

Chapter 12

"I think we need to start focusing on figuring out those Eggs," Hermione said at breakfast on the first day back from break.

"We've got plenty of time," Harry said. "The second task is nearly two months away."

"And we don't know how long it will take to figure out," Hermione told him sternly. "Not to mention how long it might take to learn any spells you might need."

"Hermione's right," Fleur said. "We should get started on eet as soon as possible."

Harry sighed. Seeing his reluctance, Fleur slid her hand up his thigh and leaned close, her breath ghosting over his ear.

"The sooner we figure eet out, the more time we have for something more – fun," she whispered, nibbling on his ear.

"Alright," Harry agreed quickly.

Fleur giggled and gave his growing bulge a light caress while Hermione rolled her eyes, the corner of her lips twitching.

When the bell for class rang, the three stood and left the Great Hall. As Fleur went her separate way with her classmates, she paused briefly to give both Harry and Hermione a kiss on the lips. Hermione blushed from the attention this garnered from the students gathered around them, especially the boys, but she walked off with her head held high.

Classes that day were uneventful, with everyone turning in the assignments they were given over the holidays and then listening to an overview of what they'd be learning in the new term. After dinner, they met in the library, researching golden eggs, creatures that made loud shrieks, and past tasks for the tournament.

That pattern repeated for the next week with little to show for all their hard work. The did learn that the second task usually involved rescuing something, usually a person, but Hermione didn't think Dumbledore would allow people to be used as hostages. Thinking of all the trouble they'd gotten into at Hogwarts over the years, and the fact that he'd already faced a missive Dragon, Harry wasn't so sure.

Eventually, it was Harry that stumbled across something important. While reading about creatures that made horrible screeches, he found a passage about how Mermish sounded like a series of high-pitched screams in the open air but turned into beautiful singing once underwater.

"Hey, look at this," Harry said, setting the book down on the table as Hermione and Fleur leaned close to read.

"That might be it," Hermione said excitedly. "I wonder if there are Merpeople in the lake."

"Good work, mon amour," Fleur said, kissing him on the cheek.

"We should try it right away, but we only have showers in the dorms, and we need the egg and us underwater," Hermione said, biting her lip. "I suppose there's always the lake."

Fleur shivered, her body vibrating pleasantly as it pressed up against Harry. Turning to her, she gave him a pleading look.

"I do not want to go in zhere, zhe water weel be freezing," she said with a pout.

Harry smiled at her and wrapped his arm around her waist.

"What about the Room of Requirement?" Harry asked.

“Maybe,” Hermione said. “I still don’t know what the limits of the room are. I suppose it’s worth a shot.”

“If it doesn’t work, we could always sneak into the Prefects Bath,” Harry said with a grin.

Hermione frowned, “Normally, I’d disapprove of breaking the rules like that, but I really don’t fancy going into the lake.”

Harry grinned as he stood and helped the girls put their books away before making their way to the seventh floor.

Hermione was the one to summon the room and, to their surprise, and Fleur’s delight, the room gave them exactly what they were looking for. The room was large and square, with a pool sized bath taking up most of the room. Ringlets of steam swirled above the surface as the heat of the water collided with the dry, cool air in the castle. On either side of the pool, there were a hand full of wooden benches, each with a stack of perfectly folded, fluffy white towels.

Fleur beamed as she pranced inside and bend down to test the water with her hand.

“Eet’s perfect,” she purred.

Closing the door behind him, Harry followed Fleur over to one of the benches where they set down their bags. As they fished out their large, golden eggs, Hermione began stripping out of her school uniform. As he and Fleur started to do the same, Harry couldn’t help but stare at the two beautiful witches. Soon, they were both down to nothing except their necklaces while Harry was still working on his pants.

Smirking at him, Fleur held out her hand to Hermione.

“Shall we, ma belle?” she asked.

