

Harry wasn't sure how he expected Bill Weasley to react when he walked into his bedroom and saw his wife's legs thrown over another man's shoulders as he went balls-deep inside of her, fucking her hard enough to make her scream her head off. Most men would become enraged if they walked in on another man fucking his wife in their bed. Hell, when Theodore Nott walked in on Dean Thomas fucking his wife Daphne Nott née Greengrass in their bed, the duel that had ensued was all anyone had talked about for weeks. Almost a year later and Nott was still living down the shame of being cuckolded in his own bed, losing the duel and being stuck to the wall while a naked Daphne walked to the floo hand in hand with Dean.

Harry was not worried about how things would go should Bill become aggressive. Bill was certainly a capable wizard in his own right, but when it came to fighting, Harry had nothing to fear from him even with his wand sitting on the table next to bed and out of reach. But nothing in Bill's expression or body language suggested that Harry need bother preparing to defend himself. Bill didn't look angry or heartbroken upon seeing Harry shagging his wife in his bed. He didn't even look surprised, honestly.

"William," Fleur said simply after a moment of silence where all three of them had been trying to figure out what came next. She didn't insult his intelligence by trying to claim that this wasn't exactly what it looked like, nor did she try to cover herself in shame. She just said his name, and she had no trouble maintaining eye contact. "I thought you were going to be in Belgium all week."

Bill's planned trip to Belgium was why Harry had come over to shag Fleur in her bed rather than at his home after work today. Hermione was having her parents over, so this was an effective way for him to give Fleur what she needed while not also subjecting Mr. and Mrs. Granger to the erotic screams of a naked veela enjoying her customary post-work fuck all around Harry and Hermione's home. It had seemed like a solution that would work out well for everyone, but they hadn't counted on Bill coming home four days earlier than he was supposed to.

"I was supposed to be," Bill said, nodding. "The arseholes financing the thing pulled out at the last minute, so our funding was cut short." Harry closed his eyes when he heard Bill mention pulling out at the last minute. He had been moments away from cumming inside of Fleur before her husband showed up, and he remained right on the edge even now with his cock still buried in the veela's perfect pussy.

"I see," Fleur said. Harry was bemused at how ordinary their conversation had been so far. There was no screaming, crying, apologies or accusations. Thus far, it had been as if Bill had bumped into Fleur in the kitchen while she was making dinner, rather than walking in on his wife getting shagged in their bed.

"Figured you weren't home, so I was just going to shower and make myself something to eat before I let you know about my change in schedule," Bill explained, scratching the large scar on his face. "But, uh, I guess you guys put a silencing charm around the room or something? It was silent until I opened the door, and then..."

*And then you heard the bed creaking, the headboard slamming against the wall and your wife moaning and screaming like the insatiable slut she is,* Harry finished for him, though he kept his thoughts to himself.

"Yes," Fleur said, nodding. "Even though we expected to be alone, I thought it was a good idea to make sure the neighbors wouldn't hear my screams."

"Err, right," Bill said awkwardly. Harry slowly pulled his cock out of Fleur, and Bill turned his head quickly to look away. "Right. You can get pretty loud." He rubbed his scar some more. "Well, I guess there's no point in me playing dumb about you and Harry anymore, is there? We might as well talk about this and get it out of the way."

"You've already known?" Fleur asked, raising an eyebrow. Bill snorted.

"I'm almost hurt that you'd think I'm stupid enough not to figure it out by now," he said. "When I noticed my debt to Harry started getting paid off in large chunks, you told me you'd worked out a *payment plan* with him. And the smile on your face as you said it was pretty much identical to the one you get at the end of a really good shag. That, plus the fact that you only ask me for sex like once or twice a day now, would've been enough of a giveaway, even without all of the other things that only a moron would miss. You are *not* subtle, Fleur."

"No kidding," Harry said. Bill looked directly at him for the first time, and Harry was surprised at how easily the older man smiled at him. "This isn't how I expected this to go at all."

"You thought I'd try to rip your head off if I ever found out," Bill stated, to which Harry nodded. Arthur and Molly's eldest son chuckled. "That wouldn't go well for me if I tried! But even if I *did* think I could take you, I wouldn't want to. I owe you a thank you, Harry."

Harry just stared at Bill blankly, trying to make sense of this. Bill had walked in on him fucking his wife, and he was still naked in his bed at that very moment, sitting back on his knees with a pillow over his dick. And he was *thanking* him?

"Because of the debt thing, you mean?" he finally said. Bill shook his head.

