

Chapter 6

Sitting at the Gryffindor table, Harry was the envy of every boy in the school. Currently, he was surrounded by the Gryffindor Chasers, Hermione, Fleur, Auror, and Nadine.

As he loaded his plate with eggs, bacon, and sausage, Katie eyed Fleur quizzically as she poured milk into a bowl, followed by cereal.

"Harry, there is something seriously wrong with your girlfriend," Katie said.

Harry looked over and smiled as Fleur sniffed haughtily.

"Yeah, but she's pretty," he said.

Fleur jabbed his ribs hard with her finger, causing him to flinch and the girls to giggle.

"You two are so sweet it's actually kind of sickening," Nadine sighed.

"Hey, Harry. Do you want to go flying after breakfast?" Katie asked.

"Sure, I have about an hour before we need to go practice for the Tournament," Harry said, glancing over at Fleur, who nodded.

"You're training together?" Alica asked.

"Only for zhe zhings we are both learning," Fleur said. "We also train separately. Eet is still a competition."

“Which I plan on winning,” Harry smiled.

Fleur smiled and patted his thigh under the table.

“You keep telling yourself zhat, mon amour,” she said.

“Next time you see Krum, can you ask him if he’d be willing to play a pick up game?” Angelina asked.

“Why me?” Harry asked. “I don’t know him that well.”

“You know him better than any of us,” Angelina said.

Harry sighed, “Alright, I’ll ask.”

“Can you imagine playing against a real professional?” Katie grinned.

“Easy for you to say,” Harry grumbled. “You don’t have to fly against him.”

“I’m sure you’ll do fine,” Fleur smiled.

“It’s just Quidditch, Harry,” Hermione said.

Four sets of eyes rolled at her statement.

After they finished breakfast, Harry and the Chasers went up to get their brooms. When they met the others back in the Entrance Hall, they all left for the Pitch.

“Look!” Katie pointed as they walked across the ground.

Looking in that direction, they saw several witches and wizards directing large stone blocks with their wands into a towering structure between the lake and the forest.

“Are they building a pyramid?” Aurora asked.

“It’s a ziggurat,” Hermione corrected her. “They’re from Mesopotamia.”

“Most of the stuff Bill sent us was about Egypt,” Harry said.

“Most of it will still be applicable,” Hermione told him. “We should research other ancient cultures anyways. There’s no guarantee that just because they’re building a ziggurat, they’ll only use Mesopotamian magic.”

Nodding, Harry continued his trek to the Pitch, anxious to get in the air and clear his mind.

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Two hours later, Harry and Fleur were practicing spells in the Room of Requirement while Hermione, Aurora, and Nadine flipped through books on spells from ancient cultures. They would take turns learning the wards and trap, then cast them around the trunks Harry and Fleur were practicing on.

“I’m seeing a lot of Muggle traps that can only be disarmed with magic,” Aurora said.

“Me too,” Hermione frowned.

“Bill mentioned that in his letter,” Harry pointed out.

“But how do you practice it?” Hermione asked. “Most of these are really complicated.”

“Maybe we can use some kind of X-ray spell?” Aurora asked.

Hermione frowned, “I know healers use spells to look at bones and organs, but I’ve never heard of one that works on inanimate objects.”

“We could modify it,” Nadine said.

“I’ve never modified a spell before,” Hermione said excitedly.

Scooting her chair closer to Nadine, they huddled together and talked back and forth rapidly. They were definitely speaking English, but Harry couldn’t understand a word they were saying.

“You understand any of that?” he asked Fleur.

She shook her head with a smile.

“Oh, good. So, it’s not just me then,” Harry said.

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“I got it!” Hermione exclaimed nearly half an hour later.

Harry, who had been trying to get past the wards on his trunk, jumped and caused his own spell to bounce back and hit him in the shin. Fleur giggled as he cursed and rubbed his leg with a hiss.

