

## Chapter 7

Harry woke to his shoulder being vigorously shaken. Blinking the sleep out of his eyes, he tried to sit up, but was stopped by a weight on his chest. It took him a few seconds to realize the silver, heavy object on his chest was actually Fleur's head as she used him as a pillow. A smile lit up his face when he remembered what had happened the day before.

"Come on, Harry. You're supposed to help me work on throwing off the Imperius curse today." Hermione complained impatiently, tugging the blankets off of their nude bodies.

Fleur groaned tiredly and hugged herself more tightly to his chest. When Hermione saw their lack of clothes, she blushed lightly, but had a hard time looking away. Harry took a moment to stretch his tight muscles, aching from all of the physical exertion he had gone through the day before. Grabbing the blankets, he pulled them back up over Fleur, smiling when she groaned tiredly as he slipped out of her grasp. Hermione scoffed, glaring at the sleepy blonde. Fleur heard it and cracked open one bloodshot eye, glaring back.

"We'll see 'ow you feel aftair 'Arry 'as 'is way wiz you all night." She grumbled in a rough voice before closing her eyes and pulling the covers up over her head.

"All night?" Hermione asked in surprise, her eyes going wide.

"Yeah." Harry said, hopping as he pulled on his pants, freshly pressed and folded by who he suspected was Dobby. "That stamina potion you gave me yesterday worked great. Do you have any more?"

"Yes." She answered, looking from his to Fleur nervously while taking a vial out of her robe pocket. "But I don't know if-

She broke off as he took it out of her hand and downed it quickly, grimacing at the taste.

“Bloody hell. That stuff tastes horrible, but it works great.” He said, feeling his energy return in droves.

Pulling on his shirt and robes, he checked to make sure he had everything he would need, and then turned back to Hermione.

“Ready to go?” He asked.

“Go? I thought we were staying here.” She said, looking at him suspiciously.

“I need to push your limits to get you to fight the curse. It’ll be fine. Trust me.” He said, giving her a lopsided smile.

Hermione sighed, a long-suffering expression on her face. “Fine.”

Pulling out his wand, Harry aimed it at her, pausing to give her time to realize what he was going to do. Hermione glared at the wand, nodding at him determinedly.

“Imperio.”

There was a brief struggle to take control of her, but after a couple of seconds, he succeeded.

*Strip.*

Hermione quickly took off her clothes, leaving them in a pile on the floor as she stood naked in the room. Walking up to her, he couldn’t resist groping her fantastic tits as they jutted out from her thin, toned body. Her nipples responded to his touch, quickly hardening under his palm. With his wand, he used a simple paint spell to write the words, ‘Harry’s Slut’ on her stomach in large black letters. Smirking at his handy work, he took his invisibility cloak out of his pocket and handed it to her, ordering her to put it on. She disappeared from view, following him at his

command as he walked out the door and into the hallway. With the Marauder's Map in his hand, he made his way through the halls. At ten in the morning on a Sunday, here wasn't many students or teachers in the halls. Most of them were still in bed, enjoying their last day of freedom before classes started again.

It was a long walk to get to the first floor, even with the help of the map and his knowledge of several shortcuts. Eventually, they made it to the first floor and down the hallway to the library. Walking casually passed Madam Pince, who glared at him suspiciously, he walked directly to the furthest, darkest corner, far away from the few students studying there. When he felt they were in a safe spot, he had Hermione close her eyes and cover her ears so he could discretely cast a notice-me-not charm and a compulsion charm that would make anyone approaching feel as if they forgot something that they needed to do right away. It wasn't fool proof, but he was confident that it would work well enough for what he had planned.

Checking the map one more time, he stuck it to one of the bookcases so he could read it without having to hold it constantly. Turning his attention back to Hermione, he ordered her to remove the cloak. She fought hard, her body trembling as she resisted the curse. It was the closest that she or Fleur had gotten to throwing off the curse completely. It took him giving her a second order to finally get her to comply, slowly and jerkily pulling the cloak off of herself. Making sure to check the map occasionally, he ordered her to get on her knees. As she knelt on the hard stone floor, her perky breasts bounced and trembled enticingly. Harry grew hard quickly in anticipation as he stepped closer to her and opened his pants.

