

Chapter 28

Harry watched the build-up to the Yule Ball with amusement. Half the boys made fools of themselves asking Fleur to the Ball. Perhaps the funniest was when Seamus and Ron decided to ask her. They psyched themselves up over breakfast, their faces solemn, as if they were about to go to war. Just before classes started, they stood up as one.

“May the best man win,” Seamus said.

Ron nodded, and they turned to the Ravenclaw table. The initial rush of invites had died down after the first day, so Fleur wasn't being constantly being bombarded. Now, they took place sporadically throughout the day, and she seemed to have a sixth sense when it was about to happen. Even though her back was to them, when they got within a few steps, she turned suddenly and looked at them with a raised brow.

Ron and Seamus froze in their steps like startled baby deer. There was a long moment of silence that grew more awkward the longer it stretched. Ron's face grew steadily redder until he finally cracked.

“WILL YOU GO TO THE BALL WITH ME?!” he shouted, his words coming out so fast they merged together into a garbled mess.

The confusion was plain on Fleur's face. Her English was good, but not good enough to decipher his rushed proposal. A look of abject horror washed over Ron's face, and before she could answer, he bolted from the Great Hall. Muffled snickers filled the hall as they watched him go before, slowly, everyone turned their attention to Seamus.

The Irishman's face was as red as Ron's. He opened his mouth, and a high-pitched, pathetic squeak escaped. Slamming his mouth shut, he turned back to the Gryffindor table and marched back to his seat. He bowed his head over his untouched bowl of cereal as Dean gave him a commiserating pat on the back.

The twins, however, were less sympathetic. They teased Ron and Seamus mercilessly for days. Every time they got within eyesight of Fleur in the halls, they bolted away like mice hiding from a cat. The twins used that to their advantage and took to calling out her name when she wasn't around. On one occasion, Seamus managed to squirm his way into a suit of armor to hide, and on another, Ron took a rather spectacular dive into a rose bush.

After a few days, they realized what was happening and stopped reacting to the twins' taunts. Of course, that's when they'd call out Fleur's name when she was actually there. It took two weeks before the twins finally let up.

Slowly, everyone started to pair off for the Ball. Fleur agreed to go with Roger Davies; the twins were taking their Quidditch teammates, Angelina and Alicia; Jennifer and Amanda got invited by a couple of seventh years Harry only knew in passing from Hufflepuff, and Hermione had found a date, but refused to tell anyone who it was. Apparently, Ron had asked her, and it had turned into a fight when she told him she already had a date. In retaliation, she adamantly refused to tell anyone who it was.

On Christmas morning, Harry and Dora spent an hour opening gifts from their family with Jenna in their carriage. Jenna hadn't been invited to the Ball, and confessed she didn't have much desire to go in the first place. Luna had invited her to spend the evening in Ravenclaw Tower, and she was perfectly content to do that instead.

They spent the morning as a family. They Floo called Sirius, Marlene, Andromeda, and a Ted from Professor Turner's carriage to wish them a Merry Christmas before making their way to breakfast. After they ate, they spent some time with Levina until they got too cold and headed back into the castle to warm up. They stayed there, talking and laughing with their friends, until just after lunch, when the professors kicked everyone out to decorate the hall.

Soon after they returned to the carriage, Dora got pulled away by Jennifer and Amanda to start getting ready for the Ball. Harry stayed with Jenna, playing games and catching up on anything in her life he'd missed until the clock chimed five o'clock. While Jenna made her way up to the castle to join Luna, he made his way to his room to get ready for the Ball. It felt odd without Dora there, but it also meant he was ready within an hour. He returned to the common area and found several of his male classmates, all waiting for their dates.

He snorted to himself. They looked like they'd gotten dressed up to wait at the dentist's office. Plopping himself on the couch, he kicked his feet up on the coffee table.

"A Galleon says they come out with five minutes to spare," he said, slapping a golden coin on the table.

"Seven minutes," Michael said with a smirk. "It's a long walk to the castle."

The other boys quickly broke out their wallets and made their bets. Precisely eight minutes and thirty-two seconds before the Ball was scheduled to start, the door to Jennifer and Amanda's room creaked open, and a dozen girls stepped out. Marcus quietly collected his winnings while the others hid their disappointment and stood to greet their dates.

