

## Chapter 14

Harry watched, enthralled, as Suzette pinned Katie to the door of the abandoned classroom and kissed her passionately. He felt himself growing hard as they desperately stripped each other of their dresses. In moments, both of their alluring, curvaceous bodies were on full display. Kissing hungrily, their full, soft breasts pressed together, Suzettes larger globes giving way to Katie smaller, yet firmer mounds.

Pulling back with a smirk, Suzette took Katie's hand and led her over to the unused teacher's desk. As the brunette hopped up on the desk, the blonde bent over and kissed the inside of her thighs, her round, heart shaped ass jutting out towards Harry. When Suzette reached her damp folds, Katie let out a low, sensual moan that made him throb in arousal. Hissing, he unconscious bucked up into the hot, sucking mouth engulfing his length.

The world around Harry swam and, when it cleared, the girls had moved into a completely different position. Both of them were on the desk now, Suzette hovering over Katie while they kissed passionately. Shifting around, they each pressed a thigh against the others damp mound, moaning as they rolled their hips in rhythm to grind against each other.

Panting, Harry watched the scene closely, eyeing their soft, beautiful curves and listening to their wanton moans. A hard suck on his glans, combined with seeing Katie gasp as she reached her peak, was too much for him. Grunting, his vision swam once more as he spilled himself into the voracious mouth surrounding his length. When his vision cleared, he found himself naked and back in the Room of Requirement, staring down at an equally nude Suzette as she swallowed around him, her eyes sparkling.

With a groan, Harry closed his eyes and ran a hand through her long, golden hair, savoring the moment of bliss. After he'd finished, and Suzette was sure he was completely drained, she pulled off of his slowly deflating shaft and grinned.

"You're getting very good at this," she said.

Smiling, Harry kissed her on the lips before pulling her into his lap.

“I had a great teacher,” he told her with a smile.

Smiling prettily, she pecked him on the lips before resting her head on his shoulder.

It had taken months of hard work, but Harry was finally starting get the hang of Legilimency. He'd never be able to use it the way she did, not being a natural, but he'd gotten to the point now that he could peek into someone's mind without using an obvious spell. All it took was eye contact, a bit of concentration, and an open mind, and he could see what someone was thinking. Sharing full memories like he had with Suzette was harder, and the person would certainly notice, but she assured him it was good practice. That and it was quite fun for both of them.

Over the last few weeks, once he'd mastered the basics of both Occlumency and Legilimency, it had become a bit of a game between the two of them. Harry and Suzette would go to the ball with their dates before meeting up in the Room of Requirement to share their memories, each trying to outdo the other. Harry would both try to watch her memories, as well as show her his own.

Tonight, Suzette had run into Katie after she'd had a date ending fight with her date, Cormac McLaggen. He couldn't help but wish that he'd been there to see it in person, and perhaps join in on the fun. Of course, that was a thought he often had after seeming Suzette with another witch.

Idly, Harry wondered if it made him selfish for not wanting to see her with other men when she'd seen him with numerous other women.

“Of course not,” Suzette said, kissing his neck and breaking him out of his thoughts. “You should never feel guilty over what you like and don't like, 'Arry. Besides, I 'ave you, I don't need other men. They'll only disappoint me.”

Smiling affectionately at her, he leaned down to give her a tender kiss.

“Have I told you how cool you are?” Harry asked.

“Once or twice,” Suzette said with a playful smile before resting her head back on his shoulder. “So, who do you plan on taking to the ball next?”

“Actually, I was hoping we could go together,” Harry said. “It’s been a while since we’ve gone together, just you and me.”

“Hmm, I suppose it ‘as,” she murmured tiredly, though there was a smile in her tone.

Smiling, Harry kissed the top of her head and lifted her bridal style as he stood from the couch. A bed grew out of the floor a few feet away as he carried her in that direction. Setting her on the mattress, he climbed up behind her, his arm wrapping around her and cradling one of her breasts as he pulled her back against his chest. Suzette hugged his arm while letting out a contented hum. It didn’t take long for the two of them to drift off to sleep.

~~~~~

Waking up back in his bed in Gryffindor Tower, Harry hopped up and quickly dressed. He raced down to the Entrance Hall and waited for the Beauxbatons students to arrive. Suzette was one of the few things that helped him keep his sanity through this ordeal, and he’d come to depend on her companionship, in a way.

One of the other things that had helped him, surprisingly, was learning Legilimency. At first, he’d done it out of boredom and curiosity, wondering how Suzette saw the people around her. That, and he’d thought it would make getting interesting dates to the ball a lot easier and time consuming. He’d never expected the other benefits that came along with it. Not only was he able to get a better sense of what the people around him were really like, it also made them feel more human.

Recently, Harry had started to look at his classmates and teachers more like objects to be manipulated than people, and he hadn't even realized it. In addition, it made explaining his situation much simpler and faster. In fact, he was so familiar with Suzette's mind at this point that just a few seconds of eye contact was all it took for him to show her some what had happened over the last year and a bit. Legilimency or, more accurately, Occlumency, had made his own mind feel clearer. His own memories now came to him clearer and easier than ever before.

That alone had a knock-on effect with his dueling lessons and the time travel research. Or at least it had, until he hit a wall. Repeating time for a day, even across the whole planet, could, in theory, be done. Doing it for months or years on end, just shouldn't be possible. There was still a lot of books for him to go through but researching had grown more and more aggravating when every new book he read only told him what he already knew.

Hearing the rumble of voices, Harry looked up to see the Beauxbatons contingent trooping up from their carriage with thick cloaks wrapped tightly around them. Spotting Suzette, he smiled as he watched her approach. It didn't take long for her to catch wind of his thoughts and looked over at him. When they made eye contact, it only took a second for him to push his memories into her mind. After a moment of staring at him blankly, a smile stretched across her pink lips. Saying goodbye to her friends, she walked up to him quickly and hugged him tightly.

"Good morning, mon cheri," she said as if they hadn't missed a beat from the night before.

"Morning," Harry replied, kissing her cheek.

Taking his hand in hers, she smiled brightly and led him into the Great Hall, and over to the Gryffindor table.

