

## Chapter 14

Early the next morning, Harry had just stepped into the Great Hall when a blonde blur slammed into his stomach and hugged him around the waist. Still in the process of waking up, he blinked down at Gabrielle amusedly as she chattered away rapidly in French. When she finally paused for a breath, she looked down at where his and Fleur's hands were linked with a cute little frown. Pulling their hands apart, she took his hand in one of hers and Fleur's in the other.

When he looked up at Fleur bemusedly, she covered her mouth and giggled at the look on his face.

"She said she and maman are staying for zhe weekend," she told him. "She wants you to show 'er around 'Ogwrats and zhe village. She also wants you to 'elp 'er talk maman into letting her go to 'Ogwarts instead of Beauxbatons."

"I need some coffee first," Harry said.

Smiling down at Gabrielle, he led her and the girls over to the Gryffindor, where Apolline was watching with a smile.

"Bonjour, maman," Fleur said, kissing her on the cheek before sitting down.

"Morning," Harry and Hermione said in unison.

As Apolline greeted them with a smile, it wasn't surprising that she and Fleur held the attention of most of the boys in the Hall. He could only imagine how jealous his classmates would be if they knew what he'd done to the stunning woman last night.

"Gabrielle wants to know if you will show us around zhe village," Apolline said.

“Of course,” Harry replied, smiling at the girls as she bounced excitedly in her seat. “How long are you staying?”

“Just for zhe weekend,” Apolline smiled. “But we’ll be back to watch both of you compete in zhe zhird task.”

Fleur wrinkled her nose at her little sister, who was happily piling mounds of bacon, sausage, eggs, and baked beans onto her plate.

“I don’t know ‘ow she can eat zhat,” she said, reaching for the milk.

“We all have our quirks, love,” Harry said, smirking and shaking his head as she poured her milk into the bowl before adding the cereal.

Apolline let out a musical giggle that earned a few boys a smack on the shoulder from their girlfriends for staring. After they all finished eating, Gabrielle grabbed Fleur and Harry by the hand and started pulling them excitedly towards the door. Put on the front lawn, they shared a carriage with Lavender and Parvati down to the village. Both girls couldn’t help but fawn over how cute they thought Gabrielle was, and Harry was surprised to learn Lavender spoke fluent French.

“I didn’t know you spoke French,” Hermione said.

“My aunt is French, and we visit her every Summer,” Lavender shrugged.

“You should come visit us,” Fleur smiled.

“Only if you promise to take me to the beach,” Lavender replied with a grin. “The beach near my aunt’s house is topless, and my dad refuses to take us.”

“My dad was the same way,” Hermione said, rolling her eyes. “He’s perfectly fine with my mum being topless, but Merlin forbid I do it too. Honestly.”

“I’m sure ‘Arry will be ‘appy to take all of you,” Apolline said with a smirk.

Harry feigned a put upon sigh, “If you insist.”

The girls giggled at him.

“Aw, poor Harry,” Lavender grinned. “Forced to spend his days on the beach with nearly naked women. How ever will you cope?”

When the carriage came to a stop, Gabrielle jumped out excitedly. Apolline followed her out quickly, grabbing her hand to keep her from wandering off. With the two of them distracted, Lavender grinned at Harry, unzipped her jacket, and pulled up her jumper. Her large, perky breasts bounced free before she covered them up again.

“Lavender!” Hermione hissed, her cheeks pink.

“You are so bad,” Parvati giggled.

“Hey, you did it last time,” Lavender reminded her.

“Yes, but not in public,” Parvati said.

“Wait, why aren’t you with Ron, anyways?” Hermione asked curiously.

“I’m meeting up with him later,” Parvati told her. “Lav and I wanted to do some clothes shopping first. If I took Ron with us, he’d just get bored.”

“Not if you buy lingerie,” Fleur smirked.

“Ooh, we could get you that bustier we saw last month,” Lavender grinned.

“I don’t have the boobs for that,” Parvati said.

The two girls continued chattering as they walked off with a wave. Gabrielle quickly took Harry’s hand again, eagerly looking at all the shops.

“So, where to first?” Harry asked.

Gabrielle said something, and Apolline translated for him.

“She wants to know what your favorite store is,” she said.

