

## Chapter 4

Harry stood in front of the maze, mentally preparing himself for the third and final task of the Triwizard Tournament. Fleur and Tonks stood on either side of him holding his hands, drawing comfort from each other's presence. Over the last few months, they'd only grown closer, and Harry could now say he was in love with both of them.

Just before the end of Winter break, the three of them had sat down and had a long talk about what they all wanted. One of the biggest things they'd talked about was Fleur's desire to bring more women into their relationship. Contrary to what he had thought, it had nothing to do with her Veela heritage or the life debt. Fleur just enjoyed seeing him pleasure women. Surprisingly, Tonks was completely fine with it as well.

While Harry would be lying if he said he didn't love the idea, he still wanted to make sure things were good between the three of them before they started bringing in anyone else. They'd agreed to wait until the end of the Tournament, but that didn't stop Fleur from teasing Hermione and Penny constantly.

Looking up at the crowd, he saw their families and friends waving banners for them. Nearby, Cedric and Krum were waving to their own families. Giving Tonks a loving kiss, she bid him good luck before he and Fleur left to join Bagman at the entrance to the maze.

As he, Fleur, and Krum stood in a line, they looked at each other grimly. None of them cared about the tournament anymore, they just wanted it to be over.

"Pity this is the final task, eh?" Bagman asked with a boyish grin that earned him glares from the champions. "Er, right. Now, what was I supposed to tell you? Oh, right! At the center of the maze is the Triwizard Cup. The first to touch it will be the Triwizard Champion, but don't expect it to be easy. There's all sorts of beasts and enchantments for you to overcome before you reach the cup. Any questions?"

Bagman bounced on the balls of his feet excitedly as the champions shook their heads.

“Right! Prince Harry, as you’re in first place, you’ll enter first. Mr. Krum, you’ll follow one minute later. Ms. Delacour, you will enter one minute after that. I think that’s everything,” Bagman said just as three slow moving snitches began circling his head. “Oh, I almost forgot! Since no one could see the last task, Queen Lily was kind enough to make these for us. They will follow you around and show the crowd exactly what’s happening to each of you. Fantastic, isn’t it?”

Harry had heard his mother talking about doing something like that for this task, but he hadn’t known she’d finished it. Squeezing Fleur’s hand in his, he turned to her.

“Promise me you’ll stay safe,” he said. “This tournament isn’t worth getting hurt over.”

“Only eef you promise me zhe same zhing,” she told him softly.

“I promise,” Harry said.

Fleur smiled at him, and they shared a gentle kiss that had a dozen cameras flashing. When the broke apart, he turned to Krum and held out his hand.

“Good luck, Viktor,” he said. “It’s been a pleasure competing against you.”

“Ja, I feel same,” Krum said, shaking his hand.

Fleur shook his hand as well, and then Dumbledore stepped forward.

“Prince Harry, you may proceed at the sound of the-“

*Boom!*

The headmaster turned to Filch, who had once again set off the cannon too early. Harry chuckled as the old man made the uncharacteristic move of throwing his hands up in frustration. Fleur kissed his cheek and then pushed him towards the maze.

Taking a deep breath, Harry entered, the bushes closing behind him and completely cutting off the sound of the cheering crowd. It was disconcerting to have the sound cut off like that, and he took a moment to calm his racing heart. With one last deep breath, he strode forward.

for the next couple of minutes, he progressed uncontested. Having heard the cannon announcing Krum and Fleur entering the maze, his competitiveness pushed him to move faster.

Turning right, he stumbled to a stop as he reached his first obstacle. One of Hagrid's Blast-ended Skrewts blocked his path forward. The last time he'd seen one, it was the size of a dog. This one was the size of a bull and with a temper to match. As soon as it spotted Harry it charged at him with frightening speed.

Harry pointed his wand at the ground.

*Depulso!*

The Banishing Charm propelled him into the air and over the top of the Skrewt.

*Herbivicious Incarcerous! Spongify!*

The modified Incarcerous Hex caused vines and roots to wrap around the Skrewt, holding it in place for the moment. Harry Spongify Charm softened the ground just before he landed. As he looked up, the back of the Skrewt, which was facing him, shook threateningly.

