

Chapter 3

Harry woke up early on Sunday morning. He stumbled out of bed and into the hall, where he spotted Ginny leaning back against the wall next to the closed bathroom door.

"Sorry," she smiled. "You'll have to get in line."

"Your parents really need to add another bathroom," he muttered.

"I've been saying that for years," Ginny said, rolling her eyes. "At least it's not as bad now. It was worse when everyone was still living here. Remember the first summer you stayed here?"

Harry grunted in acknowledgment. Practically every time he had to use the loo, there was already a line of people waiting.

Running a hand through his hair, he looked over at Ginny. She looked incredibly cute in her snitch-patterned shorts and oversized Weird Sisters T-shirt. On a whim, he turned and stepped in front of her, trapping her between his body and the wall. Ginny looked up at him and smirked. Her hands fisted his shirt as he leaned down and their lips met.

Harry's hands dropped to her bum, squeezing and kneading her firm, muscular cheeks, and he swallowed the low, sensual moan she let out. Her small, perky breasts flattened against his chest, and he could feel her hard nipples dragging along his pecs.

They were still like that when the bathroom door opened a few moments later. Harry reluctantly broke the kiss and stepped back as Hermione stepped out into the hall and eyed them with a knowing smile.

"All yours," she said.

Ginny slipped into the bathroom, swaying her hips intentionally, and paused to check over her shoulder to see if Harry was looking. He was. With an impish smirk, she closed the door.

Hermione had just started past him to go downstairs, but Harry had a better idea. He wrapped an arm around her waist, spun her around, and pinned her in the same place he'd just had Ginny a moment ago. Before she could speak, his lips descended on hers, and whatever she was about to say turned into a soft moan.

Her hands fisted his hair as his hands grasped her bum. It felt like Ginny's, but thicker and slightly wider. Her breasts felt slightly larger and softer, too, as they pressed against his chest, but her nipples weren't quite as pronounced.

Harry pressed her flush against the wall, his rising erection grinding against her firm thigh. They groaned in unison as they shared a slow, deep kiss. Neither of them reacted when the bathroom door opened, too absorbed in each other to notice.

"Bathrooms free," Ginny announced as she walked past them and made her way downstairs.

Harry broke their kiss, but stayed where he was for a moment, resting his forehead against Hermione's as he gazed at her beautifully flushed face. A silly smile slowly formed on both their faces before he finally stepped away and headed for the bathroom.

"Oi!" Ron called, rushing down the stairs.

"You snooze, you lose, Ron," Harry grinned as he closed the door.

A few minutes later, he made his way downstairs and into the kitchen. Mrs. Weasley stood at the stove, cooking up her usual breakfast while Hermione and Ginny chatted between bites and Mr. Weasley flipped through the pages of the Daily Prophet.

"Good morning, dear," Mrs. Weasley smiled.

“Morning,” Harry replied.

Seeing that Mr. Weasley was still hidden behind his newspaper, Harry sidled up to Mrs. Weasley, kissed her on the cheek, and lifted his hand to caress one of her breasts. He just couldn’t bring himself to do anything with her while Mr. Weasley was watching, spell or not. Unfortunately, between her dress and the apron over top, he really didn’t get to enjoy the feel as much as he would have liked.

He sat down and filled his plate to the sound of thundering footsteps, a moment before Ron appeared at the bottom of the stairs and ambled into the kitchen.

“So, what do you kids have planned for today?” Mrs. Weasley asked.

With a mouthful of scrambled eggs, Harry shrugged. He hadn’t planned anything.

“Flying,” Ron said, to which Ginny nodded in agreement.

Hermione rolled her eyes.

“I’ve got some research to do,” she said. “I want to make a proposal to Kingsley about my new Muggleborn Protection Act before the end of the week. Would you mind looking it over, Mr. Weasley?”

“Of course,” Mr. Weasley said, smiling and flipping down the corner of his paper to smile at her before flipping it back up and giving the paper a shake.

“Well, since you three,” Mr. Weasley said, looking pointedly at Harry, Ron, and Ginny, “are going to be out by the orchard, I need some more apples for tonight.”