"Not for that," Bill said, before shrugging. "I mean, it *does* help, so thanks for that, too. But what I really need to thank you for is helping to keep Fleur satisfied."

"You're thanking me for fucking your wife," Harry said tonelessly.

"Absolutely," Bill said, nodding. "Fuck, you've been shagging her for months. You know how bloody randy she is! She can never, *ever* get enough. It's too much for one man to take."

"Oui," Fleur said proudly. "I am veela. We are raised on the stories of our ancestors, who were known for mating with a man endlessly until his body was dry and his soul was drained and ready to be consumed."

"I don't doubt it!" Bill said. Harry had to nod in agreement. There was probably some fiction in those veela fairy tales, but it wasn't *all* a fairy tale. Fleur's consistently sky-high sex drive was proof enough of that. "You might be only a quarter-veela, Fleur, but spending years as your husband, with your satisfaction as my responsibility alone, was fucking draining me dry. It really is too much for any one man to handle."

"Harry probably could, if I was his wife and he could devote himself fully to me," Fleur said, smirking at her husband and seeming to take delight in being able to rub her affair in his face. Bill winced.

"Yes, well, that's not going to happen, is it?" he said. "You're not planning on leaving me, are you?"

"Non," Fleur said quietly, after a pause. "I will not give up my liaison with Harry, but I do not wish to leave you either. I still love you, William."

"And I still love you, my horny wife," Bill said, grinning. It was an oddly sweet moment considering what had brought it about.

"I also love Harry's cock," Fleur said, which was less sweet.

"Err, right," Bill said, coughing into his hand. "It sounded like it. But as I was about to say, even if you and I weren't together, he still can't give you all of his attention. Not when he's got Hermione as a lover and is obviously shagging Angelina and Audrey too."

"How did you...?" Harry began, but Bill rolled his eyes.

"Please!" he scoffed. "If any of my brothers haven't realized what's been going on, I don't know how they could've gotten a single passing NEWT score. The *point* is, our debt's been paid off, Fleur's getting as much attention as she needs, we still love each other, and I'm not so sore and exhausted every morning that it's a struggle to get out of bed, much less do my job. Everybody wins, as far as I'm concerned."

"I'm, uh, surprised you're taking this so well," Harry said. It was certainly playing out much differently than what had happened with Ron, his now-former friend. Then again, Fleur had just confirmed that she still loved Bill and wanted to remain his wife, while Hermione had become Harry's completely.

"It wasn't easy at first," Bill said, shrugging. "I've had to face the fact that I don't have it in me to keep my wife satisfied all by myself, which is tough for any man. But hell, other

men aren't married to a bloody *veela*, so they'll never know what that takes out of you." He looked at Harry. "You get it, though."

"I do," Harry agreed.

Bill looked back at Fleur and smiled. "If Harry taking some of the burden onto his shoulders is what it's going to take for me to be able to be married to you *and* have the energy to get out of bed in the morning, that's a price I'm willing to pay," he said. "I just, uh, don't really need to see it again, or find evidence of it left behind in my bed you know?"

Fleur nodded. "I will not take Harry into our bed again," she said.

"Okay," Bill said, sounding relieved. "Good. That's good." He sighed. "You know what? I'm glad we had this talk."

"As am I, William," Fleur said. Harry just shook his head and sat back, watching the exchange between husband and wife. He'd gone from taking Hermione away from Ron and making her his to somehow improving Fleur's marriage, and helping Bill have a better quality of life. He really could understand that part of it, though. He could see how having someone else around to take on some of the load could improve Bill's quality of life after years of being the only man to bed Fleur. This was a far more amiable outcome than he might have expected when Bill walked in on him fucking Fleur, but Harry wouldn't complain about how things had gone. If he could continue fucking Fleur regularly, still have a cordial relationship with Bill and also not have to bear sole responsibility for satisfying the horny *veela*'s lust, that really seemed like an ideal outcome from his point of view.

"Right, then!" Bill said, clapping his hands together. "I think I'll go downstairs and make myself a sandwich. And since Harry's already here, I guess I'll go visit with mum and dad for a few hours after I eat."

"That sounds like a good idea, William," Fleur said. She suddenly turned and pounced on Harry, tackling him to the bed. He was so surprised that she knocked him over easily, but he didn't try to throw her off as she straddled his hips and reached straight for his cock. "You might want to make sure the door is closed behind you when you go."

Bill turned around and half-ran out of his bedroom, but the door still was not closed behind him before Fleur dropped down onto Harry's cock and moaned with joy as it filled her up once more.