*Protego!*

A shimmering blue shield sprang to life just as the Skrewt let loose a blast from its back end. His shield held, but the blast destroyed most of the roots and vines trapping the beast in place. Before it could free itself completely, Harry turned and sprinted off. He could have stunned it, but he didn't want to waste the time. Killing it would have worked if he wasn't worried about upsetting Hagrid.

Harry made it quite a ways before he hit his next obstacle. A large pool of water separated him from the only other way forward. Picking up a rock, he tossed it into the water. Nothing happened. Taking a second rock, he transfigured it into a fish and tossed it in. Instantly, it was swarmed by dozens of Dragon Eels. They were long and fat, had flattened tails, mottled blue skin, and Dragon like heads with rows of razor-sharp teeth. On the sides of their bodies were thin membrane covered fins that they used to move through the water quickly and could be used to fly for short distances.

Just seconds after the fish hit the water, it was completely devoured. Briefly, Harry considered building a bridge out of the rocks surrounding the pool but discarded the idea just a quickly. The Dragon Eels could easily leap out of the water and attack him. He could block a few of them, but he didn't think he could stop the hundreds that he suspected were under the surface of the water.

Closing his eyes, Harry moved his wand in slow circles, causing the temperature around him to plummet to the point he could see his own breath as the tip of his wand glowed a pale blue. Stepping as close to the edge of the water as he dared, he flicked his wand. The tiny ball of glowing magic flew a short distance forward before it drifted slowly down. When it touched the water, ice formed instantly and then spread rapidly. As the ice moved to cover the surface of the pool, Harry shivered from the bone chilling cold he felt from casting the advanced Freezing Charm.

In less than a minute, the entire surface of the pool at covered in a thick sheet of ice. Cautiously, Harry pressed his foot on the ice to test its strength. When it didn't crack, he slowly began walking to the other side. A quarter of the way across, there was a dull thud, and he felt a thump under his feet. At the halfway point, he felt it again. Then again, and again with growing force. Through the ice, he could see the Dragon Eels throwing themselves against the surface, desperately trying to break through.

*Crack!*

A long crack opened up along the length of the pool as hundreds of Dragon Eels pounded against the underside of the ice he was standing on. Cursing, Harry moved as fast as he could. Under his feet, more and more cracks appeared, the surface becoming more uneven and unstable with each passing second.

Just a few steps away from solid ground, one of the cracks widened enough for a Dragon Eel to break free and leap at his head. Ducking out of the way, Harry dove for the ground a moment before the ice collapsed where he had just been standing. Rolling onto his back he threw up a shield. Dozens of Dragon Eels leapt at him from the gaps in the ice and slammed into the shimmering blue shield.

Climbing to his feet, he backed up down the path, continuing to maintain his shield until he was too far away from them to reach him. Dropping the shield, Harry panted to catch his breath before moving on down the path.

Pausing at a four-way intersection, he used the Point Me spell Hermione had found for him. He knew he was close now. The spell pointed him to the left. Just as he took his first step in that direction, he heard a scream from his right.

“Fleur!” he yelled.

Without thought, he took off towards her voice. At the end of the path, he found a wall of hedge in his way with no visible way through. On the other side, he could hear Fleur fighting something and it didn’t sound as if it was going well for her.

Growling in frustration, Harry aimed his wand at a point on the hedge where he knew he wouldn’t hit Fleur.

“Devorandum!” he shouted.

A massive jet of dark purple, crackling magic slammed into the hedge, utterly consuming everything it touched until only grey dust was left. With just one quick swipe, Harry had cut a hole large enough to fit through. Leaping through the hedge, he found Fleur fighting an enormous Acromantula. The spider had her backed into a corner and she moved with a noticeable limp, the pale blue robes around her right leg stained crimson.

Furious, Harry fired a series of cutting and blasting hexes at the spider's back end. It shrieked in pain and whirled around to face him.

"I know you can understand me," Harry growled. "Leave her alone or I *will* kill you."

The Acromantula paused to consider him, its mandibles clicking and clacking intermittently. Suddenly, it rushed forward and charged at him.