"Have you ever fantasized about having sex in the library?" He asked, genuinely curious.

"Yes." She answered, biting her lip and blushing slightly.

"Tell me what you fantasized about." He told her, stroking his hard cock while dragging and slapping it over her beautiful face.

"I always wanted you to follow me into the shelves when we were doing research. You'd tell me how pretty you thought I was and then pin me up against one of the shelves and kiss me. Then you'd pull out your big cock and rub it against me while pulling down my panties. I'd tell you we shouldn't, even though I secretly wanted you too. Just as you push into me, Ron walks through

the shelves, looking for us as you fuck me. I'd bite your shoulder to keep from moaning and letting him know where we are, while you pound me against the bookshelf." Hermione panted in excitement, rubbing her thighs together as she described her fantasy.

The head of Harry's cock was swollen and an angry red as he dragged it across her cheek, leaving a glossy streak as his excitement leaked out of his tip. Any resistance he had broke when she licked her lips, her pink tongue moistening her plump lips. He didn't even bother to order her to open her mouth as he forced his engorged length between her lips, groaning at the wet heat that enveloped his crown. Grabbing two handfuls of her bushy brown hair and pinning her head against the bookshelf behind her, he thrust in and out of her mouth, her jaw stretched wide to accommodate his intimidating girth. Thick string of saliva clung to his shaft as he pinned her in place and used her for his own pleasure. It wasn't long before he was driving his cock down her throat, making her gag around the slab of meat that was invading her airway.

*Gak Gak Gak*

Wet hacking noises emanated from her abused throat as she struggled to swallow his fleshy pole, eyes tearing up as she fought against her body's own natural reaction. Pulling out for a moment to let her catch her breath, a long string of warm saliva dripped down her chin and onto her breasts, rapidly cooling in the early morning air. Seconds later he pushed himself back into her warm, welcoming mouth, groaning as her tongue caressed the underside of his shaft. Driving forward again, he didn't stop until his length was buried in her throat with his balls resting on her chin. Hermione's wide, watery eyes stared up at him as he held himself there, enjoying the sight of her disheveled face and the bulge in her neck as his cock invaded her throat. Several long seconds later, he pulled back, letting her take in a gasping breath before coughing.

"I swear I heard someone choking over here." A girl's voice sounded, followed by the sound of approaching footsteps.

"I didn't hear anything." A second girl replied.

Harry's eyes widened in horror. He'd forgotten the silencing charm. In a panic, he grabbed the cloak off of the floor and pulled Hermione to her feet. Pressing his body against hers, he threw

the cloak over them, frantically trying to straighten it to make sure they were completely covered. With the sound drawing their attention, his spells did virtually nothing to stop them. Harry pressed his body tightly against Hermione, trying to breath as quietly as possible as they investigated the area. The position they were in left his hard, throbbing erection sliding right between Hermione's cleft, damp with her arousal. To his surprise, she started grinding on his length, biting her lip to stay quiet. He could have ordered her to stop, but frankly it was too enjoyable for him to bring himself to do it. He also couldn't believe she was so willing to take such a risk with two seventh year Hufflepuff girls so close to them, still wandering around as they chatted, oblivious to their presence.

Glancing over his shoulder, he saw them leaning against a shelf just feet away, gossiping about who was taking who to the ball. Suddenly, he was forced to bite back a groan as Hermione wedged his head between her lips and bucked her hips lightly. Well, if that's the way she wanted to play, Harry thought. Grabbing the back of her thick, toned thighs, he slowly and cautiously lifted her up and told ordered her to wrap her legs carefully around his waist. Fortunately, she was able to do that without shifting the cloak too much and revealing them. With his head still trapped between her taut lips, all he had to do was push his hips forward to sink into her hot, moist core. Hermione leaned her head against his shoulder, biting his shoulder as he hilted himself in her tight grasp. With the cloak over them, he had to limit his movements to simply flexing his muscled ass, easing his cock in and out of her by only about an inch.