“Sorry,” Hermione said apologetically.

“You modified zhe spell?” Fleur asked.

“Yes. Well, Nadine and I did,” Hermione said. “It’s a really fascinating process. The possibilities are nearly endless-”

“Hermione,” Harry interrupted gently.

“Oh, right,” she blushed, picking up a piece of parchment. “Here. It’s a counterclockwise twist followed by a jab with the incantation Perspicio.”

“Alright,” Harry said, showing the well-drawn diagram Hermione had given him to Fleur. “What are we going to try it on?”

“Turn around, and I’ll hide something in the trunk,” Nadine said.

Shrugging, Harry and Fleur turned around and practiced their wand movements while Nadine hid something in each of the trunks.

“You can turn around now,” she told them after a moment.

Turning back around, Harry and Fleur approached their trunks and tried out the spell.

“Perspicio,” Harry incanted.

The spell worked much like a flashlight, but instead of light, a cone shaped area in front of his wand made everything he aimed at see-through. He could see through everything. The trunk,

the wall, and even the floor. After a bit of practice, Harry was able to control the intensity of the spell to only see through what he wanted to.

“This is brilliant!” he said.

Turning to Hermione and Nadine, he grinned at them. Unfortunately, in his excitement, Harry forgot he was still using the spell. As the cone moved over them, he got a brief but good look at exactly what was under their clothes.

He couldn't tell exactly what shape their breasts were since both were wearing bras, but he could still tell that Hermione's were on the smaller side, with small, pink areolas and thick, slightly darker nipples. Nadine, on the other hand, had a much larger bust with wide, pale, puffy areolas and comparatively small nipples. Harry also spotted a silver piercing in her navel above a small strip of red hair over her mound.

Shocked, he quickly dropped the spell at the same time the girls squealed and tried to cover themselves. Aurora howled with laughter, nearly falling out of her chair as tears gathered in her eyes.

“Harry!” Hermione yelled, blushing heavily.

“Sorry,” he said.

Despite averting his eyes completely, the image that he'd seen stayed burned in his vision. Behind him, he could hear Fleur let out a muffled laugh, but he didn't dare look.

“If you wanted to see under my robes, you could've just asked,” Nadine teased

Groaning, Harry covered his face as Fleur gave up completely on trying to hide her amusement.

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After getting over their embarrassment and spending a while longer practicing their new spell, Harry and the girls left the Room of Requirement for lunch.

"I'm really sorry about that, Hermione," he told her as they cut through the Transfigurations courtyard.

"It's fine, Harry," Hermione sighed. "I know it wasn't intentional."

"Still," Harry said.

Before he could continue, Malfoy jumped out of the tree a few feet away and sneered.

"Hey, Potter," he called out loudly. "My father just told me what the first task is. If you ask real nice, I might just tell you."

"No one cares, Malfoy," Harry said.

"Just ignore him," Hermione hissed.

"My father and I have a bet, you see," Malfoy continued with a smirk. "He thinks you won't last ten minutes. I bet you won't last five."

"I don't care what pathetic ways you and father amuse yourselves," Harry bit back.

Hermione threw up her arms in defeat and looked to the sky. Fleur, Nadine, and Aurora, who were a few yards ahead, noticed what was happening and turned back around.

“Didn’t you two have enough fun at the World Cup?” Harry asked.

Malfoy’s eyes narrowed as the crowd growing around them whispered furiously.

“What are you talking about, Potter?” Malfoy asked.

“It’s odd, isn’t it?” Harry asked. “Turns out some of those Death Eaters that attacked Fleur were friends of your father’s. And they claimed to be under the Imperious, too.”

“Don’t you dare talk about my father!” Malfoy yelled, his pale cheek going pink from anger.

“Then keep your fat mouth shut then,” Harry said.

Spinning on his heel, he grabbed Hermione by the hand and pulled her away.

“Flippendo!”

