

A Witch Scorned

Chapter 1

Fleur Delacour was furious. She had come home from work early, hoping to surprise her husband, Bill, who had just come home from a four-month long expedition in Egypt. It turns out she was the one surprised, as she came home to find Bill in bed with another woman. She didn't remember much that happened after that, other than the yelling and a few fireballs hurled at her husband and his whore. What she did remember, was Bill trying to reassure her that this was the first time it had happened, and that it meant nothing, it was only sex.

In a rage, she had told him, "Well, eef eet means nuzhing, zhen you won't care eef I 'ave sex wiz someone else. You won't care eef I spend zhe night wiz 'Arry."

"Well," he said, "if that's what you want..."

She slapped him, and stormed out after that. Now, she was walking around the little village near Shell Cottage, trying to calm down and decide what to do. She loved Bill, but it hurt, not just her pride, but her heart, that he would cheat on her. Then to have the gall to act as if it was nothing, that it was just sex, and that he wouldn't care if she were to sleep with someone else. Fleur felt her temper rising again, and had to stop and take a deep, cleansing breath, to get her anger under control.

She hadn't said she wanted to sleep with someone else because she actually wanted to, she had said it to get Bill to understand how much he had hurt her by making him think of her with someone else. Harry was the first person to come to mind in the heat of the moment because he was the only other man that she would even consider letting touch her. He was a close friend, one of the only men that could resist her Allure, even better than her husband, and he had become quite handsome since graduating Hogwarts.

Fleur sighed, she needed to talk to Bill. She needed to know why he had felt the need to sleep with someone else, rather than wait a few hours for her to get home. She needed to know how she could ever trust him again while he was gone for weeks or months on end in another country. Walking down a secluded side street, she Disapparated.

Reappearing at Shell Cottage, Fleur quietly walked in the front door, and was about to call out for Bill, when she heard voices from the living room. Creeping closer, she listened in.

“Bill, have you lost your mind?” Asked a familiar male voice she couldn’t quite place. “First, you get caught cheating on your wife, and now you actually *want* her to have sex with Harry?”

“Look, Charlie,” Bill said, identifying the other person as his brother, likely talking to him through the Floo. “I know I screwed up, and I don’t *want* her to sleep with anyone else. But, if she’s going to, Harry is probably the best choice. Hell, this might even be good for me.”

“And how do you figure that?” Charlie asked skeptically.

“Think about it. Harry’s a great guy and all, but there’s no way he can handle Fleur. She’ll sleep with him, have a horrible time, and realize how lucky she is to have me. Trust me, by tomorrow morning, she’ll come *crawling* back to me.”

Fleur turned around and marched out of the house. She’d come crawling back to him, would she? She’d show that bastard. The moment she reached the ward line, she Disappeared.

She hardly broke her stride as she Apparated to the park across the street from Number 12 Grimmauld Place, and stormed up to the door. Knocking sharply, she waited impatiently for Harry to open the door. When it finally opened, Fleur opened her mouth to say something, only to stop suddenly when she saw no one there.

“Can Kreacher help miss?” Croaked a voice.

Looking down, Fleur saw that the House Elf, Kreacher, was the one who had opened the door.

“Oui, I need to speak wiz ‘Arry.” She told him, taking a moment to calm down from Bill’s latest betrayal.

“One moment, Kreacher will-” He started.

“It’s fine Kreacher.” Harry said, coming down the hallway. “Fleur is always welcome here.”

Harry smiled at her, but it quickly faded to a look of concern.

“Fleur, is everything okay?” He asked worriedly.

“Can we talk?” she asked thickly, the emotions of the day starting to catch up with her.

“Of course.” He replied, ushering her into the house.

Harry led her through the newly cleaned and redecorated house and into the sitting room. As she sat down on the couch next to him, her emotions began to catch up with her, and tears started to well in her eyes.

“Fleur, what’s wrong?” He asked. “What happened?”

“I came ‘ome from work to find Beel een bed wiz anozher woman.” She told him.