~~~~~

Harry and Suzette spent the rest of the day together, talking and laughing like close friends as they wandered the castle and surrounding grounds. Suzette made a game of having him try to read the minds of random passing classmates. It was a bit difficult in the beginning, trying to

surreptitiously invade an unfamiliar mind, but he got the hang of it quickly. Of course, the biggest thing of people's minds was the ball, and who they were going to go with. Even after nearly two years taking most of the girls he knew to the ball, it was still shocking how many girls he barely knew were so jealous and disappointed to find him sitting so closely with Suzette.

Despite his improvements, Harry still wasn't anywhere near as talented as Suzette. She took great pleasure in diving deeper into the minds of the girls interested in him and describing, in great detail, the fantasies they had about him. By the end of the afternoon, he could only shake his head and wonder at how clueless he had been when he thought back to his worry over finding a date the first time he went to the ball.

A couple of hours later, Harry grinned as Suzette met him in the Entrance Hall with Fleur following close behind. Curiously, she didn't walk over to Roger, who was standing close by, but met with Adrian Pucey. As Suzette frowned, Harry looked over at her questioningly.

"I told 'er not to go with Roger, I didn't know who she agreed to go with," she explained at his look.

Harry only had time to nod before Professor McGonagall began ushering them into the Great Hall. Dinner passed surprisingly quick as he talked and laughed with Suzette through the whole meal. They danced for quite a while, losing track of their friends until they decided to take a break. Sitting down at a table, they were joined by Hermione, Angelina, Katie, Alicia, and most of their dates. The only exceptions being McLaggen, who Katie had ditched earlier than usual thanks to some advice from Suzette, and Ron, who Padma had left much earlier to dance with one of the students from Durmstrang.

"I'm sorry things didn't work out with your date," Suzette said to Katie.

"It's fine," Katie replied with a shrug. "I really shouldn't have agreed to go with him, I know what he's like. At least I got a couple of dances in before he went back to being a complete ass."

"You can dance with 'Arry, if you want to," Suzette offered.

“Are you sure you don’t mind?” Katie asked cautiously.

“Of course not,” Suzette told her.

Smiling, she turned to Harry and kissed him on the cheek. Returning the smile, he stood from his chair and offered his hand to Katie. She took it happily and followed him as he led her onto the dance floor. Harry couldn’t help but think back to the memory Suzette had shared with him the night before, and he was certain that was exactly why she had insisted he dance with her in the first place. He’d planned to spend the entire night with just his date, but dancing with Katie made it very tempting to see if she would join them, something he knew Suzette wouldn’t mind at all.

“Thanks for the dance, Harry,” Katie said with a bright smile and flushed cheeks.

“It was my pleasure,” Harry replied. “You really look great tonight.”

“Oh, thanks,” she said, blushing prettily as they headed back over to the table with the others.

Katie sat back down next to Angelina and Alicia, who giggled as they began whispering to her. A couple of seats over, Hermione was trying, and failing, to stop Fred and George from badgering Krum into a pickup game of Quidditch before break ended. Smiling, Harry leaned down and wrapped his arms around Suzette as he stood behind her.

“I have to run to the bathroom, I’ll be right back,” he told her quietly.

“Ok,” she said.

Turning and tilting her head back she kissed him on the lips. Just before pulling away, Harry trailed his hand up from her stomach and gave one of her breasts a playful squeeze. Suzette squealed, laughed, and slapped his arm lightly with a smile on her face as he pulled back and

headed out of the Great Hall with a chuckle. Making his way out into the hall, Harry stopped and sighed when he spotted the long line outside the men's room on the first floor. Turning around, he made his way back to the Entrance Hall and up to the second floor. To his relief, the hall was completely deserted and the bathroom empty.

After relieving himself and washing his hands, he left the bathroom only to be nearly bowled over by someone. Putting his hands on the witch's waist, Harry steadied himself against the door frame and straightened up. He found himself looking at Fleur, who was wide eyed and flushed with a wild look in her eyes.

"Fleur, you alright?" he asked.

"I -" she before breaking off and swallowing thickly.

Suddenly, she pushed on his chest and sent him stumbling back into the bathroom. As Harry regained his balance, he felt her Allure wash over him more powerfully than ever before. In an instant, his erection was hard and throbbing against the front of his pants, a rush of adrenaline coursing through his veins. Shaking his head to clear it, he looked up at Fleur just as she put her hands on his chest. Harry back up as she stalked towards him until his back hit the wall behind him.

"Fleur?" Harry called worriedly, placing his hands on her hips to stop her moving closer.

"Please 'Arry, I need you," she begged breathlessly, her pupils dilated.

Harry knew immediately something was wrong. Fleur had hardly spoken to him before, and the way she was acting was completely out of character from what he knew of her. Peeking into her mind, he was nearly overwhelmed by the arousal and lust clouding her thoughts. Pulling back, he blinked and tightened his grip on her hips to keep her from moving closer.

