

## Chapter 8

Harry woke feeling quite groggy. The party in the Great Hall hadn't lasted too long, with Maxime and Karkaroff ushering their students away after only a few hours. The party in the Common, however, had lasted well into the early morning hours. He wished he'd been able to spend more time with Fleur, but thankfully, it was a Hogsmeade weekend.

Climbing out of bed, Harry sighed as he heard the loud snores coming from behind Ron's curtains. His redheaded friend, if he could still call him that, still hadn't spoken to him. He'd looked like he wanted to but never quite worked up the courage. To be honest, Harry wasn't sure how he would react. Ron hadn't exactly been a good friend to him or Hermione the year before, and his attitude hadn't improved over the Summer.

*I'll deal with it when he pulls his head out of his ass,* Harry thought, lacing up his shoes.

Leaving the dorm, he walked down to the common room.

Several people he'd hardly spoken to in the three years he'd been at Hogwarts greeted him as he walked towards the portrait. It was odd, he reflected, waving back with a small smile. Now that he was in first place, even if only by a single point, most of the Gryffindors who hadn't been sure about him were now glad to have him as their champion.

On the one hand, the recognition felt nice, but on the other, did it really mean anything if they only supported him because he was winning? Would they change their opinion of him if he didn't do as well next time?

"Morning, Harry."

Shaken from his thoughts, he looked up and smiled as Hermione followed him out of the Portrait Hole.

“Morning,” he said, looking over her casual outfit of a tight pair of jeans and blue jumpers. “You look nice.”

“You think so?” she asked shyly, running a hand through her hair.

“Of course,” he smiled. “I’m sure Nadine will think so too.”

Hermione blushed and slapped his arm lightly.

“Prat,” she said.

“Oh, come on,” Harry grinned, slinging an arm around her shoulders. “You like her, don’t you?”

“Well, yes, but...,” trailing off, she looked around to make sure they were alone before dropping her voice. “I’m just really sure if I want to date a girl.”

“Ah,” Harry said, rubbing her arm sympathetically.

“Do you have any advice?” Hermione asked hopefully.

“Not really,” he told her. “I mean, you could talk to Nadine. Tell her you’re not sure and want to take things slow.”

“But what if she doesn’t like me like that?” Hermione asked nervously, biting her lip.

“She does,” Harry assured her with a smile. “She admitted it to Fleur.”

“Oh,” she said, worrying her bottom lip.

“Are you worried about what other people will think?” Harry asked.

“A bit,” she admitted with a sigh. “You know how backwards the wizarding world can be sometimes. I’m already a Muggleborn.”

“Do you really care about what someone like Malfoy or Parkinson thinks about you?” he asked. “Forget about them and just do what makes you happy.”

“You’re right,” Hermione smiled, pulling him to a stop and into a hug. “Thank you.”

“Anytime, Hermione,” Harry said, pulling back and continuing their walk with a smile. “Are you still coming to Hogsmeade with us?”

“Yeah, why?” she asked curiously.

“Why don’t you just pretend you’re on a date with Nadine and see how you feel?” Harry asked.

“You know, that’s not a bad idea,” she admitted before looking at him with a smirk. “When did you get so smart.”

“I think you and Fleur are starting to rub off on me,” he grinned.

“She’s been really good for you, you know,” Hermione smiled. “You’re a lot more... I don’t know. Confident? I don’t really know how to describe it. But it’s a good thing.”

Harry smiled as they walked into the Great Hall.

Fleur stormed into the Great Hall with a frown on her face. Looking around, she spotted Harry talking and laughing with Hermione. As she approached, he looked up, his smile fading quickly.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, wrapping an arm around her waist.

Fleur leaned into him, inhaling his scent.

“Madame Maxime thinks you’re distracting me from the tournament,” Fleur huffed.

“What?” Hermione asked as Nadine and Aurora sat on either side of her.

“She was out of line,” Aurora said. “She told Fleur to stop seeing Harry. They got into a shouting match last night.”

Fleur felt Harry tense and sat up, cupping his cheeks.

“I’m not leaving you,” she said firmly, staring into his bright green eyes.

Leaning forward, she kissed him passionately. Harry relaxed against her, his lips and tongue moving perfectly in time with hers. Smiling, she took his hand, threading her fingers through his while leaning against his side. His lips pressed against the top of his head as she trailed her fingers along the inside of his forearm. Taking a deep breath, Fleur exhaled, letting all of the anger and tension leave her body.

“I can’t believe she would do that,” Hermione said.

“She’s starting to become obsessed with winning the tournament,” Nadine told her.

“Oh, this is so ridiculous!” Hermione exclaimed. “The purpose of this tournament is international magical cooperation!”

“I like *cooperating* wiz ‘Arry,” Fleur smirked.

“I think they call that shagging,” Aurora grinned.

“Who’s shagging?” Katie Bell asked as she and her two friends, Angelina and Alicia, sat down next to her.

