

Secret Lessons

Chapter 1

Harry and Hermione were walking through the halls, followed by glares and whispers that had become common place since his name came out of the Goblet of Fire. Hermione had badgered him into going to the library to look up spells that might be useful in the tournament, despite the fact that they didn't know what the first task would be. Just as they were cutting through the courtyard, He noticed Fleur Delacour breaking off from her friends and marching over to them in a graceful, determined stride.

"I need to speak wiz you in private," she demanded, standing in front of them.

Harry could feel the stares of his classmates on him, and he desperately wanted to get out of there.

"Can this wait 'til later? I'm a bit busy right now," he said, hoping to find a way out of this.

He didn't know what Fleur wanted, and he didn't really care to find out, either. She hadn't exactly been kind to him since coming to Hogwarts. Despite her obvious beauty, he had very little interest in spending any time with the haughty French girl.

"Non," she said, staring at him intently with her bright blue eyes and crossing her arms under her rather impressive chest.

Harry sighed, knowing she wouldn't take no for an answer.

"Fine," he told her, then turned to Hermione, who was busy glaring at Fleur with a disapproving frown. "I'll catch up with you in the library."

"Alright," Hermione said, turning away from Fleur after a moment. "Try not to take too long."

With one last glare, Hermione turned on her heel and left, pushing her way through the crowd of students that had gathered to stare at them. Noticing that the crowd had grown and wanting to get out of there quickly, Harry motioned for Fleur to follow him as he made his way out of the courtyard. The crowd parted as they approached, gazing alternately between the two of them as they whispered to each other in curiosity. Once they were clear of the other students and in an empty hallway, Harry stopped and turned to Fleur.

"What did you need?" he asked.

Fleur ignored his question and opened one of the doors along the hallway that led to a cramped broom cupboard. Harry watched her in confusion as she huffed, closed the door, and tried the next one. That door led to a mostly empty classroom, with only an old, dust-covered desk at one end.

"Een 'ere," she told him, walking into the room without waiting for him.

Harry sighed in irritation and followed her. She closed the door behind him and cast a few quick spells on it, sealing it shut. Reaching into his pocket, he palmed his wand in suspicion. His worries proved unfounded, though, as she pocketed her wand and turned to look at him.

“Ees eet true zhat you were able to zthrow off zhe Imperius curse?” She asked demandingly.

Harry furrowed his brow, wondering why she would ask him about that.

“Yeah,” he said slowly.

“I need you to teach me ‘ow to do eet,” she said, tossing her hair over her shoulder.

“What?” Harry asked, surprised by the request, or rather, demand.

“I need you to teach me ‘ow to zthrow off zhe Imperius curse,” Fleur repeated, glaring at him as if daring him to refuse.

“I don’t know how to teach you how to do that. I don’t even know how *I* do it,” Harry explained. “Why don’t you just ask Professor Moody? He can teach you.”

“Zhat man geeves me zhe creeps,” Fleur said, crossing her arms over herself protectively. “Non, you weel teach me.”

“I don’t even know how to teach someone how to throw it off,” Harry said in frustration. “What do you expect me to do? Just cast the Imperius curse on you until you can throw it off.”

“Oui,” Fleur nodded, glaring at him defiantly. “Eef zhat’s what eet takes.”

“Are you insane!?” Harry yelled angrily. “I’ll be thrown in Azkaban if-”

Harry broke off as it clicked in his head.

“That’s what you want, isn’t it?” he said, glaring at her accusingly. “You want me to use an Unforgivable on you so you can get me arrested and out of the Tournament.”

Fleur scoffed and looked at him condescendingly, “I don’t need to do somezhing so disgraceful. I weel beat you, no matter ‘ow much you cheat.”

“I don’t give a fuck about the tournament!” Harry yelled at her and strode passed her quickly towards the door.

Before he could reach the door, Fleur grabbed him by the arm and pulled him to a stop.

“Wait, s’il vous plait.” she said quickly, almost pleadingly, while letting go of his arm and looking at him imploringly. “I need you to teach me.”

“Why the hell is this so important to you anyways?” Harry asked, anger still burning through him.

Fleur hesitated for a moment before answering.

“Many Veela ‘ave had zhat ‘orrible curse used on zhem. When Monsuier Moody put me under zhat spell, I hated eet. I nevair want to be zhat ‘elpless again.” she said fiercely.

Harry sighed, “I don’t even know how to cast the Imperius curse or how I can throw it off, let alone how to teach you to do it.”

“I ‘ave done a lot of research on eet. I can ‘elp you learn ‘ow to cast eet,” she told him.

Running a hand through his hair in frustration, Harry thought about what to do. He had enough on his plate as it was with the Tournament and his regular classes. Plus, he still didn’t trust that this wasn’t some type of trick to get him in trouble. Her previous behavior hadn’t exactly endeared her to him.

“On one condition,” he said after a moment.

Fleur nodded and waited for him to speak.

“I want a vow that you won’t tell anyone about what we’re doing,” he told her.

If she gave him a vow not to tell anyone, he could order her to do anything under the curse, and there was nothing she could do about it. Essentially, he would have complete control of her while she practiced throwing off the curse. He was sure she would refuse. Which is why he was extremely surprised when she raised her wand.

"I swear zhat I will nevair tell anyone about 'Arry Potter using zhe Imperius curse on me, or what 'e makes me do while I am under eet." Fleur stated calmly, the tip of her wand glowing as Harry felt the magic take hold.

"Are you crazy?" Harry asked disbelievingly. "You know this means I can make you do anything I want, and there's nothing you can do about it, right?"

"Oui," she replied quietly, her cheeks going slightly pink for some reason.

"Bloody hell," Harry grumbled, putting his face in his hands.

There's nothing for it now, he thought. She'd given the vow, and he couldn't just back out. He would have to help her.

"Fine," Harry muttered in a defeated tone, drawing his wand. "Let's get to work."

For the next half an hour, Harry practiced placing the Imperius curse on Fleur. His first attempt failed after less than a second, and his second wasn't much better. According to Fleur, the curse was fairly simple to use. You just needed to want to control someone. The problem was, having control was not something Harry was used to. Rarely had he ever had control over his own life, let alone someone else's. It took him numerous tries, but eventually, he got the hang of it.

“Imperio,” Harry incanted, his wand aimed at Fleur’s chest.

There was no light, no sound, no indication at all that a spell had been cast, but Harry felt the magic take hold. Fleur’s face went slack and her eyes glazed over as he gained control of her mind. It was odd, controlling another person. It wasn’t like controlling an animated object, like he thought it would, where you had to maintain focus constantly to keep control. Strangely, it was much easier to control a person. It felt almost natural, once you got used to it, like controlling another limb that wasn’t connected to your body. A simple thought was all it took to make Fleur do whatever it was he wanted. It made him feel powerful in a disturbing way, leaving him with a feeling of being dirty every time he cast the spell.

Dance

Fleur began to spin and twirl around the room with the skill and grace of a ballerina. Her light blue robes flared out from her body as she moved, giving him a glimpse of her long, stocking-clad legs. No wonder she was always so cold if that was all she wore, Harry thought even as he admired her smooth, toned calves. Harry forced her to keep dancing for a couple of minutes, but still felt no resistance to his commands. With a flick of his wand, he ended the curse, and Fleur spun to a graceful stop, her face scrunched up in frustration.

“Did you hear it?” Harry asked, referring to the voice he heard in the back of his mind that helped him fight the curse.

“Non,” Fleur huffed. “All I ‘ear ees your voice telling me what to do.”

"You need to question it," Harry instructed. "You can't fight it using magic. You need to use your mind. Think about why you're doing it - why you're listening to the voice. Once you question it, you sort of - push yourself back out of your mind and take control of your body again."

Fleur paced back and forth as she listened, a thoughtful frown on her face.

"Do you zthink eet would be easier for me to fight eet eef you told me to do somezthing I 'ated?" she asked thoughtfully.

"Probably, yeah," he said, looking at her curiously.

"Zhen you need to make me do zomezthing worse," she said with determination. "'Umiliate me, undress me, anyzthing eet takes. Zhe only zthing I ask, ees zhat you do not touch me."

"Are you serious?" He asked incredulously.

"Oui," Fleur nodded with certainty.

Harry shook his head and sighed.

"Fine," he said, throwing up his arms and then dropping them to his sides.

Running a hand through his hair, he closed his eyes and took a deep, cleansing breath.

“Whenever you’re ready,” He told her, raising his wand and aiming it at her chest.

Fleur closed her eyes and took a deep breath of her own. He could feel her magic building like she was preparing for a fight. Harry knew it wouldn’t help her, but he didn’t say anything, thinking maybe whatever mental preparation she was doing would. Fleur opened her eyes and nodded at him.

“Imperio,” he incanted.

The curse took hold of her mind easily, and Harry took a moment to think of what he should make her do.

Tell me about the most embarrassing thing that’s ever happened to you.

“Once, when I was at a café in Paris, I was reading a romance book and lost control of my Allure,” Fleur admitted. “One of the boys in the café lost control. ‘E walked up behind me and masturbated until ‘e came all over my ‘air.”

Harry grimaced in disgust, wondering how some people could be so weak to lose control of themselves like that.

Tell me something that you don’t want people to know about you.

"I like to put milk into my bowl before the cereal," she said.

Harry blinked, bemused by her answer.

"What?" he asked in confusion. "That's... pretty weird, actually."

Harry paused, wondering what to do next. Fleur hadn't struggled at all at the questions, and he knew he needed to try something different. Maybe it's time to really push her, he thought.

Strip.

Fleur began swaying her hips, a seductive smile on her lips as she raised her hands up and undid the clasp at her neck. Walking a few steps closer to him, so that she was within arm's reach, she undid the row of five buttons that held the top together. The smooth, pale skin of her neck was revealed first, followed by her chest and the swell of her breasts as she opened the last button that rested right between her bust. Harry swallowed thickly as he watched her, reaching down to adjust his rapidly growing erection.

Spinning around so that her back was to him, Fleur swung her hair over one shoulder as she turned her head to look back at him. The long, slim fingers of one hand reached up and slid the robes off her shoulder, showing him the strap of her white bra. Grabbing the cuff of her sleeve, she pulled her arm up and out. With her now free hand, she pushed the robe off her other shoulder and pulled her arm out of the sleeve. Wiggling the robes from side to side, she shimmied them down and over her large breasts until they fell to her waist. Her white bra was now the only thing that covered her torso

Giving him a sexy smile, she slid her fingers under the robes at her waist, hooking her thumbs over the top. Popping her hips from side to side, she wiggled the robes down over her wide hips while bending over at the waist. Slowly, inch after inch, Fleur pushed them down, exposing a pair of small white panties and the round, smooth cheeks of her bum. Once the robes reached her thighs, they fell to pool around her feet on the floor, displaying her stocking covered legs. Straightening up, Fleur reached behind her back and unclasped her bra.

Holding the bra to her chest with one arm, she turned around to face him again. First, she pulled one arm out of the shoulder strap, then the other, one arm always holding the cups of the bra to her chest. Once both arms were free, she gave him a teasing smile and pulled the bra away from her breasts, holding it out to the side before dropping it to the floor to join her robes. Harry stared as she revealed her large, perky breasts with pale pink areolas and hard nipples. He had to fight the urge to reach out and touch them, to see if they were as full and firm as they looked.

Sliding her hands into the waist band of her panties, she pushed them down her legs, her breasts dangling beneath her as she bent over. As she stood back up, Harry looked down to see her shaved mound and the lips of her pussy, his cock twitching in his pants. Fleur stood in front of him completely naked except for the black stocking that covered her legs all the way to the top of her thighs. Harry spent several moments staring at her incredible body before he realized he needed to give her another order.

Dance.

Moving to a beat that only she could hear, Fleur began to dance in front of him. Rather than the ballet type of dancing she had done before, this was much more sensual. Starting at the top of her chest, she ran her hands slowly over her breasts as she swirled her hips. Her hands continued to trail down her body until they reached her thighs. Using her arms, Fleur pushed her breasts together and shook them from side to side, causing the firm, pale mounds to jiggle enticingly. Without realizing it, Harry had started to rub his throbbing cock through his jeans.

Running her hands back up her body, Fleur paused to squeeze her breasts, lifting them up and then letting go, causing them to bounce alluringly as they dropped back into place. Raising her arms above her head and swirling her hips, she spun in a slow circle so that her back was facing him. Harry's eyes drank in her curvaceous figure. From her jutting breasts to her tight stomach and thin waist, the flare of her wide hips, and down to her long, muscular legs.

Suddenly, she bent over at the waist, sticking her full, round ass into the air. Harry was given a great view of her bald, taut slit as she shook her ass in his direction, the thick flesh rippling enticingly.

As she straightened up and continued to dance, Harry remembered what he was supposed to be doing. Focusing on the task at hand, he realized that Fleur still wasn't resisting the curse. He debated with himself whether he should push things even further or end it now. After a moment, he decided to try one more thing. At his command, Fleur dropped to her hands and knees and crawled forward sensually, her ass swaying back and forth as she moved to kneel at his feet, staring up at him.

"Arry, please, let me suck your cock," she begged in a darkly erotic purr.

Looking down at her as she continued to stare up at him, Harry's cock was painfully hard, straining against the leg of his trousers. It took all of his will power to wave his wand, releasing her from the curse rather than going any further. As Fleur blinked, coming back to herself, Harry took a step back and looked away from her, his face flushing as he cleared his throat, feeling suddenly embarrassed.

Fleur stood up and walked back over to her clothes, bending over to pick up her underwear from the floor. He couldn't resist the urge to look over at her out of the corner of his eye, watching her breasts bounce as she pulled on her panties.

“Did eet feel like I was fighting zhe curse at all?” she asked, breaking the awkward silence.

“Er, no, no it didn’t,” Harry told her. “Look, maybe we should call it a day. We’ve been at it for over an hour.”

“Alright, we weel meet ‘ere tomorrow after deener,” Fleur said, her tone taking a demanding quality again as she put on her bra.

Harry sighed in exasperation. He had been hoping she would be a little less enthusiastic after the last failure. Nodding at her, he walked over to the door and pointed his wand at it.

“Finite,” he said, removing the spells from the door.

“Arry,” Fleur called out softly as he reached for the doorknob.

Harry turned to look at her as she started to do up the buttons of her robe.

“Merci,” Fleur said sincerely.

“You’re welcome,” he said, opening the door as little as possible and slipping through it.

Harry walked down the hall towards the common room, hoping that no one was in the dorms this early so he would have a chance to relieve himself. Glancing at his watch, he had the distinct feeling that he was forgetting something. A few steps later, he stopped in his tracks and his eyes widened.

“Oh shit! Hermione’s gonna kill me!” He yelled, taking off at a sprint towards the library.

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“Where have you been?” Hermione hissed at him angrily as he collapsed in the seat across from her.

“Sorry,” He huffed, winded from his long run.

Grabbing a book from the large stack that Hermione had set on the table, hoping the questioning would end there. He really should have known better.

“Well?” she asked impatiently. “What took you so long?”

“Fleur needed help with a spell. It took longer than I thought it would,” he said, trying to stick as close to the truth as possible, knowing he was terrible at lying.

“Why would she ask you?” Hermione asked incredulously. “And what spell did she need help with?”

“I don’t know why she asked me, and, um, she, ah, she asked me to keep it a secret, Hermione. Sorry,” he said, hoping she would believe him. “Don’t worry about it. It’s nothing important.”

From the suspicious look she was giving him, he knew she wasn’t going to let this go for long. He really needed to get better at lying, he thought.

Chapter 2

The day after Harry had first helped Fleur with trying to learn to overcome the Imperius curse, he was back in their commandeered room, waiting for Fleur to arrive. He was actually a bit nervous about seeing her again; things had ended a bit awkwardly the last time they met. Sitting down on the only chair in the room, Harry’s leg bounced restlessly as he tried unsuccessfully to read one of the dozen books Hermione had given him. After re-reading the same line four times in a row, he gave up in frustration, tossing the book onto the desk. A plume of dust rose into the air, causing him to cough and further adding to his agitation.

Standing up, he began pacing in front of the desk. He glanced at his watch, half hoping she had decided to call the whole thing off and wouldn’t show up. He would be lying if he said he hadn’t liked seeing Fleur naked, but the whole situation had been quite uncomfortable. Fleur didn’t even like him, and, truth be told, despite her incredible looks, Harry found her to be arrogant and a bit stuck up. Plus, there was the whole using a highly illegal curse that could get him thrown in Azkaban for the rest of his life if they were caught thing.

Lost in his thoughts, Harry gave a start when the door opened, and Fleur walked in. Closing the door behind her, she carefully spelled it shut like she did the last time.

“Ow do you stand zhis cold?” Fleur complained, rubbing her hand up and down her arms.

“You get used to it,” He shrugged with a smile, glad for the momentary distraction.

Pulling out his wand, he waved it in a wide arch around the room.

“Calorus,” he said, casting a warming charm on the room.

Fleur’s shoulder visibly relaxed as she sighed in relief.

“Merci,” she said gratefully.

An uncomfortable silence settled between them. Harry didn’t want to be the one to bring up why they were there, but he didn’t know what else to say either. After a long awkward moment, fleur broke the silence.

“I’ve been zhinking about ‘ow we’ve been doing zhis,” she told him.

“Oh.” Harry said, wondering if she was going to call the whole thing off.

"I 'ave always been afraid someone would use zhe curse to make me eento a sex slave," she said slowly, pacing back and forth as she spoke. "Eet happens to a lot of Veela. I zhink zhe best way for me to learn to zhrow off zhe curse ees for you to treat me like zhey would."

"Fleur, I think you're taking this a bit too far," he said, his mouth suddenly going dry.

"Non," she said adamantly. "I need to learn 'ow to break zhe curse, no matter what eet takes."

It was at that moment that he realized there was more to this than she was letting on. Harry could tell from past experience that this was something personal for her. He was tempted to ask her about it, but he was sure she wouldn't give him an answer.

"Alright," Harry said after a moment of thought. "If that's what you want, but I have an idea I think we should try first. I want you to cast the curse on me."

"Why?" she asked, looking at him dubiously. "You already know 'ow to zhrow eet of, 'ow would zhat 'elp?"

"I think it would help you understand the curse better," he said. "Maybe if you can feel what it's like to use the curse and what it feels like for someone to throw it off, it might make it easier for you to do it."

"Eet might help," Fleur admitted. "Do you want to do eet now?"

“Yeah. We’ll do it twice. I’ll throw it off the first time, and the second I’ll let you control me, so you know what it feels like from the other end,” Harry instructed.

Nodding, Fleur raised her wand and aimed it at his chest.

“Imperio,” she incanted.

Maybe it was because she had helped him learn how to cast it, or maybe because she was used to controlling people with her Allure, Fleur’s curse worked on the first try. Harry felt a sense of euphoria wash over him as his own consciousness retreated.

Worship me. Fleur’s voice echoed through his mind.

Why? Asked another voice from the back of his mind, arguing against the first.

Worship me. I am your goddess.

“Sorry, Fleur, but you’re not *that* pretty,” Harry said, smiling at her teasingly.

“Ow do you do zhat so easily?” she asked, glaring at him in annoyance.

“Honestly, I don’t know. It’s like I told you before. I hear this voice in the back of my mind. It argues with the voice tell me what to do, and I just - listen to it,” Harry finished lamely, unable to think of a better way to describe it.

“Zhen why can’t I hear zhe voice?” Fleur asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry shrugged, feeling foolish for not having better answers for her.

“My friends, Ron and Hermione, couldn’t hear it either. Maybe it just takes practice?” he suggested, trying to reassure her.

It didn’t seem to work very well as Fleur just grunted in annoyance and crossed her arms.

“Let’s do it again, and I won’t fight it this time,” Harry said.

Uncrossing her arms, Fleur raised her wand and aimed it at him again.

“Imperio,” she said almost angrily.

Harry felt his mind cloud over in the wonderful feeling of the Imperious curse once again.

Tell me ‘ow you put your name een zhe Goblet of Fire.

Harry consciously ignored the voice in his head questioning why he should answer.

“I didn’t put my name in the goblet,” Harry said, his voice coming out dull and listless.

Through the haze of the curse, he vaguely noted the look of surprise on Fleur’s face. It took a few seconds for her to recover and give him another order.

Tell me something you don’t want people to know about you. Her voice commanded in his mind.

“Until I was eleven, my relatives forced me to sleep in the cupboard under the stairs,” Harry told her.

Fleur dropped the spell immediately, looking at him wide-eyed and pale faced.

“Arry, I-”

“It’s fine,” Harry interrupted, waving her off even as he blushed. “I could have thrown off the curse if I didn’t want to answer.”

While Harry wasn't too happy about telling her, he knew she couldn't tell anyone about it due to the vow. Besides, with everything that he had done to her - and was going to do - it seemed only fair to give her something in return.

"Do you think you have a feel for it, or do you want to try it again?" Harry asked.

"Non, I zthink I 'ave eet," Fleur said, looking slightly uncomfortable for the first time since he'd met her.

"Could you feel when I broke the curse?" he asked, curious.

"Oui," she nodded. "I could feel you push me out."

"Alright, let's see if it helped," he said. "Remember how it felt when I pushed you out and try and do it to me."

Harry pulled out his wand and aimed it at her chest.

"Ready?"

Fleur nodded, shifting on her feet as if readying herself for a fight.

“Imperio.”

Again, he could feel the curse take over her mind, giving him control over her.

Dance.

Fleur began to dance, spinning and twirling around with room with impressive grace. Harry spent a few moments enjoying the view of her curvaceous body in motion as he waited to see if she could fight the curse. When she didn't, he tried something else.

Take off your robes.

Fleur unbuttoned her robe, and just as she was about to pull it off, it happened. Her hands shook as if struggling against an invisible force, and he could feel her pushing against the presence of his mind in hers. Harry ordered her again.

Take off your robe.

Fleur stopped resisting, and her hands started to move again, pulling her robes up over her head. Harry had a brief moment to mentally celebrate the small success before she pulled her robes off entirely, and he saw what she was wearing. Standing in front of him, she only wore sheer black underwear, stockings, and a garter belt. As his eyes drifted over her body, he could see her nipples through the low-cut bra. Shaking himself out of his momentary stupor, Harry released her from the curse.

“You did it!” he told her excitedly, his eyes focused on her face. “I could feel you resisting it.”

“But I didn’t beat eet,” she huffed angrily.

“Yes, but you’re getting closer. You know you can fight it now,” Harry said encouragingly. “Did you hear the voice this time?”

“Oui, but eet was quiet. Your voice in my ‘ead was much louder,” Fleur told him.

“Really?” Harry asked in mild surprise.

For him, the voice in his head fighting back was just as loud as the one giving him orders. He wondered what it meant, or even if it meant anything at all.

“Keep going,” Fleur demanded, breaking him from his thoughts. “Don’t stop unteel I can zhrow it off completely.”

“Are you sure you want to do that, Fleur?” Harry asked. “I mean, you’re getting closer without having to go that far.”

“I am sure,” she said as if daring him to say otherwise. “I need to learn ‘ow to beat eet.”

"I don't suppose you'd be willing to tell me why it's so important?" he asked.

Fleur hesitated for a moment before shaking her head.

"Non, not now."

"You know, I could just make you tell me," he said, though not threateningly.

"Oui," She admitted, then gave him a small smile. "But you won't."

Harry sighed and shook his head, knowing she was right. If she wasn't willing to tell him yet, he wouldn't force her to. He knew what it was like when people didn't respect your privacy, so he would respect hers. She would tell him when she was ready.

Taking a quick breath, he raised his wand again, and she nodded to tell him she was ready.

"Imperio."

Dance. He commanded her as soon as the curse took hold.

There was no resistance this time as she effortlessly danced about the room. He couldn't help but appreciate the way her breasts bounced in her bra or how the muscles in her legs and ass flexed as she moved. His cock began to stiffen as he admired her body.

Take off your bra and panties but leave the rest on.

Fleur slowed her dancing, but still swayed and spun in place as she reached up and took off her bra, tossing it to the floor. Her large breast bounced and jiggled as she took off her panties, bending over as she did so. She straightened up once they were off, now in just her black stockings and garter belt that contrasted beautifully with her pale skin. Walking over to her, Harry couldn't resist the temptation to touch her. One hand reached up, shaking slightly with nerves as he gently cupped her round, firm breast.

He spent a few moments playing with it in his hand, squeezing her breast and running his thumb over her hard pink nipple. The skin under his fingers felt incredibly smooth and smooth, her breast somehow managing to feel both soft and firm at the same time. Harry's cock strained against his pants, marveling at the fact that he got to do this with such a beautiful girl. Eventually, and regretfully, he let go of her breast and backed away, thinking about what to do next.

At his command, Fleur sank to her hands and knees, just as she had the day before, her ass swaying behind her as she crawled to him. Once she reached him, she sat on her knees, looking up at him with a smoldering gaze that had him throbbing in his pants.

“Arry, please, let me suck your cock,” she begged in a husky, pleading voice.

This time, Harry didn't stop her as she reached for his belt. Suddenly, her hands jerked to a stop, shaking slightly as she fought against the curse. It only lasted a moment before she

started to move again, undoing his belt and opening his pants. Grabbing the front of his boxers, she pulled them down and wrapped her long, slender fingers around his shaft. Harry trembled with excitement as she pulled his rigid cock out of his pants and leaned forward to nuzzle it against her cheek, placing a brief kiss on the side of his shaft.

Fleur opened her mouth, and her plump lips wrapped around the swollen head of his cock, her tongue circling around the sensitive tip. Harry sucked in a sharp breath, and his cock jerked as she sucked hard, her cheeks hollowing while her hand lightly stroked his length. Reaching forward, he grabbed the top of her head and pushed his hips forward, feeding more of his cock into the wet heat of her mouth. Her glistening, pink lips stretched wide around his girth as he bucked his hips back and forth, losing all restraint as he fucked her face.

With the head of his cock bumping against the back of her mouth with every thrust, her eyes began to water, and saliva dripped from her lower lip as a wet sucking sound left the back of her throat. Harry could feel himself rapidly reaching his peak as he watched his thick shaft slide between her swollen lips. He yanked his cock out of her mouth, and Fleur sucked in a desperate breath. Wrapping his hand around his spit-soaked shaft, he stroked his length hard and fast as he ordered her to tilt her head back and close her eyes.

Breathing harshly as he stroked his cock furiously, Harry reached his climax, long streaks of white cum shooting out to land on Fleur's beautiful face. The first shot was so powerful that it landed in her hair and left a long streak down the center of her face. Several more shots leapt from his pulsing cock, landing on her cheeks, lips, and nose, painting her face with long white streaks. Finally, his climax finished, and Harry stumbled back, breathing heavily as Fleur remained in place, kneeling with his cum slowly sliding down her face.

With a wave, he released her from the curse. Another wave and a whispered incantation conjured a small white hand towel into his hand. Fleur blinked her eyes open and took the towel he offered her. Muttering angrily in French, she wiped the cum off her face and stood up. He didn't know what she was saying, but he really hoped it wasn't directed at him.

“Did you hear the voice again?” Harry asked.

“Oui,” She huffed, throwing the towel to the floor angrily. “But every time I ‘ear eet, your voice drowns eet out.”

“At least you can hear it now. That’s better than yesterday,” he said, trying to sound encouraging.

“Eet’s not enough!” Fleur yelled. “Do eet again.”

Harry decided, wisely, in his opinion, not to argue with the angry witch.

“Imperio.”

Before telling her what to do, he grabbed the rickety old chair he had been sitting on earlier and transfigured it into a mattress on the dusty stone floor. At his command, Fleur laid down on the mattress and started to run her hands over her breasts, squeezing them in her hands as she moaned sensually. One hand left her breast and slid down her stomach to the bald, damp lips of her pussy. Again, he felt her fight him, her fingers hovering at her entrance. This time she fought him harder, and for a moment, he thought she might be able to break the curse. Then, her resistance crumbled and two of her fingers slipped between her folds, pushing inside of her tight slit.

As Fleur writhed on the mattress, fingers pumping in and out of her pussy and her hand grasping and groping her breast, Harry began to remove his clothes, growing hard as he

watched her. Quickly, his clothes were in a pile on the floor, leaving him naked, but he hesitated.

As badly as he wanted to fuck her, he still wanted to give her another chance to break the curse before he did. Harry ordered her to move over on the mattress, giving him room to lay down next to her on his back.

Ride my cock. He commanded her.

Fleur rolled over on to her hands and knees and then straddled his waist, her breast dangling above him as she reached down to grab his cock. She stopped when the head of his cock touched her lips. Her whole body quivered as she fought the curse. After a few seconds she still hadn't moved, but she couldn't completely throw off the curse either.

Ride my cock. He ordered again.

Fleur fought even harder, her mind warring against his, and her hips raised up slightly...only to plunge down a moment later, driving the entire length of his cock into her sweltering depths in one swift movement. Harry inhaled sharply, and Fleur moaned sensually as her tight, wet heat surrounded his cock. She set a quick pace, her hands pressed against his chest for leverage as she bounced up and down on his hard cock. Reaching up, he grabbed her bouncing breasts, squeezing them in his hands while his cock filled her tight, hot walls again and again. Bending his knees to plant his feet on the mattress, Harry thrust up into her as she dropped down, making his thighs slap against her round ass with a *clap* that reverberated through the room.

As incredible as it felt, he couldn't stop his conscience from screaming at him that he was doing something terribly wrong.

Tell me honestly if you want to stop. He ordered her.

“Non. Don't stop, eet feels so good,” Fleur moaned as she bounced on his cock.

“Oh, thank Merlin,” He gasped out loud in relief.

Letting go of her breasts, he grabbed her hips and slammed her down on his cock even harder, drawing a gasp from Fleur as he moved her up and down on his throbbing length. She let out a long low moan as he fucked her, throwing her weight down on to him as she met his hard thrusts. It wasn't long before he felt her quivering around his cock, grunting every time he filled her.

Cum for me

Fleur threw her head back and screamed as her pussy clamped down on his cock, bucking and writhing over him as she came hard. Collapsing forward on to his chest, she shook as her hips jerked back and forth, trying to prolong her climax. The feeling of her walls massaging his cock as he continued to thrust into her hard pushed Harry over the edge. With a grunt, he came, his cock pulsing inside of her, shooting jet after jet of hot cum against her grasping walls. Groaning as he finished filling her, Harry reached over and grabbed his wand, releasing her from the curse.

Fleur lay on top of him for a few minutes as they both recovered. Sitting up again, Fleur smiled down at him.

“Merci,” she said. “I needed zhat.”

“Anytime,” He told her, smiling back dazedly. “It was my pleasure.”

Giggling, Fleur climbed off of him with a smile on her lips. Deciding to call it a night, they both got dressed and headed their separate ways. Fleur going to the Beauxbaton’s carriage, while Hary headed to Gryffindor Tower. Entering the common room, his hopes of having a relaxing night were dashed the moment he walked through the portrait hole.

“Where were you?” Hermione asked sharply, appearing at his side suddenly.

“Bloody hell, Hermione,” Harry said, grabbing his chest as she startled him.

“Well?” she asked impatiently.

“Good to see you, too,” he said, deflecting the question.

“You were with *her* again, weren’t you?” Hermione asked accusingly.

Harry sighed, wishing for the hundredth time he was good at lying.

“I was just helping her with a spell. It’s not a big deal, Hermione,” he told her.

Hermione scoffed and stomped away from him angrily. Walking over to a small table in the corner, she picked up a large book and held it up in front of her face.

Chapter 3

Harry looked down at Fleur, who was naked and kneeling in front of him, her red lips opened wide to accept his throbbing cock. It had been almost a month since they had started this unorthodox training to teach Fleur how to overcome the Imperius curse. This was the last time they would be able to meet before the First Task of the Triwizard Tournament, and Fleur was determined to finally beat the curse.

While she had managed to struggle against it on a regular basis, she had yet to throw it off completely. Today, she instructed Harry to be particularly rough on her in the hope that it would push her to break the spell that controlled her.

Ordering her to not resist him, Harry slid the swollen head of his cock between her plump lips, pushing in until he hit the back of her mouth. Fleur looked up at him with her hands in her lap as his cock filled her mouth and her plump, pink lips stretched wide around his girth. Running his fingers through her golden hair, he grabbed her head and thrust his hips forward, driving his cock down her tight throat. Even being under the curse didn't stop her shoulders from hitching as she gagged loudly when he ruthlessly pushed into her throat until her cute, angular nose rested against his pelvis.

Fleur's throat spasmed around his shaft, desperately trying to get rid of the intruder even as the rest of her body sat still, staring up at him calmly. Harry held his long cock buried down her throat for several second, relishing the feeling, before he finally relented and pulled back. Her saliva dripped from his length and down her chin to land on her breasts as he pulled out. She

gasped loudly, sucking in a lungful of air the moment her mouth was clear, the cool air rushing along the head of his cock.

After giving her a moment to catch her breath, Harry pushed his cock back into her mouth and down her throat, gagging her on his thick shaft. Rather than hold her down on him again, he pulled back once he bottomed out, until she was able to draw in a breath, and then pushed back in again. At a slow, steady rhythm, he fucked her throat, watching as more of her spit rained from her chin to land on her breast. Her eyes turned red, and tears ran down her cheeks as he savagely forced his cock into her tight throat.

