

"By chance." Harry felt the mad laughter fighting to burst free once more. "Do you have a sister?"

"Yeah. Rose." Hugo tensed. "That's her wand."

Harry couldn't stop the little giggle that escaped his mouth. He held it up. Hugo flinched.

"Too slow." Harry shook his head. He pointed the wand at Hugo. "Stunned." He made the motion.

"Disarmed." Another wand movement. "And bound." He finished it off.

Harry took a step forward; Hugo took a step back. He opened the door and walked back out into the hall. A pack of mostly familiar faces turned to face him. They stared at him, they stared back. Luna, Fred, George, Angelina, Alicia, Ginny, Molly, Arthur, Ron, Hermione, and a dazed looking girl that had to be Rose stood nearby.

"You've got a nice house." Harry said awkwardly. "I expected more bookshelves."

"There's a library on the second floor." Hermione replied.

Harry nodded.

"Am I going crazy?" Harry felt dizzy. "Dead? No. My feet hurt too much to be dead. I've been dead before. Phoenix tears aren't nearly as fast acting as Basilisk Venom. Nice floors. Hardwood?"

"Enchanted oak." Ron answered. "Keeps it from scuffing and easier to clean."

"What are you doing?!" Molly yelled.

She rushed over to Harry, wrapping him in a tight hug.

"You're back, you dear boy, you're back." She cried as she held him.

Harry patted her on the back.

"This is real?" He asked.

Molly pulled back. She looked him in the eyes and nodded. Harry shifted his attention to the girl.

"Sorry." Harry said, he was wobbling on his feet. The only thing keeping him upright was Molly. "Did I hurt you? Here's your wand. It works great."

Rose shuffled through the group. She took the wand and mumbled thanks.

"Let's get you some food." Molly continued to hug him. "I forgot how skinny you are."

Harry let her lead him down the stairs. He leaned on her most of the way. His eyes roamed the house as they traveled through it. Happy scenes in picture frames stared at him as he passed on by. He watched as Ron and Hermione aged through the photos. They had lived an entire life that he had missed.

There was another group of people already in the kitchen. Percy and a woman Harry didn't recognize were among a gaggle of gingers that marked them as further Weasleys. They all were around his age, maybe a year older or younger. There were five of them, four of which were girls. Three of the group had darker skin, telling him that they were Angelina or Alicia's kids.

Even with Harry joining them at the table there was plenty of space. It looked to be able to comfortably seat at least seven more people. Probably another ten if they squeezed in.

"Make some room." Molly ordered. "Make some room."

Harry sat between a couple of the girls with darker complexions.

"Hi." He said numbly. "I'm Harry."

"We know." One of the girls said in awe.

"Roxie." Molly chided. "Be nice."

"I am Gram." Roxie, the girl on his left said. "It's not every day you meet someone who came back from the dead."

Harry snorted. Everyone was staring at him. He looked down at himself, trying to figure out why.

"I don't have a shirt on." Harry stated flatly.

"Oh, dear." Molly said. "I completely forgot in the mess of things."

"I don't mind." The girl on his right said.

"Really, Harri?" The lone boy at the table rolled his eyes.

"Harri?" Harry turned to face her.

"Harriet." She smiled at him. "I'm named after you." She motioned to the boy. "That's James. He's named after you too. I'm older so I got Harriet."

"Huh." Harry looked around the table again.

The two lighter skinned girls were the youngest of the bunch. They also looked like clones of Ginny.

"Twins?" He asked looking at them.

They nodded.

"Roxane?" He pointed to the girl on his left. "Harriet." The girl on his left. "James." He motioned to the boy. "You two?"

"Molly." The one across from him said.

"Lucy." The one beside James said.

"Rose and Hugo are upstairs." Harry continued. "That's all of you?"

"No." James answered quickly. "There's Victoire, Dominique, and Louis. They aren't here though."

"Bill and Fleur's children." Molly said as she put a plate of eggs, hashbrowns, bacon, and toast in front of him. "They'll be here this evening. Those goblins work Bill to the bone."

"Aunt Fleur too." Lucy said.

Molly either didn't hear or ignored the comment.

"Tonks and Teddy should be here soon too." Roxie added.

"Teddy?" Harry asked.

"Tonks' son." Roxie replied.

"Where's Remus?" Harry asked.

That led to a round of shrugs. Molly muttered something. Percy and the woman hadn't taken their eyes off of him. He wondered when they had patched things up. Last he recalled; Percy was a Ministry stooge that picked his job over his family.

"Harry." Hermione spoke softly.

He turned to see her standing in the doorway.

"Are you up to talk once you've eaten?" She asked.

Harry nodded.

"I'll get you a shirt." Hermione scoffed.

Harry put his focus on eating. He was starving. Not only that, but it also gave him some time to think. There was a lot to process. This was real. He had also knocked out Hermione's daughter and probably stunned Ron when they came to check on him. Their son, Hugo, didn't get hit with a spell, but the kid was plenty shaken up. This was not how he thought the day would go.

Waking up in the future was never something he had expected. All things considered; it wasn't too outlandish. Being hunted by a Dark Lord and his cult, fighting a basilisk, winning an international tournament, and banishing a horde of dementors was just as improbable.

Am I still The Boy Who Lived? Everyone thought I was dead. Coming back now will get them talking again. I wonder what happened to Rita Skeeter.

"Is Sirius coming over too?" Harry asked.

"He's out on assignment." Percy spoke up.

Harry shrugged. The room was quiet aside from Molly zooming around the kitchen and him eating. It was awkward, but he had no idea what to talk about. Everyone seemed happy and healthy.

"Are you all Gryffindors?" Harry asked.

That brought a round of laughter.

"Rose, James, and me are." Roxie answered. "Harri. Harriet, I mean, James, and Lucy are in Hufflepuff. Molly is the odd one out in Ravenclaw."

"Do Fleur and Bill's kids go to Hogwarts?" Harry asked.

"Oh, yeah." James said loudly. "The Weasley clan is like half the student body."

"Not even close, genius." Molly rolled her eyes. "We account for one-sixteenth of the school population."

"Vic graduated last year." Roxie steered the conversation back to the topic. "Dominique is in Ravenclaw with Molly. Louis is in Gryffindor with us."

"Are you going to school in the fall?" Lucy asked.

Harry looked down at his plate. He cocked his head to the side as he tried to figure out what he was going to do here.

"I... don't know." Harry said slowly. "Nice to meet you all."

Harry pushed his chair away from the table and fled. Hermione stood at the bottom of the stairs holding a shirt. He noticed the Cannons logo. Harry chuckled. She shrugged as she offered it to him.

3.

Harry sat in the living room wearing a Cannons jersey that had Weasley across the back. He probably should have felt better considering he was practically surrounded by a swarm of gingers. The Weasleys had always been like family to him. It was all too surreal. Madness around Luna made sense but sitting in the same room with his friends that were now old enough to be his parents was beyond that.

He looked at them. They looked at him... and he looked at them... and they looked at him.

Ron was the same height as the twins now. Fred, or George, he hadn't figured out which yet, now had shoulder length hair while the other kept it short like he remembered. Angelina was smoking hot. She had always had a killer body, but a bit of extra weight made her mouthwatering. There was a word that he had heard the guys around the dorms say, MILF. She totally fit it. In school she had an athletic build from her passion for quidditch. Even then she had a large chest and hips. Now, she had filled out a bit more. Her breasts were larger, and her ass looked good enough to bite. Alicia, oddly enough, didn't look all that different from what he remembered. She had always been skinny. Her breasts grown, as were her hips, but she didn't look like a woman who had a kid. Molly and Arthur looked a older. Not by much. Just some more wrinkles and some more gray in their hair.

The real standout change was Ginny. She had barely been his height, now she stood a few inches taller than him. Her body was lithe and tight. Where Luna was petite, Ginny was compact. He wouldn't be surprised if she had a six-pack.

"Did they put your name on the jersey because you were the only one to buy tickets?" Harry asked Ron, with a crooked smile.

The room eased as everyone laughed.

"Oi!" Ron scoffed. "I was their starting Keeper for four years!"

"Good on you." Harry laughed.

"I'm the coach now." Ron grouched. "We've come in top ten in the season since."

Harry smiled at him. "That's awesome, Ron."

"How in Merlin's Soggy Sack are you alive?" Ginny yelled.

"Ginevra!" Molly snapped. "Watch your language."

"What?" She waved a hand at Harry. "Are we all just going to ignore the fact that he was dead?"

"He's Harry Potter." Long haired twin said.

"Boy Who Lived." Short haired twin said.

"Kind of his deal." Long hair finished.

"They've got a point." Harry shrugged.

"No." Ginny shook her head. "How are we sure he isn't-"

"We ran tests." Hermione cut in. "Do you think I'd bring him here, to my house, if I thought he was dangerous."

"He did attack Rose and stun Ron." Long haired twin said helpfully.

"Sorry about that." Harry blushed. "I thought she was you. She wasn't so I thought it was a trap."

Angelina was watching the conversation with a happy smile. Alicia was whispering something to the short haired twin.

Luna told me who they married. It was Fred and Alicia? No. That was before. It was George and Alicia.

The conversation devolved into a back and forth between Ginny and Hermione. Luna would chime in at random times with his test results to refute things. Luckily, his sperm count hadn't been mentioned yet. All the while Ron edged closer to him.

"How are you?" Ron asked in a low voice.

"I'm either losing my mind, or this is real." Harry replied softly.

"I'm wondering that myself." Ron nodded. "This could all be happening as I'm on a stretcher after taking a rogue bludger to the face."

"You really went pro?" Harry asked.

"Sixth year, I made keeper. Seventh year I only let four get by the entire season." Ron chuckled. "The scouts ate it up. Angelina slapped me upside the head when she heard I signed with the Cannons."

"You're lucky that's all I did." Angelina cut in. "Hey, Harry. Looking good."

Harry smiled at her. "You too, captain."

"Please." She rolled her eyes. "I look like my mom."

"Your mom is a fox then." Harry said with a chuckle.

"Harry!" Angelina smacked him on the shoulder. "When did you get charming?"

Harry blushed. "I didn't mean to say that out loud."

"Easy there, Harrykins." Fred said as he joined the conversation. "Angie might play tough, but she's got a creamy center. A few sweet nothings and she gets all twitterpated."

Angelina glared at him.

"How did this happen?" Harry asked motion at them, then at George and Alicia. "Luna said something about you getting hurt."

"Bludger smashed my knee." Angelina scowled. "Knocked me right out of the sky. The Healers were great, but by the time I was ready to play again, I had been replaced. Fred here kept me sane through it all. George and I were never serious, just friends with some extra. The evil twin here, stole my heart."

"And them?" Harry motioned to George and Alicia.

"Them." Ron groaned. "You did another miracle, by now she's usually in his lap. It's amazing that they only have two kids."

"Best man, maid of honor, some drinks, and boom." Fred chuckled.

On cue, the two started to kiss. George pulled his wife into his lap.

"You named your daughter after me?" Harry asked turning his attention away from the snogging couple.

"Of course." Fred said with a smile. "We had an agreement. Harry if they were a boy. Harriet for a girl. George would go for James or Jamie. You're family, Harrykins."

Harry smiled broadly at that. "Thanks, Fred."

Angelina cleared her throat.

"You too, Angelina." Harry chuckled.

"Fine!" Ginny yelled. "I'm going to settle this."

Ginny stormed over to Harry. She pulled him up out of the chair and led him out of the room. Ginny didn't pause as she crashed through the huddled kids at the door. Harry looked over his shoulder at the small pile of younger Weasleys.

He didn't get the chance to say anything. Ginny threw open a door and dragged him inside.

"Who is this?" Ginny practically yelled.

Only she wasn't talking to him. She had dragged him to a room that was a cross between a greenhouse and a patio. In the center of the room sat a perch. Hedwig glared at the invasion, rather upset for being woken up after a long night hunting.

"Hedwig?" Harry stopped short.

She let out a little 'berk' before launching herself at him. Her talons latched on his shoulder, just hard enough to pinch but not hurt. She began to alternate between pecking and grooming his hair.

"Ah, stop. Stop. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to worry you." Harry grimaced as she nipped at his ear.

He got the message and stopped struggling. Hedwig had never been a vocal owl. The occasional hoot, huff, or noise was the most she did. Now, she was practically crowing at him.

"It's really you." Ginny said in a hushed voice.

"Hey, Gin." Harry said as Hedwig continued to groom him. "How have you been?"

"How have I been?" Ginny stared at him. "HOW HAVE I BEEN? YOU DIED YOU UTTER SHIT!"

Hedwig paused. She fixed Ginny with a baleful look. Hedwig bonked the side of his head with her own before she glided back over to her perch. Once she was clear, Ginny hugged him tightly, tackling him to the floor.

"I didn't mean to." Harry grunted out. "Are you made out of stone?"

Ginny ripped off her shirt, exposing her tight, muscles torso. Her breasts were pressed against her chest, held in place by a sports bra. She shucked that off a moment later. Harry gulped as her apple sized orb

bounced deliciously above him. Her nipples were as red as her cheeks with the nubs about as big as a pencil eraser.

His hands naturally reached up to explore them. She jolted atop him as his fingers found her nipples. He relished the soft flesh. The tips of his fingers circled the nubs. Ginny lifted herself, taking her wonderfully soft breasts out of reach. He had to wonder if that was the one soft part about her.

She proved that thought wrong as her lips crashed against his. There was nothing gentle, or shy, about the kiss. This Ginny didn't blush and mumble at him. To further prove this thought, she yanked her pants down around her knees. Harry's breath caught in his throat as he took in her perfectly smooth, freshly exposed stretch of skin.

"Pants. Off." Ginny commanded.

