

Chapter 11

The day after the Yule Ball, while Hermione and Fleur were exploring the limits of the Room of Requirement, Harry sat in the Gryffindor Common Room, reading a Quidditch magazine. He would have preferred to be with the girls, but he was waiting for an owl from Sirius. They'd decided to ask him for advice about using spells underwater, having noticed earlier that most offensive spells, like the Stunning Hex, only produced jets of steam. While Harry thought they had plenty of time to prepare for the Second Task, which was still nearly two months away, Hermione and Fleur were determined to be as prepared as possible.

Unfortunately, most of his male classmates had bombarded him with questions the second he set foot in the Common Room. All of them wanted to know how he'd not only snagged Fleur, but had gotten her to agree to let him date Hermione as well. Seamus in particular, continued asking some rather personal questions that he refused to answer. The fact that he hadn't returned to the dorm after the ball didn't help. While Seamus was the one asking the questions, it seemed everyone - including some of the girls - were interested in knowing what Fleur was like in bed.

It wasn't until Harry lost his temper and snapped at Seamus that people finally gave up and left him alone. The only person who hadn't asked him about his love life, was the conspicuously absent Ron. He hadn't seen Ron since he'd left the ball with Parvati the night before, and he was concerned about how his best mate was going to react to him dating Hermione.

Almost as if he was summoned by the thought, Ron stumbled into the Common Room with a huge, dopey grin on his flushed face. His hair was sticking up at odd angles, and there was a smudge of dark red lipstick on the corner of his lips. Spotting Harry, he bounded over to him, nearly knocking over a group of second years, and slipped into the seat across from him.

"Mate, you're never gonna guess what just happened," Ron said excitedly, continuing before Harry could answer. "Parvati pulled me in a broom cupboard on our way back from breakfast, and we snogged!"

"Good for you, mate," Harry said, relieved things were working out between his friend and the pretty Indian witch.

“Have you done that with Fleur or Hermione?” he asked curiously.

Harry eyed him, looking for any sign of anger or jealousy. Thankfully, he didn’t find any. Maybe now that Ron had a witch of his own, he would be less worried about what his friend was doing, Harry thought. Glancing around, he checked to make sure no one else was listening in before answering.

“Well, yeah, I have,” Harry admitted.

“It’s brilliant, isn’t it?” Ron asked, a wide grin on his face as he stared off into space for a moment.

“So, things are going well with you and Parvati, I take it?” he asked, happy for his red-headed friend.

“Brilliant,” Ron repeated himself. “She even let me touch her bum!”

Harry smiled as Ron stared at nothing in particular once more, a grin stuck on his face as he became lost in his memories. Suddenly, he seemed to shake himself and come back to the present.

“Hey, how’d you get Fleur to let you date Hermione too?” he asked abruptly, staring at Harry intently.

“Honestly, I have no idea,” Harry told him honestly. “None of us really planned on it. It just sort of... happened.”

“Huh,” Ron grunted. “So, you and Hermione?”

“Yeah,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair. “Like I said, it just sort of happened. Fleur and I were just kind of getting together, and she and Hermione went off to talk. Next thing I know, I’ve got two girlfriends.”

“You think I could get Parvati to let me date another girl?” Ron asked.

“I doubt it, mate,” Harry told him. “Don’t try and push for it either, you’ll just hack her off and then you won’t be dating anyone at all. Look- just try and make Parvati as happy as you can. If it happens, great. But don’t try and force it.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” Ron said with a disappointed sigh. “Still, it would be great though, wouldn’t it?”

“Yeah, it’s pretty great,” Harry said with a smirk.

With a playful glare, Ron punched him in the shoulder lightly. They talked for a little bit longer until a tiny brown owl flew into the Common Room and buzzed around their heads. So excited was the little owl to deliver its letter, it hooted loudly and continued to fly in circles instead of landing.

“Come here, stupid ruddy bird,” Ron grumbled, taking a swipe as he tried to snatch it out of the air.

Joining in with Ron’s wild attempts, Harry gently caught the owl with both hands and pulled it to his chest. Quickly untying the letter attached to its foot, he let the owl go. It sprang back into the air, hooting happily before shooting back out through the window.

“Bloody hell,” Ron said as he watched the owl disappear into the distance. “Thank Merlin I don’t have an owl like that.”

Harry nodded in agreement as he opened the letter and read it quickly.

“Who’s it from?” Ron asked curiously.

“Snuffles,” Harry answered quietly. “I need to go find Hermione and Fleur. I’ll see you later.”

“Sure, mate,” Ron said with a knowing smile. “Have fun.”

Rolling his eyes, Harry left the Common Room and headed for the seventh floor.

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Earlier, while Harry was being bombarded with questions from his housemates, Fleur and Hermione made their way back to the Room of Requirement. On the way, the two of them discussed different ways they could test the limits of the room. Hermione in particular was frustrated by the lack of any information about it in *Hogwarts: A History*, or any other book about the school. She had found a few references to rooms appearing out of nowhere, but often there was too little detail to know if the accounts were referring to the Room of Requirement or not. Fleur, meanwhile, was more interested in discovering the enchantments that made the room work. From what they already knew regarding its capabilities, it would take an incredible amount of power to make it work.

As they reached the seventh floor, not too far from the Room of Requirement, they ran into Parvati and Lavender coming from the other direction.

“Hermione!” Parvati called out excitedly.