Harry closed his eyes and groaned as her hot, tight throat spasmed around his shaft, massaging it pleurably. Looking down, his eyes fell on her long, slender neck, and the way it bulged as he force-fed his cock down her gullet. Letting go of her head with one hand, he wrapped it around her neck, gripping it just hard enough to feel the way it swelled as her throat stretched around his cock. For a moment, Harry held himself balls deep in her throat, gently running his hand over the bulge in her throat. After a few seconds, he yanked his cock back out of her throat, giving her time to catch her breath.

Fleur coughed, panting heavily as her throat was freed of his shaft, her chin and chest glistening with the copious amounts of spit that had fallen out of her mouth. Once she had gotten her breath back, Harry pushed his cock back into her mouth. He grabbed her head tightly and adjusted his stance, getting ready to really let loose. Starting slow, he thrust in and out of her throat, gradually gaining speed as he fucked her face.

Glurk Glurk Glurk

Fleur's throat squelched loudly as she gagged around his fat cock, his balls bouncing off of her delicate chin with each thrust. Her face was screwed up in discomfort, and her eyes tightly shut as he quickly and brutally fucked her throat with abandon. Harry huffed in exertion as he forced

his cock down her throat over and over again. Suddenly, he felt her fight against the curse, her hands twitching in her lap as she continued to gag around the shaft lodged in her throat.

A moment later, her resistance ended as abruptly as it started, and she sat looking strangely calm as he battered her throat. Yanking his cock out of her mouth, Fleur sucked in a much-needed breath of air, coughing as she tried to clear her ravaged throat. Jerking his cock rapidly, Harry dragged his balls up her chin to her mouth, her warm breath feeling great on his cold, saliva-soaked sack.

Suck my balls. He ordered her.

Fleur lifted her head up and wrapped her swollen, battered lips around one of his balls, caressing it gently with her tongue. Harry groaned in pleasure, enjoying the feel of her hot mouth surrounding his shriveled sack. After playing with one testicle for a while, she moved her head over to the other one, giving it the same treatment.

“If only the rest of the school could see how much of a whore you are,” Harry said, running a hand through her long, golden hair.

Harry wasn’t just saying that to talk dirty. He was doing it in an attempt to provoke her into fighting the curse. He hoped that insulting and degrading the proud young woman would push her into fighting back. Although, he hoped it took her a very long time to finally beat the curse completely.

“I bet they would love to see such an arrogant French bitch on her knees, with my balls in your mouth,” he told her.

Feeling his climax starting to build, Harry pulled back and shoved his cock back into her mouth. She gagged loudly as he swiftly invaded her abused throat yet again.

“I’m gonna cum straight down your fucking throat, bitch,” Harry growled.

Harry set a hard and brutal pace from the start, panting as he fucked her throat the way he would fuck her pussy. A loud, wet gagging sound filled the room as he rapidly thrust back in forth. Fortunately for Fleur, he didn’t last long, the pleasure and depravity pushing him over the edge quickly.

Grunting, Harry buried his cock as deep down her throat as possible as he came, pulling her head forward and crushing her nose against his pubic bone. His cock swelled and pulsed as he came straight down her throat and into her stomach while Fleur’s throat continued to spasm around his shaft, milking him unintentionally.

As soon as his climax had ended, he pulled out of her throat and released her from the curse. Fleur fell forward onto her hands and knees, coughing up bits of his cum saliva onto the floor as she struggled to clear her throat and get her breath back. Harry grabbed the towel that Fleur had taken to bringing with her and knelt down in front of her.

“You okay, Fleur?” he asked softly, handing her the towel.

“Oui,” she rasped as she took the towel from him. “Merci, ‘Arry.”

Sitting up on her knees, Fleur wiped her chin and chest, cleaning the spit from her body. Harry couldn’t help but stare as she cleaned her breast, watching the full, firm mounds jiggle as she

wiped them with the towel. Noticing his stare, Fleur moved the towel away and shook her chest back and forth, sending her tits swaying wildly. Realizing he had been caught, Harry looked up at her, smiling awkwardly. Fleur just giggled at him.

Standing up, he held out his hand and helped her to her feet. Fleur winced as she stood, rubbing her knees.

“Are you ready for the First Task?” Harry asked, watching her dress as he put on his own clothes.

“Oui,” she said, pulling up her panties. “Zhank you for telling me about zhe dragons.”

“It didn’t really help, though,” he said with a shrug. “You already knew.”

“Steel, I am grateful,” Fleur told him, leaning over to kiss him on the cheek. “You deen’t ‘ave to tell me.”

“It was only fair,” Harry shrugged, feeling strangely flustered.

“Are you ready for zhe Task?” Fleur asked, pulling her robes on over her head.

“I think so,” he replied, buttoning up his shirt.

“Do you need ‘elp?” she asked, looking at her curiously as she fixed her hair.

“No, I know what I’m going to do. It’s just-” Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair.
“We’re fighting dragons, for Merlin’s sake. What the fuck are the organizers thinking?”

“You could always forfeit,” Fleur told him with a playful look.

“I tried,” Harry sighed. “If I forfeit, I could lose my magic.”

“Really?” she asked in surprise.

“I don’t want to compete,” Harry said, a note of defiance in his voice.

Fleur, now fully dressed, stepped over to him and hugged him gently. After a moment of standing still in surprise, he relaxed and hugged her back, taking comfort in her embrace.

“You’ll be fine. I know eet,” Fleur assured him.

Pulling back, she looked at him with a gentle smile.

"We 'ave spent a lot of time togezher, and I 'ave felt your magic. You are a vairy strong wizard, and you 'ave a vairy strong mind. You 'ardly react to my allure. You weel do well in zhe Tournament," she told him confidently.

Leaning forward, she kissed him on the lips, much to his surprise. It was the first time they had actually kissed, and it was the first time they had done something without her being under the Imperius curse. Just as he was getting over his surprise, she pulled back and smiled brightly at him."

"Bonne nuit, 'Arry," Fleur said softly, backing away before turning to leave the room.

"Good night, Fleur," Harry replied in a slight daze.

Harry sighed as the door closed behind her and moved to grab his bag when he saw movement in the dark corner of the room. He watched in shock as Hermione appeared from under his invisibility cloak, glaring at him as she marched angrily towards him.

"Hermione!" he exclaimed.

"What are you doing!" she yelled angrily, slapping him hard on the shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" he asked in shock. "Were you spying on me?"

“I was worried about you!” Hermione shouted. “You’ve been disappearing for weeks, and you wouldn’t tell anyone where you were going or what you were doing. I thought you were just stressed, and then I find you here with *her*. Do you have any idea how dangerous this is? She’s using you! She’s probably planning to use this to get you thrown out of the Tournament. She could get you thrown in Azkaban, Harry!”

Harry stared at her with wide eyes as she ranted at him hysterically, and he put his hands on her shoulders, desperately trying to calm her down before she reached for her wand.

“She wouldn’t tell anyone, Hermione,” he said, hoping to calm her.

“And how do you know that?” she asked, her tone indicating she didn’t think he had an answer. “She’s just trying to get you out of the tournament, she-”

“She gave me a vow,” Harry interrupted.

“What!?” Hermione asked, looking taken aback.

“She gave me a vow that she wouldn’t tell anyone what we are doing,” Harry told her, hoping this would calm her down.

“Why would she do that?” Hermione asked, incredulous.

For the next few minutes, Harry explained to her how everything had started with Fleur.

“Why is she so desperate to learn how to throw off the Imperius curse?” she asked once he was finished.

“I don’t know,” he admitted. “She hasn’t told me yet, but I’m sure she will when she’s ready.”

“I still think this is a bad idea,” Hermione huffed, crossing her arms over her chest.

Harry wasn’t sure why Hermione disliked Fleur so much, but he wasn’t brave enough to ask at the moment. Hermione paced back and forth in front of him, a thoughtful look on her face.

“I want you to teach me,” she said suddenly, turning to face him with a determined look on her face.

“What?” Harry asked, confused.

“I want you to teach me how to throw off the Imperius curse,” Hermione told him.

Harry stared at her in utter shock for a moment, images of him using her the way he used Fleur running through his mind before he shook them away.

“Hermione-”

“What, you’ll teach *her*, but not your best friend?” she challenged.

Harry sighed in defeat. He knew Hermione well enough to know that she wasn’t going to give up until she got her way.

“Alright,” He relented, taking out his wand. “Ready?”

She nodded, looking slightly nervous.

“Imperio.”

A blissful look fell over Hermione’s face as the spell took hold. At his command, she danced around the room, spinning and twirling gracefully. As she moved, her skirt flared out, showing her long, muscular legs. After a couple of minutes, when she still showed no sign of resisting, Harry dropped the spell.

“Why did you stop?” Hermione asked after she had spun to a stop.

“You weren’t fighting it.” Harry said.

“Well, of course not,” Hermione said as if it should have been obvious. “We only just started. Just do it the way you do with Fleur.”

“Er,” Harry stammered, sure that he must have misunderstood her. “Hermione, you saw what we were doing earlier, right?”

“Of course I did. I can handle anything that *she* can,” she said, again refusing to use Fleur’s name for some reason. “Besides, it’s not as if you two were having actual sex.”

“Er, right,” Harry muttered.

Harry wasn’t going to tell her that he had had sex with Fleur before, or that the only reason they didn’t today was because it was Fleur’s time of the month. He licked his dry lips as he thought about what he was about to do. Unlike the rest of the school, Harry had noticed how beautiful Hermione was becoming. He had fantasized about her countless times late at night. If she was willing to go through with this, he wasn’t going to argue with her. Harry raised his wand again, and at her nod, he placed her under the curse again.

Strip.

Hermione didn’t show any sign of resistance as she shrugged off her robes and started pulling off her tie. Harry watched with growing excitement, and a growing erection, as she stripped down to her surprisingly sexy black bra and panties. Reaching behind her back, she unsnapped her bra and slid it down her arms, revealing her grapefruit-sized breasts. While not as big as Fleur’s, they were still a good size and very perky, standing out straight from her chest. Her nipples were the same light pink as her lips and already hard.

Reaching down, Hermione bent over as she pulled down her panties. Unlike Fleur, who was completely bald, she had a small strip of short brown hair over her mound. As she stood naked

in front of him, Harry took the opportunity to walk around her, taking in every part of her amazing body. Walking behind her, he saw her wonderful ass. It was full, round, and muscular, jutting out from her body. Reaching out, he cupped her incredible cheeks, running his hands over her silky-smooth skin. Sliding his hands up her body and around to the front, he groped her breasts, running his thumbs lightly over her hard nipples.

“You’re so beautiful, Hermione,” he whispered in her ear.

Letting go of her, he walked back around to stand in front of her. He spent another few seconds admiring her naked form before releasing her from the curse. Immediately, Hermione blushed and raised her arms to cover herself, looking away shyly.

“I - I think that’s enough for today,” Hermione stammered, trying and failing to hide how embarrassed she was.

“You okay, Hermione?” Harry asked worriedly as he watched her dress quickly.

“I’m fine,” she said in a voice that sounded higher than normal. “It’s getting late, and you have the First Task coming up. We’ll do this again after it’s over.”

In her rush to get dressed, Hermione ended up with her back to him as she bent over to pick up her skirt, giving him a wonderful view of her moist lips and puckered hole.

“Looking forward to it,” He muttered to himself, tilting his head to the side as he watched her.

Chapter 4

"I really don't think this is a good idea," Harry said to Hermione as they walked down the hall to the room where he was supposed to meet Fleur.

"It'll be fine, Harry," Hermione said in a patient tone, having heard him say the same thing several times before.

"She's going to be really cross," he told her, visions of fireball throwing Veela from the World Cup running through his mind.

"She'll get over it," Hermione replied with a roll of her eyes.

Hermione didn't seem to like Fleur at all, despite never actually meeting her, and Harry wasn't sure why. He just hoped that Fleur didn't hex him for bringing her to their meeting, not that Hermione had given him much choice in the matter. Harry sighed and resigned himself to his fate as they rounded the last corner. A few doors down, they reached the room they had been using. Harry took one last deep breath before reaching out and opening the door.

Fleur was already inside, waiting for him. She smiled at him as he entered and opened her mouth to greet him, but snapped it shut and glared at the girl behind him the moment she came into view.

"You told 'er?" Fleur asked angrily, turning her glare to him.

He wasn't surprised to see her angry, and he didn't blame her, but he was surprised to see the fleeting look of hurt that crossed her face. Harry held up his hands in surrender, only slightly relieved she hadn't reached for her wand, yet.

"He didn't tell me anything," Hermione interjected. "I followed him last time you two met. He wouldn't tell me what he was doing, and I just wanted to make sure he was safe."

"You spied on us?" Fleur asked accusingly, mercifully turning her glare away from him.

"If someone tried to kill your best friend every year, you'd worry about them, too," Hermione answered defiantly, completely unapologetic for her actions.

Fleur scoffed and looked over at him. Harry could only shrug his shoulders. After all, Hermione did have a point, even if he disagreed with her methods. Fleur furrowed her brow at him, looking for an answer. She knew him well enough by now to know he wouldn't lie and that he tended to downplay things.

"Harry?" She said in a tone that demanded an answer.

"Well," He said, drawing out the word and scratching the back of his neck. "First year, our Defense teacher was possessed and tried to kill me. Second year, someone set a giant Basilisk loose in the school, and last year was the whole Sirius Black thing."

Harry felt bad about blaming Sirius for nearly killing him last year, but the truth would take too long to explain.

“Don’t forget about the Troll you saved me from in first year, or the Dementors last year. And then there’s whoever put your name in the Goblet,” Hermione added.

“Ees zhis true?” Fleur asked, focusing her attention on him.

“Er, yeah,” Harry said self-consciously. “I mean, obviously, there’s more to it than that, but that’s the basics.”

Fleur stared at him for several long seconds, judging whether she should believe what they were saying. Finally, she nodded at him, and Harry let out a sigh of relief that she believed him.

“Zhat still doesn’t explain why you are ‘ere,” she said, turning to glare at Hermione again.

“You’re not the only one who wants to learn how to throw off the Imperius curse,” Hermione said defiantly. “Besides, maybe I can think of something you two missed.”

Hermione and Fleur glared at each other for several long seconds in tense silence. Harry felt like he was watching a standoff in one of those action movies Dudley always watched on the telly.

“Fine,” Fleur barked, a vindictive smirk stretching her lips. “Ave eet your way.”

Hermione narrowed her eyes further at her but didn't say anything. The mood in the room was still tense, but Harry let out a tentative sigh of relief that spells weren't being thrown.

"We'll take turns," Hermione said, setting her book-filled bag on the floor.

"Oui," Fleur agreed, nodding tightly. "I weel go first."

She turned to Harry and threw her long, golden hair over her shoulder. He could feel her Allure filling the room, surrounding him with a warm, pleasant feeling.

"Just do what you would normally do, 'Arry," Fleur said sultrily.

Harry nodded, knowing better than to argue with her right now, and took out his wand.

"Imperio."

Fleur's face went blank for a moment and Harry felt the curse take hold with very little resistance from her. He wondered if taking a week off to prepare for the First Task had affected her ability to fight the curse like she had done before. Glancing nervously over at Hermione, who had taken a seat in the only chair in the room and was watching Fleur intently, he hoped she didn't think less of him for what he was about to do.

At his command, Fleur undid the buttons at the top of her robe. Her large breast, pushed up by her light blue bra, came into view as she pushed the robe off her shoulders and down her arms.

He watched as the smooth skin of the tops of her breasts bounced slightly as she wiggled the robes down over her wide hips, revealing her matching blue panties. Fleur kicked her robes to the side and strutted towards him, her hips swaying side to side with each step.

She ran her hands over his chest, then turned around and unclasped her bra with her back to him. He could see the sides of her breasts bulge out around the sides of her body tantalizingly, and he had to fight the urge to reach up and take them in his hands. Tossing her bra off to the side, Fleur grabbed the sides of her panties and slowly pushed them down her legs, bending over as she did. With her being so close to him, as she bent over, her bare ass pressed against his crotch, making his cock twitch as it rapidly grew hard in his pants.

Standing up again, she turned around quickly, her perky tits swaying deliciously for a moment as she rubbed her hands on his chest.

“Please fuck me, ‘Arry,” Fleur begged in a husky voice, staring into his eyes lustfully. “I ‘ave missed your cock so much.”

Slowly, Fleur dropped to her knees, trailing her hand down his chest and stomach as she descended. Kneeling in front of him, she rubbed her hand over his erection through his pants, making his cock throb against her palm. Moving her hand out of the way, she leaned forward and pressed her lips to the straining bulge in his pants, her hands massaging his thighs as she looked up at him with a pleading expression.

When he still didn't feel her fighting back against the curse, Harry released her. To his surprise, she didn't stand up immediately. Giving him a sultry smile, Fleur grabbed his twitching erection and gave it an affectionate squeeze before she stood up. Turning to Hermione, she had a smirk on her lips.

“Your turn,” she said, giving the brunette a challenging look.

Hermione returned the look with a glare and stood up, walking over to stand in front of Harry. He gave her a questioning look, and when she nodded at him, he raised his wand.

“Imperio.”

Hermione’s face went slack and, just like Fleur, the curse took effect with very little resistance. At his direction, Hermione began to dance sensuously, almost wildly, to music that only she could hear. She flung her robe off, sending it twirling off to the side as she spun in a circle. With her back to him, she popped her hips side to side rhythmically as she unbuttoned her shirt quickly. In seconds, she had it undone and threw it off to the side to join her robe, showing off the plain white bra she wore underneath.

“Accio,” Harry called out, summoning the old, rickety chair from the side of the room.

As he sat, Hermione walked over to him and sat on his lap, facing him. She swung her head in a circle, sending her bushy brown hair behind her, a few strands tickling his face. Her hips thrust sensuously against him, dry humping herself rapidly against him while her warm brown eyes stared into his, sparkling with excitement and lust. In an impressive display of flexibility, Hermione grabbed the arms of the chair and leaned back, then raised her leg up into the air, passing in front of his face and chest as she moved to sit sideways on his lap.

Continuing her spin in his lap, she ended up with her back facing him and stood up. Reaching to the side of her skirt, she undid the button and pulled down the zipper. Grabbing the sides, she pushed the plaid skirt down her legs, bending over as she did and thrusting her round, muscular ass towards his face. As her plain white panties stretched over her smooth, pale skin, Harry

could see a wet spot on the gusset of her panties. The damp crotch became see-through, and he could make out the outline of her tight pink lips.

Standing back up, Hermione sat back down on his lap, grinding her cushy cheeks down onto his painfully erect cock. Reaching behind her back, she unsnapped her bra and swung it in a circle over her head before letting go and sending it flying across the room. Hermione leaned back against his chest and reached back behind her to grab the back of his head, her fingers threading through his hair while her head rested on his shoulder. Harry looked down at round, perky breasts, her red nipples hard and swollen.

Hermione pushed off of him and stood up again, spinning around to face him and her firm breasts jiggling enticingly with her movements. Grabbing her panties, she pushed them down her smooth, toned legs, kicking them off to the side. Harry saw that she had shaved her mound, giving him a clear view of her taut folds. He didn't get to enjoy the view for long, as she dropped to her knees a moment later. Hermione spread his knees apart with her hands and ran them up his legs, rubbing her palms over the bulge in his pants. Dipping her head, she rubbed her nose against his erection, placing a kiss on his shaft over his pants.

Looking up at him with a sultry gaze, Hermione slid her body up his, her hard nipples dragging over his clothes until her chest was even with his face. Grabbing the back of his head, she pulled him forward, pressing his face into her perky tits. Hermione shook her chest back and forth, the smooth skin of her breasts sliding across his cheeks and knocking his glasses askew. When she pulled back, Harry released her from the curse.

Hermione blinked as the curse was released, getting her bearings. After pausing for a moment, she leaned forward, kissing him lightly on the lips, and then pulled back and stood up. She looked over at Fleur and gave her a challenging look, which was partially ruined by the pink tint to her cheeks and neck.

"Your turn," she told Fleur.

Fleur glared at her and walked over to Harry, grabbing the chair the moment he stood up. Placing it in the middle of the room, she grabbed her wand from her robes and aimed it at the chair. Without a word, she performed an impressive feat of Transfiguration as she changed the old chair into a twin sized, comfy looking bed covered in white linens. Harry licked his lips in anticipation as she stood in front of him with a determined expression.

“Imperio.” He cast again.

The curse easily took hold, and Harry realized that the two girls were so focused on one upping on each other that they weren't even trying to break the curse. Not that he had any intention of saying anything to either of them. He doubted it would change anything, even if he did. Standing in front of the bed, Harry quickly removed his shirt as he ordered Fleur to take off his pants. By the time his shirt was off and lying on the floor, Fleur was sitting on the mattress in front of him, opening his pants and pulling them down his legs.

As she pulled them down, his hard cock sprung forward, slapping the underside of her chin. Stepping out of his pants, Harry felt her warm breath wash over his sensitive head as it bobbed up and down in front of her open mouth while she stared transfixed at his cock.

Stay on your knees and don't resist.

Harry gathered her hair into a ponytail and used it as a handle to hold her head in place as he pushed his painfully hard cock between her lips, watching as they stretched around his girth as he fed her his length. Hitting the back of her throat, Fleur gagged around his shaft, and he pulled back a bit. He mentally commanded her to lick him as he started thrusting his hips back and forth, her tongue swirling around his head and shaft. Hissing in pleasure, he pushed further into her mouth, making her gag again. This time, he didn't stop, driving the entire length of his into her mouth and down her spasming throat.

With his shaft fully buried between her plump, pink lips and her nose pressed against his stomach, Harry held her down on him for several seconds as she choked around his cock before pulling back. Once he was out of her throat, Fleur sucked in a harsh breath around his cock, the rush of air cooling his spit-soaked shaft, only to be warmed by her hot mouth a moment later. Harry enjoyed the feeling of her tongue dancing around his length for a few seconds before he pushed back into her throat, holding her down once again.

Fleur still showed no sign of fighting the curse, even as he abused her mouth and throat. He held her down even longer this time, savoring the feeling of her throat massaging his shaft as it spasmed around his intruding length. Finally, he pulled back, leaving her mouth completely, letting her suck in a gasping breath as she coughed. Once she had a moment to recover, Harry pushed his cock back between her swollen lip and thrust his hips forward, driving his cock back into her throat. This time, he pulled back immediately, only to push back in a moment later, fucking her throat at a slow, steady pace.

GAK GAK GAK

Using her hair, Harry held her head in place as he drove his cock into her tight throat over and over again. Fleur's eyes watered, a few tears streaking down her cheeks as saliva dripped off her bottom lip and onto her chin. Her breasts bounced and heaved as she choked on his cock. After a minute of relentlessly fucking her throat, Harry pulled his cock back and gave her a chance to catch her breath. She sucked in desperate breaths of air around his drenched shaft, cooling it as the air rushed past. Once her rapid breathing calmed, Harry dove his cock back into her hot, tight throat. Harry thrust in and out of her throat harder and faster, his balls slapping against her chin with each thrust of his hips.

GAK GAK GAK

Fleur gagged even louder around his shaft as he plundered her throat with his length. He paused for a moment on occasion, giving her a chance to breath, even as her tongue still swirled around the swollen head of his cock while she did. A few minutes later, Harry finally relented and pulled out of her mouth. Using her hair, he tilted her ruined face up at him, her eyes red, cheeks tear-stained, and her chin and chest glistening with her spit. Still, Fleur didn't fight the curse.

Act like a whore and beg for my cock.

Fleur scooted back on the small bed and laid back, spreading her legs wide. Reaching down, Fleur spread her moist folds open, showing him her inviting, soft pink depths.

"Please, fuck me 'Arry," she begged in a husky, ragged voice. "I need eet. I 'ave missed your cock so badly."

Harry walked up to her and placed the throbbing head of his cock at her entrance but didn't push in right away. He wanted to hear her beg some more in that sexy French accent. Reaching forward, he grabbed her heaving breasts, squeezing them firmly in his hands.

"Please, 'Arry," Fleur whined under him, sounding truly desperate. "I'll let you use me anytime you want - just please - fuck me."

Harry couldn't resist anymore and slammed into her hard, driving his entire length into her in one thrust, his pelvis slapping against hers with a wet clap. Fleur threw her head back and let out a loud, wanton moan, her tight walls fluttering around his shaft at the sudden intrusion. Harry knew he wouldn't last long, so he didn't bother to hold back. He fucked her hard and fast, the room filled with the sound of their bodies colliding, Fleur's ecstatic moans, and his pleased groans.

Harry hammered his cock in and out of her tight, wet cunt at a furious pace, squeezing her tits roughly as he used them as handles to fuck her harder. Sensual gasps and moans left her throat in a near constant stream as he drove into her, the hot walls of her clutching pussy massaging his rigid length. Harry growled as he felt his climax swiftly approaching, panting in exertion as he thrust his hips hard and fast. The head of his cock swelled, stretching her walls just a little bit more, his orgasm a hair's breadth away.

Just before he came, Harry grabbed her hard, pink nipples and pinched them hard, pulling them up and stretching her tits upward. Fleur's pussy clamped down on him, her back arching off the bed, eyes shut tight, and her mouth open wide as she came. A gush of hot arousal drenched his length as her eyes rolled into the back of her head, her breath hitching as her body stiffened. Harry's cock gave a massive lurch as cum shot for the head, spraying forcefully against her spasming walls. Fleur's hands clawed at the bedding while her mouth opened in a silent scream and her body trembled under his while he jerked his hips forward in time with the pulses of his cock.

When his climax finally ended, Harry collapsed forward over Fleur, his weight resting on his elbows as he panted heavily, his forehead resting on the bed next to her. With his eyes closed as he savored the moment, Harry released her from the curse. He was surprised when she wrapped her legs around his waist, holding him in place, and grabbed his head in her hands. Moving his face to hers, Fleur smiled at him and pressed her lips to his. His moment of surprise ended quickly, and he kissed her back, opening his mouth to let her tongue slide along his. Unfortunately, their kiss was cut short by someone clearing their throat.

Harry looked up and saw Hermione leaning against the wall as she watched them, still naked. Lost in the moment, he had forgotten she was there. Hermione narrowed her eyes at him, and he felt a brief sense of guilt. Looking away awkwardly, Harry pulled out of Fleur and stood up. Fleur sat up and glared heatedly at Hermione, who returned the look. This time, it was his turn to clear his throat to interrupt.

"I believe it's my turn now," Hermione said, moving over to them.

Fleur, still glaring at her, climbed off of the bed and, grabbing her wand from her robes, muttered an incantation, conjuring a chair out of thin air to sit on. She sat with her legs crossed and her arms folded over her chest, glaring at Hermione's back the whole time. Hermione pointedly ignored her and walked around the bed to stand in front of him, the tips of her perky, jutting tits bouncing up and down with each step. Staring at him defiantly, as if daring him to try and stop her, she nodded her head, silently telling him to cast the curse. Picking his wand up from where he had dropped it, Harry aimed it at her chest.

"Imperio."

Once again, there was no fight from Hermione as the curse washed over her, taking control of her mind. Given that he had just had an orgasm, Harry was only partially hard, despite how excited he was. Walking up to her, he grabbed her firm, perky tits and explored them with his hands, squeezing the firm yet soft flesh and teasing her light pink nipples. Bending his head down, he wrapped his lips around one of her stiff nipples, sucking hard as he flicked it with his tongue. Switching to the other one, he gave it the same treatment before taking it between his teeth and scraping them lightly over the sensitive nub.

Hermione moaned and ran her fingers through his hair. Gradually, his cock grew hard as he played with her breasts, the tip grazing her stomach as he moved. Once he was fully hard, he wrapped his arms around her, grabbing her ass, and lifted her into the air. Laying her down on the bed, he settled between her legs and sat up on his knees, looking down at the tight lips of her glistening slit. Grabbing his rigid cock by the base, he pushed the head of his cock between her lips and moved it up and down, teasing her entrance.

Slowly and gently, Harry sank his length into her core, being careful not to go too fast and hurt her. Inch by inch, his cock stretched her unbelievably tight walls, her lips stretching around his girth. Hermione's breathing was fast and deep as she lay on the bed, her eyes closed at the

overwhelming feelings flooding her body. Eventually, Harry managed to fit his entire length into her grasping depths before holding still to let her adjust to his size.

Tell me how you feel. He ordered her.

“I feel so full,” she told him, opening her eyes to look down at where they were connected. “I can feel it stretching me. It hurt a little at first, but now it feels really good. I’m really glad you’re my first.”

Harry wasn’t surprised to learn he was her first, but he still felt a surge of affection for his best friend. He felt kind of bad that her first time was in this kind of setting and promised himself that he would make it up to her in private later.

Harry pulled his hips back slowly until he was halfway out, then pushed back in, drawing a low moan from her lips. Starting at a very slow pace, he steadily increased his pace over the next few minutes until he was fucking her at a more normal pace. Hermione writhed under him in pleasure, panting and moaning as his hard cock moved in and out of her. She felt even tighter than Fleur. Her walls hugged his cock so firmly that he could feel them parting around his swollen head every time he pushed into her.

Harry suddenly felt the bed dip and looked over his shoulder to see Fleur had climbed up behind him, her arms wrapping around his body while her hands stroked his chest. With her large breasts pressed against his back, she kissed his neck, sucking and nipping at the skin. Her hands traveled down his stomach, his abs flexing under her soft touch until she reached his cock. His cock gave a throb of excitement as he watched her trace along the top of his shaft and between Hermione’s delicate lips to land on her clit. Hermione moaned loudly, thrusting her hips forward as Fleur teased the sensitive nub.

“Ees she fighting zhe curse?” She asked, raking her nails over his chest while the other hand continued to rub Hermione’s clit.

“Er, no, not really,” Harry told her, having trouble thinking with everything going on.

“Zhen perhaps we need to push ‘er furzher,” She purred into his ear.

With one last, hard suck on his neck, leaving a mark on him, she moved over to Hermione and knelt over her head. Fleur smirked down at her as she lowered her slit onto her lips.

“Tell ‘er to lick me,” Fleur told him.

Harry hesitated and thought about it for a moment, wondering if it would be going too far. In the end, He decided to do it. This was supposed to be about helping them learn to fight the curse by making them do things they didn’t want to do, and he would be able to tell it if Hermione started to fight against his order. Giving her the command, Hermione poked out her tongue and ran it between Fleur’s lips, then pushed it deep between her folds. Fleur moaned and ran her hands up her body, groping her own breasts and teasing her nipples.

Aroused by what he was seeing, Harry unconsciously began to thrust harder into Hermione, causing her body to rock back and forth on the bed. Fleur leaned forward, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him on the lips as she moaned into his mouth. Harry reached up and grasped one of her breasts, kneading it in his hand. This went on for a couple of minutes before Fleur pulled back and sat up straighter, looking down at Hermione.

“Can you taste ‘im?” she asked as she ground her pussy down onto Hermione’s face, smearing her lips and chin in her dripping excitement. “Can you taste ‘is cum in me?”

Hermione’s only answer was to moan against her slit as she continued to push her tongue deep between her lips. Reaching down, Fleur began playing with Hermione’s clit again, rubbing it rapidly and aggressively, her eyes glazed over in lust.

“Cum for us, you leettle ‘ore,” Fleur demanded, panting heavily in her own excitement.

Fleur bent over and wrapped her lips around Hermione’s clit in a sixty-nine, sucking hard and flicking it rapidly with her tongue. Harry slowed down his thrusts so he didn’t dislodge Fleur, watching lustfully as the two girls pleased each other while he fucked Hermione. Both girls began to moan loudly, their hips jerking as they neared their climax. Hermione came first, letting out a muffled scream into Fleur’s cunt as her walls fluttered around his cock, becoming even tighter.

A few seconds later, grinding her pussy on to Hermione’s face, Fleur came, raising her head up and moaning as her body quivered. As Harry hadn’t told her to stop, too engrossed in watching the show they were putting on, Fleur soon became overstimulated and rolled off to the side to get away from Hermione’s tongue. With her out of the way, Harry leaned over Hermione and fucked her harder and faster, slamming his hip into her in a desperate bid to reach his end.

Looking down at Hermoine, her face was glazed with Fleur’s arousal, her lips and chin glistening with a few beads rolling down her neck. Hermione, who had barely come down from her orgasm before Harry started thrusting into her again, moaned and writhed under him as he repeatedly buried his thick cock into her tight cunt. Soon, Harry felt his climax beginning to build, just as Hermione did the same. With a few more hard thrusts, Hermione tightened around him again, the tendons in her neck straining as her head tilted back and she screamed out her intense pleasure.

This pushed Harry over the edge, and he came into her clutching pussy, coating her walls in his hot cum as it rocketed out of his pulsing cock. Again and again, his cock swelled and jerked, flooding her with his cum until it dripped out of her and onto the bed. Harry panted heavily as his climax waned, resting his head next to hers as he caught his breath. A minute later, he pushed himself up on his arms and canceled the curse. Hermione's expression became slightly shy as she looked up at him, biting her lip nervously.

Harry gave her a reassuring smile and leaned down, kissing her on the lips passionately. When he pulled back, Hermione gave him a brilliant smile. Sitting up, Harry pulled his cock out of her, allowing more of his cum to leak out of her. Hermione blushed and covered herself with her hand in embarrassment as she stood up and rushed over to grab her clothes. As Harry sat on the edge of the bed, watching her breasts bounce wildly in her rush, Fleur moved to sit next to him. When he looked at her, she leaned in and kissed him passionately on the lips.

When she pulled back a few seconds later, she stood up and walked calmly over to her clothes, her hips swaying exaggeratedly. By the time Harry had gotten up and started putting on his clothes, Hermione had already finished getting dressed.