“But it’s our day off,” Ron whined.

“Ronald, you work four days a week,” Mrs. Weasley said, hands on hips. “You pick some apples for your mother.”

Ron grumbled under his breath, but all conversation came to an end when they heard the front door open.

“Hello, hello,” Bill called as he stepped into the kitchen with a smile.

“Bill!” Mrs. Weasley exclaimed.

She rushed over to give him a hug and a kiss on the cheek just as Fleur walked in behind him.

“Well, this is a surprise,” Mr. Weasley said, setting down his paper and rising to his feet to greet them.

“Yeah, sorry I didn’t owl you,” Bill said, snatching a sausage from the table. “I just got word last night they need me back in Egypt for a couple of weeks.”

“Again?” Mrs. Weasley asked with a sigh. “You just got back.”

Bill shrugged and took a bite of his sausage. Fleur sat down next to him at the table and flipped her hair over her shoulder. She wore a V-neck blouse that showed a modest amount of cleavage, but that didn’t stop Ron from blatantly eyeing her until Ginny drove her elbow into his ribs.

While Bill explained the new tomb he’d be exploring, Harry was lost in his own thoughts as he gazed at Fleur. He still felt a little embarrassed about his performance with Hermione in the

shower, and if there was one person that could give him advice, it was her. She was French, A Veela, and married.

Normally, he'd be even more embarrassed to talk about sex than the act itself, but thanks to Luna's spell, it would be perfectly normal, wouldn't it? And it would also be perfectly normal for him to ask her to keep it to herself.

Even repeating those reassurances to himself, it took Harry a while to actually work up the courage to approach her. Rona and Ginny had convinced Bill to go flying with them, and Hermione was at the kitchen table with her law books, leaving Fleur stuck with Mr. and Mrs. Weasley for conversation.

If anything, Harry figured Fleur would appreciate an excuse to get away from Mrs. Weasley. The two women got along a lot better since Bill got attacked by Greyback, but they still very different people, like trying to mix oil and water.

"Hey, Fleur?" he asked, wiping his sweaty palms nervously on his jeans. "Can I talk to you for a minute? I could use your advice."

"Of course," she said, turning to give him her full attention.

"Er, in private," he suggested.

Fleur arched an eyebrow curiously, but nodded and stood without a word. Harry led her into the living room and hesitated for a moment before deciding to continue upstairs. Normal or not, he didn't want his insecurities broadcast to the entire house if someone walked in. Fleur followed him up to his bedroom on the second floor. She waited patiently as he closed the door, and then waited some more while he tried to figure out where to start.

"You needed help?" she asked after a long, awkward silence.

“Your accent’s getting better,” he noted with a small, nervous smile.

“Zank you.”

Harry blinked, unsure if she was teasing him or not.

“Er, right... Well...”

He let out a sigh and ran a hand through his hair. Taking a breath, he steeled his nerves.

“I need some advice about... sex,” he said, muttering the last word quietly.

“Oh?” Fleur asked with a small smirk tugging at her lips.

“Well, I, er... This stays between us, right?”

“Of course,” she assured him, taking a seat on the bed. “Now, what’s the problem?”

Harry sat down next to her with a heavy sigh and stared down at his hands, picking at a callus on his palm.

“I didn’t, uh, last very long,” he admitted painfully.

“Was it your first time?” she asked curiously.

Harry nodded.

"That's normal," she said, patting his leg. "The first boy I slept with only lasted a few seconds. He was very embarrassed."

"I did a bit better than that," Harry smiled, feeling a little relieved. "I think I lasted a couple of minutes, at least."

"Did she enjoy it?" Fleur asked.

"She said she did," he told her.

"Does she want to do it again?"

Harry nodded.

"Then she enjoyed it," Fleur said with a smile. "You just need more experience and maybe a little advice," she added teasingly.

"I don't suppose you'd be willing to help with that?" he asked hopefully.

She stared at him for a long moment, and slowly, her smile turned into a smirk.