“Hello, Parvati,” she replied. “What are you doing up here?”

“We went to visit Professor Trelawney,” Parvati told her. “Can we talk to you for a few minutes? We need some advice.”

“You want my advice?” Hermione asked in surprise.

Despite being roommates for the last three and a half years, neither Parvati, nor Lavender, had ever asked for her help before, even with their homework. While she wouldn't say they disliked each other, they had very little in common, and she'd never been close to either of them. Hermione was much more focused on her studies, whereas Parvati and Lavender were more concerned with gossip and boys.

"Please?" Lavender asked with a pout.

"We 'ave time," Fleur told Hermione with a shrug.

"Alright," Hermione gave in with a sigh. "What do you need?"

"Can we go somewhere more private?" Parvati asked.

Thinking for a moment, Hermione nodded and turned to Fleur.

"Can you go and make sure the room is empty first, we'll be there in a second," Hermione said with a pointed look.

The Room of Requirement was the closest place for a private talk, but she didn't want to share exactly what it was with her two roommates. With how much they gossiped, the whole school would know about before lunch, and she didn't want to lose their private room. Fortunately, Fleur picked up on what she wanted. With a nod, the blonde walked off quickly down the hall.

"Where is she going?" Lavender asked curiously.

"There's a room we've been using to practice for the Tournament," she said, thinking quickly. "I just want to make sure no one else is using it."

The three of them stood in a slightly awkward silence for several seconds as they waited for Fleur to come back.

“Eet’s clear,” Fleur said, poking her head around the corner.

Gesturing to Parvati and Lavender, Hermione followed them as they walked around the corner and over to the door Fleur was holding open for them.

“Whoa,” Lavender said as she walked in. “I had no idea this was here.”

Curious, Hermione walked in behind them to find the room looking like a cross between a Common Room, a small library, and a classroom. Turning, she looked at Fleur with a raised eyebrow. The older witch just shrugged in return. Rolling her eyes, Hermione closed the door behind her.

“So, what do you need help with?” Hermione asked. “It’s not Divinations, is it?”

“No, it’s not about school,” Lavender said with a giggle. “We need your advice about boys.”

“Boys?” Hermione asked, nonplussed.

Out of all the things they could have wanted, help with boys was the last thing she expected.

“Well, you are the first one of us to have a boyfriend,” Parvati said.

“What do you need ‘elp wiz?” Fleur asked curiously.

Shaking her head, Hermione followed Fleur and took a seat on a couch across from Lavender and Parvati.

“Well, when Ron and I were coming back from breakfast, I kind of pulled him into a broom cupboard,” Parvati admitted, her cheeks darkening slightly as Lavender giggled next to her. “Things went a bit further than I expected.”

“He didn’t make you do anything, did he?” Hermione asked.

“No, no. It’s not that,” Parvati assured her. “It’s not that I didn’t like what we did, it’s just that I’m wondering if I’m moving too fast. I mean, we’ve only had one date.”

“Well, that’s really up to you,” Hermione said thoughtfully. “Just move as fast as you feel comfortable.”

“Oui,” Fleur agreed with a nod. “But don’t be afraid to set leemets. You don’t want to do somezhing you weel regret.”

Parvati nodded.

“How-how far have you and Harry...?” she asked hesitantly.

Hermione blushed and considered her answer carefully.

“You really shouldn’t compare your relationship with anyone else,” she said slowly. “Like Fleur said, just go as far as you feel comfortable going, but don’t be afraid to tell him to stop.”

“Oh Merlin,” Lavender gasped, staring at Hermione in shock. “You’ve slept with Harry!”

“What? I didn’t say-”

“What’s it like?” Lavender interrupted eagerly. “Did it hurt the first time? My sister told me it can be painful.”

Hermione blushed heavily as the two girls stared at her, eagerly waiting for an answer. She opened and closed her mouth several times without any sound coming out. Next to her, Fleur covered her mouth and let out a tinkling laugh.

“I know we’re known for being gossips,” Parvati said. “But Lav and I promise we won’t tell anyone. Please, we really need your advice.”

Hermione bit her lip and looked over at Fleur. Uncovering her smiling mouth, she shrugged.

“I don’t mind eef you tell zhem,” she said.

Sighing, she thought for a few more seconds before eventually giving in to their pleading looks. She just prayed that this wouldn’t come back to bite her later.

“Alright, but please don’t make me regret this,” Hermione said, waiting for a nod from both girls before continuing. “There was a little pain at first, but it goes away quickly and then it feels *really* good. Harry was really gentle, but it might be different for you though.”

“My first time wasn’t so pleasant,” Fleur added. “Zhe boy could not ‘andle my Allure. Eet was quite painful, but ‘e did not last long. Eet got better zhe second time. My advice eez to be on top zhe first time. Make sure zhat ‘e lets you control zhe pace.”

Hermione couldn’t say she was surprised to hear Fleur had been with other men besides Harry, but it wasn’t something they’d ever talked about before. Hearing about it made her grateful she had found someone like Harry to be her first in everything.

“Is he big?” Lavender asked.

Smirking, Fleur held her hands apart to indicate Harry's size. The girls across from her squealed and laughed, and Hermione couldn't hold back a small smile.

"What about blowjobs?" Parvati asked curiously. "Some girls say it's really gross, and some don't mind it."

"I zhink eet's fun," Fleur said with a shrug.