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"Fuck, you're one dirty woman, Fleur," Harry said, giving both of the *veela*'s perfect arsecheeks a slap as she rode him. "Having your husband walk in on us really turned you on, didn't it?"

"Yes!" Fleur cried. Her hands were on his shoulders, keeping him pinned down on the bed as her hips rose and fell quickly, driving her pussy down onto his cock and making her bum smack against his thighs. This certainly wasn't the first time that Fleur had climbed on top of him and ridden him hard, but if there had ever been a previous ride with this much intensity behind it, Harry struggled to remember it. She was in rare form as she bounced on his cock in the bed she'd shared with Bill for years.

"And knowing that he might still be downstairs, eating his sandwich in the kitchen," Harry continued. "That *really* gets you going, doesn't it? Just thinking about your husband sitting there in the kitchen while you get fucked by the cock you told him you're in love with makes you want to drop that silencing charm so he might hear us."

"Oui!" she screamed. The bed was rocking even more violently than it had when Bill walked in on them, and the slapping of skin was at least as loud as it had been as well, but Fleur's screams still easily eclipsed everything else. This woman loved having his cock inside of her as often as she could, but the combination of bouncing on his cock in her own bed with her husband more than likely still downstairs had her even hornier than Harry was used to. She fucked herself on his cock like her life depended on her dropping down with as much force as she possibly could every single time. It was enough to test even Harry's staying power, and it made him thankful that the conversation with her husband had gone on long enough to help him cool off a bit.

He was getting close, but Fleur was ahead of him. She screeched loudly enough to make him wince, and her fingers squeezed his shoulders hard as her wild bounces brought her to her climax. She'd already cum once while he was fucking her before they were interrupted, but her cries were even louder, and she came even harder this time around. Her eyes went as wide as they could, and Harry held onto her hips and forced her to stay down with his cock fully embedded within her as he came.

"Take it, Fleur," he muttered, holding her down tight. "I'm going to pump more cum into you than your husband ever has in this bed." He thought Bill had been incredibly understanding about everything that had happened today. But it was clear to him that the thought of getting fucked by him while her husband was downstairs was turning Fleur on, so he played into it and gave her what she wanted.

"Yes, do it!" Fleur screamed. "Fill me, Harry! Give me more than he ever has!"

Harry did his best, squeezing Fleur's arse as his cock twitched and his cum spurted inside of her pussy. He'd cum inside of her before, but the circumstances behind it this time made him groan a little deeper. Apparently Fleur wasn't the only one who was finding continuing in her bed even after her husband found them to be exciting.

He was so excited that he wasn't in the mood to hesitate for even a moment after finishing. As soon as the flow of cum stopped, he pulled Fleur off of his cock, flipped her over onto

her back and straddled her head. He rubbed his cockhead against her lips and her cheeks, smearing the leftover cum on her face.

"Get me ready for another round," he demanded. Fleur obediently wrapped her lips around the tip of his cock and suckled him. Being the talented cocksucker that she was, and with the prospect of another round there to compel her, Fleur sucked and licked him so well that he was hard again before the point when most men would have even stopped gasping for breath after an orgasm as strong as that one had been.

His body was ready to fuck her again, though he decided to spend a couple of minutes holding Fleur down on the bed and fucking her face first. He slammed his cock down her throat, his balls smacked against her chin, saliva dripped down her face, and Harry enjoyed every moment of it. He could have kept fucking Fleur's throat until he shot his cum down her throat, but he decided that there was something else he wanted to do right now. He didn't know for sure if Bill was still downstairs or not, but the possibility of doing what he was about to do while Fleur's husband was still in the house was amusing enough to make him pull out of the veela's throat and flip her over onto her belly.

Harry didn't ask her if she wanted to do what he was about to do, but he didn't need to. For one thing, she was always ready for him to fuck her like this. And for another, she loved it when he got rough with her and used her however he felt like using her. Not asking her if she wanted it and sticking his dick in her arse without a word would thrill this horny veela.

She did know what was about to happen shortly before his cock went inside of her bum, though. He didn't tell her, but he wasn't irresponsible enough to start bugging her without properly preparing her body for it. The magic that he used to cleanse and lubricate her bum was familiar to Fleur by now, and she gasped in excitement as soon as she felt it. She got up onto her hands and knees, assuming the position and wiggling her hips to entice him, as if he needed any enticement.