"There's a lot of advice I can give you, but the most important thing is to pay attention," she said. "Listen to what she says, and pay attention to how she reacts. Women have moods. Sometimes we want to make love, and sometimes we want a good hard fuck."

Harry looked up at her sharply, surprised by the phrasing. Seeing her teasing smile and the amused twinkle in her eyes, he blushed and quickly looked away.

"R-right," he stammered.

“Don’t worry, you will learn,” Fleur smiled.

Suddenly, she pushed his chest hard and sent him tumbling back onto the mattress in surprise. Before he could react, she was on top of him, straddling his lap with an almost predatory grin.

Harry’s thoughts went back to their conversation, and he realized what he’d done. She said he needed advice *and* experience, and he had asked for her help. Of course, he’d only meant advice, but apparently Fleur had taken his words to mean both.

This wasn’t what he’d intended. Doing things with Hermione and Ginny was different. Both of them were single. Fleur was married. Sure, he’d groped Mrs. Weasley a bit, but he hadn’t gone farther than that, and really didn’t intend to.

But before Harry could even think of what to say or do, Fleur grabbed the hem of her blouse and pulled it over her head. Her large, pale breasts were encased in a white bra, pushing them up and causing her smooth mounds to bulge above the cups. She looked like a goddess of sex sitting above him, the morning light from the window casting a halo of light around her perfect figure.

Any objections Harry might have had quickly died as his arousal solidified.

Sorry, Bill.

“Your first lesson is the bra,” Fleur smiled, wiggling against his erection. “Take it off.”

As Harry sat up, he could feel the warmth of her body radiating against his skin. From so close, she looked so painfully beautiful that he had to force himself to look away out of a sense of nervousness and embarrassment. His eyes immediately moved to her breasts, where they remained for a long moment before he forced them up and he ended up staring at the curve of her collarbone.

“Er, if you’re sure,” he murmured.

Instead of answering with words, Fleur grabbed his hands and guided them to her back. His palms glided over her silken skin, only interrupted by the comparatively rough cotton of her bra strap. His hands shook slightly as he nervously felt around for the latch. When he finally found it at the middle of her back, he paused, completely ignorant of how it worked.

“Hold the bottom with your thumb, and use your fingers to pull the top strap in and up,” she instructed softly.

Harry shivered as her breath caressed his cheek. His fingers fumbled in his first few attempts, but eventually, he figured it out, and the clasp opened. The bra loosened, revealing a bit more of Fleur’s immaculate breasts. Eyes dropping to her chest, he waited with bated breath to see more, but she reached behind her back and re-did the clasp.

His disappointment was immeasurable.

“Again,” she said.

Harry didn’t hesitate to slide his hands around her back. He fumbled the clasp again on his first attempt, more out of excitement than anything, before it popped open on the second try.

“Better,” Fleur said approvingly as she re-did the clasp a second time. “Again.”

The clasp popped open on the very first try.

“Good.”

And then she pulled the bra away from her chest and tossed it aside. Harry stared in awe at her bare breasts. They were, in a word, perfect. Large, firm, perky; all of the best adjectives he could think of. They were shaped like teardrops and capped with wide, pale pink areolas and pert little nipples.

“Touch them,” Fleur whispered.

Feeling like he’d been hypnotized, Harry’s hands rose to gently cup her breasts. They felt as heavenly as they looked. His touch ghosted over his skin, almost like he was afraid to break such perfection.

“More,” she breathed, thrusting her chest forward.

Harry squeezed lightly, his fingers sinking softly into the firm mounds. With rapidly growing confidence, he started to knead and massage. Above him, Fleur let out a soft moan. Her fingers rested around his shoulders, fingers combing through his hair, before she suddenly pulled him forward, burying his face between her breasts. Trapped in her heavenly embrace, he didn’t need instructions to start kissing every inch he could reach.

“Yes,” she hissed.

Her grip tightened, and her arms forced her breasts together and even more firmly against his face.

“Bite ze nipple,” she demanded, her accent deepening as she guided his mouth forcefully into place.