The girls dissolved into giggles again for a moment before looking at Hermione for her opinion.

"I enjoy it," she admitted, her cheeks burning.

This time, she laughed along with the others. This kind of girl talk, while a bit embarrassing, was much more fun than she'd expected.

"I never would've expected that from you, Hermione." Lavender said.

"Honestly, why does everyone assume I'm a prude just because I like to study?" Hermione asked with a touch of annoyance. "I enjoy sex as much as anyone else."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that, I just..." Lavender trailed off with a shrug.

"It's fine," Hermione said, waving off the apology.

"So, are the two of you just taking turns with Harry, or are you two... together?" Parvati asked curiously.

Hermione and Fleur both turned to look at each other. Seeing the twinkle in Fleur's bright blue eyes, Hermione eyes widened as she realized what was going to happen a moment before it

did. Fleur leaned forward and pressed her lips to hers, her hand gently cupping the back of her head and keeping her in place. Hermione moaned into her mouth in surprise, but relaxed and kissed her back a moment later. There didn't seem much point in hiding it now, she thought.

"Wow," Lavender breathed.

Hermione couldn't stop herself from growing excited by the presence of an audience. Something about having a reputation as a model student and having people watch her do something that might be considered slutty really got her pulse racing. Fleur pulled back and gave her a knowing smirk.

"I had no idea you liked witches," Parvati said, her face the picture of surprise.

"There's a lot you don't know about me," Hermione said, feeling bold.

"I guess so," Lavender said with another giggle.

"Do you think you could give me some tips on how to give a good blowjob?" Parvati asked, before explaining quickly at the smirks she got from Fleur and Lavender. "I'm not ready to go that far, yet. I just want to know what I'm doing when I am, that's all."

Just as Fleur opened her mouth to speak, the door opened, and Harry walked in.

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Harry walked into the Room of Requirement, pausing as he noticed Parvati and Lavender. He was a bit surprised and curious as to why Hermione and Fleur would show them the room. Hopefully, they wouldn't tell anyone about it. He really didn't want to have to share the room with anyone else. That would really cut into the amount of time he got to spend with his girls, especially Fleur.

"Hey girls," he said, closing the door behind him.

Strangely, Parvati and Lavender burst into a fit of giggles. He looked at them oddly, wondering what was so funny. Fleur smiled brightly at him and stood to greet him. Hermione gave him a small smile, and, for some reason, her face looked rather flushed.

“Arry! Perfect timing, mon amour,” Fleur said.

Kissing him briefly on the lips, she took him by the hand and pulled him over to the couch. Sitting down next to Hermione, he moved over to make room for Fleur, but she instead knelt between his legs.

“Fleur?” Hermione asked before he could, a hint of exasperation in her voice.

“Zhey are only watching, mon amie,” Fleur said.

She and Hermione gazed at each other in silent conversation while Harry watched on in curiosity. After a few seconds, Hermione sighed.

“Fine,” she said.

“What’s going on, exactly?” Harry asked.

“Wait, you’re not going to-” Lavender asked, only to cut off her own question when Fleur began unbuckling Harry’s belt.

“Fleur!” Harry exclaimed.

The sexy blonde merely smirked up at him with a lustful look as she unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. Turning, he looked to Hermione for an answer.

“Lavender and Parvati asked for tips on, um, oral sex, right before you came in. I’m guessing Fleur wants to give them a demonstration,” she told him blushing.

“You’re okay with this?” Harry asked, glancing pointedly at Lavender and Parvati.

The two girls had shifted sideways to look over Fleur’s shoulder as she grabbed Harry’s rapidly hardening length and pulled it out into the open. Biting her lip, Hermione followed his gaze briefly before turning back and giving him a nod. Harry shook his head in disbelief as a smile tugged at his lips.

“I love you,” he said quietly.

“I love you, too,” Hermione replied, returning his smile.

Leaning forward, she gave him a lingering kiss on the lips before curling against his side and gazing down at his lap. Kissing the top of her head, Harry too turned his attention back to Fleur.

“Are they all that big?” Lavender asked as she leaned forward for a better look.

“Non,” Fleur said as she stroked him softly. “Harry is special. You can come closer.”

She patted the floor next to her and looked back over her shoulder at the younger witches. Lavender and Parvati exchanged a quick look before both of them climbed off the couch and knelt next to Fleur. Harry couldn’t help but feel a sense of guilt looking down at Parvati. The only thing that kept him from ending this, for Ron’s sake, was that she might use what Fleur taught her with him later. As soon as he had the thought, Harry banished it from his mind. Ron was the last thing he wanted on his mind right now.

Fortunately, Fleur gave him something much more pleasant to think about a moment later when she took him into her mouth. Harry groaned as she slowly moved her hot, wet mouth up

and down the top half of his length. Sucking hard, she pulled back up to the tip and then off of him with a light *pop*.

"Zhe first few times, boys weel not last long, and zhey weel not warn you before zhey cum," Fleur said as she stroked his damp length with a sure, steady grip. "Zhey weel probably pull your 'air zhe first time too. Just remember, you can use your teezh to give zhem a warning."

Harry shivered involuntarily as Fleur gave a predatory smile and clicked her perfect, pearly white teeth together. Parvati nodded even as her eyes never left his cock, and Lavender gave a short, girly laugh.

"Only take as much as you are comfortable wiz until you know you can trust 'im," she continued. "Eef 'e tries to make you go deeper, just give 'im a bite or a squeeze."