"So, we'll meet again on Sunday, right?" she asked, still blushing but trying to pretend she was unaffected.

"Oui," Fleur answered, putting on her bra, much to his disappointment. "Eef you want to, zhat ees."

Fleur gave her a smirk and made a show of licking her lips, which caused Hermione to blush even harder even as she glared at the blonde.

"I'll be there," Hermione said defiantly before she turned and stormed out of the room.

Harry shook his head and finished getting dressed, watching out of the corner of his eyes as Fleur shimmied into her robes. Once she had gotten her arms into the sleeves and the show was over, Harry turned to face her fully.

"So, I'll see you Sunday?" he asked, putting on his robe.

"Arry, wait," Fleur said, walking closer to him as she did up the buttons on her robe. "I 'ave an idea I zhink we should try."

"Oh?" he asked curiously.

"I zhink eet might 'elp eff you 'eld me under zhe curse longer. Like, for a 'ole day," Fleur suggested.

"That might help," Harry agreed after a moment of thought.

"Bon. Zhen tomorrow, you weel put me under zhe curse for zhe day," Fleur said, smiling at him.

Leaning in, she kissed him briefly on the lips before she turned and left the room. Harry went to bed that night, his dreams filled with the debauched images of what he could make the two beautiful girls do while under his control.

Chapter 5

Early Saturday morning, Harry headed down the stair to the common room, and searched for Hermione. Seeing her distinctive bushy brown hair at a table in the corner of the room, he quickly made his way over and sat down across from her.

“Morning, Hermione,” Harry greeted her with a smile.

“Morning, Harry,” she replied, her face buried in a book.

“Can you do me a favor?” he asked, lowering his voice and glancing around to make sure no one was listening in.

“Of course,” Hermione replied, looking up at him and setting her book in her lap.

“Fleur had the idea that we should use the curse longer to give her more of a chance to fight it. Can you cover for me?” he asked. “Just tell anyone who asks that I’m working on figuring out the egg or something.”

Hermione’s expression became stony, and she looked at him disapprovingly.

“When did you come up with this idea?” she said almost accusingly.

“She thought of it last night after you left,” Harry answered, wondering why she was so upset.

“Of course she did,” Hermione mumbled under her breath. “I thought we were all going to work on this together.”

“We are,” he assured her. “I was going to tell you about it when I got back, but you were already upstairs. Besides, I can only use the spell on one person at a time.”

“I suppose that makes sense,” she said after a moment. “But you’ll work with me on it tomorrow, right?”

“Of course,” Harry agreed easily.

“Fine, I’ll cover for you. Just be careful. If you get caught...,” she warned.

“I know. I’ll be careful. I just wish there was someplace better for us to go than that classroo-”

Harry was cut off by a loud *pop* and the sudden appearance of Dobby the House Elf right next to their table, his many hats tilting precariously on his head. The whole room had looked over at the commotion and were whispering amongst themselves at the strange sight.

“Dobby, what are you doing here?” Harry asked, the words coming out harsher than he intended, but he didn’t like the attention being drawn to him.

“Dobby has come to help the great Harry Potter, sir!” Dobby said excitedly, bounding on his toes and reaching up to steady his tower of hats. “Dobby knows a place where The Great Harry Potter sir can practice his-”

“You know a place where Harry can practice for the Tournament?” Hermione asked quickly, cutting him off.

Harry’s brain was about half a second slower than hers, and he was grateful she had stopped Dobby from saying something that might have caused a serious problem. Dobby smiled brightly and nodded excitedly, his hats wobbling dangerously and nearly hitting Hermione in the face.

“Yes, Harry Potter sir’s miss. Dobby knows the perfect place,” he told her.

“Can you show us?” Hermione asked excitedly.

In lieu of answering, Dobby grabbed them both by the hand. A moment later, Harry felt as if he was being squeezed through a straw while spinning wildly, the breath being pushed from his lungs. Thankfully, the sensation only lasted for a second before it stopped, and Harry found himself in a corridor of the castle, still in a sitting position. Gravity took hold, and he fell heavily on his ass onto the hard stone floor, gasping for breath as his stomach churned unpleasantly. A groan told him that Hermione hadn’t fared the trip any better.

“What the bloody hell was that?” Harry asked once he had gotten his breath back.

“Dobby is sorry Harry Potter sir. Dobby is bringing you to the Come and Go Room. Bad Dobby! Bad Dobby!” he yelled, followed by a thud as he banged his head into the wall.

“Dobby, stop!” Hermione yelled, horrified.

Jumping to her feet, which Harry found impressive as he still felt like any movement would result in him being sick, she grabbed Dobby and pulled him away from the wall.

“But Dobby has hurt The Great Harry Potter sir, and his miss,” Dobby said, frantically struggling to get out of her grip.

“No, I forbid you from punishing yourself!” Hermione commanded in a tone that made Dobby stop struggling and look up at her with wide eyes. “Harry and I are fine. Just - give us a little warning next time, okay?”

“Harry Potter sir's miss is too kind to poor Dobby,” he said, tearing up.

“You still haven't told me what that was,” Harry said, hoping to get Dobby back on task before he got too emotional. “And where are we anyways?” He asked, looking around.

“That was Apparation,” Hermione stated. “It's essentially magical teleportation. Fascinating, isn't it. It was discovered by Linus Sebastian by accident 1102 when he dropped a-”

“Hermione,” Harry interrupted, though he was smiling. “Dobby, where are we?”

“We’s be on the seventh floor, Harry Potter, sir. The elves call this the Come and Go Room, but the ghosts call it the Room of Rekqi, Requira, Requimints-”

“You mean Room of Requirement?” Hermione asked kindly.

“Yes, miss,” Dobby said, nodding happily.

“And where exactly is it?” she asked, looking around at the seemingly empty corridor.

“It be here miss, across from dancing Trolls. You walk in front of the wall three times, and the Room becomes whatever miss needs,” Dobby explained happily.

Hermione gave Harry a skeptical look. He shrugged and motioned with his arm for her to give it a try. Giving a shrug of her own, Hermione paced back and forth in front of the wall. On the third pass, much to both of their surprise, the hard stone wall seemed to melt into a large, ornate wooden door. Cautiously, Hermione grabbed the doorknob and pushed it open, a gasp leaving her lips. Moving behind her, he looked inside to see an oddly modern, muggle home.

Hermione slowly walked inside with Harry close behind her. As she stared around in wonder, Harry looked closer at the pictures on the wall and immediately recognized the little girl in the photos with the bushy hair and buck teeth.

“Is this your house, Hermione?” he asked.

“Yes,” she whispered in awe, looking around the room. “This is incredible, the magic required to do this...”

Harry rarely saw his friend rendered speechless like this. Out of curiosity, he picked up the phone, and to his surprise, there was a dial tone.

“Huh, the phone works,” he told her.

“Really?” Hermione asked, taking it from his hand and putting it up to her ear.

She dialed a number, and after a few seconds of ringing, someone answered.

“Mum, it’s Hermione. Can you hear me, okay?” she asked.

Harry walked a short distance away, giving her some privacy to talk to her family. Picking up the remote, he turned on the telly and started flipping through the channels. Having not spent much time watching it as a kid, nothing really interested him, but he did pause on a channel where there was a rather busty woman talking about badgers while her nipples tried valiantly to escape through the front of her shirt.

Turning the telly off, he looked at his watch and realized he was going to be late meeting Fleur if he didn't leave soon. Walking back over to Hermione, who was laughing and talking happily with her mother, he waved to get her attention.

"Hold on, Mum," she said, turning her attention to Harry.

"I have to go meet Fleur," he told her, pointing to his watch.

Hermione nodded and uncovered the mouthpiece.

"Mum, I'm sorry, but I have to go," she said into the phone.

"No, you can stay," Harry said quickly. "Talk to your Mum for a bit. I'll bring Fleur here in, say, an hour?"

"Are you sure?" Hermione asked, biting her lip cutely again.

"I'm sure. I know you don't get to talk to them during the year," he smiled.

Hermione smiled back and then uncovered the mouthpiece again.

"I'm still here, Mum, just a sec," she said into the phone.

Covering the mouthpiece again, she waved him closer just as he was about to leave. When he gave her a questioning look, she rolled her eyes and waved him over again, mouthing the words 'come here'. Moving closer to her, she grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him down, pressing her lips against his. While surprised, Harry didn't waste time kissing her back, their tongues dancing together. A few seconds later, they pulled apart at the sound of her mother's voice calling her name again.

Smiling, Harry pecked her on the lips one last time and reached around to give her a brief squeeze. Hermione let out a cute little squeak and swatted his arm, but there was a smile on her face the entire time. With a cheeky smile, Harry turned and dashed out of the door. The smile stayed with him as he made his way down to the second floor, where he was supposed to meet Fleur. He made it just in time, although he needn't have worried, as Fleur still wasn't there. He waited for a couple more minutes before she showed up. Being a Saturday, she wasn't wearing her uniform and was instead wearing a long, light blue skirt and a white blouse with a jacket over the top.

"I am sorry, 'Arry. My 'Eadmistress needed to speak wiz me," Fleur said.

"It's fine," he assured her.

"Merci," she said with a beautiful smile. "Before we start, zhere ees somezhing I want to ask you."

"Sure," Harry shrugged. "What is it?"

"I know zhat you won't, but please do not 'umiliate me een front of anyone. I know zhat you 'ave to make me do zhings zhat I weel 'ate, and I don't mind doing zhem een front of you, but-

"I won't, I promise," Harry assured her. "I wouldn't do that even if you wanted me to. Besides, there's too much risk of us getting caught."

"Merci," Fleur smiled and stepped closer, pressing her lips softly against his briefly.

She pulled away, and it took a moment for Harry's brain to start working again.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Hermione and I found a new room for us to use. It's on the seventh floor. It's a lot more comfortable and a lot more private than this room," he told her, deciding at the last second to surprise her with what else it could do.

"Does eet have a rug? I do not like zhis stone floor. Eet ees 'ard on zhe knees," Fleur said, glaring down at the floor as if blaming stone for being hard.

Harry couldn't help but smile at how cute she looked, her expression resembling an indignant child.

"Yeah, it's got a rug, a bed, and pretty much everything else you could want," he said, unable to suppress a smile.

“Really? I cannot wait to see eet. Eet would be nice to be on a real bed for once,” Fleur said in a seductive voice, running her hands over his chest.

Harry swallowed and felt his cock beginning to swell at the images running through his head. Fleur smirked at him as if she was able to read his thoughts.

“Er, right. Are you ready or do you want to wait a bit?” he asked, suddenly very interested in getting started.

“Oui, I’m ready,” she answered, stepping back from him.

Nodding, Harry took his wand out of his pocket and aimed it at her chest.

“Imperio.”

Fleur’s face went blank, and she managed a decent struggle against the curse for several seconds before she was overcome. Having control over her mind, Harry thought for a moment about just taking her then and there, but he had a plan for today. Last night, he had stayed up late, coming up with ideas for today. He had tried to focus on doing things that would help her fight the curse, but it was hard to ignore the fact he was going to have the most desirable girl in the school under his control for the entire day.

Deciding to stick with his plan, Harry reached into the back of his jeans and pulled out his invisibility cloak. Handing it to her, he ordered her to put it on and follow him as quietly as possible. Once she was under the cloak, and he was sure it covered her completely, he opened the door and led her out of the room. Taking the Marauder’s Map out of his other pocket, Harry

made his way through the castle, careful to avoid the more crowded areas and checking to make sure Fleur stayed close.

Taking a hidden staircase up to the sixth floor, he led Fleur to the Gryffindor common room entrance. Checking the map to make sure no one was coming, he opened the portrait and held it open long enough for her to get inside. On a Saturday morning, there were only a few people still there. Moving over to one of the darker corners used for studying, or for couples to get a modicum of privacy, he waited until he was sure no one was looking and then slipped under the cloak.

Once he was sure he was completely covered, he turned to face Fleur and couldn't resist kissing her on the lips. As they kissed, Harry reached up and grabbed her breasts through her shirt. After a little while of just enjoying the kiss and how her large breasts filled his hands, he unbuttoned her shirt and untucked it from her skirt. He was doing this in the hope that the threat of getting caught would push her into fighting the curse and, frankly, he thought it was kind of exciting.

Breaking the kiss, Harry grabbed her black bra, which he noticed was see-through, and pulled it down under her breasts. This made her already perky tits jut straight out from her chest. Grabbing his wand from his pocket, he cast a quick silencing charm around them so they couldn't be heard and then put it away. His hand went back to her breasts and started playing with them, kneading, pressing them together, and jiggling them in his hands.

"Imagine what everyone would think if they saw you now, with your tit hanging out like a slut," Harry whispered to her. "I wonder how they would react if I pulled this cloak off right now."

Harry could see her breathing pick up and her skin going flush. Bending down, he sucked on her nipple and slathered it with his tongue. When he pulled his mouth off, he blew cool air over her saliva-coated nub, making it harden as Fleur bit her lip and whined.

“The girls would probably call you a whore, standing in the common room with your big tits just hanging out. What about the guys, though? Do you think they would just stare like idiots, or do you think they would come over and grab them?” Harry asked, pinching her hardened nipple firmly.

Fleur moaned quietly for several long seconds as he continued to pinch the sensitive nub between his thumb and forefinger.

“Careful not to moan too loud. They might come over to investigate and decide to bend you over the nearest table and fuck you.” He said, finally letting go of her nipple. “Imagine if I just left you here and took the cloak with me so the entire house can take turns fucking you for the rest of the day.”

Bending down, Harry took her nipple back into his mouth and sucked it gently this time, caressing it with his tongue lightly as if to make up for the earlier abuse. Pulling back, he blew across the pink nub again. Comparing it to the other one, it was visibly reddened and engorged. Pressing her breasts together, he sucked on one nipple and then the next, sucking hard and then pulling back until it popped out of his mouth. Letting go of one breast, he ran his hand up her leg under her skirt until he reached her panties which he found were damp with her excitement.

Feeling his cock straining against his pants, Harry ordered her to squat so her feet didn't stick out from under the cloak and to take out his cock. The moment she opened his pants and pulled down his boxers, his rigid shaft shot up like a coiled spring and slapped her under the chin. At his command, Fleur gripped the base of his throbbing shaft with her long, thin fingers, and then wrapped her plump lips over his engorged head. Harry ran his fingers through her hair as he let her control the pace this time, savoring the feeling of her hot, wet mouth as it enveloped the top half of his length.

Fleur bobbed her head back and forth, her tongue swirling around and caressing his shaft as she moved down and then sucking hard as she pulled back. Harry groaned as she worked his cock with her mouth, gradually taking him deeper and deeper until his head pressed against her throat. Tilting her chin up, she stared up at him as she slowly pushed forward, sliding his cock into her tight throat until her lips kissed the base of his shaft. Just as slowly as she had swallowed him, she pulled back, sucking hard while slithering her tongue along the bottom of his shaft. There was a loud pop as she pulled her lips off the swollen head of his cock.

Before she could take him back in her mouth, Harry pulled her to her feet. Reaching under her skirt, he tried to pull off her black panties without bending over too far and making the cloak slip off. It was a bit awkward, and he ended up using his foot to push them down past her knees. Squatting down carefully, he picked them up and put them in his pocket. As he stood back up, he pulled Fleur's skirt up with him, wrapped his arms around her waist, and lifted her into the air. Harry pressed her back against the wall and managed to line himself up and thrust into her wet, hot pussy.

Fleur gasped and tightened her arms and legs around him as he sank his entire length into her in a single thrust and then held himself buried deep in her wonderful cunt. The only thing he didn't like was the way Fleur wasn't really responding to him, other than moans and gasps. So, he ordered her to be more responsive.

The moment he gave her the command, Fleur pulled his head forward and kissed him desperately while jerking her hips at him and moaning. This only lasted for a few seconds before she pulled her lips away from him.

"Fuck me, please," Fleur begged huskily, her eyes burning with lust.

Harry's cock jerked at her pleading tone, and he started driving his cock in and out of her at a steady rapid pace. Fleur tilted her head back and moaned so loudly he looked around to make sure the silencing charm was still working and no one could hear them.

“You love this, don’t you?” Harry asked, panting as his fat cock forced apart the tight, smooth walls of her hot pussy.

“Oui,” Fleur gasped.

Fleur’s well-manicured nails dug into the skin of his shoulder as he started plowing into her even harder, a loud, wet slap issuing from their bodies as they collided.

“Oui, mon amour. Fuck me, make me your ‘hore,” she begged, jerking her hips into him every time he thrust in.

Harry felt her walls flutter around him, and the muscles of her legs tightened, something he knew meant she was close to a climax. Sure enough, a few thrusts later and her legs shook as her arousal soaked his thrusting shaft. Fleur had her head tilted back in a silent scream as her nails sank deeper into his skin. Harry kept up his intense pace, continuing to pound her through her powerful climax. When she finally came down and her muscles relaxed, it was only Harry’s arms that kept her from falling.

Leaning his face into her neck, he panted hard as his climax approached, his balls churning as they prepared to eject their contents straight into her core.

“Cum for me, mon amour,” Fleur whispered into his ear in a sultry tone. “I am your’s for zhe ‘hole day. You can do anyzhing you want wiz me.”

Harry growled into her neck as his cock throbbed against her spasming walls. His hips thrust back and forth at a blistering speed that he wondered if he might shake the castle.

“I’m yours ‘Arry. I’m your slut, your ‘hore. You can even put eet een my derriere,” Fleur whispered, her warm breath ghosting over his ear.

The image of Fleur, on her hands and knees, taking it up the ass while calling herself *his* whore, pushed him over the edge. With a grunt, Harry drove his pulsating cock as deep as possible and unloaded several jets of hot cum into her grasping cunt. Fleur moaned into his ear as he came, caressing the back of his head and neck as he came again and again. When he was done, he leaned against her, kissing her neck while she stroked his back gently. Pulling out of her, Harry put his spent member back in his pants while he caught his breath.

For a moment, he wondered if he should have Fleur fix her bra and shirt but decided against it. The thought of having her walk through the halls with her marvelous tits on display, only hidden by a thin piece of magical fabric, had his cock twitch. Looking around to make sure no one was looking, he slipped out from under the cloak and made his way back out of the portrait, with Fleur following close behind. As they made their way to the seventh floor, ideas for how to properly test out the Room of Requirement ran through his mind.

Chapter 6

After leaving the Gryffindor common room, Harry led Fleur down the hall and up the stairs to the seventh floor, checking the Marauder’s Map as she followed him under the cloak. There wasn’t anyone else up this high in the castle on a weekend. Nearly all of the students were outside, in their common rooms, or at the library. There weren’t even any classrooms on this floor of the castle. As an idea came to him, Harry paused in the middle of the hallway, carefully checking and re-checking to make sure there wasn’t anyone anywhere near them, then turned to Fleur.

Take off the cloak.

He could feel her fighting him mentally, and he could feel the air around her move as she shook, as if she was trying to follow his order and fight him at the same time. Harry gave her time to fight him, wondering if she would finally be able to throw off the curse. With jerking, awkward movements, she pulled the cloak off of herself. Her shirt was still open, and her bra was tucked under her breasts from their time in the common room, leaving her big tits jutting out for anyone passing by to see. He couldn't help but grab her breasts, groping them in the middle of an open hallway.

Follow me.

With jerking, almost robotic steps, she followed him down the hall, her breasts trembling and bouncing enticingly with each step. Harry made sure to check the map regularly, just to make sure no one decided to come up here for some reason. Between glancing at the map and watching Fleur's beautiful mounds jiggle as she walked, he nearly walked into a wall at least three times. Eventually, they reached the Room of Requirement. As a precaution, Harry had her put the cloak back on as he paced back and forth in front of the wall until the door faded into view. He opened the door and paused as he looked around, finding the room nothing like what he had asked for.

The room still looked like Hermione's house, like it had been about an hour ago. Harry wondered if he had done something wrong when he heard the sound of glass clinking from another room. Following the sound, he made his way to the kitchen, where Hermione was bent over a cauldron set on the kitchen table. She looked up when she heard him enter and smiled at him.

"Hey, Harry. Where's Fleur?" she asked curiously.

“She here,” he said, gesturing behind him.

Take off the cloak.

Fleur shrugged off the cloak and draped it over one of the chairs. Hermione raised an eyebrow at her appearance and looked at him questioningly.

“I’ll explain later,” Harry said, not wanting Fleur to know just how cautious he was being. It was better if she thought there was much more of a risk of being caught than there actually was.

“What are you making?”

“It’s a stamina potion. I thought it might help,” Hermione answered as she ladled some of the potion into a goblet.

“Thanks, Hermione. You’re a life saver,” Harry told her, giving her a kiss on the cheek as he took the goblet.

Hermione had a pleased smile on her pretty face as he downed the potion in one gulp. He grimaced at the sour taste and slimy yet gritty texture, even as he felt his energy coming back to him. Taking the goblet over to the sink, he washed it out quickly and then took a couple of gulps of water to clean the taste out of his mouth.

“Merlin, that tastes horrible,” Harry complained.

Hermione rolled her eyes at him, "Right, well, I'm going to the library for a while."

Grabbing the front of his shirt, she pulled him into a deep kiss before leaving the room. Harry shook his head. He wasn't really sure what was going on between him and Hermione, or between him and Fleur for that matter, but he was sure as hell enjoying it. Looking over at Fleur, he thought about which of his ideas he wanted to try first. Glancing over at the windows, he wished they showed him the Hogwarts grounds. Just as he thought that, the image in the window changed to exactly what he wanted it to be and grew double in size, giving him a much better view. He couldn't help but smile.

"I love magic," he said aloud before looking back at Fleur.

Crawl over to me.

Fleur dropped to her hands and knees and began to crawl over to him, her large tits swaying as they dangled beneath her. Harry had never considered himself to have a dominant personality, but he had to admit he did enjoy his control over Fleur, which worried him. He was using very dark magic on another person regularly and enjoying it. Did it make a difference that she wanted him to, that she had practically demanded him to do this? It was definitely something he needed to think about later. Right now, he had more important things to focus on, like the gorgeous blonde on her knees, looking up at him.

From the way that Fleur had fought back against the curse earlier, he knew that the idea of getting caught was more likely to get her to fight back. Harry decided to use that to really push her into fighting against him. Grabbing her by the hair, he pulled her over to the window. Rather than showing the back lawn of Hogwarts from the seventh floor, the view was instead from the first floor, looking out onto the front lawn and the Black Lake. Outside, there were numerous students milling and lounging about. Harry had asked the room to make the window

one way so that they could see out, but they couldn't see in. He wasn't sure if that was what was happening or if it was just a magical image that wasn't actually real, but given that no one was staring at the Veela on her knee with her tits hanging out, he felt confident that no one could see them. Not the Fleur knew that.

"Hopefully, no one looks over here," he said, looking down at Fleur.

Take off your shirt and bra.

Fleur hesitated at his command, looking out of the window nervously as her hands shakily unbuttoned the rest of her shirt and shrugged it off of her shoulders. Unhooking her bra, she let it fall forwards off of her arms and onto the floor. Grabbing her arm, Harry helped her to her feet and turned her so she was facing the window while he stood behind her. Sliding his hands up her body, he groped her big, soft mounds, jiggling them and slapping them together as a pair of seventh year girls walked past just feet in front of the window. With his chest pressed against her back, he felt her breath hitch as they passed.

"Maybe we need to give them a bit more of a show," Harry said as he tugged her skirt down her legs.

The skirt fell to the floor and pooled around her feet, leaving her standing in just her panties, seemingly in full view of more than a dozen students. Cupping one of her breasts, Harry slid his other hand over her silky underwear, rubbing her slit through the thin fabric. Her panties were surprisingly damp and clinging to her lips. It made him wonder if she was as averse to what he was doing as he thought. With a feather light touch, his fingertips ghosted over her panties and then her stomach as he moved his hand upwards. Fleur's abs twitched under his touch as he moved his hand back down, this time slipping his hand under the waistband of her panties. Her core was hot and moist as he traced his middle finger between her lips, pushing them apart to tease her entrance. A short moan escaped her lips as his palm brushed her clit, her hips bucking slightly.

Harry rubbed her a few times, sliding his finger between her lips teasingly, before pushing her panties down her legs. With one hand on her waist and the other on her shoulder, he bent her forward until she had to put her hands on the glass to support herself. Quickly, he toed off his shoes, yanked his shirts over his head, and stepped out of his pants and boxers. Grabbing his rigid length, Harry pushed the head of his cock between her moist lips and swiped it up and down, teasing her as her arousal leaked over him.

“Let’s show them how much of a slut you really are,” Harry growled in a deep rumbling voice as he pushed his hips forward.

Harry’s shaft sank into her wet, hot pussy, her walls hugging him tightly as his girth stretched her open. Fleur let out a short quiet moan as he filled her. Her reflection in the mirror showed her biting her lip, her eyes darting rapidly for person to person, looking to see if anyone had noticed her. Just as Harry bottomed out in her, a group of five Ravenclaws boys walked right in front of the window and paused. A whimper escaped her lips as they stood there talking, one of the boys leaning his back against the window and another two of them looking in their direction. Fleur's walls fluttered around his shaft while her eyes flicked from one face to the other, her body trembling lightly. A moment later, the boys moved on, completely oblivious to what was happening on the other side of the glass.

Harry started moving his hips, pulling out slowly and then slamming them forward quickly. Fleur's body rocked with each powerful thrust, her large breasts bouncing wildly as she lurched forward. She pressed her lips together tightly, trying to quiet the short grunts she made every time his hips smacked into her firm ass. As Harry began to increase his pace, filling her tight, hot walls again and again, he noticed a familiar face among the crowd. Hermione walked across the lawn with a book clutched to her chest. She made her way over to their favorite tree near the edge of the Black Lake and sat down with her back against it. Just as she opened her book, a shriek of laughter came from a group of second year Gryffindor girls. When she looked up to glare at them for disturbing her reading, Harry wished there was a way for just her to see them. When her eyes passed over them as she turned back to her book, she didn’t seem to notice them, at first.

Hermione did a comical double take, her eyes widening and dropping her book as her eyes locked on them. She looked around frantically, trying to see if anyone else had noticed them. Fleur had noticed Hermione looking at them too, and her walls fluttered around his length. When Hermione realized that no one else had noticed the naked Beauxbaton's champion being railed from behind, she relaxed visibly and turned her attention back to them. Harry smiled and gave her a cheeky wink while reaching up to grope Fleur's full, firm tits in his hands. Grabbing her by the hips, Harry planted his feet and started jackhammering his rigid cock into her slit at a furious pace.

A surprised cry left her lips at the sudden change of pace. His rapid, powerful thrusts forced her forward until her face and chest were pressed up against the glass. Fleur's hands clawed at the glass while gasps and moans left her now parted lips. Hermione's eyes stayed locked on them, and he was sure he saw her rubbing her thighs together. Harry was a bit surprised when he felt Fleur's walls tighten and spasm around his thrusting shaft not much later. He had thought the threat of getting caught would make her fight the curse more, but it seemed to turn her on. Sure enough, a few seconds later, she came all over his cock, her arousal drenching his shaft and balls while she screamed against the window, fogging the glass.

Yanking his length out of her still spasming core, Fleur dropped to her knees, shivering and still in the midst of her climax. Grabbing her head, Harry pressed his glistening cock against her parted lips and pushed himself into her mouth. She moaned as he started fucking her face before her orgasm had even finished, his head bumping against the back of her mouth. After a few thrusts, Harry drove his hips forward harshly, forcing his thick head down her throat. Fleur gagged, her shoulders hunching as he pulled out and did it again and again, brutally fucking her throat while desperately chasing his own climax. The rim of her eyes turned red as tears trailed down her cheeks and long, thick strings of saliva dripped down her chin.

Pulling out briefly, Fleur took a gasping breath, coughing to clear her abused throat for a moment before he pushed back into her mouth. In one continuous push, Harry shoved his throbbing cock all the way down her throat, his balls slapping against her chin. Feeling his climax approaching rapidly, he humped her face with short, rapid movements, a wet sucking, gagging noise issuing from her mouth. Just before he came, he pulled out of her mouth and

jerked his shaft furiously. After just a few strokes, he aimed at her face and shot several long, powerful jets of cum at her face. By the time he was done, her face was glazed in hot white cum. It covered her nose, cheek, one of her eyes, and lips.

Harry collapsed backwards onto the couch to catch his breath. Already, he could feel the potion working to restore his energy. Looking at Fleur as she remained kneeling on the floor in front of the window, he came up with an idea. At his command, she got to her feet and stood in front of the window. Dragging her finger across her face, she gathered up his cum and then licked it off and swallowed it. She did this several times until her face was completely cleaned. Glancing out the window, he saw Hermione still sitting under the tree, facing them. She had her cloak draped over her legs, and her knees bent to hold the book in her lap. It took a second for him to realize that one of her hands was under her cloak. Was she really playing with herself on the front lawn while surrounded by students, he asked himself. He had no idea she could be that daring.

Thanks to the potion and the excitement of everything that was happening, it was only a couple of minutes before he felt ready to go again. Standing up, he picked his wand up off the floor and moved the couch so that it was right in front of the window. Tossing his wand over to the other end of the couch, he grabbed Fleur's hand and pulled her over to him. With her back to him, he pulled her into his lap, groping her chest and kissing her neck. Lifting her up slightly, he lowered her back down onto his cock, making both of them moan as he filled her.

Ride my cock.

Fleur followed his order without hesitation, leaning forward and putting her hands on the glass, and starting to bounce up and down on his hard length. As she moved up and down on his cock, Harry caressed her hands down her smooth back and down to her ass. Spreading her cheeks open, he had a good view of his shaft spearing between her soaking wet lips and her tight, pink asshole. Out of curiosity, he ran his thumb over her rosebud, rubbing it firmly. Fleur gave a deep, guttural moan and shivered as he played with her. Running his thumb around his shaft and her lips to get it wet, he pressed his thumb against her wrinkled hole and pushed until the tip of his thumb slid inside. Fleur slowed her movements as his thumb moved in and out of her tightest hole gently.

“Have you ever tried anal before?” he asked her, ordering her to tell him the truth.

“I ‘ave used toys, but I ‘ave nevair let a man touch me zhere,” Fleur told him with a moan.

Harry debated with himself for several seconds if he should do it or not. In the end, the temptation was too much for him to resist. Grabbing his wand again, he used a lubrication spell on his cock that he had read about in a magazine that Fred and George had given him. He had only ever used it when masturbating before, but the magazine said that it could be used for anal as well.

“Tell me if it hurts too much and you want to stop,” he ordered.

Pushing his thumb in and out of her a few more times, hoping to loosen her up, he pulled it out and lifted her off his cock. Lining his cock up with her puckered hole, he held her hips supportively as she pressed her weight down on to him. Fleur gasped as his head popped into her back door, her walls hugging him in an incredibly tight, hot grip. Slowly, she started bouncing up and down on his cock, taking him deeper bit by bit each time she pushed down. Harry groaned at the unbelievable pleasure of being in her ass. It felt like his cock was being gripped tightly by hot silk as her walls hugged his shaft. After a few minutes of gradually going lower and lower, Fleur managed to take his entire length. Hugging her back against his chest, Harry caressed her body and gave her time to get used to him.

Fleur moaned as she wiggled her hips, settling her weight on his lap. Trailing his hand down her body, he teased her clit with his fingers, trying to make sure she enjoyed this. With how incredible it felt for him, he was hoping to make it pleasant enough for her that she would be willing to do it again.

“How does it feel?” Harry asked her.

“I feel so full, but I like eet,” Fleur answered in a husky voice.

As soon as she finished saying that, Harry grabbed her hips and started moving her up and down on his cock.

“Holy fuck!” Harry grunted, overwhelmed with pleasure.

Fleur let out a moan as he filled and stretched her ass over and over again. Looking up, he remembered the window and noticed Hermione squinting, trying to get a better look. Wrapping his arms around Fleur’s waist, he pulled her back against his chest, lifted her legs up, and spread them wide. He saw Hermione’s eyes widen a moment later when she realized where his cock was buried. Reaching between Fleur’s legs, he sank two fingers into her drooling pussy and hooked them upwards while grinding his palm into her clit. Fleur reached behind her head to run her fingers through his hair as she began bouncing up and down on him again. Tilting her head far back, she kissed him hungrily while his rigid shaft plundered her rear.

When she leaned forward again, Harry glanced out of the window to see Hermione’s reaction. She was staring at them, and he could clearly see her shoulder moving as she played with herself, only hidden from the view of their fellow students by the cloak covering her lap. He couldn’t believe that his best friend would do something so daring in the middle of the Hogwarts lawn while surrounded by numerous people. The combination of what he was doing with Fleur and what he knew Hermione was doing was incredibly arousing and thrilling. It was almost surreal; he could hardly believe this was actually happening to him.

As Fleur continued to work her hips up and down, Harry slid his two middle fingers in and out of her dripping lips while grinding his palm down lightly on her clit. While his fingers slid against

her walls, they brushed across a slightly rough patch of skin, which made Fleur gasp and jerk her hips upwards. Pressing his fingertips a bit more firmly against that patch of skin, Fleur gave a long, loud moan as her thighs quivered. With his palm grinding against her clit, and his fingers rubbing that sensitive part of her pussy, he used his hand to help lift her up and down on his cock. Her legs started shaking to the point that she could barely hold herself up while she writhed in all consuming pleasure on his lap. He could feel her ass flexing around his thick shaft, massaging his length as it spasmed around him.