Harry didn't argue. He had his jeans down below his knees and his boxers joined a moment later. His erection slapped against his stomach once it was freed from the confines of his clothes. A nearly painful pulse surged through it as he watched Ginny lick her fingers and spread the moisture along her slit.

Ginny slammed down on him. Taking his entire length in one go. Unlike with Luna, Ginny set a punishing pace. Her hips pounded down onto him as she stared at him with a furious look in her eyes. She was so incredibly tight.

"I. Am. So. Mad. With. You." She gritted her teeth, bottoming out with each word for emphasis.

Harry nodded. His hips were starting to hurt, but he wasn't going to tell her that. There was a brief moment of peace as her back arched. Her scorching pussy clenched around him, the muscles working overtime making it feel like she was going to crush his member.

Her body shook as she rode out the orgasm. Once it had passed her punishing pace resumed.

"We were supposed to win the war." Ginny paused slamming down to grind against him. "Not like that. Not losing you."

She leaned forward, kissing him again. This time it wasn't as hard. He felt something wet on his cheeks. When she pulled away, he could see streaks of tears.

"You made me cry." She wiped the tears away. "Again. I promised myself I was done crying over you."

That seemed to spur her back into action. Thankfully, she only lasted another three pumps before she started shuddering again.

"Fuck you." Her voice shook as she collapsed onto him.

Harry wasn't sure what to do. She was naked on top of him, and he his cock was still inside of her. He hadn't cum yet, but he was worried what would happen if she got a second wind. One thing he knew for sure, he was going to be sore tomorrow. Hell, he was already sore.

Ginny solved his quandary by sitting back up. Without any warning, she stood. Harry held back a moan as he felt her pussy let him free. She grabbed her clothes and got dressed without a word. Harry watched her walk out of the room. His erection made it awkward to get his pants back in place, but he didn't want anyone to discover him half naked on the floor.

Hedwig let out an annoyed huff.

"Sorry for waking you." Harry said with a chuckle. "I'll check back later."

The look she shot him was clear: you better.

Harry limped out into the hallway just in time to hear the front door slam. He discovered the younger generation of Weasleys were still in the hall. Their expressions made it clear that they had heard what had just happened.

"Uhhhh." Harry tried to walk normally, only to wince.

The situation was only complicated as Hermione stepped out into the hall. She arched an eyebrow at the kids. They scattered. A couple retreating back to the kitchen while the others fled up the stairs. She turned her attention to Harry. Her sharp eyes took in his flushed face, crumpled clothes, and obvious erection.

"Really, Harry?" She shook her head.

"Me?" Harry's mouth dropped open. "She jumped me. Literally!"

She sighed.

"Come on." She waved him over. "We need to talk."

Hermione waited for him to get back to the room before she followed. The tension had been broken, which made it feel more familiar. He could almost believe that he hadn't been tossed into the future.

"The war is really over?" Harry asked as he settled back into his seat.

"Padfoot went mad." Fred replied.

"Sliced Lestrage into little bits." George added.

"George!" Hermione gasped.

"It's true." George shrugged. "Took down every Death Eater he came across."

"Then cut Snakeface in half." Fred motioned along his waist.

"I swear Fudge had a heart attack when he saw everything." Hermione added. "First time I've ever been happy to see a dementor."

"You did have to jump in front of Sirius." Fred reminded her.

Harry raised his eyebrows at that.

"They hadn't rescinded the Kiss on Sight order." She explained. "Once it became clear that Sirius was the reason we captured Voldemort, they let up on him."

"Dumbledore took him and Bill on a hunt for these horcrux things. Once Bones took over for Fudge, they had an entire department dedicated to it." Ron added. "Voldemort had used a ritual to put pieces of his soul in containers to be immortal. There was still a chance that he could come back."

"Finding the remaining Death Eaters took a few years after that." Hermione sighed. "This time it didn't matter if they claimed Imperious. Any marked Death Eaters were tossed in a cell. The only ones who are walking free either made deals."

"That means Snape is still around." Ron snapped.

Harry caught the momentary glare that Ron had shot Hermione. For her part, she visibly stopped herself from saying something. The group settled into an uneasy silence.

"Any idea what you're going to do?" Ron asked after a moment.

"He should go back to Hogwarts." Hermione spoke up.

"Of course, you'd say that." Ron rolled his eyes.

"She's got a point." Harry said with a shrug. "I didn't finish Fifth year."

"Considering how much time the Triwizard took, I'd have you start with Fourth." Hermione dropped into her lecturing tone.

"That's not going to happen." Harry said quickly. "Doing fifth year again makes sense with all the shit Umbridge caused."

"Harry." Hermione snapped.

Everyone else chuckled.

"Wait." Harry looked to Ron. "Is Snape still *teaching* Potions?"

"No." Ron shook his head. "I wouldn't let that greasy snake close to my kids."

"He's got an apothecary in Nocturn." Fred spoke up.

"Saw him a bunch when we lived about the shop." George said.

"You got the shop up and running?" Harry asked with a bright smile.

"The original is in Diagon with a second shop in Hogsmeade." George replied proudly.

"That remind me." Angelina said. "We owe you about twelve years of pay."

"You don't have to do that." Harry shook his head.

"You were our first investor." Fred sounded serious for once. "Without you, there wouldn't be a shop."

"Not an hourly wage." Alicia added quickly. "Yearly profit shares."

"We've had some good years." George kissed his wife on the cheek.

Harry was about to argue when he realized something.

"What happened to my vault?" Harry braced for bad news.

"They were frozen." Hermione answered. "When the last member of a house dies, they freeze the account and the contents are held in case an unknown heir, or distant line can make claim. it's not

unheard of for a couple to marry and produce an heir simply to lay claim to a sealed vault. They just have to make sure there's enough of a blood connection."

"The fact that the goblins can claim any interest is completely unrelated." Alicia grumbled.

Hermione glanced at Alicia. That was another conversation for a later date. Harry didn't envy her position as Minister.

"Is Dumbledore still on as Headmaster?" Harry asked bringing the conversation back around.

"He retired the after you..." Ron waved a hand. "To focus on finding all the pieces. McGonagall is Headmistress now. Flitwick is Deputy, but still teaches Charms."

Harry paused for a long moment,

"Ok." He said with a nod. "I'll start Fifth Year again. It'll be weird without you guys." He gave a sly smile. "Maybe I'll stay out of trouble for once."

"I'll have you know." Hermione made a pained sound, glaring at him before it faded into a smile. "Not once did someone try to kill me the last two years of Hogwarts."

"Yeah." Ron nodded. "Boring as all fuck too."

"Ronald!" Hermione snapped.

"What? It was!" Ron snarked.

"The kids." Hermione hissed, motioning to the door.

The group burst into laughter as the sound of rapidly retreating footsteps filled the moment of silence. A sharp yell and the bodies colliding proceeded the door opening. Tonks stumbled through. Her hair was dirty blonde and came down to her shoulders. She was dressed in a brown skirt and white blouse. The only thing that remained of the old Tonks were the pair of black boots.

"I don't need you lot tripping me." Tonks yelled toward the hall with a laugh in her voice. "I do that on my own."

"Wotcher Weasleys." Tonks scanned the crowd. "What'd I miss?"

The smile on her face froze when she saw Harry. Her hair shifted to the spiky pink that she had when they first met.

"Fuck me silly." Tonks rushed over to him.

She pulled him into a tight hug. Her hands roamed over his torso, making sure he was solid rather than coping a feel. Tonks took a step away, lifting his hair to look at the scar on his forehead. She finally stopped her inspection by looking into his eyes.

"How?" Tonks whispered.

"Harry Potter." Fred said with a shrug.

"Don't question it." George smiled.

4.

"I don't care how." Tonks hugged him again. "I'm glad you're back."

"Thanks." Harry chuckled. "I never realized you were so touchy."

"Come off it." Tonks punched his shoulder.

She let him go and took a step away. A boy followed her into the room. He was the oldest of the 'kids' Harry had seen so far.

"This is Teddy, my son." Tonks said proudly.

"Hi." The boy waved awkwardly.

"Hi." Harry waved back.

"I've... uh, heard a lot about you." Teddy tried to find something to say.

Harry chuckled. Teddy was tall and lanky. Honestly, he looked like a younger Lupin. Healthier too. That reminded him.

"Where's Remus?" Harry asked.

The jovial mood in the room instantly died.

"Let me know if you find out." Tonks grumbled; her hair shifted to long black spikes.

Harry raised his eyebrows at that.

"He left to *'protect me'* once he found out I was pregnant." Tonks explained.

Harry tried to understand the words she just said. He didn't want to believe it, but then, honestly, he didn't know all that much about Remus. The brief time he had spent with him was rather lackluster. Where Sirius was full of life, even after Azkaban, Remus always seemed like he was the prisoner.

"Oh." Harry searched for the words.

"Yeah." Tonks shrugged. "How long have you been back?"

"A day?" Harry looked over to Luna.

"Almost." Luna replied happily.

"Has our dear Minister activated a state of emergency yet?" Tonks teased. "With you back there's bound to be something happening."

Harry laughed at her. A strange movement in the corner of his vision drew his gaze to Teddy. His hair had changed to black and messy, similar to Harry's. There was a slight glaze to his, now green eyes as well. The shape of his face and his build stayed the same.

"You're a metamorphmagus too?" Harry asked Teddy.

"Huh?" Teddy shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts. "Yeah. It made for some fun times at Hogwarts."

Teddy paused, taking in how he now looked compared to Harry. The pleasant expression on his face hardened. He shifted back to his previous appearance.

"Excuse me." Teddy grumbled as he left. "It was nice to meet you."

"It was nice to meet you too." Harry called after him.

Harry gave Tonks a questioning look. She rolled her eyes and motioned to the group now behind them. He turned to see all of the guys in the room appeared drunk. The last time he had seen something like that was during the tournament when Fleur.

"*Non.*" Fleur gasped as she flowed into the room.

Before, Fleur had been hot. Now, she looked like sex incarnate. She had matured, her form had filled out, giving her a perfect hourglass figure. She was a goddess. Following behind her was a girl who could have been her clone from the Triwizard Tournament, aside from her style, and another girl who was maybe a few years younger than the first. Behind the trio of gorgeous women was a ginger boy who was probably the prettiest Weasley wizard to have ever lived.

Fleur started to speak rapid-fire French as she wrapped him in a hug. She kissed his forehead, his cheeks, and finally a brief one on his lips. Once again, he was subjected to an examination, though this one was a bit more gropy than the one Tonks had given. All the while she continued speaking.

She held his face in her hands waiting for a reply. Harry chuckled and adjusted his glasses after her inspection.

"Mom." The older of the girls said. "He has no idea what you're saying."

Fleur tsked.

"*Merci, Victoire.*" Fleur sighed. "We will correct that soon. I did not believe it when they said you were back. I did not want to give myself hope. You have not aged a day."

"Your accent is a lot better." Harry commented.

"We mourned you, 'Arry. I mourned you. It was not until you were gone that I realized how much you meant to me." Fleur's voice caught in her throat.

Harry pulled her into a hug. They had become friends during the Tournament. She found being around him nice since he wasn't a drooling mess, and he felt a kinship with dealing with the unwanted attention she too experienced. With things as chaotic as they were, they had only managed to exchange a couple of letters.

"It's ok." He whispered. "I'm here now."

"Listen *leettle* boy." Fleur teased, letting her accent come back in full force for the word. "There will be no more of these heroics. My heart cannot take it."

"It's trouble that finds me." Harry laughed.

The sound of a throat being cleared ended their hug. Fleur looked over her shoulder at the trio of her children.

"These are my children." Fleur moved beside him, slipping her arm around his waist. "Bill and I married. Our oldest, Victoire. Then our son, Louis. And our youngest, Dominique."

"You didn't name one of them after me?" Harry teased.

Fleur slapped him lightly on the chest.

"Hello." Harry turned his attention back to the trio and gave them a shy smile. "I'm Harry. You probably knew that."

"*Oui*, we know." Victoire replied with a fake accent.

Victoire strolled over to him. It was almost like Fleur had stepped out of the past as well. Aside from the fact that her bright blonde hair was pulled back in a simple ponytail, and she was wearing casual muggle clothes. She still made the jeans and t-shirt look hot.

"It's nice to meet you." She said as she gave him a hug. "We've heard a lot of stories."

Harry blushed. It wasn't every day an attractive girl hugged him. He heard her sniff him. Victoire pulled back, holding him at arm's length. She looked over her shoulder at her mother. Fleur gave a small nod.

"Victoire." Harry repeated her name, trying to commit it to memory. He wasn't sure how long it would take him to learn to match the names with faces.

"Call me Vic." She said.

"Victoire is a beautiful name." Fleur scoffed.

"Lay off her." Tonks chuckled.

"Thank you, Auntie." Vic gave her a warm smile.

She yelped as she was pushed out of the way. The younger girl stepped up, wrapping Harry in a hug. She pressed her nose against his shoulder and took a deep breath. Her eyes were wide when she pulled away. The girl scanned the room, searching for something.

"Dominique, right?" Harry asked.

Where Victoire had been casual, Dominique was stylish. Her hair was expertly sculpted to catch the light, making it almost luminous. She wore a form fitting blue dress that showed off her petite body while exposing very little skin.

"Yes." Dominique answered. Unlike Vic, her voice was flavored with a slight French accent. "And I prefer Dominique."

She shot a look at her sister. Vic stuck her tongue out at her in reply.

"What year are you?" Harry asked. "Roxie told me you're in Ravenclaw."

"I'm going into fourth year." Dominique answered happily. "Are you attending in the fall?"

"Yes." Harry nodded. "I'm going to start the fifth year. That was when I... left."