“Well, there’s the Three Broomsticks, but that’s not really a store,” Harry said. “My favorite shop is right over here.”

Walking down the street, he led them to Honeyduke’s. Gabrielle was instantly enthralled with the confectionary displays in the window. Harry showed her around the store, describing things to Apolline so she could translate for her daughter.

“This one is my favorite,” Harry grinned, picking up a blue sugar coated bonbon. “Floating Bonbons.”

Gabrielle bounced on her feet as he added it to their cart. Between Gabrielle’s excitement to try everything and Fleur’s notorious sweet tooth, Harry was certain he broke the record for most gold spent by a single student. Apolline offered to cover half, but he insisted on paying.

They'd barely made it out of the packed store before Gabrielle and Fleur were digging through their purchases. Fleur went straight for her Firewhiskey filled chocolates to ward off the dreadful cold, while Gabrielle grabbed the bonbons. Taking a bite, she squealed with laughter as she began floating up like a balloon. Smiling, Harry held her hand tightly and spun her around in a circle before the magic wore off, and she drifted back down.

After visiting a few more shops, refilling their stationary supplies, and visiting the Shrieking Shack, they all headed to the Three Broomsticks. As they sat down, Fleur hugged Harry's arm to her chest with a shiver. Smiling, he turned and kissed her temple.

The small pub was bursting at the seams as if it always was during a Hogsmeade visit. Rosmerta stopped by briefly to take their order for spiced wine and Butterbeer before rushing off to another table.

Suddenly, Gabrielle started floating out of her seat. Harry reached out to pull her back down while Apolline sighed and scolded her lightly. Fleur giggled and leaned into Harry.

"Maman thought she took all zhe bonbons from 'er," she said.

"I guess she smuggled one," Harry smiled as Gabrielle drifted back into her seat.

"So, will you two be visiting us zhis Summer?" Apolline asked.

"Hopefully," Harry said. "I might have to stay with my relatives for a bit first."

"I wish you didn't 'ave to go back zhere," Fleur said. "Zhey sound 'orrible."

Harry just shrugged. He really couldn't argue with her.

"You're welcome to stay anytime you like," Apolline said with a smile and turned to look at Hermione. "Both of you."

"You know, I've been thinking about buying my own house," Harry admitted.

Fleur sat up and looked at him in surprise.

"Really?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah," Harry shrugged. "I have more than enough gold, and I can't stand staying with the Dursleys. I know Dumbledore wants me to keep staying there, but it gets worse every Summer. I just want a place of my own, you know."

"I can 'elp you zhis Summer, if you'd like," Apolline offered. "What kind of 'ouse are you looking for?"

"I'm not sure," Harry said. "I don't know if I should get a small place first or get a big house we can all live in after we graduate."

"I don't know 'ow much money you 'ave, but I zhink you should get a small place until you 'ave a job and know what you can afford," she told him. "You can always sell it and get a bigger 'ome later."

"Yeah, that makes sense," Harry nodded, taking a sip of his Butterbeer.

"We'll look zhis Summer," Fleur said, smiling brightly and kissing his cheek.

"I can ask my mum to help, too," Hermione said. "My aunt works in real estate."

“Thanks,” Harry smiled.

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By the time they finally left the Hogsmeade, Gabrielle had completely exhausted herself. She had trouble keeping her eyes open, and Harry ended up carrying her piggyback up to the carriages. When they got back to the castle, Harry carried her into the Beauxbatons' carriage and put her in her room.

As he pulled the covers over her, he spotted a picture of himself from an article on the second task framed next to the bed. Smiling, he promised himself to get Colin to take a picture of the two of them together before she left.

Walking back to Fleur's room, he closed the door behind him and then froze. Apolline stood in front of him in nothing but a set of lacy white lingerie. Her long, toned legs were covered in stockings attached to a garter belt. The panties she wore were just barely big enough to cover her mound while her large breasts bulged over the top of her tight bra. On her neck was a choker identical to the one's Fleur and Hermione wore.

“Wow,” Harry said, swallowing thickly as his trousers tightened.

“Maman wanted to try one of ze chokers, so 'Ermione and I made on for 'er,” Fleur grinned.