“Oh no. I’m so sorry, Fleur.” He said, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

Unable to hold back anymore, Fleur leaned into his chest and cried. For several minutes, Harry held her, rubbing her back soothingly as she cried out her anger and hurt.

“Do you want to talk about it?” He asked, after she had calmed.

"I went 'ome early from work to surprise Beel, he just got back for Egypt today. When I got zhere, 'e was een bed wiz some 'hore." She finished angrily.

"I'm so sorry, Fleur." He said again. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

There was a momentary pause.

"I need you to sleep wiz me." She told him.

"Er, what?" He asked nervously, his body tensing under hers.

Fleur lifted her head up from his chest, and moved her face closer to his.

"Beel and I agreed zhat since 'e cheated on me," she explained. "zhen I can sleep wiz anyone I want."

Harry opened his mouth to say something, but she didn't let him, pressing her lips to his. Harry grunted in surprise as she moved her lips against his. Fleur was shocked when Harry put his hands on her arms, and pushed her away.

"Fleur, wait." He said firmly. "I'm not sure if this is a good idea."

Fleur felt stunned and hurt. First Bill cheats on her, and now Harry, a close friend and someone she deeply respected, didn't want her. Was something wrong with her? Was she not good enough?

"It's not that I don't want to." He assured her, seeing the look on her face. "It's just..."

Harry ran a hand through his hair, causing it to stick up in all directions.

“Look, Fleur,” he said, “I know you’re hurt and angry, and you have every right to be. But, I really don’t think this is going to help things between you and Bill. You’re one of my closest friends, and I don’t want you to do something you’ll regret.”

Fleur felt a wave of guilt rush over her. Harry had always been kind to her, even when she didn’t deserve it. He’d saved her and her sister during the Triwizard Tournament, even after she’d said some mean things to, and about, him. When she’d stayed with the Weasley’s during her engagement to Bill, he’d been the only one to stand up for her when Molly, Ginny, and Hermione had been cruel towards her. Now, he was trying to protect her again, this time from herself. And here she was, trying to use him to get back at her cheating husband. Belatedly, she realized that with her emotions so out of control, her Allure was unrestrained, and yet he still had the will to stop her.

Fleur collapsed against his chest again, fresh tears from her eyes. As Harry’s arms wrapped around her, and he told her that everything would be okay, she wondered if she had made a mistake. She had always considered Harry too young, and not her type. Maybe, she should have given him a chance back during the Tournament. She doubted he ever would have cheated on her, if she was his wife. Thinking back on everything he’d done for her, and how grateful she was to have him as a friend, she decided, for the second time, that she wanted to sleep with Harry.

This time, however, it wasn’t to get back at her husband, it was to repay him for all he had done. It was because she genuinely *wanted* to be with him. Being honest with herself, it wasn’t a totally unselfish decision. She was also curious about what it would have been like, if she had chosen Harry over Bill, even if it was just for one night.

“I need to use zhe bazhroom.” She said lifting her head from his damp shirt.

“Oh, sure.” He said. “Upstairs, first door on the left.”

“Merci.”

In the bathroom, Fleur quickly rinsed her face, and looked at herself in the mirror. She scowled at her red, puffy eyes, and only now realized that she was still in her ugly work robes. Closing her eyes, she focused on her magic, feeling it flow freely through her body. Opening her eyes back up, she looked in the mirror to see that her eyes were back to normal. Pulling out her wand, she thought for a moment before transfiguring them into a simple, semi-sheer white nightie that showed a tantalizing glimpse of the white lacy bra and panties she wore underneath. She looked at herself in the mirror again, twisting to look at the different angles. Her body was what most men considered perfect. Large, perky breasts, a slim waist, wide hips, a muscular, protruding bum, and long, toned legs. Her skin was pale, smooth, and completely blemish free. Pausing, she adjusted her bra to reveal a bit more cleavage, nodded to herself, and turned to leave the bathroom. As she turned to go back downstairs, she noticed the open door to Harry's bedroom, and smiled to herself as an idea came to her.