Reaching up with her free hand, Fleur cupped his balls in her warm hand. Harry tensed for a moment, but relaxed when she only gave them a soft caress. Smiling up at him, Fleur kissed the head of his cock and gave it a quick lick. Reaching out, Harry stroked her cheek tenderly. His other arm was wrapped around Hermione as she cuddled against his side, his hand cupping her breast through her crimson jumper.

"Once you know you can trust 'ooever you are wiz, you can learn to take zhem deeper," Fleur said.

Opening her mouth, she wrapped her lips around his girth and bobbed her head quickly, her lips pushing further and further down his shaft each time her hot mouth descended. Once she was warmed up, and his cock was glistening in her saliva, Fleur pulled back to the tip before sinking all the way down in one swift push, until her nose was pressed against his pelvis. His thick girth stretched her tight throat as it squeezed and spasmed around him.

"Fuck," Harry groaned while running his fingers through her long, silvery hair.

"No way!" Parvati exclaimed.

Lavender's jaw hung open as she stared at Fleur in shock.

"Doesn't that hurt?" she asked incredulously.

"No," Hermione answered. "It makes you panic at first, but once you know you can do it, and you relax, it's not that hard."

"You can do that!?" Lavender asked disbelievingly.

Hermione nodded just as Fleur pulled off of Harry's cock, sucking in a deep breath as a long string of spit connected her plump red lip to his glistening head. Wordlessly, she offered his cock to Hermione while raising an eyebrow challengingly. It reminded him of the early days, when the two of them used to compete with each other at every turn. Hermione looked at Fleur and bit her lip, hesitating.

"Show them," Harry told her quietly.

The new enchanted necklace she was wearing took it as the order it was meant to be. Climbing to her knees on the couch, Hermione got on all fours and leaned over his laps, her deliciously full, jean clad ass sticking up right next to his face. Harry couldn't resist the temptation of caressing her bum as she took him between her lips. Bobbing her head up and down, she gradually took him deeper and deeper. Unlike Fleur, who could take him effortlessly, Hermione still gagged lightly when his swollen head bumped into the entrance of her tight throat. Pulling back slightly, she took a deep breath through her nose and then forced herself down.

Eyes clamped shut, Hermione's throat squelched as she gagged. Relentlessly, she continued driving her mouth lower and lower, until finally, her lips reached his base and her nose pressed against his churning balls. Harry tilted his head back and groaned while slipping his fingers between her legs and pressing them against her mound. Even through her jeans, he could feel the heat radiating from her excited pussy.

Hermione determinedly held herself in place for several seconds with his throbbing cock buried in her throat. Tears leaked from her eyes while her throat spasmed, massaging his length.

“Très bien, mon amie,” Fleur said with a broad grin.

With one last, heaving gag, Hermione lifted herself off of Harry’s cock. Gasping, she panted for breath and coughed several times to clear her throat.

“Hermione, that was incredible!” Lavender cheered.

“I can’t believe you just did that,” Parvati agreed with a shocked laugh.

Blushing lightly, Hermione nonetheless smiled smugly at the praise. Wiping the spit from her chin, she sat back against Harry and lifted her head to kiss him. Meanwhile, Fleur took his spit-soaked cock back into her mouth and bobbed her head at a steady pace, though not as deeply as before.

“Take this off,” Harry ordered, tugging at Hermione’s jumper as they separated from their kiss.

Biting her lip cutely, Hermione grabbed the hem of her jumper and lifted it over her head in one movement, revealing her toned stomach and full, perky tits in a lacy black bra. Before she’d even managed to completely free her bushy mane from the neck of the jumper, Harry unsnapped the clasp behind her back. As soon as her arms were free, he pulled the bra off of her, freeing her wonderful breasts to be groped and squeezed by his frisky hands.

Feeling Fleur pull off of him, Harry looked down to find her removing her own shirt and bra. Even Lavender and Parvati couldn’t resist watching as her large, gravity defying breasts bounced free. Parvati blushed, while Lavender gazed between herself and Fleur, comparing their breasts. Lavender was one of the bustiest girls in Gryffindor, and one of the few in the school that could compete with Fleur in sheer size.

"May I see?" Fleur asked, nodding to Lavender's chest.

Lavender blushed, and her eyes unconsciously moved to Harry before looking back at Fleur.

"You 'ave already seen 'im," Fleur pointed out, stroking his cock. "Eet eez only fair."

"You don't have to," Harry told Lavender.

As interested as he was in seeing her large breasts, he didn't want her to feel pressured. Lavender smiled in relief, and then, to his surprise, she lifted her shirt over her head, revealing the white bra underneath.

"Lav!" Parvati exclaimed.

"What?" she asked, her cheeks going pink. "She's right, it's only fair."

Reaching behind her back, Lavender unclasped her bra and nervously let it fall down her arms. Harry squeezed Hermione's breast firmly in his hand as he gazed at Lavender's large pale orbs. While perhaps only slightly smaller than Fleur's, and not quite as perky and firm, they still jutted from her chest impressively. It was her nipples that really drew his attention. She had the widest, pale pink areolas he'd ever seen surrounding nipples that seemed to be inverted. They pushed into her breast, instead of outwards like Hermione and Fleur's. Rather than act as any kind of turn off, Harry had the sudden desire to try and suck them out. His cock lurched in Fleur's hand as she stroked him absently while staring at Lavender's chest.