"Louis." The boy said stepping up beside them. He was dressed in muggle attire similar to Harry's own clothing. "I'm in Gryffindor and starting fifth year this fall too."

"Nice to meet all of you." Harry said with a smile. "Why aren't you effected by the allure?"

"It doesn't work on immediate family." Louis replied. "With the three of them together it's hard to get anything done."

"Hey." Vic tickled her little brother.

"What?" Louis giggled as he jumped away from her attack. "It's true."

Harry smiled as he watched the trio of siblings interact. Dominique looked absolutely mortified about how her brother and sister were acting. The expression on Vic's face told him that she knew exactly what she was doing. Louis was just desperate to stop being tickled.

"Children." Fleur spoke up. "The others were in the hall. Please join them so we make catch up."

"Yes, mom." Vic and Louis sighed.

"*Oui, maman.*" Dominique said.

The trio joined the others in the hall. From the sound of it, the entire group was still gathered by the door. Fleur wrapped him in another hug once her kids had left.

"You smell like sex." Fleur whispered in his ear.

Harry tried to hide the shiver from the way her breath tickled.

"It's a long story." Harry mumbled.

"Perhaps you could tell me more later?" She purred.

"Sure." Harry nodded.

"Down girl." Tonks teased.

Fleur took a step away.

"Down yourself." Fleur's eyes flicked to the other witches selected form.

Tonks looked exactly like she did when she had first met Harry. It made her office worker outfit even odder on her. The men in the room appeared to be back in control now that the two other Veela weren't in the room.

"Are you still an Auror, Tonks?" Harry asked.

"Co-Head of the Department." Tonks said in reply.

"There's a Co-Head now?" Harry scrunched up his nose as he spoke.

"Trust me, it needed it." Tonks sighed.

"Congratulations." Harry offered.

"Thanks." Tonks smiled at him.

"What about you, Fleur?" Harry asked.

"I work for the goblins." Fleur replied with a wave of her hand. "They encounter all sorts of enchanted and cursed items. My team identifies, catalogues, and removes any curses. We also note the enchantments for further study."

"The goblins sell the enchantment studies." Fred offered up.

"Fleur has clued us in on some interesting ones." George gave her a mock salute.

"Of course." Fleur flashed them a smile.

Surprisingly, it was Alicia and Angelina smiled back at her.

"Are you staying here until Hogwarts starts?" Fleur asked.

Harry paused. He looked over to Hermione and Ron.

"I... don't... know." He said slowly.

"Of course, you are." Ron scoffed.

"I didn't want to impose." Harry shrugged.

"Harry." Hermione sighed. "You aren't imposing. We want you here."

"Where else would you go?" Ron asked.

"He could sleep with me." Luna offered.

The corner of Fleur's mouth twitched as she looked at the dreamy blonde.

"Luna." Fleur cooed. "I did not see you."

"The air is thick around Harry." Luna shrugged.

Fleur chuckled. She turned her attention back to Harry. A feeling of unease settled in his stomach as she studied him.

"This will not do." Fleur shook her head.

"Pardon?" Hermione's voice came out icy.

"Not that." Fleur waved off the other witch. "His clothes, they will not do. I will take him shopping."

"Better you than me, mate." Ron muttered.

"We should be heading off too." Angelina stood up as she spoke. "It was nice seeing you again, Harry."

Harry was then put through a string of hugs. Fred and George didn't want to shake his hand or pat him on the shoulder. They gave him hugs that were tighter than expected. Roxie, Harriet, and James said a quick goodbye after that. They eagerly invited him over for some quidditch.

There was a short break before someone else came to say goodbye. Molly and Lucy stood in the doorway.

"Dad says we're leaving." Molly gave Hermione and Ron each a hug.

Molly gave Fleur a quick hug, then she stopped in front of Harry for a moment. Both looked at each other awkwardly before she offered him her hand. He smiled and shook it.

"It was nice meeting you." Harry said.

"Nice meeting you too." Molly said over her shoulder.

Lucy stood by the door, hesitating.

"Bye." She squeaked and disappeared down the hall.

"Things with Percy are still strained?" Harry asked once the girls had left.

"He apologized to Arthur and Molly." Hermione explained.

"Apologized." Ron snickered. "If the kids weren't listening, I'd call him a cunt."

"Ron!" Hermione yelled.

"What?" He asked, the smile on his face clear that he did it on purpose.

"Who is his wife?" Harry asked, somehow holding in his laugh. "I didn't recognize her."

"Audrey." Ron took the opportunity for a topic change. "She was a muggle girl that lived near us."

Harry nodded. "I didn't expect that."

"She's almost as mental as he is." Ron grumbled. "Thinks we're the ones who need to apologize to him."

Hermione sighed with a tiredness that came from years of the same conversations.

"You should head out now if you're going to go." Hermione offered. "Slip out with everyone else before Molly realizes she can feed you now."

Fleur and Tonks laughed while Ron glared at her.

"Did you want to come, Nymphadora?" Fleur asked the other witch.

"Quit it." Tonks rolled her eyes. "Go on ahead. Thanks. Teddy probably wants to leave."

Fleur gave her a kiss on the cheek. Tonks gave him another hug.

"Take care of yourself." Tonks whispered. "We'll have you visit over the summer, yeah?"

Harry nodded.

"Bye, Boss!" Tonks waved to Hermione. "Coach."

"Bye, Tonks." Ron called back. Hermione just waved.

"Come along." Fleur grabbed Harry's hand. "We must hurry."

Harry couldn't help but smile at her antics.

"I'll be back later." He waved at them.

"Victorie, Dominique, Louis." Fleur called as she pulled him along.

The trio exited the kitchen. Louis was still nibbling on some sort of baked treat.

"I'm taking 'Arry shopping for clothes." Fleur explained. "Do you want to come?"

"Sure." Vic shrugged.

"Yes." Dominique smiled widely.

"No, thanks." Louis shook his head. "Gran just made a batch of apple tarts."

"Yay!" Luna called from the other room. "Apple tarts!"

Fleur chuckled. "Come, girls, quickly."

"What's the hurry?" Vic asked as she fell into step with her mother.

"Molly." Fleur whispered the name as though it was a curse.

"Ah." Dominique nodded.

Harry arched an eyebrow at that. Vic caught the look on his face.

"I'll tell you once it is safe." She whispered.

"Thanks." Harry whispered back.

Fleur grabbed a pinch of Floo powder. Her grip was still firm on his arm.

"Lavender Boutique." Fleur called before stepping in.

The familiar, unpleasant sensation of Floo Travel rushed by. Harry tumbled out, pulling Fleur off her feet, and ended with them in a tangle. They had managed to land with Harry taking the brunt of the fall while Fleur landed on top of him. It would have been nice, if it wasn't for the fact that her elbows were pressed into his chest and her knees were on his lower stomach.

"My, my, 'Arry." Fleur purred. "So bold."

"You can tease me after you get off of me." Harry rolled his eyes.

"Are you saying I'm heavy?" She huffed.

"I'm saying that if your knees go any lower then we'll be shopping for dresses." Harry chuckled.

Fleur giggled as she stood and helped him to his feet. Vic and Dominique were already waiting nearby. They too were giggling.

"I hate magical travel." Harry muttered.

"None of that." Fleur waved at her daughters.

"We didn't think it was true." Vic motioned to Harry. "Do you know how many times you told us how he outflew a dragon?"

"Shush." Fleur chided, sounding more embarrassed than angry.

"You told them about that?" Harry asked.

"Aunt Gabby always told us stories of the handsome and heroic *'arry Potter*." Dominique played a French accent on his name rather thickly.

"Mom did too." Vic added. "But it was Uncle Fred who told us about Floo travel."

"Traitor." Harry grumbled.

He took a moment to look around. They weren't anywhere that he recognized. It didn't look like a shop in Diagon Alley. In fact, it was mostly a sewing area with a couple of racks of premade clothes.

"Where are we?" Harry asked as he turned in a slow circle.

"Fleur!" A somewhat familiar voice called from nearby. "Victoire and Dominique too? It's been so long. Victoire, what are you wearing? Off the rack muggle clothing! Do you hate me that much? Who is this you brought with- HOLY SHIT HARRY!"

Harry turned to see an older Lavender Brown staring open mouthed at him. He waved at her. She approached slowly, studying him. Lavender looked at Fleur, who smiled and gave a little shrug.

"That's not Teddy." Lavender said slowly. "He never got the eyes right, or the build."

"Why would he-" Harry tried to ask.

"It's really you!" Lavender screamed.

She rushed over to him. Her arms were out wide only for her to come to a sudden stop before him.

"Oh." Lavender winced as she looked at his outfit. "I see why you brought him."

Harry's mouth opened to say something. His brain was going in too many directions at once. Any further thought of conversation was halted as Lavender pulled him away. She led them deeper into the shop, out through a curtained doorway to the store proper. Rows of well-made clothing were on display. The style was a mixture of muggle and magical with a broader range of colors.

"This is your shop?" Harry asked. "I thought you were into Divination?"

"Oh." She patted him on the cheek. "That's sweet you remembered. I do love Divination, but there's no money in it. Even a genuine Seer doesn't make all the much." She sighed. "My true calling is fashion. Seeing all the different styles the Muggles had made our world look so bland. I had to do something about it. We're still lagging a bit behind, getting people out of the 'traditional' mindset is a pain in the rump, not the fun kind. I've got most of the Purebloods accepting Muggle formal wear with everyone else rather happy with casual styles. All enchanted, of course."

"Of course." Harry nodded.

"He will need a complete wardrobe." Fleur added.

Harry spared a look at the three Veela to see that they had spread out around the floor.

"We'll start with selections available on the floor before moving to a tailored portion." Fleur instructed.

"This is why I love you, Fleur." Lavender sighed.

Fleur chuckled.

"I need to get my vault opened." Harry spoke loudly.

"You aren't paying for this." Fleur scoffed.

"But-"

"Non." Fleur glared at him, there was a raging inferno in her eyes.

"Thank you." Harry whispered.

Fleur made a happy noise and returned to picking out clothes. Lavender laughed, bringing his attention back to her.

"These are all enchanted?" Harry asked as the trio continued.

"By yours truly." Lavender smiled brightly. "Improved durability, weather treated, and self-mending are the basic package. I can add more for a bit extra, but that's enough for most people."

"Are we in Diagon Alley?" Harry asked. "Fleur wouldn't tell me where we were going."

Lavender huffed. She muttered something under her breath.

"What?" Harry asked.

"This is my private shop." Lavender said after a moment. "Only trusted clients are allowed here. My public shop is in Hogsmeade."

"Two shops?" Harry asked with a nod. "That's impressive."

"Thank you, Harry." Lavender smiled at him. "Diagon Alley is not welcoming to new trends. If it wasn't for Fleur, then I'd be stuck with a cart for festivals where I started. This private location is incredibly popular among Veela."

"No crowds or clerks drooling over them constantly." Harry said. "That makes sense."

"Looks like you're needed." Lavender pointed over to Fleur.

Fleur stood near a door with an armload of clothing. She waved him over. The racks of clothes were spaced out just enough to allow easy passage. He sent a quick look to Vic and Dominique as he passed. They both were concentrating on a different style. Every now and then they would look over at him to visualize an outfit. He smiled at them when he met their eyes.

Harry felt a stone of dread settle in his stomach as he got a good look at the clothes Fleur held. She had to have at least ten full outfits and even more individual pieces. His gaze shifted from the pile draped over her arm to her face to find her eyes filled with a wicked glee.

"Inside, 'Arry." Fleur motioned to the door.

It opened on its own as he got close. The room beyond was bigger than he expected, about the size of his bedroom back at Privet Drive. It was decorated with a few chairs, an open closet with unused hangers, and a raised platform in front of a trio of mirrors.

Harry walked around the room, taking it all in when he finally turned back to face Fleur. The door closed with a click that sounded a little too loud. Mainly because neither of them had spoken. Fleur let go of the clothes and they floated quickly over to the open closet. She drew her wand, casting a series of privacy focused spells faster than Harry could even imagine.

"Fleur?" Harry whispered.

"Yes, Harry?" Fleur replied.

Her saying his name with the accent had always been a little teasing. For some reason, her saying it like this was incredibly sexy. She strolled over to him, her hips swayed to a beat that made the primal part of his brain want to rip her clothes off. A hunger radiated from her eyes.

"I can smell the sex on you, Harry." She whispered as she got closer. "You didn't get to finish."

Fleur ran a hand along his chest. She didn't pause as she continued to explore lower. Harry pulled her closer, putting the feeling into his kiss. Fleur moaned as she felt his tongue brush against her lips. She opened her mouth to allow him access. His hands grasped her firm, full ass eliciting a happy little gasp. Fleur took a step back. A loopy smile played on her lips.

Her wand flashed, sending him stumbling back into one of the nearby chairs. She undid a clasp on her dress. What he had thought was a pattern turned out to be a single intricate wrap. It fell away with a small shimmy of her shoulders, letting him take in her nude form. Her body was fit, her breasts wonderfully sized, and her skin practically glowed in the light.

Fleur waited patiently as he visually devoured her. It was just as he had thought, she was a goddess. Part of him wanted to claim her. To mount her without a word and fuck her hard until she couldn't walk. She strutted over to him before dropping to her knees. One hand stroked his hardness through the fabric while the other worked on the zipper.

Harry grabbed her large breasts, squeezing them, feeling their weight. He desperately wanted to kiss and suck on her nipples. Fleur shivered. She let out a moan that turned into a growl. Harry felt a flash of heat as her hands tore his jeans to shreds. A triumphant smile crossed her face as she finally grasped his cock, stroking his hardness. She traced the veins along his length. The lingering aches and pains from before were forgotten.