While Harry wasn't getting a lot of stimulation out of it, Hermione certainly was as his groin ground against her clit over and over again. He could feel her tremble in his arms as she panted into his neck, struggling not whine or moan. The situation was incredibly exciting, and he dearly wished he could hammer into her grasping walls. It was sorely tempting to just do it anyways and to hell with the girls seeing them. Pressing his hips forward and using them to hold her against the row of books, he used one hand to grasp for his wand in his back pocket. Getting a hold of it, he cast a Silencing Charm around them, anchoring it to his shoe so it would move when they did. He sighed in relief at finally being able to make noise and jammed the wand back in his pocket. Hermione showed her relief by moaning loudly while pumping her hips in small, rapid movements.

"You fucking slut." Harry growled.

Pulling halfway out, he slammed back into her quivering walls, drawing a sensual gasp from her lips.

"You love this, don't you? One little slip and those girls will know exactly what kind of needly little whore you are." He whispered huskily into her ear.

Hermione whimpered, clutching tightly at his shoulders as her pussy fluttered around his shaft in excitement.

"Yes." She whispered in a breathy voice.

At that moment, the girls turned and began to leave. Harry cursed and hefted Hermione away from the bookcase, following them as they wandered back to their table. Luckily, their table was near the back, away from the majority of the students. The only other person near them was a lone Ravenclaw boy who looked like a sixth or seventh year. Pinning her against another bookcase with his back to the room so that Hermione could see everything, Harry started thrusting into her at a steady pace. Looking at her face, he saw her eyes darting frantically, yet excitedly around the room, watching her fellow students study while she was naked and being fucked with only a thin cloak hiding them from view. Holding her up by her bubbly cheeks, Harry circled his middle finger around her puckered hole, using the arousal dripping from her lips to moisten it. Hermione gasped loudly, then bit her lip to stifle a whimper as he teased her only remaining virgin hole. Gently, he eased the tip of his finger into her bum up to the first knuckle, her tight ring gripping it tightly.

"Hey, do you smell that?" One of the Hufflepuff girls asked the other, sniffing the air while looking around.

Hermione gasped when she realized they could smell her excitement in the air. She came suddenly and intensely, her pussy clamping down on his thrusting cock as her ass clenched around his finger. As her body jerk and trembled from her climax, Harry plowed into her with fast, powerful thrusts as he reached his own climax. With one final thrust, he buried his length into her fluttering core, coating her walls in his seed with forceful bursts from his tip. When her orgasm ended, Hermione went limp in his arms, panting heavily as she continued to twitch occasionally. Once Harry's climax had ended, he set her down, holding her as she tried to stand on unsteady feet. When he was sure she wasn't going to fall over or collapse, he tucked his spent member back into his pants and started leading her away. As they walked, he noticed a few drops of cum, both his and hers, dripping down her thighs to land on the floor. He left it

there after a few seconds of internal debate, wondering if the Hufflepuff girls would see it and recognize it for what it was.

Once they were hidden from view once more, Harry stepped out from under the cloak, checking to make sure he was decent. He needed to cast a drying charm on the front of his pants from where Hermione's arousal had stained the dark fabric. Smiling to himself, he walked out of the library, Hermione following close behind as they headed back to the Room of Requirement. A few minutes later, they were back where they started, with Fleur still dozing peacefully in the large, comfortable bed. Walking over, he gently shook her awake, thinking to himself about how cute she looked. She sat up against the pillows, allowing the blankets to fall to her waist, exposing her large, jutting tits to his hungry gaze.

"Morning, Fleur." He greeted her.

"Good morning, 'Arry. Where ees 'Ermione?" She asked, looking around curiously.

Harry smiled and waved a hand in a grandiose gesture behind him while ordering Hermione to drop the cloak. Fleur covered her mouth and giggled as she took in Hermione's messy, tear tracked face, saliva covered breasts, and the writing on her stomach.

"I was wondering if you wanted to help me with her?" He asked.

Fleur looked at him, still smiling, her eyes sparkling playfully with a hint of lust.

"What do you 'ave een mind?" She asked.