Dora looked so unlike her usual self, it took a moment for Harry to spot her. She looked gorgeous. Her dress robes were dark purple and glittered in the light. She'd grown her hair out to shoulder length and styled it into an elegant bun. It looked darker than usual, closer to Harry's black hair than her preferred dark brown. As it caught the light just right, he could see odd strips colored the same dark purple as her dress.

Even her face looked slightly different besides the makeup she wore. It wasn't easy to tell exactly what she'd changed, but as Harry got closer he thought the tip of her nose looked slightly slimmer and her cheekbones looked a little more pronounced.

"You look beautiful," he said, pulling her close and kissing her softly.

"Don't get used to it," she smiled. "This took way too much work."

Harry smiled back, wrapped an arm around her waist, and fell into the flow of students slowly making their way toward the exit. He helped Dora down the stairs, but she still stumbled on her dress despite his help. Rolling her eyes annoyedly at his smirk, she hooked her arm through his and dragged him towards the castle.

It was freezing cold outside, and even though it was a short walk, Harry took off his cloak and draped it over her shoulder, a move his classmates, escorting their dates, hurried to copy.

Even though the doors to the Great Hall were wide open, there was some kind of spell acting as a barrier to keep the heat in. Harry took his cloak back while Jennifer and Amanda separated from the group to greet their waiting dates.

“Should we join them?” Dora asked, nodding toward the doors to the Great Hall.

Harry looked over and spotted Cedric standing next to a pretty Asian girl. He shrugged, but led the way to them nonetheless.

“Hey!” Cedric said with a wide, handsome grin. “You guys look great!”

“Aw, thanks, Cedric,” Harry said with exaggerated shyness.

Dora snorted and smacked his arm.

“This is my date, Cho,” he continued.

“Nice to meet you,” Harry said. “Any idea what we’re supposed to be doing?”

Cedric shrugged.

“Just wait, I think,” he said. “McGonagall didn’t say anything other than to meet her outside the Great Hall. Oh, here come the Beauxbatons. They cut it close.”

Harry turned and watched the Beauxbatons students enter the hall, led by Madame Maxime. Unsurprisingly, Fleur drew most of the attention. She wore a set of light blue dress robes that

were less robes and more just a strapless dress that appeared to be held up entirely by the shelf created by her impressive bust. As the other girls broke away to meet their dates around the clustered Entrance Hall, Fleur looked around until she spotted Roger near the stairs.

He gaped at her like a goldfish, completely unmoving until she took him by the arm and physically dragged him over to their little group. Cedric snapped his fingers in front of his face, which finally caused him to snap out of it.

“Er, wow, you look beautiful,” Roger managed in a strangled voice.

“Merci,” she said.

She shared a brief look with Harry that conveyed the totality of her exasperation, then she spotted Dora, and her eyes widened.

“Tonks, you look magnifique,” she said enthusiastically. “I love your ‘air.”

“Oh, thanks,” Dora said, patting her bun. “It took forever. I like your dress. My mum would have a fit if I wore something like that.”

“But ‘Arry wouldn’t mind, non?” Fleur smirked.

Dora snorted, “I don’t think he minds it now,” she said, looking at him pointedly.

Harry looked up at the ceiling.

“What dress? Hey, have you seen the icicles hanging from the ceiling?”

Dora lightly smacked his arm, and the others chuckled.

"Subtly, mate," Cedric said.

Harry looked down with a grin, and they fell into an easy conversation. Well, five of them did. Roger was busy staring longingly at Fleur and didn't utter a word. As his eyes scanned the hall for Professor McGonagall, wondering when she'd show up, Harry spotted a familiar face at the front entrance.

"Hey, it's Michelle," he said excitedly.

"Really?" Dora asked, craning her head around to look. "What's she doing here?"

Harry shrugged and raised his arm to wave her over, but before he could finish the motion, someone met her at the doorway. It took a moment for him to recognize her, but when he did, his eyes widened.

"No way!" he gasped.

"Is that Hermione?" Dora asked. "No wonder she wouldn't tell us who her date was."

