

Chapter 8

Hermione sighed in frustration as she failed to find Harry, again, after an hour-long search. With his knowledge of the secret passages and hidden rooms throughout the convoluted castle, it really wasn't that surprising, just annoying. She was seriously starting to get worried about her wayward friend. It had been three days since the last time they had met in the Room of Requirement, and she had only seen him in class since then. Something was clearly bothering him, he only acted like this when there was. It was incredibly vexing that he always insisted on hiding to mope on his own, rather than talk about it with people who cared about him. Not for the first time, she cursed those horrible Dursley's in her mind for the way they treated him. As she crossed the courtyard on her way to the Great Hall for lunch, hoping Harry would finally show up, she noticed Fleur talking with a small group of her fellow Beaubatons witches.

"Fleur." She called out, causing the blonde to turn around.

"Bonjour, 'Ermione." Fleur greeted her with a dazzling smile, causing a passing Ravenclaw boy to walk shin first into a stone bench.

"Could I talk to you for a minute?" She asked, flicking her eyes to the girls behind Fleur with a meaningful glance as the Ravenclaw hobbled away embarrassedly.

"Oui, of course."

Fleur turned to her friends, and after a brief exchange in French, turned back to Hermione. She led Fleur down a little used hallway and spoke to her quietly. Unfortunately, there wasn't any abandoned classrooms in this part of the castle for them to duck into.

"Have you seen Harry lately?" She asked just above a whisper.

"Non." Fleur replied, her perfectly sculpted eyebrows narrowing in thought. "Why, ees something wrong?"

“He’s been avoiding me for the last couple of days.” Hermione admitted with a sigh.
“Something’s bothering him, but I don’t know what. I was hoping you might know something.”

“The last time I saw ‘im was...” Fleur started before trailing off and looking around warily.

“That’s the last time I saw him, too.” Hermione told her, then corrected herself. “Well, I’ve seen him in class, so I know he’s physically okay, but I haven’t seen him at meals, or even in the common room. I’m getting worried about him. He’s been under a lot of stress lately and I just want to make sure he’s okay.”

They reached the end of the hall, and Hermione turned right, opening a door that led them onto the ground at the front of the castle. Fleur followed her, shivering and pulling her thin cloak more tightly around her exposed neck. Taking out her wand, she cast a warming charm on Fleur first, and then herself.

“Merci.” Fleur said, giving her a grateful smile. “Don’t worry mon ami, I’m sure ‘e weel tell us what ees bozhering ‘im when ‘e ees ready. Maybe ‘e just needs time to understand eet ‘imself first?”

As they walked in silence for a moment, Hermione was struck by how different Fleur seemed now, as compared to the haughty, spoiled French princess she had pegged her as when she first saw her in the Great Hall on Halloween. As she saw several boys staring at her from some distance away, she wondered, not for the first time, if the way she acted around people she didn’t know was some sort of defense mechanism. Fleur acted so different when she was around people she knew and trusted, especially Harry. That led her down a train of thought she had been desperately trying to avoid, but now, with the perfect opportunity right in front of her to get some solid answers, Hermione couldn’t hold off her curiosity any longer.

“Fleur, how do you feel about Harry?” Hermione asked cautiously, worried this was one answer she didn’t want to know.

Fleur smiled at the sound of his name and told Hermione all she really needed to know. It left her feeling like she had just been punched in the gut.

"When I first met 'im, I zhought 'e was just anozher arrogant and peegeheaded boy. I was sure 'e put 'is name een zhe goblet because 'e wanted even more fame. I steel need to apologize to 'im for zhe way I acted zhat night." She said absentmindedly before continuing. "When I saw 'im at zhe Wand Weighting, I realized I was wrong about 'im. 'E 'ated zhe attention and 'e looked so lost, eet was, how you say, cute?"

Hermione nodded, unable speak past the lump in her throat and motioned with her hand for her to continue.