Harry’s teeth grazed the stiff little nub, and when he tugged the back of his head, he bit a little more sharply. A deep, pleasure groan left her lips. It was the most sensual and erotic sound he’d ever heard. He moved over to the other nipple just to hear it again.

There was a whisper of cloth, the feeling of silk sliding across his skin. Harry blinked. He was naked, and so was Fleur. He didn't need to look to know. His erection, which had been painfully pressed against the front of his trousers, was now pressed against the hot, damp folds between her legs.

Fleur rolled her hips, and they both groaned, Harry's muffled by her supple breasts. Her hands slid to his shoulders, and suddenly he was flat on his back again, staring up at her. There was a hungry, wanton look in her eyes that both excited and frightened him.

"Try to hold on as long as you can," she said.

Lifting herself up, she allowed his erection to spring forward against his stomach and took him in hand.

"Very impressive," she murmured, stroking him lightly.

Harry throbbed from the compliment.

She lifted herself up once more, aligned his swollen, throbbing head with her glistening lips, and then dropped down in a single slow, smooth motion. Tight, wet heat enveloped his cock, caressing every bit of him with her silky depths.

"Holy shit," he grunted.

Smiling down at him, Fleur braced her hands on his chest and rolled her hips. Harry groaned, his hands reaching around to grab her bum, more holding on than helping. She rode him with gradually increasing fervor, panting lightly, her breasts jiggling in time with her hips.

Taking her advice, and remembering what she had liked earlier, he cupped her breasts and gave her nipples a good, firm squeeze. Fleur threw her head back, moaned, and then she started bouncing.

“Yes,” she hissed with a seductive stare. “More your hips. Fuck me.”

Harry bent his knees, planted his feet on the mattress, and thrust. It took a few moments to get in sync with her rhythm, but when he did, the result was amazing. His thighs clapped against her thick ass while his cock surged in and out of her welcoming depths. He treated her breasts like hands to fuck her harder, gripping them firmly and carefully but harshly pinching her nipples.

Unfortunately, while it felt great, it did nothing to help his stamina.

“Fleur,” he panted. “I’m not going to last much longer.”

Excitement flashed across her eyes, a smirk danced at the edges of her lips, and she rode him even harder. Harry was done. He couldn’t possibly hold out any longer. Abandoning any attempt to hold back his climax, he slammed up into her furiously, chasing his peak. Above him, Fleur let out a continuous string of moans while her nails dug sharply into his skin.

With an animalistic grunt, he erupted inside of her. His hips jerked up, and he ground into her, following his natural desire to get as deep as possible.

“Oui!” Fleur screamed.

Harry raised his hips as she lifted herself up and groaned when she furiously slammed herself back down. She crashed against his chest and writhed on top of him. A swell of pride filled his chest, along with the euphoria, when he realized he’d made her cum. He continued throbbing inside of her as she shivered and panted against his neck. Gradually, they stilled, hot, sweaty, and breathless.

“Good,” she said, kissing his neck. “Very good.”

Harry's proud smile slowly faded when she sat up and looked down at him with a smirk. The fire in her eyes hadn't dulled a bit.

"Now, let's see how you do under the Allure."

Fleur's magic slammed into him like a raging Hippogriff. Unbridled lust burned through his veins, causing his fading erection to surge back to life, harder than ever. Her arms and legs wrapped around him, and the next thing Harry knew, he was lying on top of her, still buried to the hilt.

"Don't lose yourself," she warned, stroking his cheek. "Stay in control. Make love to me."

Harry groaned as he rolled his hips, fighting every instinct in his body to simply rail away as hard and as fast as he could. Fleur pulled his face to hers and kissed him slowly, passionately. It actually helped quell his baser urges. He used the kiss to time the movements of his hips. She moaned, raking lines of fire up his spine with her nails.

Slowly, Harry got used to the feeling of her Allure, and while it kept his body flooded with lustful desire, his mind gradually cleared. He did his best to worship her the way she wanted. He listened to every moan, every breath, and felt every twitch and shudder to learn what she liked.