“Ugh, I ‘ate zhat word,” Fleur said, wrinkling her nose. “‘Arry and I do not *shag*.”

“What would you call it then?” Aurora asked with a smirk.

“‘Ave sex, fuck, make love, tiner son coup, anyzhing ozzter zhan *zhat*,” Fleur said.

Hermione blushed brightly, bringing a smile to her face.

“Are you two actually...?” Katie asked.

“Oui,” Fleur smiled.

“Way to go, Harry,” Angelina grinned. “How the hell did you manage to snag someone like her?”

“Blackmail,” Harry replied without missing a beat.

The girls giggled while Fleur swatted his chest lightly.

"Honestly, though. What made you go after Harry?" Angelina asked.

Fleur smiled as she thought back to the moment that really stood out to her.

"E gave me 'is jacket," she said before realizing she'd need to explain. "When zhe Deaz Eaters attacked me and my seester, zhey banished my shirt. As soon as we got away, 'Arry gave me 'is jacket so I could cover up. Most men would not 'ave done zhat."

"You were completely topless?" Angelina asked, to which Fleur nodded. "Merlin, I don't think I would've done that."

Fleur smirked as Angleina's eyes raked over her body, and she licked her lips.

"That was really what did it for you?" Katie asked. "Not the fact that he rescued you and your sister?"

"Zhat 'elped," Fleur said, smiling at Harry, who ducked his head shyly. "I'm used to men trying to 'elp me, but zhey usually try to get me *out* of my clothes, not put zhem on."

"That's our Harry," Katie smiled.

Fleur curled her fingers under his chin, turning his head to look at her before she kissed him deeply. As she pulled back, she hugged his arm to her chest, trapping his bicep between her breasts. She wished it was warmer so she didn't have to wear such a thick sweater. It would be easier to tease him that way. But, judging by the way his cheeks flushed, it still worked.

"We should probably go to the village before these two start shagging," Aurora grinned.

Fleur grimaced at the sound of that word. She was certain Aurora was using it on purpose. Standing, she let go of Harry's hand just long enough for them to put on their cloaks and a

liberal amount of Warming Charms before retaking it. As they headed toward the front door, she smirked at the jealous looks directed at Harry. He quite literally had a crowd of some of the most desirable girls from Hogwarts and Beauxbatons following him around. Even with her cloak and charms, Fleur still felt chilled the instant she stepped out onto the grounds.

Quickly, they made their way to the carriages, where they split into two groups. Fleur, Harry, Hermione, and Nadine took one, while Aurora went with Angelina, Alicia, and Katie. Fleur curled up in Harry's lap, trying to absorb his body heat and enjoying the feel of his arms around her.

"Did either of you look at the scroll from the First Task yet?" Hermione asked.

Fleur shook her head. She'd been too angry after her argument with Madame Maxime.

"Yeah," Harry said, causing her to lift her head from his shoulder to look at him curiously. "It's only half of a scroll, and it's written in Runes I've never seen before. I expect we'll get the second half during the Second Task. I was actually thinking we could work together on this."

He looked at her hopefully, and Fleur didn't have the heart to disappoint him. They'd both just end up asking Hermione and Nadine for help anyways. There was no need to make them do the same work twice.

"Alright," she said.

Smiling, Harry kissed her softly.

"Do you have any idea what the Second Task is?" Nadine asked.

"Non," Fleur replied.

"Oh, before I forget, how did Fleur do for the First Task?" Harry asked.

“Well, both she and Krum triggered the first trap,” Hermione replied.

“What did it do?” Harry asked.

“It made the walls of the hallway close in,” Nadine said. “Fleur barely made it out. I thought for sure she was going to be crushed.”

Harry tightened his arms around her waist, and Fleur smiled, caressing his arm reassuringly.

“You both figured out the Rune to get into the next room, but Krum didn’t,” Hermione said. “He just blasted his way through. I don’t know how he didn’t crush himself when the ceiling collapsed.”

“You both did pretty much the same for the rest of the task,” Nadine continued. “Although, Harry figured out the sword was enchanted, and Fleur got hit by the stone Hippogriff while she was focused on the Mummy.”

“How did you stop it?” Harry asked.

“Zhe Glacius Charm,” Fleur said. “I used zhe water to freeze it in a block of ice.”

“Brilliant,” Harry smiled before kissing the side of her neck.

“Oh, and Fleur didn’t have to break the ward the way you did. She just dismantled it. You both made it out the same way, but Krum brushed up against some of the gold,” Hermione said. “It was enchanted to turn into Billywigs. That’s how he got stung.”

“If Fleur did so well, why did I get first place?” Harry asked.



Fleur smiled at his defense of her, but he really had outperformed her. Madame Maxime had made her watch the entire task in a Pensieve, criticizing her mistakes and pointing out weaknesses in the others.

“You were only a minute slower zhan me, you didn’t fall for as many traps, and you were zhe only one of us not to get ‘urt,” she told him with a smile. “You were zhe best, mon amour.”