"Arry, could you come up 'ere, please?" She called.

"Yeah." He called back. "Is everything alright?"

"Oui." She said, moving quietly into the bedroom, leaving the door slightly ajar.

She heard him climbing the stairs and walking down the hall towards the bathroom, her pulse quickening as he got closer.

"Fleur?" He said from the bathroom across the hall.

"Een 'ere." She called from the bedroom, trying to calm her sudden nerves.

"What's wrong-Whoa!" He exclaimed, standing stock still in the doorway, shocked.

Watching as Harry's eyes drifted down her body, staring at her figure, gave her some of her confidence back. She walked towards him slowly, swaying her hips seductively.

"I want to, Arry." She said, wrapping her arms around his shoulders, and pressing her body against his.

“You’re sure?” He asked nervously, placing his hands shakily on her hips.

“Oui.” she assured him.

Fleur bit her lip nervously, as Harry still seemed hesitant. Would he turn her down, again? She thought to herself. She didn’t know if she could take another rejection.

“Please?” She plead quietly, her vulnerability slipping into her voice.

He sighed.

“I really hope you don’t end up regretting this in the morning.” He said, giving in and wrapping his arms around her waist.

Fleur smiled brilliantly up at him.

“I could never regret being with you, ‘Arry.” She said with conviction.

She wrapped her arms more tightly around him, and pulled him into a searing kiss. Finally, to her immense relief, Harry let go of his hesitation and kissed her back. His hands dropped down, each grabbing a handful of her ass, and pulled her tightly against him. Fleur moan desperately against his mouth, grinding herself against him, but it wasn’t enough. Reaching up to the buttons of his shirt, she fumbled with them for a moment before she gave up, and simply ripped it open, sending buttons everywhere. Harry grunted in surprise into her mouth.

As Harry released her to pull his shirt off the rest of the way, Fleur ran her hands over the surprisingly toned muscles of his chest and abs. She gently took his bottom lip between her teeth, and pulled back, before releasing him. Placing her hands on his chest as they both caught their breath, she pushed him back until his legs hit the chair behind him, and he fell back into

the seat. Standing above him, Fleur leaned down, putting her vast cleavage on display, and gave him a peck on the lips.

“Stay.” She ordered.

Standing back up, Fleur began to sway her hips, and lifted her arms over her head, in a slow sensual dance, moving to a beat in her head. Swirling her hips, she slowly turned on the spot until her back was to Harry. Grabbing the hem of her nightie, she lifted it up, and pulled it over her head at a tantalizingly slow pace. Throwing it to the floor, she spun around, now wearing nothing but her lacy white bra and panties. Harry was staring at her with undisguised lust, his eyes raking over her body unashamedly. She felt herself growing wet at the look of desire he was giving her. Sauntering towards him, she knelt on the chair, with her legs on either side of him. Fleur grabbed two fistfuls of his hair and pulled his mouth roughly against hers, her tongue dancing with his, and moved her hips in a riding motion while moaning into his mouth.

Harry groaned in disappointment when she pulled back and stood up again. She gave him a promising smile, and began to gyrate her hips while running her hands down, over her breasts, to her toned stomach, and stopping at her panty covered mound. She let out a low moan as she caressed herself in front of him, then slowly turned on the spot again until her back was to him. Reaching up behind her back, she toyed with the clasp of her bra, and with a flick of her head that sent her hair flying so that it rested over the front of one shoulder and moved her head to look at him, all in one motion, she undid the clasp with a well-practiced flick of her fingers.

Using one arm to cover what she could of her large breasts, leaving a long line of cleavage and the underside of her large, pale globes exposed, she held the bra out to the side tauntingly for a moment, then dropped it to the floor. Turning around while still covering her chest, she walked back up to Harry, sending her mane of silver hair behind her with another flick of her head, she stood, looking down at him.

