

Teaching Her a Lesson

“C’mon, honey. Just let me give it a squeeze,” said Gabrielle Delacour’s current boyfriend. His hand slid up her belly and cupped her shirt-covered breast. Slapping his hand away, she glared at him.

“I said no. If a boy wants to touch me in such a way, then he must earn it,” she told him in her native language. “You have not earned it.”

The boy huffed but nodded nonetheless. Gabrielle smirked as he sat back in his seat. They were in his car, parked outside of a cinema where they had just finished watching the latest Hollywood blockbuster film. The boy that she was with was just the latest of the boys that she had dated. None of them kept her attention for very long, and none of them got past first base. She just wasn’t interested in giving herself to some random nobody. If they wanted her body, then they would have to do a whole lot more than buy her dinner.

At eighteen years old, she was an absolute knockout. Like her mother and sister, she had matured wonderfully into a lithe little sex kitten that every boy wanted. Unfortunately for them, none was good enough for her. At five and a half feet tall, she was thin but still curvy enough to draw the eyes, particularly in the hips. Her breasts were medium-sized and incredibly perky. Her legs were long and just as perfect as the rest of her body. In her opinion, her ass was her best feature. She had an ass that made any jeans look fantastic. She still remembered the jealousy she faced in Beauxbatons. The thought made her smile. ‘Those bitches couldn’t hold a candle to me,’ she thought as she flipped down the blinder and used the mirror to check her makeup.

The truth was that her beauty had gone a bit to her head. She liked to think that she was better than everyone else, and most of the time she was, at least according to her. Both her mother and sister had talked to her about it, but she paid it no mind. Both of them had gone through the same phase but had changed over the years. The only problem with that was that they had already grown out of it by the time that they were her age. Gabrielle didn’t show any indication that she would change her way of thinking any time soon.

“I’m bored. Take me home,” she ordered her latest boy. She would do the right thing and dump him in a few days, she thought to herself. No need to lead him on. Hearing him grumble, she sat there while he started the car and began to drive her home. They sat in silence until he finally pulled into her driveway and stopped the car. She watched as he leaned in for a kiss. Patting his head like a dog, she said, “Thanks for the lobster and movie! Goodnight!” Opening the door, she hopped out and slammed it shut. She scampered back to her front door leaving an annoyed and horny boy behind.

Once inside, she saw that her sister Fleur was waiting up. “How was your date?” she asked.

“Same as always. I’m dumping him tomorrow. He was too boring for me,” she replied, handing Fleur a box of candy that she had bought at the movies, or rather a box of candy that she had

the nameless boy buy her at the movies. Fleur rolled her eyes but thanked her nonetheless. While Gabrielle was conceited, Fleur still loved her. After Gabrielle retired to her room for the night, Fleur thought about how she could help her sister straighten up her act. She decided that she needed to follow in her footsteps. Fleur needed to call in Harry Potter.

When Fleur had first met Harry at Hogwarts in her seventh year, she was still a bit snooty. Like Gabrielle, she thought that the sun didn't rise until she woke up. She turned down boy after boy, sometimes cruelly. That was when Harry had stepped in. At first, she scoffed at his advances. After all, he was only a fourth year at the time. What could a young boy offer a woman like her? As it turned out, a lot. She didn't know exactly how he had done it, but that very night she was in his bed spreading her legs as he took her virginity for his very own. Even to this day, she couldn't recall exactly what he had said to win her over. In the end, it didn't much matter. She never regretted her decision. To this day he remained a wonderful friend and occasional fuck buddy.

There was also the fact that Gabrielle somewhat knew him. He had met her little sister when she came to visit during the second task of that cursed tournament. Gabrielle blushed a lot and hid behind her mother's dress. Fleur had found it funny at the time. Unfortunately, Harry hadn't seen her since. Their trysts usually occurred at Harry's house or at their favorite hotel in Paris. Now he would need to see Gabby again and do to her what he did to Fleur. For a moment she wondered if Harry would be able to seduce Gabby, but then she remembered his reputation. According to the women of magical Britain, there was no woman who could resist Harry's charms. Fleur Delacour was proof of that. Going to her bedroom, she grabbed a piece of parchment and quill and scribbled a quick letter to her friend. Once done, she sent it off with a family owl. Now she just needed to wait and hope that he agreed. Suddenly Fleur got a glassy look in her eyes. Perhaps once he was done with Gabby, he could take her to their favorite hotel and do that thing to her ass that she loved so much. Sighing happily, she already started packing for a short trip to Paris, making sure her bottle of lube was the first thing that she packed.