Harry whipped back around while drawing his wand. As the blue streak of magic that had been aimed at Fleur’s back neared him, he swatted it away furiously. The spell instantly changed direction, speeding towards Malfoy at a much faster rate. Face pale and fearful, he fell back on his arse to get out of the way.

As Harry glared at him, Crabbe and Goyle stepped up on either side of the fallen ponce and cracked their knuckles menacingly.

Before he could think of what to do next, Harry felt a pair of arms wrap around him from behind.

“Don’t bother wiz ‘im, mon amour. ’Es just jealous. You ‘ave us, and all ‘e ‘as are zhose two *boys*.” Fleur said with as much derision as humanly possible. “Let’s go back to the carriage for lunch. You can ‘ave me for dessert.”

Several of the boys in the crowd of students had to adjust themselves from the sound of her seductive voice. Lowering his wand, Harry was just about to turn and leave when Professor Moody stepped through the crowd.

“Professor! Potter hexed me!” Malfoy exclaimed, pointing at Harry.

“Yeah, and with your own spell, no less,” Moody growled, his real eye turning to Harry while the fake one stayed on Malfoy. “Good work, lad. Ten points to Gryffindor. Get out of here. I’ll take care of this one.”

Nodding gratefully, Harry turned around and left while Moody publically berated Malfoy for trying to hex someone while their back was turned.

“Zhat man gives me zhe creeps,” Fleur shivered.

“Me, too,” Aurora frowned. “I can’t believe an eye like that is legal here. It’s worse than when Harry used that spell on Hermione and Nadine. At least you know when he’s using that.”

“It was an accident,” Harry protested with a blush.

“I really don’t think Professor Moody would use his eye like that,” Hermione frowned.

“Maybe not, but he could,” Nadine said. “Do you think we could find a way to block it?”

“Without knowing the exact spell, I’m not sure,” Hermione said.

Aurora rolled her eyes as the two descended into another academic conversation that no one else could understand. Sharing a look, Harry and Fleur smiled at each other.

Instead of going to the Great Hall like they'd planned, Fleur led them across the grounds to the Beauxbatons carriage. As they passed the common room, a few girls studying over a light lunch smiled and waved. Harry waved back, glad that most of the students from Fleur's school were so accepting of him.

"Fleur, how are we going to get food?" Hermione asked.

"Zhe 'Ouse Elves will bring it," Fleur said.

"House Elves!" Hermione gasped. "You have House Elves!"

"Non, we use zhe ones at Hogwarts," Fleur said, looking at her oddly.

"But that's wrong!" Hermione said firmly as they reached Fleur and Aurora's room. "They're slaves!"

"So?" Fleur asked. "Zhey need to be."

"No, they don't!" Hermione yelled.

"Hermione!" Nadine interrupted firmly. "They need a wizard's magic to survive."

"What?" Hermione asked.

"It's a symbiotic relationship," Aurora said. "Didn't you know?"

“No, I didn’t,” Hermione admitted with a blush. “There was nothing about that in the library.”

“I’ll show you one of your books later,” Nadine told her.

“Thank you,” Hermione said, fiddling with her shirt contritely. “I’m sorry I yelled. I just really don’t like the idea of House Elves being slaves.”

“It’s more of a bond,” Aurora explained. “There are just some wizards who abuse it. I don’t know how House Elves are treated here. The ones at Hogwarts seem to be fine, but in France, we have laws to protect them from abuse.”

“I don’t think we have those laws in Britain,” Hermione frowned. “Dobby had to punish himself for everything.”

“The Malfoys aren’t known for following the law, Hermione,” Harry said.

“I suppose you’re right,” Hermione sighed.

“Feel better?” Fleur asked with a smile.

Smiling back, Hermione nodded. Fleur took Harry’s hand and pulled him over to one of the beds. They took a seat, and Aurora sat on the other side of him while Hermione and Nadine sat on the bed across from them.