They met Harry's eyes through the crowd, and he arched an eyebrow. Hermione ducked her head and blushed while Michelle met his gaze, smirked, and shrugged.

"I can't believe she didn't tell me she was coming," he said, shaking his head. "Oh, I'm going to tease the shit out of them."

"Be nice," Dora hissed. "They're probably really nervous."

Harry's plots of revenge were interrupted when McGonagall finally arrived and directed everyone except the Champions into the Great Hall. They waited for several minutes until the

doors opened again and they were allowed to enter. Cedric and Cho entered first, followed by Fleur and Roger, and Harry and Dora walked in last. There was a round of polite applause as they walked to their table and took their seats.

Dinner was fairly boring. They ordered their meals and talked amongst themselves while the heads talked in their own little group. Harry found his own amusement by kicking Roger in the shin every time he started drooling over Fleur's cleavage. He was pretty sure everyone knew what he was doing, but they never mentioned it.

Soon enough, the meal was finished, the tables were moved out of the way, and it was time for the first dance. Dora nervously took her position across from him and took a deep breath.

"Just let me lead," he whispered reassuringly.

She nodded, and then the music started. She stumbled at the start, but it actually went pretty well after that. The opening dance only lasted for a minute before other couples made their way out onto the dance floor. With most of the attention off of them, Harry pulled Dora close and just swayed to the beat. She smiled at him, relieved, and lay her head on his chest.

"This is nice," she murmured.

Harry hummed in agreement and kissed her temple. They danced for a couple of songs before a faster beat started, and Dora asked for a break. The moment they were off the dance floor, she removed her black high heels and dangled them from her fingers.

"I hate these things," she muttered.

She dropped them on the floor and kicked them carelessly under the drinks table the moment they reached it. Harry smiled as he poured them both a glass of punch. He was just about to turn to her when he spotted the Weasley twins sitting nearby. They looked concerningly pleased with themselves and watched him expectantly. Raising a glass to his nose, he took a sniff.

Alcohol. Strong alcohol.

“This isn’t going to turn me into a canary or anything, is it?” he asked quietly.

The twins looked at each other as if intrigued by the idea, but when they turned back to him, they shook their heads.

“Nah, just good old Firewhiskey,” one of them said.

“We snuck into the kitchens and added it to the vat downstairs so the professors can’t just vanish it either,” the other told him.

“It’s a bit strong,” Harry said.

“We might have added a little extra to the bowl,” one said.

“Give it a bit of a kick, you know,” the other added. “Spice things up.”

Shaking his head with a smile, Harry turned to Dora and handed her a glass.

“The twins spiked it,” he warned.

“Oh, good,” Dora sighed.

Taking the glass, she downed half of it and grimaced. While Harry was busy paying attention to her, Fleur appeared out of nowhere and took the glass from his other hand.

“Ah, Merci,” she said.

“Fleur, wait!”

It was too late. Fleur tipped the glass back and downed all of it in two big gulps. Her eyes bulged comically, and she went red all the way down to the top of her breasts before she started coughing hard. Harry patted her back until she got her breath back.

“What is zat!?” she asked angrily.

“The twins spiked the punch,” he told her. “I tried to warn you.”

“Disgusting,” she muttered, straightening back up.

“Oi, that’s Ogden’s finest, that is,” one of the twins said.

Fleur glared at him and drew her wand so fast Harry didn’t even see where she drew it from. Fred and George leaned back in their seats and eyed the tip warily.

“Don’t you ‘ave dates to attend to?” Fleur asked pointedly.

“You know, I think she has a point, Fred.”

“Too right, George.”

The twins stood up and rapidly disappeared into the crowd. With a grimace, Fleur filled her cup with water from her wand and took a sip. Harry drew his wand from his pocket and surreptitiously vanished the punch in the bowl. It was empty for only a moment before it magically refilled itself. Dora refilled her cup and took a sip.

“Oh, that’s much better,” she said.

Fleur looked at her dubiously, and Dora offered her the cup.

“Here, try it.”

Taking the cup and eyeing the red liquid suspiciously, Fleur took a sniff, and then a small sip.

“Better,” she acknowledged before she wrinkled her nose cutely. “But I still prefer wine.”

“Of course you do,” Dora said, rolling her eyes and pouring herself another glass. “So, where’s your date?”