"That's not how I want you," he said, pushing down on her shoulders and shoving her down so she was flat on her belly. She grunted into the sheet, and he didn't need to see her face to know that she was happy about being shoved down like that. As much pride as Fleur took in showing off her skills and flexing the occasional bit of dominance (particularly with other witches Hermione, and Luna when they'd played together), she also loved it when Harry started taking what he wanted like this.

"It was awfully cheeky of you to tackle me to the bed while I was distracted by our conversation with your husband," he said. He let her feel his cock brushing against her anus and heard her whine into the sheet in response. No doubt she was whining because he hadn't shoved it inside of her yet. "I let you get away with it, and I even let you have your fun while you rode my cock." While keeping her face and upper body pressed into the sheet via the pressure his hand put on her back, he thrust forward and forced over half of his cock into her bum before she could exhale. "But now it's time for you to pay for your cheek."

Fleur squealed into the sheet as he shoved his cock into her arse, and she kept on squealing as he pulled back and thrust back into her right away with just as much force behind his hips. Harry put both hands on her shoulders now, keeping tight hold of her as he fucked her arse hard. His hips were in near-constant motion, and the jiggling of Fleur's cheeks each time that he shoved his dick back deep inside of her bum was the proof of just how swift a pace he was setting. But he could afford to set this sort of pace when it was Fleur's arse that he was fucking, because he was well aware of just how hard she loved to be fucked. It didn't matter what hole he was using, what position he had her in or where it was happening, either. As long as his cock was inside of her, Fleur was happy.

Now that he was in the process of fucking her arse in her own bed with her husband downstairs, though, he had to amend that. It was true that Fleur was happy regardless of when, where, how or how hard he was fucking her. But getting buggered with her husband downstairs was definitely making her insatiable veela appetite burn even hotter than its already impressive standard. Even with her face being pressed into the sheet as it was, he could tell just how much she loved getting her arse pounded in the middle of her bed. Her entire body was rocking, and the bed was bouncing around her thanks to how hard he was fucking her, and he knew how much Fleur adored a pace like that. Her hands were clutching the sheet tightly, but there was no chance that this was anything other than an expression of massive pleasure. She had nothing else to do with her hands, so she grabbed onto the sheets tightly. Seeing that white-knuckled grip was a dead giveaway that Fleur was delighted to have her arse pounded in her bed.

More importantly than that, he could also hear her moans and grunts despite the sheet, which didn't really surprise him. There just wasn't any way to muffle the cries of pleasure of a woman like Fleur when she was this aroused. If it was possible for someone to moan and scream so loudly that they defied the magic of a silencing charm meant to keep all noise from escaping a designated area, Fleur was probably the one to do it.

That couldn't be possible, especially in light of Bill stumbling in on them unaware despite all the noise she was making. But just the thought made him decide that he wanted to hear her cries of pleasure even more clearly than this position allowed. Pushing her face down into the bed was fun, but he wanted to really have fun with all of the noise she could make while there was a chance that her husband was still in the house.

Harry wrapped his arm around Fleur's waist and pulled her up so she was partially up on her side. One of her legs was on top of the other, her knees were bent, and her elbows, breasts and belly were pressed into the sheet. The true appeal of the new position, of course, was that the sheet was no longer making its feeble attempt to contain the screams of the slutty veela wife as she was buggered. Fleur's moans were freed now, and they were fucking loud. Out of curiosity, Harry glanced back over at the door to the bedroom. Bill had closed it completely behind him on his way out, so it was still doing its job. If he'd left it open even a crack, he would definitely have been able to hear her now.

“Let’s see how loud you can get, you slutty veela,” Harry said. He grabbed a handful of Fleur’s silky-smooth hair and yanked her head back, bringing a gasp out of her to go along with all of the moaning and screaming she was doing. “Maybe you can scream so loudly that even my magic won’t be able to stop your husband from hearing it. Wouldn’t it be fun if he could hear you getting buggered while he chewed on his sandwich downstairs?”

Fleur’s screams and moans instantly got significantly louder, and they’d been loud as hell as it was. This was exactly the kind of scream that had necessitated the charm he’d put on the door and the window of her bedroom in the first place. Even with the window shut, a scream like this could have penetrated the glass and the walls separating her home from her neighbor’s. Fleur probably wouldn’t have cared if everyone around her could hear her getting her arse fucked in her bed, even by a man who wasn’t her husband, but Harry had no desire to let their business be known to everyone. Playing with the idea of her husband hearing her was a different story though, especially since it had now been revealed that he had known about their arrangement for some time. Bill knew that the only reason he hadn’t been getting drained completely dry lately was because Harry was easing his burden and satisfying his wife. But what if he could hear her screaming and moaning all the way down there?