Wrapping his free arm around her waist, he held her in place a few inches up his length and then started slamming his cock up into her at a hard fast pace. Fleur let out a quivering half moan, half yell as he pounded her ass. After just a few seconds, she came violently. She threw her head back and continued to make that odd but arousing noise while her back passage clamped tightly around his cock, and the evidence of her enjoyment flowed out of her lower lips. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, the muscles of her neck strained, and her body went tense in his arms. Harry was filled with an overwhelming sense of pride that he was able to make such a beautiful woman feel so much pleasure. Driving his hips up into her several more times, he buried his pulsing length deep into her back door as he reached his peak, filling her with several jets of hot cum. Out of the window, he just caught sight of Hermione with her eyes closed and biting her lip while she clenched her legs together.

Eventually, they both collapsed into a pleased daze, his softening length still inside of her. After a short while, Harry rolled Fleur so that she was lying face down on the couch and pulled his cock out of her. A small stream of his cum leaked out of her gaping bum as it slowly closed back up. He felt quite smug as he stood up, leaving her sprawled out on the couch in an orgasmic daze. He left her there to rest as the room expanded to form a kitchen off to the side. He was definitely going to need some lunch before the next round.

Chapter 7

Harry woke to his shoulder being vigorously shaken. Blinking the sleep out of his eyes, he tried to sit up, but was stopped by a weight on his chest. It took him a few seconds to realize the silver, heavy object on his chest was actually Fleur's head as she used him as a pillow. A smile lit up his face when he remembered what had happened the day before.

“Come on, Harry. You’re supposed to help me work on throwing off the Imperius curse today,” Hermione complained impatiently, tugging the blankets off of their nude bodies.

Fleur groaned tiredly and hugged herself more tightly to his chest. When Hermione saw their lack of clothes, she blushed lightly, but had a hard time looking away. Harry took a moment to stretch his tight muscles, aching from all of the physical exertion he had gone through the day before. Grabbing the blankets, he pulled them back up over Fleur, smiling when she groaned tiredly as he slipped out of her grasp. Hermione scoffed, glaring at the sleepy blonde. Fleur heard it and cracked open one bloodshot eye, glaring back.

“We’ll see ‘ow you feel after ‘Arry ‘as ‘is way wiz you all night,” Fleur grumbled in a rough voice before closing her eyes and pulling the covers up over her head.

“All night?” Hermione asked in surprise, her eyes going wide.

“Yeah,” Harry said, hopping as he pulled on his pants, freshly pressed and folded by who he suspected was Dobby. “That stamina potion you gave me yesterday worked great. Do you have any more?”

“Yes,” She answered, looking from his to Fleur nervously while taking a vial out of her robe pocket. “But I don’t know if-”

She broke off as he took it out of her hand and downed it quickly, grimacing at the taste.

“Bloody hell. That stuff tastes horrible, but it works great,” Harry said, feeling his energy return in droves.

Pulling on his shirt and robes, he checked to make sure he had everything he would need and then turned back to Hermione.

“Ready to go?” he asked.

“Go? I thought we were staying here,” Hermione said, looking at him suspiciously.

“I need to push your limits to get you to fight the curse. It’ll be fine. Trust me,” Harry said, giving her a lopsided smile.

Hermione sighed, a long-suffering expression on her face, “Fine.”

Pulling out his wand, Harry aimed it at her, pausing to give her time to realize what he was going to do. Hermione glared at the wand, nodding at him determinedly.

“Imperio.”

There was a brief struggle to take control of her, but after a couple of seconds, he succeeded.

Strip.

Hermione quickly took off her clothes, leaving them in a pile on the floor as she stood naked in the room. Walking up to her, he couldn’t resist groping her fantastic tits as they jutted out from her thin, toned body. Her nipples responded to his touch, quickly hardening under his palm. With his wand, he used a simple paint spell to write the words ‘Harry’s Slut’ on her stomach in large black letters. Smirking at his handy work, he took his invisibility cloak out of his pocket and handed it to her, ordering her to put it on. She disappeared from view, following him at his command as he walked out the door and into the hallway. With the Marauder’s Map in his hand, he made his way through the halls. At ten in the morning on a Sunday, there weren’t many students or teachers in the halls. Most of them were still in bed, enjoying their last day of freedom before classes started again.

It was a long walk to get to the first floor, even with the help of the map and his knowledge of several shortcuts. Eventually, they made it to the first floor and down the hallway to the library.

Walking casually passed Madam Pince, who glared at him suspiciously, he walked directly to the furthest, darkest corner, far away from the few students studying there. When he felt they were in a safe spot, he had Hermione close her eyes and cover her ears so he could discretely cast a notice-me-not charm and a compulsion charm that would make anyone approaching feel as if they forgot something that they needed to do right away. It wasn't fool proof, but he was confident that it would work well enough for what he had planned.

Checking the map one more time, he stuck it to one of the bookcases so he could read it without having to hold it constantly. Turning his attention back to Hermione, he ordered her to remove the cloak. She fought hard, her body trembling as she resisted the curse. It was the closest that she or Fleur had gotten to throwing off the curse completely. It took him giving her a second order to finally get her to comply, slowly and jerkily pulling the cloak off of herself. Making sure to check the map occasionally, he ordered her to get on her knees. As Hermione knelt on the hard stone floor, her perky breasts bounced and trembled enticingly. Harry grew hard quickly in anticipation as he stepped closer to her and opened his pants.

"Have you ever fantasized about having sex in the library?" he asked, genuinely curious.

"Yes," Hermione answered, biting her lip and blushing slightly.

"Tell me what you fantasized about," Harry told her, stroking his hard cock while dragging and slapping it over her beautiful face.

"I always wanted you to follow me into the shelves when we were doing research. You'd tell me how pretty you thought I was and then pin me up against one of the shelves and kiss me. Then you'd pull out your big cock and rub it against me while pulling down my panties. I'd tell you we shouldn't, even though I secretly wanted you too. Just as you push into me, Ron walks through the shelves, looking for us as you fuck me. I'd bite your shoulder to keep from moaning and letting him know where we are while you pound me against the bookshelf." Hermione panted in excitement, rubbing her thighs together as she described her fantasy.

The head of Harry's cock was swollen and an angry red as he dragged it across her cheek, leaving a glossy streak as his excitement leaked out of his tip. Any resistance he had broke when she licked her lips, her pink tongue moistening her plump lips. He didn't even bother to order

her to open her mouth as he forced his engorged length between her lips, groaning at the wet heat that enveloped his crown. Grabbing two handfuls of her bushy brown hair and pinning her head against the bookshelf behind her, he thrust in and out of her mouth, her jaw stretched wide to accommodate his intimidating girth. Thick strings of saliva clung to his shaft as he pinned her in place and used her for his own pleasure. It wasn't long before he was driving his cock down her throat, making her gag around the slab of meat that was invading her airway.

Gak Gak Gak

Wet hacking noises emanated from her abused throat as she struggled to swallow his fleshy pole, eyes tearing up as she fought against her body's own natural reaction. Pulling out for a moment to let her catch her breath, a long string of warm saliva dripped down her chin and onto her breasts, rapidly cooling in the early morning air. Seconds later he pushed himself back into her warm, welcoming mouth, groaning as her tongue caressed the underside of his shaft. Driving forward again, he didn't stop until his length was buried in her throat with his balls resting on her chin. Hermione's wide, watery eyes stared up at him as he held himself there, enjoying the sight of her disheveled face and the bulge in her neck as his cock invaded her throat. Several long seconds later, he pulled back, letting her take in a gasping breath before coughing.

"I swear I heard someone choking over here," a girl's voice sounded, followed by the sound of approaching footsteps.

"I didn't hear anything," a second girl replied.

Harry's eyes widened in horror. He'd forgotten the silencing charm. In a panic, he grabbed the cloak off of the floor and pulled Hermione to her feet. Pressing his body against hers, he threw the cloak over them, frantically trying to straighten it to make sure they were completely covered. With the sound drawing their attention, his spells did virtually nothing to stop them. Harry pressed his body tightly against Hermione, trying to breathe as quietly as possible as they investigated the area. The position they were in left his hard, throbbing erection sliding right between Hermione's cleft, damp with her arousal. To his surprise, she started grinding on his length, biting her lip to stay quiet. He could have ordered her to stop, but frankly, it was too enjoyable for him to bring himself to do it. He also couldn't believe she was so willing to take such a risk with two seventh year Hufflepuff girls so close to them, still wandering around as they chatted, oblivious to their presence.

Glancing over his shoulder, he saw them leaning against a shelf just feet away, gossiping about who was taking who to the ball. Suddenly, he was forced to bite back a groan as Hermione wedged his head between her lips and bucked her hips lightly.

Well, if that's the way she wanted to play, Harry thought.

Grabbing the back of her thick, toned thighs, he slowly and cautiously lifted her up and told her to wrap her legs carefully around his waist. Fortunately, she was able to do that without shifting the cloak too much and revealing them. With his head still trapped between her taut lips, all he had to do was push his hips forward to sink into her hot, moist core. Hermione leaned her head against his shoulder, biting his shoulder as he hilted himself in her tight grasp. With the cloak over them, he had to limit his movements to simply flexing his muscled ass, easing his cock in and out of her by only about an inch.

While Harry wasn't getting a lot of stimulation out of it, Hermione certainly was as his groin ground against her clit over and over again. He could feel her tremble in his arms as she panted into his neck, struggling not to whine or moan. The situation was incredibly exciting, and he dearly wished he could hammer into her grasping walls. It was sorely tempting to just do it anyways, and to hell with the girls seeing them. Pressing his hips forward and using them to hold her against the row of books, he used one hand to grasp for his wand in his back pocket. Getting a hold of it, he cast a Silencing Charm around them, anchoring it to his shoe so it would move when they did. He sighed in relief at finally being able to make noise and jammed the wand back into his pocket. Hermione showed her relief by moaning loudly while pumping her hips in small, rapid movements.

"You fucking slut," Harry growled.

Pulling halfway out, he slammed back into her quivering walls, drawing a sensual gasp from her lips.

"You love this, don't you? One little slip and those girls will know exactly what kind of needly little whore you are," he whispered huskily into her ear.

Hermione whimpered, clutching tightly at his shoulders as her pussy fluttered around his shaft in excitement.

“Yes,” she whispered in a breathy voice.

At that moment, the girls turned and began to leave. Harry cursed and hefted Hermione away from the bookcase, following them as they wandered back to their table. Luckily, their table was near the back, away from the majority of the students. The only other person near them was a lone Ravenclaw boy who looked like a sixth or seventh year. Pinning her against another bookcase with his back to the room so that Hermione could see everything, Harry started thrusting into her at a steady pace. Looking at her face, he saw her eyes darting frantically yet excitedly around the room, watching her fellow classmates study while she was naked and being fucked, with only a thin cloak hiding them from view. Holding her up by her bubbly cheeks, Harry circled his middle finger around her puckered hole, using the arousal dripping from her lips to moisten it. Hermione gasped loudly, then bit her lip to stifle a whimper as he teased her only remaining virgin hole. Gently, he eased the tip of his finger into her bum up to the first knuckle, her tight ring gripping it tightly.

“Hey, do you smell that?” One of the Hufflepuff girls asked the other, sniffing the air while looking around.

Hermione gasped when she realized they could smell her excitement in the air. She came suddenly and intensely, her pussy clamping down on his thrusting cock as her ass clenched around his finger. As her body jerked and trembled from her climax, Harry plowed into her with fast, powerful thrusts as he reached his own climax. With one final thrust, he buried his length into her fluttering core, coating her walls in his seed with forceful bursts from his tip. When her orgasm ended, Hermione went limp in his arms, panting heavily as she continued to twitch occasionally. Once Harry’s climax had ended, he set her down, holding her as she tried to stand on unsteady feet. When he was sure she wasn’t going to fall over or collapse, he tucked his spent member back into his pants and started leading her away. As they walked, he noticed a few drops of cum, both his and hers, dripping down her thighs to land on the floor. After a few seconds of internal debate, he left it there, wondering if the Hufflepuff girls would see it and recognize it for what it was.

Once they were hidden from view once more, Harry stepped out from under the cloak, checking to make sure he was decent. He needed to cast a drying charm on the front of his pants from where Hermione's arousal had stained the dark fabric. Smiling to himself, he walked out of the library, Hermione following close behind as they headed back to the Room of Requirement. A few minutes later, they were back where they started, with Fleur still dozing peacefully in the large, comfortable bed. Walking over, he gently shook her awake, thinking to himself about how cute she looked. She sat up against the pillows, allowing the blankets to fall to her waist, exposing her large, jutting tits to his hungry gaze.

"Morning, Fleur," he greeted her.

"Good morning, 'Arry. Where ees 'Ermione?" she asked, looking around curiously.

Harry smiled and waved a hand in a grandiose gesture behind him while ordering Hermione to drop the cloak. Fleur covered her mouth and giggled as she took in Hermione's messy, tear-stained face, saliva-covered breasts, and the writing on her stomach.

"I was wondering if you wanted to help me with her?" he asked.

Fleur looked at him, still smiling, her eyes sparkling playfully with a hint of lust.

"What do you 'ave een mind?" she asked.

"I wanted to see if I can put you both under the curse at the same time, but I have a few other ideas if I can't," he told her.

She shrugged her shoulders, which did wonderful things to her perky breasts, "Oui. I'll 'elp, but let me use zhe bazhroom first."

Flinging the covers to the side, she swung her legs over the edge of the bed. Leaning forward, she kissed him on the lips briefly before hopping off the bed and trotting over to a door that

faded into view as she approached. Harry's eyes were glued to her swaying hips and round ass as she walked away. Shaking himself out of his Fleur-induced daze when the door closed behind her, he stood up and stripped out of his clothes. Once he was fully naked, he decided to do something to pass the time waiting by enjoying Hermione's mouth a little bit more. At his command, she dropped to her hands and knees, crawling over to him like an obedient pet. That got a bit of a reaction out of her, but not nearly enough to overcome his control. When she reached him, he grabbed her bushy brown hair roughly, savagely forcing her lips over his hard length.

Forcing her head to bob up and down with his hand, he closed his eyes, delighting in the feel of her hot, wet mouth as she sucked and licked at his head and shaft. A couple of minutes later, he heard the bathroom door open, drawing his attention to Fleur as she walked towards him. No matter how many times he saw her, the incredible curves of her body never ceased to amaze him.

"I'm all yours, 'Arry," she said, coming to stand next to Hermione and spreading her arms open in invitation.

Picking up his wand off the bed, he pointed it at her chest.

"Imperio."

Casting the Imperius curse on two people at once was far more difficult and strenuous than he had anticipated. He felt his control over Hermione slipping as he struggled to overcome Fleur's mind. A normal wizard would have exhausted themselves to unconsciousness had they attempted to dominate the minds of two headstrong women. Fortunately, Harry wasn't any normal wizard. In an impressive display of mental and magical might, he exerted his control over them, stamping out any resistance with one colossal push. The effort left him panting for breath, but he had done it. He was immensely thankful for the stamina potion that he could feel working to restore his energy rapidly as he caught his breath. Sitting up, he saw both girls were absolutely still, unmoving and unblinking as they waited for an order. Feeling the need to rest for a little longer, he ordered the girls to enjoy each other's company for the moment.

It was quite interesting and strange, controlling two people at once. Fleur didn't seem to have any issue following his command, while Hermione fought against him. Fleur stalked towards her with a predatory smile on her lips as Hermione moved with jerky, robotic movements. When they met, Fleur grabbed her by the hair, crashing their lips together in an aggressive, dominating kiss. Oddly, after struggling for a moment against him, Hermione relaxed, embracing Fleur as she returned the kiss with fervor. With their bodies pressed together, their breasts were squashed between them, Fleur's larger breasts enveloping Hermione's medium sized, perky tits. When they broke apart several seconds later, Fleur walked Hermione backwards until the back of her knees hit the mattress. With a playful shove, Hermione landed back first on the bed, bouncing slightly. She scooted backwards as Fleur crawled after her until both of them were in the middle of the mattress.

Laying down on top of Hermione, the girls kissed heatedly while their hands explored each other's bodies, fondling and groping every curve they touched. The eroticism of the scene worked better than any potion ever could, filling him with energy and desire. Climbing up behind them, spreading their legs open. Waddling between their legs, Harry grabbed his painfully hard cock by the base and slid it between their bodies, the girls' moist clefts sandwiching his hard shaft. Both girls ground themselves against his swollen length, moaning into each other's mouths as they stimulated his cock from both sides. Harry thrust himself back and forth as they trapped him between their hot clefts, soaking his shaft while his flared head rubbed their clits as he pulled back. Grabbing two handfuls of Fleur's thick, firm cheeks, he rubbed his cock between them, luxuriating in the feel of their lips hugging him and the heady feeling of being in complete control.

It was easy for him to see how someone could become addicted, in a sense, to using this curse. Being in control of two beautiful girls, and being able to use them in any way he wanted, filled him with a sense of power that he had never experienced before. It gave him a drug-like high that was as exhilarating as it was concerning. These were things he had felt before when putting each of them under the curse before, but with two girls under the spell, it was much more profound. Overwhelmed by the pleasure of the moment, he pushed those thoughts to the back of his mind and focused on what was happening in front of him. Squeezing Fleur's fleshy cheeks in his hands, he pulled his length out from between them and pushed into her hot, wet pussy. She moaned loudly into Hermione's mouth, quivering as his girth stretched and rubbed her sensitive walls.

Thrusting back and forth several times, he watched as his shaft slid between her lips. As he looked down, he saw a drop of arousal trail down the edge of her lips, where it dripped off to land on Hermione's equally wet lips. Suddenly, he yanked his cock out of Fleur, drawing a

disappointed moan from her lips. Immediately, he moved his cock down and drove his length quickly and forcefully into Hermione. A squeal sounded in the room as she ripped her lips away from Fleur's and threw her head back as his thick shaft filled her tight, sweltering core. Fleur used the break in the kiss to attack her neck, sucking and nipping at the skin, marking it with her love bites. As he squeezed Fleur's ass while driving into Hermione repeatedly, he saw her pink, puckered hole winking at him. Despite his desire to be back in tight embrace of her wonderful rear, today was about Hermione. It did, however, give him a devilish idea.

Pulling out of Hermione, he slapped Fleur's right cheek, leaving a light pink handprint on her pale skin as she climbed off of Hermione. Hermione rolled over onto her stomach and climbed up onto her hands and knees while Fleur laid down on her back in front of her, her pussy right under Hermione's face. Harry ordered Hermione to pleasure Fleur as he knelt behind her. He expected her to fight against him, but surprisingly, she didn't. Her lips latched onto Fleur's clit without any hesitation, drawing a moan from the busty blonde's lips as she grabbed Hermione's bushy brown hair and held her in place. She ground her hips up, smearing her arousal over Hermione's lips and chin, making it glisten in the sunlight streaming through the windows. Harry grabbed her wide, bubbly cheeks and pulled them apart, revealing her drooling lips and pink starfish.

Gathering some of the moisture from her dripping slit, he rubbed it over her asshole. That got a reaction out of her. Hermione gasped, trembling as she fought against the curse while Fleur continued to rub her wet pussy all over her face. Harry didn't pause while she tried to overcome the curse, pressing his index finger into her tight hole, gently pushing it deeper and deeper. Hermione fought him long enough that he wondered if she would finally be able to overcome his control. With twice the strain on his magic and willpower, he didn't know if he could stop her from breaking free. As he continued to ease his finger into her back door, the strength of her resistance faded. It made him wonder if she was getting tired of fighting or if she was enjoying the sensation too much to resist.

Once he had worked his entire index finger into her and worked it in and out several times to loosen her tight ring, he pulled it out and added his middle finger. She moaned loudly as his fingers stretched her open even further, causing Fleur to moan in turn. Occasionally, he would dip his fingers into her wet lips to moisten them as he gradually worked his way up to burying three fingers into her back door. When he felt that she was loosened enough, Harry pulled his fingers out of her and pressed the head, swollen to an angry red, against her tight ring and pushed hard until it opened, allowing him inside. Hermione gasped and panted as he rocked his hips, easing inch after inch of his rock-hard length into her hot, silky-smooth tunnel. Her walls hugged him tightly, making it impossible to move quickly without hurting her. Over several

minutes, he gently worked his thick, throbbing shaft into her last untouched hole, claiming her final virgin hole and completing his domination over her.

Harry felt a primal surge of power and pride as he made his beautiful best friend his. It felt as if by taking her last virginity, he was taking ownership of her. She was his. A bestial growl left his throat when he hilted his cock in her tight ass, one hand grabbing her wide hips while the other roughly grabbed a handful of her shoulder-length hair. It was a struggle to give her time to adjust to his presence in her rear and not begin thrusting savagely. Seeing the stunning blonde bombshell on her back, writhing in pleasure as Hermione's tongue flicked and prodded her clit set his cock jerking in arousal. With a mental command, Fleur moved over to him, shivering from the orgasms she had experienced while he had been distracted. She went around behind him, pressing her breasts against his back while kissing his neck and caressing his chest with her hands. Her long, perfectly manicured nails raking lightly over his skin.

Harry turned his head to the side, kissing her on the lips for a moment before turning back to Hermione. Pulling his shaft halfway out of her clutching bum, he paused for a second before driving back in, feeling his wide cock forcing her tunnel open as it tried to close behind him. A deep, wanton moan left her throat as he pumped his hips slowly and powerfully, stretching her untouched depths. Pulling Hermione's hair back, he forced her back to arch as he picked up speed, red-hot lust clouding his mind. Still, it wasn't enough for him. He wanted her to give herself to him without the curse. Without really thinking about what he was doing, he released both of them from the curse, driven by his desire to have them without the need to use magic. As soon as he released them, both girls froze for a moment, whether in surprise or confusion; he wasn't sure.

"Oh God, Harry!" Hermione moaned, bucking back against him.

Her moan seemed to break Fleur out of her stillness. She started kissing and sucking at his neck again, running her hands over his torso. Reaching out with one of her hands, she caressed Hermione's ass, rubbing her thumb over Hermione's red, stretched ring, grazing his shaft as he plowed into it. Moving around to his side, she kissed him hungrily for a few seconds before pulling away, a sultry smile on her lips and her eyes sparkling lustfully. Moving her face close to Hermione's, she laid on her back, looking up at her. Harry let go of her hair and gripped both of her hips tightly while sawing in and out of her hot, grasping hole. Harry could feel his climax starting to build as he felt her tightening around him.

“You love eet, don’t you?” Fleur asked, their faces close as she stroked Hermione’s cheek. “You love ‘is cock, oui?”

“Yes!” Hermione hissed, screwing up her face, clearly close to a climax of her own.

Cupping one of her cheeks, Fleur leaned in and kissed her on the lips, a kiss that Hermione welcomed and returned. Harry felt Fleur reach under her and rub her clit, making her moan against her lips as she flexed around his cock. Harry thrust into her ass hard, desperate to reach his end. His hips slapped loudly against her round ass, the pale skin rippling and jiggling wildly under the force of the impacts. With the added stimulation from Fleur, Hermione reached her peak first, trembling under him while a high-pitched keened escaped her lips. Her tunnel clamped down on his cock, pushing him over the edge. Harry held himself buried in her bum as his shaft jerked, his head pulsating as jets of hot cum flew from his tip to splash forcefully against her insides.

Hermione collapsed before his climax had finished, causing him to slip out of her. Harry grabbed his shaft, jerking it furiously as his cum spewed out, painting white streak over her pale skin. When his orgasm finally ended, he crawled between the two girls and laid down on his back. Hermione curled up to his right side while Fleur took his left, their heads resting on his chest and shoulders. Turning to Hermione, he kissed her on the lips, getting a tired but happy smile, before turning to kiss Fleur. They lay in silence, cuddling in bed for a couple of minutes as they recuperated.

“Harry. Why did you release the curse?” Hermione asked.

“I couldn’t hold it,” he lied, not wanting to tell them the truth. “It’s a lot harder to cast it on two people than it is just one.”

Hermione hummed against his chest and closed her eyes while Fleur grabbed his softened cock and started stroking him. Harry looked at her with a raised eyebrow, getting an impish smile in reply. It didn’t take long for her to get him hard again with the stamina potion still coursing through his veins. Sitting up, she swung her leg over him, sinking down on his newly erected length, making both of them moan. Hermione made to roll out of the way, but he stopped her with the arm wrapped around her waist, making her look at him curiously.

“Stay,” he said quietly, pecking her lips.

When she looked at Fleur for her opinion, she smiled at her and leaned down, her arms on either side of his head as she kissed her on the lips. When they pulled apart, Fleur turned to kiss him as well.

“Fuck me, mon amour,” Fleur begged, working her hips back and forth, dragging her hanging breasts over his chest.

Harry pulled Hermione tightly against him and grabbed one of Fleur’s swaying tits while Hermione caressed the other, eliciting a moan from her glistening red lips. Harry smiled as she bounced on his hard cock. Things were finally looking up.

Chapter 8

Hermione sighed in frustration as she failed to find Harry again after an hour-long search. With his knowledge of the secret passages and hidden rooms throughout the convoluted castle, it really wasn’t that surprising, just annoying. She was seriously starting to get worried about her wayward friend. It had been three days since the last time they had met in the Room of Requirement, and she had only seen him in class since then. Something was clearly bothering him. He only acted like this when there was. It was incredibly vexing that he always insisted on hiding to mope on his own rather than talk about it with people who cared about him. Not for the first time, she cursed those horrible Dursleys in her mind for the way they treated him. As she crossed the courtyard on her way to the Great Hall for lunch, hoping Harry would finally show up, she noticed Fleur talking with a small group of her fellow Beauxbatons witches.

“Fleur,” she called out, causing the blonde to turn around.

“Bonjour, ‘Ermione,” Fleur greeted her with a dazzling smile, causing a passing Ravenclaw boy to walk shin first into a stone bench.

“Could I talk to you for a minute?” she asked, flicking her eyes to the girls behind Fleur with a meaningful glance as the Ravenclaw hobbled away embarrassedly.

“Oui, of course.”

Fleur turned to her friends and, after a brief exchange in French, turned back to Hermione. She led Fleur down a little used hallway and spoke to her quietly. Unfortunately, there weren't any abandoned classrooms in this part of the castle for them to duck into.

“Have you seen Harry lately?” she asked just above a whisper.

“Non,” Fleur replied, her perfectly sculpted eyebrows narrowing in thought. “Why, ees something wrong?”

“He's been avoiding me for the last couple of days,” Hermione admitted with a sigh. “Something's bothering him, but I don't know what. I was hoping you might know something.”

“Zhe last time I saw 'im was...,” Fleur started before trailing off and looking around warily.

“That's the last time I saw him, too,” Hermione told her, then corrected herself. “Well, I've seen him in class, so I know he's physically okay, but I haven't seen him at meals or even in the common room. I'm getting worried about him. He's been under a lot of stress lately, and I just want to make sure he's okay.”

They reached the end of the hall, and Hermione turned right, opening a door that led them onto the ground at the front of the castle. Fleur followed her, shivering and pulling her thin cloak more tightly around her exposed neck. Taking out her wand, she cast a warming charm on Fleur first and then herself.

“Merci,” Fleur said, giving her a grateful smile. “Don’t worry mon ami, I’m sure ‘e weel tell us what ees bozhering ‘im when ‘e ees ready. Maybe ‘e just needs time to understand eet ‘imself first?”

As they walked in silence for a moment, Hermione was struck by how different Fleur seemed now, as compared to the haughty, spoiled French princess she had pegged her as when she first saw her in the Great Hall on Halloween. As she saw several boys staring at her from some distance away, she wondered, not for the first time, if the way she acted around people she didn’t know was some sort of defense mechanism. Fleur acted so different when she was around people she knew and trusted, especially Harry. That led her down a train of thought she had been desperately trying to avoid, but now, with the perfect opportunity right in front of her to get some solid answers, Hermione couldn’t hold off her curiosity any longer.

“Fleur, how do you feel about Harry?” Hermione asked cautiously, worried this was one answer she didn’t want to know.

Fleur smiled at the sound of his name and told Hermione all she really needed to know. It left her feeling like she had just been punched in the gut.

“When I first met ‘im, I zhought ‘e was just anozher arrogant and peegheaded boy. I was sure ‘e put ‘is name een zhe goblet because ‘e wanted even more fame. I steel need to apologize to ‘im for zhe way I acted zhat night,” she said absentmindedly before continuing. “When I saw ‘im at zhe Wand Weighting, I realized I was wrong about ‘im. ‘E ‘ated zhe attention and ‘e looked so lost, eet was, how you say, cute?”

Hermione nodded, unable to speak past the lump in her throat, and motioned with her hand for her to continue.

“When I ‘eard ‘e was able to zhrow off zhe Imperius curse, I zhought eet would give me a chance to get to know ‘im while ‘w taught me how to beat eet. I expected him to ‘ave ‘is way wiz me zat day, I nevair expected ‘im to stop when I asked ‘im to. I knew ‘e was different zhen. Zhe more time I spent wiz ‘im, zhe more I liked ‘im,” Fleur explained, staring off into the distance.

“Do you love him?” Hermione asked quietly, barely able to get the words out of her mouth.

“I don’t know eef I love ‘im yet, but I could see eet ‘appening. I care for ‘im deeply,” She said, a dreamy smile on her lips.

Hermione sniffled, fighting back tears as she realized that her chances of being with Harry seriously were pretty much gone. When Fleur turned to look at her, she tried hard to hide the devastated look on her face but failed miserably. Fleur gasped, her eyes widening.

“Mon dieu. Hermione, I am so sorry,” Fleur said, surprising her by throwing her arms around her shoulders and hugging her tightly.

The dam holding back her frazzled emotions broke, and Hermione let the tears that had been building up fall from her eyes and onto Fleur’s silk covered shoulder.

“You love ‘im, don’t you?” Fleur asked quietly.

Hermione couldn’t help but let out a bitter laugh.

“It doesn’t really matter now, does it?” she asked miserably in return.

“Of course, eet does. Why wouldn’t eet?” Fleur replied.

Hermione intentionally ignored the question, not willing to admit to the older girl that she was intimidated by her beauty.

“Sorry, I’m being stupid. Harry probably doesn’t even see me like that anyways” She said, wiping her eyes and pulling back from Fleur’s arms.

Fleur tilted her head to the side, looking at her oddly.

“Do you not see zhe way ‘e looks at you? He cares vairy deeply for you. Much more zhan he cares for me,” she admitted.

“I know he cares about me, but it’s not the same. He didn’t even want to tell me about what you two were doing. I had to spy on you to get the truth out of him. I practically forced him into letting me join,” she said, her words only succeeding in making her feel worse.

“Zhe only reason ‘e didn’t tell you ees because I asked ‘im to keep eet a secret. He was relieved when you found out. ‘E ‘ated lying to you,” Fleur told her.

“He said that?” Hermione asked, surprised.

“Oui,” Fleur said, smiling at her. “I don’t know ‘ow you can miss eet, but ‘Arry loves you, even eef ‘e hasn’t realized eet for ‘imself. I can see eet een zhe way ‘e looks at you. Trust me, I am French, and a Veela, eef zhere ees one zhing I know, eet’s love.”

Hermione smiled at the joke, and even more at the thought that Harry could be in love with her. However, that still left one big, glaring problem.

“So, what, what do we do?” she asked, worrying her bottom lip with her teeth, a bad habit she had picked up after Madam Pomphrey shrunk them.

“About what?” Fleur asked curiously.

“About Harry,” she said in exasperation.

Surprisingly, Fleur gave a tinkling, musical laugh.

“You British ‘ave no imagination,” Fleur said, teasingly rather than insultingly. “Why do we ‘ave to do anyzhing? You eenjoy zhings zhe way zhey are now, oui?”

“Well, yes,” Hermione admitted. “But we can’t both date Harry, can we?”

“Why not, eef eet makes us ‘appy. Eet ess not so uncommon een zhe magical world, even een Britain. Besides, ‘Arry ees not zhe only one I care about,” Fleur said, stepping closer and giving her a seductive smile.

Hermione swallowed thickly as Fleur pressed her body against hers and rested her hands on her hips.

“You ‘ave eenjoyed our time togezher too, oui?” she whispered in a husky whisper that sent shivers down her spine.

“Well, yes I-”

Anything she was going to say after that was cut off as Fleur leaned down and caught her lips in a slow, deep kiss. Hermione couldn’t help but kiss her back, enjoying the way her full breasts pressed against hers and the way her soft lips felt so wonderful yet different than Harry’s. She could taste a hint of honey on her tongue as they caressed along each other. When they broke apart, both of their cheeks were flushed, and they were breathing slightly heavily with bright happy smiles on their faces. Despite the moment, Hermione couldn’t help but look behind her nervously to see if anyone was looking at them. Fortunately, the group of boys that had been staring at Fleur from near the door to the Entrance Hall were no longer there.

“Are you alright, mon ami?” Fleur asked, drawing her attention back and making her realize how her actions could be viewed.

“Yes, sorry. I’m just a little nervous how people are going to react,” she explained sheepishly.

“Eet’s alright,” Fleur said, smiling reassuringly at her. “We can keep eet secret for now, eef you want.”

“No, no, it’s okay. It’ll just take me a little while to get used to it. I never thought I’d end up boyfriend *and* a girlfriend,” she said, getting a giggle from Fleur. “Besides, we should probably tell Harry what going on before the rest of the school. He’d probably like to know he has two girlfriends now.”

“I’m sure ‘e won’t mind,” Fleur said with a mischievous smile.