"I will let you do anything you want to me, please," Fleur pleaded, her hands scrambling to unbutton his shirt.

Harry reached for his wand, and she instantly took advantage of his loosened grip to press herself flush against him. A gasp left his lips as she rubbed his length through the fabric of his pants.

“Fleur!” he yelped.

“I’ll suck you dick,” she panted in a deep, husky tone that sent shivers down his spine. “You can fuck me ‘owever you want, for as long as you want. Don’t you want me, ‘Arry?”

Leaning forward, she kissed and sucked at his neck while her hands scrambled for his belt. With a flash of red from his wand, her body went limp. Harry caught her in his arms and gently lowered her to the floor before sitting down to take a deep, calming breath. Closing his eyes, he cleared his mind and waited a couple of minutes for his throbbing erection to die down before sending a Patronus to McGonagall. He didn’t know how to send messages through it yet, but he was sure with his record she would follow it to investigate. Harry wasn’t willing to leave Fleur alone with the sate she was in.

Clearly, someone had slipped her something, and he had a good idea who to blame.

~~~~~

Sitting on the bed next to Fleur, Harry sighed tiredly as he listened to Professor McGonagall and Madam Maxime argue while Madam Pomfrey check his fellow Champion.

“Ow do we know ‘e deen’t do eet ‘imself?” Maxime demanded loudly.

“Mr. Potter would never do something like this,” McGonagall defended him just as loudly. “And even if he did, why would he be the one to tell us?”

“Maybe ‘e got cold feet,” Maxime said.



A moment later, Snape entered the Hospital Wing, sneered at Harry, and then walked over to Dumbledore, who stood by silently as the two witches argued.

“You called, Headmaster?” Snape asked.

“Yes, would mind helping Poppy? Ms. Delacour has been potioned, and she’s having trouble determining the exact potion,” Dumbledore said.

“Very well,” Snape said grudgingly, not looking at all happy.

Walking over to the bed, he spoke quietly to Pomfrey before pulling out his wand and waving it over Fleur. Through all that, McGonagall and Maxime continued to argue over who was at fault.

“This ees just an attempt by ‘Ogwarts to ‘inder my Champion!” Maxime declared.

Harry sighed, took off his glasses, and rubbed the bridge of his nose in annoyance. He was tempted to just get up and leave, but he wanted to make sure Fleur was alright first. A few seconds later, the door to the Hospital Wing opened again and Suzette rushed in with a worried look. Taking a look at the arguing professors and her close friend unconscious in bed, she looked up at Harry. As their eyes connected, he pushed his memory of what happened into her mind.

Eyes going wide, she looked at Fleur in concern before walking over to sit down next to him. Wrapping his arm around her, he pulled Suzette against his side and kissed the top of her head as they waited.

It was a couple minutes later that Madam Pomfrey walked over to the potions cabinet and took out three vials. Walking back over to Fleur, she flicked her wand, forcing the sleeping girl to sit up, and then slowly poured each vial into her mouth. Laying her back down, it was only a few seconds before her eyes fluttered open. Sitting bolt upright, Fleur looked around wildly before calming down and clutching the blanket to her chest.

Suzette and Maxime both rushed over to her, Suzette holding her hand comfortingly while Maxime questioned her rapidly in French.

“Where ees zhis Adrian Pucey?” Maxime demanded abruptly, standing to her full, imposing height. “I demand ‘e answer for zis!”

“Surely you’re not going to believe the word of this-”

“Severus,” Dumbledore said sharply, cutting him off. “If you could go get Mr. Pucey, I’m sure we can get this matter settled.”

Snape narrowed his eyes as he and the headmaster shared a long look. Huffing, Snape spun on his heel, his cloak billowing behind him as he stormed out of the room.

“I demand you call ze Aurors,” Maxime said, focusing her anger on Dumbledore.

“‘Arry,” Fleur called softly as the professors began arguing again.

He turned to look at Fleur as she sat with her back against the headboard, Suzette perched on the edge of the mattress next to her.

“Zhank you,” she said. “For not...”

“You’re welcome,” Harry said, giving her a small smile.

Suzette smiled brightly at him while Fleur licked her lips and hesitated for a moment before speaking again.

"Why didn't you?" she asked.

Surprised by the question, Harry couldn't help but peek into her mind to see why she would ask that. Fleur was worried he didn't find her attractive. He had spent all night with Suzette, and barely looked at her all. While she may have disliked the way most boys turned into drooling idiots around her, she'd grown used to it, and having him ignore her almost completely had shaken her confidence by a surprising amount.

"Well, it was pretty obvious something was wrong," he told her.

Fleur stared at him for a moment, then nodded. Suzette distracted her when she began speaking quietly in French. Harry could tell from her smile that she was up to something, but she was careful not to meet his eye, so he didn't know what.

If was a couple minutes later when Snape walked back into the Hospital wing with Adrian Pucey behind him. Fleur glared at him while Pucey smirked back. That look didn't last long when Maxime towered over him and began demanding to know why he had potioned Fleur. Considering the potion he had given her, Harry thought the answer was pretty obvious.

"I didn't do anything to her," Pucey said. "She started acting funny and then took off running when I tried to talk to her.

"Zhat's a lie!" Fleur yelled, her accent thickening in her anger.

As he looked over at her, his eyes caught Suzette's and she pushed a memory into his mind; one not from her, but from Fleur. She stood in the Great Hall, sipping a glass of punch when she suddenly noticed something was wrong. Excusing herself, Fleur rushed to the bathroom where she washed her face with cold water, desperately trying to keep control of herself. When she realized she couldn't, Fleur left to return to the carriage. Adrian Pucey, along with Graham Montague and Cassius Warrington, were waiting for her in the hall, and it was then she realized what was happening.