“Excuse me, could we get something for lunch?” Fleur asked seemingly to no one.

A moment later, a House Elf popped into the room with a large platter held over her head. Jumping to his feet, Harry helped her set it down on one of the desks.

"Thank you," Hermione said.

Blushing, the House Elf gave her a small smile before vanishing on the spot.

"So, do you two feel ready for the first task? It's only a few days away," Aurora said, grabbing a sandwich from the platter.

"I think so," Harry said.

"We are," Fleur said confidently. "We 'ave learned all we can."

"I'm sure you'll do fine," Hermione said. "I'm really proud of how well you've done, Harry. I was worried some of the spells Bill told us about would be too advanced for you to learn in time."

"Some of them were pretty hard," Harry agreed. "That Ward breaking spell really tires me out."

"Me too," Fleur said.

"Hopefully, you won't have to use it too much during the task," Nadine said before taking a bite.

"I don't think they will," Aurora said. "I think it'll be more like a puzzle."

"That's what I was thinking," Hermione nodded. "Do they say how the Task will be judged?"

"No," Harry replied.

"Well, I guess we'll just have to see," Nadine sighed.

Harry bounced his leg nervously, wondering if he was prepared or if he had missed something.

“Let’s talk about somezhing else,” Fleur said, resting her hand on his thigh to still his leg.

“So, Harry,” Aurora grinned. “What did you think of Hermione and Nadine?”

“Aurora!” Hermione squeaked with a blush.

Groaning, Harry flopped back on the bed and covered his face as the other girls laughed.

“Don’t you think I’m pretty, Harry?” Nadine pouted.

Sitting up, he glanced between Fleur, who let out a tinkling laugh, and Nadine.

“No matter how I answer that question, I’ll be in trouble with one of you,” he said.

“He’s smart,” Aurora giggled.

“I don’t mind,” Fleur smirked. “You can look all you want. Just don’t touch unless I say you can.”

She turned playfully stern at the end, bringing another round of laughter from Nadine and Aurora. As he dropped his face into his hands with a groan, he even saw Hermione crack a smile.

“So, do you think we’re pretty, Harry?” Nadine asked again.

Harry sighed, “Yes, you’re both very beautiful.”

“Who is prettier?” Aurora asked.

“Neither,” Harry said. “They’re both beautiful in their own way.”

“Good answer,” Fleur smiled.

“You’re not going to let me live this down, are you?” he asked.

“No,” Fleur, Aurora, and Nadine replied as one.

“Maybe if you let us take a look at you, we can let it go,” Aurora teased.

“Hey, I didn’t see you,” Harry said.

Aurora shared a look with Fleur and raised an eyebrow questioningly. Smiling, Fleur shrugged her shoulders. Watching them suspiciously, Harry was just about to ask what they were up to when Aurora stood and drew her wand.

“Perspicio,” she intoned.

Harry’s eyes went wide as she waved the wand over her body, giving him a good look at her curvaceous figure. His first thought was that she definitely had Veela heritage as he noticed the similarities between her and Fleur. Both had wide hips, thin waists, and large, teardrop shaped breasts. Her curves weren’t as accentuated as Fleur’s, nor her bust as big, but she was certainly an extremely attractive witch.

“Now you have,” Aurora grinned.

Ending the spell, she took a seat on the bed with a smirk.

“She’s pretty, non?” Fleur asked.

Jerking out of his shock, Harry looked over at his smiling girlfriend.

“Oh, er, yes?” he asked nervously, his voice cracking.

All of the girls broke into loud laughter as he blushed.

“I’m sorry, mon amour,” Fleur said once she calmed. “We’ll stop making fun of you.”

Smiling, she reached over and caressed his thigh, her long nails grazing his skin.

“In fact, I owe you for stopping zhat spell zhat boy sent at me,” she purred.

Sliding to her knees, Fleur settled between his legs and reached for his belt.