"When I 'eard 'e was able to zhrow off zhe Imperius curse, I zhought eet would give me a chance to get to know 'im while 'w taught me how to beat eet. I expected him to 'ave 'is way wiz me zat day, I nevair expected 'im to stop when I asked 'im to. I knew 'e was different zhen. Zhe more time I spent wiz 'im, zhe more I liked 'im." Fleur explained, staring off into the distance.

"Do you love him?" Hermione asked quietly, barely able to get the words out of her mouth.

"I don't know eef I love 'im yet, but I could see eet 'appening. I care for 'im deeply." She said, a dreamy smile on her lips.

Hermione sniffled, fighting back tears as she realized that her chances of being with Harry seriously were pretty much gone. When Fleur turned to look at her, she tried hard to hid the devastated look on her face, but failed miserably. Fleur gasped, her eyes widening.

"Mon dieu. Hermione, I am so sorry." Fleur said, surprising her by throwing her arms around her shoulders and hugging her tightly.

The dam holding back her frazzled emotions broke, and Hermione let the tears that had been building up fall from her eyes and onto Fleur's silk covered shoulder.

"You love 'im, don't you?" Fleur asked quietly.

Hermione couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh.

"It doesn't really matter now, does it?" She asked miserably in return.

"Of course, eet does. Why wouldn't eet?" Fleur replied.

Hermione intentionally ignored the question, not willing to admit to the older girl that she was intimidated by her beauty.

"Sorry, I'm being stupid. Harry probably doesn't even see me like that anyways." She said, wiping her eyes and pulling back from Fleur's arms.

Fleur tilted her head to the side, looking at her oddly.

"Do you not see zhe way 'e looks at you? He cares vairy deeply for you. Much more zhan he cares for me." She admitted.

"I know he cares about me, but it's not the same. He didn't even want to tell me about what you two were doing. I had to spy on you to get the truth out of him. I practically forced him into letting me join." She said, her words only succeeding in making her feel worse.

"Zhe only reason 'e didn't tell you ees because I asked 'im to keep eet a secret. He was relieved when you found out. 'E 'ated lying to you." Fleur told her.

"He said that?" She asked, surprised.

"Oui." She said, smiling at her. "I don't know 'ow you can miss eet, but 'Arry loves you, even eef 'e hasn't realized eet for 'imself. I can see eet een zhe way 'e looks at you. Trust me, I am French, and a Veela, eef zhere ees one zhing I know, eet's love."

Hermione smiled at the joke, and even more at the thought that Harry could be in love with her. However, that still left one big, glaring problem.

“So, what, what do we do?” She asked, worrying her bottom lip with her teeth, a bad habit she had picked up after Madam Pomphrey shrunk them.

“About what?” Fleur asked curiously.

“About Harry.” She said in exasperation.

Surprisingly, Fleur gave a tinkling, musical laugh.

“You British ‘ave no imagination.” She said, teasingly rather than insultingly. “Why do we ‘ave to do anyzhing? You eenjoy zhings zhe way zhey are now, oui?”

“Well, yes.” Hermione admitted. “But we can’t both date Harry, can we?”

“Why not, eef eet makes us ‘appy. Eet ess not so uncommon een zhe magical world, even een Britain. Besides, ‘Arry ees not zhe only one I care about.” Fleur said, steppeing closer and giving her a seductive smile.

Hermione swallowed thickly as Fleur pressed her body against hers and rested her hands on her hips.

“You ‘ave eenjoyed our time togezher too, oui?” She whispered in a husky whisper that sent shivers down her spine.

“Well, yes I-”

Anything she was going to say after that was cut off as Fleur leaned down and caught her lips in a slow, deep kiss. Hermione couldn't help but kiss her back, enjoying the way her full breasts pressed against hers, and the way her soft lips felt so wonderful yet different than Harry's. She could taste a hint of honey on her tongue as they caressed along each other. When they broke apart, both of their cheeks were flushed and they were breathing slightly heavily with bright happy smiles on their faces. Despite the moment, Hermione couldn't help but look behind her nervously to see if anyone was looking at them. Fortunately, the group of boys that had been staring at Fleur from near the door to the entrance hall, were no longer there.