"You have a magnificent cock." Fleur purred. "Now sit back and enjoy."

She started at the base of his shaft, kissing and licking as she steadily stroked him. Fleur moved lower, languidly tasting every inch of his sack that her tongue could reach. Her slender, dexterous fingers on one hand manipulated his scrotum so her tongue could lavish even more attention. Harry let out a long moan, leaning his head back. He tried to look back at her, but his muscles had turned to jelly.

"'Arry." Her voice vibrated up through his shaft, eliciting a vulgar moan.

He managed to roll his head to the side to meet her eyes. Fleur had her smiling lips just above the crown of his cock. He watched in awe as she took the head of his cock in her mouth. Her tongue circled around the tip, each swipe stretching lower until she was running along the ridge. She didn't let him adjust to the new sensation.

Fleur dropped lower, taking half of his length in her mouth. His hands gripped her hair as she began to bob. She alternated between long, slow strokes and faster, shallow dips. Fleur drew back and paused so only the tips of his crown rested against her lips.

She flashed him a wicked smile before taking his entire length. He could feel her throat accept the head of his cock. Harry gripped her hair tightly as the sensation made him see lights.

"Fleur!" He yelled.

Fleur hummed in reply. The extra stimulation sent him over the edge. His hips bucked on instinct. Her hands grabbed his hips, pulling him deeper and holding him in place. Harry felt his body rock back and forth as he shot rope after rope of cum straight to her stomach.

Harry collapsed boneless back onto the cushion. Fleur wiggled her tongue along his shaft as she raised her head earning a powerful shiver. She smiled proudly, taking a moment to capture any wayward cum around her lips.

"*Merci.*" Fleur giggled. "I cannot do that to my husband. He doesn't have enough control."

Even the mention of her husband wasn't enough to ruin his afterglow. Harry motioned to his lap. Fleur smiled as she climbed atop him, snuggling against his chest. She idly stroked his softening member.

"I missed you 'Arry." She whispered. "More than I thought possible."

Harry met her eyes, seeing a multitude of words unspoken.

"We'll talk about that later." Fleur placed a small kiss on his lips. "Now, we need to get you clothes."

"Especially pants." Harry said with a sly grin.

"I wouldn't mind." Fleur sighed as she moved her hand from his shaft to his sack, idly caressing his testicles. "Neither would my girls, I bet."

Harry's eyes went wide at that.

"Oh? You didn't know?" Fleur gave him a wicked look. "My girls will want a taste of you."

"And you're ok with that?" Harry asked softly.

"I can't be selfish with such a treasure as you." Fleur cradled his sack in her hand. "I have a feeling your adventures are going to take a much more pleasant turn from now on."

5.

Harry stepped out of the dressing room. He wore an entirely new outfit of a pair of expertly fit black slacks, oxfords, and a white dress shirt. Harry thought he looked like he was heading to a business meeting, but the clothes were surprisingly comfortable. On top of that, Fleur assured him that he was rather dashing. The clothes were charmed to adjust to the perfect fit, within reason. They would need to pick out something that was roughly the same size before the enchantment could do its work.

Vic waited for him outside. She held a stack of clothes that were a more casual style. He was close enough to her to see her eyes dilate when she caught his scent. A sly smile crossed her face as she looked over his shoulder to where her mother stood.

"My turn?" Vic purred.

"Victoire." Fleur chided. "We didn't bring Harry here to have our way with him."

"We didn't?" Vic asked, honestly confused.

"Vic." Harry felt his cheeks heat up. "I appreciate the interest, but I don't think I can have sex with someone just like that."

Vic motioned to her mother. "You smelled freshly fucked when back at Hermione's."

"Victoire." Fleur snapped. "Do not use such language."

The younger Veela rolled her eyes.

"Yes." Harry answered before they got distracted. "Ginny and I... had sex. It's not how fast things became physical, it's that I don't know you well enough. Ginny, Luna, and Fleur are women I know."

"Oh." Vic nodded, then she handed him the stack of clothes. "I think you'll like these. They're not as uptight as the stuff my mother or Dominique will pick."

"I heard that." Dominique called from the other side of the room.

"I wasn't trying to be quiet." Vic countered.

Dominique hurried over to get a look at what Harry wore. She clicked her tongue as she studied him.

"Excellent taste, *maman*." Dominique took her time as she looked him over. "You already chose everything I would have."

"Hurry along and try on the clothes." Fleur shook her head at her daughters. "Once you're done, we can have a late lunch."

Harry felt his stomach growl at the mention of food. The trio of Veela giggled at him. He fled to the dressing room and closed the door behind him. Vic had picked out clothes that were more his style. They were better quality clothing that he had ever owned. The jeans fit perfectly, and the pockets were magically expanded to the extent where he could easily fit his arm up to his elbow inside. It felt like the denim had a bit of stretch to it as well. The shirts she picked out were solid colors that complimented his skin tone while not being too garish. His eyes were already catching, he didn't need any more attention brought to them. There were also a couple of Gryffindor shirts in the mix

He stepped out of the dressing room to model his outfit of choice. A red shirt, dark denim jeans, and a pair of new sneakers. The ladies, including Lavender, applauded.

"Give us a spin." Lavender suggested.

Harry chuckled but did as instructed. Lavender and Vic whistled at him. His cheeks were bright red when he turned back to face them.

"I wish I could do something about those glasses." Lavender tapped her chin as she studied him. "May I see them?"

Harry shrugged. He slipped them off and handed them to her. The world around him blurred slightly. He focused on a point at the far end of the store. Then he chose something closer.

"Hm." Harry said to himself.

"What's up?" Vic asked as she took a step closer to him.

"My vision isn't as blurry." Harry explained. "It's not perfect, but it's definitely better than it was."

"Odd." Vic whispered. "Make sure to tell Aunt Luna when you see her again."

"Aunt Luna?" Harry asked.

"She's amazing." Vic said with a bright smile.

"She is." Dominique nodded.

Harry smiled at the two.

"Here you go." Lavender held out his glasses.

"Thank you." Harry slid them back in place.

The ladies made noises of approval.

"Take a look." Lavender motioned to a nearby mirror.

He did. His glasses had been fixed, again, and altered. The thin frames were a bit thicker while they retained the circular shape. They felt lighter but more substantial at the same time.

"Nice." Harry smiled at Lavender.

"It's not my best work." Lavender sighed. "Give me a few days and I can make you an even better pair."

"They are wonderful, Lav." Harry hugged her. "Thank you."

Lavender held him close. She hadn't gotten much taller since the last time he had seen her. It was a fact that he was both thankful for as well as slightly annoyed with. Her large, cushy breasts settled on his upper chest when they hugged. If she were a bit taller then he would have had a face full of them.

"Are you going to have sex with her too?" Vic sounded a little annoyed.

"Victoire!" Dominique squeaked.

"What do you think, Harry?" Lavender wiggled against him.

"Maybe another time?" Harry offered.

"I'll hold you to that." Lavender whispered in his ear.

He shivered from the way her lips brushed against his skin.

"Are you ready for lunch?" Fleur asked. "There is a nice place nearby."

"The Abbey?" Lavender inquired.

Fleur nodded.

"Good choice." Lavender nodded. "I will package all these up and send them on to Hermione's place."

"How did you know?" Harry asked.

Lavender laughed and shook her head.

"This way." Fleur motioned for him to follow.

The trio of Veela led him through a side door rather than back to the Floo. They stepped out into the streets of Hogsmeade. It took Harry a moment to figure out where they were. The village had grown considerably. A few sections of older homes made from wood and stone had been replaced by brick buildings with three or four floors each.

"Are those apartments?" Harry asked with a slight daze in his voice.

"Yes." Vic nodded. "Hermione has made some major changes that even the Purebloods couldn't deny. There is a smaller University on the opposite edge of town for students who want to continue their education beyond Hogwarts. It allows interested Masters to take on a group of apprentices rather than one at a time. The Ministry has grants arranged to cover the cost of classes. Students still have to find their own room and board, but an apprenticeship makes it worth it after a couple of years."

"You are finished with Hogwarts, right?" Harry asked.

She nodded.

"Are you continuing on?" He asked.

"No." Vic scoffed. "I've had more than enough school to last for a long time."

"What are your plans?" Harry asked.

"Yes, Victoire." Fleur sounded a little too casual. "What are your plans?"

"Thank you for asking *Harry*." Vic rolled her eyes. "I'm not sure yet. I wasn't serious enough about Quidditch to look try for the pros."

"What position did you play?" Harry asked.

"Keeper." She replied with a shrug.

"Balls flying at her face was nothing new to her." Dominique sniped.

"Dominique!" Fleur snapped.

Vic slapped the back of her sister's head so fast her hand moved at a blur.

"Girls." Fleur yelled. "That is enough."

Harry focused his will on not laughing. The look Fleur gave him told him that he was not successful. Vic didn't see it as she was distracted by glaring at her sister. After a moment, she turned back to face him.

"Honestly, I was hoping to convince Uncle Fred and George to let me tinker around in their developmental department." Vic continued.

"Charms and enchantments?" Harry asked. "That sounds pretty sweet."

"Thank you." Vic beamed. "They told me I need to come up with a workable idea. Once I've got something that tickles their interest, we'll make a prototype. If it works, then they will see if it's worth producing. They have to weigh the cost of construction, time, marketability, and pricing."

"Any ideas?" He asked.

"Not a blasted one." Vic let out a humorless laugh. "My mind just goes blank when I start."

"That sucks." Harry gave her a hand a squeeze.

"I'm going to continue on." Dominique interjected.

"How Ravenclaw of you." Vic sighed.

"Thank you." Dominique preened. "I'm aiming for a Potions apprentice, with a focus on creation and theory. That field of study mixes Arithmancy, Chemistry, and Alchemy. It's so awesome."

"I didn't have the best experience with Potions." Harry rubbed the back of his neck.

"I could tutor you." Dominique offered as she slid up against his side.

"I might take you up on that." Harry said with a nod.

Dominique shot Vic a smug look. The older girl motioned to where Harry still held her hand. Dominique huffed. She pressed herself against his side and took his hand. Harry gave her a curious look but didn't say anything.

"What do you do for fun?" Harry asked Dominique.

"I like to paint." She replied with a shy glance away.

"Oh, wow." Harry chuckled to himself.

Her face went crimson.

"I'm sorry, I'm not laughing at you." Harry squeezed her hand gently. "It's just that I kind of forgot about normal hobbies."

Dominique mumbled something that he didn't catch.

"Maybe you could show me some of your paintings?" Harry offered.

That earned a loud squeak. She shook her head and buried her face on his shoulder.

"She doesn't let anyone see them." Vic clarified.

"Here we are." Fleur announced.

Harry turned his attention to the building before them. It looked like a cross between a monastery and a café. There was an enclosed patio area with opaque windows. Vibrant vines and ivy draped along the stonework. When they stepped through the doors, he found that the patio area was actually a garden. There was a small produce cart beside the true entry to the restaurant.

"I see why it's called The Abbey." Harry stated.

"It is also a play on the owners name." Fleur added.

Harry arched an eyebrow at that. His question was answered before he could ask. Hannah Abbot bustled about the dining area greeting guests. Harry's mouth dropped. He remembered the shy girl. She was friends with Susan Bones and kind of got pushed into the shadow of the redhead. They both were quiet, but Susan was a bombshell. Time had done Hannah a wonder. While Susan had the bigger breasts, Hannah had a great ass. Now, she was the full package. She looked like she belonged painted on the side of a plane.

"Hannah?" Harry asked.

The woman looked up as the group entered the restaurant proper. Her practiced smile dropped as her gaze met his own. She blinked, shook her head, and blinked again.

"Harry?" She asked tentatively.

He nodded. She opened her mouth, closed it, and then tried again. No words came out. After another moment of silence, she shrugged. Thankfully, the seating was arranged for each table to have a private area rather than an open concept. Otherwise, he was sure that coming here would have been an issue. Fleur, of course, knew a place where privacy was excellent. Being a Veela came with a lot of extra considerations that were on par with his unwanted fame.

"Her too?" Vic rolled her eyes.

"Stop it." Dominique chided.

Hannah finally registered who he had arrived with. She shifted her attention to Fleur. A genuinely warm smile crossed her face.

"Your usual spot?" Hannah asked.

"*Merci.*" Fleur returned the smile.

"May I join you once you're settled?" Hannah asked as she led them to a side room.

"Of course." Fleur gave a little laugh. "I'm sure you have some questions."

Hannah nodded as she shot Harry another look.

"That's not Teddy, right?" Hannah asked in a low whisper.

"*Non.*" Fleur giggled. "He could never get it good enough. There is only so much you can learn from a photograph."

Harry pulled the seats out for each lady then took his own seat. The table was a large round one that could have comfortably fit a couple more people. He took the initiative to sit between Vic and Dominique to avoid any conflict. The fact that they were spaced out enough that it neither could snuggle up to him did not escape them.

Fleur sat across from Harry with an amused smile on her face. He thought the table was wide enough to prevent her from trying anything. Hopefully. He was too hungry to think about fooling around right now.

"The usual, please." Fleur said to Hannah.

The woman gave a single nod before she left. Much to her credit, she only snuck a small look at Harry on her way out.

"How did you and Bill meet?" Harry asked.

"The Order." Fleur replied with a small sigh. "We both worked at Gringotts, but our paths did not cross until my first Order meeting. This was when you were still alive, before the dementors. He could resist my allure and he told his adventures so very well. We were married the summer after you disappeared. It was a bright spot in a dark time." She chuckled. "It was the first of many weddings where the bride was pregnant."

"Moooom." Vic grumbled. "We don't need to know that."