Harry was breathing heavier than normal, staring at her with his vibrant green eyes that looked darker with lust. Fleur gave him a playful smirk, spun around, and sat in his lap. She could feel his large, hard cock press against her ass as she settled on him. He groaned and gripped the arms of the chair hard as she ground herself down on to him, but made no move to touch her. Grabbing both of his hands in hers, she brought them up, pressed them against her breasts, and tilted her head back to rest on his shoulder. Reaching up behind his head with one hand, she tilted her head back further and pulled him down until his lips met hers. His hands began to

roughly knead her full, firm breasts, the fingers of one hand trapping her nipple between them, and squeezing firmly.

Letting go of one breast, Harry trailed a hand down her body to the damp crotch of her panties, rubbing her through the silky fabric. Fleur moaned into his mouth, and thrust herself up against his hand. He moved his hand up, only to slid it right back down a moment later, this time underneath her underwear, his hand resting directly on her, bald, wet mound. When he started to trace his finger through her taught lips, she pulled away from his mouth with a gasp, her breathing quick and hard. Her head laid back on his shoulder, and she tilted it to the side, kissing and sucking at his neck as he played with her body.

A long, low moan left her lips as two of Harry's finger slid easily into her wet pussy, his palm resting against her mound. He moved them in and out, gradually going deeper, while grinding his palm down on her excited clit. Suddenly, he curled his fingers inside of her, hitting a spot that caused her back to arch, and her body to shudder at the intense pleasure. Her hands scrabbled for something to hold on to as an unexpected orgasm swiftly crept up on her from the sensation of his fingers inside of her, and his palm pressing against her clit.

Fleur's body bucked, her breath came in short sharp gasps, and her muscles trembled. Harry's arm reached across her body, gripping the opposite breast hard as he held her body tightly against his. The other hand moved back and forth rapidly, almost vibrating, as his fingers attacked the sensitive spot inside of her, and his palm ground against her clit. Fleur stiffened, her back arched, and her mouth open as it all became too much for her.

"ARRY!" she screamed.

Her hands gripped his arm as her body shook violently, her free breast jiggling wildly with the movement. She let out a string of short, sharp grunts as she soaked herself, Harry, and the chair as she came hard. With a shudder, Fleur's body finally relaxed, collapsing against him. Harry pulled his hand from her drenched panties and wrapped his arms securely around her, holding her as she rested for a long moment.

"Mon Dieu." She said, once she got her breath back.

Fleur heard, and felt, Harry chuckle behind her, planting a kiss on her temple. She turned her body so she was sitting sideways in his lap, and looked up at him. He was looking at her with a lopsided, affectionate smile. Smiling back at him, she leaned up and gave him a loving kiss, slower and less intense, but with no less meaning than the ones they had shared earlier. Pulling back, she buried her face in the crook of his neck and took a moment to bask in the feeling of being in his arms. She didn't stay like that for long, though, as she could feel Harry's erection press into her thigh when he moved to adjust himself. Fleur smirked as an idea popped into her head. She didn't usually do this, but if anyone deserved it, it was Harry.

Pressing a kiss to his neck, Fleur slid down his body, coming to rest kneeling between his legs. Working quickly, she undid his belt and, with his help, pulled off his damp trousers. Reaching up, she grabbed the sides of his boxers, placing a kiss on top of the large tent. This caused it to twitch, and her to giggle, before she pulled his boxers down. She watched with growing excitement as inch after inch of his shaft was revealed, until she pulled the waistband past the head. His cock bounced up when it was finally released, nearly hitting her chin, and slapped loudly against his stomach. Throwing his boxers off to the side, she reached out and took his cock into her hand. He was both thick and long, though not monstrously so, and very hard. She could feel his pulse as she gripped him, and the head was a deep, angry red.