Harry smiled shyly and ducked his head. It bothered her that he thought so little of his accomplishments, but that was alright. She would teach him to be proud of himself.

“Enjoy it, for now,” she smirked. “You will not win zhe next one.”

“We’ll see,” Harry smiled.

A few moments later, the carriage lurched to a stop. Harry hopped out first and held out his hand to help the girls out. They waited for the carriage carrying the others before taking off to explore the village.

Fleur found Hogsmeade to be small but quaint. Her favorite store, by far, was Honeydukes. She loved all of the odd, yet delicious concoctions Harry showed her.

“Here. Try one of these,” he said, picking up a truffle from the tray of free samples floating around the store.

Taking it with a smile, Fleur popped it into her mouth. She couldn’t stop the sensual moan that left her lips as the chocolate melted on her tongue. The Firewhiskey caramel core filled her with a delightful warmth, bringing heat to her nose, ears, and cheeks for the first time in over an hour.

“Mmh, zhat’s so good,” she murmured.

Grinning, Harry grabbed a box and put it into his basket.

They shopped around for a while longer, completely filling the basket before making their way to the register.

“Arry, why did you get two of zhose?” she asked, pointing to the two large sampler boxes.

“I got one for Gabrielle,” he said, handing over a handful of Galleons.

Smiling softly, Fleur kissed his cheek and wrapped her arm around his waist. She was definitely going to reward him for that later.

Meeting up with the others, they paid for their purchases before heading over to the Three Broomsticks for lunch. Rosmerta moved one of the tables over, butting it against the edge of one of the booths so they had room for everyone. As the matron took their orders, Fleur around the room.

A number of girls stared at her jealousy, their eyes darting between her and Harry. She had even caught their friends looking at him desirously as she told them about the chocolates he had bought for Gabrielle. Surprisingly, she felt none of the jealousy or worry she had with past boyfriends, only excitement that she had someone everyone else wanted. It made her want to show him off, demonstrating just how lucky she was.

It took her a few moments to understand why her feelings were so different when it came to Harry. Eventually, it hit her. It was because she trusted him completely. She had unwavering confidence in his feelings for her. If every girl in the room offered themselves to him, he had the strength to turn them away - for her. Even Hermione, although she would never try, couldn't sway him away from her.

If only they knew how good he was in bed, she didn't doubt some of them would actually try. The image of her riding him in the middle of the pub, dozens of witches gathered around,

begging for a chance with him, came unbidden to her mind. Unconsciously, she rubbed her thighs together before shaking her head to clear it.

“Can we go back to the castle after lunch?” Fleur asked, looking at Harry.

“Sure,” he said. “Too cold?”

“Non,” she smirked.

Placing her hand on his leg, she ran her hand up the inside of his thigh. His face flushed as he swelled against her palm.

“They’re always like that,” Aurora said.

Turning back to the table, Fleur saw Angelina, Alicia, and Katie looking at her with wide eyes and raised eyebrows. Smiling, she shrugged.

“I can’t get enough of ‘im,” she said.

Smirking, Angelina turned to Katie and bumped her shoulder.

“Guess you should’ve done more than kiss him, eh?” she asked.

“You kissed ‘Arry?” Fleur asked curiously as Harry shifted nervously beside her.

Under the table, she gave his bulge a reassuring squeeze.

“Thanks, Ange,” Katie said, rolling her eyes with a sigh. “It happened after we won the Quidditch cup last year. I was really excited, and it just sort of... happened.”

“Was it good?” Fleur asked, smirking as Katie flushed and Harry shifted again.

“It was alright,” Katie shrugged. “To be fair, I don’t really have anything to compare it to.”

“Zhat was your first kiss?” Fleur asked, then turned to Harry with a raised eyebrow. “And you didn’t make it memorable?”

“I didn’t know she was going to kiss me,” Harry replied defensively.

“I did surprise him,” Katie admitted.

“And then you ran away,” Alicia smirked.

“I was nervous,” Katie said with a blush.

Fleur frowned, but before she could respond, Harry pushed her hand out of the way. Turning, she watched as he blushed deeply and reached down to adjust himself. She’d thought his shifting had been caused by embarrassment from the conversation, but now she wondered if he’d simply been uncomfortable. Smirking, she rested her hand back on his thigh. His swollen length lay along his thigh, allowing her to feel its heat and shape against her palm.

“Having a little problem there, Harry?” Angelina asked, grinning wolfishly.

“Oh, it’s not leetle,” Fleur smirked.

“Fleur!” Hermione exclaimed as she and the others giggled.

Their talk was interrupted when Rosmerta delivered their foot. The matron's eyes followed her arm down to the edge of the table, right above Harry's lap, before their eyes met, and she gave Fleur a knowing smile.

"Enjoy your meal," she smiled.

"Merci," Fleur said.