"Are you alright, mon ami?" Fleur asked, drawing her attention back and making her realize how her actions could be viewed.

"Yes, sorry. I'm just a little nervous how people are going to react." She explained sheepishly.

"Eet's alright." Fleur said, smiling reassuringly at her. "We can keep eet secret for now, eef you want."

"No, no, it's okay. It'll just take me a little while to get used to it. I never thought I'd end up boyfriend *and* a girlfriend." She said, getting a giggle from Fleur. "Besides, we should probably tell Harry what going on before the rest of the school. He'd probably like to know he has two girlfriends now."

"I'm sure 'e won't mind." Fleur said with a mischievous smile.

"Now all we have to do is find him." Hermione said with a sigh. "Do you mind if we go for a walk? I'm not ready to go back to the castle yet."

Fleur smiled, took Hermione's hand in hers, and led her on a stroll around the lake. After a couple of minutes of walking in companionable silence, Hermione worked up the courage to broach one last subject that she had been curious about for a while now.

"Fleur, can I ask you a personal question?" She asked.

"Oui, of course." Fleur answered.

"You don't have to answer if you don't want to, but I was wondering, what made you want to learn how to throw off that curse so bad?" She asked cautiously.

Fleur was silent for several seconds, long enough that Hermione was starting to worry she wasn't going to answer.

"After Monsieur Moody put us under zhe curse, I started 'aving dreams about eet. A 'andsome wizard would use eet to use me for 'is own pleasure. I started to fantasize about eet every night. I wanted to try eet so badly zhat it scared me. When I 'eard 'Arry could zhrow eet off, I knew I needed 'im to teach me so I deedn't 'ave to be scared about losing myself to eet." Fleur explained, rubbing her thumb in gentle circles on the back of her hand.

"I deedn't know eef I could trust 'Arry, but I was so desperate to learn 'ow to beat zhe curse I was weeling to take zhe chance. Zhe first night, I asked 'im not to touch me, but I deedn't zhing he would be able to resist. I was wrong. Even when 'e had me on my knees, naked and begging for 'im cock, 'e steel stopped 'imself." She said, smiling at the memory. "Zhe second time we met, I realized I deedn't need to learn 'ow to beat zhe curse. I already found my 'andsome wizard I can trust to use zhe curse on me."

"Harry's always been special." Hermione said with a smile. "Did you ever hear the story about how we became friends?"

"Non." Fleur said, looking at her curiously.

Hermione spent the next couple of minutes telling her the story of how Harry saved her from a Mountain Troll by jumping on its back. Just as she finished telling her about lying to a professor to protect her savior, she noticed a familiar white shape winging its way out of the Forbidden Forest.

“Hedwig!” Hermione called out, holding out her hand.

Hedwig let out a happy chirp and flew down in a lazy spiral to land gracefully on her outstretched arm.

“Hedwig, can you show us where Harry is?” She asked as she stroked the feathers on the top of her head with her index finger.

Harry sat in a small, circular room at the very top of the west tower, accessible only by hidden trap door in the floor. There was a single, tall window showing a stunning view of the ground and the Scottish hills rolling off into the horizon. The floor of the room was covered in a mismatched collection of dozens of soft pillows and heavy, yet soft, blankets and quilts. A few scattered candles, floating above his head, lit the room in a low, flickering light. Sitting with his back resting on a pile of pillows, Harry flipped through a copy of *Quidditch Through the Ages* while munching on a chocolate frog, trying in vain to occupy his troubled mind. The fact that he was enjoying using the Imperius, and Unforgivable curse, on Hermione and Fleur so much as of late, was really starting to bother him. In fact, it was worrying him so much at the moment, that he had been avoiding both of them for the last three days. He knew Hermione was worried about him, but he need time to himself to get his own mind straightened out before he could talk to her about it. As if fate was looking down at him and decided to play a joke, the trap door opened and Hermione’s distinctive head of bushy brown hair popped up.