Fleur didn't do this often. It wasn't that she disliked it. It was just that any time she tried, one of two things happened. Either they finished so quickly she didn't have time to really get into it, or they lost control of themselves and became too aggressive. She remembered the last time she had tried this with Bill. He lost control and ended up trying to choke her on his dick. Fortunately, he wasn't as long, or as thick, as Harry, and she was able to weather it until he finished. She had decided, however, not to do it again until he was better able to resist her Allure. She was confident Harry would be able to control himself though, he had never let her down before.

Slowly stroking him up and down, she stuck out her tongue, and gave him a long, slow lick from the base, to the head. Swirling her tongue around the tip, she kissed the head softly, tasting his salty pre-cum as she did. Opening her mouth, she took the head of his cock in to her mouth and gave it a light suck, her tongue massaging the V on the underside. Harry groaned and ran his fingers through her hair. Fleur froze, momentarily worried, then relaxed when he only massaged her scalp with his fingers. Relaxing, she smiled to herself. She knew she could trust Harry.

Fleur licked his shaft, covering it in her saliva, before taking him into her mouth again. Starting with the head, she slowly started bobbing her head up and down, gradually taking more and more of his cock into her mouth with each decent. When she had half of his length in her mouth, the head tickling the back of her throat, she held him there, swirling her tongue around him. Sucking hard, she pulled back up his length slowly, until just the head remained in her mouth.

“Bloody hell, Fleur.” Harry exclaimed; his head thrown back in pleasure.

Fleur pulled off of him with a *pop*. Well, if he thought that felt good... She thought to herself with a smirk.

Stroking him leisurely with her hand, she waited until Harry was looking at her again. She gave him a sexy little smile, and, looking into his eyes, licked his cock from base to tip. When she got to the top, still making eye contact, Fleur opened her mouth and descended on him. Inch after inch disappeared into her mouth. At halfway, when he was tickling her throat, she relaxed as much as she could, and descended even further.

GAK

A loud squelching noise left her throat as she fought back a gag, and continued to push herself further down his shaft. Staring into Harry’s shocked eyes, with one last push, Fleur buried the last of his cock in her throat, her nose pressed against his pelvis.

“Holy Shit!” Harry said in wide eyed amazement.

Fleur pulled herself off of him, drawing in a deep breath and wiping a large amount of saliva off her chin. Catching her breath, Fleur smiled as she stroked his cock. She was enjoying this a lot more than she thought she would. Well, at least when she had someone she could enjoy it with. Feeling her excitement rise, she dropped a hand down to play with herself as she went back to pleasing Harry.

Taking him back into her mouth, she didn't waste any time taking half of him back into her mouth, and then forced him back in to her throat. It was slightly easier now, both because she had done it before, and because of all the saliva covering his cock. Fleur continued to stare into his eyes as she slowly swallowed all of him. She held herself at the base of his cock for a moment, before slowly pulling up. Rather than take him all the way out of her mouth again, she stopped once he was out of her throat, took a deep breath through her nose, and descended again. Over and over again, Fleur deepthroated him, gradually getting faster with each repetition.

GAK GAK GAK

Obscene noises left her throat as she choked herself on his cock, getting to a speed where her nose was hitting her pelvis hard enough to cause tears to form in her eyes. Pulling off of him to take a moment to catch her breath, a long line of spit connected her chin to his balls. Taking another deep breath, Fleur practically threw herself down on to him, swallowing him whole in one swift movement, and held herself pressed against his base.

"Fleur, I'm cumming!" He nearly yelled.

Harry's hand had tightened in her hair, though not painfully, and he didn't try to hold her down. She felt his body tense up as she pulled back on his cock. Keeping just the head in her mouth, she sucked hard, swirled her tongue, and stroked the rest of his shaft quickly.

"Fuck!" Harry grunted.

Fleur felt him throb hard in her hand, and several jets of hot, salty cum splashed against the roof of her mouth forcefully with each pulse. Harry let out a loud groan as he finished, and he collapsed bonelessly into the chair, breathing hard. Running her thumb up the underside of his cock, she gave on last suck to draw the last of the cum out of his cock, causing him to gasp at the overstimulation.