Deciding they'd teased Harry enough, Fleur changed the subject, though her hand never left his throbbing length. As they discussed potential ideas for the Second Task and ate their lunch, she occasionally ran her long nails along his shaft, causing Harry to shiver next to her. The other girls at the table all gave him knowing looks, but none of them mentioned it or the fact that his cheeks were stained pink. Fleur caught all of them looking at him wistfully more than once, sending a thrill of excitement through her body that went right to her core.

"Are you ready to go back to zhe castle?" Fleur asked as Harry finished eating. "And don't zhink I forgot about our bet."

"Bet?" Aurora asked.

"Oui," Fleur smiled. "Whoever did zhe worst in zhe First Task 'as to do whatever zhe ozzer wants."

"Really?" Angelina smirked. "And what do you plan on doing with poor, innocent Fleur, Harry?"

Aurora snorted and muttered, "Innocent, my derriere."

Harry shrugged and turned to Fleur.

“I don’t suppose I could ask you to transfer to Hogwarts next year,” he said with a smile.

Fleur froze and stared at him, her stomach fluttering and her heart swelling. He was trying to play it off as a joke, but she could see the hope in his bright green eyes. Out of everything he could’ve asked for, of all the dirty, naughty things she would do for him, he just wanted her to stay.

Her throat tightened up from the emotions running through her as she twisted around in the booth and straddled his lap. Cupping his cheeks, Fleur kissed him hungrily, trying desperately to show him how she felt.

Morgana, she loved this man!

Both of them were breathless by the time they separated. Resting her forehead against his, Fleur ground herself against him.

“We need to go back to zhe castle. Now,” she panted.

Climbing off his lap, she blinked at the glassy looks on the other girls’ faces. Looking around the room, she noticed everyone was staring at them. It took a moment to realize she’d lost control of her Allure. Reigning it in, she took Harry’s hand and stood.

“You are coming, oui?” she asked, looking at the others.

“Us?” Katie asked, surprised.

“Fleur likes an audience,” Auror whispered with a smirk.

Without waiting for a reply, Fleur dragged Harry out of the pub and towards the carriages. Even the cold of a Scottish winter couldn’t dampen the fire burning inside her. Reaching the end of

the village, Fleur was glad to see the other girls catch up to them as they waited for the carriages to arrive. When it did, she grabbed Katie's hand and pulled her and Harry inside.

"Aurora, can you, 'Ermione, and Nadine take zhe next one?" she asked.

"Sure," Aurora shrugged.

"But there's only four seats," Alicia said.

"I don't need one," Fleur smirked, sitting on Harry's lap.

Alicia and Angelina shared a glance before shrugging and climbing inside. As soon as the door was closed, Fleur twisted to look at Harry.

"I zhink you should give Katie a real first kiss," she told him.

"What?" Harry asked, blinking.

Fleur smiled, "She deserves a better zhan a quick peck on zhe lips. Kiss 'er like you would kiss me."

"You really want me to kiss Harry?" Katie asked, looking nervous but undeniably excited.

"Are you sure about this?" Harry asked, looking at her intently.

"Do you remember when I told you you can look but don't touch, unless I say you can?" Fleur asked, to which he nodded. "You can touch, Katie."

Leaning forward, she kissed him softly before pulling back, her gaze locked with his.

“I want you to,” she whispered.

Harry stared at her for a long moment before swallowing with a nod.

“Er, Katie, do you want to-”

His question was cut off as Katie darted forward and pressed her lips to his. Harry froze for just a moment before he relaxed and kissed her back. Fleur’s heart raced, heat pooling in her core as she watched their lips and tongues dance sensually. When Harry pulled back a few seconds later, Katie kept her eyes shut, her cheeks flushed as she licked her lips.

“Better?” Fleur asked with a smirk.

Katie’s eyes fluttered open, and she looked at Fleur. Blushing heavily, she nodded.

“You want more?” Fleur asked, turning to Harry and kissing his lips.

As she pulled back, she tasted cheery on her tongue. Realizing it must have come from Katie, she shivered with excitement.

“I – If you don’t mind,” Katie stammered.

Harry watched her closely as she shook her head and smiled.

“Elp yourself,” she said.



He continued looking at her for a moment longer before turning to Katie. As their lips met, Fleur dropped to her knees between his legs and reached for his belt. In seconds, she had his hot, hard length in her grasp. Harry moaned into Katie's mouth as she stroked him gently, her thumb caressing his swollen tip.

"Bloody hell," Angelina said.

Hearing a gasp above her, Fleur looked up and smirked as Katie stared at his rigid length, her brown eyes wide and glittering lustfully. Holding the pretty brunette's gaze, she stuck out her tongue and licked his shaft. Harry hissed, his hand caressing her hair softly. Taking Katie's hand, Fleur brought it to his length. She gripped him tentatively, holding it as if it were made of glass while she stared in wonder.

"It's so hot," she murmured softly.

"Stroke 'im for me," Fleur whispered huskily.