"C'est magnifique," Fleur declared.

"You don't think they're... weird?" Lavender asked hesitantly.

"Non, of course not," she said.

Nervously, Lavender looked up at Harry to see his reaction. He smiled reassuringly at her.

"They're fantastic, Lavender. Anyone who thinks they aren't is an idiot." he told her.

"Eet's true," Fleur said with a smirk. "You should feel 'ow 'ard 'e got when 'e saw zhem."

Blushing a little more brightly, Lavender still gave a pleased smile and sat up a little straighter.

"I told you," Parvati said to her friend with a smile. "She's been worried boys would think they're weird."

"I don't," Harry said.

"May I?" Fleur asked motioning towards Lavender's chest.

Biting her lip, the younger blonde nodded nervously.

Letting go of his cock, Fleur reached out and gently took Lavender's tits in her hands.

Harry glanced over at Hermione to see how she was taking all of this, only to find her face flushed slightly and her breathing slightly heavy. Merlin, how he loved his kinky girls, he thought with a smile. Realizing he was looking at her, she turned her head and smiled up at him. Lifting her head, she kissed him again while her hand reached out to stroke his abandoned cock. Pulling his head back, Harry groaned and teased her nipple between his fingers.

"Trust me, zhe boys weel love zheses," Fleur told Lavender. "Would you like to feel mine?"

Hesitantly, Lavender reached up to cup Fleur's breasts.

"How are they so firm?" she asked disbelieving as her hands groped a bit more firmly.

"I am Veela," Fleur answered simply. "Veela cream weel 'elp eff you are worried about eet."

"I can't afford it," Lavender said with a shake of her head.

"I weel geeve you some," Fleur told her. "My mozzer makes eet."

"Really?" Lavender asked hopefully.

Harry couldn't help but twitch in Hermione's hand at the absurdity of watching these two stunning blondes hold a casual conversation while they groped at each other's breasts.

"I think I'm going to go find Ron," Parvati said suddenly, standing up.

"You're leaving?" Lavender asked with a hint of disappointment.

"Yeah, it's nothing against you, Harry, it's just..."

"I understand," Harry told her with a smile.

In all honesty, while Parvati was a beautiful girl, he did feel guilty for her being here when she was dating Ron.

"It would probably be best if we didn't tell Ron about this," he said.

"I won't," she agreed before smiling at Fleur and Hermione. "Thanks for the lesson."

"You're welcome," Fleur replied.

"If you have any more questions, or you just need someone to talk to, you know where to find me," Hermione offered with a smile.

"Thanks, Hermione," Parvati said.

She turned to leave, then suddenly stopped and turned back around in an odd pirouette. Grabbing the bottom of her jumper, she yanked it up to her chin, taking her bra with it. Harry stared in shock at her bare breasts. Closer in size to Hermione's, though not quite as big, her light brown orbs were incredibly firm and round, sitting high on her chest. They were capped with dark brown areolas and pointy nipples, that to Harry, resembled large chocolate chips.

"Parv!" Lavender exclaimed laughingly.

"It's only fair," Parvati said, smiling even as she blushed.

Pulling her jumper back down, and quickly adjusting her bra, she smiled at the stunned look on Harry's face.

"Thanks for letting me watch, Harry," she said cheerily. "Bye, Lav, have fun."

As the girls bid her goodbye, Parvati turned and walked out the door, closing it quickly behind her. Shaking his head, Harry couldn't bring himself to feel too guilty that he'd just seen Ron's girlfriend topless before he did. Maybe this was some cosmic payback for Ron acting like a git earlier in the year, he decided.

"Are you staying?" Fleur asked Lavender.

“Definitely,” she answered with a smile. “I’m not seeing anyone.”

Smiling back, Fleur shuffled sideways and pulled Lavender closer to Harry.

“Do you want to try?” Fleur asked, nodding to his cock as Hermione continued to stroke him leisurely.

“Can I?” Lavender asked hopefully, looking up at Hermione for permission.

Harry watched her flushed face as she took her hand off of him and nodded. Lavender swallowed thickly as Fleur moved her to kneel between his legs. Hand trembling in nervous excitement, she reached out and wrapped her thin fingers around his shaft loosely. Caressing her body lightly, Fleur knelt behind her and whispered instructions into her ear.

“Take your time, get used to ‘im,” Fleur said, kissing her shoulder.

Tightening her grip slightly, Lavender stroked him slowly as she explored every inch of his considerable length with her hand and eyes. Harry groaned to let her know she was doing well. Her confidence bolstered, she stopped stroking him and leaned forward to kiss his head. Feeling him twitch excitedly in her hand, Lavender giggled before sticking out her tongue and licking him like an ice cream cone.

At Fleur’s guidance, she stretched her lips wide and wrapped them around the head of his cock. Harry hissed in pleasure. His spit-soaked length had cooled while the girls had left him unattended. It felt incredible to have Lavender’s hot mouth wrapped around his cool, damp skin. With short, strong sucks, she nursed his tip while stroking the rest of his length with her small hand.

“Don’t forget to use your tongue,” Fleur reminded her in a throaty whisper. “Swirl eet around ‘im, taste ‘im.”

"Fuck that feels good," Harry said as her tongue did exactly that.