Fleur giggled completely without shame.

"Molly said that the goblins work him ragged." Harry said. "Is he out on a job now?"

"He was in Egypt last month." Fleur shrugged. "I don't recall now."

"The Carpathian Mountains." Vic offered. "They've branched out more lately. There has been too much competition for Egyptian sites."

Harry noticed that Dominique didn't join in on the topic. He took that as a sign to change things up.

"Are you the only Veela at Hogwarts?" Harry asked the younger girl.

"Yes." Dominique sighed. "*Maman* won't let me transfer to Beauxbatons."

"The attitude toward Veela has improved greatly in the years since the war." Fleur offered. "Hermione worked to push for equal rights for 'non-human' citizens throughout her career."

"Non-human?" Harry asked.

"Veela aren't human." Vic laughed. "We're magical creatures. Everyone knows we're just sirens on land come to steal the hearts of good men."

"Really?" Harry shook his head.

"There has been some pushback." Fleur said with a sigh. "Most of the focus was directed toward Werewolves, half-folk, and House Elves."

"She finally freed the house elves?" Harry asked with a chuckle.

"No." Dominique spoke up. "She put laws in place for a level of care. House Elves are bound to a family magic. Freeing them would cut off the connection and kill them."

"I did not know that." Harry leaned back in his chair.

"Hermione thought the best way to gain support was to make the facts known." Fleur chuckled.

"Enough about all that." Vic said. "The food will be here soon."

"What is 'the usual' anyway?" Harry asked.

"A selection of dishes." Fleur locked eyes with him, there was a hunger that lingered in her gaze. "Don't you trust me?"

"Of course." Harry managed to reply.

6.

Lunch was nice. The selection of dishes was indeed quite tasty. Hannah had been too busy to stop by to talk. They hadn't been all that close, so it was mostly a general curiosity. After all, strangeness around Harry was the standard and taking care of her customers was more important.

"Is Louis a Veela?" Harry asked as they waited for dessert.

"*Non.*" Fleur shook her head. "There are no male Veela. Any daughters he has will be a half-Veela. They will not have the allure but will still be beautiful."

"Humble too?" Harry teased.

Fleur pouted.

"Unless the mother has any Veela blood." Vic added. "All their kids will be girls and full Veela."

"Hm." Harry nodded.

"Are you set on going to Hogwarts in the fall?" Fleur asked.

"I think so." Harry nodded. "I don't know what else I'd do. It would be nice to finish school too."

"You sound like Aunt Mione." Vic chuckled.

"It's a good plan." Dominique chided.

"You just want him to be at school with you." Vic teased.

Dominique glared at her sister but didn't say anything.

"How many monsters and dark wizards should I prepare for?" Harry asked with a crooked smile.

"Don't joke about that." Dominique gasped. "That isn't funny."

"Yes, it is." Vic laughed.

"Only because you graduated." Dominique pouted.

"We are mostly in a time of peace." Fleur cut in before her daughters could get started. "There is the occasional wizard that thinks they are the next dark lord. The auror department is well funded and Nymphadora does a wonderful job."

"That's good to know." Harry smiled at her. "Less than four then."

Fleur and Vic laughed while Dominique glared at the trio.

"We should be getting back." Fleur said after a moment. "I'm sure Hermione will work herself into a tizzy if we are out for too much longer."

"That sounds like her." Harry nodded.

That got a giggle from both younger Veela. Harry arched an eyebrow at them.

"She's the Minister." Fleur offered. "Even the family has a certain distance when discussing her."

He frowned as he rolled the statement around in his head. That didn't sound good. Hermione would never admit it, but she needed someone close to remind her to breath.

"What about Ron?" Harry braced himself for the answer.

Fleur gave a little sigh. She shrugged but didn't speak. They weren't a good match. He would have never put the two of them together. Hell, it was Ron who caused Hermione to be in the bathroom when the troll arrived. Where his loyalty was fickle, she was steadfast. Where Ron was happy to coast by, Hermione was driven.

Harry nodded.

Vic and Dominique watched the silent conversation with a mixture of emotions. Envy of their mother for the connection as well as a bit of trepidation. The memories of silent conversation between their parents were few. There was a natural ease when Fleur and Harry were around each other.

"It was nice getting to know you, Harry." Vic said as she stood from her seat. "You should come visit our place next time. We've got a stretch of land that's perfect for flying. The weather is great too."

"That sounds nice." Harry gave her a smile.

"She wants to give you a tour of her bedroom." Dominique rolled her eyes.

"That too." Vic shrugged. "Eventually."

Harry blushed.

"I'll take Harry back." Fleur said. "You two head on home."

The two didn't look happy but did as they were told. They walked over to the Floo as a group.

"May I have a goodbye kiss?" Dominique asked cutely.

Harry leaned in and gave her a soft kiss on the lips. She blushed brightly.

"I meant on the cheek." She squeaked a moment before she hopped into the Floo.

"Oh." Harry looked over to Fleur and Vic with a distressed expression on his face. "Tell her I'm sorry for me, please."

"Don't worry." Vic laughed. "She'll be fine. You just made her day."

Vic strolled over to him. She held out her arms for a hug. Harry took the offer. He jerked in her hold as she pinched his bum. She gave him a wink before she too hopped into the Floo.

Fleur sighed as she shook her head.

"Does the hop help?" Harry asked once he got his blush under control.

"It may." Fleur strutted over to stand beside him. "You can try if you'd like. Or, if you prefer, I could land on you again." She nibbled on his ear. "I promise this time will be much more pleasant."

Harry gulped. He nodded as his voice didn't want to work. Floo tossed a pinch of powder in the fire once the previous connection died. She gave him a wink before she stepped through. He took a breath to clear his head.

"Why not?" He mumbled as he hopped into the Floo.

For a moment it felt like it had worked. It felt like he was dropping instead of falling, which didn't sound like much of a difference, but it was. The brief flash of hope was dashed as he landed. His feet touched the floor for a moment before he felt himself pitch forward. Harry tucked his shoulder and rolled across the room. He thudded to a rough stop against a rather solid chair.

Luckily, only Fleur was in the room with him. She helped him stand then brushed the dust off of him. Her attention was mostly focused on his backside. Fleur let him go once he had been thoroughly groped.

"I would like to see you again." Fleur placed a kiss on his cheek. "Soon."

"Of course." Harry gave her a roguish smile.

"None of that." She playfully slapped him on the shoulder. "I doubt Hermione would be pleased if she found us coupled together."

"Is she ever pleased?" Harry asked, the words left his mouth before he realized what he was saying.

Fleur sighed. She left him in the entry room. There was an extra sway in her hips as she walked away just for him. He had to take a couple of deep breathes to get himself under control. Even without the effects of the allure she was a damn sexy woman.

She returned with Louis shortly. The sensual spark in her eyes had vanished in the brief period. Harry decided that now was not the time to delve into the issue.

"It was nice to meet you." Louis smiled at Harry. "Hopefully we'll actually get to talk next time."

"I'd like that." Harry replied with his own smile.

Fleur gave him a quick kiss on the cheek before the duo left via the Floo. He wasn't hungry but he decided to check the kitchen first. It paid off when he found Ron and the kids around the table. They weren't eating, but Molly was still cooking up a storm. There were at least five family sized dishes under a stasis charm on the large counter beside the stove. Hermione was absent.

Ron hopped to his feet once Harry entered. Hugo and Rose watched him approach with a mixture of interest and caution.

"Sit, sit." Ron waved him over to the table. "Hugo, Rose, this is Harry. Harry, my kids."

"We met." Rose stated.

"Yeah." Hugo nodded.

"Sorry about that." Harry sighed as he took a seat. "Did I hurt you?"

"Nothing I couldn't handle." Rose shrugged. "I'm not as fragile as poor Hugo here. He'll have nightmares for months now."

"Sod off." Hugo scoffed. "I wasn't the one jumping at shadows for the last hour."

Harry winced.

"Really." He aimed a bashful smile at the girl. "I'm sorry. Not my best first impression."

"I don't know about that." Ron slapped him on the back while and laughed.

"Who?" Harry arced an eyebrow at him.

"Malfoy." Ron counted off.

"That doesn't count." Harry added quickly.

"All of Beauxbatons and Durmstrang." Ron continued.

"That wasn't my fault." Harry countered.

Ron paused to think for a moment. He shrugged.

"I doubt Malfoy had a good first impression with his own mother." Harry grumbled.

"Fair point." Ron nodded.

"You mean Scorpius' dad?" Hugo asked.

"Who?" Harry cocked his head to the side.

"Scorpius Malfoy." Hugo clarified. "Ravenclaw. He's in the same year as me."

"And you're a..." Harry paused to think. "Third year. Right?"

Hugo nodded.

"Slytherin." Ron sighed. "Not sure where we went wrong with him."

Harry looked at Ron for a long moment. There was no humor in his voice or the look on his face. He turned his attention back to the younger two. From their expressions, this wasn't a new conversation.

"That is enough, Ronald." Molly chimed in. "Are you hungry, Harry? I've made some of your favorites."

"Thank you, no." Harry shook his head. "Fleur treated me to lunch."

Molly didn't seem to acknowledge the mention of Fleur. She turned her attention to the food.

"I'll make sure they're ready for you when you get hungry." She gave him a bright smile. "Then I'll be off. Arthur already headed home. The department keeps him busy."

"Thank you." Harry crossed the kitchen and gave her a tight hug.

Molly sniffled a little as she returned the squeeze.

"Harry." Hermione called from the door.

He turned to face her once Molly let him go.

"Let me show you to your room." Hermione waved him over.

He couldn't help but smile. The little motion gave him a flash of her in their first year. She led him back up the stairs to the room where he had woken up earlier. The signs of the small scuffle had been cleaned and there was a stack of packages near the closet.

"Your new wardrobe." Hermione motioned to the boxes. "We can go shopping for your school supplies when it gets closer to the start of term."

Her posture was stiff. She didn't look at him for more than a second or two. Harry walked over to her. He held his arms open for a hug. Hermione trapped him in a trademark squeeze that made his ribs ache. She started to shake against him.

Hermione stepped away. She wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Sorry." She huffed. "I don't mean to be so silly."

"Come on." Harry sat on 'his' bed and patted the spot beside him. "Talk to me."

Hermione sat without complaint.

"It just didn't feel real." Hermione leaned against him. "I was so afraid that this was just a dream that I didn't let myself accept it. You're back, Harry. Do you understand what that means?"

"I think I have some idea." Harry chuckled.

"Not just this." She waved a hand in front of her. "Everything. Your death was a major turning point in the war. The people rallied around and actually took a stand. All the changes we have made, I have made, come from that event."

"Oh." Harry drew the word out. "I thought you meant that I'd make things awkward at dinner."

Hermione laughed. It sounded like something she hadn't done in a long time.

"Your wit is astounding." She chuckled.

They sat in silence for a couple of moments.

"So..." Harry blew out a puff of air. "You and Ron. I never would have put you two together. How did that happen?"

"We held each other together." Hermione answered in a tired voice. "Your death, it hit everyone hard. Maybe Sirius felt it more than us, but just maybe. We helped each other through things. Kept each other strong." Her voice turned wistful. "You should have seen him. He was driven and focused like never before."

She held the memory for a moment. The time stretched until he could feel her tense.

"He asked me to marry him the day he got accepted to the Cannons." Hermione stated. "We got married the next month and I was pregnant the one after that. My career took a backseat while he was touring the world with the team. I just never saw myself as a mother before twenty-five, let alone twenty. Rose turned one, the Cannons made the Finals for the first time in years, and I was pregnant

again a couple of days later. All the while I watched the world around us stagnate. He wanted more kids, I wanted to start my career. Now, he's a coach, I'm the Minister, and things are what they are."

Harry didn't know what to say, so he didn't say anything.

"It's not like he's been unfaithful." Hermione shrugged. "We've just drifted."

"I'm sorry." Harry squeezed her.

Hermione sat up. She adjusted herself, wiped her tears, and got to her feet.

"Enough of that." She forced a smile at him. "Come get me once you're settled. I'll give you a tour."

"Sounds good." Harry replied with a more genuine smile.

7.

It didn't take long at all to get settled. All he had to unpack, aside from the new clothes, was his wand. Still, it felt good to take a break. The last day felt like it had stretched on and on. His brief nap earlier had done wonders to revive him. As had the glorious blowjob from Fleur.

He still couldn't believe that had happened. Time travel made more sense. It wasn't the first time he had experienced it, just not on this scale. Going back an hour or two didn't hold a candle to going years into the future. Did they say fifteen? It had to be more like twenty. In truth, it didn't matter. Everyone he knew was now old enough to be his parents.

At least he had the summer to prepare for Hogwarts. It felt like he was tempting fate, but he was hopeful that no one would try to kill him this time. That would be a nice change. Not that he wouldn't prepare for it, just in case. If anything stayed constant in the stream of time it would be that wherever Hermione went, there were books. The library in her house was bound to have information that he would find useful.

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Come in." Harry casually slid his wand into his hand. Constant Vigilance and all that.

Rose stepped through the door. She looked a bit sheepish, but there was a resolve in her eyes. Harry tried to force himself to relax. It wasn't easy. She looked almost exactly like Hermione, but just different enough for it to be clear she wasn't her. Rose had the same build, even the same face, but her hair was red and straight, similar to Ginny's rather than bushy. Somehow, her hair had come out more crimson than the bright orange common to the Weasley brood.

"Hello." Harry said cautiously. "I'm sorry for jumping you before."

She chuckled and waved his words away.

"No worries." Rose shook her head. "Don't tell Grampa Al, he'll never let me live it down."

"Grampa Al? I thought Hermione's dad was named Gerald." Harry arched an eyebrow.