“Now all we have to do is find him.” Hermione said with a sigh. “Do you mind if we go for a walk? I’m not ready to go back to the castle yet.”

Fleur smiled, took Hermione’s hand in hers, and led her on a stroll around the lake. After a couple of minutes of walking in companionable silence, Hermione worked up the courage to broach one last subject that she had been curious about for a while now.

“Fleur, can I ask you a personal question?” she asked.

“Oui, of course,” Fleur answered.

“You don’t have to answer if you don’t want to, but I was wondering, what made you want to learn how to throw off that curse so bad?” Hermione asked cautiously.

Fleur was silent for several seconds, long enough that Hermione was starting to worry she wasn’t going to answer.

“After Monsieur Moody put us under zhe curse, I started ‘aving dreams about eet. A ‘andsome wizard would use eet to use me for ‘is own pleasure. I started to fantasize about eet every night. I wanted to try eet so badly zhat it scared me. When I ‘eard ‘Arry could zhrow eet off, I

knew I needed 'im to teach me so I deened't 'ave to be scared about losing myself to eet," Fleur explained, rubbing her thumb in gentle circles on the back of her hand.

"I deened't know eef I could trust 'Arry, but I was so desperate to learn 'ow to beat zhe curse I was weeling to take zhe chance. Zhe first night, I asked 'im not to touch me, but I deened't zhing he would be able to resist. I was wrong. Even when 'e had me on my knees, naked and begging for 'im cock, 'e steel stopped 'imself," she said, smiling at the memory. "Zhe second time we met, I realized I deened't need to learn 'ow to beat zhe curse. I already found my 'andsome wizard I can trust to use zhe curse on me."

"Harry's always been special," Hermione said with a smile. "Did you ever hear the story about how we became friends?"

"Non," Fleur said, looking at her curiously.

Hermione spent the next couple of minutes telling her the story of how Harry saved her from a Mountain Troll by jumping on its back. Just as she finished telling her about lying to a professor to protect her savior, she noticed a familiar white shape winging its way out of the Forbidden Forest.

"Hedwig!" Hermione called out, holding out her hand.

Hedwig let out a happy chirp and flew down in a lazy spiral to land gracefully on her outstretched arm.

"Hedwig, can you show us where Harry is?" she asked as she stroked the feathers on the top of her head with her index finger.

Harry sat in a small, circular room at the very top of the west tower, accessible only by a hidden trap door in the floor. There was a single, tall window showing a stunning view of the ground and the Scottish hills rolling off into the horizon. The floor of the room was covered in a

mismatched collection of dozens of soft pillows and heavy, yet soft, blankets and quilts. A few scattered candles floating above his head lit the room in a low, flickering light. Sitting with his back resting on a pile of pillows, Harry flipped through a copy of Quidditch Through the Ages while munching on a chocolate frog, trying in vain to occupy his troubled mind. The fact that he was enjoying using the Imperius, and Unforgivable curse, on Hermione and Fleur so much as of late was really starting to bother him. In fact, it was worrying him so much at the moment that he had been avoiding both of them for the last three days. He knew Hermione was worried about him, but he needed time to himself to get his own mind straightened out before he could talk to her about it. As if fate was looking down at him and decided to play a joke, the trap door opened, and Hermione's distinctive head of bushy brown hair popped up.

"There you are," Hermione said, giving him an exasperated look as she climbed into the room.

Surprisingly, she wasn't alone. A moment after Hermione climbed into the room, Fleur's head popped up and she climbed into the room after her, a bright smile on her face.

"Bonjour, 'Arry," Fleur said brightly.

"Hey Fleur, Hermione," Harry replied.

"Why have you been avoiding us?" Hermione asked demandingly.

"Easy, mon ami," Fleur said, placing a hand on her shoulder to calm her down before turning to look at Harry. "Are you alright, 'Arry?"

Harry sighed and leaned back into his pile of pillows while Fleur crawled over to lean against his right side, and Hermione moved over to his left.

"What's wrong, mon amour?" Fleur asked, running her fingers through his hair and down his back soothingly.

"I just needed to think about some things," Harry told them while internally debating whether he should admit to what was really bothering him.

"We just want to help you, Harry. You can talk to us," Hermione said, stroking the inside of his arm up and down with the tips of her fingers.

"But you don't 'ave to," Fleur added, more to Hermione than to him.

Harry sighed again and figured he might as well talk to them about it. He couldn't ignore it forever, no matter how much he wanted to.

"It just feels like I've been enjoying putting you two under the Imperius curse too much lately. I'm worried that I'm going to do something I'm going to regret, or that, I don't know, that I'm going dark or something," he admitted, staring down at his hands as he picked at his nails.

"Oh, Harry," Hermione said, wrapping her arms over his shoulders and hugging him from the side. "The fact that you're worried about it proves that you're not going dark. You care about us too much to hurt us; I know you do."

"But I like it, Hermione," Harry said frustratedly, feeling like she didn't really understand what he was trying to tell her. "It's not just the sex. I like using the curse. I like having control over you."

"That doesn't make you a bad person, Harry. Your relatives made sure you never had any control over your life, and things haven't been much better at Hogwarts. It's perfectly normal for you to enjoy it when you can," Hermione told him reassuringly.

Harry wasn't convinced, and she noticed that, exchanging a look with Fleur over his shoulder.

"'Arry, do you want to 'urt us?" Fleur asked.

“No! Of course not!” He told her strongly.

“Do you want to us zhe curse on someone wizhout zheir permission?” She asked immediately.

“No! I-”

“Zhen you ‘ave nozhing to worry about,” she assured him. “‘Arry, we eenjoy eet as much as you. I like being your ‘ore.”

Fleur ran her hand up his leg to his crotch, rubbing the rapidly growing bulge in the front of his pants.

“Tell me what to do, ‘Arry. No curse tonight,” she said.

“Fleur,” Harry said warningly, not really sure why he was trying to stop her.

Fleur kissed his neck and whispered into his ear with a deep seductive voice, “I’m all yours, mon amour. I weel do anyzhing you want me to.”

Any resistance Harry had left broke when she squeezed his shaft through his pants. Turning to her, he grabbed a handful of her silvery blonde hair in a tight grip, drawing a gasp for her as his lips descended to claim hers in a demanding kiss. Fleur moaned into his mouth, her large breasts rubbing against his arm and chest as her hand continued to stroke him. Harry dominated her mouth, his tongue wrestling her into submission as he used the hand in her hair to tilt her head back. A minute later, he finally broke the kiss, leaving her out of breath with glistening and swollen lips.

“Strip for us,” he told her in a demanding tone.

Fleur smiled at him and stood up, walking to stand in front of him. Swaying her hips to her own beat, she reached up and began undoing the button on the front of her uniform. While she was doing that, Harry grabbed Hermione around the waist and pulled her into his lap, making her gasp as she ended up sitting with her back resting against his chest.

“What about you, Hermione? Are you mine, too?” Harry asked, whispering into her ear as his hands caressed her smooth, warm thighs under her skirt.

“Always,” she whispered back, turning her head to look at him, her deep brown eyes darkened with arousal.

Harry leaned forward and kissed her fiercely, dominating her mouth just as he had Fleur’s briefly. When he pulled back, he turned his eyes back to Fleur, who had finished unbuttoning her robes and slid it down first one shoulder and then the other, exposing her luscious breasts, clad in a sheer black bra. As he continued to watch her strip, he ran his hand up Hermione’s stomach to her breasts. When Fleur finished pulling her arms out of the top half of her robes and pushing it down to her waist, he grabbed the front of Hermione’s white button-up shirt and tore it open, sending buttons clattering across the room. She gasped at the roughness of his action, but he could see her rubbing her thighs together excitedly, and the air became heavy with the scent of her arousal. Quickly, he took off her tie and pulled her shirt completely open, revealing her flat, pale stomach and white bra covering her full, perky breasts.

Fleur’s eyes were locked on them as she grabbed the sides of her robe and shimmied them down her legs until they fell to the floor, leaving her standing in just her sheer black bra and panties. Harry ran his hands down to Hermione’s skirt and pulled it up to her waist, showing the matching white panties she wore underneath, already damp with her excitement. Fleur reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, removing her arms from each shoulder strap while holding the cups to her chest teasingly. When her arms were free, she covered her breasts with one arm while the other pulled the bra away from her chest and held it out to the side before dropping it to the growing pile of clothes on the floor. Harry’s hands moved back up to Hermione’s chest, where he grabbed the bottom of her bra and forced it up over her breasts before covering them with his hands, roughly squeezing and kneading the firm mounds that more than filled his hands.

Fleur smirked as Hermione let out a low moan, then spun around, so her back was to them. Letting go of her breasts, she grabbed the sides of her panties and pushed them down her legs

while bending over at the waist and keeping her long, luscious legs straight. This caused her round, bubbly ass to jut out towards them as she slowly pulled down her panties to reveal her glistening pink slit. Harry let go of Hermione's breasts and moved his hands back down to her waist. Grabbing the sides of her panties with both hands on one side, he ripped them apart on first one side and then the other. Pulling the ruined garment off of her body and tossing it to the side, he sank his two middle fingers into her hot, moist core, easily lubricated by her arousal. Fleur spun around gracefully to face them, a hungry look on her face as she watched his fingers piston in and out of Hermione's sopping lips.

"Crawl over to me," Harry ordered her.

Without hesitation, Fleur dropped to her hands and knees and crawled over to them, her wide ass swaying alluringly behind her. She stopped with her face inches away from Hermione's dripping core, her eyes staring up subserviently, waiting for her next instruction. Harry used the fingers inside of her to lift Hermione a bit higher on his stomach, drawing a wanton moan from her lips as the palm of his hand ground hard against her excited clit.

"Take out my cock," Harry told her.

Fleur looked down and opened his belt and pants with nimble fingers, shaking lightly with anticipation. Reaching into his open pants, she pulled his long, hard member, stroking it lightly.

"Suck it," Harry demanded, his voice deep with desire and lust.

Fleur lowered herself until she was lying flat on her stomach, angling his throbbing length forward to point at her parted, full, red lips. He groaned as her hot, wet mouth enveloped his swollen head, her long tongue swirling around his tips as her lips descended down his shaft. Pulling his fingers out of Hermione, he grabbed both of her wrists and put her hands on Fleur's head.

"You're going to control Fleur. If you want me to finger you faster, you move her head faster. If you want me to go deep, you make her go deeper, got it?" he asked Hermione as he placed his fingers just inside her entrance.

“Yes, sir,” she panted, her voice thick with lust.

“Good girl,” Harry told her, kissing just under her earlobe.

Hermione trembled at the praise and tightened her fingers through Fleur’s hair as she started moving her head up and down. Harry slid his fingers in and out of her in time with how she was moving Fleur’s head. With just half of the length of his fingers between her lips at first, all it was doing was teasing her. Desperate for more, Hermione started pushing Fleur’s mouth deeper down his shaft, forcing the head of his cock into her tight throat and causing her to gag and choke around his shaft. Harry groaned, driving his fingers deeper into Hermione’s core and brushing his palm against her clit.

“That’s it, Hermione. Make her choke on my cock. She can take it,” Harry encouraged her.

Pulling Fleur up to let her catch her breath for a moment, she shoved her back down harshly, forcing the beautiful blonde to swallow his length to the hilt. Harry buried his fingers in Hermione’s pussy, grinding his palm down hard on her clit as she forced Fleur’s nose into his pubes. As Fleur choked and gagged loudly, Hermione moaned and trembled in pleasure, her smooth, tight walls contracting around his fingers. Using her grip on Fleur’s hair, Hermione continued forcing her to swallow his length over and over, keeping her down for long periods before finally allowing her to come up for breath. Within minutes, Fleur’s face was a ruined mess. Large gobs of thick saliva dripped down her chin, and tears ran down her cheeks as her throat was invaded over and over by his long, thick cock. Still, through it all, she never once tried to get them to stop.

Watching her thin, delicate neck bulge around the girth buried in her throat, Harry felt his climax approaching as he fingered Hermione’s hot, dripping core and roughly groped her breast with his free hand. Hoping to ensure she came before he did, Harry curled his fingers up, searching for the patch of rough, sensitive skin along her smooth walls. It took him a little while, but he eventually found what he was looking for. Hermione gasped, and her body jerked as if she had been electrocuted as his fingers brushed lightly over it, her walls fluttering momentarily around his fingers. Smirking darkly, Harry wrapped his arm around her tightly, holding her in place against his chest as he pressed his fingers more firmly against her most sensitive spot.

Hermione let out a wild, animalistic moan as she writhed on top of him, her hips bucking desperately as Harry fought back his orgasm.

Clutching Fleur's hair in what must have been a painfully tight grip, she slammed her down on his cock brutally, driving the bridge of her nose against his pubic bone as if pulling her closer would give her more pleasure. Fortunately for Fleur, Hermione wasn't on edge long. Seconds later, she came violently. A scream was torn from her throat as she convulsed in his lap, several large drops of excitement spraying out around his fingers to splash on to Fleur's helpless face.

"Fleur, I'm cumming," Harry yelled over Hermione's screech, holding the wildly writhing girl tightly to his chest.

Fleur opened her eyes and stared up at him but still made no move to get free. Harry relaxed and let himself climax, grunting as his cock pulsed, firing numerous jets of hot cum directly down the blonde beauties spasming throat. Throughout it all, Fleur stayed in place, allowing him to deposit his load directly into her stomach. Even after his climax had finished, she was still being held in place by Hermione's hands as she let out a quivering moan. Harry took his fingers out of her and grabbed her hands, prying them from Fleur's hair and finally giving the older girl a reprieve. Fleur pulled off of his cock quickly, sucking in a gasping breath before coughing a few times to clear her abused throat. While she recovered, Harry ran his hands softly over Hermione's body, caressing her as she continued to moan and twitch in his arms.

When he looked back down at Fleur, he noticed a devious expression on her smiling face right before she leaned forward, wrapped her red, swollen lips around Hermione's vulnerable clit, and sucked hard, her cheeks hollowing. Hermione let out a surprised squeal as she stimulated her hyper-sensitive nub and scrambled to get away, getting a playful giggle from Fleur. Hermione ended up curled in a ball, cuddled up to his side protectively, her legs trembling uncontrollably.

"Bitch," Hermione said to Fleur, glaring at her playfully.

Fleur smirked at her smugly, "Zhe next time, do not pull my 'air so hard."

"I'm sorry, Fleur," Hermione said contritely.

"Eet's alright, mon ami. I know you deed not mean eet," Fleur said, crawling over her to kiss her on the lips.

Watching them kiss had his limp member twitching as it began to harden again. When the girls broke apart, Fleur turned to him and sat down on her knees, her hands folded in her lap.

"What will you 'ave me do next, mon amour?" She asked, looking at him excitedly.

Crooking his finger at her, he beckoned her over to him. Giving him a sexy smile, she crawled over Hermione and straddled his waist, her knees on either side of him as she sat in his lap. Harry ran his hands up from her waist to her breasts, cupping them in his hands, squeezing them gently, and occasionally running his thumbs over her hard, excited nipples. Moaning, she rocked her hips back and forth, grinding her slick lips along his rapidly hardening shaft. Reaching up to her face with one hand, he stroked her cheek, wiping off a combination of spit, sweat, tears, and Hermione's fluids from her skin. Fleur closed her eyes and nuzzled into his hand, turning to kiss his palm. Pulling her down to him, he kissed her tenderly on the lips. It didn't take long for this to bring Harry back to full mast. His rigid shaft pinned to his stomach, and she rubbed her wet lips along the bottom side of his length. Pulling away from her lips, he kissed along her jaw to her ear, brushing her long silvery hair out of the way.

"Go get on your hand and knees on top of Hermione," he whispered into her ear.

He let go of her as she moved to follow his instructions. Sitting up, Harry crawled behind her and sat behind her on his knees. As she hovered over Hermione, she leaned down and kissed her deeply without any need for him to tell her. No matter how often he witnessed it, seeing his best friend with another girl, let alone one as stunningly beautiful as Fleur, never ceased to get his blood boiling. Reaching out with his hands, Harry grabbed two handfuls of her round, jutting cheeks and groped them. Raising one hand off her ass, he brought it back down with a loud *smack*, sending her fleshy mound rippling and jiggling under the impact. Fleur moaned into Hermione's mouth and wiggled her ass back and forth temptingly. Harry smiled at her and obliged by smacking the other cheek. Grabbing his cock, he pushed the fat, swollen head

between her lips and moved it up and down, coating it in her arousal and drawing another moan from her lips.

“You said you’re mine. Does that mean *this* is mine?” he asked as he pushed his length into her and thrust his hips back and forth several times.

“Oui,” Fleur moaned, pulling her lips away from Hermione’s to answer. “I’m yours, mon amour. All of me ees yours.”

“Is this mine, too?” Harry asked, rubbing the pad of his thumb against her crinkled hole.

Fleur gasped and her hips bucked backwards, driving his length even deeper into her welcoming core.

“Oui!” she gasped, nearly shouting.

“Such a good whore,” Harry said, leaning over her back to kiss her neck.

Fleur shivered under him, her walls quivering around his length.

“She’s not a whore,” Hermione said, drawing their attention to her. She was looking up at Fleur with an uncharacteristic smirk, her hand coming up to stroke her cheek. “Whores have the decency to get paid for sex. You’re just a needy little slut.”

Fleur closed her eyes and let out a long moan as she came, burying her face in Hermione’s neck as her walls spasmed around his shaft. Harry groaned in pleasure, surprised by her unexpected climax.

“Look at you, cumming all over his cock just from being called a slut,” Hermione continued to taunt her.

An idea struck Harry, and he pulled out of Fleur suddenly and ran over to his clothes. Both girls paused and looked back at him curiously. Fishing around in his pants pockets, he crowed triumphantly when he found what he was looking for and trotted back over to the bed. Climbing back behind Fleur, he opened the coin purse in his hand and pulled out a handful of Galleons, carefully hiding them from Fleur's view.

"If you want to be a whore so bad, then let's make you one," he said, holding up a single gleaming, golden coin between his thumb and forefinger. "How much to fuck your ass? A Galleon?"

Harry took the coin in his hand and laid it on her back. Fleur stared at him with a wide, wild gaze, her breath coming in short pants.

"No?" he asked, tilting his head to the side. "How about two? Three?"

Each time he counted, he added another coin to the growing pile on her bare back. With each new coin, Fleur trembled with excitement, her eyes following the coins as far as she could behind her. By the time he reached the sixth coin, she couldn't keep her silence anymore.

"Oui! Harry, please," she begged, her eyes dancing with need.

Harry smiled and turned his coin purse upside down over her back, causing a shower of golden coins to fall on to her and bounce on to the mattress.

"Now, you really are my whore," Harry told her.

Fleur was nearly hyperventilating in excitement and anticipation as he placed the head of his throbbing cock at her back door and pushed in. With his shaft soaked in her arousal, he was able to slowly drive his length into her incredibly hot, unbelievably tight hole. She moaned wantonly, dropping her chest down to rest against Hermione's, causing her back to arch and burying her face in the crook of her neck. Hermione turned her face to kiss her hungrily, her

hands running over her unblemished skin. Harry bottomed out in her rear, closing his eyes for a moment to savor the feeling of how her walls hugged his length. Rocking his hips gently, he began thrusting in and out of her, pulling out a little further each time. In a short time, he was pumping his hips at a steady pace, pulling over half of his length out of her before sinking back in.

Fleur gasped against Hermione's lips, bucking her hips back at him and sending his length back into her derrière at a faster pace. She panted heavily, and her body trembled as his thighs slapped loudly against her ass, making it ripple from the impact. Before he even got close to his climax, Fleur came, her walls clenching around him and making it nearly impossible for him to move. Her legs shook, causing her ass to quiver and ripple spectacularly. When her body finally relaxed, she collapsed forward, laying half on Hermione and half on the pillow-covered floor. Harry's cock felt out of her, jutting straight out into the air and bobbing in front of him. Harry was a bit disappointed he didn't get to finish, but he was proud of his ability to make her cum so fast. Besides, there was another beautiful girl waiting for him.

"Your turn, Hermione," Harry said, stroking her calf.

"I don't want you to buy me, Harry," she said, climbing up to her knees. "I want you to take me. I want you to pin me down and use me."

Harry waddled over to her, stroked her cheek with the back of her knuckles, and then ran his fingers through her hair before leaning in to kiss her tenderly. Suddenly, he tightened his hand in her hair and forced her head down, pinning her cheek to Fleur's pillowy bum. Hermione let out an excited whimper as he moved behind her ass, which was sticking up in the air. Still excited from his time with Fleur, he wasn't in the mood to take the time to loosen up her ass. Grabbing his cock, he lined it up with her glistening lips and slammed balls deep into her tight, hot core in a single thrust. Hermione moaned against Fleur's ass, causing the blonde to giggle and her cheek to shake under Hermione's head. Harry set a blistering pace from the start, hammering his length into her, his thighs smacking against her ass with a thunderous slap.

"Oh my god!" Hermione screamed into the soft mound of flesh under her head.

Harry panted from the exertion as he slammed his hips back and forth. Just like Fleur, Hermione came before he could get close to his orgasm. As her walls spasmed and fluttered around his shaft, Harry was relentless, continuing to plow her through her climax. Hermione moaned and babbled nonsensically, a bit of drool falling from her lips and onto Fleur's cheek. At such a brutal pace, Harry rapidly felt his orgasm starting to build. Finally, he was on the verge of the release he so desperately craved. Hermione moaned pitifully as her second orgasm quickly followed the first, her fluttering walls driving him closer to his peak. Slamming into her a few more times, he reached his climax. Grunting, he unleashed a torrent of cum into her quivering cunt, filling her to the point of overflowing. A small stream of his seed leaked out of her lips from under his shaft as he drove his cock into her a few more times, packing his cum into her pussy.

When he was finished, he collapsed onto his back, panting heavily and luxuriating in the bliss he felt. Eventually, Hermione and Fleur were able to move enough to crawl over to him and cuddle up to his sides. They cuddled for several minutes before any of them spoke again.

"Arry, what color are your dress robes?" Fleur asked out of the blue.

"Um," Harry paused as he tried to remember what they looked like.

"They're black and white, like a muggle tux," Hermione told her.

"Good. Zhat weel match my robes. Weel zhey work wiz yours?" she asked Hermione.

"Yes, they'll work," Hermione said.

"Bon," Fleur said with a smile, then looked back up at Harry. "Zhen you can do zhe first dance wiz me, and zhen 'Ermione weel join us for zhe rest of zhe night."

"Wait, you want me to take both of you to the Ball!?"

Chapter 9

Harry felt better about what he was doing with Fleur and Hermione after their latest talk but still decided to take a break using the curse. That didn't mean that he didn't still spend time with them. Most of his nights were spent in the Room of Requirement instead of his dorm with one or both of the girls. Despite their differences in the beginning, Fleur and Hermione were getting on like the best of friends lately. Although they both still had a competitive streak, fortunately, it was playful now rather than spiteful. Harry admitted to himself that he may have taken advantage of that on occasion, prodding them lightly. In his own defense, it was hard to turn down having two beautiful women competing to see who could make him cum fastest. Plus, he was fairly certain they knew what he was doing. Both of them were a lot smarter than he was, after all.

While things were going great between them, he was honestly a bit nervous about the Yule Ball. They would essentially be announcing their relationship to the whole school, and outside of his close friends, they hadn't exactly treated him kindly as of late. On the bright side, his dancing lessons with them were going well, and Fleur took Hermione shopping last minute to get her a better dress. Hermione wasn't happy with the ones her mother had gotten for her.

The day before the Ball, Harry took them to Hogsmeade on their first official date. If he thought the staring before was bad, it was nothing compared to the way everyone's heads turned when he entered the Three Broomsticks. Harry paused just a few steps into the pub, seriously considering just turning around and leaving, when Fleur and Hermione each grabbed one of his arms and marched him over to a table.

"Ignore zhem, 'Arry," Fleur said as she pulled him into a booth. "Zhey are just jealous."

"It *is* a bit creepy," Hermione said, taking in some of the glazed, dumbstruck looks on her classmate's faces. "I don't know how you stand it."

"You get used to eet," Fleur said with a shrug.

"Hello, dears. What can I get for ya?" Madam Rosmerta asked brightly, her quill and pad of parchment held at the ready.

"I'll have a Butterbeer," Harry told her.

"Same for me," Hermione said.

"I'll 'ave a glass of red wine, sil vous plait," Fleur ordered.

"I'll need to see your wand." Rosmerta told Fleur, holding out her hand.

Fleur handed her wand over, handle first. Rosmerta took the wand and gave it a quick twirl. The tip glowed blue, and she nodded before handing it back to Fleur. Rosmerta started to turn to leave but paused and gave Harry a knowing smile.

"You know, your father once tried to date two girls at the same time, although that didn't go as well for him as it is for you," she told him.

"What happened?" Harry asked eagerly, leaning forward slightly.

"Well, from what I understand, your father asked one girl on a date to Hogsmeade, and then a few days later, another girl he liked asked him. Apparently, he was so excited he said yes before he remembered his date with the first girl," Rosmerta explained.

"Didn't they notice when they got to the village?" Hermione asked.

"I don't quite know how he managed it before they got here, but I had the impression he had his friends helping him. When they got here, he would sit with one girl for a few minutes on one side of the pub, then make up some excuse and run over to the other girl. Frankly, I'm impressed he managed to fool them for as long as he did," Rosmerta chuckled.

“How did he get caught?” Harry asked.

“Both girls went to the bathroom at the same time. As you can imagine, they were right cross when they came out. Both of them marched right over to the table your father was sitting at and dumped two full mugs of Butterbeer right over his head,” she said with a laugh.

Hermione and Fleur giggled, and Harry gave a short, forced chuckle.

“Arry doesn’t ‘ave to worry about zhat,” Fleur said, stroking the back of Harry’s hair softly.

“Good, I’d rather not have to clean up the mess,” Rosmerta joked before turning to leave.

“Are you okay, Harry?” Hermione asked, looking at him closely.

“I’m fine,” he said, staring down at his hands.

She reached out and took his hands in hers.

“Everyone makes mistakes. I’m sure he grew out of it,” she assured him.

“It’s not that. It’s just...”

“What ees it, mon amour,” Fleur asked, rubbing his back soothingly.

Harry sighed, “I hardly know anything about them.”

“Why don’t you write to Professor Lupin? I’m sure he could tell you about them,” Hermione said.

“I don’t know. He didn’t really seem to want much to do with me, Hermione. I don’t think he even would have told me about being friends with my dad if it wasn’t for Sirius,” He said quietly.

“I’m sure he’d be willing to tell you about your parents if you asked. How ‘bout I help you write a letter to him when we get back to the castle?” she offered.

Harry nodded and gave her a small smile, “Thanks, Hermione.”

Hermione squeezed his hands and smiled back before letting go.

Harry did his best to cheer himself up. After another hour in the Three Broomsticks, they walked around the village and stopped at most of the shops in the village. As the sun fell below the horizon, the temperature dropped, and Fleur started shivering, prompting them to return to the castle. After making a quick stop at the Beauxbatons carriage and the Gryffindor Common Room to drop off their purchases, the trio headed to the Room of Requirement. Out of habit, Harry checked the Marauder’s Map as they entered. Wordlessly, he walked swiftly over to Hermione, turned them both away from Fleur, and held up the map, his finger pointing to a name. Eyes widening, she nodded and took out her wand. Waving it frantically and muttering incantations, she locked and sealed the door with a variety of spells.

“Ermione?” Fleur asked.

“I’ll explain in a second Fleur, just don’t move,” she told her.

Suddenly, a large beetle leapt off Fleur’s shoulder and took to the air, buzzing wildly around the room.

“Harry, grab it! It’s her!” Hermione yelled urgently.

Harry followed the beetle’s flight with his eyes closely. His hand snapped out and snatched the beetle for the air. It flapped its wings furiously in his grip, desperately trying to break free.

“Here,” Hermione said, holding out a large glass jar.

Harry lightly tossed the beetle into the jar, and Hermione quickly sealed it shut with the lid.

“Got her!” Hermione crowed triumphantly, staring at the beetle with a vindictive smirk.

“What ees going on?” Fleur demanded.

“Fleur, I’d like you to meet Rita Skeeter,” she said, holding up the jar.

“She’s an Animagus?” she asked.

“I need to check something. I’ll be right back.”

Before Harry or Fleur could stop her, Hermione raced out of the room. Fleur turned and looked at Harry questioningly.

“She does that,” he told her with a shrug. “You get used to it.”

For the next fifteen minutes, Fleur spent more time teaching Harry to dance properly. Harry was just trying to spin a laughing Fleur like he had seen in one of Aunt Petunia’s shows when Hermione barged back in the room.

“Where deed you go?” Fleur asked before an excited Hermione could catch her breath to start talking.

“I had to check the list of registered Animagi,” she said, panting lightly.

Fleur crossed her arms over her chest, “Why couldn’t you just tell us zhat?”

“Well, I just wanted to make sure I was right before I said anything,” Hermione said a little defensively.

“She doesn’t like to be wrong,” Harry said with a teasing smile.

Hermione’s cheeks turned a light pink, “Anyways, I checked the registry, and I was right. Rita Skeeter isn’t a registered Animagus.”

“So, does that mean we can get her in trouble?” Harry asked excitedly.

“Oui,” Fleur purred with a malicious smile.

“We could,” Hermione said. “But I have a better idea.”

“What’s that?” he asked curiously.

“I think we should use this to make her publish the truth about you,” she said.

“You *want* me to give her an interview?” he asked incredulously.

“No, not her, me. Just hear me out,” she said, holding her hands up to forestall his argument. “If we turn Skeeter in, the Prophet is just going to send someone else. They could send someone even worse. This way, we control what they say about us. You do the interview with me, I write it up, and we make Skeeter publish it.”

“You weesh to blackmail ‘er?” Fleur asked with a raised eyebrow, a smile tugging at her lips. “I deesn’t know you had eet in you.”

“Are you sure about this, Hermione? We could get into a lot of trouble if we’re caught,” Harry pointed out.

“Not as much trouble as Skeeter will be in. Being an illegal Animagus is a guaranteed five years in Azkaban,” Hermione argued back.

“I theenk ‘Ermione ees right,” Fleur jumped in.

Harry sighed, “Alright.”

“Great!” Hermione said happily. “Just take a seat. This won’t take long.”

Three chairs seemed to sprout from the floor, all facing each other. Hermione set down her back, pulled out the jar containing Rita, and set it on the floor next to her, then took out a sheaf of parchment and a quill. Harry, Hermione, and Fleur all took seats.

“So, how do you really feel about being in the Triwizard Tournament?” Hermione asked.

Thankfully, Hermione was true to her word and only asked him a few questions. Excitedly, she put Rita, along with the parchment, back in her bag and bid them goodnight as she left for the Common Room. Harry took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. Despite the fact the article was being written by someone he trusted, he wasn’t thrilled to be in the paper again. Fleur stood and walked around behind him, her hands rubbing his shoulders briefly before she leaned

forward. She wrapped around his shoulders, caressing his chest while she kissed his neck and her breasts pressed into his back.

“Come to bed, ‘Arry,” she whispered seductively into his ear.

Harry smiled and stood from his chair. Spinning around quickly, he grabbed Fleur and lifted her off the ground as she giggled and wrapped her arms and legs around him. Walking her over to an empty part of the room, a wide, comfortable looking bed grew from the floor, stone fading into soft white cotton. Grabbing her hips, he tossed her onto the bed, making her squeal. Quickly, he stripped out of his clothes as she did the same, revealing her perfect body to his hungry gaze.

Crawling onto the bed, Harry threw her legs over his shoulders and leaned over her, nearly folding her in half. Fleur gasped and arched her back, thrusting her breasts up as he sank into her welcoming heat.

“Mon amour,” she moaned, her nails leaving fiery tracks down his back.

Harry gave a low growl and pulled nearly all the way back before driving back into her tight, hot walls. Wrapping her arms tightly around his neck, Fleur moaned and mewled cutely each time he reentered her, his pace slow but relentless, pummeling her into the bed with powerful thrusts. Her body rocked, and her breasts wobbled each time their bodies collided with a meaty *slap*, her stiff nipples grazing his chest.

Holding himself up on one arm, Harry grabbed one of her large, perfect mounds in his hand, squeezing roughly and pinching her light pink nipple firmly. Fleur trembled under him, a long, pleased whine leaving her pouty lips, head tilted back, and eyes closed. Letting go of her breast for a moment, he slapped it sharply from the side a moment later, sending her pale white flesh jiggling wildly as he continued to brutally slam into her clutching depths. Sucking in a breath, her eyes popped open, staring into his with a hungry gaze.

“Mine,” Harry growled possessively, his forehead touching hers.

“Toujours,” she said softly.

Harry captured her lips with his in a hungry kiss, his tongue plunging between her full lips. With a whimper, her hands clutched his hair as the lean muscles in her legs quivered against his strong shoulders. Tearing her lips from his, her eyes closed and mouth open, she gasped from breath. Her walls fluttered around his thrusting length, nails digging into his back, desperately trying to make him go faster. Harry kept his pace, eyes locked onto her face, taking in her contorted expressions of desperation and pleasure.

Fleur seemed to hover on the brink forever, nails clawing at his back as she writhed under him as she whispered nonsensically in French. Suddenly, she went taugt, her body locking in place except for her head, which she threw back in a silent scream, her breath hitching. Buried to the hilt, Harry ground his pelvis into hers, roughly rubbing against her overly sensitive clit. Filling her lungs with a deep breath, a trembling moan finally left her throat, neck straining as her body shook uncontrollably under him.