“And you're both okay with this?” Harry asked, recognizing the significance of them giving Apolline a choker of her own rather than just letting her borrow one. Fleur and Hermione nodded as they took seats on the couch.

Walking up to Apolline, Harry traced his finger along the choker and watched her face closely. Her eyes held a touch of nervousness, but they sparkled with the same excitement Fleur's usually did. Slipping his finger under the choker, he pulled her forward for a kiss.

“You know this means I can make you do anything I want?” Harry asked.

“I know,” Apolline whispered.

Nodding, Harry trailed his finger down to her chest, following the line of cleavage created by her bra. Letting his hand drop, he stepped back to the bed and sat down, his legs spread.

“Crawl over to me,” he told her.

Apolline let out a shuddering breath as she dropped to her hands and knees. Her wide hips and heart shaped bum swayed alluringly behind her as she crawled between his legs. Combing his fingers through her hair, Harry tucked it behind her ear and caressed her cheek. Her eyes drifted shut for a moment as she leaned into his touch.

“Take off my pants,” Harry said.

Apolline shuffled forward and eagerly unbuckled his belt, her eyes locked on the bulge along his pant leg. Harry lifted his hips so she could pull his pants down and off of his legs. Licking her lips, she reached for his boxers and pulled them down. His throbbing erection jumped free, nearly hitting her in the chin. Cradling him in her hand, Apolline looked up at him as she kissed his shaft and nuzzled her smooth cheek against his length.

Harry gathered her long blonde hair into a ponytail and tugged lightly so that her head was tilted up at the ceiling. Grabbing himself by the base, he slapped his length against her and rubbed it all over. Apolline moaned, kissing his shaft any time it came within reach of her lips.

Smiling, Harry pulled her head back and placed his tip at her lips. She opened her mouth obligingly, and he pulled her forward, sinking the majority of his length into her moist, hot cavern. Using her hair as a handle, he moved her head up and down while Apolline sucked and caressed him with her tongue.



With a groan, Harry tightened his grip on her hair and pushed her down until her nose touched his pelvis. Apolline gagged lightly and stared up at him as saliva began to leak from her lips. Her eyes started to water slightly when he rocked his hips, moving back and forth in her tight throat. After holding her there for several long seconds, Harry slowly pulled her back to the tip, where she could suck in a deep breath.

“You’re just as good at sucking cock as your daughter,” Harry said.

Apolline’s looked up at him, her eyes glittering with arousal as she kissed his swollen head. Smiling, Harry caressed her cheek softly before pushing her back down his length. Holding her head in place, he thrust with his hips, feeding his rigid shaft into the back of her throat over and over again. Apolline kept eye contact with him, long, thick lines of spit dripping down her chin.

Gradually, Harry sped up until he was fucking her throat rather roughly. Despite that, she took it almost effortlessly. If not for the need to breathe, he might not have stopped until he reached his peak.

Yanking her head back, Harry let her catch her breath before leaning damn and kissing her hungrily. Letting his hand slide down her chest, he slipped his hand inside her bra and squeezed her breast roughly. Moaning into his mouth, Apolline reached behind her back and took off her bra. Pulling back, he gave her nipple a light pinch before pulling her mouth back to his length. As she started bobbing her head, Harry looked over at the couch.

Fleur and Hermione had stripped out of their clothes and were playing with themselves while they watched. Smirking, Fleur pulled her fingers away from her folds, sucked them into her mouth, and then moved them back down with a salacious moan. Smiling, Harry pushed Apolline all the way down, groaning when her throat spasmed around him. On the couch, Hermione panted, one hand on her breast and the other on her mound.

“Hermione,” Harry called, “Come here and make sure she’s ready for me.”

Flushing, Hermione moved from the couch and crawled behind Apolline. Grabbing the waistband of her white panties, she pulled them down her leg. It took a bit of shifting for them

to get them off completely, but when they did, Hermione took a deep breath and leaned forward. Apolline moaned long and low, sending vibrations up Harry's length. Groaning, he bucked his hips up roughly until she pulled back to take a breath.

While she caught her breath, Fleur climbed onto the bed behind Harry and pulled off his jumper. Wrapping her arms around him, she kissed his shoulder while her stiff nipples rubbed against his back. Turning his head, Harry kissed her passionately while pulling Apolline back down, sheathing himself deep in her throat.