“In ze corner, enthralled,” Fleur admitted with a shrug. “I couldn’t dance wiz ‘im anymore. I didn’t mind ze staring, but he kept stepping on my feet.”

“I’m sorry,” Dora said, reaching out to give her a consolatory pat on the arm.

Fleur shrugged.

“It ‘appens.”

“Do you want to dance with Harry for a bit?”

Fleur looked at her, her brow raised in surprise, and then smiled.

“Oui.”

“You sure?” Harry asked.

Dora nodded, took his hand, and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

“You know I don’t like dancing that much. We can take turns. Go on,” she insisted.

Turning to Fleur, who was watching them hopefully, he shrugged and gave Dora a kiss before offering her his arm.

“Shall we?”

“Oui,” Fleur smiled.

They made their way out onto the dance floor, garnering several curious looks. Fleur moved with such effortless grace that Harry felt like he was stumbling around trying to keep up. He couldn’t help but appreciate the way her dress clung to her curvaceous figure as she spun and twirled with a dazzling smile.

Harry switched from Dora to Fleur every couple of songs, but eventually, after more than an hour, he needed a break, and the girls needed to use the bathroom.

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Dora stood in front of the sink, checking herself in the mirror, while Fleur did the same next to her. Her bun had come loose in a couple of places, and as she reached up to tuck the stray hair back in, she realized just how badly her scalp stung from the unusual position her hair had been held in. Wincing, she pulled her hair out of the bun entirely, shortened her hair back to her preferred length, and combed her fingers through it.

“That’s so much better,” she said in relief.

Fleur finished touching up her makeup, looked over, and smiled.

“Zis ‘as been fun, non?”

“I’m not a big fan of dressing up, but yeah, it’s been great,” Dora smiled.

“Zhank you for letting me dance with ‘Arry,” she said gratefully. “Zis night would ‘ave been so boring if you hadn’t.”

“You’re welcome,” Dora said, her smile turning teasing. “I really don’t mind as long as you promise not to steal my boyfriend.”

“Of course not,” Fleur said, a teasing sparkle in her eyes. “But I wouldn’t mind borrowing ‘im.”

Dora rolled her eyes, “Not happening.”

“Zat’s too bad,” Fleur said, stepping away from the mirror.

She moved behind Dora, trapping her against the sink. Dora’s eyes widened as she felt her breasts press against her shoulder blades. The scent of a light, airy perfume filled the air as a hand landed lightly on her hip. Fleur’s hand slid slowly around to her stomach and then up slightly, stopping just below her right breast. Dora’s breath hitched as her pulse raced and her stomach squirmed.

“We could ‘ave so much fun togezzer.”

Fleur’s warm breath ghosted over her cheek a moment before she kissed it softly. She flashed a wide, sparkling smile, and then she was gone, flitting through the door. Dora let out a breath

she hadn't realized she was holding and rested her hands on the sink, desperately trying to get her thoughts and emotions under control.

She wanted to blame the Allure, but she hadn't felt it, and she doubted Fleur would use it on her. She hadn't needed to.

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"So, she just wrote you a letter asking you to the ball?" Harry asked.

"Well, yes," Michelle said.

"Huh. So, you two are..."

Michelle and Hermione looked at each other for a long moment.

"Seeing where things go," Michelle said, taking Hermione's hand in her own.

Hermione smiled and nodded before she turned to Harry and bit her lip nervously.

"You're not going to make fun of us, are you?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm going to tease the shit out of you," Harry said. "That's what you get for not telling me."

"But I was trying to keep it from Ron!" Hermione argued.

"That's not an excuse," Harry said.

Hermione folded her arms and pouted.

"If you're done questioning us, can we enjoy our date before you start teasing us?" Michelle asked.

"Alright, but just one more question," Harry said.

Michelle sighed, "Fine."

"Can I watch?"

Michelle's slap on his shoulder was so loud that several couples looked over curiously as Harry rubbed his arm and grimaced.

"Ow! Alright. Alright."

Michelle and Hermione let the table and moved back out onto the dance floor. Harry was only left sitting by himself for a few seconds before Fleur and Dora joined him. Dora's hair was different than when she'd left, but more worryingly, she looked noticeably flustered.