“Fleur!” Harry exclaimed, glancing up at the other girls in the room.

Hermione blushed heavily, but Nadine and Aurora merely raised an eyebrow. None of them looked away as Fleur unbuckled his belt and opened his pants. Reaching into his boxers, she trailed her fingers along his rapidly hardening shaft and looked over at Aurora.

“Will this make zhings even?” Fleur asked.

Looking at her cousin, Aurora smirked.

“Only if he loses the shirt, too,” she said.

“If ‘e does that, it’s only fair if you do, too,” Fleur said.

Pursing her lips, Aurora looked over at Harry, who had a dumbfounded look on his face, then smiled and shrugged.

Grabbing the hem of her shirt, she pulled it up over her head, revealing a lacey white bra underneath. Aurora reached behind her back and unclasped her bra before tossing it to the bed with a smirk.

Shaking himself out of his stunned staring, Harry looked back down at Fleur. Giving him a soft, reassuring smile, she looked over her shoulder at Nadine expectantly.

“Me, too?” Nadine asked.

“It’s only fair if you’re going to see ‘im,” Fleur said, continuing to stroke him lightly.

Nadine glanced over at Hermione, who was blushing brightly, then looked back at Fleur.

“Well, I suppose there’s no harm since he’s already seen me,” she said.

Nadine took off her shirt and bra, revealing her large, round breasts. Harry thought they looked at least a full cup size bigger than Fleur’s. They hung a bit due to their weight, but they were remarkably full and perky for their size.

Glancing out of the corner of her eye, Nadine smiled when she noticed Hermione eyeing her chest. That didn’t last long as she noticed everyone else staring at her.

“Oh, um, I – I don’t know,” she stammered nervously.

“You don’t have to,” Nadine assured her. “But like Fleur said, it’s only fair. Besides, he’s already seen you practically naked and said you were beautiful.”

“He was probably just saying that,” Hermione mumbled shyly.

“He stared at you more than he did Nadine,” Aurora said.

“Nadine was staring at you, too,” Fleur smirked.

The busty redhead blushed all the way down to the tops of her breasts when Hermione looked at her in surprise.

“Harry’s not the only one that thinks you’re pretty,” she said.

Smiling shyly, Hermione ducked her head and bit her lip thoughtfully. Just when Harry was sure she wasn’t going to do anything, she closed her eyes and quickly yanked off her jumper. Her hair stuck up messily from the static electricity as she unclasped her black bra and tossed it to the floor.

Harry pulsed excitedly in Fleur’s hand as he stared at her high, perky breasts.

“Oh, ‘Arry liked zhat,” Fleur grinned. “Lose zhe shirt, mon amour.”

Swallowing thickly, Harry pulled his shirt over his head while Fleur finally brought his length into the open.

“Wow, you weren’t kidding,” Aurora said.

“Are they all that big?” Hermione asked.

“Non,” Fleur smiled, her hand gliding up and down his shaft.

“My ex-boyfriend sure wasn’t,” Aurora said, shifting around for a better look.

Harry flushed under all of the attention yet still throbbed in Fleur’s hand. It was both a terrifying and exhilarating experience made better a moment later when Fleur took him into her mouth. Harry hissed as she bobbed her head slowly, her lips dragging up and down the length of his shaft.

With a groan, he combed his fingers through her long blonde hair as she swirled her tongue around his head. Looking over at Aurora, she smiled, cupped her breasts, and shook them at him. Harry smiled back, watching her soft, pale globes bounce before looking across the room at Hermione and Nadine.

Hermione was focused intently on watching Fleur’s lips move up and down his shaft while Nadine split her attention between watching him and gazing appreciatively at the brunette next to her.

Catching movement out of the corner of his eye, Harry looked back over at Aurora as she stepped out of her pants. She grinned at him before sitting back down on the bed and spreading her legs. Licking the tips of her fingers, she teased her folds, her thumb circling her clit.