Fortunately, the potion hadn't fully kicked in by then, or perhaps Fleur had used her anger to fight it. Either way, when they approached her with knowing smirks, she demonstrated why she was chosen as a Champion by hexing them before they could even get their wands out. As the potion burned through her system, Fleur took off in a panic, not really knowing where she was headed. The only thought in her mind had been to get away. That's when she'd run into Harry.

"Unless you have any proof..." Snape sneered as Harry pulled back from the memory.

As Madam Maxime began to curse at Snape in two different languages, Harry slipped his hand in his pocket, gripped his wand, and cast a silent Summoning Charm. The mostly empty vial in Pucey's robes jumped out and landed on the floor with a loud clink. Harry smirked as the Slytherin's face paled when Maxime bent over to pick it up.

Somehow, Dumbledore managed to talk Maxime out of calling the Aurors and, instead, Pucey was suspended for the rest of the year, while Montague and Warrington would serve a month's detention. Neither Fleur, nor her headmistress looked happy with the punishment, but they accepted it. By the time the arguing stopped, and they were allowed to leave the Hospital Wing, the Ball was nearly at its end.

"Do you want one more dance before we call it a night?" Harry asked Suzette, feeling guilty that his terrible bad good luck had led him into another absurd situation.

"Non, that's okay," she said, smiling sweetly at him. "You can dance with Fleur though."

"Merci," Fleur said with a smile before Harry could respond.

Grabbing his hand, she marched out onto the mostly empty dance floor, dragging him behind her while his date giggled at his surprised expression. Fleur wrapped her arms around Harry neck, swaying in time with the slow beat of the music, while he placed his hands on her waist.

"Sorry your night went to hell," Harry said apologetically.

"It's not your fault," Fleur told him.

Curious about the way she was acting, Harry decided to peek into her mind. It was shocking just how attracted to him she was at the moment. Apparently, she found his ability to refuse her advances a major turn on, which only reinforced the thought that he would never understand women. Even when he could read their minds, they made no sense. First, she felt almost insulted that he didn't ravish her when she tried to seduce him under the Lust Potion, and now she found it attractive.

Of course, she felt guilty for feeling that way about her friend's date, though not enough to turn down a chance to dance with him.

"You know, I was under the impression you didn't like me very much," Harry said with a smile that took any sting out of his words, hoping to understand what had changed her mind about him.

"I'm sorry," she said, looking suitably apologetic. "I was just upset you were allowed to stay in the tournament."

While that was true, Fleur left out the part where she dismissed him as worth worrying about after Suzette explained he was telling the truth. Even when he tied for first place in the First Task, she convinced herself that he did so due to luck. Seeing himself through her eyes, Harry couldn't really fault her for feeling that way. He really did look like a lost boy until he suddenly changed the night of the ball, looking much more confident and capable than he had before.

Harry was startled out of his thoughts when Fleur hugged him closely and rested her head on his shoulder. He'd been so engrossed in looking at her thoughts of him, he hadn't noticed anything else she was thinking about. It was impossible for him to ignore the way her body felt pressed up against his. Fleur really was absolutely stunning. Everything from her face, to her large, jutting breasts, to her slim waist that flared out into wide hips and voluptuous behind, all of it was just more alluring than anyone he'd ever been with before.

If it wasn't for her arrogance and superior attitude, he would have tried to take her to the ball months ago.

Over her shoulder, he spotted Suzette watching them with a crafty smile on her face. Harry didn't need to read her thoughts to know what she was planning. Grinning at her, he trailed his fingertips up and down Fleur's back, his hand moving dangerous close to her bum. Suzette watched his hands excitedly while Fleur hummed and nuzzled the side of his neck.

Seriously the coolest girl ever, Harry thought as he lost sight of his date.

Everyday he spent with Suzette, he was slowly falling more in love with her, and he knew she felt the same about him. Neither of them had said anything, but after spending so much time in each other's minds, they didn't need to.

With his back to Suzette, Harry took a chance and laid his palms flat on Fleur's wide, jutting behind. She gasped quietly but made no move to pull away from him. When they spun around so that he was facing Suzette again, he gave her cheeks a light squeeze. Fleur's breathing picked up against his neck, while his date grinned. Harry had to bit back a chuckle when she winked at him.

Unfortunately, the music stopped a moment later.

"That's it for the night ladies and gents, be sure to check out our new album, Black Cauldron, out now," the singer said as the band began to pack up.

Fleur pouted up at the stage as Harry pulled back from her. When they walked back over to Suzette, he glanced at her and caught a flash of guilt as she looked at her friend. Oddly, that made him like her a bit more.

"Did you 'ave fun?" Suzette asked with a knowing smile.

“Oui, zank you,” Fleur said, her cheeks going a light pink.

“Do you want me to walk you back to the carriage?” Harry offered.

Fleur tilted her head cutely as she looked at him.

“You mean us?” she asked, gesturing to herself and Suzette.

Suzette smiled affectionately as she wrapped her arms around Harry’s and hugged it to her chest while her fingers threaded through his.