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Gabrielle was relaxing while listening to the radio. She didn't care much for the Wizarding Wireless, much preferring muggle music. She was sitting on her bed painting her toenails. One of her admirers had bought her this particular nail polish. She had to admit that he had good taste when it came to colors. She loved the deep, dark red against her porcelain skin. Just then she heard a knock at her door. "Come in!" she called out over the music.

She looked up as Fleur walked in. Turning down the music, she said, "Gabby. My friend has come to see me, but I need to run some errands for a while. Can you do me a favor and keep him company until I return. Thanks, love you!"

Fleur didn't even wait for a reply. 'Typical Fleur,' she thought as she sighed. What boring idiot did she just dump on her today? As Fleur left, the boy in question came in. Immediately her eyes widened.

This was no boy. This was her long-time crush, Harry Potter! Squeaking loudly in embarrassment, Gabby got up and ran into her private bathroom. She heard chuckling coming from the other room. Instantly, her face turned as red as a tomato.

"Is this the way you treat your guests?" Harry called out. She heard the squeak of springs, signifying that he had sat down on her bed. 'Harry Potter is in my bed!' she thought as her heart hammered in her chest. She was going to kill Fleur. Gabrielle wasn't ready at all. She wasn't dressed properly and her hair was a mess. She didn't even have makeup on! Turning to the mirror, she did her best to make herself presentable.

"I'm getting lonely! Come on out, Gabby!" Harry called out. Gabby sighed as she looked into the mirror one last time. Opening the door, she crept out with a red face. Instantly, she was wrapped up in his strong arms. She gasped as he pulled her against his body. Feeling his rock-hard muscles, she blushed even further.

"You alright there, Gabby? Your face is looking a bit red," he teased, making her blush even more.

"I'm fine, 'Arry," she said, her voice cracking a bit. She wanted to die from embarrassment. Thankfully, he didn't make fun of her for it. Pulling her onto the bed, he sat next to her.

"Don't let me stop you from whatever you were doing. What were you doing before I came in?" he wondered, looking right at her.

"Painting my nails," Gabrielle replied, swallowing loudly. He reached out and took her hand, holding it up to his face.

"There's no paint on them," he said. Gabby gasped loudly as he gently ran his finger up and down the length of her palm. It tickled but also felt amazing. Just that action alone had her getting moist between her legs.

"My toes," she corrected him. He smirked, and when she saw the naughty look on his face, she squeaked. Grabbing her ankles, he hefted her feet up to his face.

" 'Arry! What are you doing?" she squealed as he examined her dainty, little feet.

Ignoring her protests, he said, "Ah yes. That's a nice color. You're quite talented."

Gabrielle shuddered as she laid on her back with her legs outstretched. Her already short shorts were riding up and showing off an obscene amount of her thighs. Her pussy was tingling so

badly as Harry's strong hands glided over the soles of her delicate feet. Slowly they worked their way up her ankles, and soon he was pretty much feeling her up. She couldn't seem to speak as his hands slid up her calves and his fingers played with the erogenous area behind her knees. She knew that Harry could smell her excitement. The room was practically filled with it. Her panties were wetter than they had ever been.

"I've heard from your sister that you keep dumping your boyfriends. What's wrong? They can't satisfy you?" he teased as he rested her leg over one shoulder while pushing her other leg flat on the bed. Without even a how do you do, he already had her legs spread while in bed. Gabrielle was completely shocked. Not only by his actions but by the fact that she was allowing it to happen.

"They do not excite me," she admitted, her chest rapidly rising and falling. When Harry's hand slid up her thigh and the tips of his fingers crept underneath her shorts and touched her panties, she arched her back and came instantly. Squeaking and spasming, Harry had to hold onto her to keep her from rolling off of the bed.