"Arry!" Fleur screamed in fear.

Setting his jaw, Harry sprinted towards the spider. Just as it swung at him with its front legs, he dropped down and slid under its massive body, his wand aimed at the soft underbelly.

*Diffindo!*

A long, thin line opened up on the underside of Acromantula's body. Harry rolled out of the way as the spider stilled and its yellow, pus like insides flowed out of the cut. The spider remained on its legs for a handful of second before it collapsed to the ground in a heap. Harry ignored it as he rushed up to Fleur who looked horribly pale and barely able to stand.

"Fleur! Are you alright?" he asked.

The disheveled blonde wrapped her arms around him and rested most of her weight on him.

"Eet bit me," she murmured in his ear. "I-I zink my leg ees broken."

Cursing, Harry helped her to sit and then carefully cut open her pants so he could look at her leg. There were two deep gashes on either side of her thigh, the edges of the ragged wound dripping with a clear, yellowish liquid. Venom, Harry thought.

Fighting down his panic, he raised his wand and sent up red sparks.

"I'm sorry, mon amor," she said weakly.

"You have nothing to apologize for, love," he told her. "You've done brilliantly."

Harry heard a sound behind him and turned sharply, his wand at the ready. He relaxed when he saw Professor McGonagall landing on her broom and rushing over to them.

"What happened?" the professor asked kneeling down next to Fleur.

"The Acromantula bit her," Harry said quickly. "I can see the venom and she thinks the bone is broken."

"I'll take care of her, you'd best get going," McGonagall told him.

"I'm not leaving her," Harry said stubbornly.

"There's nothing you can do to help her, Madam Pomfrey will have her patched up in no time," McGonagall said sternly. "Besides, you're the only one left. Mr. Krum was eliminated when he tried to fight a Sphinx."

"I don't care about the tournament," Harry said through gritted teeth. "I-"

“Arry,” Fleur interrupted him softly. “Go, mon amor. Win so zis weel be over.”

Harry looked at her, torn. Even through the pain, she smiled at him and stroked his cheek. Staring into her shimmering blue eyes, he sighed and gave her a quick kiss.

“I love you,” he told her softly.

“I love you too,” she replied with a dazzling smile.

Nodding to McGonagall, Harry stood and left, not daring to look back in fear that he wouldn’t be able to leave if he did.

It took only a couple of minutes for Harry to find his way back to where he was before. He was right about being close. Just around the next corner, he found the Triwizard cup, glittering in the moonlight on a stone pedestal. Tiredly, he walked up to the cup and stopped just in front of it.

Spotting the recording Snitch flying around him, he snatched it out of the air and held it up in front of him.

“I did it, Fleur,” Harry said as he reached for the cup.

The moment his hand touched the metal, he felt a tug behind his navel and his eyes widened.

Tumbling through space, Harry crashed onto the ground in the middle of small clearing in a wood. Around him were a dozen men in black cloaks and bone white, skull shaped masks.

“Ah, our guest of honor had finally arrived,” One of them said, stepping forward as the others chuckled.



Harry discretely let go of the Snitch and climbed to his feet. He could feel the Anti-Apparation ward surrounding the area, and the cup had bounced several feet away. The chances of it still working as a Portkey were slim to none. Hopefully, the people at Hogwarts would be able to find him soon. If not, he'd have to fight his way out. Best to stall for now, he thought.

"What, no brave last words, boy?" the man asked, his long blonde hair fluttering in the light breeze.

"You know, if you want to hide who you are, you might want to keep your gob shut, Malfoy," Harry said.

Snarling, Malfoy pulled off his mask, followed by the others. Harry recognized nearly all of them. Purebloods who had all worked to undermine his parents for years. Nott, Yaxley, Crabbe, Goyle, Flint, Macnair, and even Umbridge was there along with others who's name he couldn't recall.

"I was just going to kill you, but now I think we should have some fun with you first," Malfoy sneered.

"Hurry it up, Lucius," Nott said, his eyes darting around nervously on his narrow, rat like face.

Umbridge let out a girlish giggle that grated at Harry's nerves.