He lasted much longer this time. So long that he lost track of time entirely as he rolled his hips slowly, each gentle thrust drawing a moan that he swallowed greedily. Their climaxes began a slow, steady climb in unison. The slow creep seemed to take them to great heights. Fleur wound herself around him, her muscles coiling tighter and tighter, like a spring waiting to be released.

She reached her peak before he did, and her walls tightened and fluttered around him, finally sending him over the edge. It was without a doubt the most powerful climax of his life. He didn't even mind Fleur screaming in his ear as he emptied himself inside of her.

"So good," she panted. "You're learning quickly."

Harry smiled tiredly, but her Allure still surrounded him, keeping him rock hard. Fleur noticed and smirked, wiggling her hips around his rigid length. He groaned pitifully as she flexed around his sensitive cock.

“Impressive,” Fleur murmured. “Bill is usually soft by now. Sit up.”

Harry did as she asked and wiped the sweat from his brow. Flashing him a sultry smile, Fleur rolled over and climbed onto her hands and knees. Her round ass jutted towards him, and between her thighs, he spotted her swollen, reddened lips, leaking with the evidence of their affair. His cock throbbed as she flipped her hair over her shoulder and looked back at him.

“I want it ‘ard,” she said, wiggling her bum enticingly.

Harry waddled up behind her and speared back into her dripping core. Grabbing her wide hips, he pulled back and slammed forward, starting slowly at first, but rapidly gaining speed.

“Oui!” Fleur cried, arching her back. “Grab my hair and pull it! Take me, ‘Arry!”

He grabbed a fistful of her silky, golden locks and wrenched her head back painfully. For a moment, he worried he’d been too rough, but then Fleur moaned. He fucked her harder, using her hair as a handle to drag her back into his furious thrusts. She unleashed a string of French, and while Harry wasn’t fluent, he recognized a couple of swears.

In a moment of daring, he raised his hand and gave her jiggling bum a swift spank.

“Arder!” Fleur cried.

Harry brought his hand down on her pale, rippling cheek with a sharp *smack*! She cried out, her back arched, and he could feel her walls fluttering around him as she climaxed. Driven by her wildly flaring Allure, he only fucked her harder. Fleur’s arms gave out, and she ended up face

down, ass up, with Harry's hand pressing her head mercilessly into the mattress. Her hands clenched at the sheets as another climax wracked her body.

Seeing such a beautiful older woman writhing under him made Harry feel like a god.

"You've always wanted zis, 'aven't you?" Fleur asked, rocking her body back against his spearing cock. "Tell me. Talk dirty to me."

"I've wanted to do this since I met you," Harry growled.

He leaned down over her back, forcing her to support his weight and pressing her body into the mattress. Harshly twisting the hand in her hair, he turned her face towards his and pressed a kiss against her lips.

"I used to dream about you coming to see me after I rescued Gabrielle from the lake," he continued, panting as he drove into her relentlessly. "Merlin, the things I wanted to do to you."

"I should 'ave let you," Fleur groaned.

Harry growled against her ear and humped her like a madman. The sweltering heat of her depths and the thought of finally fulfilling a long-held fantasy drove him over the edge. He grunted hard and draped himself over Fleur's back as he came inside of her yet again. Even her Allure couldn't stop his sore, hypersensitive cock from wilting the moment his orgasm ended.

Slipping out of her, he rolled to the side. Fleur was quick to cuddle up to him, a bright smile lighting up her face.

"Bloody hell," he breathed.

Fleur giggled and pressed a brief kiss against his lips. They lay comfortably for several minutes, catching their breath, and though he was tired, Harry's hands never stopped exploring her body.

"So, how'd I do?" he asked curiously. "Honestly."

"You're a natural," she smiled.

Harry smiled back and laid his head on the pillow. Fleur's fingers traced the contours of his chest.

"And I still have so much to teach you," she said, her fingers trailing down to his spent length.

Her Allure flared again, and he felt himself begin to swell.

"If you can get hard again, I'll let you take my derriere," she whispered seductively.

Harry hardened so fast he was sure accidental magic was at work. Flashing a smug grin, Fleur stroked him gently.

"Er, do women actually enjoy that?" he asked.