"Yeah." Rose nodded. "Grampa Al. Alastor Moody."

"Mad-Eye is Grampa Al?" Harry laughed.

"Constant vigilance." Rose smiled at him. "The first birthday gift he gave me was a jack-in-the-box that cast color changing spells. I would walk around with a big green splotch on my face if I didn't dodge."

Harry shook his head.

"If he heard that you got the drop on me, he'd probably put me through another training camp." Rose shook her head. "That was a fun summer holiday."

"Still." Harry shrugged. "I hope I didn't hurt you."

"You were very considerate in your attack." Rose smiled at him. "You're fast."

Harry nodded.

"Mom convinced you to do Fifth Year over again?" Rose asked after a moment.

Harry nodded again.

"Why?" She asked as she raised her eyebrows. "Why not go into sixth?"

"I don't know how much they told you about that year." Harry paused. "The actual year, not just the madness that happened. Between Umbridge, the Inquisitors, and teaching DA, classes were impossible. Every week, sometimes every day, there were new rules that messed things up even more. I think I took my OWLs. I'm not sure. It's all kind of a blur."

"Mom said you did." Rose nodded. "You passed, I'm pretty sure."

"Nice." Harry smiled at that. "Still, it wouldn't hurt. If it's too easy, or boring, I'm sure they could figure something out."

Rose nodded. She still stood by the door. Harry looked around the room. There wasn't anywhere to sit other than the bed. He scooted against the headboard to give her enough space.

"Want to sit?" Harry waved to the now open spot.

Rose shrugged. She took a seat at the end of the bed. Harry didn't know what else to say. There was too much he wanted to ask about. She probably had loads of questions too. It was her who broke first. She took a deep breath.

"Did Vic finally get to live out her fantasy?" Rose asked quickly.

Harry cocked his head to the side.

"What?" He asked as his brain tried to process the words.

"Vic." Rose dropped her voice low. "Did you and her."

She made a weird motion with her hands that was vaguely suggestive.

"Oh!" Harry said. "No. Fantasy?"

"You. And her." Rose repeated the motion.

Harry opened his mouth to speak. No words came out. The thought seemed to get stuck somewhere in transit from his brain to his mouth.

"Why?" He finally managed to say.

"We've all grown up on stories about you." Rose laughed. "Not those silly books. Real stories. Mom, dad, everyone really. Fleur and Aunt Gabby were the most vocal about your more... alluring qualities, but even Aunt Angie and Ally had some stories. Aunt Gin was really bad once she had some fire whiskey."

"Huh." Harry let the words sink in. "Is that why Teddy didn't seem to like me?"

"Please." Rose shook her head. "Teddy is a sweetheart. You'll be his best friend the next time you two talk. He was probably just hurt being so close to Vic. They dated for a while. When they were together, he wore black hair and green eyes a lot."

Harry winced.

"Yeah." Rose nodded. "I doubt he holds it against you. You've been dead for like twenty years now."

"Twenty?" Harry asked. "I thought it was fifteen."

"Blame the Ministry for that." Rose shrugged. "It took them a few years to admit you were gone. The fact that it happened at the Ministry with escaped convicts and a dark wizard that they had been vocally denying was alive for the better part of the year made them panic."

"Shame I missed that." Harry let out a bitter laugh.

They settled into another silent stretch.

"So." Rose leaned in as she whispered. "Did you and Vic?"

Once more she did the motion.

"What is that supposed to be?" Harry asked as he pointed at her hands.

"You know." Rose kept doing it. "Sex."

"I get what you are asking, but the motion confuses me." Harry shook his head.

Her cheeks turned bright red.

"Oh." Rose dropped her hands.

"No." Harry saved her from further embarrassment. "We did not have sex."

"Really?" Rose raised her eyebrows at the information. "Even I could feel how much allure she was pumping out around you."

"It's never bothered me." Harry tapped his forehead. "Too hardheaded I guess."

She laughed.

"You and Aunt Gin did, right?" Rose asked with a shy smile. "We kind of heard it."

"It was..." Harry thought for the right word. "Intense."

"Sounded like it." Rose chuckled. "From what dad said she was a mess for a long time after you, you know, died."

Harry made a noise of acknowledgement.

"We were never together." He shrugged. "I knew she had a crush on me, but I thought she had gotten over it."

"The fangirl was gone, yeah. She still had a thing for you." Rose replied. "I wonder if she's going to tell her boyfriend about you."

"Ouch." Harry muttered. "That's two relationships I've messed up already."

"Two?" Rose asked as she looked at him from the side. "Please tell me you and my mom."

"No. No, no no, no." He shook his head quickly.

"She was just in here." Rose countered.

"She showed me the room and we talked." Harry spoke firmly. "That is all."

"Then who?" Rose studied him for a long moment. "You fucked Aunt Fleur!"

"I did not!" Harry snapped.

"Yes, you did!" Rose smiled wickedly at him.

"No, I did not!" Harry tossed the pillow behind him at her.

Rose swatted it away.

"Harry and Fleur, sitting in a tree." Rose sang. "F-U-C-K-I-N-G."

"That's not how it goes, and we didn't have sex." Harry tossed another pillow at her. "She just gave me a blow job."

Rose froze. Her eyes grew wide. A mad cackle broke from her lips.

"Because that's so much better." Rose giggled.

"Please don't tell anyone." Harry held his face in his hands. "I don't want to ruin her marriage."

"Pssh." Rose rolled her eyes. "Fleur and Uncle Bill don't have much of a marriage. I can't remember when they were in the same room together. She's either at work or in France and he's somewhere."

"That's not good." Harry said slowly.

"It is what it is." Rose shrugged. "Probably for the best. They don't fight like mom and dad."

Harry winced at how casually she spoke about her parents' relationship.

"That bad?" Harry wasn't sure if he wanted to know, but he knew he had to know.

Rose nodded.

"Mom practically sleeps in her office. Dad." She shrugged. "I don't know. He's here, but not. It's like he's always waiting for the season to start. They don't think Hugo and I see it, but we know. They love each other. I think. Maybe. Then there's the thing with Hugo being in Slytherin. Dad was not happy."

"I can imagine." Harry looked up at her.

She stared off into the distance at nothing.

"They kind of broke when you died." Rose said softly. "A lot of our family did."

Harry flinched back as though the words physically struck him.

"Uncle Fred and George are doing great. So is Uncle Charlie." Rose continued. "I swear he'd marry a dragon if he could. Percy is... well, he's Percy. We'd probably never see them if it weren't for Molly and Lucy." She paused before she looked over at him. "That got depressing quick. "

"I'm sorry too." Harry didn't know what else to say.

"No." Rose said firmly, in a very Hermione fashion. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have dropped that all on you. It's not your fault. You saved the world a few times. Our family should be able to handle themselves."

She stood up and headed for the door. Harry pushed off the bed to gather his pillows. He turned toward her as he felt the air shift. His muscles tensed, ready to spring as needed. He doubted she would hurt him, but a little playful revenge wasn't out of the question.

In a burst of speed, she closed the space between them. Rose kissed him lightly on the cheek. She giggled as she ran out of the room. Harry stood there in shock. His hand touched the spot where her lips had been.

He shook his head. This was a weird day. Even by his standards.

8.

Harry headed back down to the kitchen. He didn't know where else to go. Unfortunately, it was empty, so he wandered around the house. He wasn't sure where anyone was. It didn't feel right to knock on the doors until someone answered, so he chose to explore. The house was three levels, the first being the kitchen, dining room, and sitting room. There was also a big expanse that looked to be for official gatherings. The sitting room was large enough to hold the family, but this one didn't have the same vibe to it. On the second floor he found it was split between a large library, an indoor greenhouse, and a work room that had supplies for potions as well as what looked to be an architect table with a Rune array on it.

The third floor was where the bedrooms were. His room, that had previously been a guest room, was at one end of the hall with the master bedroom was on the opposite side. Thankfully, there was a bathroom attached to each room. It was the product of years of living in a house with multiple siblings and only one bathroom.

Harry had to smile at that.

By the time he had made it back down to the bottom floor he heard the Floo activate again. Pansy Parkinson stepped through. Her black hair was longer than when she was in Hogwarts. It was done up in a little bun with stray hairs that had escaped through the day. Surprisingly enough, she wore a muggle style office outfit of a skirt and blouse rather than robes.

"Minister." She said without looking up. "I know you said you had some personal business, but there are prep documents you need to see before the next Mot."

Pansy walked right by him. She spoke clear and loudly, clearly accustomed to the task. He watched as she navigated the entryway with her eyes firmly on the papers in her hand. Pansy made it to the start of the stairs before she came to a stop.

Slowly, she turned to look at him. Her eyes narrowed as she studied him. He could almost see her trying to understand who stood in front of her. She had been too busy to notice when Luna had led him to Hermione's office before.

"No." She dropped the papers on the floor. "It's not possible."

Pansy walked over to him with halting steps. She moved slow, almost like she was afraid he would bolt at the first big motion.

"How?" She whispered.

Harry shrugged.

"Harry Fucking Potter." Pansy kept her voice low. "It can't be."

"It is." Harry replied with a chuckle.

That seemed to do it. Pansy rushed over to him. She poked his chest to make sure he was solid. Then she lifted his glasses to get a closer look at his eyes. After that, she stepped back.

"You're not a ghost." She stated. "They haven't been able to get constructs so lifelike yet."

"It's me." Harry gave her a crooked smile.

"I remember that smile." Pansy blushed.

"Really?" Harry asked. "I thought you hated me."

"Of course, I hated you." Pansy slapped him lightly on the chest. "You were the Gryffindor golden boy. How could any self-respecting Slytherin not? There wasn't a secret stash of photos hidden in my trunk, or any other girls in my house. Certainly, none that were taken of you after Quidditch practice as your got changed. Colin was an exceptional photographer, and he could get shots that you wouldn't believe."

Harry's jaw dropped.

"That little..." He grumbled. "You're serious?"

"He made quite a profit selling them around the school." Pansy nodded. "Tripled in price after you died."

She paused as she realized what she had just said.

"You died." Pansy said again. "The story was all over the papers for months. Even if the Ministry didn't want to admit it. Everyone knew. It didn't take long before the details got around. You went into the Veil. No one survives that."

Harry didn't know what to say.

"Harry Potter." Pansy shook her head. "You're staying here of course."

She leaned in close and dropped her voice low so only he could hear. Even though they were the only two in the room at the moment.

"You and Hermione hook up yet?" She asked.

"No!" Harry pinched the bridge of his nose. "Why does everyone keep asking me that?"

"You can't be that dense." Pansy laughed. "I guess you could, Gryffindor after all."

"She is a married woman." Harry hissed. "Married to my friend. She has kids that are my age."

"Unhappy marriage, total fox, and desperately needs a good lay." Pansy countered. "I've spent almost every day of the last five years with her. We've fallen asleep in the office more times that I can count. She moaned your name a lot."

"That doesn't mean anything." Harry snapped. "Why are we having this conversation? You came here for a reason."

Pansy sighed. She looked back to the stack of papers that had scattered on the floor.

"Help me pick these up." She made the request sound like an order.

Harry wasn't one to leave a damsel in distress. He gathered up a few stray papers. They shuffled back in order once the stack was reformed.

"We're not done here." Pansy teased as she headed up the stairs.

"Yes, we are." Harry replied.

"I forgot how cute you were." Pansy giggled as she disappeared on the second floor.

Harry groaned. He was ready for the day to be over already. The energy he had gained from short loss of consciousness earlier was fading. He could feel the fatigue as it pressed down on him. Harry trudged back up the stairs to his new room. Sleep sounded wonderful, even better than food. His feet dragged as he got to the third floor. He made it to his room and collapsed into a heap on the bed.

Thankfully, sleep came quick.

~§~§~§~

"Harry." Hermione gently called. "Harry, dinner is ready."

"Tired." He muttered back.

He could hear her approach. The bed sank as she sat beside him. He let out an involuntary sigh as she began to run her hands through his hair. His breathing became deep and slow. He could feel his entire body relaxing once more. In the wonderful state he lingered on the edge of consciousness.

"Are you awake?" Hermione whispered.

Harry didn't answer, he didn't want her to stop.

"Harry?" She tried again.

After a moment he felt her get off the bed. He almost let out a sound of protest when he heard the door close and her footsteps approach once more. She returned to running her fingers through his hair.

"I loved you." She whispered. "God, how much I loved you. It took losing you to realize it. I think Ron knew it too. We were both distraught when you died, but I mourned you like a widow."

The bed moved as she leaned down to place a kiss on his forehead.

"So many nights I imagined our life together." Her voice waivered. "Would you have been an auror? A Quidditch player? Could I convince to be the Defense Professor? You were such a good teacher."

Harry let her talk. Her fingers continued weave through his hair along his scalp which melted any energy he could muster.

"I still remember that time in the Burrow." Her voice took on a breathy tone. "You stood there with only a towel over your head. My God, I should have known then. I should have taken you then, right there on the floor of the bathroom."

Hermione stopped took her hand away. Harry groaned in protest.

"What am I doing?" She whispered to herself.

Her footsteps rushed back toward the door. He heard it open and close a moment later. Harry sat up. Things in his life were always complicated. Just not usually romantically. He guessed it was better than someone trying to kill him.

Harry stood and stretched. He'd figure it out after dinner. Better yet tomorrow. It had been a long day.

9.

Harry sat in the room that had been set aside for Hedwig. She was perched on his lap as he petted her gently. Usually, she only allowed a couple of scratches on her chin, or a soft touch on her belly. Currently, she wouldn't let him stop touching her. She would bump his hand with her head when he paused. He had only made the mistake of trying to stand once.