"Relax Theodore, they have no idea where he is," said Umbridge, tittering. "We'll be long gone before that Blood Traitor and his Mudblood bitch find his body."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that," Harry said, smirking.

"What are you babbling about?" Malfoy asked, though his eyes narrowed suspiciously.

“Didn’t they tell you about the new Projection Charms they used for the task?” Harry asked.

“You’re lying!” One of the men growled.

Harry simply pointed to the Snitch hovering near him. In the dark, the small, winged ball was extremely difficult to see as it flitted through the air. He relished the gasps and curses as the group suddenly realized their whole plan was ruined.

“Destroy it!” someone yelled.

“They’ve already seen us, you fool!” another yelled back.

“Enough!” Malfoy barked. “It makes no difference. It’s time we come out into the open and remove those Blood Traitors and Mudbloods that defile our society. For too long we’ve been forced to tolerate their presence in our world. It’s time we take our rightful place!”

“This isn’t what I sign up for, Malfoy,” Nott said. “We weren’t supposed to be caught!”

“Grow a set!” Macnair yelled. “It’s too late now, we’ve already committed treason by kidnapping the brat. You back out now, I’ll kill you myself.”

Nott took half a step back and shivered in fear.

“It’s not too late,” Harry said calmly. “I give you my word as the Prince of Magical Britain, anyone who leaves now will not face charges.”

A few, including Malfoy and Umbridge laughed, but he saw a few thinking it over.

“Malfoy, they’ll be here soon. Get this over with or I will,” Macnair threatened.

“I was hoping to draw this out more, but I suppose you’re right,” the blonde drawled. “Don’t worry Potter, I’ll be sending your parents to join you soon enough. The changeling and the creature might take a while though, I plan to enjoy first. Avada Kedavra!”

Harry flicked his wand and sent a screaming Macnair spiraling into the path of the spell. The witches and wizards surrounding him froze in shock at the Ministry Executioner fell to the ground, dead. Spreading his hands wide, Harry brought them together quickly. With the sound of a thunderclap, a shockwave radiated out from him and knocked everyone off their feet. Sprinting deeper into the woods, Harry used the trees for cover as he looked for an escape.

“Get him!” Malfoy screamed.

Harry jumped behind a small mound of earth and rock as a hail of multicolored curses and hexes streaked through the night air towards him. Tapping the top of his head, he used a Disillusionment Charm to hide from their sight as best he could.

“Where is he!” Umbridge shrieked.

“He went that way,” someone replied.

“Where’s Nott?” Malfoy asked.

“The coward ran, so did the Carrows,” Goyle answered.

As Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle walked right passed him, Harry thought frantically. It was only a matter of time before one of them thought to use a Human Revealing Charm, and he had no idea how long it would take for anyone to find him. He needed to take out as many as he could and focus on escaping by himself.

While their backs were to him, Harry raised his wand.

*Bombarda Maxima!*

The ground under the three men's feet exploded, sending them flying through the air along with a shower of wood, dirt, and stone debris. While Crabbe and Malfoy landed in groaning heaps several feet away, Goyle hit a tree and landed headfirst on the ground where he lay, completely still. Swallowing back the bile in his throat, Harry forced himself to ignore it and move as several more people came running his way.

"He's got to be close," Yaxley said.

"Humano Revelio," Umbridge cast.

Harry cursed as his Disillusionment Charm was dispelled.

"There!"

Harry took off sprinting through the trees as curses impacted around him. Blindly, he sent spells and banished heavy stones behind him as he ran, the occasional shout or yelp telling him when he was successful.

*Impedimenta! Herbivicus Incarcerus! Bombarda! Diffindo!*

Harry Cutting Hex hit a large tree and felled it, giving him a brief respite to catch his breath and gain some distance. Again, he tried to Apparate, but the wards were still in place. A deep ravine ahead forced him to skid to a stop. Behind him, he could hear his pursuers closing in. With no where else to run, Harry squared his shoulder and readied himself to make a stand.

*Profringo!*

Harry's Shattering Hex hit the base of a wide oak tree, sending knife like slivers of wood in all directions as a group of three black robed figures approached. Numerous shards of wood lodged themselves into their flesh and filling the air with anguished screams.