Hermione smiled as she took her hand and leaned forward to kiss her softly. Harry hopped on one foot, desperately trying to get foot untangled from the leg of his trousers as he watched their lovely breasts press together. Looking over at him, the two giggled before walking hand in hand to the pool.

Finally freeing himself from his trousers, Harry undid the top three buttons of his dress shirt and loosened his tie before yanking them over his head. Fleur and Hermione both moan sensuously as they slipped into the hot water while Harry grabbed the two eggs and rushed to join them.

Standing in the middle of the pool, where the water was waist deep, Hermione and Tonks held each other close and kissed slowly, and passionately. It was a beautiful sight, and one Harry was more than happy to sit back and watch for the time being.

Standing slightly to the side and behind Hermione, he saw Fleur's hands slide down the brunette's back to cup her firm bum under the water. Moaning, Hermione returned the favor by cupping Fleur's large, soft breasts and kneading them gently. As they pulled back to catch their breath, both of them extended their long tongues, circling and caressing the other.

Abruptly, their lips crashed together, kissing hard and heatedly as their groping became gradually rougher. Harry rapidly grew rigid under the water, his long shaft jutting out in front of him. Hermione squealed into Fleur's mouth, then pulled back to let out a salacious moan. Though he couldn't see what was happening under the water, he could see Fleur's arm and shoulder moving rhythmically.

"Fleur, that's my —" Hermione cut herself off with a long, low moan as Fleur smirked at her.

It was then that Harry noticed his French girlfriend's hand was still on Hermione's bum. He throbbed excitedly as he pictured where her long, slender fingers were delving into.

Grabbing Fleur's hand, Hermione pushed it away and stepped back from her, flushed and breathless.

“Work first – then play,” she panted.

Fleur pouted cutely and folded her arms under her breasts, forcing them up and together enticingly. Shaking her head as if to clear it, Hermione turned and waded over to the edge of the pool, where Harry had left the eggs. Picking one up, she waded back out to the middle of the pool. Harry followed her and the three of them gathered around as she placed her hand over the clasp on the top.

“One three,” Hermione said. “One. Two. Three.”

As the last word left her lips, they all took a deep breath and dove under the water. Twisting the clasp, the egg fell open like flower blooming, and a yellow bubble glowed from within as singing filled the pool.

*Come seek us where our voices sound,
We cannot sing above the ground,
And while you're searching ponder this;
We've taken what you'll surely miss,
An hour long you'll have to look,
And to recover what we took,
But past an hour the prospect's black,
Too late, it's gone, it won't come back.*

As the song started to repeat, they all surfaced and wiped the water from their faces.

“I need a quill and parchment,” Hermione said.

Swimming to the edge, she pulled herself out of the pool, giving Harry and Fleur a fantastic view of her fit bum. Padding over to her bag, they enjoyed the view of her modest, perky breasts bouncing alluringly as she fished through her bag and trotted back over to them. So intent on her task, she never noticed the lustful gazes of her partners.

“Right, one of you tell me what it says while I write it down,” Hermione said.

Harry ended up listening to the song three times, relaying it word for word back to Hermione for her to write down. As riddles when, this one didn’t take much thought to figure out.

“Okay, so, they’re going to take something from each of you, and you have one hour to find it at the bottom of the lake,” Hermione said, then bit her lip nervously. “You don’t think they’d really use hostages, do you?”

“I wouldn’t put it past them,” Harry said shaking his head. “Remember, Dumbledore isn’t in charge, the Ministry is, and we both know how bad they can be.”

“But ‘oo would zhey take?” Fleur asked.

“Well, it’ll have to be someone close to you,” Hermione said. “Since you’re competing, they’ll probably take me, or possibly Ron, for Harry. I don’t know who they’d take for you. Obviously, they can’t kidnap Harry. Is there anyone here you’re close to?”

“I ‘ave a few friends for Beauxbatons,” Fleur answered thoughtfully.

“I really don’t like the idea of them putting you at the bottom of the lake,” Harry said.

“Well, we don’t really know they will,” Hermione said tentatively.