"I wanted to see if I can put you both under the curse at the same time, but I have a few other ideas if I can't." He told her.

She shrugged her shoulders, which did wonderful things to her perky breasts. "Oui. I'll 'elp, but let me use zhe bazhroom first."

Flinging the covers to the side, she swung her legs over the edge of the bed. Leaning forward, she kissed him on the lips briefly before hopping off the bed and trotting over to a door that faded into view as she approached. Harry's eyes were glued to her sway hips and round ass as she walked away. Shaking himself out of his Fleur induced daze when the door closed behind her, he stood up and stripped out of his clothes. Once he was fully naked, he decided to do something to pass the time waiting by enjoying Hermione's mouth a little bit more. At his command, she dropped to her hands and knees, crawling over to him like an obedient pet. That got a bit of a reaction out of her, but not nearly enough to overcome his control. When she reached him, he grabbed her bushy brown hair roughly, savagely forcing her lips over his hard length.

Forcing her head to bob up and down with his hand, he closed his eyes, delighting in the feel of her hot, wet mouth as she sucked and licked at his head and shaft. A couple of minutes later, he heard the bathroom door open, drawing his attention to Fleur as she walked towards him. No matter how many times he saw her, the incredible curves of her body never ceased to amaze him.

"I'm all yours, 'Arry." She said, coming to stand next to Hermione and spreading her arms open in invitation.

Picking up his wand off the bed, he pointed it at her chest.

"Imperio."

Casting the Imperius curse on two people at once was far more difficult and strenuous than he had anticipated. He felt his control over Hermione slipping as he struggled to overcome Fleur's mind. A normal wizard would have exhausted themselves to unconsciousness had they attempted to dominate the minds of two head strong women. Fortunately, Harry wasn't any normal wizard. In an impressive display of mental and magical might, he exerted his control over them, stamping out any resistance with one colossal push. The effort left him panting for breath, but he had done it. He was immensely thankful for the stamina potion that he could feel working to restore his energy rapidly as he caught his breath. Sitting up, he saw both girls were absolutely still, unmoving and unblinking as they waited for an order. Feeling the need to rest for a little longer, he ordered the girls to enjoy each other's company for the moment.

It was quite interesting, and strange, controlling two people at once. Fleur didn't seem to have any issue following his command, while Hermione fought against him. Fleur stalked towards her with a predatory smile on her lips as Hermione moved with jerky, robotic movements. When they met, Fleur grabbed her by the hair, crashing their lips together in an aggressive, dominating kiss. Oddly, after struggling for a moment against him, Hermione relaxed, embracing Fleur as she returned the kiss with fervor. With their bodies pressed together, their breasts were squashed between them, Fleur's larger breasts enveloping Hermione's medium sized, perky tits. When they broke apart several seconds later, Fleur walked Hermione backwards until the back of her knees hit the mattress. With a playful shove, Hermione landed back first on the bed, bouncing slightly. She scooted backwards as Fleur crawled after her until both of them were in the middle of the mattress.

Laying down on top of Hermione, the girls kissed heatedly while their hands explored each other's bodies, fondling and groping every curve they touched. The eroticism of the scene worked better than any potion ever could, filling him with energy and desire. Climbing up behind them, spreading their legs open. Waddling between their legs, Harry grabbed his painfully hard cock by the base and slid it between their bodies, the girls' moist clefts sandwiching his hard shaft. Both girls ground themselves against his swollen length, moaning into each other's mouths as they stimulated his cock from both sides. Harry thrust himself back and forth as they trapped him between their hot clefts, soaking his shaft while his flared head rubbed their clits as he pulled back. Grabbing two handfuls of Fleur's thick, firm cheeks, he rubbed his cock between them, luxuriating in the feel of their lips hugging him and the heady feeling of being in complete control.