Opening her lips, she enveloped Harry's head, swirling her tongue as he pulsed excitedly. He tilted his head back, groaning pleurably.

"Am I doing it right?" Katie asked nervously.

"You're doing great," Harry told her with a smile. "Just grip it a bit tighter."

Harry groaned a moment later, throbbing against Fleur's tongue. Katie's cheeks flushed with arousal, and she stroked the bottom of his shaft faster while she focused on the top.

"Kiss 'er," Fleur panted before diving back down and wrapping her lips around him.

Harry wrapped an arm around Katie's waist, pulling her flush against his side as their lips met.

“Merlin, that’s hot,” Alicia breathed.

Fleur bobbed her head languidly, working to bring him as much pleasure as possible. Each time she felt Katie’s hand bump into her chin, it sent a thrill down her spine, knowing another woman was touching him at the same time. Looking up at his face, she moaned at the sight of him kissing Katie passionately.

She just wished she could figure out why it made her so excited. It would’ve left her feeling furious if she’d seen any of her previous boyfriends kissing another girl. But she was far from angry. Right now, she couldn’t wait to feel him inside of her.

“We’re almost at the castle,” Alicia said.

Blinking, Fleur lifted her head, causing Harry to groan disappointedly. Looking out of the window, she saw that they were indeed nearing the main gate. Breaking her kiss with Harry, Katie nervously let go of his shaft.

“How am I supposed to hide this?” Harry asked, gesturing to his erection.

“I’m sorry, mon amour,” Fleur said as the other girls giggled. “I promise I will take care of you soon.”

Sighing, Harry bent his shaft down and struggled to fit it in his pants. With the zipper and button done up, there was a prominent bulge in the front of his slacks.

“It looks like you’re trying to smuggle a Beater’s Bat,” Angelina snickered.

“Don’t tease ‘im, or I will make you take care of it,” Fleur threatened playfully.

“Gladly,” Angelina grinned.

Fleur smirked as the carriage came to a stop. After helping the girls step out, Harry stuffed his hands in his pockets in an attempt to hide his erection. Rather than taking his hand, Fleur looped her arm through his and kissed him on the cheek as they waited for the others. Once they were all together, she led the way into the castle and up to the seventh floor. Thanks to the shortcuts Harry had shown her, it only took a couple of minutes to get to the seventh floor corridor.

“Why are we here?” Katie asked.

“Dobby, the House Elf, showed me a secret room here,” Harry said while Fleur paced back and forth.

The room must’ve picked up on her desperation because the only thing in the room when she opened the door was an enormous, round bed that looked large enough to hold a dozen people. Pulling Harry into the room, she left the others to close the door behind them as she pushed Harry down onto the mattress and straddled his waist. Bending down, she kissed him hard, grinding against his erection, which hadn’t flagged a bit. Moaning into his mouth, she rolled her hips, delighting in the friction against her damp mound but desperate for more.

Morgana, she hated the thick clothes she was forced to wear to keep warm. Maybe she could bring Harry to France for the Summer and show him the benefits of a warmer climate.

Sitting up, Fleur grabbed the hem of her jumper and pulled it over her head. As she reached for the bottom of his, she noticed the girls lounging on the bed around them, watching excitedly. Slowly, a smirk tugged at the corners of her lips.

“I ‘ave a rule,” she said, slipping her hands under Harry’s jumper and caressing his stomach. “If you want to see ‘Arry, zhen ‘e gets to see you.”

While Angelina, Alicia, and Katie looked at her curiously, Hermione, Aurora, and Nadine shared a look. With a grin, Aurora sat up and pulled her jumper over her head before reaching back and unclasping her bra. Giving Angelina a challenging look, she dropped it to the floor. The dark skinned witch grinned as she unzipped her jacket, revealing a tight, white t-shirt that she quickly got rid of.

“Ange!” Katie exclaimed.

“What?” she asked, unclasping her black bra and revealing her large breasts, capped with dark areolas and thick nipples. “There’s no way I’m missing this.”

Surprisingly, Hermione went next, quickly pulling off her jumper and tossing aside her bra. Nadine copied her seconds later, her eyes dipping to Hermione’s smaller but perky breasts. Alicia and Katie shared a look before Katie shrugged and pulled off her shirt. She blushed when she realized Harry’s eyes were on her, hesitating for just a moment before taking a deep breath and unclasping her bra. Like Hermione, her breasts were smaller, about the size of a handful, but nicely perky and capped with pale pink nipples. Katie’s areolas were wider than Hermione’s, though, and her nipples weren’t quite as long.

Biting her lips, Alicia hesitated as everyone stared at her expectantly.

“You don’t have to, Alicia,” Harry said.

Looking around, she sighed before reaching for the hem of her jumper. The other girls laughed and cheered.

“That’s it,” Angelina grinned. “If you got it, flaunt it.”

Alicia snorted, “I don’t have much.”