Smiling with her eyes, Lavender started bobbing her head, her tongue continuing to writhe along every inch of his shaft inside her mouth. Slowly, she moved up and down on the top third of his cock, gradually growing more comfortable and confident with each motion. Behind her, Fleur grew more aggressive, fondling her more firmly and popping open the top button of her skin tight jeans.

"Show me 'ow deep you can go," Fleur said huskily.

As Lavender pushed herself further down Harry's length, Fleur slipped her hand down the front of her pants. She moaned around his shaft when she reached halfway, and his head pressed against the roof of her mouth as Fleur rubbed her mound. The smell of arousal grew thick in the air, causing Harry to pulse deep in her mouth. Lavender, her eyes closed as she panted through her nose, pushed a little further and gagged as he hit the back of her throat. Jerking back sharply, she lifted her mouth off of him and moaned loudly as Fleur teased her slit and squeezed her breast.

Quickly catching her breath, Lavender took him back into her mouth. Running his hands through her curly, dark blonde hair, Harry gently yet firmly guided her up and down the top third of his cock. Groaning, he moved her at a faster pace, though not as deep as she had gone before. He had to consciously stop himself from using her as roughly as he would Hermione or Fleur. His hips twitched, desperate to thrust upwards and bury his length into her throat.

Lavender moaned around him constantly as Fleur continued teasing her. Though he couldn't see what she was doing, her hand was moving faster under Lavender's soaked white panties. As Harry quickly grew closer to his release, he fought back the desire to just take Lavender, to ruin her and claim her as his, the way he had with Hermione and Fleur.

"I'm close," Harry grunted in warning.

"Do you want eet, Lavender?" Fleur asked huskily. "Do you want to taste 'is cum?"

Lavender moaned loudly and stroked Harry faster with her hand as she sucked harder with her mouth. Hermione shifted closer to him, kissing his neck as she panted excitedly.

“Seal your lips around him tight, he’s going to cum a lot,” Hermione warned her. “Focus on the head.”

Lavender listened to the advice, wrapping her lips tightly around his shaft just under his engorged head. She sucked hard, as if expecting his cock to act like a straw. Her tiny hand flew up and down his slick shaft while her tongue writhed and slithered around his bulbous tip wildly.

With a grunt, his cock jerked in her grip as cum rocketed out of his tip. Lavender flinched as the first blast splashed against the roof of her mouth, but she held steady. Groaning, Harry held her in place firmly as he continued filling her mouth with jet after jet of hot cum. A small rivulet leaked out from the corner of her lips and ran down his shaft as she struggled to contain his massive load. His hands went limp as he finally finished, releasing his hold on his hair.

Lavender pulled off of him, more of his cum leaking down her chin and landing on her breast before she could close her mouth. Seeing his messy length and still leaking head, Hermione bent down and began licking him clean. Harry hissed as her tongue ran across his oversensitive head.

“Show me,” Fleur whispered demanding.

Tilting her head back and turning to the side, Lavender opened her mouth to show her tongue bathing in a massive pool of pearly white cum. Sliding her hand up her chest, Fleur cradled her delicate neck gently.

“Swallow eet,” she whispered heatedly.

Lavender closed her mouth with a moan as Fleur's fingers teased her core. Harry watched as her neck bobbed under Fleur's hand as she swallowed twice. With his cum gone, Lavender opened her mouth with a gasp before letting out a low moan.

"Are you close?" Fleur asked.

"Yes," Lavender whispered, leaning back against her and bucking her hips.

Feeling himself hardening in Hermione's mouth, he grabbed her hair roughly and pulled her off of his cock. Bringing her lips to his, he kissed her possessively before pulling away and standing up. Lavender and Fleur looked up at him as he stripped off his shirt, towering over them as his cock bobbed in front of their faces. Striding forward with one long step, Harry bent down and grabbed Lavender by the ass. A shocked gasp left her lips when, in an impressive show of strength, he lifted her into his arms. Her arms and legs wrapped around him as he stepped past Fleur and laid her down on the bed behind her. In the heat of the moment, Lavender never even noticed the couch behind her morph into a large, fluffy white bed.

Lavender propped herself up on her elbows as Harry grabbed the waist band of her jeans and panties. In one pull, he peeled them down her long, toned legs and tossed them aside.

"If anyone wants me to stop, now's the time to speak up," he said.

For several seconds, the room was silent, with the exception of the heavy, excited breathing of the occupants.

"Do it."

Surprisingly, it was Hermione who spoke up. Smiling, Harry ran his hands up Lavender's smooth thighs as she gazed up at him, her eyes shining with arousal and nerves.

“Hermione, Fleur, come over here and take care of each other. I want you to watch this,” Harry ordered.

As his girlfriends moved around to climb onto the bed, Harry grabbed Lavender’s knees and spread her legs open as wide as they would go. Her feet dangled uselessly in the air and her cheeks turned pink as he exposed her taut, drooling lips to his hungry gaze. Bending down, he ran his tongue through her leaking slit from bottom to top, flicking it over her swollen, excited clit. Lavender gasped and moaned loudly as she quivered under him. Wasting no more time, Harry dove in, sealing his lips around her hot pussy as his tongue assaulted her clit.

“Oh Merlin,” Lavender gasped.

Her hands gripped the sheets in a white knuckled grip as she writhed on the bed, gasps, moans, and squeals leaving her parted lips in a near constant stream. Harry looked up from between her legs, his cock hardening at the look of shocked ecstasy on her face and the way her big, perky tits wobbled as she moved. Behind her, Hermione lay on her back while Fleur was on her side, their legs scissored as they rubbed their mounds together and watched him.