It was easy for him to see how someone could become addict, in a sense, to using this curse. Being in control of two beautiful girls, being able to use them in any way he wanted, filled him with a sense of power that he had never experienced before. It gave him a drug like high that was as exhilarating as it was concerning. These were things he had felt before when putting each of them under the curse before, but with two girls under the spell, it was much more profound. Overwhelmed by the pleasure of the moment, he pushed those thoughts to the back of his mind and focused on what was happening in front of him. Squeezing Fleur's fleshy cheeks in his hands, he pulled his length out from between them and pushed into her hot, wet pussy. She moaned loudly into Hermione's mouth, quivering as his girth stretched and rubbed her sensitive walls.

Thrusting back and forth several times, he watched as his shaft slid between her lips. As he looked down, he saw a drop of arousal trail down the edge of her lips where it dripped off to land on Hermione's equally wet lips. Suddenly, he yanked his cock out of Fleur, drawing a disappointed moan from her lips. Immediately, he moved his cock down and drove his length quickly and forcefully into Hermione. A squeal sounded in the room as she ripped her lips away from Fleur's and threw her head back as his thick shaft filled her tight, sweltering core. Fleur used the break in the kiss to attack her neck, sucking and nipping at the skin, marking it with her love bites. As he squeezed Fleur's ass while driving into Hermione repeatedly, he saw her pink, puckered hole winking at him. Despite his desire to be back in tight embrace of her wonderful rear, today was about Hermione. It did, however, give him a devilish idea.

Pulling out of Hermione, he slapped Fleur's right cheek, leaving a light pink handprint on her pale skin as she climbed off of Hermione. Hermione rolled over onto her stomach and climbed up onto her hands and knees, while Fleur laid down on her back in front of her, her pussy right under Hermione's face. Harry ordered Hermione to pleasure Fleur as he knelt behind her. He expected her to fight against him, but, surprisingly, she didn't. Her lips latched onto Fleur's clit without any hesitation, drawing a moan from the busty blonde's lips as she grabbed Hermione's bushy brown hair and held her in place. She ground her hips up, smearing her arousal over Hermione's lips and chin, making it glisten in sun light streaming through the windows. Harry grabbed her wide, bubbly cheeks and pulled them apart, revealing her drooling lips and pink starfish.

Gathering some of the moisture from her dripping slit, he rubbed it over her asshole. That got a reaction out of her. Hermione gasped, trembling as she fought against the curse while Fleur continued to rub her wet pussy all over her face. Harry didn't pause while she tried to overcome the curse, pressing his index finger into her tight hole, gently pushing it deeper and deeper. Hermione fought him long enough that he wondered if she would finally be able to overcome his control. With twice the strain on his magic and will power, he didn't know if he could stop her from breaking free. As he continued to ease his finger into her back door, the strength of her resistance faded. It made him wonder if she was getting tired of fighting, or if she was enjoying the sensation too much to resist.

Once he had worked his entire index finger into her and worked it in and out several times to loosen her tight ring, he pulled it out and added his middle finger. She moaned loudly as his fingers stretched her open even further, causing Fleur to moan in turn. Occasionally, he would dip his fingers into her wet lips to moisten them as he gradually worked his way up to burying three fingers into her back door. When he felt that she was loosened enough, Harry pulled his fingers out of her and pressed the head, swollen to an angry red, against her tight ring and

pushed hard until it opened, allowing him inside. Hermione gasped and panted as he rocked his hips, easing inch after inch of his rock-hard length into her hot, silky-smooth tunnel. Her walls hugged him tightly, making it impossible to move quickly without hurting her. Over several minutes, he gently worked his thick, throbbing shaft into her last untouched hole, claiming her final virgin hole and completing his domination over her.

Harry felt a primal surge of power and pride as he made his beautiful best friend his. It felt as if by taking her last virginity, he was taking ownership of her. She was his. A bestial growl left his throat when he hilted his cock in her tight ass, one hand grabbing her wide hip, while the other roughly grabbed a handful of her shoulder length hair. It was a struggle to give her time to adjust to his presence in her rear and not begin thrusting savagely. Seeing the stunning blonde bombshell on her back, writhing in pleasure as Hermione's tongue flicked and prodded her clit set his cock jerking in arousal. With a mental command, Fleur moved over to him, shivering from the orgasms she had experienced while he had been distracted. She went around behind him, pressing her breasts against his back while kissing his neck and caressing his chest with her hands. Her long, perfectly manicured nails raking lightly over his skin.