“Arry found us a room to stay in tonight,” she said.

Fleur opened her mouth in a small ‘o,’ her eyes widening slightly.

“I see,” she said. “Zhat’s alright, I can walk back myself.”

“Wait,” Suzette called out as Fleur began to turn away, then turned to Harry. “Could you go get us a drink before we go?”

“Sure,” he smiled.

Kissing her cheek, Harry took his time as he walked over to the snack table.

“Hey, Harry,” Cedric said, clapping him on the shoulder.

“Hey, Cedric. Where’s Cho?” he asked curiously.

“In the bathroom. I was just about to walk her back to the Ravenclaw Tower,” he said with an easy grin. “How’s your date going?”

“Pretty good,” Harry grinned, nodding over to Suzette where she was whispering to Fleur quietly.

“Hey, what happened between you and Fleur earlier?” Cedric asked curiously. “There was a whole bunch of rumors going around earlier that you two got into a duel and sent her to the Hospital Wing.”

Harry snorted and shook his head.

“Pucey dosed her with Lust Potion. She kicked his ass and ran away but ran into me in the hall. I stunned her and took her to the Hospital Wing before she could do anything she’d regret,” he explained.

“Whoa,” Cedric said, blinking in surprise. “Lucky she ran into you. I don’t know anyone else that could turn down Fleur Delacour even if their date was standing next to them.”

“It wasn’t easy,” Harry admitted. “It’s just too bad we’re not playing Quidditch this year. With Pucey, Warrington, and Montague off the team, Slytherin would have been slaughtered.”

“They were in on it too?” Cedric asked, then shook his head when Harry nodded. “Bloody hell, what is wrong with them?”

“No idea,” Harry said, then nodded behind him. “Your dates back.”

Cedric turned around and grinned when he spotted Cho. Remembering his own date with her, he knew Cedric would have his hands full with the aggressive Asian girl if things went well.



“Listen, have you figured out your egg yet,” he whispered abruptly.

“Not yet,” Harry said, honestly having completely forgotten about the screaming menace sitting in his trunk.

“You need to put it in water,” Cedric told him quietly. “Use the Prefects’ Bath - password’s ‘pine fresh.’ I’d avoid it tonight though - Roger was bragging about taking Jennifer Hanes there. I think he was making it up but... anyways, I better go. See ya, Harry.”

Cedric clapped him on the shoulder one more time before hurrying back over to Cho. Harry wasn’t too concerned with the tournament at the moment, so he filed that away for later. The Prefects’ Bath though, that could come in handy later, he thought with a grin. Grabbing two glasses of punch, he walked back over to Fleur and Suzette.

“Here you go ladies,” he smiled, handing a drink to each.

“Thank you,” “Merci,” they said in unison.

“Do you mind if we show Fleur that room you told me about?” Suzette asked, her lips quirked up in a small smile. “I thought she could use it get away from the boys when they bother her.”

“Sure,” Harry answered.

Fleur grinned excitedly as she and Suzette shared a look. Finishing their drink, they set the glasses down on a table and followed Harry as he led out of the Great Hall.

“Aren’t ze stairs zat way?” Fleur asked when they walked right past the Grand Staircase.

“We’re taking a shortcut,” Harry told her.

Walking up to a portrait of a door tucked away in the corner, he raised his hand and knocked seven times. The door swung open, and Harry stepped through right onto the seventh-floor corridor.

“Mon Dieu,” Fleur gasped.

“That door will take you to any floor – just knock for what number floor you want. It can’t take you to the dungeons, but it’s great if you’re running late in the morning,” Harry said.

“Merci,” Fleur said.

Giving her a smile, he took Suzette’s hand and led the two over to the portrait of Barnabas the Barmy. After pacing three times, the wall across from the painting melted into a door.

“This is the Room of Requirement, it can become pretty much anything you want it to be,” Harry announced as he strode into the room.

He’d chosen his favorite set up, a near replica of the Gryffindor common room, with two couches, a lit fireplace, and a large bed off to one side. Suzette smiled at him while pulling him over to one of the couches by the hand.

“Fleur wanted to thank you for ‘elping ‘er,” she said breathily, her eyes sparkling excitedly.

Fleur smirked as she walked towards him, placing one foot in front of the other and swaying her hips seductively. Reaching behind her back, she popped open a clasp of her light blue dress. Without breaking her stride, the dress fell to the floor and pooled around her feet. Underneath, she was completely naked, not even a pair of panties to cover her.

Harry stiffened in his pants as he looked over her luscious figure. Her large, impossibly perky breast jiggled with every step, her thin waist and tight stomach flaring out into wide hips and a deliciously thick bum. Grinning at his wide-eyed look, Fleur stopped in front of him as he stared

up at the bottom of her smooth, jutting chest. Her wide, perfectly round areolas were the softest pink, and her nipples just slightly dark.

Dropping to her knees, she spread his legs open and ran her hands up his thighs as she steeled between his knees. Suzette kissed his cheek while her hands reached over to start unbuttoning his shirt. Looking over, Harry kissed her passionately as Fleur began working on his belt. Pulling his rigid length out of his pants, Fleur gasped lightly as she held his burning shaft in her small hand. Harry broke apart from Suzette with a hiss.

“C'est magnifique,” she breathed, stroking him lightly.

“Still think I'm a little boy?” Harry asked, smiling to take the sting out of his words.

“Non,” Fleur said, looking up at him with big, bright blue eyes that sparkled lustfully. “Zat was rude of me. I will make it up to you.”

Pressing his throbbing length against his stomach, she leaned forward and kissed the tip. His erection pulsed against her lips, drawing a short giggle from her as she kissed down his shaft. Next to him, Suzette stood, unzipped her dress, and let it drop to the floor. Her light green eyes danced with excitement as she looked down at Fleur laying kisses up and down his length.