After several long seconds, her body went abruptly limp, her expression turning from pained to peaceful ecstasy. Harry leaned down and kissed her softly and allowed her trembling legs to slip from his shoulders. Pulling back, he pulled his rigid length from her tight grasp.

“Roll over,” he demanded in a deep, husky voice.

Fleur moaned and licked her lips while giving him a dark, lustful look. Slowly, with graceful, cat-like movements, she rolled over. With her chest lying flat on the soft mattress, she pulled her knees up, presenting him with her full, heart shaped ass. Her pink, swollen, drooling lips peeked out from between her smooth thighs temptingly. Grabbing her wide, bulging cheeks in a rough grip, pale flesh molding itself to the shape of his hand, Harry crawled up behind her.

Wedging his engorged head between her lips, he stayed there for a moment, savoring his control over such a stunning woman. With a single savage thrust, he plunged into her sweltering depths like a battering ram. Fleur’s pale globes rippled from the thunderous impact of his thighs, and her hands clawed at the sheets as she gasped. Harry set a brutal, rapid pace, focusing solely on his pleasure. She bit her lip, muffled grunts and moans leaving her as each titanic thrust hammered her deeper into the soft mattress. Legs giving out under her, she

slowly slipped lower and lower until she was lying flat on the bed, Harry's throbbing length hammering into her from above.

Grabbing a handful of her golden locks, he pulled her head back sharply. Letting go a moment later, he wrapped his fingers around her delicate throat, his grip firm but still allowing her to breathe. Every sound she made, each breath she took, he could feel through his palm. Sweat dripping from his brow, Harry's muscles strained and flexed as he continued to plow into her incredible depths, desperately seeking his climax. Thrusting frantically, he groaned and bent his head down, biting into her shoulder lightly.

With one final spasmodic jerk of his hips, Harry hilted himself in her clutching depths and released with an animalistic grunt, his hand tightening around her throat. Fleur let out a strangled gasp, her body shaking under him as she reached a sudden, surprising peak. He let go of her throat, collapsing on top of her with a long groan as her walls fluttered around his pulsating length. When their climaxes finally waned, Harry rolled off of her and onto his back, panting for breath. A moment later, Fleur, too, rolled over and crawled over to him, laying half her body on top of his, her breasts pressed against his chest and arm while one of her legs became entwined with his.

When her sweat soaked body gave a shiver a few moments later, and she burrowed closer to him in search of heat, Harry smiled down at her and kissed the top of her head. With a thought, a crimson blanket materialized out of thin air a few inches above them and fluttered down softly to cover their bodies. Fleur, half asleep, gave a satisfied sigh, relaxing fully against him.

Harry gave a soft, affectionate laugh and laid back, closing his eyes as his fingers trailed up and down her spine with a feather light touch. Tomorrow was certainly going to be chaotic with the Ball and Rita's interview, but for now, he could relax.

Chapter 10

The morning of the Yule Ball, Harry and Fleur made their way down to the Great Hall hand in hand. As soon as they entered, he noticed the stares from the vast majority of the room as they muttered to their neighbors. Even as he turned his back to the rest of the hall and sat down next to Hermione, he could feel their stares like a weight on his shoulders.

“Do I even want to know why they’re all staring at me?” he asked her quietly.

Wordlessly, Hermione handed him her copy of the daily prophet. Next to him, Fleur leaned into him to read over his shoulder.

Harry Potter Forced to Compete in Deadly Tournament by Rita Skeeter

What followed was Hermione’s well written article about how he had been entered into the Triwizard Tournament without his knowledge, and then forced to compete. Towards the end of the article, Hermione became very critical of the Ministry for using a magical artifact as powerful as the Goblet of Fire to ensure students couldn’t back out of such a deadly tournament. She also had a go at them for inviting dozens of students from each school, only to have one of them compete. Hermione suggested that, instead of bringing back a tournament known for its death toll, they should have created a new one. One that would allow the majority of visiting students to compete in a much safer environment.

“It’s a great article, Hermione. And I really like your idea of holding academic, dueling, and Quidditch tournaments instead of one three-person tournament, but do you think it will help?” Harry asked.

“I think so,” she said. “Susan Bones came over to ask me if it was true. From what she said, it seems like most people don’t know the Goblet forces you to compete or lose your magic.”

“Well, I don’t suppose it can make things any worse,” Harry said.

As he loaded up a plate, Fleur suddenly placed a hand on his chin, lifting his head up. Just as he opened his mouth to ask her what she was doing, she bent down and kissed him heatedly. Because of his surprise, he barely had time to react before she pulled back and looked over her shoulder. Following her gaze, he saw the Head Boy, Roger Davies, gaping at her before he glared angrily at Harry and stalked off back to the Ravenclaw table. The hall broke into hushed whispers as anyone who didn’t know he was dating Fleur was left without any doubt.

“Sorry,” Fleur said. “I’m just tired of being asked to zhe ball. I ‘ave told Roger several times I ‘ave a date, but ‘e keeps asking me.”

“Well, I’m pretty sure he knows now,” Hermione said with a giggle. “And everyone else, for that matter.”

“Bon,” Fleur said. “Maybe zhey weel leave me alone.”

“What’s everyone staring at?” Ron asked sleepily as he sat down across from Harry and began loading his plate high with food.

“Some of zhe boys are upset I am going to zhe ball wiz ‘Arry,” Fleur said with a smirk before turning to kiss Harry on the cheek.

“You’re going with *her*!” Ron shouted and gaped, realizing for the first time Fleur was sitting at the table.

“Oui, ‘e is,” Fleur said proudly.

“Bloody hell!” Ron exclaimed, still gaping at Fleur.

Harry could feel Fleur growing uncomfortable from the way Ron was gawping at her as if he had never seen a girl before. He was about to say something, but Hermione beat him to it and kicked him hard under the table.

“Blood hell, Hermione,” Ron complained as he rubbed his shin. “What was that for?”

“You’re staring,” she hissed at him with a frown. “And stop swearing.”

“Could have just said something,” he grumbled.

“Do you ‘ave a date to zhe ball?” Fleur asked.

Under the table, Harry took her hand and gave it a squeeze, grateful that she was making an effort to talk with his friends.

“Er, n-no. Not yet,” Ron admitted hesitantly.

“Oh, well, zhere ees steel a leetle time, oui?” Fleur asked.

“I ‘spose,” Ron said quietly, his face taking on a thoughtful look.

Harry noticed the speculative looks he was giving Hermione and prayed to Merlin that he wasn’t planning to ask her to the ball. Hermione noticed the looks as well and gripped his knee under the table. They had talked about how to tell Ron before, but neither of them could come up with a way they thought would work. Ron was a good friend most of the time, but as they had witnessed earlier in the year, he had a jealous streak the size of a Quidditch pitch. Neither of them knew how he would react to Harry not only dating Fleur, the most desirable girl in the school but Hermione as well. They had planned to tell him just before the ball after they found him a date, but it looked like Ron wasn’t going to let them wait that long.

“Hey, Hermione. You’re a girl,” he said.

“Oh, well spotted,” Hermione bit back sarcastically.

Harry grabbed her hand and gave it a squeeze trying to keep her calm. Ron and Hermione got along most of the time, but when they fought, they really did bring out the worst in each other. Hopefully, he could keep her from going off at him and making things worse than they needed to be.

“Well, you can come to the ball with me,” he said. “I mean, it’d look pretty bad if we both went without dates.”

Harry, who willingly admitted he still had no clue about girls, knew this was probably the single worst way to ask someone on a date. Hermione gripped his hand painfully under the table as she trembled with anger.

“For your information, someone’s already asked me to the ball,” Hermione hissed, her face turning red.

Ron stared at her, then scoffed and smiled.

“Yeah, right,” he said. “Fine, I know you’re a girl. Will you come to the ball with me now?”

Harry couldn’t blame Fleur for staring at him as if he was a slug. Or, for Hermione glaring as if she wanted to hex him into next week. Even he was bristling with anger at the way Ron was treating her so dismissively, as if no one would find her attractive enough to ask her to the ball.

“I told you, I already have a date!” Hermione hissed.

“Oh, yeah?” Ron asked skeptically, his arms folded over his chest. “Who?”

“For your information, Harry asked me to the ball,” she said acidly. “And I said yes.”

“Oh, come on,” Ron said with a smile. “Harry just said he’s going with Fleur. You can’t be going with him. Just admit you don’t have a date, so we can go together.”

Hermione glared at him, her face turning a deep red from her anger. Harry decided to step in before either of them said something they would both regret.

"I did ask her," he said.

Ron snapped his head over to stare at him with a furrowed brow for a moment before smiling.

"Good joke, Harry," he said.

"Eet's not a joke," Fleur said, still angry at him on Hermione's behalf. "'Arry eez taking boz of us to zhe ball."

"They got you in on it, too?" Ron asked with a chuckle.

"You are such an ass!" Hermione yelled as she jumped to her feet.

Grabbing her bag, she slung it over her shoulder and stomped out of the Great Hall.

"What's wrong with her?" Ron asked.

Fleur looked at him like he was the dumbest person she had ever met, and even Harry had to shake his head.

"We should go check on 'er," Fleur said.

Nodding, Harry stood and helped Fleur to her feet. As they left the Great Hall, he pulled the Marauder's Map out of his pocket.

"She's going up," Harry said.

Together, he and Fleur followed her up to the seventh floor. He put the map away as he watched her footprints on the map disappear when she reached the entrance to the Room of Requirement. When they walked in the door only a minute behind her, they found the room looking exactly like her house again.

“Ermione?” Fleur called out.

When she didn’t answer, they started searching the house. Not finding her on the first floor, they went upstairs. After looking into the first couple of rooms only to find them empty, Harry opened the second door on the right. Inside the room, which had floor to ceiling bookshelves along the right-hand wall, and a large desk on the left, he found Hermione curled up on the bed in the middle of the room. Although she was turned away from him, he could hear her sobbing quietly.

“Hermione?” he called out quietly.

Harry hesitated, not sure what to do. Fleur brushed past him and sat down next to Hermione, her hand gently stroking her hair.

“Are you okay, mon ami?” she asked.

“Why does he have to be such a git?” Hermione asked.

“Because ‘e eez a boy,” Fleur answered with a smile.

Hermione snorted, and Harry was glad to hear she had stopped crying. Walking over to the bed, he sat down just as she sat up and hugged her knees.

“Sorry,” she said. “I know I shouldn’t let him get to me. It’s just...”

"It's alright, Hermione," Harry said as he wrapped his arm around her shoulders. "He was a complete tosser the way he asked you to the ball."

"Oui," Fleur said. "I don't know 'ow you can be friend's wiz 'im."

"He's not usually that bad," Hermione said. "It's just - sometimes he can be so insensitive. I mean, he made it sound like he was taking pity on me because no one could possibly want to ask me to the ball."

Harry rubbed her back soothingly as he heard the anger in her voice growing.

"'Arry and I want to go wiz you. Eet doesn't matter what anyone else zhinks," Fleur said loftily.

"I know," Hermione said, wiping her eyes.

Smiling, Fleur leaned in and kissed Hermione softly. When they broke apart, Harry did the same, his hand coming up to cup her cheek. When he pulled back, Hermione finally smiled.

"At least you noticed I'm a girl," she said teasingly.

"Hard not to," he said with a smile. "How 'bout we go to Hogsmeade until we need to get ready for the ball?"

"Okay," she said.

Together, the three of them put on their heavy cloaks and took a carriage to Hogsmeade. Both Harry and Fleur focus on cheering Hermione up as much as possible. Harry even took her to Scrivenshaft's Quill Shop, where they spent a good two hours looking at books. Eventually, Hermione picked out five she wanted to buy out of the score she had been browsing. Harry insisted on paying, which earned him a kiss on the cheek as they left the store.

Fleur, because of her love of charms, dragged them into Dervish and Banges to browse the shelves. Hearing the way she talked about how magical items were made, and the enthusiasm she had for Enchanting, he found himself growing more and more interested in the subject.

After spending another hour walking around the quaint, snow covered village, they made a quick stop at Honeyduke's before going to the Three Broomsticks for a late lunch. By the time they were done, the girls were ready to head back to Hogwarts to start getting ready for the Yule Ball. Harry wasn't sure why they needed four hours to get dressed, but he was at least wise enough not to ask.

Fleur insisted on helping Hermione get ready and had her fetch her robes and bring them back to the Beauxbatons' carriage. Promising to meet them later in the Entrance Hall, Harry decided to relax in the common room until it was time to get ready.

Unfortunately, the moment he stepped through the portrait, he was forcibly reminded of his earlier troubles when he noticed Ron sitting on the sofa. As much as he wanted to ignore everything until the ball was over, he knew that if he didn't deal with it now, there was a very good chance of Ron doing something stupid later.

"Hey, Ron," Harry said as he sat down on the other side of the couch.

"Hey," Ron said, looking up from his copy of Quidditch Weekly. "Where's Hermione?"

"She's getting ready for the ball with Fleur," he said. "Listen, I think we need to-"

"Hey, Harry?" Ginny interrupted.

"Yeah?" he asked, fighting back a sigh.

"Have you seen Hermione?" she asked.

"She's with Fleur getting ready for the ball," he told her.

"Shoot," Ginny said, running a hand through her hair. "I was hoping she could help me with my hair."

"What d'ya need help with your hair for?" Ron asked. "You're too young to go to the ball."

"Because I, unlike you, have a date," Ginny said with a glare.

"What? Who?" Ron asked loudly, his ears turning red.

"Neville asked me," she said gloatingly.

"Neville!?" Ron sputtered.

"I don't think Hermione will be back before the ball, but you could try asking Lavender," Harry interrupted, hoping to head off another argument.

"That's a good idea. Thanks, Harry," Ginny said.

With one last glare at Ron, Ginny turned and walked off towards the stairs leading to the girls' dorm.

"Bloody hell, even my little sister has a date," Ron said grumpily as he slumped in his seat.

"Have you asked anyone?" Harry asked.

"I asked Hermione," he grumbled.

"I mean besides her," Harry said.

"Er, not exactly," he admitted.

Shaking his head, Harry looked around the room. Maybe if he could find Ron a date, he wouldn't feel so jealous when he saw him with Hermione. Eventually, his eyes landed on Parvati, a pretty Indian witch with a thin figure and nice curves. Without a word to Ron, he levered himself to his feet and walked over to her.

"Hey, Parvati?" he asked.

"Oh, hi, Harry," she said with a friendly smile.

"Listen, do you have a date for the ball?" he asked.

"No, but aren't you going with Delacour?" she asked curiously.

"Yeah, but I'm not asking for me," he said. "I was wondering if you would go with Ron."

A thoughtful look crossed Parvati's face as he looked over his shoulder at the gloomy red head.

"Why doesn't he just ask me himself?" Parvati asked.

"Well, he's really nervous," Harry told her. "He said he has trouble talking to pretty girls."

"Really?" she asked, smiling prettily.

"Yeah," he said. "You know, there's nothing that says you can't ask him to the ball."

"I don't know," Parvati said thoughtfully. "That doesn't really sound romantic."

"Er, I guess not," Harry said. "But you could always tease him about it later."

Harry had meant it as a joke, but Parvati's eyes lit up, and she let out a short giggle.

"It would make a good story," she admitted. "Alright, I'll go ask him."

As she walked over towards Ron, Harry crossed his fingers and prayed Ron wasn't stupid enough to turn her down. Not only would he feel like a berk for putting her in that situation, but Parvati was also one of the prettiest girls in the school. Ron would have to be a fool to turn her down.

"Hey, Ron," Parvati said.

"Oh, um, hey," Ron said nervously.

"So, I heard you don't have a date for the ball yet," she said

"Uh, no," Ron said, his ears slowly turning red.

"Good, then you can take me," Parvati said happily. "Meet me here at quarter to seven."

Ron gaped at her, his mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water. Before he could make a sound, Parvati dashed out up the stairs excitedly, presumably to get ready for the ball and tell

Lavender the news. Harry gaped after her as well, before breaking out into a hearty laugh. Parvati hadn't so much as asked Ron as she had ordered him to go with her.

"I-she-what?" Ron asked, looking lost.

"Looks like you got a date to the ball, mate."

"Yeah-yeah, I do, don't I," Ron said, puffing up his chest. "She must really want to go with me if she's the one asking."

Harry snorted quietly at his friend's reasoning but didn't say anything. As long as Ron had a date to distract him from him and Hermione, that was all he cared about.

"Just imagine the look on Hermione's face when I show up to the ball with a date, and she doesn't," Ron said almost gleefully.

"Ron, I'm going with Hermione," Harry said.

"Yeah, yeah, jokes over," Ron said, waving him off. "You wanna play some chess?"

Sighing, Harry sat down on the couch as Ron pulled out the old, battered chess board. It was really annoying that Ron didn't believe him again, but he didn't want to start a fight over it. Ron would learn he was telling the truth soon enough. He just hoped it didn't ruin their friendship. Still, while Harry didn't want to lose his oldest and closest male friend, he wasn't going to give up Hermione to appease him. He would just have to deal with it when the time came. There probably wasn't much he could do to convince Ron in the meantime, anyways.

After spending three hours relaxing in the common room, Harry and the rest of Gryffindor's male population went up to their dorms to get ready for the ball. While he got dressed in the fancy robes Mrs. Weasley had helped him pick out, Ron bemoaned the maroon travesty he was forced to wear. Harry helped him cut off the ridiculous frilly lace, which helped a surprising

amount. Leaving Ron to finish plucking stray white thread from his robes, he headed down to the Great Hall to meet Fleur and Hermione.

Arriving a few minutes early, Harry spent a few minutes talking with Cedric as he waited. Cedric was going with Cho, who looked quite pretty in her white, Chinese-style robes. While they were talking, Krum arrived with an older brunette from Hufflepuff whose name Harry couldn't remember. Finally, just a few minutes before seven o'clock, Fleur and Hermione arrived.

Harry, who had expected them to come in through the front door, didn't notice them as they reached the top of the grand staircase behind him. He first knew something was going on when everyone suddenly stopped moving and went completely silent. Turning around to see what was happening, he, too, stopped and stared.

Fleur smiled smugly as she descended the stairs in her tight silver dress. The shimmering fabric flowed like water over her hourglass curves, and the neck was just low enough to show a hint of cleavage. A slit in the right side of her dress ran from her ankle to the top of her knee, giving the crowd a tantalizing glimpse of her sinfully long legs.

Next to her, Hermione bit her lip nervously as she carefully walked down the steps. Her dress was a crimson halter top, leaving her smooth shoulders bare and hugging her body just as tightly as Fleur's. While her dress covered more of her skin in the front than Fleur's, the light, flowing fabric accentuated her figure perfectly.

As they reached the bottom of the stairs, Harry was left utterly speechless.

"I zhink we broke 'im, mon ami," Fleur said, causing Hermione to laugh.

Harry jerked back to life, realizing he looked like an idiot with his mouth gaping open.

"Wow. You two look incredible," he said sincerely.

“Merci.” “Thank you,” they said together.

Smiling broadly, Fleur linked her arm through his right while Hermione took his left.

“Champions!” McGonagall suddenly called out.

As they walked over to where Professor McGonagall stood next to the door of the Great Hall, Cedric looked over and gave him a cheeky smile.

“Two dates, Potter?” he asked.

“Believe it or not, it was their idea,” Harry replied.

Cedric shook his head with a smile as they stopped just in front of McGonagall.

“Mr. Potter,” she said.

Giving a weary sigh, she beckoned him over with a finger. Cursing in his head, Harry led Hermione and Fleur over to her.

“Which of these young ladies is your date?” McGonagall asked.

“Er, both of them, Professor,” Harry said.

“And they’re both aware of that?” she asked with a raised brow.

“Well, they are now,” Harry joked.

His cheeky response earned him a glare from McGonagall, a smack on the chest from Hermione, and a giggle from Fleur.

“Mr. Potter, do you go out of your way to make my job as difficult as possible?” McGonagall asked tiredly.

“You know me, Professor, this stuff just sort of happens,” Harry said with a shrug.

“Oh, very well,” she said with a weary sigh. “You and Ms. Delacour will have to do the opening dance together. Ms. Granger can join you after that.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said.

Waving them off, Harry, Fleur, and Hermione took their place at the back of the line and waited for the door to open.

“You don’t think she’s disappointed in us, do you?” Hermione asked nervously.

“No, I think she’s just annoyed I’m not doing things normally again,” he told her.

Before they could talk any further, the doors to the Great Hall swung open, and McGonagall waved them in. Hermione gasped in awe at the decorations, making it look like a winter wonderland.

As expected, the three of them drew the vast majority of the stares and whispers. Hermione tightened her grip on his arm and blushed at the attention. Trying to ignore the butterflies in his stomach, Harry led them over to the Champions’ table and pulled out chairs for them one at a time.

With the exception of being forced to listen to Percy drone on about his job, dinner was quite enjoyable. Of course, they got quite a few questions about their relationship from Cho, and Krum's Hufflepuff date, Sara Lewis. Fortunately, both girls were quite kind in their comments and congratulated all three of them.

After dinner, Harry nervously opened the ball with Fleur. After all of the dancing lessons from both her and Hermione, he managed to avoid stepping on any toes, but he did miss a couple of steps. Once the dance floor began to fill up, and they were no longer the center of attention, he was able to relax and enjoy himself. Fleur was completely unfazed by the stares she was receiving and smiled brightly as she moved effortlessly around the dance floor.

Once the first dance was over, Hermione took Fleur's place. Hermione seemed just as nervous as he had, but quickly relaxed as they fell into a comfortable rhythm. When Fleur came back after his dance with Hermione, she surprised both of them by grabbing Hermione and twirling her around. Harry laughed at the surprised look on her blushing face.

"I'll go get us drinks," Harry yelled over the music.

While getting a glass of punch, Harry looked around for Ron. He found him just as Parvati was forcibly dragging him out onto the dance floor. With a pale face and an apprehensive look, Parvati patiently guided him through the movements. Harry chuckled as he watched his friend stumble and bumble his way across the dance floor. When Ron caught his eye, he mouthed 'Help me' over his date's shoulder. Smiling, he gave his friend a wave and turned away. A few minutes later, Hermione and Fleur joined him at the refreshments table, looking flushed and pleased.

"Have fun?" he asked, handing them each a glass of punch.

"Oui," Fleur said, kissing him on the cheek.

"It was fun. I just wish people would stop staring," Hermione said.

"It's your fault for looking too beautiful in that dress," Harry said.

Hermione slapped his arm lightly but smiled happily at the compliment.

"Granger, Beautiful? You need to get your eyes checked, Potter," Malfoy sneered.

Behind him, Crabbe and Goyle laughed. Next to Malfoy, Parkinson gave them a disgusted look.

"Go away, Malfoy," Hermione said. "No one here cares about your worthless opinion, and we have better things to do than listen to your pathetic insults."

Malfoy ignored her and stared at Harry, his eyes glittering maliciously.

"Bringing the Mudblood is bad enough, but bringing the creature, too? Just when I thought you couldn't possibly sink any lower." he sneered.

Harry clenched his fists angrily and made to step forward, but Hermione stopped him.

"Harry, don't. It's what he wants," she whispered to him.

While she was busy holding him back, Fleur stepped forward. Thrusting her glass forward, she threw her drink right in his face. Pansy shrieked and jumped away while Malfoy wiped his face. With his eyes covered, he didn't see Fleur raise her right hand. The moment he looked up at her with a furious glare, she swung her arm and slapped him so hard across the face it sounded like a thunderclap. She hit him with such force that Malfoy's head whipped around, and he stumbled to keep upright. A bright red handprint quickly began forming on his pale cheek.

"You bitch," Malfoy growled, reaching for his wand.

Harry didn't know where she hid it, but Fleur had her wand out in a flash, the tip pressed under his chin. Malfoy's face went from anger to fear in a split second as he found himself at the mercy of a furious Fleur Delacour.

"What is the meaning of this?" McGonagall asked as she pushed her way through the crowd that had gathered to watch.

Behind her, Madam Maxime narrowed her eyes.

"Professor, she hit me," Malfoy said, pointing at Fleur.

Fleur scoffed and gave him a disgusted look.

"He called me a creature and 'Ermione a Mudblood," she said.

"It's true, Professor," Cedric suddenly spoke up. "Cho and I heard him. Harry and his dates were minding their own business when Malfoy started insulting them."

Madam Maxime glared down at Malfoy and stepped up until she was towering over him.

"We weel speak to your 'Eadmaster about zhis," she said angrily.

Reaching down, she grabbed Malfoy by the ear and strode off. Malfoy had to practically jog to keep up with her long strides.

"Ow, let go of me!" Malfoy yelled. "Wait until my father hears about this!"

"Ms. Delacour," McGonagall said sternly. "I can understand your anger, but next time, please inform one of the teachers or your Headmistress."

Fleur nodded stiffly, her cheeks a light pink from her anger. Nodding in return, McGonagall left, causing the crowd to disperse.

“That was brilliant,” Harry said with a grin. “But next time, I get to hit him.”

Fleur smiled and giggled lightly.

“Violence isn’t the answer, Harry,” Hermione said scoldingly.

“Says the girl who punched him last year,” Harry said, to which she blushed.

“Let’s forget about ‘im and enjoy zhe dance,” Fleur said.

The rest of the ball went by much more enjoyably. Harry spent time dancing with each of his girlfriends, they had a few dances together once the Weird Sisters took the stage, and Hermione and Fleur even shared a couple more dances together by themselves. It was a relief that Parvati kept Ron so busy that he and Hermione didn’t have to worry about him.

Eventually, the hour grew late, and people began leaving the Great Hall.

“Are you ready to call it a night?” Hermione asked. “My feet are killing me.”

They were sitting at an otherwise empty table, where Hermione had taken off her shoes to rub her feet. Harry could feel his own feet aching from dancing so much.

“Oui,” Fleur said with a smile. “I think eet’s time to give ‘Arry ‘is Christmas presents.”

“We’ll have to stop by Gryffindor Tower so I can get my gifts for you,” Harry said.

Instead of exchanging gifts in the morning like normal, Hermione and Fleur had insisted on waiting until after the ball.

Leaving the Great Hall, they walked up to the sixth floor, where Harry and Hermione rushed up to their dorms to grab presents. Meeting Fleur back in the common room as she looked around curiously, they left again and headed for the Room of Requirement. Fleur summoned the room this time, and they found themselves in a room that looked like a penthouse suite. There was a large bed, a comfy looking couch, and a bath sunk into the floor off to one side. One wall was taken up by a massive, enchanted window that gave them a beautiful view of Paris at night.

Grabbing their hands, Fleur pulled him out of his staring and over to the sofa.

“Do you want to go first?” she asked.

“Sure,” Harry said.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out two square packages wrapped in blue paper with small, fluttering white snowflakes and tied with white bows. Handing one to each of them, he smiled at the completely different ways they opened them. While Fleur tore into hers gleefully, Hermione carefully opened the tape holding one side shut, and pulled out her present without tearing anything. Both of them gasped at the books he had gotten them.

For Hermione, he got her a first edition copy of *Hogwarts: A History*, while he got Fleur a very rare book on Enchanting written by Anastasia Peverell.

“‘Arry, zhis ees incredible. Zhank you,” Fleur said softly, leaning over to kiss him on the lips.

“How did you even get this?” Hermione asked in awe as she cautiously turned the pages.

“Fleur’s I ordered from Obscurus Books. Dumbledore helped me get yours,” Harry said. “It turns out Bathilda Bagshot lives in Godric’s Hollow, and she knew my parents. I wrote her a letter asking if she had any first editions because I couldn’t find one for sale, and she sent me this. That, is the first copy of Hogwarts, A History ever printed.”

“She just gave this to you!?” Hermione asked incredulously.

“Yeah,” Harry said. “I don’t think she was very sentimental about it, but she did make me promise that it would go to someone who would appreciate it.”

“Zhat’s so sweet, ‘Arry,” Fleur said with a smile.

“There’s a bit more to yours, too,” he told her. “The Potters are descendants of the Peverells. Anastasia is my many time's great grandmother. Look at the first page.”

Raising her eyebrow curiously, Fleur flipped through the pages. Leaning over to look at the book, he pointed out a passage.

A special thank you to my wonderful daughter and son-in-law, Annabella and Henry Potter. Without their help, I may never have finished this book.

“Mon Dieu,” Fleur said.

“Thank you so much,” Hermione said, hugging him tightly.

Glad they liked his gifts, Harry hugged her back before getting a hug and a steamy kiss from Fleur.

“Now, it’s your turn,” Hermione said.

Picking up the two small, rectangular packages next to her, she handed them to him.

“These are from both of us,” she said.

Tearing open the wrapping paper, he found a velvet jewelry box underneath. Popping the lid open, he found a thin silver necklace with a lightning bolt shaped pendant made of emerald. While he wasn't really a jewelry kind of person, he still loved it. After going so many years without any real presents, receiving them was still a novelty he wasn't used to. No matter what they got him, he would be grateful for it.

Smiling, he unwrapped the other to an identical necklace and pendant inside.

“Er, did you mean to get me the same thing?” he asked cautiously.

For some reason, this caused Hermione and Fleur to giggle.

“They're not for you to wear. They're for us,” Hermione said.

“You got me a present for you to wear?” Harry asked, confused.

“Well, Fleur and I know you still feel a little uncomfortable using the Imperius Curse on us since we can't throw it off,” Hermione said. “That, and it's pretty dangerous for you to keep using it. It would be really hard to explain if we ever got caught. So, Fleur and I decided to make these.”

“What do they do?” he asked.

“They use an old spell for controlling slaves, but we've modified it slightly. Basically, they control our bodies but leave our minds completely clear. Not only is it completely legal, but we can also tell you if we don't want to do something,” Hermione explained.

“And eet lets us enjoy zhe sex more,” Fleur said with a smirk.

“That too,” Hermione conceded with a smile and a light blush. “Plus, we can take them off whenever we want to, so you have nothing to feel guilty about.”

“Hermione, this is-” Harry broke off, lost for words.

“Do you like it?” she asked nervously.

“I love it,” Harry said, smiling at her. “Thank you.”

Leaning over, he hugged and kissed Hermione before turning to do the same to Fleur.

“You will steel ‘elp us learn to beat zhe Imperius Curse, oui?” she asked.

“I will,” he told her.

“Bon,” Fleur said happily. “Weel you put zhem on us?”

Smiling, Harry took out one of the necklaces and put it around Fleur’s neck as she moved her hair out of the way. Once he had it clasped tightly, he bent down and kissed her neck. Turning back to Hermione, he put the other necklace on her.

“Is that all I have to do?” Harry asked.

“You need to touch the pendant with your skin and say the incantation ‘Tenere,’” Hermione said.

Reaching out, he took one pendant in each hand and pressed his thumb against the emerald pendants.

“Tenere,” he said.

Harry hissed as he felt a sharp sting on his thumbs and the pendants glowed red. Fleur and Hermione gasped as the red glow enveloped them briefly before disappearing. Letting go of the pendants, he looked at his thumbs. There was a small red dot on each of them, as if he had been pricked by a needle.

“Did it work?” Harry asked.

“I think so,” Hermione said.

“Give eet a try,” Fleur said.

“Alright, take off your dress,” Harry said with a smile.

Smirking, Fleur stood and slipped her arms out of her silver dress before letting it fall to the floor. The only thing she wore underneath was a pair of black, frilly panties. Harry licked his lips as he took in her large, firm breasts, thin waist, and wide hips.

“Did you try to fight it?” Hermione asked.

“Non,” Fleur said. “Was I supposed to?”

Sighing, Hermione shook her head.

“It would be nice to know if it worked,” she said, though her smile took any sting out of the comment.

“Well, we’ll just have to try it with you,” Harry said with a smile. “Take off your dress.”

He could see Hermione’s face scrunching up as she tried to fight the spell on the necklace, but it did nothing to stop her. She stood smoothly and naturally as she reached behind her neck and untied the knot holding her dress together. It fell down to her waist, revealing her bare, perky breasts before getting caught on her hips. Hermione’s face turned red in her effort to resist, but her hands didn’t even tremble as she pushed her dress down to the floor, leaving her in just a pair of dark red panties that sat high on her hips.

“That’s weird,” Hermione said. “I tried not to move, but at the same time, it still didn’t feel like it was forcing me. I really don’t know how to describe it.”

While Hermione spoke, Fleur dropped to her knees and began unbuckling Harry’s pants. In a moment, she had his pants open as she stroked his quickly hardening length.

“We’re all yours, mon amour,” she said in a sultry tone, her warm breath washing over the head of his cock. “You can do anything you want to us.”

Harry twitched in her hand at the thought. Running his hands through her long silvery hair, he pulled her lips closer to his rigid shaft. Fleur opened her lips and took him into her mouth, encasing him in a wet heat as her plump lips clamped around his girth. Groaning, Harry bucked his hips, feeding her an extra inch of his length.

“Kneel down next to her, Hermione,” Harry said, his voice deep and lustful.

Fleur scooted over to make room as Hermione dropped to her knees next to her. Moving one of his hands into her curly brown hair, he tilted her head and pushed her face down to the base of his shaft. While Fleur bobbed up and down on the top of his length, Hermione wrapped her lips around him, kissing and licking at his shaft.

“Fuck, you two are perfect,” Harry groaned.