“Bloody hell,” Harry breathed, turning to look down at Fleur.

Her bright blue eyes sparkled brightly as she started up at him, her lips and tongue moving languidly along his length. Locking her gaze with his, she pushed her head down all the way, burying him in her throat with ease. Harry groaned as she hummed around him, the vibrations sending a pleasurable shiver up his spine.

"Fuck," he moaned, muscles tightening as he fought back his climax.

Sucking hard, Fleur pulled all the way back to his tip until she came off with an audible *pop*. Smirking, she stroked him firmly and kissed the tip. Taking his swollen, purple head back between her lips, she held him there and placed both of his hands on the back of her head. When she didn't move and continued to stare at him expectantly, Harry finally got the point.

The first few times he bucked his hips, he did so tentatively. When Fleur moaned seductively and bobbed her head a bit faster, Harry sped up his thrusts. Soon, the temptation became too much, and he pushed her head all the way down, sheathing himself in her throat.

"How do you do that?" Hermione asked quietly.

When everyone turned to look at her, she realized she'd spoken aloud and blushed. Chuckling around Harry's length, Fleur pulled off of him slowly and turned to her with a smile.

"I'm Veela," she said.

"We don't have a gag reflex," Aurora explained. "Anyone can do it, though. It just takes practice."

Standing up with a smirk, Fleur stripped out of her jumper before unbuttoning her jeans and shimmying out of them. Taking off her bra, she turned to face away from him and bent over to push down her red panties. Grinning, Harry reached up and squeezed her full, tight bum.

Giggling, Fleur straightened up and backed up onto his lap. As she sat, she lined his length up with her glistening entrance and eased herself down with a moan. Reaching around to her front, Harry cupped and squeezed her breasts while looking over her shoulder at Hermione and Nadine.

“It feels so good,” Fleur moaned, wiggling her hips.

To their left, Aurora sank two fingers into her folds with a moan. Smirking at her cousin, Fleur raised herself up until she was nearly off of him before dropping back down quickly.

“Mon Dieu!” she gasped.

Smiling, Harry moved his hands down to her hips and thrust his hips up. His thighs collided with her bum with a resounding clap. Nadine and Hermione had the perfect view as his length slipped in and out of dripping depths. Nadine whimpered and rubbed her thighs together as she roughly groped one of her breasts.

Seeing Hermione pant and squirm, Harry realized for the first time that Fleur’s Allure was radiating throughout the room. He had gotten so used to it that he hardly felt it anymore.

“Arder,” Fleur gasped. “Please.”

Having trouble finding the leverage to thrust into her, Harry lifted Fleur with him as he stood up. With one hand on her shoulder and the other on her hip, he was able to move faster and harder. Fleur cried out as he drove into her sweltering depths, causing her ample breasts to bounce wildly on her chest.

“Arry!” Fleur screamed.

“You slut,” Aurora panted, fingering herself furiously. “Look at you take that cock.”

Fleur only moaned lewdly in response. As Harry hammered into her furiously, he felt her depths start to flutter around him. Groaning, he held on as long as he could, but with all the teasing and naked flesh on display, it was all too much.

With a grunt, Harry buried himself as deep as he could and let loose a torrent of cum. That tipped Fleur over the edge, nearly causing her to fall to the floor as her legs trembled and shook. Wrapping his arms around her waist to hold her up, Harry continued rocking his hips as he emptied himself deep into her core.

A few feet away, Aurora sent herself over the edge, her eyes locked on the spot where Harry and Fleur were connected.

When he finally finished, he sat back down on the bed, pulling Fleur with him. Leaning back against his chest, she kept moaning and shaking for a full minute longer until she collapsed into his embrace.

“Wow,” Hermione breathed.

“If this is what happens when I stop you from getting hexed, I need to insult Malfoy more often,” Harry said.

As the other girls giggled, Fleur chuckled tiredly and turned in his lap to kiss him softly.