"Some do," she said, turning her head to look up at him with a smirk. "When I stayed here before the wedding, I walked in on Ginny using an enchanted dildo on herself. But make sure you go slow and use the right Charms. You can't just go jamming it in there."

"Right," Harry nodded, his mind conjuring up the image of Ginny buggering herself.

Fleur sat up and straddled his lap, this time facing away from him. He had a glorious view of her thick, heart-shaped ass as she spread her cheeks and tapped the tip of her wand against her crinkled hole.

“Lubros,” she murmured.

Her skin suddenly glistened, the area between her cheeks coated in a thin layer of lubricant. Tossing the wand onto the bed, she gripped Harry’s length and shuffled back until he was pressed against her tight opening. She pressed back hard enough that his shaft would have bent painfully if she wasn’t holding it. Suddenly, she gave way, and he watched in amazement as she stretched open around the head of his cock.

It was tighter and hotter than he expected.

With a groan, Fleur rocked her hips, slowly descending farther down his shaft. Lip trapped between her teeth, she moaned and groaned as her ass gradually swallowed him to the root, where she stilled except for a tremble that ran all the way up her spine.

It was an incredible feeling and an even more incredible sight.

“You alright?” he asked, concerned.

“Oui,” she panted softly. “You’re so beeg.”

Harry’s cock pulsed at her words.

Bracing her hands on his shins, Fleur started moving up and down. A deep, sensual moan left her lips each time she raised herself up and dropped back down.

“Yes!” she hissed.

Harry rested his hands on her bum just to feel it, groping and needing the firm muscle. He could still see the red handprint he'd left earlier.

Soon, she was raising herself nearly halfway off his length before driving herself back down, gradually moving faster and harder. Her moans were louder than ever, and deeper, like they were coming from the depths of her soul. Her right hand found its way between her legs, and her fingers danced rapidly along her clit.

Harry groaned as she rode him hard and fast. He didn't even think about thrusting on his own, too fascinated by the sight of her impaling herself of her own accord. The thought that she wanted him so bad that she would bugger herself on his cock was mindboggling.

She cried out in another climax, and he'd lost count of how many she'd had. He thought she might slow down, but she only bounced harder, raising herself up nearly all the way to the tip before slamming back down.

She never really seemed to loosen up. Each time he reentered her, it felt like he was piercing her depths for the first time. While her folds had hugged and cradled his cock as if it belonged, her ass felt like it was being forced to give way to his straining length, like it wasn't quite supposed to fit, and yet Fleur was forcing it to anyway.

"Arry!" she screamed.

A stream of arousal leaked from her lips and dripped onto the sheets. Each time he filled her up, a little more came out.

"Fleur," Harry called out in a strangled voice.

She caught the warning in his tone and lifted herself off of him. Turning around, she dropped down until her pink, glistening lips hovered over his twitching length, her warm breath washing over the slickened skin. Slowly, she raised her eyes to meet his.

“I ‘ave never done zis for anyone,” she said softly. “Only you.”

Then, she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his throbbing head. It was dirty, filthy, and without a doubt the hottest thing he’d ever seen. With a grunt, Harry erupted in her mouth.

Fleur kept her lips sealed tightly around his tip and stroked him furiously. It felt like she was trying to suck his soul out of him. The moment he finished, Harry sagged, panting and totally spent. He was barely aware of Fleur crawling up his body and snuggling against his side.

They fell asleep, and he wasn’t sure for how long, but they didn’t wake again until Ginny called them down for lunch. They shared a brief shower, with only a little groping on Harry’s part, before they got dressed and headed back downstairs.

Looking at Bill, he just couldn’t bring himself to feel guilty.

Harry ate a big lunch, and Bill and Fleur left shortly after, although not before Fleur promised to visit the next weekend. No one saw, or they didn’t care, when she winked at him. He didn’t have the energy to do much for the rest of the afternoon beyond cuddling with Hermione and Ginny on the couch after dinner. Even then, he was far too spent and sore to think of doing anything beyond that.

He went to bed early that night, tired, satisfied, and excited for the next day.