

(Every character in this story is a legal adult over the age of 18)

Borrowed Boyfriend

Part 2

The garden behind the large chateau was quite lovely, Harry thought as Gabrielle dragged him further into its depths. The hedges were well manicured, and the scent of various flowers hung heavy in the night air. Faeries fluttered about, giving the garden a magical atmosphere. Harry ignored the other couples in the garden, not wanting to see what they were getting up to. Gabby found an empty bench further back and pushed him down on it before taking her place on his lap. She took his hand and placed it on the inner part of her upper thigh.

"Gabby," Harry chuckled while caressing her soft, smooth skin. "We're supposed to be pretending," he quietly reminded her as she ground her ass against his crotch. "You better slow down, or Fleur will pluck and barbeque you."

Gabby huffed in annoyance. "I suppose," she relented. "Fleur always ruins my fun," she whined.

"Poor Gabby," he teased. "You live such a hard life," Harry joked while tickling the exposed skin near her panties. Gabrielle suddenly cursed quietly. Harry raised an eyebrow. "What's wrong?"

"That slut Dani," she whispered. "I just saw 'er poking 'er 'ead around the corner. She's spying on me," Gabby sniffed in derision. "Look! You can see 'er peeking through the bush," Gabby told him. Harry glanced in that direction and saw a rustling bush. Sure enough, he could see a female pair of eyes spying on them. Gabby leaned in and started kissing his neck.

"We 'ave to keep going to make it look real," Gabby said, hiding her words with the kisses.

"Gabby," Harry groaned. "Fleur will ..." he started, but Gabby cut him off.

"Please, 'Arry," she begged, grinding her ass against his groin.

"Fine," Harry relented. "But we can't go all the way. Fleur would kill us both," he told her. Gabby's kisses suddenly got much more passionate. She then surprised him by taking his hand and stuffing it down the front of her panties. Gabby spread her legs wide, giving him all the access he could ever want.

"Dani will love this," she giggled while kissing him up his neck until she reached his lips. Harry decided to go along with it. Fleur did say that he should do whatever it takes. He only hoped she still agreed with that statement when they got back.

The skin of Gabrielle's mound was some of the smoothest he had ever felt. He ran his fingers across it, caressing her soft flesh. Her mound felt puffy and was quite warm. However, the heat

was nothing compared to what he felt when his fingers moved further down. The heat of her pussy was stifling, which wasn't shocking to him. From experience, he knew that Veela's bodies tended to be warmer than other women's, but Gabby's took it to a whole nother level. He ran the pad of his finger along the inner side of her lip, and before he even got halfway, it was slick with her juices. Though he knew he shouldn't, Harry wanted nothing more than to slide his cock between her slippery lips and fuck her into oblivion. He had barely even touched her before she bucked in his lap and squeaked into his lips. She broke the kiss and looked at him with eyes wide with disbelief. It was like she couldn't believe how good it felt. Harry was unaware of how much previous experience she had with men, but based on her reaction, he correctly guessed that it wasn't much.

"You're so wet," he teased as she settled her full weight on him. "And I love how soft you are down here," he added, sliding his finger further back and caressing the length of her wet slit. Harry glanced at the bush and saw that Dani had widened the hole she was looking through. Her eyes were just as wide as Gabrielle's. Not only that, but he could see the jealousy and anger in her eyes as she stared daggers at Gabrielle. Harry flipped up the bottom of Gabrielle's dress to give the girl a better view of what was going on. From her view, it was easy to see Harry's hand inside Gabby's panties, and when he began moving his fingers, her anger only got worse.

"Oh!" Gabby squeaked and bucked when he brushed over her clit. Like Fleur's, Gabby's clit was a little larger than average and extremely sensitive. He flicked his finger over the little bead again, making her jump again. It was already hard and swollen, and Harry wished he could shove his face between her legs and suck on it until she came against his face. Sadly, he had to control his baser urges.

"Do you like being touched there?" Harry asked in a teasing voice. Gabrielle's eyes fluttered, and she moaned. She wiggled her hips, desperately trying to rub her clit against his fingers.

"Yes," she gasped. "C'est magnifique. Keep touching it," she begged as she breathed heavily against his cheek. Harry dipped his fingers down her slit until they were nice and wet. He then moved them back to her clit and began massaging the little bead in a circular motion. The effects were instantaneous. Gabby moaned loud enough for everyone in the garden to hear and arched her back. Harry moved his free hand up the bottom of her dress and over her slender, toned belly. Gabrielle had decided to go braless, and he quickly found her bare breasts and moved his hand across them, feeling her hard nipples against his palm.

"Put them inside me," Gabby begged as he played with her sensitive clit. Harry answered her by cupping her pussy and slipping two fingers between her soaked lips. They found her entrance easily, but it was a tight fit. Gabby's pussy was the tightest he had ever felt. Luckily, she was so wet that he was able to get them in with a slight push. Her tight lips parted, accepting him in. The heat inside of her was incredible, and he could feel her walls already rippling with pleasure. He had barely started touching her, and she was already close to cumming.

"Do you want it slow or fast?" Harry asked her as he pawed at her breasts.

"Fast," Gabrielle mewled almost instantly. Harry refrained from chuckling. It was amazing how similar she was to Fleur. Fleur liked it hard and fast as well. Harry obliged her and repeatedly curled his fingers, stimulating the spot that always made Fleur cum. Harry jerked his hand up and down with such force that Gabrielle's lower half bounced against his covered erection.

"Shhh," he quietly shushed her when her squeals of pleasure became too loud. Gabby was more than happy to have her rival stand there and watch as she was pleased by him, but he was sure she didn't want anyone else watching.