Groaning, he pulled back and looked back down. He bucked his hips roughly several times before pulling her head back to his tip. Apolline sensed how close he was and stroked his slick shaft furiously.

"Fuck," Harry groaned.

Apolline sucked hard as he erupted in her mouth. She slowed her stroking, using her thumb to drain out every last drop from his pulsating shaft. When Harry finished, panting heavily, she pulled back and opened her mouth. A thick, white pool covered her tongue as she swirled it around in her mouth before closing her lips and swallowing.

"Are you going to fuck 'er now?" Fleur asked excitedly.

Harry barely softened before he hardened again, his erection standing proudly in Apolline's grip. Standing up, he helped her to her feet and gave her a brief kiss before bending her over the bed.

"Come 'ere, 'Ermione," Fleur said.

When Hermione climbed onto the bed, Fleur grinned and cupped her cheeks before pulling her in for a tongue filled kiss. Harry throbbed, knowing where Herione's mouth had been just a moment ago. Apolline moaned under him as he rested his swollen head at her entrance and caressed her thick, round bum.

“What do you want, Apolline?” Harry asked, teasing her folds.

“Make me your ‘ore, just like my daughter,” Apolline panted.

Harry raised an eyebrow, not expecting that kind of answer. Fleur pulled back from Hermione and giggled. Rolling the brunette on her side, she pulled her back against her chest. With her head propped up on one hand, the other trailed down Hermione’s body, caressing her breasts, tickling her stomach, and teasing her folds.

Smiling, Harry drove himself into Apolline’s sweltering depths. Her back arched, and her hands fisted the sheets as she moaned, her hips bucking back into him. Pausing when he was buried to the hilt, Harry closed his eyes and savored her feeling. Running his hand up her naked back, his fingers toyed with the clasp of her choker.

“From now on, any time you wear this, you’re mine,” Harry said. “When it’s off, you go back to being my girlfriend’s mum. Got it?”

“Yes,” Apolline hissed, rolling her hips. ““Arry, please.”

Gripping her hips, he held her in place and grinned when she whined needily.

“Have you ever had to beg for sex before?” Harry asked.

“No,” Apolline whined, flexing her muscles around him.

“Then beg me,” Harry said, biting back a groan.

Apolline turned her head and looked at him over her shoulder, eyes darkened in arousal.

“Arry, please fuck me. I need you,” Apolline purred.

Harry throbbed at her needy tone and slowly pulled his hips back. With just the head trapped between her clutching lips, he snapped his hips forward, plundering her depths. Apolline cried out, her folds spasming around him as she arched her back.

“I hope you put up a Silencing Charm,” Harry smirked.

Grabbing her shoulder, he surged back and forth with long, powerful thrusts. Apolline’s body was forced into the mattress each time his hip impacted her upturned ass with a clap. Her hands gripped the sheet in a white knuckled grip while her needy depths drew him in.

“Oh, God,” Hermione gasped.

Looking over, Harry throbbed when he saw Fleur driving her to a climax. Hermione’s eyes were riveted to the point where Harry’s length disappeared into Fleur’s mother. Fleur smirked, nibbling on Hermione’s ear as she frantically stimulated her clit.

Turning back to Apolline, Harry gathered her hair into a ponytail and tugged on it like a handle. As she moaned wantonly, he reached under her body and cupped one of her swaying breasts. Trapping her nipple between his fingers, he tweaked it lightly while plowing into her from behind.

Moments later, her body began to tremble, and her legs started to shake. A low whine started in the back of her throat, gaining volume until she cried out. Harry stilled as her depths clamped around him, making it difficult to move. A shower of arousal leaked out of her folds, drenching the base of his length and the bed under her as she collapsed onto the mattress. Smiling, Harry stroked her back as she rode out her intense climax.

When she calmed, he pulled out of her and rolled her over onto her stomach. Looking at Hermione, he motioned for her to come over. As soon as she reached him, he pulled her into

his arms and gave her a loving kiss. Turning her to face Apolline, he bent her over her, so they were face to face.