“There you are.” Hermione said, giving him an exasperated look as she climbed into the room.

Surprisingly, she wasn’t alone. A moment after Hermione climbed into the room, Fleur’s head popped up and she climbed into the room after her, a bright smile on her face.

“Bonjour, ‘Arry.” She said brightly.

“Hey Fleur, Hermione.” Harry replied.

“Why have you been avoiding us?” Hermione asked demandingly.

“Easy, mon ami.” Fleur said, placing a hand on her shoulder to calm her down before turning to look at Harry. “Are you alright, ‘Arry?”

Harry sighed and leaned back into his pile of pillows while Fleur crawled over to lean against his right side, and Hermione moving over to his left.

“What’s wrong, mon amour?” Fleur asked, running her fingers through his hair and down his back soothingly.

“I just needed to think about some things.” Harry told them while internally debating whether he should admit to what was really bothering him.

“We just want to help you, Harry. You can talk to us.” Hermione said, stroking the inside of his arm up and down with the tips of her fingers.

“But you don’t ‘ave to.” Fleur added, more to Hermione than to him.

Harry sighed again and figured he might as well talk to them about it. He couldn’t ignore it forever, no matter how much he wanted to.

“It just feels like I’ve been enjoying putting you two under the Imperius curse too much lately. I’m worried that I’m going to do something I’m going to regret, or that, I don’t know, that I’m going dark or something.” He admitted, staring down at his hands as he picked at his nails.

“Oh, Harry.” Hermione said, wrapping her arms over his shoulders and hugging him from the side. “The fact that you’re worried about it proves that you’re not going dark. You care about us too much to hurt us, I know you do.”

"But I like it, Hermione" Harry said frustratedly, feeling like she didn't really understand what he was trying to tell her. "It's not just the sex, I like using the curse. I like having control over you."

"That doesn't make you a bad person, Harry. Your relatives made sure you never had any control over your life, and things haven't been much better at Hogwarts. It's perfectly normal for you to enjoy it when you can." Hermione told him reassuringly.

Harry wasn't convinced, and she noticed that, exchanging a look with Fleur over his shoulder.

"'Arry, do you want to 'urt us?" Fleur asked.

"No! Of course not." He told her strongly.

"Do you want to us zhe curse on someone wizhout zheir permission." She asked immediately.

"No! I-"

"Zhen you 'ave nozhing to worry about." She assured him. "'Arry, we eenjoy eet as much as you. I like being your 'ore."

Fleur ran her hand up his leg to his crotch, rubbing the rapidly growing bulge in the front of his pants.

"Tell me what to do, 'Arry. No curse tonight." She said.

"Fleur." Harry said warningly, not really sure why he was trying to stop her.

Fleur kissed his neck and whispered into his ear with a deep seductive voice. "I'm all yours, mon amour. I weel do anyzhing you want me to."

Any resistance Harry had left broke when she squeezed his shaft through his pants. Turning to her, he grabbed a handful of her silvery blonde hair in a tight grip, drawing a gasp for her as his lips descended to claim hers in a demanding kiss. Fleur moaned into his mouth, her large breasts rubbing against his arm and chest as her hand continued to stroke him. Harry dominated her mouth, his tongue wrestling her into submission as he used the hand in her hair to tilt her head back. A minute later, he finally broke the kiss, leaving her out of breath with glistening and swollen lips.

"Strip for us." He told her in a demanding tone.

Fleur smiled at him and stood up, walking to stand in front of him. Swaying her hips to her own beat, she reached up and began undoing the button on the front of her uniform. While she was doing that, Harry grabbed Hermione around the waist and pulled her into his lap making her gasp as she ended up sitting with her back resting against his chest.

"What about you, Hermione? Are you mine, too?" Harry asked, whispering into her ear as his hands caressed her smooth, warm thighs under her skirt.

"Always." She whispered back, turning her head to look at him, her deep brown eyes darkened with arousal.