"Everything alright?" he asked, wrapping an arm around her shoulders.

She nodded and opened her mouth to respond.

"If I can have everyone's attention," Dumbledore said from the stage. "We have a surprise guest for you this evening. It's my pleasure to introduce the Weird Sister!"

The hall erupted into applause as the Weird Sisters took to the stage and played one of their most popular songs. Dora grinned, took Harry's hand, and pulled him to his feet. They took one step toward the dance floor before she suddenly stopped and turned back to Fleur.

"Are you coming?" she yelled over the music.

Fleur smirked and climbed to her feet. Together, they led Harry onto the dance floor, and he found himself sandwiched between the two as they danced, jumped, and gyrated. The next two hours passed in a blur of bumping, grinding, and grazing, slightly inappropriate touches.

Surprisingly, Dora never complained about the rather sensual moves Fleur pulled regularly. In fact, more than once, she turned him to face the smiling blonde so she could get even more daring. Harry made sure to keep his hands clear of anywhere that might get him into trouble, but he didn't complain when Fleur ground her soft body against his.

The night began to wind down, and the dance floor slowly started to empty. Harry's feet were aching, but he was having the time of his life. He shared one slow dance with Fleur, and then another with Dora, and just when he thought the night was at an end, his girlfriend led him and Fleur toward the front door.

Not a word was said as she pulled them across the lawn and down to the Ilvermorny train. It was quiet when they stepped inside. The students who were inside had already gone to bed. Dora pulled them into his private room at the end of the train. As Harry closed the door behind him, Fleur took Dora in her arms and kissed her passionately.

It was the single hottest thing he'd ever seen in his life. Dora kissed her back, their tongues tangling as she slowly backed toward the bed. They tumbled onto the mattress as they made out furiously. Harry removed his cloak and tie, but otherwise stayed in the middle of the room, watching, worried that any sudden move might bring the amazing sight to an end.

Dora and Fleur eventually broke apart breathlessly. They stared at each other for a long moment before turning as one to look at Harry. Fleur chuckled sultrily and bent down to whisper into

Dora's ear. He couldn't hear what she said, but whatever it was, Dora nodded in agreement. They separated and crawled to the edge of the bed, where they lay on their stomachs.

Dora crooked her finger at him, and Harry took a couple of steps closer. She immediately unbuckled his belt and opened his slacks. His eager erection bounded out the moment it was free and bobbed in front of them.

"Impressionnant," Fleur whispered.

Dora smirked, grabbed Harry's hips, and pulled him forward as she parted her lips. He groaned pleasurably as she bobbed on him several times before taking him deep in her throat. She held him there for several seconds as he caressed her hair before pulling back and angling him towards Fleur.

The blonde leaned forward, and Harry's cock twitched excitedly. She paused with her lips a hair's breadth away, looked up at him, and smirked knowingly. Then, she swallowed him whole with the same effortless grace she'd shown all night. Harry groaned and glanced worriedly at Dora, but she wasn't watching him. She was watching Fleur devour his cock, her breathing heavy and cheeks flushed.

As soon as Fleur pulled back, Dora took her place. Harry tilted his head back and closed his eyes with a groan. He fought to stave off his climax as they passed him back and forth between them, deepthroating him with an ease and frequency that made his toes curl in his shoes.

They either sensed he was getting close or perhaps they just got bored, but they switched from deepthroating him to making out around his shaft. The visual was incredible, but physically less stimulating, giving him a moment to calm down and get himself under control. They worked their way up and down his shaft, their plump, glossy lips and delicate tongues meeting around him.

Eventually, after several passes up and down, they abandoned his cock and fell into a tangle of limbs as they kissed passionately. Their hands tugged and jerked until their robes were tossed carelessly aside. Harry stripped out of his clothes as he watched them explore each other's

bodies with their hands, lips, and tongues. As soon as he was as naked as they were, he climbed onto the bed.

He wasn't sure who pulled him, but he was quickly flipped onto his back. Dora, on his left, pulled him in for a heated kiss before Fleur did the same on his right. Reaching out with her hand, she pulled Dora over until all of their lips met in a messy threesome.