Apparently not happy with his eyes on Suzette, Fleur took him between her lips and ran her tongue around the sensitive rim. Sucking in a sharp breath, Harry bucked his hips up unconsciously and stared down at the arousing sight of Fleur thick, red lips stretched around his glans. Suzette giggled while Fleur pulled off of him and then ran her long, pink tongue from the base of his shaft to the tip.

Suddenly, his clothes vanished. Startled, Harry looked up to see Suzette smirking at him as she set down her wand while Fleur gave an appreciative hum as she looked him over.

“Definitely not a leetle boy,” she said.

As Suzette sat back down next to him, hugging his arm between her breasts, Fleur took him back into her mouth. Harry groaned as she started bobbing up and down, swirling her tongue around his girth and slathering it in warm saliva as she went progressively further down his shaft. Each time she dragged her lips back up his length, he could see streaks of red lipstick marking her progress.

“Feels good, non?” Suzette asked, her hand caressing his chest and abs.

“Incredible,” Harry said, running his fingers through Fleur’s silvery blonde hair.

Looking up with her lips stretched wide around his girth, Fleur smirked with her eyes and pushed him deep into her mouth, his head bumping against the roof of her mouth. As he tilted his head back to groan, Suzette kissed him hungrily. Turning his arm, Harry traced his fingers along the inside of her thigh and up to her hot, damp folds. Pulling her lips away from his with a moan, she buried her head in the crook of his neck. Watching Fleur continuing to bob up and down on his cock, she panted lightly as he teased the outside of her slit.

Making eye contact with Fleur, he slipped into her mind. Her emotions were a mix of arousal at what she was doing, along with a touch of jealousy that his full attention wasn’t on her. That jealousy was dying quickly though as she glanced over to watch his fingers slip between Suzette’s wet lips. A ripple of surprise ran through him when he realized Fleur had a distinct lack of experience. He didn’t know why, not being talented enough to look that deep without getting caught, but with her personality, he could guess she was quite picky.

Despite her outward confidence, she was wracked with nerves on the inside. What little experience she did have was either with men who became scarily aggressive under her Allure or turned into little more than walking erections. None of them last long under her touch, and it worried her slightly that he was lasting so long. He also got a glimpse of her desires as he scanned her mind, and what he found was both surprising, and arousing.

“Fuck that feels so good, Fleur,” Harry said, massaging her scalp.

Fleur practically purred around him and bobbed faster, her bright, sparkling eyes never leaving his.

“Deeper,” he said in a husky, demanding tone.

Still with him deep in her mouth, she shivered lightly before pushing down to take him deeper. Fleur fought to keep her eyes open when he hit the back of her throat, causing her chest to heave as she gagged. Pulling back slightly, she took a deep breath through her nose before determinedly plunging back down. Her throat clamped shut as she tried to shove in using brute force. Tears gathered in her eyes and strings of thick, slimy spit dripped down his shaft. Her breasts shook as she gagged harshly around him. While she didn't succeed in taking him deeper, it was incredibly arousing to see such a stunning, proud witch brutally choking herself on his cock.

“You need to relax,” Suzette told her.

Fleur glared at her friend, her pride not allowing her to admit defeat as she pulled back and coughed while panting for breath.

“Maybe you should show her,” Harry suggested.

“Non, I can do eet,” Fleur said firmly.

Without hesitation, she slammed him against the back of her throat again. For several seconds, she hammered his head against the entrance of her throat, gagging lewdly without success. Pulling back slightly, she took a deep breath before taking Suzette's advice and tried to relax. This time she managed to let his tip into her throat, but immediately gagged loudly around him and pulled up sharply. Coughing, with a single tear running down her cheek, she pouted at his cock so cutely he couldn't help but chuckle.

“Ere, let me show you,” Suzette said.

Pouting even more, Fleur grudgingly moved over as Suzette knelt down next to her between his legs.

“Relax and take it slow,” she said while stroking his spit-soaked length. “It takes time to get used to it.”

Leaning forward, Suzette wrapped her lips around him and bobbed up and down a few times before taking him deep. Pausing as he hit the roof of her mouth, she smiled up at him with her eyes before slowly plunging him into her throat. Harry groaned loudly and caressed her hair as she took him to the hilt, her throat hugging him tightly. After holding him there for just a couple of seconds, she pulled off and offered him to Fleur.

Taking him in hand, she quickly shuffled back in position and wrapped her lips around him.

“Go slow,” Suzette said against, her hand running up and down Fleur’s back soothingly. “Use your tongue to guide ‘im.”

Positioning the head of his cock at the entrance of her throat, Fleur paused a moment before slowly pushing down. Harry slipped inside, and she managed to take him an inch further before her throat spasmed around him. A loud, wet gag left Fleur’s lips as she pulled off of him sharply. Glaring at his glistening length as if it had offended her, she swallowed him again. This time when she gagged, Fleur determinedly held herself in place by gripping Harry’s thighs. With her chest heaving, saliva drooling from her lips, and tears rolling down her cheek, she slowly drove herself down until her nose pressed against his groin.

“Fuck,” Harry gasped.

It took all of his self-control not to grab her head and begin thrusting into her. The spasms from her tight throat felt incredible and, more than that, know just who had his cock buried in her slender neck had him throbbing in excitement.