Harry leaned forward and kissed her fiercely, dominating her mouth just as he had Fleur's briefly. When he pulled back, he turned his eyes back to Fleur, who had finished unbuttoning her robes and slid it down first one shoulder, and then the other, exposing her luscious breasts, clad in a sheer black bra. As he continued to watch her strip, he ran his hand up Hermione's stomach to her breasts. When Fleur finished pulling her arms out of the top half of her robes, and pushed it down to her waist, he grabbed the front of Hermione's white, button up shirts, and tore it open, sending buttons scattering across the room. She gasped at the roughness of his action, but he could see her rubbing her thighs together excitedly and the air became heavy with the scent of her arousal. Quickly, he took off her tie and pulled her shirt completely open, revealing her flat, pale stomach, and white bra covering her full, perky breasts.

Fleur's eyes were locked on to them as she grabbed the sides of her robe and shimmied them down her legs until they fell to the floor, leaving her standing in just her sheer black bra and panties. Harry ran his hands down to Hermione's skirt and pulled it up to her waist, showing the matching white panties she wore underneath, already damp with her excitement. Fleur reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, removing her arms from each shoulder strap while holding the cups to her chest teasingly. When her arms were free, she covered her breasts with one arm, while the other pulled the bra away from her chest and held it out to the side before dropping it to the growing pile of clothes on the floor. Harry's hands moved back up to Hermione's chest, where he grabbed the bottom of her bra and forced it up over her breasts before covering them with his hands, roughly squeezing and kneading the firm mounds that more than filled his hands.

Fleur smirked as Hermione let out a low moan, then spun around so her back was to them. Letting go of her breasts, she grabbed the sides of her panties and pushed them down her legs while bending over at the waist and keeping her long, luscious legs straight. This caused her round, bubbly ass to jut out towards them as she slowly pulled down her panties to reveal her glistening pink slit. Harry let go of Hermione's breasts and moved his hands back down to her waist. Grabbing the sides of her panties with both of her hand on one side, he ripped them apart on first one side, and then the other. Pulling the ruined garment off of her body and tossing it to the side, he sank his two middle fingers into her hot, moist core, easily lubricated by her arousal. Fleur spun around gracefully to face them, a hungry look on her face as she watched his fingers piston in and out of Hermione's sopping lips.

"Crawl over to me." Harry ordered her.

Without hesitation, Fleur dropped to her hands and knees and crawled over to them, her wide ass swaying alluringly behind her. She stopped with her face inches away from Hermione dripping core, her eyes staring up at subserviently, waiting for her next instruction. Harry used the fingers inside of her to lift Hermione a bit higher on his stomach, drawing a wanton moan from her lips as the palm of his hand ground hard against her excited clit.

"Take out my cock." Harry told her.

Fleur looked down and opened his belt and pants with nimble fingers, shaking lightly with anticipation. Reaching into his open pants, she pulled his long, hard member, stroking it lightly.

“Suck it.” Harry demanded, his voice deep with desire and lust.

Fleur lowered herself until she was lying flat on her stomach, angling his throbbing length forward to point at her parted, full red lips. He groaned as her hot, wet mouth enveloped his swollen head, her long tongue swirling around his tips as her lips descended down his shaft. Pulling his fingers out of Hermione, he grabbed both of her wrists and put her hands on Fleur’s head.

“You’re going to control Fleur. If you want me to finger you faster, you move her head faster, if you want me to go deep, you make her go deeper, got it?” He asked Hermione as he placed his fingers just inside her entrance.

“Yes, sir.” She panted, her voice tick with lust.

“Good girl.” Harry told her, kissing just under her earlobe.

Hermione trembled at the praise and tightened her fingers through Fleur’s hair as she started moving her head up and down. Harry slid his fingers in and out of her in time with how she was moving Fleur’s head. With just half of the length of his fingers between her lips at first, all it was doing was teasing her. Desperate for more, Hermione started pushing Fleur’s mouth deeper down his shaft, forcing the head of his cock into her tight throat and causing her to gag and choke around his shaft. Harry groaned, driving his fingers deeper into Hermione’s core and brushing his palm against her clit.