As more witches and wizards approached, Harry held them off with a variety of spells that could prove lethal if they hit. One wizard dived out of the way just in time as one of Harry's curses crushed the trunk of the tree behind him like it was made of cardboard. In his distraction, however, he was hit in the shoulder by a cutting hex from Umbridge of all people. Fortunately, it was a weak spell that did little real damage.

Turning his wand on her, he transfigured several rocks around her into squirrels that immediately attacked her. As she screamed and tried to get the clawing, biting creatures off of her, Harry freed her of her wand easily.

"Enough of this!" Thorfinn Rowle yelled. "Infernus!"

Harry gasped and threw up the strongest shield he could. A gout of flame second only to Fiendfyre enveloped him as he set the wood ablaze. He grunted under the effort of holding his shield while the temperature inside climbed rapidly. Sweat poured off of his skin and caused his clothes to stick to his skin. A flash of flame to his left had him fearing that his shield had failed, but the melodic song that followed a second later brought a smile to his face.

"Fawkes," he breathed in relief as the majestic bird perched on his shoulder.

Looking at the Phoenix, they made eye contact. Without knowing how, he knew that Fawkes was asking him to make the shield bigger. Trusting him with his life, Harry took a deep breath and grunted with effort as he pushed the shield outwards, nearly doubling its size. With a triumphant note, Fawkes jumped into the air and vanished in a ball of fire. Harry didn't panic though. He knew help was coming.

Seconds later, he was proven right when Fawkes reappeared with Dumbledore, his parents, Tonks, Moody, and Madam Bones holding his tail feathers. Tonks took his free hand while Lily and James patted him on the shoulder.

“Great job, son,” James said proudly.

“Harry,” Dumbledore called, breaking the moment. “When I tell you, drop the shield.”

Harry nodded and set his jaw determinedly. Dumbledore muttered an incantation while waving his wand in a circular motion. The temperature in the shield dropped, and at first, he thought it was from whatever Dumbledore was doing, until he noticed his mother casting a Cooling Charm on everyone.

“Just a little longer sweetheart,” she told him encouragingly.

“I’m fine,” he assured her.

“Now!” Dumbledore shouted commandingly.

Harry dropped the shield and sagged in exhaustion. Before the flames could get any closer, a torrent of water erupted from the headmaster’s wand. With a loud hiss, a giant cloud of steam filled the air as the water extinguished the flames and moved towards the caster. The torrent of water hit Rowle and the three wizards near him with the force of a rushing rapid. Dumbledore spun his wand, causing the water to form a floating ball, the black cloaked figures trapped within.

Meanwhile, Tonks guarded and exhausted Harry as the rest went on the offensive. Lily headed straight for Umbridge, James grinned as he took on Crabbe and another wizard with ease, and Moody used a combination of animated trees and spells to deal with two witches and one wizard. Bones stood next to Harry with her wand pointed up as she put up her own wards before dismantling the others.

With a sound like glass shattering, Malfoy's Anti-Apparation Wards broke and burned like tissue paper above their heads. Amelia's wards must have allowed Aurors in, because within seconds dozens of Aurors Apparated in to help clean up the few of Malfoy's gang left standing.

"Where's Malfoy?" Harry asked quietly.

"I think he escaped," Amelia said. "I felt someone Portkey out before I finished putting up my wards. I'm sorry, your highness."

"It's not your fault," he said, shaking his head.

Climbing to his feet, Tonks wrapped an arm around his waist to steady him, her eyes scanning for threats constantly.

"I believe that's all of them," Dumbledore said as he approached. "I fear Lucius has managed to escape, however. Harry, perhaps we should get you to the Hospital wing while--"

"No," Harry said firmly. "I want everyone, including the prisoners, brought back to Hogwarts. I want to know what the hell is going on."

Dumbledore looked like he wanted to argue, but seeing the grim, determined look on Harry's face, he thought better of it.

"Very well," he said.

Just a few minutes later, Harry Portkeyed with everyone else back to the school. They arrived in the Great Hall, which was currently deserted. Most of the school was still outside at the Quidditch Pitch where the task had taken place.

