

Harry and the Divorcees

Chapter 7

Fleur stretched her bare legs along the length of the white sofa and fanned herself with an old Witch Weekly. The breeze from the open terrace door moved the gauzy curtains, but not enough to cool the villa's living room. Her tiny denim shorts barely made it past her hips, and her cropped tank top cut off just under her tits. She looked every bit the beach brat she had always wanted to be, and she loved it. Across from her, Gabrielle reclined in the armchair opposite her with her small, bare feet propped on the coffee table. Gabby's shorts were even skimpier than Fleur's, and her orange sports bra barely contained her round breasts.

Apolline drifted in from the kitchen, carrying a pitcher of lemonade. Her own tiny shorts were made of white cotton, and she wore a loose tank that exposed the swell of her breasts and her toned stomach. She poured three glasses, then settled into the armchair with a sigh and one bare leg thrown over the other. All three were glistening with sweat. A heatwave had rolled in, and they were all ready to hit the beach and cool off.

Fleur took a long sip and smirked at Apolline. "You are the only person I know who can make lemonade taste this good. I think you must be cheating."

Apolline giggled and leaned back, twisting a lock of silvery hair around her finger. "If you are implying it is magic, I will take the compliment."

Gabrielle yawned, then grinned slyly. "Everything is magic 'ere. Even the way 'Arry looks at us." She rolled her eyes, then drained her glass in one gulp. "'e cannot stop staring."

Fleur snorted. "Can you blame 'im? You walk around 'alf-naked all day."

Gabby shrugged and smirked, "So do you."

Fleur tossed a cushion at her. Gabby caught it and flung it right back, making both of them giggle.

Apolline's blue eyes sparkled. "We 'ave 'im wrapped around our fingers. That is what men are for." She made a show of crossing her legs and tugging her shorts higher on her thighs.

They all giggled, basking in their shared smugness. They were queens in this house, and they had no intention of giving up their throne. They spent a good hour swapping stories about Harry, trading jokes, and plotting ways to make him buy more gifts. Fleur bragged about the necklace he'd gotten her in Monaco. Gabby one-upped her by describing Harry's "accident" with her bikini strap at the hotel pool, and Apolline outdid them both by purring about the time Harry massaged suntan oil into her bare tits on the public beach. Their competition was quite friendly.

The conversation drifted to speculation about the future, and Fleur was halfway through a fantasy about a yacht party when she heard voices at the door.

A moment later, Harry's voice rang out from the entryway, and it was followed by the click of expensive Italian loafers on the tile. "Ladies, we've got company," he announced. There was a tightness in his tone that made all three straighten up.

Harry entered first. His black hair was a mess from the wind, his shirt was unbuttoned, and his eyes were bright. But what caught everyone's attention was the woman walking at his side. She had a tangle of brown curls and a face that was too pretty for its own good. She was dressed in a blouse and a pair of very tight jeans that showed off her tiny waist and made her hips look wide and soft. Fleur raised an eyebrow, wondering why Hermione was here of all places. The sight of her made Gabby's smile fade, and Fleur's heart twinge with a surge of competitiveness she hadn't felt in years.

Hermione clung to Harry's arm with both hands, and her chest was pressed tight against his side. Fleur noticed how close they stood, and how Hermione's fingers lingered at Harry's wrist as if she couldn't bear to let go.

Harry stopped in the center of the room, and he radiated confidence like he always did. "You all remember Hermione, right?" he said. His voice was casual, but his eyes flicked between Fleur, Gabby, and Apolline, measuring their reactions.

"Of course," Fleur said. She uncrossed her legs and stood, planting herself between Hermione and the sofa. "It 'as been a long time, 'Ermione. You look ... different." The word hung in the air as she eyed Hermione's form-fitting jeans.

Hermione gave a nervous smile. "It's nice to see you, Fleur. You too, Gabrielle. Mrs. Delacour."

Apolline didn't stand. Instead, she cocked her head and gave a slow, catlike smile. "Call me Apolline. We are all friends 'ere." She ran her eyes over Hermione's body, as if searching for flaws.

Harry cleared his throat. "Hermione's got some news. Big news." He looked at Hermione expectantly.

Hermione hesitated, and her cheeks flushed. "I, um ... My divorce is finalized," she said. "I needed a place to stay while I sort things out, and Harry ... offered his villa. I hope it isn't an inconvenience."

For a moment, no one spoke, and the silence stretched. Fleur heard the faint sound of the waves crashing in the distance. Then Gabby broke the tension with a high, thin laugh. "Of course! The more, the merrier. We are all friends 'ere, yes?" Her smile was thin, and Fleur could see right through it.

Apolline finally stood, and she smoothed out her shorts and adjusted the neckline of her tank so that her cleavage was impossible to ignore. She glided over to Hermione and gave her a delicate air kiss on each cheek. "Welcome. Any friend of 'Arry is a friend of ours." She turned, gave Harry a sly glance, and let her hand rest on his shoulder a bit longer than necessary.