Fleur somehow managed to smile, even with her lips stretched around his girth. Her tongue swirled around his swollen head while she sucked hard, drawing a hiss from Harry. Tightening his hand in her hair, he pulled her off while moving Hermione up to his tip. While Hermione began bobbing on his glistening tip, Fleur obediently let him move her down to take Hermione’s place, but on the other side of his shaft. She even stuck out her tongue to caress his balls and wrapped it around the base of his cock.

Harry closed his eyes and leaned his head against the back of the couch, savoring the feeling of two mouths surrounding his cock. Eventually, he pulled Fleur out of the way and pushed Hermione down. The brunette choked and gagged as he drove his length down her throat, mercilessly forcing her deeper even as her eyes watered. Harry groaned when her nose pressed into his stomach, her throat spasming around him.

After holding her down for a couple of seconds, he yanked her up, allowing her to take in a gasping breath. As Hermione caught her breath, he pushed Fleur down on his cock. She had a much easier time taking him to the hilt, her eyes staring up at him heatedly with her lips wrapped snugly around his base.

“Fuck!” Harry grunted.

For the next few minutes, he took turns using their throats. While one was recovering, the other was swallowing his length. Despite her struggles, or perhaps because of them, Hermione had a hand buried in her panties, rhythmically moving back and forth as she pleased herself. Under the ministrations of two stunning girls, it wasn’t a surprise when he felt his climax build up quickly.

Holding Hermione's head still, he bucked his hips up off the couch, driving his cock into her throat and causing her to gag loudly around his shaft. Nearing his peak, he pulled her off, and Fleur took her place. Threading both hands through her silvery hair, he drove his length straight down her throat and bucked his hips frantically. Staring up at him, Fleur moaned around him, her hand coming up to caress his balls.

Groaning, the vibrations pushed him over the edge. Pinning her head in place, his cock swelled and jerked as he flooded her throat. For the first time, Fleur gagged slightly as his cum fired directly down her throat and into her stomach. Despite that, she determinedly stayed in place as he finished.

When his hands relaxed in her hair, she pulled back, sucking hard as she dragged her full lips up his considerable length. Harry hissed as she sucked every last drop from his shaft, her tongue flicking over his oversensitive head and causing him to shudder. With a smug smirk on her lips, she turned to Hermione and shared a heated kiss.

Harry barely softened as he watched them kiss and caress each other, the scent of their arousal causing his pulse to quicken.

“Go lay down on the bed,” he told them.

Breaking the kiss, they smiled at each other as they stood and walked over to the bed, dropping their panties to the floor on the way. Fleur pushed Hermione down on the mattress and then crawled on top of her. Harry followed them and stroked himself back to full hardness as he watched them kiss. His eyes trailed down, gazing at their incredible breasts as they were squashed together.

Moving behind them, his eyes immediately fell on Fleur’s jutting ass as she sat on her knees. Crawling up on the bed on his knees, he took two handfuls of her spectacularly full cheeks, kneading them and spreading them apart. With both of their legs spread, he had a perfect view of their bare pink slits, one on top of the other.

Grabbing his cock at the base, he pushed it between Hermione’s lips, swiping it up until it ran between Fleur’s. Both girls moaned into each other’s mouths as he teased them, the head of his cock grazing over their clits. Grinning, he placed himself at Hermione’s entrance and sank in, her damp, tight heat enveloping his length. Leaning over Fleur’s back, he kissed her neck while beginning to thrust in and out of Hermione.

“Mine,” Harry growled possessively.

Parting his lips, he sucked on Fleur’s delicate, pale skin hard, intent on leaving behind a mark. Below them, Hermione moaned loudly and pulled her lips away to pant heavily while Harry picked up his pace.

“Oh God, Harry,” she moaned desperately.

Giving her a playful look, Harry sat up on his knees, pulled out of her, and then thrust deeply into Fleur. Surprised, the blonde arched her back and gasped while Hermione groaned disappointedly.

“Harry,” she whined.

Smirking at her, he thrust into Fleur several more times before pulling out and slamming back into Hermione. Harry plowed into her, sending her body jerking back and forth on the bed under them with the power of his thrusts. Just as she started moaning, nearing her climax, Harry pulled out of her and switched back to Fleur.

“Ugh, you bastard,” Hermione growled.

Harry chuckled and reached between their bodies to squeeze her breasts, his fingers rolling her nipple and drawing a moan from her lips.

“Did you want something, love?” he asked teasingly.

“Harry, please, I'm so close,” she pleaded.

“Please, what?” he asked.

“Damn it, Harry. Will you please fuck me?” Hermione begged.

While he'd planned to tease her some more, hearing her beg and knowing he still had Fleur to take care of, he decided to give her what she wanted. Pulling out of Fleur, he drove back into Hermione, pounding her furiously. She let out a squeal, her depths fluttering wildly around him as he slammed into her.

“Cum for ‘im, ‘Ermione. Show ‘Arry ‘ow much you love ‘is big cock,” Fleur said sultrily.

Biting her lip with her eyes shut tight, Hermione trembled under them. Shaking her head back and forth, she let out a short scream as she reached her peak. Harry grunted as she tightened around him but kept his pace as he fucked her through her climax. As her body relaxed and her orgasm waned, Harry pulled out of her and drove into Fleur.

Arching her back, Fleur pushed herself back onto him, her ass clapping against his thighs. Feeling his own climax build, Harry hammered into her frantically. Huffing with exertion, he gripped her hips tightly and pulled her back with each thunderous thrust.

Under her, Hermione slipped a hand between their bodies and started teasing Fleur's clit, causing her to gasp and quiver between them.

“More,” Fleur demanded.

Smiling, Harry reached forward and grabbed a handful of her hair. Pulling her head back, he slammed into her as hard as he could. Hermione lifted her head up and sucked one of Fleur's pink nipples into her mouth while her fingers teased her clit. Harry valiantly fought back his climax, desperate to get her off before he did.

Fortunately, he didn't have to hold back for long. Fleur howled as she climaxed suddenly, her walls tightening as she soaked his thrusting shaft in her arousal. As she came wildly, he yanked himself out of her and slammed back into Hermione just before he reached his peak. Hermione let out a gasp, followed by a low moan as he filled her.

Letting go of Fleur's hair, she collapsed forward and kissed Hermione passionately. As his climax waned, Harry pulled out of Hermione and fell on his back on the bed next to them. A few moments later, both of them curled up next to him, one on each side.

"I love you, both of you," Harry said.

"Love you too," Hermione said.

"Je t'aime," Fleur said breathlessly.

Chapter 11

The day after the Yule Ball, while Hermione and Fleur were exploring the limits of the Room of Requirement, Harry sat in the Gryffindor Common Room, reading a Quidditch magazine. He would have preferred to be with the girls, but he was waiting for an owl from Sirius. They'd decided to ask him for advice about using spells underwater, having noticed earlier that most offensive spells, like the Stunning Hex, only produced jets of steam. While Harry thought they had plenty of time to prepare for the Second Task, which was still nearly two months away, Hermione and Fleur were determined to be as prepared as possible.

Unfortunately, most of his male classmates had bombarded him with questions the second he set foot in the Common Room. All of them wanted to know how he'd not only snagged Fleur but had gotten her to agree to let him date Hermione as well. Seamus, in particular, continued asking some rather personal questions that he refused to answer. The fact that he hadn't returned to the dorm after the ball didn't help. While Seamus was the one asking the questions, it seemed everyone - including some of the girls - were interested in knowing what Fleur was like in bed.

It wasn't until Harry lost his temper and snapped at Seamus that people finally gave up and left him alone. The only person who hadn't asked him about his love life was the conspicuously absent Ron. He hadn't seen Ron since he'd left the ball with Parvati the night before, and he was concerned about how his best mate was going to react to him dating Hermione.

Almost as if he was summoned by the thought, Ron stumbled into the Common Room with a huge, dopey grin on his flushed face. His hair was sticking up at odd angles, and there was a smudge of dark red lipstick on the corner of his lips. Spotting Harry, he bounded over to him, nearly knocking over a group of second years, and slipped into the seat across from him.

“Mate, you’re never gonna guess what just happened,” Ron said excitedly, continuing before Harry could answer. “Parvati pulled me in a broom cupboard on our way back from breakfast, and we snogged!”

“Good for you, mate,” Harry said, relieved things were working out between his friend and the pretty Indian witch.

“Have you done that with Fleur or Hermione?” he asked curiously.

Harry eyed him, looking for any sign of anger or jealousy. Thankfully, he didn’t find any. Maybe now that Ron had a witch of his own, he would be less worried about what his friend was doing, Harry thought. Glancing around, he checked to make sure no one else was listening in before answering.

“Well, yeah, I have,” Harry admitted.

“It’s brilliant, isn’t it?” Ron asked, a wide grin on his face as he stared off into space for a moment.

“So, things are going well with you and Parvati, I take it?” he asked, happy for his red-headed friend.

“Brilliant,” Ron repeated himself. “She even let me touch her bum!”

Harry smiled as Ron stared at nothing in particular once more, a grin stuck on his face as he became lost in his memories. Suddenly, he seemed to shake himself and come back to the present.

“Hey, how’d you get Fleur to let you date Hermione too?” he asked abruptly, staring at Harry intently.

“Honestly, I have no idea,” Harry told him honestly. “None of us really planned on it. It just sort of... happened.”

“Huh,” Ron grunted. “So, you and Hermione?”

“Yeah,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair. “Like I said, it just sort of happened. Fleur and I were just kind of getting together, and she and Hermione went off to talk. Next thing I know, I’ve got two girlfriends.”

“You think I could get Parvati to let me date another girl?” Ron asked.

“I doubt it, mate,” Harry told him. “Don’t try and push for it either. You’ll just hack her off, and then you won’t be dating anyone at all. Look - just try and make Parvati as happy as you can. If it happens, great. But don’t try and force it.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” Ron said with a disappointed sigh. “Still, it would be great, though, wouldn’t it?”

“Yeah, it’s pretty great,” Harry said with a smirk.

With a playful glare, Ron punched him in the shoulder lightly. They talked for a little bit longer until a tiny brown owl flew into the Common Room and buzzed around their heads. So excited was the little owl to deliver its letter that it hooted loudly and continued to fly in circles instead of landing.

“Come here, stupid ruddy bird,” Ron grumbled, taking a swipe as he tried to snatch it out of the air.

Joining in with Ron’s wild attempts, Harry gently caught the owl with both hands and pulled it to his chest. Quickly untying the letter attached to its foot, he let the owl go. It sprang back into the air, hooting happily before shooting back out through the window.

“Bloody hell,” Ron said as he watched the owl disappear into the distance. “Thank Merlin, I don’t have an owl like that.”

Harry nodded in agreement as he opened the letter and read it quickly.

“Who’s it from?” Ron asked curiously.

“Snuffles,” Harry answered quietly. “I need to go find Hermione and Fleur. I’ll see you later.”

“Sure, mate,” Ron said with a knowing smile. “Have fun.”

Rolling his eyes, Harry left the Common Room and headed for the seventh floor.

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Earlier, while Harry was being bombarded with questions from his housemates, Fleur and Hermione made their way back to the Room of Requirement. On the way, the two of them discussed different ways they could test the limits of the room. Hermione, in particular, was frustrated by the lack of any information about it in *Hogwarts: A History* or any other book about the school. She had found a few references to rooms appearing out of nowhere, but often there was too little detail to know if the accounts were referring to the Room of Requirement or not. Fleur, meanwhile, was more interested in discovering the enchantments that made the room work. From what they already knew regarding its capabilities, it would take an incredible amount of power to make it work.

As they reached the seventh floor, not too far from the Room of Requirement, they ran into Parvati and Lavender coming from the other direction.

“Hermione!” Parvati called out excitedly.

“Hello, Parvati,” she replied. “What are you doing up here?”

“We went to visit Professor Trelawney,” Parvati told her. “Can we talk to you for a few minutes? We need some advice.”

“You want my advice?” Hermione asked in surprise.

Despite being roommates for the last three and a half years, neither Parvati nor Lavender had ever asked for her help before, even with their homework. While she wouldn’t say they disliked each other, they had very little in common, and she’d never been close to either of them. Hermione was much more focused on her studies, whereas Parvati and Lavender were more concerned with gossip and boys.

“Please?” Lavender asked with a pout.

“We ‘ave time,” Fleur told Hermione with a shrug.

“Alright,” Hermione gave in with a sigh. “What do you need?”

“Can we go somewhere more private?” Parvati asked.

Thinking for a moment, Hermione nodded and turned to Fleur.

“Can you go and make sure the room is empty first? We’ll be there in a second,” Hermione said with a pointed look.



The Room of Requirement was the closest place for a private talk, but she didn't want to share exactly what it was with her two roommates. With how much they gossiped, the whole school would know about before lunch, and she didn't want to lose their private room. Fortunately, Fleur picked up on what she wanted. With a nod, the blonde walked off quickly down the hall.

"Where is she going?" Lavender asked curiously.

"There's a room we've been using to practice for the Tournament," she said, thinking quickly. "I just want to make sure no one else is using it."

The three of them stood in a slightly awkward silence for several seconds as they waited for Fleur to come back.

"Eet's clear," Fleur said, poking her head around the corner.

Gesturing to Parvati and Lavender, Hermione followed them as they walked around the corner and over to the door Fleur was holding open for them.

"Whoa," Lavender said as she walked in. "I had no idea this was here."

Curious, Hermione walked in behind them to find the room looking like a cross between a Common Room, a small library, and a classroom. Turning, she looked at Fleur with a raised eyebrow. The older witch just shrugged in return. Rolling her eyes, Hermione closed the door behind her.

"So, what do you need help with?" Hermione asked. "It's not Divinations, is it?"

"No, it's not about school," Lavender said with a giggle. "We need your advice about boys."

“Boys?” Hermione asked, nonplussed.

Out of all the things they could have wanted, help with boys was the last thing she expected.

“Well, you are the first one of us to have a boyfriend,” Parvati said.

“What do you need ‘elp wiz?” Fleur asked curiously.

Shaking her head, Hermione followed Fleur and took a seat on a couch across from Lavender and Parvati.

“Well, when Ron and I were coming back from breakfast, I kind of pulled him into a broom cupboard,” Parvati admitted, her cheeks darkening slightly as Lavender giggled next to her. “Things went a bit further than I expected.”

“He didn’t make you do anything, did he?” Hermione asked.

“No, no. It's not that,” Parvati assured her. “It’s not that I didn’t like what we did. It’s just that I’m wondering if I’m moving too fast. I mean, we’ve only had one date.”

“Well, that’s really up to you,” Hermione said thoughtfully. “Just move as fast as you feel comfortable.”

“Oui,” Fleur agreed with a nod. “But don’t be afraid to set limits. You don’t want to do somezhing you weel regret.”

Parvati nodded.

“How - how far have you and Harry...?” she asked hesitantly.

Hermione blushed and considered her answer carefully.

“You really shouldn’t compare your relationship with anyone else,” she said slowly. “Like Fleur said, just go as far as you feel comfortable going, but don’t be afraid to tell him to stop.”

“Oh, Merlin,” Lavender gasped, staring at Hermione in shock. “You’ve slept with Harry!”

“What? I didn’t say-”

“What’s it like?” Lavender interrupted eagerly. “Did it hurt the first time? My sister told me it can be painful.”

Hermione blushed heavily as the two girls stared at her, eagerly waiting for an answer. She opened and closed her mouth several times without any sound coming out. Next to her, Fleur covered her mouth and let out a tinkling laugh.

“I know we’re known for being gossips,” Parvati said. “But Lav and I promise we won’t tell anyone. Please, we really need your advice.”

Hermione bit her lip and looked over at Fleur. Uncovering her smiling mouth, she shrugged.

“I don’t mind eef you tell zhem,” she said.

Sighing, she thought for a few more seconds before eventually giving in to their pleading looks. She just prayed that this wouldn’t come back to bite her later.

“Alright, but please don’t make me regret this,” Hermione said, waiting for a nod from both girls before continuing. “There was a little pain at first, but it goes away quickly, and then it feels *really* good. Harry was really gentle, but it might be different for you, though.”

“My first time wasn’t so pleasant,” Fleur added. “Zhe boy could not ‘andle my Allure. Eet was quite painful, but ‘e did not last long. Eet got better zhe second time. My advice eez to be on top zhe first time. Make sure zhat ‘e lets you control zhe pace.”

Hermione couldn’t say she was surprised to hear Fleur had been with other men besides Harry, but it wasn’t something they’d ever talked about before. Hearing about it made her grateful she had found someone like Harry to be her first in everything.

“Is he big?” Lavender asked.

Smirking, Fleur held her hands apart to indicate Harry’s size. The girls across from her squealed and laughed, and Hermione couldn’t hold back a small smile.

“What about blowjobs?” Parvati asked curiously. “Some girls say it’s really gross, and some don’t mind it.”

“I zhink eet’s fun,” Fleur said with a shrug.

The girls dissolved into giggles again for a moment before looking at Hermione for her opinion.

“I enjoy it,” she admitted, her cheeks burning.

This time, she laughed along with the others. This kind of girl talk, while a bit embarrassing, was much more fun than she’d expected.

“I never would’ve expected that from you, Hermione,” Lavender said.

“Honestly, why does everyone assume I’m a prude just because I like to study?” Hermione asked with a touch of annoyance. “I enjoy sex as much as anyone else.”

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that. I just..." Lavender trailed off with a shrug.

"It's fine," Hermione said, waving off the apology.

"So, are the two of you just taking turns with Harry, or are you two... together?" Parvati asked curiously.

Hermione and Fleur both turned to look at each other. Seeing the twinkle in Fleur's bright blue eyes, Hermione's eyes widened as she realized what was going to happen a moment before it did. Fleur leaned forward and pressed her lips to hers, her hand gently cupping the back of her head and keeping her in place. Hermione moaned into her mouth in surprise but relaxed and kissed her back a moment later. There didn't seem much point in hiding it now, she thought.

"Wow," Lavender breathed.

Hermione couldn't stop herself from growing excited by the presence of an audience. Something about having a reputation as a model student and having people watch her do something that might be considered slutty really got her pulse racing. Fleur pulled back and gave her a knowing smirk.

"I had no idea you liked witches," Parvati said, her face the picture of surprise.

"There's a lot you don't know about me," Hermione said, feeling bold.

"I guess so," Lavender said with another giggle.

"Do you think you could give me some tips on how to give a good blowjob?" Parvati asked before explaining quickly at the smirks she got from Fleur and Lavender. "I'm not ready to go that far yet. I just want to know what I'm doing when I am, that's all."

Just as Fleur opened her mouth to speak, the door opened, and Harry walked in.

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Harry walked into the Room of Requirement, pausing as he noticed Parvati and Lavender. He was a bit surprised and curious as to why Hermione and Fleur would show them the room. Hopefully, they wouldn't tell anyone about it. He really didn't want to have to share the room with anyone else. That would really cut into the amount of time he got to spend with his girls, especially Fleur.

"Hey, girls," he said, closing the door behind him.

Strangely, Parvati and Lavender burst into a fit of giggles. He looked at them oddly, wondering what was so funny. Fleur smiled brightly at him and stood to greet him. Hermione gave him a small smile, and, for some reason, her face looked rather flushed.

"Arry! Perfect timing, mon amour," Fleur said.

Kissing him briefly on the lips, she took him by the hand and pulled him over to the couch. Sitting down next to Hermione, he moved over to make room for Fleur, but she instead knelt between his legs.

"Fleur?" Hermione asked before he could, a hint of exasperation in her voice.

"They are only watching, mon amie," Fleur said.

She and Hermione gazed at each other in silent conversation while Harry watched on in curiosity. After a few seconds, Hermione sighed.

"Fine," she said.

"What's going on, exactly?" Harry asked.

“Wait, you’re not going to -” Lavender asked, only to cut off her own question when Fleur began unbuckling Harry’s belt.

“Fleur!” Harry exclaimed.

The sexy blonde merely smirked up at him with a lustful look as she unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. Turning, he looked to Hermione for an answer.

“Lavender and Parvati asked for tips on, um, oral sex right before you came in. I’m guessing Fleur wants to give them a demonstration,” she told him blushing.

“You’re okay with this?” Harry asked, glancing pointedly at Lavender and Parvati.

The two girls had shifted sideways to look over Fleur’s shoulder as she grabbed Harry’s rapidly hardening length and pulled it out into the open. Biting her lip, Hermione followed his gaze briefly before turning back and giving him a nod. Harry shook his head in disbelief as a smile tugged at his lips.

“I love you,” he said quietly.

“I love you, too,” Hermione replied, returning his smile.

Leaning forward, she gave him a lingering kiss on the lips before curling against his side and gazing down at his lap. Kissing the top of her head, Harry, too turned his attention back to Fleur.

“Are they all that big?” Lavender asked as she leaned forward for a better look.

“Non,” Fleur said as she stroked him softly. “Arry ees special. You can come closer.”

She patted the floor next to her and looked back over her shoulder at the younger witches. Lavender and Parvati exchanged a quick look before both of them climbed off the couch and knelt next to Fleur. Harry couldn't help but feel a sense of guilt looking down at Parvati. The only thing that kept him from ending this, for Ron's sake, was that she might use what Fleur taught her with him later. As soon as he had the thought, Harry banished it from his mind. Ron was the last thing he wanted on his mind right now.

Fortunately, Fleur gave him something much more pleasant to think about a moment later when she took him into her mouth. Harry groaned as she slowly moved her hot, wet mouth up and down the top half of his length. Sucking hard, she pulled back up to the tip and then off of him with a light *pop*.

"Zhe first few times, boys weel not last long, and zhey weel not warn you before zhey cum," Fleur said as she stroked his damp length with a sure, steady grip. "Zhey weel probably pull your 'air zhe first time too. Just remember, you can use your teezh to give zhem a warning."

Harry shivered involuntarily as Fleur gave a predatory smile and clicked her perfect, pearly white teeth together. Parvati nodded even as her eyes never left his cock, and Lavender gave a short, girly laugh.

"Only take as much as you are comfortable wiz until you know you can trust 'im," she continued. "Eef 'e tries to make you go deeper. Just give 'im a bite or a squeeze."

Reaching up with her free hand, Fleur cupped his balls in her warm hand. Harry tensed for a moment but relaxed when she only gave them a soft caress. Smiling up at him, Fleur kissed the head of his cock and gave it a quick lick. Reaching out, Harry stroked her cheek tenderly. His other arm was wrapped around Hermione as she cuddled against his side, his hand cupping her breast through her crimson jumper.

"Once you know you can trust 'oever you are wiz, you can learn to take zhem deeper," Fleur said.

Opening her mouth, she wrapped her lips around his girth and bobbed her head quickly, her lips pushing further and further down his shaft each time her hot mouth descended. Once she was warmed up, and his cock was glistening in her saliva, Fleur pulled back to the tip before sinking all the way down in one swift push until her nose was pressed against his pelvis. His thick girth stretched her tight throat as it squeezed and spasmed around him.

“Fuck,” Harry groaned while running his fingers through her long, silvery hair.

“No way!” Parvati exclaimed.

Lavender’s jaw hung open as she stared at Fleur in shock.

“Doesn’t that hurt?” she asked incredulously.

“No,” Hermione answered. “It makes you panic at first, but once you know you can do it and you relax, it’s not that hard.”

“You can do that!?” Lavender asked disbelievingly.

Hermione nodded just as Fleur pulled off of Harry’s cock, sucking in a deep breath as a long string of spit connected her plump red lip to his glistening head. Wordlessly, she offered his cock to Hermione while raising an eyebrow challengingly. It reminded him of the early days, when the two of them used to compete with each other at every turn. Hermione looked at Fleur and bit her lip, hesitating.

“Show them,” Harry told her quietly.

The new enchanted necklace she was wearing took it as the order it was meant to be. Climbing to her knees on the couch, Hermione got on all fours and leaned over his lap, her deliciously full, jean clad ass sticking up right next to his face. Harry couldn’t resist the temptation of caressing her bum as she took him between her lips. Bobbing her head up and down, she gradually took him deeper and deeper. Unlike Fleur, who could take him effortlessly, Hermione

still gagged lightly when his swollen head bumped into the entrance of her tight throat. Pulling back slightly, she took a deep breath through her nose and then forced herself down.

Eyes clamped shut, Hermione's throat squelched as she gagged. Relentlessly, she continued driving her mouth lower and lower until finally, her lips reached his base, and her nose pressed against his churning balls. Harry tilted his head back and groaned while slipping his fingers between her legs and pressing them against her mound. Even through her jeans, he could feel the heat radiating from her excited pussy.

Hermione determinedly held herself in place for several seconds with his throbbing cock buried in her throat. Tears leaked from her eyes while her throat spasmed, massaging his length.

"Très bien, mon amie," Fleur said with a broad grin.

With one last, heaving gag, Hermione lifted herself off of Harry's cock. Gasping, she panted for breath and coughed several times to clear her throat.

"Hermione, that was incredible!" Lavender cheered.

"I can't believe you just did that," Parvati agreed with a shocked laugh.

Blushing lightly, Hermione nonetheless smiled smugly at the praise. Wiping the spit from her chin, she sat back against Harry and lifted her head to kiss him. Meanwhile, Fleur took his spit-soaked cock back into her mouth and bobbed her head at a steady pace, though not as deeply as before.

"Take this off," Harry ordered, tugging at Hermione's jumper as they separated from their kiss.

Biting her lip cutely, Hermione grabbed the hem of her jumper and lifted it over her head in one movement, revealing her toned stomach and full, perky tits in a lacy black bra. Before she'd even managed to completely free her bushy mane from the neck of the jumper, Harry

unsnappped the clasp behind her back. As soon as her arms were free, he pulled the bra off of her, freeing her wonderful breasts to be groped and squeezed by his frisky hands.

Feeling Fleur pull off of him, Harry looked down to find her removing her own shirt and bra. Even Lavender and Parvati couldn't resist watching as her large, gravity defying breasts bounced free. Parvati blushed while Lavender gazed between herself and Fleur, comparing their breasts. Lavender was one of the bustiest girls in Gryffindor and one of the few in the school that could compete with Fleur in sheer size.

"May I see?" Fleur asked, nodding to Lavender's chest.

Lavender blushed, and her eyes unconsciously moved to Harry before looking back at Fleur.

"You 'ave already seen 'im," Fleur pointed out, stroking his cock. "Eet eez only fair."

"You don't have to," Harry told Lavender.

As interested as he was in seeing her large breasts, he didn't want her to feel pressured. Lavender smiled in relief, and then, to his surprise, she lifted her shirt over her head, revealing the white bra underneath.

"Lav!" Parvati exclaimed.

"What?" she asked, her cheeks going pink. "She's right. It's only fair."

Reaching behind her back, Lavender unclasped her bra and nervously let it fall down her arms. Harry squeezed Hermione's breast firmly in his hand as he gazed at Lavender's large pale orbs. While perhaps only slightly smaller than Fleur's and not quite as perky and firm, they still jutted from her chest impressively. It was her nipples that really drew his attention. She had the widest, pale pink areolas he'd ever seen surrounding nipples that seemed to be inverted. They pushed into her breast instead of outwards like Hermione and Fleur's. Rather than act as any

kind of turn off, Harry had the sudden desire to try and suck them out. His cock lurched in Fleur's hand as she stroked him absently while staring at Lavender's chest.

"C'est magnifique," Fleur declared.

"You don't think they're... weird?" Lavender asked hesitantly.

"Non, of course not," she said.

Nervously, Lavender looked up at Harry to see his reaction. He smiled reassuringly at her.

"They're fantastic, Lavender. Anyone who thinks they aren't is an idiot," he told her.

"Eet's true," Fleur said with a smirk. "You should feel 'ow 'ard 'e got when 'e saw zhem."

Blushing a little more brightly, Lavender still gave a pleased smile and sat up a little straighter.

"I told you," Parvati said to her friend with a smile. "She's been worried boys would think they're weird."

"I don't," Harry said.

"May I?" Fleur asked, motioning towards Lavender's chest.

Biting her lip, the younger blonde nodded nervously.

Letting go of his cock, Fleur reached out and gently took Lavender's tits in her hands.

Harry glanced over at Hermione to see how she was taking all of this, only to find her face flushed slightly and her breathing slightly heavy. Merlin, how he loved his kinky girls, he thought with a smile. Realizing he was looking at her, she turned her head and smiled up at him. Lifting her head, she kissed him again while her hand reached out to stroke his abandoned cock. Pulling his head back, Harry groaned and teased her nipple between his fingers.

“Trust me, zhe boys weel love zhese,” Fleur told Lavender. “Would you like to feel mine?”

Hesitantly, Lavender reached up to cup Fleur’s breasts.

“How are they so firm?” she asked disbelievingly as her hands groped a bit more firmly.

“I am Veela,” Fleur answered simply. “Veela cream weel ‘elp eff you are worried about eet.”

“I can’t afford it,” Lavender said with a shake of her head.

“I weel geeve you some,” Fleur told her. “My mozzer makes eet.”

“Really?” Lavender asked hopefully.

Harry couldn’t help but twitch in Hermione’s hand at the absurdity of watching these two stunning blondes hold a casual conversation while they groped at each other’s breasts.

“I think I’m going to go find Ron,” Parvati said suddenly, standing up.

“You’re leaving?” Lavender asked with a hint of disappointment.

“Yeah, it’s nothing against you, Harry, it’s just...”

"I understand," Harry told her with a smile.

In all honesty, while Parvati was a beautiful girl, he did feel guilty for her being here when she was dating Ron.

"It would probably be best if we didn't tell Ron about this," he said.

"I won't," she agreed before smiling at Fleur and Hermione. "Thanks for the lesson."

"You're welcome," Fleur replied.

"If you have any more questions, or you just need someone to talk to, you know where to find me," Hermione offered with a smile.

"Thanks, Hermione," Parvati said.

She turned to leave, then suddenly stopped and turned back around in an odd pirouette. Grabbing the bottom of her jumper, she yanked it up to her chin, taking her bra with it. Harry stared in shock at her bare breasts. Closer in size to Hermione's, though not quite as big, her light brown orbs were incredibly firm and round, sitting high on her chest. They were capped with dark brown areolas and pointy nipples that, to Harry, resembled large chocolate chips.

"Parv!" Lavender exclaimed laughingly.

"It's only fair," Parvati said, smiling even as she blushed.

Pulling her jumper back down and quickly adjusting her bra, she smiled at the stunned look on Harry's face.

"Thanks for letting me watch, Harry," she said cheerily. "Bye, Lav, have fun."

As the girls bid her goodbye, Parvati turned and walked out the door, closing it quickly behind her. Shaking his head, Harry couldn't bring himself to feel too guilty that he'd just seen Ron's girlfriend topless before he did. Maybe this was some cosmic payback for Ron acting like a git earlier in the year, he decided.

"Are you staying?" Fleur asked Lavender.

"Definitely," she answered with a smile. "I'm not seeing anyone."

Smiling back, Fleur shuffled sideways and pulled Lavender closer to Harry.

"Do you want to try?" Fleur asked, nodding to his cock as Hermione continued to stroke him leisurely.

"Can I?" Lavender asked hopefully, looking up at Hermione for permission.

Harry watched her flushed face as she took her hand off of him and nodded. Lavender swallowed thickly as Fleur moved her to kneel between his legs. Hand trembling in nervous excitement, she reached out and wrapped her thin fingers around his shaft loosely. Caressing her body lightly, Fleur knelt behind her and whispered instructions into her ear.

"Take your time. Get used to 'im," Fleur said, kissing her shoulder.

Tightening her grip slightly, Lavender stroked him slowly as she explored every inch of his considerable length with her hand and eyes. Harry groaned to let her know she was doing well. Her confidence bolstered. She stopped stroking him and leaned forward to kiss his head. Feeling him twitch excitedly in her hand, Lavender giggled before sticking out her tongue and licking him like an ice cream cone.

At Fleur's guidance, she stretched her lips wide and wrapped them around the head of his cock. Harry hissed in pleasure. His spit-soaked length had cooled while the girls had left him unattended. It felt incredible to have Lavender's hot mouth wrapped around his cool, damp skin. With short, strong sucks, she nursed his tip while stroking the rest of his length with her small hand.

"Don't forget to use your tongue," Fleur reminded her in a throaty whisper. "Swirl eet around 'im, taste 'im."

"Fuck, that feels good," Harry said as her tongue did exactly that.

Smiling with her eyes, Lavender started bobbing her head, her tongue continuing to writhe along every inch of his shaft inside her mouth. Slowly, she moved up and down on the top third of his cock, gradually growing more comfortable and confident with each motion. Behind her, Fleur grew more aggressive, fondling her more firmly and popping open the top button of her skin tight jeans.

"Show me 'ow deep you can go," Fleur said huskily.

As Lavender pushed herself further down Harry's length, Fleur slipped her hand down the front of her pants. She moaned around his shaft when she reached halfway, and his head pressed against the roof of her mouth as Fleur rubbed her mound. The smell of arousal grew thick in the air, causing Harry to pulse deep in her mouth. Lavender, her eyes closed as she panted through her nose, pushed a little further, and gagged as he hit the back of her throat. Jerking back sharply, she lifted her mouth off of him and moaned loudly as Fleur teased her slit and squeezed her breast.

Quickly catching her breath, Lavender took him back into her mouth. Running his hands through her curly, dark blonde hair, Harry gently yet firmly guided her up and down the top third of his cock. Groaning, he moved her at a faster pace, though not as deep as she had gone before. He had to consciously stop himself from using her as roughly as he would Hermione or Fleur. His hips twitched, desperate to thrust upwards and bury his length into her throat.