A dozen Aurors also remained to guard the prisoners while Harry waited for Hermione, Penny, Fleur, and Krum to arrive. No one, not even his parents, questioned him taking charge at the moment. When the girls arrived, all three of them sprinted over to him with tears of relief in their eyes as they hugged him tightly. After assuring them he was fine, he turned back to the Aurors.

“Auror Moody, please question them under Veritaserum.” Harry said.

With a grin, Moody pulled a bottle of the truth potion out of his pocket and began feeding it to the prisoners.

As expected, Malfoy had behind it all. Malfoy, along with many of the darker Pureblood families had wanted to take back control of the government. Crouch had been placed under the Imperius Curse to pitch the revival of the Triwizard Tournament where they would kidnap Harry during the final task, then kill him. With his parents grieving, they would try to gain as much control as possible politically before assassinating the King and Queen.

When Crouch had fought the curse, Malfoy killed him and began sending letters to Percy Weasley. Once that was discovered, they had been forced to Imperius Bagman to turn the cup into a Portkey. Two Aurors were sent to find him immediately.

In a rather disgusting twist, Umbridge admitted to attempting to murder Gabrielle Delacour by bribing a Ministry official to tamper with the enchantment during the second task, simply because she was a Veela. If it wasn't for Harry and Tonks, Fleur would have destroyed her on the spot. Feathers began sprouting on her arms and neck in her rage.

Unfortunately, after more than an hour of questioning, no one knew what other plans Malfoy may have had.

“We'll find him eventually,” Amelia said confidently. “Sirius is already out at his house with a team of Aurors.”



“Where’s Fudge?” Lily asked abruptly.

“At the Daily Prophet offices doing damage control I imagine,” Amelia said dismissively. “He ran off as soon as I told him Umbridge was involved in the kidnap and attempted murder of Harry. Anyways, I should get these people to a cell.”

“Not yet,” Harry said. “Dobby!”

With a pop, Dobby, Harry’s personal House Elf, appeared in the room.

“Yous called, Master Harry?” Dobby asked.

“Dobby, I need you to bring me Merlin’s Amulet, quickly,” he ordered.

Bowing, doobby disappeared with another pop.

“Harry?” Lily asked.

“I won’t let them get away with attacking my family,” Harry said firmly.

“I know, sweetheart, but do you really think this is necessary?” she asked.

“Yes,” he answered with certainty.

Lily bit her lips thoughtfully before nodding and hugging him tightly.

“I trust your judgement,” she whispered. “I’m so proud of you. I love you.”

“I love you too, mum,” Harry said just as softly.

With the exception of James and Dumbledore, everyone looked on curiously. Dobby popped back in and handed Harry a roughly cut, red crystal the size of a fist on a gold chain. Taking the Amulet, Harry held it in his hand and moved to stand in front of his bound attackers.

“Magic is a gift,” he said. “A gift that you do not deserve. For your crimes against my family, and the crimes you planned to commit against those you see as lesser, I find you guilty. I can think of no better sentence than for you to become that which you hate.”

Holding out the crystal, a thin, golden thread of magic shot out and touched each of his attackers on the chest. From their bodies, thicker lines of gold magic began making their way towards the crystal, causing it glow brightly. As soon as the thicker beams hit the crystal, the prisoners screamed in pain. Quickly, the beams gradually thinned until they vanished. Merlin’s Amulet pulsed with tremendous power in Harry’s hand as he slipped it into his pocket.

“What did you do to me!?” Umbridge shrieked, her face a sickly pale.

“I removed your magic,” Harry said to gasps from most of the room.

“You can do that?” Tonks asked in fascinated horror.

“Yes, but it’s a punishment reserved for the worst criminals,” James answered. “It won’t work on just anyone either. No one is entirely sure how it works, but it has to judge you unworthy of possessing magic before it will take it away. You can give it back, too, if the person truly changes and makes amends.”

“You can’t do this to me!” Umbridge screamed furiously followed by shouts from several of the other prisoners.

Harry silenced them before turning to Amelia and nodding.