Keeping her lips sealed as she pulled off of him, Fleur looked up at Harry and opened her lips to show him her cum filled mouth. She rubbed her hand between her legs at the naughtiness of

the act, before closing her mouth and swallowing everything down, making sure to accentuate the sound.

“Mmmh.” She moaned, licking her lips. “Zat was fun.” She said with a naughty smile.

Harry gave a tired chuckle and reached out a hand to help her up. Knees aching slightly, Fleur stood up, and Harry pulled her so that she was sitting sideways in his lap, wrapping his arms around her. Leaning down he gave her a brief kiss on the lips.

“That,” he said, “was fucking incredible.”

Fleur smiled at the compliment and curled up against him, happy to cuddle for a bit. One of Harry’s hands slid up her stomach to gently cup a breast, his thumb sliding back and forth over her nipple, and he leaned down to kiss her. Unlike their earlier heated kisses, this one was a slower, more romantic kiss. She reached up and ran her fingers through his wild hair, opening her mouth to caress his tongue with hers. They stayed like that for a while, enjoying the kiss and the feeling of being close.

“Arry,” she whispered, pulling back so her lips were only a breath away from his. “Take me to bed.”

Harry scooped her up in his arms, stood up, lifting her as he did, and carried her over to the bed. Laying her gently down on the bed, he grabbed the waist band of her panties and peeled them off of her. With her legs bent at the knee, he caressed her thighs, and crawled on to the bed with her. Starting on the knee, he kissed his way down her thigh, spreading her legs as he went. Fleur let out a sound like a purr when Harry reached her pussy and began to pepper it with kisses. His tongue ran between her lips, starting at the bottom and sliding all the way to the top. Letting out a low moan, she grabbed his hair and gave it a gentle tug.

“Arry, mon amour.” She purred.

Crooking her finger, she beckoned him to her.

"I need you." She said in most alluring voice.

Placing one more kiss on her clit, Harry moved up her body, sucking and biting at the skin of her stomach and breasts as he went. Settling between her legs, he ground his renewed erection against her, causing them both to moan. When he bent down to kiss her again, she reached down and took him in her hand, lining him up with her entrance. Once he was there, he slowly and easily sank down into her wet, hot pussy. Harry groaned into her mouth as he bottomed out. Fleur hummed in pleasure at the wonderful full, stretching sensation he gave her.

"Melin, you're tight, Fleur." He said when he pulled back from her lips.

"You're so beeg 'Arry" She moaned.

Caressing his cheek, she gave him a sultry look, biting her lip.

"Please. Fuck me, 'Arry" She begged.

Fleur loved the dark, lustful look he had in his eyes as he looked at her. Harry was always so strong, so in control of himself. She wanted him to let go, to lose himself in the pleasures of her body.

He claimed her lips in a demanding kiss as his hips started to thrust back and forth. Starting slowly, he pulled out a couple of inches, before pushing back in and grinding his pelvis against hers, putting a delicious pressure against her aching clit. With each thrust, he pulled back further, gaining speed every time he slid back into her. Now, he was pulling back until he was half way out of her, thrusting into her quickly, and rolling his hips when he pushed back in, causing a wonderful friction on her clit as he bottomed out. Fleur made sure to moan, groan, and grunt against his lips with each movement, for once not needing to fake the noises of pleasure she made. Harry pulled his mouth off of hers, breathing heavily, and dropped his head to rest on the pillow next to hers.

Fleur cooed into his ear as he continued to thrust into her. She ran the fingers of one hand through the back of his hair soothingly, the hand running up and down his spine, her nails gliding across the skin. Turning her head, she started to suck and kiss at his neck, feeling a sudden, primal urge to mark him.

“Arder.” She moaned into his ear, gently nibbling on his earlobe.