Hermione looked as if she wanted to shrink into the floor. Fleur tried to decide if she felt sorry for her, or if she wanted to claw her eyes out. She decided on both.

Harry clapped his hands together. "Great! I'll show Hermione her room." He took her by the hand and led her up the stairs.

Once they disappeared, Gabby let out a long, dramatic sigh. "She is going to ruin everything, you know."

Fleur dropped onto the couch and grabbed her lemonade. "I know."

Apolline's lips curled into a smile as she poured herself another glass. "It will be interesting to see who wins, non?"

Gabrielle narrowed her eyes and glared at the stairs. "We will not lose to a British trollop," she said. Her tone was icy and determined.

Apolline raised her eyebrow. "Then you must step up your game," she outright told them.

Fleur, Gabby, and Apolline sat back and waited. The game had changed, but it was still their house, and they would not lose.

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Harry led Hermione down the marble corridor and into the villa's east wing, careful not to hurry her. She was clutching her suitcase handle with both hands, as if she expected the whole world to fall away beneath her feet. He slowed his steps, letting her take in every detail. She took it all in, but mostly, she kept her eyes on him.

They reached the guest bedroom at the far end. The room was twice as large as Hermione's old flat and at least a hundred times more expensive. Floor-to-ceiling windows looked out over the sea. The king-sized bed was heaped with snowy white linens and velvet throws. Two sets of glass doors led to a balcony where a pale blue parasol fluttered in the breeze. Hermione stopped just inside the threshold and let out a breath she'd been holding since the front door.

Harry dropped her suitcase by the wardrobe and turned to face her. She was watching him and chewing her lower lip. He recognized the look. It was the same look she'd given him when she confessed that she and Ron were getting divorced.

He spread his arms. "Do you like it?"

Hermione nodded, but she didn't say anything. She crossed the room to the window and leaned out, looking at the cove far below. "It's beautiful," she said in a trembling voice.

He moved behind her, slipped his hands around her waist, and pulled her back into him. "I'm glad you're here," he told her.

She stiffened in his arms. "I feel ... out of place," she confessed.

"Why?"

She twisted to face him. Her face was flushed, and her brown eyes were very bright. "Harry, have you seen those women? They're ... they're like supermodels. And I'm just me. I've never even seen a woman that gorgeous outside of a magazine."

He grinned. "You're being ridiculous."

Hermione huffed. "That's easy for you to say. You haven't had to compete with three literal French goddesses."

He kissed her nose. "I don't remember asking you to compete."

She pressed her face to his chest. He squeezed her tighter and ran his hand up her back to the back of her neck. He kissed her forehead, then her mouth. She melted into him, and her lips parted. He coaxed her into a deeper kiss, and he felt her hands clench his shirt.

She let him tip her head back, and she opened her mouth to him. His tongue slipped into her mouth, and Hermione let out a desperate moan. He kissed her until she was trembling and eager. He then slipped his hands down to cup her hips.

She wore a navy blouse tucked into her jeans. He grabbed the hem of her blouse and pulled it up, exposing the soft, flat plane of her belly. Hermione gasped and lifted her arms so he could slip the shirt over her head. She wore a simple white bra that did a hell of a job pushing up her tits. Harry unhooked the clasp and let the bra slide down her arms. Her breasts were round and perky, and her nipples were a perfect, pale pink that stiffened as soon as the air hit them.

Hermione flushed red, but she didn't try to cover herself. "Don't stare," she muttered, but her eyes glittered with arousal.

He stared anyway, cupping her tits in his palms. He rolled her nipples between his fingers until Hermione whimpered. He then leaned down and sucked them into his mouth. He moved from one to the other, lapping and teasing with his tongue. Her breath grew ragged. He pulled away

just long enough to smile up at her, then he bent and sucked a trail down her stomach to the button of her jeans.

She clutched at his shoulders, and her knees shook as he undid the fly. He yanked the jeans down her thighs, taking her panties with them. The denim bunched at her ankles, and Harry pulled them from her bare feet. Hermione's body was every bit as sexy as he remembered. It was soft and pale, with just the right amount of curvy. Her hips were wider than her waist. Her legs were smooth and shapely, and her mound was totally hairless. The skin was tight and smooth over the cleft of her pussy.

He spun her and lifted her onto the edge of the bed. Hermione sprawled on her back. Her arms stretched up, and her hair splayed across the pillow. She watched him with hooded eyes as he stripped off his clothes. His cock sprang free, and she saw it was already thick and hard. The fat, bulbous head was shiny and flushed. Hermione's eyes widened, and her breathing hitched.

She licked her lips. "God, I missed you."

He grinned. "Not as much as I missed this tight, little pussy."

He knelt between her legs and slid her thighs apart. She blushed and tried to close her knees, but he held them open with gentle pressure. Her pussy was a perfect little slit, and her lips were taut and bare. Her tight pink pussy was already glistening. He stroked a finger along the seam and watched her writhe at his touch. He dipped a finger inside her, and Hermione gasped, arching her back.