Removing her bra, she gestured to her small breasts. Fleur thought they looked just big enough to fit in her palm, with long, thick, dark nipples protruding from the middle of each. She imagined that even though Alicia was small enough not to need a bra most of the time, she still wore one so her nipples didn't show through her shirt.

"Harry seems to like 'em," Angelina smirked.

Harry blushed as everyone's attention turned to him, his head tilted back awkwardly so he could look at all of them. Smiling bashfully, he shrugged. Alicia smiled at the attention, looking genuinely pleased. Fleur giggled, stroking his cheek softly. When he looked at her, she smirked and reached for the hem of her jumper. It was a bit of a struggle to pull off all of her layers at once, and it gave her yet another reason to curse this terrible weather.

Tossing her jumper and shirts to the floor, she reached back for the clasp of her bra, keenly aware of all the eyes on her. With a practiced flick, she popped it open and let it fall down her arms.

"Merlin," Angelina gasped softly.

Looking up at her, Fleur ran her hands through her hair, intentionally displaying her breasts. Smirking at the eyes following the gentle bouncing of her chest, she slid back off of Harry and stood. Opening her jeans, she pushed them down and stepped out of them, followed by her crimson colored panties a moment later. She offered Harry a hand, pulling him into a sitting position when he took it.

"Now, it's time to let them see you, mon amour," Fleur said.

Kissing him, she pulled his jumper over his head before smiling and pushing him onto his back. Angelina wolf-whistled at his muscled torso, causing the other girls to giggle, while Fleur unbuttoned and unzipped his pants.

As soon as she tugged them down, his erection bounced up, his swollen head pointed right at her. Fleur thought it looked like it was staring at her, eager for attention. Giggling, she wrapped her hand around his length and stroked him lightly.

“You are always so ‘ard for me, cherie,” she said, climbing back onto the bed.

A part of Fleur wanted to tease him more, but a much larger part needed him in her now. Harry cupped her breasts as she crawled over him, kissing her passionately. Moaning into his mouth while her tongue snaked against his, twisting and twirling between their lips, she reached down and lined him up with her dripping entrance. Both of them threw their heads back and moaned as he entered her. Fleur’s fold engulfed him snugly as she speared herself onto his cock, her depths stretched around his thick, pulsating length.

She swore she could feel his length twitching in time with his heartbeat. With a hooded gaze, Fleur scraped her nails across his chest and rolled her hips sensually. Harry groaned and Fleur purred at the delicious friction. It was like an itch deep inside of her was being scratched.

Leaning over him, she braced her hands on either side of his head. Staring into his burning, passionate gaze, she lifted her hips before throwing herself back onto him. Harry groaned, flexing his hips up to try and get even deeper.

“Fleur, you’re one lucky bitch,” Angelina said.

Fleur shivered, knowing they could see Harry’s length plunging repeatedly into her core.

“Oui,” she smiled, moaning as he rolled her swollen, throbbing nipple. “I know.”

Leaning down, she kissed him hard before sitting up and bracing her hands on his chest. Fleur rode him harder, spearing him into her depths with abandon. A muffled moan from the side drew her attention, and her core throbbed with need at what she saw. Nadine had both behind Hermione, both of them losing their pants somewhere along the way. They were kissing passionately, one of Nadine’s hands cupping Hermione’s breast while the other was between

her legs. Two fingers teased her entrance before sliding in effortlessly, drawing a wanton moan from the brunette's lips.

Harry throbbed inside of her at the sight, and Fleur couldn't stop herself from imagining Nadine's fingers being replaced with his cock. A gasp left her lips and a shiver rolled down her spine as she pictured his thick length prying open Hermione's taut petals, ruining her for anyone else.

"Arry," Fleur gasped.

His hands grabbed her hips, pulling her down harshly onto his shaft. Looking around through a hooded gaze, she realized Hermione and Nadine weren't the only ones to strip. Everyone but Alicia was completely naked, hands buried between their legs. Even then, Alicia had still taken off her jeans, her hand moving vigorously under her purple, satin panties.

Belatedly, Fleur realized she'd lost control of her Allure, but she didn't care. She was on the verge of a powerful climax, and she was desperate to tip over the edge. Looking back down at Harry, she gasped at his intense stare. Her walls convulsed around his length as she desperately bounced and rolled her hips, panting for breath.

Fleur started babbling nonsensically in French as her climax continued to build. Her face scrunched up in unendurable pleasure, pleading and begging Harry – for what, she didn't even know – despite knowing he couldn't understand her.

He gripped her hips firmly, meeting her desperate bounces with perfectly timed thrusts. Her mouth hung open, breath caught in her throat as the sound of his thighs colliding sharply with her ass filled the room.

Fleur teetered on the edge for a long, torturous moment before she exploded in climax. The breath was torn from her lungs, her head swimming. For a few seconds, she was sure she was going to pass out. Then, she managed to suck in a frantic breath, filling her lungs until they ached, only to scream out louder than she ever had in her life. A flood of arousal gushed out of her, drenching Harry's thrusting length and the bed beneath.