Hugo froze in the doorway. He held a plate of food filled with a variety of meat.

"Hello." Harry smiled at him.

Hedwig allowed him to stop once she saw her dinner. She hopped over to her perch and waited for Hugo to approach. He turned his attention from Harry to Hedwig. Then he strode over to her in a stately manner. He set the plate on a raised table near her perch.

"Presenting your dinner, Miss Hedwig." Hugo said in a faux-stuffy accent.

She inclined her head.

"I shall pass your compliments to the chef." Hugo bowed.

He turned to face Harry with a smile.

"She likes you." Harry chuckled.

"Mum says it's because I remind her of you." Hugo shrugged. He ran a hand through his orange hair.

"Not sure how. We look nothing alike."

"It's not all about looks." Harry replied. "I'm really sorry about earlier. I didn't mean to scare you."

"You were freaking out." Hugo waved his apology away. "I would too." He sighed. "Dinner is ready."

"Thanks." Harry nodded as he stood and looked at Hedwig. "I'll see you soon."

She shot him a look that wasn't as scathing as before. It was softened slightly by the piece of bacon that dangled from her beak.

Hugo led him back to the kitchen. Rose, Hermione, and Ron waited for them at the table. There was a lot more room without all of the extra people. Harry smiled at them as he took a seat.

"Rose said I passed my OWLs?" Harry asked Hermione.

"You don't remember?" Hermione asked with a small raise of her eyebrows.

"It was a busy year." Harry chuckled.

"I'll say." Ron groaned.

"Yes." Hermione nodded. "You passed your OWLs. Does that mean you want to start at Sixth Year?"

"No." He shook his head. "It all blurs together. I remember DA, but Defense was never an issue. It's the other classes that I want to get right."

"Plenty of time for quidditch too." Ron gave him a conspiratorial wink.

"Ronald." Hermione sighed. "Harry's education is more important than quidditch."

Rose laughed as she took a drink. It came out as a snort which she tried to cover with a cough. The glare that Hermione shot at her made it clear that her deception had failed.

"Something to say, young lady?" Hermione asked in a flat tone.

"It's just nice to not be the focus of that topic." Rose smiled brightly.

"You play?" Harry asked before that topic could take off.

"Chaser." Rose said with a proud smile. "I didn't get on the team as a firstie, but I'm pretty good."

"Pretty good, she says." Ron chuckled.

"She's even better at Potions." Hermione cut in.

Harry looked over to Hugo to see him roll his eyes.

"What about you?" Harry asked.

"I don't play quidditch." Hugo shook his head.

"Do you have a favorite subject?" Harry tried another approach.

"Charms." Hugo smiled brightly. "Uncle Fred and George took me on earlier this summer. It was amazing. They're almost got MMMRRMLLLUM working."

Harry scrunched up his brow in confusion.

"Nondisclosure Charm." Hugo chuckled. "Forgot about that. It's like the Fidelus but for information."

Harry snapped his gaze at Hermione.

"Aurors know the counter-spell." Hermione offered with a smile.

"Nice catch." Harry let out a breath.

"Mom said you were good at Defense." Rose took the initiative to turn the conversation to him. "What else did you like?"

"I liked potions before I met Snape." Harry gave a dry chuckle. "Cooking was one of the few things I enjoyed before Hogwarts. Potions looked a lot like it when I read the book."

"You never told me that." Ron blinked in shock. "Here I thought you'd never opened a book without Hermione pecking at you."

He didn't react to the glare from his wife.

"Of course, I read the books." Harry chuckled. "I could only smuggle one or two out at a time over the summer. It wasn't until I got to the Burrow that I could get to all of them. You do remember we had homework over break, right?"

"Don't remind me." Ron groaned.

"Have you two done yours?" Hermione directed the question to her kids.

"Yes, mom." The two said in unison.

"Anything other than potions?" Hugo asked quickly.

"Transfiguration and charms." Harry replied with a soft smile. "They felt like real magic." He paused. "Who teaches Transfiguration now?"

"Professor Greengrass." Hugo said with a dreamy smile.

"Greengrass." Harry said the name slowly. "Why does that sound familiar?"

"Daphne Greengrass." Hermione answered with a grumble. "Fought her for top marks every year."

"Our year, blonde, Slytherin." Ron filled in. "Her little sister married Malfoy."

"Huh." Harry shook his head. "I think Luna mentioned that." He looked around the room. "Where did she go?"

"I think she went back to the Department." Hermione replied. "She practically lives there."

"After she ate all the apple tarts." Hugo muttered.

"Not all of them." Rose smiled brightly at her brother. "They were tasty. Gran had the crust so crisp."

"I hate you." Hugo glared at his sister.

Rose smiled ever more. The rest of the dinner progressed in a much less tense fashion. Conversation was a bit stilted, but pleasant. Harry got the feeling that family meals weren't too common. Hermione ducked out back to the office once she had finished. Ron disappeared into his office once she was gone.

Harry sat with Rose and Hugo at the table. He didn't know what to say. Neither did they.

"What do you do now?" Harry asked finally.

"Read." Hugo shrugged. "Mom locks the mirror after dinner."

"The mirror?" Harry cocked his head to the side.

"Oh, right!" Rose hopped to her feet. "You don't know about them. Come on."

The two led Harry back to the room where he had spoken with the Weasley family. There was a large mirror along one side of the wall. A couch and a couple of comfy chairs were spaced out to face it. He hadn't given it any thought at the time.

"It's the magical version of TV." Hugo explained.

"You know about TV?" Harry asked.

"Our grandparents are muggles." Hugo laughed. "We know about TV."

"The Mirror Network doesn't have as many options as Muggle channels." Rose shrugged. "There are news channels, plays, sports events, and stuff like that."

"Wow." Harry nodded appreciatively.

Hugo tapped the corner of the mirror. The reflection shimmered then faded away. In place was the image of an old fashion lock. Beside it was an hourglass that was set to countdown.

"Mom wanted to make sure we focused on homework after dinner." Hugo rolled his eyes. "Dad has one in his office that she doesn't know about."

"We use it during the season." Rose added.

"I think I'm just going to go to sleep." Harry shook his head. "Today has been weird."

Hugo laughed as he turned his attention to the bookshelf nearby. Rose motioned for Harry to follow her. She led him up to the room.

"And here is your room." Rose said as she presented the door to him. "I'm the first door, Hugo is the next. Just shout if you need anything. I'll be in my room."

"Thanks." Harry smiled at her. "I'm ready for some real sleep."

Rose nodded. She took a step away then paused for a moment.

"You know what?" Rose turned back to him. "No. I'm not a coward."

Harry wanted to reply but found his lips occupied by hers. His head spun as she pulled away.

"I want you and I'm not going to ignore it." She grabbed him by the front of his shirt. "Come to my room if you want me."

Harry didn't wait. He grabbed her hand and led her to her bedroom. She opened the door to reveal a mixture of muggle and magical sports posters on the walls. Quidditch stars mocked the non-moving pictures of basketball players. A few scattered clothes dotted the floor and a broom hovered by the large window on the other side of the room. More importantly, a large bed with Gryffindor colored sheets rested against one of the walls.

The click of the door echoed through the room. A small wave of privacy spells followed a moment later. He looked over to Rose to see her wild curls tumble over her shoulders. Her brown eyes stared back at him full of longing and need.

Harry flashed her a roguish smile before he pulled his shirt over his head. She drank in his lithe form for a moment. It was nice to see that it came from actual activity rather than magic. Some wizards used potions or specialized spells to sculpt their bodies into the perfect image. The problem was that it was too perfect and didn't look right.

Rose jumped as his hands ran the length of her arm. She quickly undressed. A slow strip of seduction was not in the cards. This time. Depending on his performance there might be another.

It was his turn to admire her. She had a tight body with an amazing ass. Her breasts were maybe a handful, but they were gorgeous and fit her frame perfectly. Harry decided to test his theory. He cupped her breasts, finding they filled his hands nicely. She let out a shuddering breath as his fingers teased her nipples.

Reluctantly, he removed his hands to take off his pants. Harry smiled at her hungry look. She let out a short, sharp scream as he swept her into a bridal carry. Rose giggled as he brought her over to the bed. She bounced on the mattress as he let her go.

Rose reached out to him. Harry shook his head and dropped to his knees before her. The quizzical look on her face was erased by shock as she felt his warm breath on her thighs. Harry ran his hands along the back of her thighs as he lifted them up.

He then began to stroke her lower lips with a gentle, teasing touch. Rose moaned. She bucked her hips, desperate for him to press harder. Instead, he leaned in to give her slit a quick lick. Rose let out another shocked scream. It faded into a long, low moan as he slid his tongue along her lower lips. He lapped at her pussy in firm, slow strokes. Each ended with the tip of his tongue brushing against her clit. She hooked her legs on his shoulders and tried to pull him closer.

Rose covered her mouth with her hands as she started to back her hips in time with his licking. Privacy charms were great, but it never hurt to be careful. Her back arched and she screamed into her hand as she reached her peak. Harry continued on; his tongue drew out her orgasm until she sagged limply on her bed.

"Please." Rose moaned. "Please. I need you."

Harry let her legs drift down beside him. She gasped as she gripped his shaft.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked.

"Nothing." Rose chuckled. "You're big."

She silenced whatever he was going to say as she teased the crown of his cock along her lips. Harry pulled her into a deep kiss and pushed forward. Rose moaned into his mouth; her arms wrapped around him to hug him tight. Harry slid his hands down her body to cup her ass. He lifted her just a bit to get a better angle. Rose mewled as he pressed deeper into her.

Harry shifted his grip to her hips. He started with long, slow strokes to allow her to adjust. Rose wrapped her legs around him. She tensed her muscles, urging him to move faster. He took the hint and snapped his hips forward with more power. He pulled back until just the head of his cock rested inside her. He paused as their eyes locked. His hips snapped forward, slapping deep into her hot, tight depths.

Rose cried out; her hands scrambled along his back as Harry hammered her into the bed. Each thrust lurched her body further along the bed until her head hung off the other side.

She let out a sudden scream as she hit her peak. Harry groaned as he felt her fluttering around his length. He let himself go now that she had been taken care of. Harry slammed his hips forward one last time before he erupted deep inside of her.

Rose let out a cooing moan as she felt his warm seed fill her. She pulled him down onto her for a couple of minutes as they relaxed. He buried his head in her neck as he caught his breath.

"That was...." Rose giggled in a fuck-drunk tone. "Woo."

"Woo." Harry agreed before he placed a soft kiss on her neck.

"I would love to cuddle, but you better get to your room." Rose nuzzled the side of his head.

"You're right." Harry sighed.

They both moaned as he slowly pulled out of her. He stumbled on wiggly legs as he got dressed. Rose laughed as she watched him. She rested her head back on the bed as he stepped out. There would definitely be a next time. On top of that, she could rub it in Dominique's face that she had sex with Harry.

Harry was able to walk normally once he was out in the hallway. He did stumble though. Not because his legs were weak, but because he wasn't alone in the hallway.

Hugo leaned against the wall.

"Looks like I owe Louis a galleon." He shook his head and chuckled.

He left Harry stunned in the hall.

10.

Harry walked carefully downstairs to the kitchen. He had no idea how the day would go after the events of last night. Did this mean he was dating Rose now? Would Hugo tell their parents? Where would he sleep after they kicked him out?

Much to his surprise, it was only Rose and Hugo in the kitchen. There weren't any other places set out either. Rose smiled at him. Hugo chuckled but didn't say anything. Harry started to make breakfast. The two were already eating. They stopped and began to watch as he cooked.

Out of habit, he made three portions of eggs, toast, and bacon. Then he added a bit more bacon to give Hedwig. Once he was finished, he served up the two plates to the others before he took his spot.

"This looks amazing." Hugo whispered.

"Thanks." Harry shrugged. "It's just eggs."

"Just eggs, he says." Hugo shook his head. "It beats cereal or porridge."

Rose nodded. She closed her eyes as she took a bite.

"Where is Ron... your parents?" Harry caught himself.

"Mom is at work." Hugo replied. "Dad is in his office, or at the pitch."

"Hm." Harry considered the information.

"Just how it goes." Rose shrugged.

"Do you guys have family meals?" Harry asked.

He always pictured the Weasley's gathering at mealtime. That was how it was when he visited over the summer. It just made sense that it would happen here as well.

"Over the holidays." Rose said with a nod.

"Only then?" Harry scrunched his brow. "We all had dinner last night."

"That was a special occasion." Hugo countered. "Sometimes mom sleeps in her office. Dad, well, during the off season he's home more often, but he always has something to do with the team."

"Huh." Harry nibbled on a strip of bacon.

"So..." Hugo drew the word out. "Was it a one-time thing, or did Harry finally tame the wild Rose?"

He sprang from his chair with impressive speed. The spell that had been aimed at his leg under the table zipped through empty space to collide with the wall. Hugo cackled as he fled the kitchen. Rose glared after her brother. Her cheeks were red when she turned to face Harry.

Harry arched an eyebrow at her.

"It was fun." Rose said quickly. "Really fun, but I'm not looking for a relationship."

"Got it." Harry nodded. "What about friends?"

She smiled brightly at him and nodded.

"Any plans for today?" Rose asked.

"Feed Hedwig." Harry motioned to the bacon. "And hope she doesn't bite me too much. After that, I don't know."

"Did you meet with the goblins?" Rose asked.

"No." Harry replied. "I should do that."

"I was planning on meeting Roxie for lunch." Rose offered. "Want to come? We can swing by the bank after so you can get that done."

"I would like that." Harry smiled. "Thanks."

"No problem." Rose said with a smile. "Thank you for breakfast."