“That’s it, Hermione. Make her choke on my cock. She can take it.” Harry encouraged her.

Pulling Fleur up to let her catch her breath for a moment, she shoved her back down harshly, forcing the beautiful blonde to swallow his length to the hilt. Harry buried his fingers in Hermione’s pussy, grinding his palm down hard on her clit as she forced Fleur’s nose into his

pubes. As Fleur choked and gagged loudly, Hermione moaned and trembled in pleasure, her smooth, tight walls contracting around his fingers. Using her grip on Fleur's hair, Hermione continued to force her to swallow his length over and over, keeping her down for long periods of time before finally allowing her to come up for breath. Within minutes, Fleur's face was a ruined mess. Large gobs of thick saliva dripped down her chin and tears ran down her cheeks as her throat was invaded over and over by his long, thick cock. Still, through it all, she never once tried to get them to stop.

Watching her thin, delicate neck bulge around the girth buried in her throat, Harry felt his climax approaching as he continued to finger Hermione's hot, dripping core and roughly groped her breast with his free hand. Hoping to ensure she came before he did, Harry curled his fingers up, searching for the patch of rough, sensitive skin along her smooth walls. It took him a little while, but he eventually found what he was looking for. Hermione gasped and her body jerked as if she had been electrocuted as his fingers brushed lightly over it, her walls fluttering momentarily around his fingers. Smirking darkly, Harry wrapped his arm around her tightly, holding her in place against his chest as he pressed his fingers more firmly against her most sensitive spot. Hermione let out a wild, animalistic moan as she writhed on top of him, her hips bucking desperately as Harry fought back his orgasm.

Clutching Fleur's hair in what must have been a painfully tight grip, she slammed her down on his cock brutally, driving the bridge of her nose against his pubic bone, as if pulling her closer would give her more pleasure. Fortunately for Fleur, Hermione wasn't on the edge long. Seconds later she came violently, a scream was torn from her throat as she convulsed in his lap, several large drops of excitement spraying out around his fingers to splash on to Fleur's helpless face.

"Fleur, I'm cumming." Harry yelled over Hermione's screech, holding the wildly writhing girl tightly to his chest.

Fleur opened her eyes and stared up at him, but still made no move to get free. Harry relaxed and let himself climax, grunting as his cock pulsed, firing numerous jets of hot cum directly down the blonde beauties spasming throat. Throughout it all, Fleur stayed in place, allowing him to deposit his load directly into her stomach. Even after his climax had finished, she was still being held in place by Hermione's hands as she let out a quivering moan. Harry took his fingers out of her and grabbed her hands, prying them from Fleur's hair and finally giving the older girl a reprieve. Fleur pulled off of his cock quickly, sucking in a gasping breath before

coughing a few times to clear her abused throat. While she recovered, Harry ran his hands softly over Hermione's body, caressing her as she continued to moan and twitch in his arms.

When he looked back down at Fleur, he noticed a devious expression on her smiling face right before she leaned forward and wrapped her red, swollen lips around Hermione's vulnerable clit and sucked hard, her cheeks hollowing. Hermione let out a surprised squeal as she stimulated her hyper-sensitive nub and scrambled to get away, getting a playful giggle from Fleur. Hermione ended up curled in a ball, cuddled up to his side protectively, her legs trembling uncontrollably.

"Bitch." Hermione said to Fleur, glaring at her playfully.

Fleur smirked at her smugly. "Zhen next time, do not pull my 'air so hard."

"I'm sorry, Fleur." Hermione said contritely.

"Eet's alright, mon ami. I know you deed not mean eet." Fleur said, crawling over her to kiss her on the lips.

Watching them kiss had his limp member twitching as it began to harden again. When the girls broke apart, Fleur turned to him and sat down on her knees, her hands folded in her lap.

"What will you 'ave me do next, mon amour?" She asked, looking at him excitedly.