Hermione blushed while Apolline gave her a tired smile. Groping her bum, Harry lined himself up and sank into her. Hermione gasped as she was filled, her incredibly tight depths stretching around his grith.

Where he had been a bit more gentle with Apolline since he still wasn't entirely sure what she liked and didn't like, he had no such hesitations with Hermione. With one hand on her hip and the other on her shoulder, he hammered her hips back and forth, plowing into her furiously. Hermione's smaller body jerked back and forth above Apolline, her perky breasts jiggling wildly.

Wearing a sexy grin, Apolline teased the brunette's nipples with one hand while the other slipped down to tease her clit.

"Maybe we should try and get 'Ermioe's mozzer to join us zhis Summer," Fleur offered.

"Fleur!" Hermione gasped in outrage even as she fluttered around Harry's length.

"Zhey are divorced, non?" Fleur asked, sliding over to caress her back.

"Yes, but....," Hermione trailed off with a moan as Apolline kissed and sucked at her neck.

"Wouldn't you like to see our 'Arry ruin 'er?" Fleur asked.

Harry throbbed at the thought as he approached his climax. Emma Granger was a beautiful woman he certainly wouldn't mind sleeping with, but he doubted she'd be as open to the idea as Apolline.

“Just imagine ‘im bending ‘er over and having ‘is was wiz ‘er,” Fleur grinned. “‘E could make you clean him up when ‘e is done wiz ‘er.”

“Fuck!” Hermione shouted.

She tipped over the edge into a surprising climax, her tightened muscles dragging Harry along with her. Burying himself as deep as possible, he unloaded himself in her depths. Apolline cupped Hermione’s cheeks and pulled her in for a steamy kiss as Harry leaned against her back and savored his orgasm.

When he finished, he pulled out of her and laid down on his back between the girls. Hermione and Apolline continued snogging, rubbing their bodies against each other. Fleur crawled up to his side and reached out to stroke his wilted length.

“Do you still ‘ave enough energy for me?” she asked.

“Always,” Harry smiled.

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After spending a couple more hours in the Beauxbatons carriage and taking a very enjoyable shower with all three women, Harry and Hermione headed back to Gryffindor tower. Finding a spot near the fire, they sat next to Lavender while Parvati sat on Ron’s lap in a chair.

“Where have you two been?” Ron asked. “You left before we did.”

“The Beauxbatons carriage,” Hermione said.

“We wanted to get to know Apolline better,” Harry smiled.

“Meeting the girlfriend’s parents,” Ron nodded. “I don’t envy you, mate.”

“Nah, Apolline’s great,” Harry grinned.

If only you knew, he thought.

Next to him, Hermione coughed into her hand and shook as she fought back a laugh. Over the next couple of hours, the Common Room slowly emptied as people went to bed. Eventually, it was just Harry, Hermione, Lavender, and a couple of older students studying late.

“Hey, Hermione,” Lavender whispered.

Hermione looked up from her book questioningly.

“I know you said what we did couldn’t be a regular thing, but I was wondering if I could practice a bit more,” Lavender said, glancing at Harry with a blush. “I just want to be good when I get a boyfriend of my own.”

“We’ll have to talk to Fleur about it,” Hermione whispered.

“Okay,” Lavender smiled. “Thanks, Hermione.”

Smiling back, Hermione turned back to her book, but Harry could see a flush rising up her neck.

“We should get to bed,” Hermione said. “Goodnight, Harry.”

“Night,” Harry said.

Standing up, he gave Hermione a kiss. Turning to Lavender, he opened his arms to offer her a hug. Smiling, she stepped forward and wrapped her arms around him. With their back to the room, he brazenly reached down and squeezed her bum in both hands. Lavender gasped quietly but made no move to stop him or pull back.

“I hope Fleur says yes,” he whispered. “I can’t wait to see your beautiful tits again.”

Lavender whimpered lightly as Harry pulled back, his hands trailing up her side and cupping her breasts. She bit her lip as he gave them a quick squeeze before letting go and stepping back. Flushed, Hermione looked around nervously and then gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. Grabbing Lavender’s hand, she pulled her quickly over to the stairs. As she climbed up, Lavender looked back and gave him a wink.

Smiling to himself, Harry grabbed his books and headed for bed.