Harry watched her go. A slight tension in his shoulders eased as she left. He was glad that things hadn't been awkward. Casual sex was still a new experience. Well, any kind of sex really. Yesterday had been a blur for multiple reasons.

Had it only been a day? There was the battle at the ministry, the mirror, and then Luna. He had fallen asleep in Hermione's office, woke up here, and then caught up with everyone. Once Fleur arrived, she took him shopping. After that he had a small nap before dinner. The night ended with Rose.

Granted, it was in the evening when he got to the ministry. Still, one long, eventful day. He had gone from a virgin to sex with Luna, Ginny, and Rose. The blowjob that Fleur had given him was not something he would ever forget.

He took the plate of bacon to Hedwig. She wasn't too happy that he woke her up after a night of hunting. The bacon helped soothe her ire. He gently petted her as she ate. Her blinks got longer as his fingers found that magic spot on the side of her head. He set the plate of bacon down for her when she woke up.

A shower sounded wonderful. He realized that he had been too scattered to take one last night. Thankfully, the smell of sex had faded. Once that thought hit him, he was glad that Hermione and Ron hadn't been at breakfast. The state of their marriage did cause him some concern. It didn't surprise him that they had problems. He would never had put the two together beyond a schoolyard crush. Honestly, he could see Hermione ending up with either of them.

Harry could admit that he was attracted to Hermione. The Yule Ball showed him how gorgeous she had become, but he had always had a little crush on her. Now, age had made her damn sexy. He didn't think they would have a lasting relationship even if he hadn't been tossed through time. Taking it further than friendship would probably have broken them. It didn't matter now. She had an entire life with a successful career while he had been outside time.

He took a shower and got dressed on autopilot as his thoughts wondered. Would her and Ron have ended up married if things had been different? Would it been possible for any of them to survive long enough to have a long-term relationship?

Harry wasn't an idiot. He knew that his odds to make it through the war were slim. Back then, a girlfriend, eventual wife, and a family were fantasies.

Back then... the day before yesterday.

Harry sat on his bed. The bed in the guest room of Hermione and Ron's house. His head began to spin. Everyone thought he had died. They moved on with their lives. For all intents and purposes, he had died.

Again.

He had never told anyone about the time with the basilisk venom. That death wasn't fast. The venom had burned further along his veins with every heartbeat. It had killed him. The phoenix tears had a lot of ground to make up for before he came back. He saw his parents in the distance. They were too far to reach, he couldn't hear them, but they were there. Then he was back in the chamber.

"Harry!" Rose called from the doorway.

Harry snapped out of his thoughts. He looked over to where she stood. The pull of despair eased.

"Did you want to leave early?" She asked. "We can look around a little before lunch."

"Yeah." He smiled softly at her. "I'd like that."

Maybe this time he could have a normal life.

11.

Rose stood in front of the Floo. She motioned to the dish of ash on the hearth with a smile.

"Does everyone know that I hate floo travel?" Harry grumbled as he took a pinch of the ash.

"It was one of my favorite stories." Rose teased.

"Where are we going?" Harry asked.

"We use the Floo at the shop." Rose explained. "That way we don't pop out in the middle of a crowd. Mom is pretty famous these days and there is a side-door that we use."

"What's the address?" Harry asked as he stepped to the side.

Rose took a pinch of ash. She tossed it in the flame.

"Ginger Snaps." She called before she stepped into the flame.

"I half expect whoopie cushion." Harry shook his head.

He called the name and stepped into the flame. This time he managed to keep his feet under him. Unfortunately, he didn't have a solid landing. His feet scrambled on the carpeted floor. He stumbled forward until he was stopped by a helpful wall.

Rose snorted in laughter. He pushed himself away from the wall. Red swam in his vision. He shook his head, but the red remained. Harry took a step back to see that there had been a large target drawn on the wall. A bright green shape of the outline of his impact had stood out among the other colors. There were a few other noticeably smaller outlines as well. Each one had a name and age associated with them. It was easy to connect the names with the people he had met last night.

- Harry Potter – Age: *%@ -

Appeared inside of his outline.

"Fred and George put it there when we all started to use the Floo on our own." Rose explained. "It became a mark of passage." She took a step forward. "I've never seen it do that before."

"Harry Potter." Fred said from the doorway.

"Don't question it." George finished.

Harry flashed them a smile. They came over and each gave him another hug. This one was less bone-crunching but just as heartfelt.

"Glad you decided to visit." Fred beamed.

"We've wanted to give our first investor a tour of the shop for years." George chimed in.

"What about me?" Rose pouted. "Your favorite niece doesn't warrant a hug anymore?"

Rose was scooted across the floor by an invisible hand of magic. The twins opened their arms and wrapped her in a hug before she could protest.

"Little Rosie." George said in a cutesy voice.

"Uncles will always love you." Fred added in an equally sweet voice.

Rose giggled as they peppered her cheeks with wet kisses.

"Stop it." Rose wiggled out of their grasp and wiped her cheeks off with her sleeve.

Fred and George shared a victorious nod.

"What brings you two here?" Fred asked.

"Harry needs to talk with the goblins and I'm meeting Roxie for lunch." Rose replied with an easy shrug.

"Hm." Fred tapped his chin.

"Hm indeed." George tapped Fred's chin.

"What?" Harry asked.

"You're going to cause an uproar." George answered.

"Still?" Harry groaned. "It's been fifteen years."

"More than that." Fred waved his hand while George continued to tap his chin.

"The count is muddled." George clarified.

"Closer to twenty." Fred continued

"Disguise." George stopped tapping.

"Disguise." Fred nodded.

"Why would people still recognize me?" Harry asked. "I'm dead."

"The anniversary of your death was yesterday." George split off from his twin. "There are always sightings of The Ghost of Harry Potter around this time. Seeing the real you would be chaos."

"Not the fun kind." Fred muttered as he went his own way.

The twins worked in tandem as they searched through shelves. Harry just now realized they were in some sort of storage room. Rows of organized shelves lined the walls. Harry watched in awe as the duo moved around the room and each other with natural ease. He knew that they had taken their business seriously, but this was something completely different. It felt like he was watching an intricate choreographed dance. They communicated in glances and small motions rather than words.

Rose stood beside him. The look of awe matched his own. Neither wanted to speak in fear of ruining the moment. The closest thing Harry had experienced before was watching the Quidditch World Cup. Fred and George matched the feeling of the professional teams move with such coordination and skill.

The flurry of motion ended just as smoothly as it had begun. Fred held some sort of powder while George had a vial of viscous fluid.

"Please tell me I don't have to drink that." Harry took an involuntary step back.

"No." George scoffed.

He popped the top of the vial. The smell of a swamp on a warm day mingled with fresh oranges filled the air. Harry's eyes watered. Rose coughed. He blinked, trying to clear his vision. The smell grew stronger. It got even worse as something wet and slimy was poured over his head.

Harry found the curse he was about to yell blocked by a hand over his mouth.

"You do not want to get this in your mouth." George said in a serious tone.

Harry did the only thing he could think of in that moment. George pulled his hand away with a very manly squeal that in no way sounded like a toddler who had just stepped in something squishy.

"What?" Fred asked.

"He licked my palm." George laughed.

Harry gave a victorious smile as George pulled his hand away. The moment was ruined as Fred blew a handful of powder into his face. A strong tingle raced along his scalp and his eyes watered. The twins stepped away.

He saw Fred and George looking at him with a satisfied grin while Rose stared at him in shock.

"What?" Harry asked.

Fred conjured a mirror and held it up for Harry to see. A platinum blond with blue eyes stared back at him. It was still his face, and he wore the same glasses, but they had clearly modeled his new look after an old friend.

"It needs one more thing." George swished his wand in Harry's direction.

Harry felt the hair on his head shift. He watched his reflection as the blond hair swooped back tightly against his head and took on a slight wet sheen to it.

"I hate you both." Harry leveled a flat glare at both of them.

"He's already in character!" Fred beamed.

"Well done, Harry." George patted him on the shoulder.

"There will be vengeance." Harry said.

"We wait with bated breath." George flashed him a smile. "Come on, let me show you the store."

Rose followed behind with barely contained laughter. The twins led Harry through the main sales floor on a guided tour. A lot of it was stuff they had developed while in Hogwarts and perfected over the years. The Extendable Ears no longer looked like a detached ear on a leash. They came in a variety of appearances from a ball of thread to a couple of cups with a string between them.

"People use them for communication." Fred explained. "We've developed a wide range of lengths."

"Nothing for long distance." George shook his head. "We couldn't get the mirror communication to work."

Harry arched an eyebrow.

"They can send out a broad-spectrum signal, but it just won't work with a two-way connection." Fred grumbled. "We can get it to work with up to fourteen active connections at a time."

"It gets messy after that." George didn't clarify any further.

"Are these dung bombs?" Harry pointed to a familiar shape on the shelf.

"Dung bombs." Fred gasped.

"You think so little of us?" George put a hand to his chest.

"Then what are they?" Harry shook his head at their antics.

"Dung bombs." George replied with a smile.

"A Weasley Original Design." Fred added with a smile of his own.

"What is the downfall of the original Dung Bomb?" George slid into a sales pitch.

"They have no finesse. No personal touch." Fred continued.

"What if you want to target an individual among a crowd?" George asked.

"Those poor people caught in the splash zone." Fred wiped away an imaginary tear.

"These are much more personal." George tapped the box.

"Weasley's Targeted Dung Bombs." Fred declared.

"When you absolutely want to ruin that one person's day." George said.

"Inquire with the sales staff for information about our selection of odors, strength, and time release option." Fred finished.

Harry smiled at the two. He shook his head and motioned for them to continue the tour.

"We bought out Zonko's a few years ago." Fred explained as they walked on. "We took over their location in Hogsmeade but kept the staff. Their development department was a single witch that had retired before we got to Hogwarts."

"We're always on the lookout for fresh talent." George led them into a backroom. "This is our research and development area."

The room was well lit and a hive of activity. He motioned to a line of cauldrons. Each one was separated by a thick sheet of glass. There was also a large fan affixed to the top of each unit. There was a cluster of desks with a group of witches and wizards working on what looked like equations in the center of the room.

"This is amazing." Harry gawked at the room.

"Pranks are serious business." Fred sounded like he meant it. "Runes, Arithmancy, Potions, Charms, and Transfiguration all play a part. We have layers of quality and safety testing before a single item ever goes into public distribution."

"We also have a contract with the Auror department." George whispered. "It's all hush-hush."

Fred flicked his twin on the ear. George glared at his brother and flipped him the bird.

"Ok guys." Rose spoke up. "The tour was awesome, but we have other places to go."

"Right." George straightened up, still rubbing his ear.

"We didn't mean to interrupt your date." Fred sighed.

"We just got excited." George pouted.

"It's not a date." Rose glared at the duo.

For a moment Harry was back in Hogwarts watching Hermione chide the twins.

"Harry." Hermione looked at him with concern.

When had she dyed her hair red? Was that why she was mad at the twins? Oh yeah, they messed with his hair too. They didn't want people to see him. Even the magical world would freak out when a dead person walked around like nothing was wrong.

The edges of his vision started to go gray. When was the last time that had happened? The dementors. Right before he fell off his broom. How long ago had that been? He was reasonably sure that it had been two years. That was the only time he had missed the snitch. Cedric never bragged about it. He wanted a rematch. Too bad he died.

They were both dead now. Maybe they could have a rematch as ghosts. He started to laugh. It was that or tears and he didn't want to cry.

"Ghosts playing quidditch." He started to laugh harder.

"Harry." Fred, or was it George.

Forge and Gred. They had changed his hair to be blond. A gentle hand guided him to a chair. Muffled voices spoke in low tones. He hated it when people did that. It meant something bad had happened and he'd end up in the healing ward again. The laughter finally died down.

"I just." He whispered. "I need a moment."

A mess of emotions made his vision spin. This wasn't Hogwarts. That was not Hermione. It was her daughter. Her daughter that she had with Ron. One of two children they had together. The twins had kids too. He was here to have lunch with Rose and Roxie.

He took a long, shuddering breath. His vision started to clear. He looked up to see Angelina had joined the group at some point. His head tilted to the side. Not Angelina, it was Roxie.

"I'm ok." He said after a moment. "Sorry. I didn't mean to ruin things."

"We'll go with you to handle the goblins." Rose rubbed his back. "Then I'll take you home. Roxie can come over for lunch."

Harry rubbed a hand over his face.

"Nope." Roxie put her hands on her hips. "None of that."

Harry looked up at her in confusion.

"You just went through another live-changing event." Roxie started down at him. "If half the stories I've heard about you growing up are true then you need time to recover."

She held out a hand to him. He took it and she helped him to his feet.

"We're taking you home now." Roxie guided him back to the floo. "Dad, can you change his hair back?"

"Nope." One of the twins replied. "It will be like that for another hour."

"We'll get you a hat." Rose chimed in. "Or a knit-cap."

Harry nodded absently. It wasn't until the Floo flared to life that he realized that Roxie hadn't let go of him. She pulled him in along with her. Roxie kept him upright when they landed. He looked around in confusion.

"Our house." Roxie answered the question in his eyes. "It's nice and quiet this time of the day."

Harry let her lead him to another room. She sat on a comfy couch and patted the spot beside her. He joined her without a word. She wrapped an arm around his shoulders and pulled him close against her. The sound of her heartbeat soothed him on a level he didn't expect.

The flare of the floo announced Rose's arrival. She found them easily enough. A moment later she had joined them on the couch. She scooted close and started to run a hand through his hair. Harry closed his eyes.

"What did you want for lunch?" Roxie asked. "I can make sandwiches, sandwiches, or if you're really brave, sandwiches."

Harry laughed. It felt good to laugh for real.