“With my luck, I know they will,” Harry said. “Maybe you should hide in here the night before the task.”

“I’m sure I’ll be fine, Harry. There’s no way Dumbledore would allow hostages to be hurt,” she told him.

Harry sighed, but gave up, for now.

“Arry, do you weesh to work togezher?” Fleur asked.

Harry turned to Fleur and took her hand in his.

“I’d like to, but I’ll understand if you want to try and do this on your own,” he said.

Fleur smiled softly and kiss him lovingly.

“I only wanted to be part of zhe tournament to prove I am more zhan just a pretty face,” she said, then reached up to stroke his cheek. “I don’t care what zhey zhink anymore. I only care what you zhink of me.”

Smiling, Harry pulled her close and kissed her tenderly.

“I just want both of us to have the best chance of coming out of this in one piece,” he told her softly.

“We work togezher zhen,” Fleur said decisively, then gave him a sultry, playful smile as she caressed his bare chest. “Now zhat is settled, what weel you ‘ave us do, mon amour?”

“I have a few ideas,” Harry said with a grin. “But what you were doing to Hermione earlier look pretty exciting.”

With a devilish smile, Fleur kissed him briefly before swimming over to Hermione, who was still sitting on the edge of the pool. As Fleur stood, water droplets cascading down her tear drop shaped breasts and over her soft, pink areolas, she grabbed Hermione’s hands and pulled her back into the pool. She bit her lips as Fleur turned her around and bent her over the at waist in the shallows, the water only coming up to the middle of their thighs.

Caressing Hermione round, muscular ass, Fleur gripped her cheeks firmly and spread them apart. Hermione panted in anticipation, her cheeks flushed from being so graphically exposed, and looked over her shoulder as Fleur stuck out her long, pointed tongue and ran it from the top of her slit, all the way up to her puckered back door. Hermione gasped loudly and then rested her head on her arms with a moan.

Moving behind Fleur, he watched as her tongue circled Hermione’s crinkled back door while her fingers gently teased her folds. Seeing Fleur’s own bum swaying just above the water, Harry ran his hand down her smooth back as he got behind her. Grabbing his shaft by the base, he lifted it out of the water and slapped it lightly against her bald mound. With her face still buried between Hermione’s cheeks, she let out a muffled moan and shook her round, heart shaped bottom enticingly.

Chuckling quietly at her impatience, Harry dragged his swollen head between her hot, smooth folds and placed himself at her entrance. As he slowly sank into her depths, Hermione moaned as Fleur did the same to her with her two middle fingers. When his hips rested against Fleur’s ass, Harry paused and moved her long, silvery hair to one side so he could have a better view. His timing was perfect as she chose that moment to straighten her tongue and push it into Hermione puckered back door.

“Oh, God,” Hermione panted, her legs quivering.

“Who’d have ever thought that Hermione Granger, of all people, would be into anal?” Harry asked teasingly.

Hermione just moaned in response. With a muffled giggle, Fleur pulled her fingers out of Hermione's folds and moved them up to her bum. Harry pulsed excitedly and began thrusting his hips as he watched them sink into her tight hold up to the middle knuckle. Hermione whined, arching her back and pushing her ass back at Fleur.

"Spank her," Harry ordered huskily.

Without hesitation, Fleur's hand rose and then fell onto Hermione right cheek with a loud, wet smack.

"I zhink she likes eet," Fleur said with a giggle.

Smiling, Harry sped up his thrusts, savoring the tight, wet heat enveloping his length as he watched Fleur pull her fingers out, stick them into her mouth to coat them in her saliva, and push them back in. Hermione gasped and whimpered as they sank even deep, the combination of the spit and her own arousal making the passage easier.

"You know 'Arry's cock ees going een you next, oui?" Fleur asked.

Hermione could only moan and pant in response.

"You want eet, don't you?" Fleur pressed. "You want 'is cock een your tight derriere."