She could feel Harry’s chest rumble as he growled into her ear and began to thrust into her harder and faster, her body jolting every time their hips met. Fleur wrapped her legs around him, as a loud, rhythmic slapping sound came from between their bodies. Her body began to tense, her nails leaving long red marks across his back as an orgasm started build within her. She continued to kiss, suck and bite at his neck while whispering dirty words into his ear, intent on driving him mad with lust.

“Arry, you feel so good een me.” “Oh, you’re so beeg, ‘Arry. I feel so full.” “Oui, mon amor. Fuck me.” “I love eet ‘Arry, don’t stop.”

Words gave way to grunts every time Harry’s large cock slammed into her. Her nails dug into his skin, her legs tightened around him, and her breath came in pants as her release quickly approached.

“Arry!” She screamed his name.

Her arms and legs locked him in place, hold him buried deep inside her pussy as it convulsed around him. Fleur rolled her hips, humping up against him and grinding her clit hard on to his body, trying to prolong her pleasure. Throwing her back, she moaned and her body shuddered as she came down from her high. Finally, her body relaxed and her arms and legs released their vice like hold on Harry. As she laid there, breathing heavily, enjoying the afterglow of one of the most powerful orgasms of her life, Harry pushed himself up on his arms and kissed her lovingly. Fleur kissed him back, basking in the moment.

A minute later, she realized that Harry was still hard inside of her. That wouldn’t do.

Pushing on his shoulder and bucking her hips, Harry let out a grunt of surprise as Fleur rolled them both over suddenly. Sitting on his hips with her hands on his chest, she giggled at the surprised and confused look on his face at the sudden change. His cock never leaving her.

Leaning down, she kissed him on the lips and whispered, "I want you to cum een me."

She felt him twitch inside of her, his cock pulsing at the thought. Just saying the words made her feel pleasantly dirty, telling a man other than her husband to cum inside of her sent a thrill through her. Sitting back up, she started rolling her hips, grinding herself against him. Harry's hand reached up, groping one of her large, firm breasts as she rode him. Lifting herself up so that just the head of his cock remained inside of her, she dropped back down quickly with a loud, wet *smack*. Fleur let out a sensuous moan, the breast that wasn't being groped by Harry bounced with the movement.

Slowly, she raised herself up again and dropped back down quickly. Again, and again, Fleur raised up until she was nearly off his cock, and then let herself drop back down on to him. She loved the feeling of him filling her so completely, over and over. Although it felt wonderful, it wasn't enough to bring either of them to a finish. Giving up depth for speed, she stopped raising herself up so high, now taking only half of his cock when she lifted up, and started moving faster.

Harry's hands moved to her hips to help her move, his hips thrusting up as she moved down. With her hands on his chest for support, Fleur bounced on his cock rapidly, her breasts bouncing in rhythm to her movements. Raising his knees behind her, his grip tightened on her hips and he began to slam into her harder and faster. Harry's breathing grew heavier and his thrusts became more desperate. She knew he was getting close.

"Fleur," he said, "I'm gonna cum."

"Oui!" She cried, nearing another orgasm of her own. "Een me, I want eet."

Her begging seemed to be too much for him. Grunting, Harry threw his hips up frantically in short, sharp thrusts. With one last thrust, he buried himself as deep into her as he could.

Continuing to grind herself on to him, the feeling of him pulsing inside of her, and the naughtiness of the situation, pushed her over the edge. With a loud cry, Fleur collapsed on to his chest, riding her orgasm as she felt his cum splash against her walls with each throb of his cock. She moaned, excitement and a sense of fulfillment coursing through her at the feeling. Flexing her muscles around him, she did her best to milk every last drop out of him. Harry gave a contented moan as he finished, holding her tightly as he caught his breath.

A few moments later, after she had caught her breath and the last of her orgasm had faded, Fleur lifted herself off of him, and cuddled up to his side. With one leg laid over his body, an arm slung over his chest, and her head resting on his shoulder, Fleur closed her eyes, sighing contentedly. Basking in the moment, all thoughts of what tomorrow would bring left her mind in the blissful afterglow of the best sex of her life.