Harry turned his head to the side, kissing her on the lips for a moment before turning back to Hermione. Pulling his shaft half way out of her clutching bum, he paused for a second before driving back in, feeling his wide cock forcing her tunnel open as it tried to close behind him. A deep, wanton moan left her throat as he pumped his hips slowly and powerfully, stretching her untouched depths. Pulling Hermione's hair back, he forced her back to arch as he picked up speed, red hot lust clouding his mind. Still, it wasn't enough for him, he wanted her to give herself to him, without the curse. Without really thinking about what he was doing, he released both of them from the curse, driven by his desire to have them without the need to use magic. As soon as he released them, both girls froze for a moment, whether in surprise or confusion, he wasn't sure.

"Oh God, Harry." Hermione moaned, bucking back against him.

Her moan seemed to break Fleur out of her stillness. She started kissing and sucking at his neck again, running her hands over his torso. Reaching out with one of her hands, she caressed Hermione's ass, rubbing her thumb over Hermione's red, stretched ring, grazing his shaft as he plowed into it. Moving around to his side, she kissed him hungrily for a few seconds before pulling away, a sultry smile on her lips and her eyes sparkling lustfully. Moving her face close to Hermione's, she laid on her back, looking up at her. Harry let go of her hair and gripped both of

her hips tightly while sawing in and out of her hot, grasping hole. Harry could feel his climax starting to build as he felt her tightening around him.

“You love eet, don’t you?” Fleur asked, their faces close as she stroked, Hermione’s cheek. “You love ‘is cock, oui?”

“Yes!” Hermione hissed, screwing up her face, clearly close to a climax of her own.

Cupping one of her cheeks, Fleur leaned in and kissed her on the lips, a kiss the Hermione welcomed and returned. Harry felt Fleur reach under her and rub her clit, making her moan against her lips as she flexed around his cock. Harry thrust into her ass hard, desperate to reach his end. His hips slapped loudly against her round ass, the pale skin rippling and jiggling wildly under the force of the impacts. With the added stimulation from Fleur, Hermione reached her peak first, trembling under him while a high-pitched keen escaped her lips. Her tunnel clamped down on his cock, pushing him over the edge. Harry held himself buried in her bum as his shaft jerked, his head pulsating as jet of hot cum flew from his tip to splash forcefully against her insides.

Hermione collapsed before his climax had finished, causing him to slip out of her. Harry grabbed his shaft, jerking it furiously as his cum spewed out, painting white streak over her pale skin. When his orgasm finally ended, he crawled between the two girls and laid down on his back. Hermione curled up to his right side, while Fleur took his left, their heads resting on his chest and shoulders. Turning to Hermione, he kissed her on the lips, getting a tired but happy smile, before turning to kiss Fleur. They laid in silence, cuddling in bed for a couple of minutes as they recuperated.

“Harry. Why did you release the curse?” Hermione asked.

“I couldn’t hold it.” He lied, not wanting to tell them the truth. “It’s a lot harder cast it on two people than it is just one.”

Hermione hummed against his chest and closed her eyes while Fleur grabbed his softened cock and started stroking him. Harry looked at her with a raised eyebrow, getting an impish smile in

reply. It didn't take long for her to get him hard again with the stamina potion still coursing through his veins. Sitting up, she swung her leg over him, sinking down on his newly erected length, making both of them moan. Hermione made to roll out of the way, but he stopped her with the arm wrapped around her waist, making her look at him curiously.

"Stay." He said quietly, pecking her lips.

When she looked at Fleur for her opinion, she smiled at her and leaned down, her arms on either side of his head as she kissed her on the lips. When they pulled apart, Fleur turned to kiss him as well.

"Fuck me, mon amour." Fleur begged, working her hips back and forth, dragging her hanging breasts over his chest.

Harry pulled Hermione tightly against him and grabbed one of her swaying tits, while Hermione caressed the other, getting a moan from Fleur. Harry smiled as she bounced on his hard cock, things were finally looking up.