“They’re all yours now, though I think sending them out into the Muggle world would be a more fitting punishment than Azkaban,” he told her.

“Indeed,” she said with satisfied smirk.

“If you’re done, you should get to the hospital wing,” said Tonks with a nod at his arm. “Your shoulder’s starting to bleed again.”

Nodding, and feeling the events of the night catching up to him, Harry made his way to the Hospital Wing. Tonks and Fleur helped him out of his clothes and into bed while Pomfrey rushed over to him. Hermione and Penny took a seat next to the bed, talking quietly with Tonks and Fleur while he was treated. Harry didn’t even remember falling asleep as his exhaustion caught up with him.

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Harry woke up the next day just in time for the winning ceremony. It was supposed to have taken place the night before but had been delayed for obvious reasons. When he took the Triwizard cup, he wondered if someone had recovered it from the woods, or if they had made him a new one. The thousand Galleons prize money, he donated to Hogwarts for new brooms.

The joy of the moment was soured by the grim atmosphere at the Slytherin table. Harry was very conscious of the fact that some of the people he’d killed the night before were parents or close relatives of his classmates.

The girls must have noticed the change in his mood, because as soon as the ceremony was over, they pulled him out of the Great Hall and up to his private quarters. Fleur led him by the hand straight into the bedroom and pushed him down on the bed before crawling over top of him and snogging him senseless.

He was so dazed from her searing, hungry kiss, that he didn’t notice Tonks, Hermione, and Penny following them into the bedroom.

Fleur smirked as she climbed off of him and started stripping out of her Beauxbatons uniform. Harry was pulled from his staring when Tonks climbed up behind him and helped him out of his own clothes. It was only then that he noticed Hermione and Penny still in the room, both looking a bit nervous and unsure of themselves. He turned to Tonks and then Fleur, who both smiled and nodded, telling him without words that they had planned this.

Shaking his head with a chuckle, Harry finished stripping out of his shirt and stood. Walking over to Hermione first, his best friend, he wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her passionately. She moaned in surprise against his lips, freezing for just a moment before kissing him back. By the time they broke apart, she was flushed and breathless, her eyes locked with his.

“I’ve wanted to do that for years,” admitted Harry with a grin.

Hermione laughed joyously and hugged him tightly, her head resting in the crook of his neck. Kissing the top of her head, he turned to Penny and held out his hand. Nervously, she took it and allowed him to pull her closer. Their lips met tentatively at first, their passion slowly growing as their lips and tongues moved together.

Hearing a squeal, they broke their kiss and looked over at the bed. Tonks, now down to just her knickers, had pulled Hermione into a heated kiss while her hands worked quickly to remove the brunette’s clothes.

“Whoa,” Penny murmured.

Fleur, now completely naked, had a desperate, nearly feral look in her eyes as she pushed him back onto the bed. Practically ripping his pants off of him, she jumped on top of him, straddled his waist, and slammed his cock into her inhumanly hot pussy. Harry groaned as she rode him roughly, her wet, tight walls conforming around his length. Her ass slapped against his thighs while her tits bounced on her chest, her bright blue eyes filled with lust.

As her Allure filled the room, the other girls quickly stripped out of their clothes. They seemed only partially aware of their actions as they lounged on the bed near the rutting couple, hands and lips exploring each other's bodies.

Harry allowed himself to drown in Fleur's Allure, his mind emptied of everything except what was happening around him. Grabbing her hips, he rolled her over on her back and slammed his throbbing cock into her with ferocious thrusts. Fleur threw her head back and warbled in an almost bird like fashion, losing herself to her base instincts.

Pinning her hands to the bed above her head, Harry slammed furiously into her molten depths. Suddenly, hands began reaching out towards her. Hermione and Penny, their eyes clouded with hunger as they stared at Fleur, groped at her breasts, teasing and pinching her nipples. Tonks, more in control of herself, slipped her hand down to tease Fleur's swollen clit, drawing a wanton moan from her lips.

Writhing on the bed, Fleur was quickly reached her peak. A high-pitched keened escaped her lips as he back arched and her body stiffened. Her pussy clamped down on his cock, her walls fluttering wildly as she drenched him in arousal. Harry grunted from the incredible feeling but managed to hold back his own climax.