Shuddering uncontrollably, Fleur collapsed onto Harry's chest, short, whining moans leaving her mouth as her climax ravaged her senses. She clutched at him desperately, the feel of his body anchoring her to reality. Closing her eyes, she panted to catch her breath as her peak finally waned.

"I thought women only came like that in porn," Katie whispered, her tone carrying more than a hint of awe.

"I didn't even think it was possible," Angelina snorted.

Giggling, Fleur nuzzled into the crook of Harry's neck, kissing his sweaty skin. As she shifted to get a bit more comfortable, her eyes widened. He was still hard. For a moment she felt incredulous that he hadn't finished, but she could feel it inside of her. Confused, she sat up and looked at him questioningly.

"You are still 'ard?" she whispered, though loud enough for the others to hear.

Blushing, he shrugged helplessly.

"I think you lost track of time," Aurora giggled. "You've been laying there, humping him for at least five minutes."

"Vraiment?" Fleur asked in surprise.

"Wow, Harry actually fucked her brains out," Alicia snickered.

"I'm sure Katie wouldn't mind taking care of him if you need a break," Angelina smirked.

"Ange!" Katie hissed, jabbing her dark-skinned friend in the side.



The thought of Harry taking the petite brunette's virginity, stretching her open, and planting himself inside-

Fleur shook her head as her depths fluttered excitedly. She liked that idea. She liked it a lot. But there was a big difference between that and the kissing they'd done earlier. Fleur wanted more time to think about and explore her feelings before doing something like that.

"Maybe next time," she said, smirking at Katie's blush before she laid back down on top of Harry. "Roll us over, mon amour. My legs are weak."

Harry did as she asked but then tried to pull away from her. Fleur stopped him by wrapping her arms and legs around him.

"Non," she said, moaning as his rigid length sank back into her depths. "Fuck me."

Burying his face in the crook of her neck with a groan, Harry started rocking his hips back and forth. Fleur hummed contentedly as she dug her heels into his bum, her hands caressing his muscular back.

"Oui," she breathed, tilting her head back so he could kiss and suck at the side of her neck.

Closing her eyes, Fleur luxuriated at the feeling of his weight pinning her to the bed, his hot breath on her neck, and his cock rutting into her.

"I love you," Harry whispered, sucking at the skin of her neck.

"Mmh, I love you, too," Fleur replied softly.

Raking her nails down his back, she trembled pleurably and sucked at his pulse point. If Harry was going to leave marks on her for everyone to see, she was going to do the same.

Opening her eyes, her depths clenched excitedly as she watched the girls play with themselves, watching them in a combination of excitement and desire.

“Would you fuck ‘im, if I let you?” she asked, panting, her question not directed at anyone in particular.

“Merlin, yes.” “In a heartbeat.” “Yes,” were the replies she received from Angelina, Alicia, and Katie.

Turning her gaze to Aurora, she could see the answer in her lust-filled stare, but Nadine and Hermione had both remained silent.

“Would you?” Fleur pressed.

“We would,” Nadine said, her fingers slipping back inside Hermione.

“Say it,” Fleur said demandingly as she stared heatedly at Hermione.

“Yes,” she croaked, her voice hitching as she gasped at the end.

Fleur shuddered as Harry groaned, his thrusts becoming hard and more desperate. Panting, she dug her heels into his ass, urging him on.

“Would you let ‘im use you?” Fleur asked, her eyes glazing over. “Would you let ‘im take you when and where ‘e wanted?”

“Oh, Merlin,” Katie shuddered, reaching her climax.

“So, what, you want us to be his cum dumps?” Angelina asked, fingering herself furiously, her thighs glistening from her arousal. “You want us to drop to our knees or bend over and take it whenever he feels like it?”

“Oui!” Fleur gasped, biting her lip and arching her back.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Angelina panted.

“Fleur,” Harry growled in warning.

Grabbing his shoulders, she shoved him back. Startled, Harry pulled back looking at her worriedly. Fleur pushed him onto his back and plunged her mouth down on his throbbing length. Staring up at his shocked face, she sucked voraciously, her tongue lashing his swollen head.

“Holy shit,” Harry panted. “Fleur!”

He erupted like a geyser. Hot, salty jets of thick cum splattered against the roof of her mouth, forcing her to seal her lips around him tightly or risk losing her prize. Moaning, Fleur continued bobbing her head, drawing out every last drop as he filled her mouth. When she was sure he was done, she pulled off of him slowly, careful to keep her lips sealed tight.

Smirking, she rolled over onto her hands and knees before crawling sensually over to Angelina. The dark-skinned witch sat up, licking her lips excitedly as they came face to face. Fleur opened her mouth wide, showing her, and everyone else, the pool of white drowning her tongue. A large drop fell from her lips, landing on her breast before she could close her mouth.