"Fleur," Hermione whined,

"Answer her," Harry told her.

"Yes!" Hermione shouted, her necklace forcing her to answer just as Fleur completely buried her two fingers in her rear entrance. "It's so wrong, but it feels so good. I love it. I love being a dirty slut for you!"

Harry throbbed and gripped Fleur's shoulder to thrust into her even harder. His vigorous movements cause wave to ripple on the surface and splash against their legs and the edges of the pool. Gripping Fleur's ass, he spread her cheeks, watching as his cock sawed in and out of her tight lips while his thumb circled her crinkled whole. Moaning, she bucked back against him, causing the tip to sink in. With a gasp, she rolled her hips back at him as her fingers pistoned in and out of Hermione's loosened hole.

Already, he could tell Fleur was getting close to a climax. She moaned quietly with each breath, her walls fluttered and squeezed around his hammering length, and her legs trembled just slightly. Pulling his thumb out of her, Harry reached under her to grasp one of her swaying breasts while the other moved down to rub her clit. With a high-pitched whine, Fleur reached her peak with a full body shudder. In the throes of her orgasm, she drove her finger roughly into Hermione's bum, causing her to gasp and arch her back. He wasn't sure if she meant to do that or not, but Hermione certainly didn't look to be complaining.

As Harry pulled out of Fleur, she moved to the side and sat down with a slightly dazed, contented smile on her face. Smiling at her, Harry bent down to give her a brief but loving kiss before moving to stand behind Hermione. Turning her head, Hermione gazed at him as he lined himself up with her puckered hole. Fleur scooted closer and took the tip of one of her modest, perky breasts between her lips as Harry gently pushed forward.

"Oh, Harry," Hermione moaned breathily.

Smiling, he gently stroked her back before grabbing her hips and slowly sawing back and forth, gradually feeding more and more of his length into her impossibly hot, tight depths. Having been close to his own climax, the slow pace gave him the time he needed to calm. Of course, even with a slower pace, his cock remained hard as steel inside Hermione's incredible bum.

After a few moments, she loosened enough around him that he was able to start thrusting properly. Pulling back until only the tip remained, he sank back in with hard, deep thrusts. Hermione let loose a deep, guttural moan, bucking her hips back towards him with an occasional shudder.

“You feel so good, Hermione,” Harry panted.

Moaning in response, she pushed herself back onto to him with her arms, driving him roughly into her rear. Fleur took the opportunity to slip between her outstretched arms. With a sultry grin, she cupped her bouncing breasts and kissed her on the lips. Hermione responded instantly, mashing their lips together before pulling back to gulp in a lungful of air, then repeated the process all over again. Their kissing was so fast and wanton, it looked as if they were attacking each other with their lips.

It was an incredibly arousing sight that had Harry throbbing inside of her. Grabbing her round cheeks, he spread them apart and looked down to watch his thick shaft slide in and out of her. It was a sight so alluring that it near made him cum on the spot. Closing his eyes, Harry took a deep breath and tried to calm himself.

“I’m close,” he warned.

“Not yet, Hermione begged. “Please, just a little longer, I’m so close.”

Groaning, Harry gripped her hips tightly and pound her bum forcefully as he desperately fought back is own climax. Hermione moaned, and he could feel her tightening around him, her body just on the verge of tipping over the edge. So focused on holding back his orgasm, Harry didn’t realize Fleur had reached under Hermione to try and help her along until he felt her fingers sliding into her pussy. Feeling her fingers slid along his shaft through the thin wall that separated them, Harry grunted and slammed forward as he lost all semblance of control.

He wasn’t the only one as Hermione went absolutely wild. A scream left her throat as her ring clamped down on him, holding his shaft in place as he emptied himself inside of her clutching depths. Her legs shook so hard Harry had to wrap his arms around her waist to hold her up. Holding her to his chest, Hermione’s whole body spasmed and writhed as her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

Long after Harry had finished, Hermione continued to moan and shudder, her hips rolling against his stomach as she rode out her spectacular climax. When she finally stopped, her body

sagged so much he was worried she had passed out. Turning them around, Harry pulled his still partially hard length from her grasping ring and pulled her into his lap as he sat. Hermione collapsed against his chest and panted heavily with her eyes closed in bliss.