Crooking his finger at her, he beckoned her over to him. Giving him a sexy smile, she crawled over Hermione and straddled his waist, her knees on either side of him as she sat in his lap. Harry ran his hands up from her waist to her breasts, cupping them in his hands, squeezing them gently and occasionally running his thumbs over her hard, excited nipples. Moaning, she rocked her hips back and forth, grinding her slick lips along his rapidly hardening shaft. Reaching up to her face with one hand, he stroked her cheek, wiping of a combination of spit, sweat, tears, and Hermione's fluids from her skin. Fleur closed her eyes and nuzzled into his hand, turned to kiss his palm. Pulling her down to him, he kissed her tenderly on the lips. It didn't take

long for this to bring Harry back to full mast, his rigid shaft pinned to his stomach she rubbed her wet lips along the bottom side of his length. Pulling away from her lips, he kissed along her jaw to her ear, brushing her long silvery hair out of the way.

“Go get on your hand and knees on top of Hermione.” He whispered into her ear.

He let go of her as she moved to follow his instructions. Sitting up, Harry crawled behind her and sat behind her on his knees. As she hovered over Hermione, she leaned down and kissed her deeply with any need for him to tell her. No matter how many times he witnessed it, seeing his best friend with another girl, let alone one as stunning beautiful as Fleur, never ceased to get his blood boiling. Reaching out with his hands, Harry grabbed two handfuls of her round, jutting cheeks and groped them. Raising on hand off her ass, he brought it back down with a loud *smack*, sending her fleshy mound rippling and jiggling under the impact. Fleur moaned into Hermione’s mouth and wiggled her ass back and forth temptingly. Harry smiled at her and obliged by smacking the other cheek. Grabbing his cock, he pushed the fat, swollen head between her lips and moved it up and down, coating it in her arousal and drawing another moan from her lips.

“You said you’re mine, does that mean *this* is mine?” He asked a she pushed his length into her and thrust his hips back and forth several times.

“Oui.” Fleur moaned, pulling her lips away from Hermione’s to answer. “I’m yours, mon amour. All of me ees yours.”

“Is this mine, too?” Harry asked, rubbing the pad of his thumb against her crinkled hole.

Fleur gasped and her hips bucked backwards, driving his length even deeper into her welcoming core.

“Oui!” She gasped, nearly shouting.

“Such a good whore.” Harry said, leaning over her back to kiss her neck.

Fleur shivered under him, her walls quivering around his length.

“She’s not a whore.” Hermione said, drawing their attention to her. She was looking up at Fleur with an uncharacteristic smirk, her hand coming up to stroke her cheek. “Whore’s have the decency to get paid for sex, you’re just a needy little slut.”

Fleur closed her eyes and let out a long moan as she came, burying her face in Hermione’s neck as her walls spasmed around his shaft. Harry groaned in pleasure, surprised by her unexpected climax.

“Look at you, cumming all over his cock just from being called a slut.” Hermione continued to taunt her.

An idea struck Harry, and he pulled out of Fleur suddenly and ran over to his clothes. Both girls paused and looked back at him curiously. Fishing around in the pockets of his pants, he crowed triumphantly when he found what he was looking for and trotted back over to the bed. Climbing back up behind Fleur, he opened the coin purse in his hand and pulled out a handful of Galleons, careful to hide them from Fleur’s view.

“If you want to be a whore so bad, then let’s make you one.” He said, holding up a single gleaming, golden coin between his thumb and forefinger. “How much to fuck your ass? A Galleon?”

Harry took the coin in his hand and laid it on her back. Fleur stared at him with a wide, wild gaze, her breath coming in short pants.

“No?” He asked, tilting his head to the side. “How about two? Three?”

Each time he counted he added another coin to the growing pile on her bare back. With each new coin, Fleur trembled with excitement, her eyes following the coins as far as she could behind her. By the time he reached the sixth coin, she couldn’t keep her silence any more.

“Oui! Harry, please.” She begged, her eyes dancing with need.

Harry smiled and turned his coin purse upside down over her back, causing a shower of golden coins to fall on to her and bounce on to the mattress.

“Now, you really are my whore.” Harry told her.