It was an amusing thought to Harry, and clearly a very arousing one for Fleur, who couldn’t stop screaming now that he’d pulled her head back and reminded her of the possibility. And of course Harry gave her even more reason to keep those screams going as he fucked the hell out of her with deep, quick thrusts that never stopped, not that she ever wanted them to. If she’d had her way, he’d probably have buggered her like this all week until the very moment that her husband was supposed to come home.

“Have you ever been buggered like this in this bed, Fleur?” he asked her, giving her hair another yank. “Has he ever fucked your arse this hard?” He knew the answer before he even asked the question, but that was irrelevant to the game he was playing in an effort to heighten Fleur’s arousal.

“Non!” she shouted. “He has never! He could never! *No one* could ever fuck me like this! No one but you!”

“And that’s why you’d never leave me for anything, isn’t it?” he demanded to know. While continuing to pull her hair, his other hand grabbed her right arsecheek and squeezed it hard. “When you told him you love my cock, you meant it.”

“I did!” Fleur whined. “I love it, Harry! I love the way you fuck me! I never want you to stop!”

“Good,” Harry groaned. He pulled his hand back to give her arse a slap. “I’m never going to. Who gives a shite that your husband knows the truth? It doesn’t change anything. This arse belongs to me, Fleur.”



“Yes!” she shouted, her voice getting even louder now. “It is yours! I want you to keep fucking it! I want William to know that I’ll never be able to get enough of you!”

“Too bad the door’s closed,” Harry mused. It was meant to just be a continuation of the dirty talk that was obviously doing so much for her, but Fleur had apparently decided that she didn’t want it to be just talk. She stretched her arm out to grab her wand from the floor, pointed it at the door and used her magic to pull it wide open before dropping her wand back onto the floor. Harry didn’t know if Bill was still downstairs or not, but if he was, he was going to hear the end of this.

“Guess there’s no hiding anything now,” he said. “If he’s down there, let him hear you scream.”

“Yes!” Fleur screamed at the top of her lungs. “Oh, Harry, yes! It’s so good! Fuck my derriere, Harry! Fuck it! It is yours to fuck! I’ve never—it’s never been so—*ohhhh!*”

With that scream, Fleur trembled through what was one of the strongest climaxes Harry had ever felt or heard from her. It had to be the hardest she’d ever cum in this bed, and if Bill was still in the kitchen, he’d undoubtedly reach the same conclusion. There was a reason Fleur was so eager to spend as much time in Harry’s bed as she could, and it wasn’t just because he offered a convenient way for her to have sex more frequently than she could when it was only Bill she turned to. She’d said that she loved his cock, and that was no lie.

“I’m going to fill your arse with my cum,” he declared, He didn’t shout, but he didn’t lower his voice either. If Bill could hear him, he had no problem with that.

“Do it!” Fleur shouted. “Fill me! Let me feel all of it, Harry!”

He obliged. He pulled on her hair even tighter, gave her arse a sharp spank and began to pump his cum into her rear. Fleur moaned as loud as ever, and the feeling of his cum rushing into her arse set off another orgasm for her. Her body shook and she squirted all over the sheet, adding to the mess that was trickling out of her arse at the end of her buggering.

“Shall we clean the sheet?” Harry asked a few moments later, after he’d pulled out of her and taken a few deep breaths. Fleur was flat on her back, but she propped herself up on her elbows to look at him.

“Why?” she asked. She was sweaty, sticky, and looked unbelievably sexy fresh out of being buggered in her bed. “William said he would be with his parents for several hours, and your house has guests. Why clean the bed before we’re finished with it?”

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“Would you like something to eat, dear?”

“No thanks, mum,” Bill said, shaking his head. “I already made myself a bite to eat at home before I came over.”

“Oh, was Fleur not back from work yet?” his mother asked, frowning.

“She’s home,” Bill clarified. “I said hello and let her know what happened, but she already had other things to do, and I didn’t want to make her break her plans.”

“Really? I’d have thought she’d be delighted to have you back so much sooner than expected,” his mum said. “What was so important that she couldn’t get out of it to spend more time with you?”

“Trust me, mum,” Bill said, clearing his throat. “I’m happy that Fleur has other interests to occupy her time and make her happy when I’m not around.”

*I just don’t need to hear him making her happy while I’m downstairs eating a sandwich,* Bill thought to himself, trying not to grimace lest his mum ask him what was wrong.