With a tinkling laugh, Fleur curled up against his side and kissed both of them. Harry couldn't help but smile at the two beautiful girls cuddled up against him, their soft, curvy bodies pressed against his.

They rested like that for several minutes before any of them spoke.

"I zhink I know a spell zhat might 'elp us wiz zhe task," Fleur said out of nowhere.

"Mmh, what's that?" Hermione asked tiredly, her curiosity unsuppressed by her physical exhaustion.

Grinning, Fleur reach over the edge of the pool and dug her wand out of her pile of clothes. Swirling it around the top of her head before tapping it, a round, transparent bubble appeared around her head.

"Oh, the Bubble-Head Charm, of course," Hermione said.

"The what?" Harry asked.

"The Bubble-Head Charm," she repeated. "It creates a bubble of air around your head. It used when making some dangerous potions and poisons. I didn't think it could be used underwater."

"Let's see," Fleur said, her eyes sparkling playfully.

Harry and Hermione watched as her head slipped below the surface of the water. Even in the clear water of the pool, it was hard to make out how she was doing. Suddenly, Hermione

squealed and shot off of his lap as he felt Fleur brush his legs. A moment later, her hands were sliding up his thighs and he felt an odd sensation envelope his groin. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, he felt her lips wrap around his limp member, swiftly bringing it back to hardness.

“Oh, bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

With a hand over her mouth, Hermione smiled and laughed quietly.

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After a few days of practice, Harry was able to get the Bubble-Head Charm to work pretty well. The problem, they found when trying to use it in a much deeper pool, was that they were still painfully slow underwater, and Harry was that good of a swimmer to begin with. Fleur came up with the idea to use Human Transfiguration to give herself a Mermaid tail, but it ended up being too complicated, so she settled for simply making her hands and feet webbed. It helped her swim faster, but she wasn't too happy with the way they looked even though Harry and Hermione assured her she still looked beautiful.

Another problem they ran into was that spells worked differently underwater. For instance, a Stunning Hex, rather than a jet of red light that rendered something unconscious, came out as a scalding jet of hot steam. It took weeks of testing to find a decent selection of spells that would work in case they ran into anything.

The bigger issue was, due to being three years behind in education compared to Fleur, Human Transfiguration was a bit beyond him. Despite repeated reassurance from the girls, time ticked away quickly with little progress.

“This isn't working,” Harry growled in frustration, looking at his fingers fused together.

“You're getting better,” Fleur said encouragingly as she reverted his hand back to normal.

“This is hopeless,” he groaned. “There's only a week left to the second task.”

“Maybe you could take something with you and transfigure it into swim fins?” Hermione asked hopefully.

“What about Charms?” Fleur asked. “Maybe ‘e could use one to pull ‘imself zthrough zhe water?”

As the girls continued to brainstorm ideas, Harry slumped, feeling useless. As much as he never wanted to be in the tournament in the first place, the last thing he wanted was to fail in front of the whole school. Even though he knew Hermione and Fleur wouldn’t think any less of him, he at least wanted to show he was a competent wizard.

Since the day he set foot in the Wizarding World, people had been expecting great things from him. Now, he finally had his chance to prove he was more than just the Boy-Who-Lived.

“‘Arry?” Fleur called to him.

Shaking himself from his thoughts, Harry looked at her.

“Are you alright, mon amour?” she asked.

“Yeah, just frustrated,” Harry said.

“We’ll figure somezhing out,” she told him.

Smiling, Harry smiled as she and Hermione swam closer and hugged him tightly. He was really grateful for their support, but this was something he hoped he could figure out on his own. Harry really wanted to prove he had what it took to truly be a champion.