As Fleur relaxed and fell limply on the mattress, Penny tentatively leaned down to kiss her. Fleur responded by pulling the other blonde on top of her, kissing her heatedly as her hands explored her large, hanging breasts. Hermione blinked as she came back to herself causing Tonks to laugh at the confused look on her face.

"Don't worry, you get used to it," she told her.

"What was that?" Hermione asked.

"Fleur's Allure," Tonks answered with a shrug. "It's not usually that strong, but after nearly losing Harry and finally getting you two into bed she probably got a little overexcited."

“Oh,” Hermione said dazedly.

Giggling, Tonks pulled Hermione on top of her and stroked her cheek gently.

“You know, Fleur’s not the only one that’s been waiting to get you in bed,” she said softly.

Hermione’s bit her lip as her eyes darted down to Tonks’ mouth. Slowly, they came together and kissed deeply. Tonks ran her hands down her back and groped her bum, spreading open her cheeks and showing Harry her taut pink slit. Throbbing in arousal, he crawled behind her and bent down to kiss her shoulder, his cock brushing against her thigh.

Breaking her languid kiss with Tonks, Hermione looked over her shoulder at him and bit her lip cutely. Harry looked at her questioningly while grabbing his cock at the base and running his engorged head along her damp slit. Gasping lightly, she nodded at him with a hooded gaze.

“You’re gonna love this,” Tonks whispered huskily.

Hermione moaned and buried her face in the crook of her neck as Tonks spread her open for Harry. Splitting her lips apart with the head of his cock, he rubbed it up and down a few times before moving up to her entrance and slowly sinking in. Hermione moaned as Harry eased into her tight depths, her soft, slick walls giving way to his thick length.

Sawing back and forth as he steadily worked himself deeper, Harry ran his hand over the curve of her hips and up to her chest. Hermione’s firm, perky breast fit perfectly in his hand as he kissed the side of her neck. Tonks took her other breast in her hand and pulled her in for another tongue filled kiss. Hermione gasped and moaned into her mouth when Harry bottomed out, his impressive girth stretching her open.

While Harry continued gently taking her from behind, he looked over at Fleur and Penny. They had shifted around, and now Fleur was on top of the former Head Girl with her face buried between her legs. Penny tried to return the favor, but kept getting interrupted by her own moans, not that fleur seemed to mind.

Maybe Fleur's idea of starting a harem wasn't such a bad idea after all, Harry thought.

As it was her first time, Hermione didn't last too long from the attention Harry and Tonks were giving her. The drove her to a powerful climax that left her a tired, panting mess.

"Come on, Harry," Tonks said as she shook her ass at him teasingly. "My turn."

Hermione and Penny roused themselves to watch as Harry took Tonks from behind. They were shocked and enthralled when he too her ass instead of her pussy. Penny especially seemed to find that interesting.

"Does it really feel that good?" she asked as Tonks moaned loudly.

"Yes," Tonks hissed.

Harry pulled back until just the head remained trapped in her tight ring before driving forward quickly. Tonks' hair cycled through every color imaginable while her eyes rolled into the back of her.

"I don't think I could do that," said Hermione, shaking her head as she watched.

Penny bit her lip as she fingered herself slowly as she lay on her side, her eyes locked on his cock as it moved in and out of Tonks' tight bum. She jumped a moment later when Fleur laid behind her and ran her fingers between her cheek.

"Just watch," Fleur whispered.

While Harry buggered Tonks, Fleur gently teased and fingered Penny bum. Harry was well beyond the point of being able to hold back by then. Gripping Tonks' hips tightly, he hammered

into her asshole roughly, much to her delight. A short time later, he grunted as he filled her with a torrent of cum. Next to them, Penny screamed out her own orgasm when Fleur slipped a second, long finger in her ass.

For the next couple of hours, Harry and the girls continued to take pleasure and comfort in each other's bodies. As they collapsed exhaustedly into a pile, he smiled as he looked around at the beautiful women surrounding him. He wasn't exactly sure how things would work with all of them, but he knew they would be able to figure it out together.