Driven by his audience, Harry wrapped his lips tightly around Lavender’s clit and sucked as he dragged his tongue across it. With all of the excitement, and the teasing from Fleur earlier, he quickly had her on the cusp of a monumental peak. Panting heavily, Lavender arched her back and shook her head. One last lick, and she shrieked in pleasure, writhing wildly as her muscles tensed and her body shook. Harry pulled back as she soaked his face, her walls convulsing as she splattered him and the bed in the evidence of her climax.

After several long moments, Lavender collapsed on the bed limply, panting as if she’d just run a marathon. Crawling up onto the bed, Harry kissed his way up her stomach to her chest. Cupping her smooth, soft breasts, he sucked her nipple into his mouth. She groaned weakly as he tried to turn her nipples inside out. Pulling back until her breast popped out of his mouth, he smiled as he stared down at the red, swollen nub sticking out, glistening with his saliva. Moving over to the other breast, he did the same. By the time he was done playing with her tits, Lavender was mostly recovered, and both of her nipples, red and swollen from his treatment, were sticking out proudly.

"See, all fixed," Harry joked, holding up her breasts.

Lavender giggled as he let go of her breasts and crawled the rest of the way up her body. Hovering over her, his cock pressed against her hot, soaked slit while he bent down to kiss her on the lips. She moaned into his mouth as he ground his length against her, her lips parting to hug his shaft. Breaking the kiss, he pulled back to look down at her.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked.

Biting her lip, she turned to look over at Hermione and Fleur. The girls had moved, and now Fleur had her face buried between Hermione's legs. Hermione smiled at Lavender as she ran her fingers through Fleur's silvery curtain of hair.

"It's okay," she told her. "You can if you want to, just don't expect this to happen all the time."

The two girls seemed to come to some sort of silent agreement as they stared at each other for a moment. Nodding in understanding, Lavender turned back to Harry and smiled up at him. Smiling back, he pressed his forehead to hers and pulled his hips back until his head was pressed firmly against her entrance.

"I'm going to enjoy ruining you," Harry whispered.

Lavender inhaled sharply, her eyes widening right before Harry slowly pushed his hips forward. Gasping, her mouth dropping open, Lavender panted as he gently fed his aching cock into her. He felt her hot, slick walls parting around his girth, opening and then conforming themselves to fit him perfectly. Harry heard a loud moan, but it didn't come from the witch under him. Looking up, he saw Hermione and Fleur staring at them with hooded gazes. Fleur had moved to lay on her side next to Hermione, her long, thin fingers pumping in and out of the brunette's drooling core. Hermione whimpered and Harry guessed she was the one who moaned.

Turning back to Lavender, he watched for any sign of pain as he drove deeper. The buxom blonde only arched her back slightly, her eyes clouded in a pleasure filled haze as he finally bottomed out. Harry paused, buried to the hilt, and gave her time to adjust.

“Don’t stop,” Lavender begged in a breathy tone.

Harry smiled down at her and began pumping his hips. Moving slowly at first, he gradually increased his pace when she responded by bucking her hips and letting out a whorish moan. Feeling the bed shift, he looked up to find Hermione and Fleur crawling over to them. Fleur laid down on his left, her hand reaching out to caress one of Lavender’s breasts. Hermione hovered over her, their faces upside down to each other as she looked down at her gasping, moaning roommate.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Hermione asked with a hint of smugness.

“So good,” Lavender moaned.

Looking up, Hermione leaned forward and kissed him.

“Fuck her harder,” she whispered against his lips.

Harry pulled more than halfway back before sinking back into Lavender’s depths with a swift plunge. He felt her smile into their kiss as the girl under them moaned loudly. Pulling back, Hermione smiled and looked back down at Lavender.

“You like that, don’t you, you little slut,” Hermione said hotly.

“Oh, Merlin,” she gasped as Harry plunged into her again.

“Tell me how much you love my boyfriend’s cock,” Hermione demanded.

"I love it!" Lavender yelped as Harry picked up his pace and Fleur pinched her nipple. "Oh, fuck, I love it!"

"'Arry's going to ruin zhat pretty leetle pussy of yours," Fleur said.

Tilting her head sideways, Hermione bit her lip nervously before bending down and pressing her lips against Lavender. The blonde grunted in surprise, tensing under him. With only a view of the back of Hermione's head, Harry sat up on his knees to see what was happening. His cock twitched as he watched Hermione kiss Lavender heatedly, their tongues dancing between their lips. With him out of the way, Fleur leaned over and latched her mouth onto the younger witch's nipple.

Grabbing Lavender's hips, Harry looked down and watched his cock stretch open her tight lips as it plunged into her depths. Driven by the sights and sounds around him, he fucked her harder and faster, a wet slapping coming from between their bodies. Under him, Lavender moaned lewdly into Hermione's mouth as he started slamming into her. Her walls fluttered and spasmed around his cock while it pounded into her untouched depths.

"I'm cumming!" Lavender yelled, tearing her lips away from Hermione's.

That was all the warning Harry got. He grunted as she tightened around him, a squeal leaving her lips as she arched her back. Smirking, Fleur slid a hand down her body and began furiously rubbing her clit. A loud, high-pitched shriek was ripped from Lavender's lips and her legs kicked as she writhed on the bed. Due to her wild movements, Harry slipped out of her clutching grasp. A jet of fluids shot from her lips as Fleur mercilessly stimulated her clit.