After just a second, Fleur shot off of his cock and coughed while gasping for air. When she'd recovered, Harry ran his fingers through her hair and gently guided her lips back to his throbbing cock.

"More," he said.

Staring up at him, her eyes dark with arousal, Fleur obediently took him back into her mouth and straight back into her grasping throat. This time, she let her nose just touch his pelvis before pulling back to the head, pausing, and then plunging back down. Gradually, here gags diminished, but never went away entirely.

"So good, Fleur," Harry said, combing his fingers through her hair.

Moaning, she closed her eyes and continued throating his length over and over again, slowly getting used to his girth stretching her slender neck.

Behind her, Suzette cautiously ran her fingers up the inside of Fleur's thigh. She started to pull off of him, but Harry stopped her before his head could leave her lips.

"Stay," he said in a deep tone.

Fleur stared up at him, her lips still wrapped around his tip as Harry relaxed his arm. As Suzette reached her folds, she closed her eyes and moaned around him. When she opened them again, she started bobbing on his cock, dark, lust filled eyes locked with his.

"Is she wet?" Harry asked Suzette, his eyes locked with fleur's as he massaged her scalp.

"Soaked," Suzette said with a grin.

Leaning forward, her breasts flattening against Fleur's back, Suzette kissed her shoulder and cupped one of her breasts.

"You like sucking 'is cock, don't you?" she asked.

In response, Fleur moaned long and low around his shaft. From his angle, Harry couldn't see what Suzette's hand was doing, but he could see her shoulder moving faster and faster. With another moan, Fleur began driving him in and out of her throat quickly, pulling only halfway back up his length before plunging back down. Harry groaned, his climax building rapid.

"E's getting close," Suzette panted. "Are you ready to taste 'im?"

Fleur moaned with his cock buried in her throat, sending incredible vibrations all the way through his length. Through the haze of pleasure, Harry could hear not only the wet sound of his cock invading Fleur's throat, but another wet sound coming from between her legs as Suzette fingered her.

"I'm coming," Harry warned.

Fleur pulled back to his tip, short, muffled grunts escaping her lips as she stroked his shaft furiously. While a groan, Harry exploded in her mouth, flooding it with his release. As cum surged out of his cock with every pulse, Fleur closed her eyes and squealed when Suzette brought her to her own climax. Shuddering, her breasts jiggling, she continued to suck him dry as she rode out her orgasm.

Harry groaned as she continued to suckle on his head even after both of them had finished. It took a moment for his brain to register the fact she must have swallowed, causing him to swell against her tongue. Behind her, Suzette grinned while holding up her hand, glistening with Fleur's arousal. Staring at him lustfully, she brought her fingers to her mouth and sucked them clean. One single thought dominated her mind.

Ruin her.



In seconds, Harry was back to a raging erection. Pulling himself out of Fleur's mouth, he bent down to kiss her lips before standing up and lifting her into his arms. Moaning against his lips, she settled on his lap, her sweltering folds sliding along his length. Breaking the kiss, Harry placed himself at her entrance and left it there. With her arms wrapped out his neck, Fleur bit her lip and slowly sank down on him. A gasp left her lips as his thick head parted and stretched her tight walls.

"So beeg," Fleur gasped.

Grinning, Harry reached up and groped her amazing breasts roughly as she slowly descended down his length. Suzette climbed onto the couch next to him and pulled him in for a deep kiss. When she pulled back, Harry groaned when Fleur took half his length. Grinning, she stroked his chest while turning to Fleur.

"I love watching 'im with other women," Suzette said breathily. "Look at 'im stretch you open."

"You've done zis before?" Fleur asked, unable to suppress her curiosity even as she began bouncing slowly up and down, taking him just a little deeper each time she descended.

"Oui," Suzette said, watching as his cock sank into her friend's tight folds with a smirk. "You should 'ave seen 'im with Professor Sinistra. 'E ruined 'er derriere for other men."

Fleur's eyes went wide as she looked from Suzette to Harry. Unconsciously, she dropped down onto him, taking him to the hilt with a loud gasp. Smiling, he shrugged before leaning forward to suck hard on one of her nipples. Fleur moaned loudly as she sat still on his lap, her hands gripping his hair and holding him to her chest. Kissing all around her pale globes, he buried his face between her smooth mounds, sucking and scraping his teeth lightly along her delicate skin.

Pulling back, he gripped on of her breasts firmly and aimed it toward Suzette in offering. Smiling at Fleur's wide-eyed look, she leaned in, wrapped her lips around the nipple and sucked lightly while Harry did the same to the other. Fleur gasped, followed by a low moan as her hips rolled. Growling at the feeling of her incredible depths flexing around him, Harry pulled back, grabbed

her hips, and started guiding her up and down his considerable length. Suzette pulled back and smirked when Fleur let out a wanton moan as she sank back down onto him. Taking over, Fleur used her toned thighs to raise and lower herself on his cock.

“Arry feels so good in you, non?” Suzette asked.

“Oui,” Fleur gasped, her breasts bouncing alluringly.

Reaching behind her, Harry gripped her thick bum, groping roughly as Fleur gradually increased her pace. Suzette reached over and ran her hands over her friend’s body, slowly exploring all of her soft curves. Looking over and seeing the lust in her green eyes as she looked at Fleur, Harry decided it was time to get her more involved.

“Suzette, can you more for a second?” Harry asked.