Resting her hand on Angelina’s wide hips, Fleur shifted closer until their bodies were almost touching. Then, she slowly ran her hands up her body, cupping her large breasts before

continuing up to cup her cheek. Angelina panted excitedly the entire time, her dark brown eyes never leaving Fleur's baby blues. Slowly leaning forward, she pressed their lips together, her tongue sticking out to slip between Angelina's pouty lips. She responded eagerly, meeting her in an open-mouthed kiss. Their tongues swirled around each other as Harry's cum poured into her mouth, some dripping past their lips to land between their breasts.

Fleur kissed her for a few more seconds before pulling back, smirking when Angelina closed her mouth to swallow.

"Good, non?" she asked sultrily.

"The kiss or the cum?" Angelina asked with a smirk, licking her lips.

"Zhe cum," Fleur smiled.

"Delicious," Angelina replied.

"And zhe kiss?" Fleur asked curiously.

"Even better," Angelina said, licking her lips. "That tingling... I can't imagine how good that would feel in other places."

Licking her lips, she stared at Fleur with a smoldering gaze.

"Maybe you will get to find out," Fleur smirked.

Giving her a lingering kiss, she turned and crawled back to Harry. As she passed Hermione and Nadine, she paused and sat on her knees. Scooping up some of the cum on her breasts with her index finger, she held it up to Hermine's lips. Licking her lips, she nervously looked back at Nadine. Smiling, the redhead nodded.

Turning back, Hermione glanced over at Harry, who was watching excitedly, before opening her lips. Sucking Fleur's finger clean, she swirled it in her mouth with a thoughtful look on her face.

"it's not nearly as bad as I thought it would be," she said, causing the others to giggle. "God, I can't believe I'm doing this."

"Do you regret it?" Fleur asked.

Biting her lip, she over at Harry, then back at Nadine before shaking her head.

"No," she said. "No, I don't."

Smiling brightly, Nadine hugged her from behind and kissed her on the cheek. Blushing and smiling shyly, Hermione turned her head and pecked her on the lips. Fleur quirked her lips, happy for her two friends as she crawled back over to Harry. Kissing him lovingly, she curled up on his chest, closing her eyes contentedly.

"Old me," she murmured.

Feeling his arms wrap around her, Fleur drifted off to sleep to the sound of murmuring voices and Harry softly caressing her body.

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"We will talk about zhis later, oui?" Fleur asked, walking hand in hand with Harry as they made their way down to dinner.

"Alright," Harry nodded.

"I didn't do anything that upset you, did I?" she asked nervously.

"What? No," Harry said. "Of course not."

"Bon," Fleur said, sighing in relief and flashing a smile. "Still, I should 'ave talked to you about this first. I just... got excited."

Blushing from her admission, she looked down and bit her lip. Harry smiled softly, finding her uncharacteristic shyness adorable.

"It's fine, Fleur. Really," Harry said. "You're right, though. We should talk about this. I don't want to do anything to hurt you either."

Smiling brightly, Fleur kissed him hard.

"Come on, you two. I'm hungry," Angelina called.

As they pulled apart, Harry's stomach chose that moment to let everyone know it agreed. Giggling, Fleur tugged him along. A couple of minutes later, they stepped into the Great Hall. Picking up a roll, he munched on it, ignoring the jealous stares of his housemates. Inwardly he smirked.

*They'd really be jealous if they knew what I was doing an hour ago,* he thought.

Fleur seemed to have a similar thought as she pressed in tight to his side with a smirk.

"Good evening," Dumbledore called, smiling from the podium. "I'm sure you've all worked up quite the appetite, but I have a brief announcement to make. This Winter, we will be holding the Yule Ball as part of the Triwizard Tournament."

“That’s what those dress robes are for,” Katie said as the girls in the hall whispered excitedly.

“for those of you that need dance lessons, Professor McGonagall will be offering classes on Wednesday and Friday nights in the Transfigurations classroom for the next three weeks,” Dumbledore continued. “As a final note, the only students that require a date are the three Champions. It is a tradition for them to perform the opening dance. With that, tuck in.”

As the food appeared on the table, excited chatter broke out around the hall. Seeing several guys looking at Fleur speculatively, Harry decided to nip that in the bud.

“Fleur, would you like to go to the Ball with me?” he asked nervously.

His girlfriend’s brilliant smile quelled his irrational fears.

“I’d love to,” she said, kissing his cheek.

“You know boys are still going to ask you, right?” Angelina asked.

Fleur sighed, “I know.”

Suddenly, Harry realized what he’d done and shifted nervously in his seat.

“What’s wrong, Harry?” Hermione asked.

“Er, well... I don’t actually know how to dance,” he admitted.

His nerves weren’t helped when the girls giggled.

“Don’t worry, mon amour,” Fleur said, patting his arm. “We will teach you.”

Sharing a look, the girls smirked. Harry swallowed thickly at the looks in their eyes.

*What have I gotten myself into now*, he wondered.