"It seems that I don't have that problem," he chuckled, reaching down and grabbing her shorts by the waistband. Gabrielle was still cumming when she felt him lift her perfect legs up and slip her shorts off of them. Now only in a t-shirt and panties, she reached down and tried to cover herself. Harry moved her hands out of the way and touched the wet spot on her panties.

"I've also heard that you've gotten a big head from all the attention," he told her. "I've been asked to set you on the straight and narrow."

"What do you ..." She wasn't allowed to finish as he flipped her over and pulled her across his lap. Squealing and kicking her legs, she was quickly quieted by a verbal rebuke and a sharp slap on the ass. Nervously she looked back only to see him pulling her panties down and baring her naked ass. She grabbed a fistful of her blanket as the first strike rained down.

WHACK!

Gabrielle cried out in pain. Her sensitive skin wasn't used to such treatment. Another blow came and she cried out again. Again and again, his hand connected with her delicate skin, leaving it red and puffy.

"Are you going to continue being a cunt to people?" he asked, smacking her bottom once again.

"NO!" Gabrielle wailed. "I promise!"

Nodding his head, Harry placed his hand on her sore bottom. "If you do, Fleur will have me come back and spank your naughty bottom. Understand?"

She nodded her head, breathing heavily.

“Good. Now let me kiss it better,” Harry said. Gabrielle didn’t have any strength to argue. She mewled at the soft treatment of his lips brushing against her abused bottom.

She blushed when she felt him spread her cheeks and press his face between them. Gasping, she looked over her shoulder and saw him rubbing his face back and forth, his tongue licking her pussy and asshole. Just as the pleasure was taking her mind off of her throbbing ass, Harry flipped her onto her back and grabbed her by the ankles. Pushing forward, her body was bent until her ankles were by her ears. Crying out in embarrassment, she tried to reach down and cover her slit and asshole. She knew that he could see everything. Smacking her hand out of the way, he told her, “Stay in that position.”

Gabrielle followed his command instantly, holding herself in that position. She watched as Harry stripped naked. Her eyes grew wide at the sight of his cock. It was enormous! It looked much too big to fit in her tiny hole. She grew nervous as he waddled closer. Slapping his fat meat against her virgin pussy, her toes curled when he stuffed the head in. From her position, she could see him sink down into her, inch after inch. Pulling up, she saw that she had coated his cock in her juices when it reappeared.

Harry groaned in pleasure. Veela pussy had always been his favorite. Thankfully they didn’t have hymens, so they could enjoy sex without the trouble of all the pain. He knew that from taking Fleur’s virginity. Building up a steady rhythm, he had Gabrielle gasping and mewling as her unused pussy squeezed his thrusting cock. Her walls felt as if they were made of silk as they fluttered over his invading member.

Gabby was embarrassed as she continued to make lewd noises with every thrust of his big cock. Already she was about to cum, but when he reached out with both hands, she came undone. One hand reached inside of her shirt and pinched her hard nipple while the other rolled her engorged clit. Screaming in pleasure, her pussy instantly clamped down on his cock, triggering his own orgasm. Hearing him moan, she felt his warm, thick seed spurt deep inside of her waiting pussy. Mewling, she wrapped her legs around his waist and used her hands to pull him down. When his face was next to hers, she kissed him deeply and passionately as he continued to fill her with cum. Finally, she was spent as her legs untightened, and she let him go. She was in a daze as she laid there. She didn’t even notice that Harry had gotten up.

Just then, Fleur had opened the door to check on them. She saw her baby sister nude from the waist down with her shirt pulled up, exposing one breast. In between her parted legs, she could see Harry’s cum leaking out of her inflamed pussy.

“It seems that you gave ‘er the same treatment as I got,” Fleur asked, smiling.

“Yeah, but I took it a bit easy on her,” Harry returned her smile. Fleur shook her head and laughed. “Want to clean me up?” he asked, pointing to his cock which was slimy with her sister’s sex juices.

Fleur huffed but dropped to her knees in front of him nonetheless. "On the condition that you take me to Paris tomorrow," she demanded.

"Done," Harry agreed quickly. He moaned when familiar lips encircled his massive erection. Looking over at Gabrielle's nude form and down at her sister's bobbing head, Harry realized that his life was pretty damn good.