With her being able to read his mind, there was no way to surprise her. Still, she smiled brightly with an excited gleam in her eyes as she stood from the couch. Wrapping his arms around Fleur, Harry turned to the side and laid her down on the couch. With one knee on the couch and a foot on the floor, he pulled Suzette over and laid her down on top of her. Fleur stared up at her with wide eyes.

Pulling his hips back, Harry sank back into Fleur’s depths quickly. Just as she gasped, Suzette leaned down and kissed her, their tongues meeting and breasts pressed together. Fleur froze for a long moment, but as Suzette continued to kiss her, and Harry continued to thrust, she gave in and kissed her back.

Throbbing excitedly as he looked down at the two gorgeous witches, he caressed Suzettes full ass as it jutted out towards him. Giving her a playful spank, he pulled out of Fleur and sank into her sweltering depths without hesitation. When he heard two moans, one in pleasure and one in disappointment, he smirked.

“Fuck Fleur,” Suzette panted, looking over her shoulder. “I want to watch ‘er cum for you.”

Shaking his head in amusement, Harry caressed her back and pulled out before sinking back into Fleur. She moaned wantonly under them as his cock filled her, her eyes fluttering closed. When she opened them again, she tentatively reached up to cup Suzette's hanging breasts. A moment later, both girls were kissing heatedly, tongues dancing as they moaned.

Leaning over the girls to get a better look, he used his leverage to start pounding into Fleur. She squealed into Suzette's mouth and wrapped her legs around him, heels digging into his thighs as she urged him on. Harry happily gave her what she wanted. Kissing Suzette's back, he hammered down into Fleur, driving her into the cushions with every powerful thrust. It didn't take long for her to start writhing under them, eventually tearing her lips away for Suzette's to gasp and moan as she sucked in a much-needed breath.

"That's it. Show 'Arry 'ow much you love 'is cock," Suzette said, her voice husky and accent thickening. "Scream for 'im, beg 'im."

Suzette switched to French, talking rapid as Fleur let out loud moan. When Fleur began talking, it was in French as well, but Harry didn't need to understand the language to know what she wanted. Slamming into her harshly, she suddenly went still, her head thrown back with her mouth open in a silent scream. Seconds later, a shudder ran through her body, and she let out a cry of pleasure. Harry grunted as Fleur tightened around him, her walls fluttering wildly. Suzette continued taunting her in French as the girl thrashed through a thunderous climax.

Slowing to a stop as she collapsed bonelessly, Harry grinned as he pulled out of her, his knee aching from the awkward position he'd been in. Suzette sat up as he scooped up Fleur and carried her over to the bed. Fleur finally opened her eyes as the two of them crawled onto the mattress with her.

"You're steel 'ard?" she asked weakly, looking down at the large, angry red length standing tall and eager.

"We can take a break, if you need to," Harry offered.

Fleur closed her mouth, her pride and competitiveness not allowing her to ask for a break. Spreading her legs, she beckoned him over with a finger. Grinning, Harry waddled over on his knees and rolled her over onto her stomach. Looking over her shoulder, Fleur brought her knees up under her, her face still on the bed, and arched her back. It made for an incredible enticing view, but looking at him, she never noticed Suzette laying down in front of her until the bed moved.

When Fleur turned back, she suddenly found herself just inches from her friend's dripping folds. Sitting up, Suzette ran her fingers through Fleur's hair soothingly, and Harry didn't need to see her face to know she was nervous. Leaning over her back, he kissed her shoulder and nibbled at her ear.

"Lick her," he whispered.

"I've never..." Fleur confessed, trailing off.

"You'll do fine," he assured her. "She deserves it after being willing to she her date with you, right?"

Fleur took a shuddering breath as Suzette scooched closer, leaving her mound within easy reach of Fleur's mouth.

"Taste her," Harry demanded in a low voice.

He felt the witch shiver under him and, a moment later, she stuck out her tongue and tentatively ran it between Suzette's lips.

"Oui," Suzette moaned, scooting closer.

Smiling, Harry kissed Fleur's neck and sat up on his knees. Sharing a heated look with Suzette, he lined himself up with Fleur's entrance and sank into her depths.



The next day, Harry met Fleur in the Entrance Hall as she and her classmates entered in the morning.

“Fleur,” he called out.

She looked at him curiously, almost cautiously, for a moment before saying something to her friends and walking over to him.

“What is it?” she asked.

“Have you figured out your Egg yet?” Harry asked.

“Non,” Fleur said, looking at him suspiciously.

Harry sighed, “Look, if you don’t know yet, you need to listen to it underwater.”

“Why are you telling me zis?” she asked.

“Because I don’t want your hostage to get hurt because of some stupid tournament,” Harry said.

“Ostage?” Fleur asked, her eyebrows shooting up.

“You’ll understand when you listen to the Egg,” he told her.

“How do I know zis isn’t some kind of trick?” she pressed, folding her arms over her chest.

“For Merlin’s sake, I’m trying to help you,” Harry said, his annoyance not completely feigned as he pinched the bridge of his nose. “Fine, grab your egg after breakfast and meet me here, I’ll show you.”

Fleur looked him over for a long moment, her lips pursed.

“Alright, I will meet you ‘ere,” she said.

Turning on her heel, Fleur headed into the Great Hall. Harry watched her ass sway as she walked away with a smirk. Putting up with her attitude was tiring, but it would be worth it to take her to the ball. The night before had made him curious, and he wanted to take Fleur to the ball to get to know her better.

Walking over to the Gryffindor table, he grinned as he thought about what Fleur’s reaction would be when she found out they would be taking a bath together.