The sounds of her fingering were very wet and perverse. Her hairless pussy squished and squelched around his thrusting fingers, and Gabby was loving every second of it. She leaned in and ran her tongue across his lips, letting him know what she wanted. Harry angled his head and passionately kissed her. It wasn't long before Gabby came violently. Her body stiffened, and her ass bounced off his crotch. Her walls clung to his fingers, and he could feel them pulsating. Gabby moaned into his mouth, then broke the kiss and cried out when he pulled his fingers from her and returned to rubbing her clit. "Oh, please!" Gabby squeaked. "No more. It's too much," she begged, grabbing his forearm. Harry pulled his hand from her panties and held his wet fingers up to her mouth.

Gabby looked at him and blushed deeply as Harry smirked. She took his fingers into her mouth and sucked them clean. Harry's cock throbbed with need when he felt her tongue wiggling against his fingers. He then rewarded her with a kiss on the lips which still tasted of her pussy. Gabby exhaled loudly and sat back against him, happy to let him grope her thighs. She giggled loudly when she spotted her rival storming away angrily.

"Merci, 'Arry. You 'ave been wonderful," she smiled prettily at him. Harry kissed her forehead, which made her squirm in delight.

"You're welcome, Gabby," Harry chuckled at the young woman. "Now let's go back inside and make your friends jealous some more." Gabby blushed and nodded. She climbed off his lap and took his hand before leading him inside.

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It was very late by the time they made it back to the Delacour house, and before retiring to her room, Gabrielle threw her arms around his neck and kissed him more deeply than she had before. When she broke the kiss, she looked at him with pink cheeks. "Goodnight, 'Arry," she said.

"Goodnight, Gabby," Harry responded kindly. Gabby took one more look at him before going into her room. Harry shook his head, amused by her antics. He then went straight to Fleur's room.

He entered the room and found his girlfriend sound asleep in bed. Harry stripped down and crawled under the covers. Fleur made a cute noise before scooting closer to him.

“ ‘Arry? Is that you?” she asked tiredly.

“Expecting someone else?” Harry asked jokingly. “How many different men do you have coming and going?”

“Pig,” she insulted him and smacked him on the chest right before snuggling into him. Harry chuckled and pulled her close. She was asleep within minutes. Harry yawned and joined her soon after.

The following morning, Harry had an unexpected team meeting and was forced to leave before the girls woke up, leaving Fleur a note. This left the girls alone to talk. Fleur was fully awake when Gabrielle came lumbering into the kitchen, clearly still tired from the late night. Fleur looked at her and laughed. Gabby’s hair was messy, and her eyes were slightly dark. She sat down at the table and rested her head on her crossed arms. Fleur took pity on her and made her a strong cup of coffee. “Drink this,” she said in their native language.

“Thank you,” Gabby said gratefully. “Ugg!” she complained, pulling a face when she took a sip. “It’s so strong!”

“It’ll help. I told you not to drink too much,” Fleur said as she prepared Gabby a quick breakfast.

“I didn’t,” Gabby countered. “I only had a few glasses of wine.”

“Yes, but you’re a lightweight,” Fleur said and laughed when Gabrielle stuck her tongue out at her.

After breakfast, Gabby was wide awake and looking a little better. Fleur decided it was a good time to interrogate her.

“I didn’t get a chance to speak with Harry. How did your night go?” she asked. Gabby blushed slightly.

“It went well. That slut Dani was so jealous,” Gabby smiled, remembering the look on her face. “All the girls there were jealous. They all wanted to be in my position,” she bragged.

“And just how far did you go with my boyfriend?” Fleur asked, raising her perfect eyebrow.

“Not that far,” Gabby answered, her blush deepening. “Just some dancing, and maybe a bit of kissing,” she said, not wanting to give all the details. However, Fleur could see right through her.

“And maybe a bit of touching?” she asked. By then, Gabrielle’s face was very red.

"Maybe a little," she relented. Fleur snorted and shook her head. "What? You said I could!"

"Let me guess," Fleur said, sitting in the chair next to Gabby's, holding a fresh cup of coffee. "You were all over him, and he had to keep you from jumping his bones."

"No!" Gabby pouted, crossing her arms defensively. "I was a perfect angel if you must know," she sniffed, holding her head up high. Fleur just laughed.

"Sure, Gabby, sure," she amusedly said. "Did you at least take advantage of the situation? It's not every day you get permission to fool around with 'Arry Potter."

Gabby's face flamed red, but she remained silent. "Well?" Fleur asked again.

"Fine! He fingered me until I came. Okay? Dani was spying on us in the garden and ..."

"You talked him into it," Fleur said, finishing Gabrielle's sentence with a snort. "It figures," Fleur finished, shaking her head.

Gabrielle huffed and tried to fix her hair. "You're not mad ... are you?" she asked.

"No. I gave permission, didn't I?" she answered, smiling at Gabby. Gabby smiled back and hugged her tightly. "Did you at least return the favor?"

"Return the favor?" Gabby asked in confusion. When she realized what Fleur was hinting at, she blushed madly and shook her head.

"No blowjob? Not even a measly handjob?" Fleur asked, hiding her amusement.

"I can give 'Arry a blowjob?" Gabrielle asked in amazement. Her eyes were wide and shining with wonder. Fleur laughed and ruffled Gabby's hair, making it even messier than before.

"Sorry, but you've wasted your golden opportunity. You'll have to wait until you need to borrow him again."

Gabby knew Fleur was joking, but she was already thinking of a reason to do just that. She wouldn't let the opportunity pass her by again.