Lavender thrashed and sat up, her head narrowly missing Hermione's as her eyes rolled into the back of her head. Her breathing seemed to stop as a second, and then a third massive jet of arousal soaked the bed. Finally, it all became too much and Lavender roughly shoved Fleur's hand away from her clit. Gasping for breath, she curled into a ball and covered her mound protectively as she trembled and twitched uncontrollably.

Fleur rolled over onto her stomach, taking Lavender's place. Slowly pulling her knees under her, she gave him a sultry look over her shoulder as her ass jutted out towards him.

"Let me take care of you, mon amour," she said throatily.

Waddling up behind her, Harry gripped her thick cheeks and spread them apart as he speared her drooling slit with his swollen, rigid cock. A deep moan left her lips as she arched her back and pushed back at him. He groaned loudly as her sweltering, silken depths welcomed him with their tight, familiar grasp. Smiling, Hermione leaned over to kiss him briefly before crawling over to Lavender.

As Harry roughly hammered his Veela girlfriend from behind, Hermione rolled Lavender onto her back before kneeling over her head and falling forward. Pushing Lavender's hand out of the way, she started gently kissing and licked her sodden mound. Letting out a quiet moan, Lavender opened her eyes to find Hermione's damp pussy hovering less than an inch from her lips. Nervously, she stuck out her tongue and pressed it to the brunette's damp folds. Hermione moaned into her pussy, causing her to shudder and boosting her confidence. Gradually, Lavender grew more comfortable and confident. After just a couple of minutes, she had Hermione panting and moaning in pleasure as she attacked her roommate's folds with her lips and tongue.

Leaning over Fleur and pinning her shoulder to the mattress, Harry hammered her grasping depths with savage, dominating thrusts. His stunning French girlfriend moaned and gasped like a Parisian whore as he fucked her with an animalistic intensity.

"Mine," Harry growled possessively into her ear as his hips bounced harshly off of her pillowy cheeks.

"Toujour, mon amour" Fleur breathed.

Within moments, he drove her to a screaming climax. Harry fought to stave off reaching his own peak as her walls spasmed around his length, desperately trying to push him over the edge. He managed to hold out however, and slipped out of her core as she collapsed bonelessly

to the bed. Taking a moment to catch his breath, he smirked mischievously as he crawled over and knelt behind Hermione. Lavender looked up at him curiously as he winked down at her. She stopped licking, watching to see what he would do.

Grabbing Hermione's cheeks, he pulled them apart and pressed his red, angry head against her puckered hole.

"No way," Lavender gasped.

Harry pressed against Hermione's crinkled hole until her tight ring gave way and her back door swallowed his head. Hermione moaned deeply as he sank into her slowly, his hips sawing back and forth.

"Come on, Lav. Let's see if we can make her pass out," Harry said.

Blinking up at him as she watched his cock disappear into Hermione's ass, a smile slowly grew on her glistening lips.

"Oh, fuck!" Hermione groaned as Lavender attacked her clit.

Harry smiled as his hips touched her round ass. With slow, deep strokes, Harry thrust in and out of her unbelievably tight, hot passage. When Fleur crawled over to them a moment later, wand in hand, she cast a Lubrication Charm on his cock as he pulled back. She smirked a second later, when Hermione moaned as he slipped back into her much more easily. Soon, he was moving at a steady pace, his thick shaft reaming her back entrance while Lavender tortured her swollen clit.

Unsurprisingly, with all the stimulation, Hermione was brought to the edge quickly. Gasping heavily, she tightened around him and trembled as she came with a moan. Harry groaned, unable to hold back his climax any longer. His cock swelled and lurched as he filled her ass with a thick, heavy load, built up over his near finishes with Lavender and Fleur.

Lavender giggled as Hermione collapsed on top of her, her legs giving out as they quivered wildly. Harry's still spewing cock fell out of her, coating Hermione's ass and Lavender's breasts with the last of his climax. Seeing Hermione's leaking hole wink at her as she continued to moan, Fleur leaned over and licked up the streak of white dripping out of her.

"Fleur!" Hermione gasped, rolling over and covering herself. "No more, no more."

Hermione's begging as she continued to shake and tremble had them all chuckling at her. Exhaustedly, all of them collapsed around each other, cuddling up to whoever was closest. Of course, with Harry's stamina, and how insatiable Fleur could be, they didn't stay that way for long.

In fact, it was long past lunch and nearly time for dinner by the time they left the room. A short, half hour nap was all that kept Lavender on her feet as Parvati and Hermione helped her trudge back to the Common Room after dinner. Meanwhile, Fleur had been called away by her Headmistress, and Harry had been pulled aside by an excited Ron.

"Mate, you're never gonna believe what happened!" he whispered exuberantly.

"What's that?" Harry asked, smiling at the shocked look on Parvati's face as she looked back at him.

Lavender had obviously told her about what had happened after she left.

"Well, Parvati came to see me after you left..."

Harry listened patiently as Ron described the incredible blowjob Parvati had given him. Truthfully, he really didn't want to hear about it, but he also didn't want to ruin his friend's good mood. Silently, Harry wondered what Ron would think if he knew what he had been doing all morning. Probably best if he never found out, he decided.