Lavender moaned around him constantly as Fleur continued teasing her. Though he couldn't see what she was doing, her hand was moving faster under Lavender's soaked white panties. As Harry quickly grew closer to his release, he fought back the desire to just take Lavender, to ruin her and claim her as his, the way he had with Hermione and Fleur.

"I'm close," Harry grunted in warning.

"Do you want eet, Lavender?" Fleur asked huskily. "Do you want to taste 'is cum?"

Lavender moaned loudly and stroked Harry faster with her hand as she sucked harder with her mouth. Hermione shifted closer to him, kissing his neck as she panted excitedly.

"Seal your lips around him tight. He's going to cum a lot," Hermione warned her. "Focus on the head."

Lavender listened to the advice, wrapping her lips tightly around his shaft just under his engorged head. She sucked hard as if expecting his cock to act like a straw. Her tiny hand flew up and down his slick shaft while her tongue writhed and slithered around his bulbous tip wildly.

With a grunt, his cock jerked in her grip as cum rocketed out of his tip. Lavender flinched as the first blast splashed against the roof of her mouth, but she held steady. Groaning, Harry held her in place firmly as he continued filling her mouth with jet after jet of hot cum. A small rivulet leaked out from the corner of her lips and ran down his shaft as she struggled to contain his massive load. His hands went limp as he finally finished, releasing his hold on his hair.

Lavender pulled off of him, more of his cum leaking down her chin and landing on her breast before she could close her mouth. Seeing his messy length and still leaking head, Hermione bent down and began licking him clean. Harry hissed as her tongue ran across his oversensitive head.

"Show me," Fleur whispered demandingly.

Tilting her head back and turning to the side, Lavender opened her mouth to show her tongue bathing in a massive pool of pearly white cum. Sliding her hand up her chest, Fleur cradled her delicate neck gently.

“Swallow eet,” she whispered heatedly.

Lavender closed her mouth with a moan as Fleur’s fingers teased her core. Harry watched as her neck bobbed under Fleur’s hand as she swallowed twice. With his cum gone, Lavender opened her mouth with a gasp before letting out a low moan.

“Are you close?” Fleur asked.

“Yes,” Lavender whispered, leaning back against her and bucking her hips.

Feeling himself hardening in Hermione’s mouth, he grabbed her hair roughly and pulled her off of his cock. Bringing her lips to his, he kissed her possessively before pulling away and standing up. Lavender and Fleur looked up at him as he stripped off his shirt, towering over them as his cock bobbed in front of their faces. Striding forward with one long step, Harry bent down and grabbed Lavender by the ass. A shocked gasp left her lips when, in an impressive show of strength, he lifted her into his arms. Her arms and legs wrapped around him as he stepped past Fleur and laid her down on the bed behind her. In the heat of the moment, Lavender never even noticed the couch behind her morph into a large, fluffy white bed.

Lavender propped herself up on her elbows as Harry grabbed the waist band of her jeans and panties. In one pull, he peeled them down her long, toned legs and tossed them aside.

“If anyone wants me to stop, now’s the time to speak up,” he said.

For several seconds, the room was silent, with the exception of the heavy, excited breathing of the occupants.

“Do it.”

Surprisingly, it was Hermione who spoke up. Smiling, Harry ran his hands up Lavender’s smooth thighs as she gazed up at him, her eyes shining with arousal and nerves.

“Hermione, Fleur, come over here and take care of each other. I want you to watch this,” Harry ordered.

As his girlfriends moved around to climb onto the bed, Harry grabbed Lavender’s knees and spread her legs open as wide as they would go. Her feet dangled uselessly in the air, and her cheeks turned pink as he exposed her taut, drooling lips to his hungry gaze. Bending down, he ran his tongue through her leaking slit from bottom to top, flicking it over her swollen, excited clit. Lavender gasped and moaned loudly as she quivered under him. Wasting no more time, Harry dove in, sealing his lips around her hot pussy as his tongue assaulted her clit.

“Oh, Merlin,” Lavender gasped.

Her hands gripped the sheets in a white knuckled grip as she writhed on the bed, gasps, moans, and squeals leaving her parted lips in a near constant stream. Harry looked up from between her legs, his cock hardening at the look of shocked ecstasy on her face and the way her big, perky tits wobbled as she moved. Behind her, Hermione lay on her back while Fleur was on her side, their legs scissored as they rubbed their mounds together and watched him.

Driven by his audience, Harry wrapped his lips tightly around Lavender’s clit and sucked as he dragged his tongue across it. With all of the excitement and the teasing from Fleur earlier, he quickly had her on the cusp of a monumental peak. Panting heavily, Lavender arched her back and shook her head. One last lick and she shrieked in pleasure, writhing wildly as her muscles tensed and her body shook. Harry pulled back as she soaked his face, her walls convulsing as she splattered him and the bed in the evidence of her climax.

After several long moments, Lavender collapsed on the bed limply, panting as if she’d just run a marathon. Crawling up onto the bed, Harry kissed his way up her stomach to her chest. Cupping her smooth, soft breasts, he sucked her nipple into his mouth. She groaned weakly as he tried to turn her nipples inside out. Pulling back until her breast popped out of his mouth, he smiled

as he stared down at the red, swollen nub sticking out, glistening with his saliva. Moving over to the other breast, he did the same. By the time he was done playing with her tits, Lavender was mostly recovered, and both of her nipples, red and swollen from his treatment, were sticking out proudly.

“See, all fixed,” Harry joked, holding up her breasts.

Lavender giggled as he let go of her breasts and crawled the rest of the way up her body. Hovering over her, his cock pressed against her hot, soaked slit while he bent down to kiss her on the lips. She moaned into his mouth as he ground his length against her, her lips parting to hug his shaft. Breaking the kiss, he pulled back to look down at her.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked.

Biting her lip, she turned to look over at Hermione and Fleur. The girls had moved, and now Fleur had her face buried between Hermione’s legs. Hermione smiled at Lavender as she ran her fingers through Fleur’s silvery curtain of hair.

“It’s okay,” she told her. “You can if you want to. Just don’t expect this to happen all the time.”

The two girls seemed to come to some sort of silent agreement as they stared at each other for a moment. Nodding in understanding, Lavender turned back to Harry and smiled up at him. Smiling back, he pressed his forehead to hers and pulled his hips back until his head was pressed firmly against her entrance.

“I’m going to enjoy ruining you,” Harry whispered.

Lavender inhaled sharply, her eyes widening right before Harry slowly pushed his hips forward. Gasping, her mouth dropping open, Lavender panted as he gently fed his aching cock into her. He felt her hot, slick walls parting around his girth, opening and then conforming themselves to fit him perfectly. Harry heard a loud moan, but it didn’t come from the witch under him. Looking up, he saw Hermione and Fleur staring at them with hooded gazes. Fleur had moved to

lay on her side next to Hermione, her long, thin fingers pumping in and out of the brunette's drooling core. Hermione whimpered, and Harry guessed she was the one who moaned.

Turning back to Lavender, he watched for any sign of pain as he drove deeper. The buxom blonde only arched her back slightly, her eyes clouded in a pleasure filled haze as he finally bottomed out. Harry paused, buried to the hilt, and gave her time to adjust.

"Don't stop," Lavender begged in a breathy tone.

Harry smiled down at her and began pumping his hips. Moving slowly at first, he gradually increased his pace when she responded by bucking her hips and letting out a whorish moan. Feeling the bed shift, he looked up to find Hermione and Fleur crawling over to them. Fleur laid down on his left, her hand reaching out to caress one of Lavender's breasts. Hermione hovered over her, their faces upside down to each other as she looked down at her gasping, moaning roommate.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Hermione asked with a hint of smugness.

"So good," Lavender moaned.

Looking up, Hermione leaned forward and kissed him.

"Fuck her harder," she whispered against his lips.

Harry pulled more than halfway back before sinking back into Lavender's depths with a swift plunge. He felt her smile into their kiss as the girl under them moaned loudly. Pulling back, Hermione smiled and looked back down at Lavender.

"You like that, don't you, you little slut," Hermione said hotly.

"Oh, Merlin," she gasped as Harry plunged into her again.

“Tell me how much you love my boyfriend’s cock,” Hermione demanded.

“I love it!” Lavender yelped as Harry picked up his pace, and Fleur pinched her nipple. “Oh, fuck, I love it!”

“Arry’s going to ruin zhat pretty leetle pussy of yours,” Fleur said.

Tilting her head sideways, Hermione bit her lip nervously before bending down and pressing her lips against Lavender. The blonde grunted in surprise, tensing under him. With only a view of the back of Hermione’s head, Harry sat up on his knees to see what was happening. His cock twitched as he watched Hermione kiss Lavender heatedly, their tongues dancing between their lips. With him out of the way, Fleur leaned over and latched her mouth onto the younger witch’s nipple.

Grabbing Lavender’s hips, Harry looked down and watched his cock stretch open her tight lips as it plunged into her depths. Driven by the sights and sounds around him, he fucked her harder and faster, a wet slapping coming from between their bodies. Under him, Lavender moaned lewdly into Hermione’s mouth as he started slamming into her. Her walls fluttered and spasmed around his cock while it pounded into her untouched depths.

“I’m cumming!” Lavender yelled, tearing her lips away from Hermione’s.

That was all the warning Harry got. He grunted as she tightened around him, a squeal leaving her lips as she arched her back. Smirking, Fleur slid a hand down her body and began furiously rubbing her clit. A loud, high-pitched shriek was ripped from Lavender’s lips and her legs kicked as she writhed on the bed. Due to her wild movements, Harry slipped out of her clutching grasp. A jet of fluids shot from her lips as Fleur mercilessly stimulated her clit.

Lavender thrashed and sat up, her head narrowly missing Hermione’s as her eyes rolled into the back of her head. Her breathing seemed to stop as a second and then a third massive jet of arousal soaked the bed. Finally, it all became too much, and Lavender roughly shoved Fleur’s

hand away from her clit. Gasping for breath, she curled into a ball and covered her mound protectively as she trembled and twitched uncontrollably.

Fleur rolled over onto her stomach, taking Lavender's place. Slowly pulling her knees under her, she gave him a sultry look over her shoulder as her ass jutted out towards him.

"Let me take care of you, mon amour," she said throatily.

Waddling up behind her, Harry gripped her thick cheeks and spread them apart as he speared her drooling slit with his swollen, rigid cock. A deep moan left her lips as she arched her back and pushed back at him. He groaned loudly as her sweltering, silken depths welcomed him with their tight, familiar grasp. Smiling, Hermione leaned over to kiss him briefly before crawling over to Lavender.

As Harry roughly hammered his Veela girlfriend from behind, Hermione rolled Lavender onto her back before kneeling over her head and falling forward. Pushing Lavender's hand out of the way, she started gently kissing and licking her sodden mound. Letting out a quiet moan, Lavender opened her eyes to find Hermione's damp pussy hovering less than an inch from her lips. Nervously, she stuck out her tongue and pressed it to the brunette's damp folds. Hermione moaned into her pussy, causing her to shudder and boosting her confidence. Gradually, Lavender grew more comfortable and confident. After just a couple of minutes, she had Hermione panting and moaning in pleasure as she attacked her roommate's folds with her lips and tongue.

Leaning over Fleur and pinning her shoulder to the mattress, Harry hammered her grasping depths with savage, dominating thrusts. His stunning French girlfriend moaned and gasped like a Parisian whore as he fucked her with an animalistic intensity.

"Mine," Harry growled possessively into her ear as his hips bounced harshly off of her pillowy cheeks.

"Toujour, mon amour" Fleur breathed.

Within moments, he drove her to a screaming climax. Harry fought to stave off reaching his own peak as her walls spasmed around his length, desperately trying to push him over the edge. He managed to hold out, however, and slipped out of her core as she collapsed bonelessly to the bed. Taking a moment to catch his breath, he smirked mischievously as he crawled over and kneeled behind Hermione. Lavender looked up at him curiously as he winked down at her. She stopped licking, watching to see what he would do.

Grabbing Hermione's cheeks, he pulled them apart and pressed his red, angry head against her puckered hole.

"No way," Lavender gasped.

Harry pressed against Hermione's crinkled hole until her tight ring gave way and her back door swallowed his head. Hermione moaned deeply as he sank into her slowly, his hips sawing back and forth.

"Come on, Lav. Let's see if we can make her pass out," Harry said.

Blinking up at him as she watched his cock disappear into Hermione's ass, a smile slowly grew on her glistening lips.

"Oh, fuck!" Hermione groaned as Lavender attacked her clit.

Harry smiled as his hips touched her round ass. With slow, deep strokes, Harry thrust in and out of her unbelievably tight, hot passage. When Fleur crawled over to them a moment later, wand in hand, she cast a Lubrication Charm on his cock as he pulled back. She smirked a second later when Hermione moaned as he slipped back into her much more easily. Soon, he was moving at a steady pace, his thick shaft reaming her back entrance while Lavender tortured her swollen clit.

Unsurprisingly, with all the stimulation, Hermione was brought to the edge quickly. Gasping heavily, she tightened around him and trembled as she came with a moan. Harry groaned,

unable to hold back his climax any longer. His cock swelled and lurched as he filled her ass with a thick, heavy load built up over his near finishes with Lavender and Fleur.

Lavender giggled as Hermione collapsed on top of her, her legs giving out as they quivered wildly. Harry's still spewing cock fell out of her, coating Hermione's ass and Lavender's breasts with the last of his climax. Seeing Hermione's leaking hole wink at her as she continued to moan, Fleur leaned over and licked up the streak of white dripping out of her.

"Fleur!" Hermione gasped, rolling over and covering herself. "No more, no more."

Hermione's begging as she continued to shake and tremble had them all chuckling at her. Exhaustedly, all of them collapsed around each other, cuddling up to whoever was closest. Of course, with Harry's stamina and how insatiable Fleur could be, they didn't stay that way for long.

In fact, it was long past lunch and nearly time for dinner by the time they left the room. A short, half hour nap was all that kept Lavender on her feet as Parvati and Hermione helped her trudge back to the Common Room after dinner. Meanwhile, Fleur had been called away by her Headmistress, and Harry had been pulled aside by an excited Ron.

"Mate, you're never gonna believe what happened!" he whispered exuberantly.

"What's that?" Harry asked, smiling at the shocked look on Parvati's face as she looked back at him.

Lavender had obviously told her about what had happened after she left.

"Well, Parvati came to see me after you left..."

Harry listened patiently as Ron described the incredible blowjob Parvati had given him. Truthfully, he really didn't want to hear about it, but he also didn't want to ruin his friend's

good mood. Silently, Harry wondered what Ron would think if he knew what he had been doing all morning. Probably best if he never found out, he decided.

Chapter 12

"I think we need to start focusing on figuring out those Eggs," Hermione said at breakfast on the first day back from break.

"We've got plenty of time," Harry said. "The second task is nearly two months away."

"And we don't know how long it will take to figure out," Hermione told him sternly. "Not to mention how long it might take to learn any spells you might need."

"Ermione's right," Fleur said. "We should get started on eet as soon as possible."

Harry sighed. Seeing his reluctance, Fleur slid her hand up his thigh and leaned close, her breath ghosting over his ear.

"Zhe sooner we figure eet out, zhe more time we have for somezhing more – fun," she whispered, nibbling on his ear.

"Alright," Harry agreed quickly.

Fleur giggled and gave his growing bulge a light caress while Hermione rolled her eyes, the corner of her lips twitching.

When the bell for class rang, the three stood and left the Great Hall. As Fleur went her separate way with her classmates, she paused briefly to give both Harry and Hermione a kiss on the lips. Hermione blushed from the attention this garnered from the students gathered around them, especially the boys, but she walked off with her head held high.

Classes that day were uneventful, with everyone turning in their assignments over the holidays and then listening to an overview of what they'd be learning in the new term. After dinner, they met in the library, researching golden eggs, creatures that made loud shrieks, and past tasks for the tournament.

That pattern repeated for the next week with little to show for all their hard work. They did learn that the second task usually involved rescuing something, usually a person, but Hermione didn't think Dumbledore would allow people to be used as hostages. Thinking of all the trouble they'd gotten into at Hogwarts over the years and the fact that he'd already faced a massive Dragon, Harry wasn't so sure.

Eventually, it was Harry that stumbled across something important. While reading about creatures that made horrible screeches, he found a passage about how Mermish sounded like a series of high-pitched screams in the open air but turned into beautiful singing once underwater.

"Hey, look at this," Harry said, setting the book down on the table as Hermione and Fleur leaned close to read.

"That might be it," Hermione said excitedly. "I wonder if there are Merpeople in the lake."

"Good work, mon amour," Fleur said, kissing him on the cheek.

"We should try it right away, but we only have showers in the dorms, and we need the egg and us underwater," Hermione said, biting her lip. "I suppose there's always the lake."

Fleur shivered, her body vibrating pleasantly as it pressed up against Harry. Turning to her, she gave him a pleading look.

"I do not want to go in zhere, zhe water weel be freezing," she said with a pout.

Harry smiled at her and wrapped his arm around her waist.

“What about the Room of Requirement?” Harry asked.

“Maybe,” Hermione said. “I still don’t know what the limits of the room are. I suppose it’s worth a shot.”

“If it doesn’t work, we could always sneak into the Prefects Bath,” Harry said with a grin.

Hermione frowned, “Normally, I’d disapprove of breaking the rules like that, but I really don’t fancy going into the lake.”

Harry grinned as he stood and helped the girls put their books away before making their way to the seventh floor.

Hermione was the one to summon the room, and, to their surprise and Fleur’s delight, the room gave them exactly what they were looking for. The room was large and square, with a pool-sized bath taking up most of the room. Ringlets of steam swirled above the surface as the heat of the water collided with the dry, cool air in the castle. On either side of the pool was a handful of wooden benches, each with a stack of perfectly folded, fluffy white towels.

Fleur beamed as she pranced inside and bent down to test the water with her hand.

“Eet’s perfect,” she purred.

Closing the door behind him, Harry followed Fleur over to one of the benches, where they set down their bags. As they fished out their large, golden eggs, Hermione began stripping out of her school uniform. As he and Fleur started to do the same, Harry couldn’t help but stare at the two beautiful witches. Soon, they were both down to nothing except their necklaces while Harry was still working on his pants.

Smirking at him, Fleur held out her hand to Hermione.

“Shall we, ma belle?” she asked.

Hermione smiled as she took her hand and leaned forward to kiss her softly. Harry hopped on one foot, desperately trying to get his foot untangled from the leg of his trousers as he watched their lovely breasts press together. Looking over at him, the two giggled before walking hand in hand to the pool.

Finally freeing himself from his trousers, Harry undid the top three buttons of his dress shirt and loosened his tie before yanking them over his head. Fleur and Hermione both moaned sensuously as they slipped into the hot water while Harry grabbed the two eggs and rushed to join them.

Standing in the middle of the pool, where the water was waist-deep, Hermione and Tonks held each other close and kissed slowly and passionately. It was a beautiful sight, and one Harry was more than happy to sit back and watch for the time being.

Standing slightly to the side and behind Hermione, he saw Fleur’s hands slide down the brunette’s back to cup her firm bum under the water. Moaning, Hermione returned the favor by cupping Fleur’s large, soft breasts and kneading them gently. As they pulled back to catch their breath, both of them extended their long tongues, circling and caressing the other.

Abruptly, their lips crashed together, kissing hard and heatedly as their groping became gradually rougher. Harry rapidly grew rigid under the water, his long shaft jutting out in front of him. Hermione squealed into Fleur’s mouth, then pulled back to let out a salacious moan. Though he couldn’t see what was happening under the water, he could see Fleur’s arm and shoulder moving rhythmically.

“Fleur, that’s my —” Hermione cut herself off with a long, low moan as Fleur smirked at her.

It was then that Harry noticed his French girlfriend's hand was still on Hermione's bum. He throbbed excitedly as he pictured where her long, slender fingers were delving into.

Grabbing Fleur's hand, Hermione pushed it away and stepped back from her, flushed and breathless.

"Work first – then play," she panted.

Fleur pouted cutely and folded her arms under her breasts, forcing them up and together enticingly. Shaking her head as if to clear it, Hermione turned and waded over to the edge of the pool, where Harry had left the eggs. Picking one up, she waded back out to the middle of the pool. Harry followed her, and the three of them gathered around as she placed her hand over the clasp on the top.

"On three," Hermione said. "One. Two. Three."

As the last word left her lips, they all took a deep breath and dove under the water. Twisting the clasp, the egg fell open like a flower blossoming, and a yellow bubble glowed from within as singing filled the pool.

*Come seek us where our voices sound,
We cannot sing above the ground,
And while you're searching ponder this;
We've taken what you'll surely miss,
An hour long you'll have to look,
And to recover what we took,
But past an hour the prospect's black,
Too late, it's gone, it won't come back.*

As the song started to repeat, they all surfaced and wiped the water from their faces.

“I need a quill and parchment,” Hermione said.

Swimming to the edge, she pulled herself out of the pool, giving Harry and Fleur a fantastic view of her fit bum. Padding over to her bag, they enjoyed the view of her modest, perky breasts bouncing alluringly as she fished through her bag and trotted back over to them. So intent on her task, she never noticed the lustful gazes of her partners.

“Right, one of you tell me what it says while I write it down,” Hermione said.

Harry ended up listening to the song three times, relaying it word for word back to Hermione for her to write down. As riddles went, this one didn’t take much thought to figure out.

“Okay, so they’re going to take something from each of you, and you have one hour to find it at the bottom of the lake,” Hermione said, then bit her lip nervously. “You don’t think they’d really use hostages, do you?”

“I wouldn’t put it past them,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Remember, Dumbledore isn’t in charge, the Ministry is, and we both know how bad they can be.”

“But ‘oo would zhey take?” Fleur asked.

“Well, it’ll have to be someone close to you,” Hermione said. “Since you’re competing, they’ll probably take me, or possibly Ron, for Harry. I don’t know who they’d take for you. Obviously, they can’t kidnap Harry. Is there anyone here you’re close to?”

“I ‘ave a few friends for Beauxbatons,” Fleur answered thoughtfully.

“I really don’t like the idea of them putting you at the bottom of the lake,” Harry said.

“Well, we don’t really know they will,” Hermione said tentatively.

“With my luck, I know they will,” Harry said. “Maybe you should hide in here the night before the task.”

“I’m sure I’ll be fine, Harry. There’s no way Dumbledore would allow hostages to be hurt,” she told him.

Harry sighed but gave up for now.

“Arry, do you weesh to work togezher?” Fleur asked.

Harry turned to Fleur and took her hand in his.

“I’d like to, but I’ll understand if you want to try and do this on your own,” he said.

Fleur smiled softly and kissed him lovingly.

“I only wanted to be part of zhe tournament to prove I am more zhan just a pretty face,” she said, then reached up to stroke his cheek. “I don’t care what zhey zhink anymore. I only care what you zhink of me.”

Smiling, Harry pulled her close and kissed her tenderly.

“I just want both of us to have the best chance of coming out of this in one piece,” he told her softly.

“We work togezher zhen,” Fleur said decisively, then gave him a sultry, playful smile as she caressed his bare chest. “Now zhat is settled, what weel you ‘ave us do, mon amour?”

“I have a few ideas,” Harry said with a grin. “But what you were doing to Hermione earlier looks pretty exciting.”

With a devilish smile, Fleur kissed him briefly before swimming over to Hermione, who was still sitting on the edge of the pool. As Fleur stood, water droplets cascading down her teardrop shaped breasts and over her soft, pink areolas, she grabbed Hermione’s hands and pulled her back into the pool. She bit her lips as Fleur turned her around and bent her over at the waist in the shallows, the water only coming up to the middle of their thighs.

Caressing Hermione’s round, muscular ass, Fleur gripped her cheeks firmly and spread them apart. Hermione panted in anticipation, her cheeks flushed from being so graphically exposed, and looked over her shoulder as Fleur stuck out her long, pointed tongue and ran it from the top of her slit all the way up to her puckered back door. Hermione gasped loudly and then rested her head on her arms with a moan.

Moving behind Fleur, he watched as her tongue circled Hermione’s crinkled back door while her fingers gently teased her folds. Seeing Fleur’s own bum swaying just above the water, Harry ran his hand down her smooth back as he got behind her. Grabbing his shaft by the base, he lifted it out of the water and slapped it lightly against her bald mound. With her face still buried between Hermione’s cheeks, she let out a muffled moan and shook her round, heart shaped bottom enticingly.

Chuckling quietly at her impatience, Harry dragged his swollen head between her hot, smooth folds and placed himself at her entrance. As he slowly sank into her depths, Hermione moaned as Fleur did the same to her with her two middle fingers. When his hips rested against Fleur’s ass, Harry paused and moved her long, silvery hair to one side so he could have a better view. His timing was perfect as she chose that moment to straighten her tongue and push it into Hermione’s puckered back door.

“Oh, God,” Hermione panted, her legs quivering.

“Who’d have ever thought that Hermione Granger, of all people, would be into anal?” Harry asked teasingly.

Hermione just moaned in response. With a muffled giggle, Fleur pulled her fingers out of Hermione's folds and moved them up to her bum. Harry pulsed excitedly and began thrusting his hips as he watched them sink into her tight hold up to the middle knuckle. Hermione whined, arching her back and pushing her ass back at Fleur.

"Spank her," Harry ordered huskily.

Without hesitation, Fleur's hand rose and then fell onto Hermione's right cheek with a loud, wet smack.

"I zhink she likes eet," Fleur said with a giggle.

Smiling, Harry sped up his thrusts, savoring the tight, wet heat enveloping his length as he watched Fleur pull her fingers out, stick them into her mouth to coat them in her saliva, and push them back in. Hermione gasped and whimpered as they sank even deep, the combination of the spit and her own arousal making the passage easier.

"You know 'Arry's cock ees going een you next, oui?" Fleur asked.

Hermione could only moan and pant in response.

"You want eet, don't you?" Fleur pressed. "You want 'is cock een your tight derriere."

"Fleur," Hermione whined,

"Answer her," Harry told her.

“Yes!” Hermione shouted, her necklace forcing her to answer just as Fleur completely buried her two fingers in her rear entrance. “It’s so wrong, but it feels so good. I love it. I love being a dirty slut for you!”

Harry throbbed and gripped Fleur’s shoulder to thrust into her even harder. His vigorous movements cause a wave to ripple on the surface and splash against their legs and the edge of the pool. Gripping Fleur’s ass, he spread her cheeks, watching as his cock sawed in and out of her tight lips while his thumb circled her crinkled whole. Moaning, she bucked back against him, causing the tip to sink in. With a gasp, she rolled her hips back at him as her fingers pistoned in and out of Hermione’s loosened hole.

Already, he could tell Fleur was getting close to a climax. She moaned quietly with each breath, her walls fluttered and squeezed around his hammering length, and her legs trembled just slightly. Pulling his thumb out of her, Harry reached under her to grasp one of her swaying breasts while the other moved down to rub her clit. With a high-pitched whine, Fleur reached her peak with a full body shudder. In the throes of her orgasm, she drove her finger roughly into Hermione’s bum, causing her to gasp and arch her back. He wasn’t sure if she meant to do that or not, but Hermione certainly didn’t look to be complaining.

As Harry pulled out of Fleur, she moved to the side and sat down with a slightly dazed, contented smile on her face. Smiling at her, Harry bent down to give her a brief but loving kiss before moving to stand behind Hermione. Turning her head, Hermione gazed at him as he lined himself up with her puckered hole. Fleur scooted closer and took the tip of one of her modest, perky breasts between her lips as Harry gently pushed forward.

“Oh, Harry,” Hermione moaned breathily.

Smiling, he gently stroked her back before grabbing her hips and slowly sawing back and forth, gradually feeding more and more of his length into her impossibly hot, tight depths. Having been close to his own climax, the slow pace gave him the time he needed to calm down. Of course, even with a slower pace, his cock remained hard as steel inside Hermione’s incredible bum.

After a few moments, she loosened enough around him that he was able to start thrusting properly. Pulling back until only the tip remained, he sank back in with hard, deep thrusts. Hermione let loose a deep, guttural moan, bucking her hips back towards him with an occasional shudder.

“You feel so good, Hermione,” Harry panted.

Moaning in response, she pushed herself back onto him with her arms, driving him roughly into her rear. Fleur took the opportunity to slip between her outstretched arms. With a sultry grin, she cupped her bouncing breasts and kissed her on the lips. Hermione responded instantly, mashing their lips together before pulling back to gulp in a lungful of air, then repeating the process all over again. Their kissing was so fast and wanton it looked as if they were attacking each other with their lips.

It was an incredibly arousing sight that had Harry throbbing inside of her. Grabbing her round cheeks, he spread them apart and looked down to watch his thick shaft slide in and out of her. It was a sight so alluring that it near made him cum on the spot. Closing his eyes, Harry took a deep breath and tried to calm himself.

“I’m close,” he warned.

“Not yet, Hermione begged. “Please, just a little longer. I’m so close.”

Groaning, Harry gripped her hips tightly and pounded her bum forcefully as he desperately fought back his own climax. Hermione moaned, and he could feel her tightening around him, her body just on the verge of tipping over the edge. So focused on holding back his orgasm, Harry didn’t realize Fleur had reached under Hermione to try and help her along until he felt her fingers sliding into her pussy. Feeling her fingers slide along his shaft through the thin wall that separated them, Harry grunted and slammed forward as he lost all semblance of control.

He wasn’t the only one, as Hermione went absolutely wild. A scream left her throat as her ring clamped down on him, holding his shaft in place as he emptied himself inside of her clutching depths. Her legs shook so hard Harry had to wrap his arms around her waist to hold her up.

Holding her to his chest, Hermione's whole body spasmed and writhed as her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

Long after Harry had finished, Hermione continued to moan and shudder, her hips rolling against his stomach as she rode out her spectacular climax. When she finally stopped, her body sagged so much he was worried she had passed out. Turning them around, Harry pulled his still partially hard length from her grasping ring and pulled her into his lap as he sat. Hermione collapsed against his chest and panted heavily with her eyes closed in bliss.

With a tinkling laugh, Fleur curled up against his side and kissed both of them. Harry couldn't help but smile at the two beautiful girls cuddled up against him, their soft, curvy bodies pressed against his.

They rested like that for several minutes before any of them spoke.

"I zhink I know a spell zhat might 'elp us wiz zhe task," Fleur said out of nowhere.

"Mmh, what's that?" Hermione asked tiredly, her curiosity unsuppressed by her physical exhaustion.

Grinning, Fleur reached over the edge of the pool and dug her wand out of her pile of clothes. Swirling it around the top of her head before tapping it, a round, transparent bubble appeared around her head.

"Oh, the Bubble-Head Charm, of course," Hermione said.

"The what?" Harry asked.

"The Bubble-Head Charm," she repeated. "It creates a bubble of air around your head. It's used when making some dangerous potions and poisons. I didn't think it could be used underwater."

“Let’s see,” Fleur said, her eyes sparkling playfully.

Harry and Hermione watched as her head slipped below the surface of the water. Even in the clear water of the pool, it was hard to make out how she was doing. Suddenly, Hermione squealed and shot off of his lap as he felt Fleur brush his legs. A moment later, her hands were sliding up his thighs, and he felt an odd sensation envelope his groin. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, he felt her lips wrap around his limp member, swiftly bringing it back to hardness.

“Oh, bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

With a hand over her mouth, Hermione smiled and laughed quietly.

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After a few days of practice, Harry was able to get the Bubble-Head Charm to work pretty well. The problem they found when trying to use it in a much deep pool was that they were still painfully slow underwater, and Harry was that good of a swimmer to begin with. Fleur came up with the idea to use Human Transfiguration to give herself a Mermaid tail, but it ended up being too complicated, so she settled for simply making her hands and feet webbed. It helped her swim faster, but she wasn’t too happy with the way they looked, even though Harry and Hermione assured her she still looked beautiful.

Another problem they ran into was that spells worked differently underwater. For instance, a Stunning Hex, rather than a jet of red light that rendered something unconscious, came out as a scalding jet of hot steam. It took weeks of testing to find a decent selection of spells that would work in case they ran into anything.

The bigger issue was, due to being three years behind in education compared to Fleur, Human Transfiguration was a bit beyond him. Despite repeated reassurance from the girls, time ticked away quickly with little progress.

“This isn’t working,” Harry growled in frustration, looking at his fingers fused together.

"You're getting better," Fleur said encouragingly as she reverted his hand back to normal.

"This is hopeless," he groaned. "There's only a week left to the second task."

"Maybe you could take something with you and transfigure it into swim fins?" Hermione asked hopefully.

"What about Charms?" Fleur asked. "Maybe 'e could use one to pull 'imself zhrough zhe water?"

As the girls continued to brainstorm ideas, Harry slumped, feeling useless. As much as he never wanted to be in the tournament in the first place, the last thing he wanted was to fail in front of the whole school. Even though he knew Hermione and Fleur wouldn't think any less of him, he at least wanted to show he was a competent wizard.

Since the day he set foot in the Wizarding World, people had been expecting great things from him. Now, he finally had his chance to prove he was more than just the Boy-Who-Lived.

"Arry?" Fleur called to him.

Shaking himself from his thoughts, Harry looked at her.

"Are you alright, mon amour?" she asked.

"Yeah, just frustrated," Harry said.

"We'll figure somezhing out," she told him.

Smiling, Harry smiled as she and Hermione swam closer and hugged him tightly. He was really grateful for their support, but this was something he hoped he could figure out on his own. Harry really wanted to prove he had what it took to truly be a champion.