"You're already wet," he teased, and she blushed even deeper.

Harry crawled up, pinning her beneath his body, and he kissed her again. His cock brushed the slick opening of her pussy, and Hermione bucked her hips, trying to take him inside. However, he held back and teased her by dragging the head of his cock through her folds and rubbing it against her clit. She moaned and gripped his shoulders tightly.

He shifted his hips and thrust inside her in a single, slow push. Hermione's eyes flew wide open, and her mouth dropped open. She let out a long, quivering cry as he stretched her tight pussy wide. Her pussy was so tight that he had to go slow at first. He loved the wet heat, and the way her inner walls fluttered and tried to clamp down on him.

She wrapped her arms and legs around him, pulling him deeper. "Oh, Harry," she gasped. "Harder, please," she begged.

Harry grinned and slammed into her, setting a fast, relentless pace. Her body rocked with each thrust, and her tits bounced wildly. He grabbed her by the hips and hauled her to the edge of the bed. He then stood and draped her legs over his shoulders. He pounded into her, watching as

her pussy swallowed his cock over and over. It was absolutely glistening with wetness. Hermione's head thrashed from side to side, and her fingers clutched at the sheets.

"H-Harry ... oh god, I'm gonna ..." she whimpered right before cumming hard. Her pussy clenching and fluttered around his cock as she screamed his name. He fucked her through it, never letting up. Her orgasm only made her wetter, and her juices smeared down the insides of her thighs.

He let her catch her breath, then bent and grabbed her by the ankles. He lifted her legs so that her feet pointed up, and he kissed each foot in turn. Her feet were small and delicate, and the soles were impossibly soft. Hermione moaned even louder as her pussy spasmed on his cock.

He pushed her legs up so her knees were by her ears and her ass lifted from the bed. This gave him a perfect view of her pink, puckered asshole and her slick pussy, and he couldn't help but groan at the sight. He spat on her clit and rubbed it with his thumb as he fucked her harder, slamming into her until the headboard rattled against the wall.

Hermione took it all, never asking him to slow down. She met every thrust with a whimper or a moan, lost in the pleasure of being used. She didn't care about being pretty, the Delacour women, or anything else except the feeling of Harry's cock inside her.

He felt his own orgasm building, and he warned her. "I'm about to cum," he groaned, and Hermione nodded desperately, wrapping her legs around his hips and pulling him in. He buried himself as deep as he could go, then exploded, filling her pussy with wave after wave of hot, pulsing cum. Hermione shuddered and came again, soaking his cock and the sheets beneath her.

Harry let go of her legs, and they collapsed onto the bed. Harry lay beside her, and Hermione pressed her cheek to his chest and let out a shaky breath. She looked up at him, and her eyes were glassy with exhaustion and happiness.

"I'm so glad I took you up on your offer," she giggled and rubbed his wet, half-hard cock. "I really needed a vacation." Harry kissed the top of her head, making Hermione mewl cutely.

However, downstairs, there were three Veela plotting ways to keep Harry to themselves.

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After their fun time, they all had a quick breakfast of crepes and fresh fruit on the terrace. Hermione felt surprisingly at ease among the other girls, but she also felt a growing sense of competition.

They cleared the table, and Fleur announced, "We are going to the beach, yes?"

She stood, stretching her arms overhead, and her robe fell open. The bikini beneath was two thin triangles of white that barely covered her nipples. Next to her, Gabby was already in her own suit. It was a neon yellow micro-bikini that left nothing to the imagination. Even Apolline, who must have been twice Hermione's age, looked like a goddess in her blood-red two-piece. Her hips flared, her breasts were high on her chest, and her porcelain skin shimmered in the sun.

Hermione realized that if she wore the one bikini she'd packed, the others would laugh her out of the cove. She retreated to her room and rifled through her suitcase, coming up with a bikini that had seemed safe in the London shop. Grabbing her wand, Hermione did some quick transfiguration and changed her bikini to make it a bit more revealing.

She put it on and checked herself in the mirror. It was good enough for now, but she would definitely have to buy some new ones. She doubted that it would take much to convince Harry to buy her some new ones ... especially if she agreed to model them for him. Hermione giggled and threw on a light, silky robe. When she emerged, Harry was waiting at the front door with his sunglasses on, and a towel draped over his shoulder. He looked her up and down with a crooked grin. "You look great," he said, and Hermione smiled prettily at him.

As Harry and the four women played in the surf, Hermione couldn't help but notice how much attention he was paying to the Delacours ... or more specifically, their tits and asses. Hermione could easily admit that the three Veela looked incredible, and Harry certainly thought so. She realized that if she wanted to keep Harry in her bed, she was going to have to step up her game. Judging by the way the Delacours blatantly bounced and jiggled in front of him, it seemed they had the same idea. It was going to be a tough battle, but it was one well worth winning.