Fleur was nearly hyperventilating in excitement and anticipation as he placed the head of his throbbing cock as her back door and pushed in. With his shaft soaked in her arousal, he was able to slowly drive his length into her incredibly hot, unbelievably tight hole. She moaned wantonly, dropping her chest down to rest against Hermione’s, causing her back to arch and burying her face in the crook of her neck. Hermione turned her face to kiss her hungrily, her hands running over her unblemished skin. Harry bottomed out in her rear, closing his eyes for a moment to savor the feeling of how her walls hugged his length. Rocking his hips gently, he began thrusting in and out of her, pulling out a little further each time. In a short time, he was pumping his hips at a steady pace, pulling over half of his length out of her before sinking back in.

Fleur gasped against Hermione’s lips, bucking her hips back at him and sending his length back into her derrière at a faster pace. She panted heavily and her body trembled as his thighs slapped loudly against her ass, making it ripple from the impact. Before he even got close to his climax, Fleur came, her walls clenching around him and making it nearly impossible for him to move. Her legs shook, causing her ass to quiver and ripple spectacularly. When her body finally relaxed, she collapsed forward, laying half on Hermione, half on the pillow covered floor. Harry’s cock felt out of her, jutting straight out into the air and bobbing in front of him. Harry was a bit disappointed he didn’t get to finish, but he was proud of his ability to make her cum so fast. Besides, there was another beautiful girl waiting for him.

“Your turn, Hermione.” Harry said, stroking her calf.

“I don’t want you to buy me, Harry.” She said, climbing up to her knees. “I want you to take me. I want you to pin me down and use me.”

Harry waddled over to her and stroked her cheek with the back of her knuckles and then ran his fingers through her hair before leaning in to kiss her tenderly. Suddenly, he tightened his hand in her hair and he forced her head down, pinning her cheek to Fleur's pillowy bum. Hermione let out an excited whimper as he moved behind her ass which was sticking up in the air. Still excited from his time with Fleur, he wasn't in the mood to take the time to loosen up her ass. Grabbing his cock, he lined it up with her glistening lips and slammed balls deep into tight, hot core in a single thrust. Hermione moaned against Fleur's ass, causing the blonde to giggle and her cheek to shake under Hermione's head. Harry set a blistering pace from the start, hammering his length into her, his thighs smacking against her ass with a thunderous slap.

"Oh my god!" Hermione screamed into the soft mound of flesh under her head.

Harry panted from the exertion as he slammed his hips back and forth. Just like Fleur, Hermione came before he could get close to his orgasm. As her walls spasmed and fluttered around his shaft, Harry was relentless, continuing to plow her through her climax. Hermione moaned and babbled nonsensically, a bit of drool falling from her lips to and onto Fleur's cheek. At such a brutal pace, Harry rapidly felt his orgasm starting to build. Finally, he was on the verge of the release he so desperately craved. Hermione moaned pitifully as her second orgasm quickly followed the first, her fluttering walls driving him closer to his peak. Slamming into her a few more times, he reached his climax. Grunting, he unleashed a torrent of cum into her quivering cunt, filling her to the point of overflowing. A small stream of his seed leaked out of her lips from under his shaft as he drove his cock into her few more times, packing his cum into her pussy.

When he was finished, he collapsed onto his back, panting heavily and luxuriating in the bliss he felt. Eventually, Hermione and Fleur were able to move enough to crawl over to him and cuddle up to his sides. They cuddled for several minutes before any of them spoke again.

"Arry, what color are your dress robes?" Fleur asked out of the blue.

"Um." Harry paused as he tried to remember what they looked like.

"They're black and white, like a muggle tux." Hermione told her.

“Good. Zhat weel match my robes. Weel zhey work wiz yours?” She asked Hermione.

“Yes, they’ll work.” Hermione said.

“Bon.” She said with a smile, then looked back up at Harry. “Zhen you can do zhe first dance wiz me, and zhen ‘Ermione wel join us for zhe rest of zhe night.”

“Wait, you want me to take both of you to the Ball!?”