Suddenly, Dora sat up and mounted his waist. He only caught a glimpse of her lining him up with her entrance before a pair of delicate pink folds appeared above him. Fleur lowered herself against his mouth, and Harry kissed her just as Dora sank down onto him with a groan. Harry focused on pleasuring Fleur to distract himself from the incredible sensation of being buried deep in his girlfriend.

He could see it, but he could feel Fleur lean forward and then heard the smacking of lips as they made out over him. Dora rode him hard and fast, moaning into Fleur's mouth as Harry lashed her clit with his tongue.

Dora was close. He could feel it in the way she moved. She pulled away from Fleur's lips and groaned loudly as she reached her climax. As she shuddered and moaned, Fleur ground herself against his lips. Eventually, Dora rolled to the side and lay next to them.

"Harry, show her that trick I like," she whispered in his ear. "Make her scream."

Harry closed his eyes, pictured a snake, and hissed.

Fleur squawked and stiffened, her eyes going wide. Her hand clenched into tight fists around the sheets. Her body shuddered, and a low keen built in her throat. Her arousal coated his mouth as she came suddenly and violently. Her body vibrated like a taut bowstring for nearly a minute before she sagged and collapsed on top of him.

Turning her head to the side to look at Dora, she licked Harry's glistening shaft and placed a kiss at the base before crawling over between her legs. Dora spread them willingly, a flush running up her neck as she watched Fleur kiss her way up the inside of her thigh.

"Please let 'im fuck me," she begged in a deep, sultry tone. "I need to feel eet."

Dora took a shuddering breath and nodded. Fleur kissed her folds, drawing a deep groan from her lips. Harry leaned down to kiss her softly, lovingly, before climbing onto his knees behind Fleur. Resting one hand on her spectacular ass, he lined himself up with her entrance and looked to Dora, giving her one last chance to object. When she didn't, he slipped into her depths.

All three of them groaned in unison. As he thrust slowly, he took the opportunity to finally explore Fleur's body with his hands. He cupped her breasts, groped her ass, and caressed her thighs. All the while, he kept his eyes on Dora as she writhed on the mattress from Fleur's talented tongue.

Fleur grew impatient and rocked back against him. Straightening up, he grabbed her hips and sped up his thrusts. They grew harder and harsher as he watched Dora grow closer and closer to her climax. She held a handful of Fleur's blonde hair as she bucked her hips and panted heavily. As she visibly neared her second climax of the night, Harry neared his own. His fingers sank into Fleur's hips as he pounded her furiously. Somehow, she kept pleasing Dora until she cried out.

Lifting her head, she started chattering loudly in French. Harry didn't know what she was saying, but her tone told him everything. She was right on the brink, just as he was. He slammed into her savagely, his hips clapping against her thick ass until she finally tipped over the edge with a scream. Harry was far too past the point of return to even think of pulling out. He buried himself to the hilt and erupted in her depths.

Slowly, they collapsed to the mattress. Slipping from her folds, Harry rolled to the side. Kissing Fleur on the shoulder, he crawled over to Dora and caressed her cheek. She smiled up at him, and they shared a soft, loving kiss, right before Fleur's Allure flooded the room. Harry's erection immediately returned.

Fleur looked up at them, eyes sparkling, and slowly crawled over Dora. They kissed briefly before she turned to Harry.

"I want to 'old her as you fuck her."

Harry didn't even think as he moved between their spread legs and speared back into his girlfriend. She moaned before a kiss from Fleur silenced it.

They went at it for hours in every position imaginable. Fleur's Allure kept Harry hard and their bodies eager. It was an incredible, memorable night for all of them, but one of the highlights for Harry happened at the very end. Dora was exhausted, panting from the countless orgasms she'd experienced that night, but Fleur was still ready to go. She cuddled up to Harry's side as Fleur rode him. They watched her magnificent ass bounce before she suddenly stopped, pulled him out, and positioned him at her wrinkled entrance.

"No way," Dora gasped.

They watched, entranced, as her tiny entrance expanded around him. Fleur groaned, slowly lowering herself until she was seated back on his lap.

"Does it hurt?" Dora asked.

"Non," Fleur panted. "It feels so good."

She started riding him slowly, cautiously, as Dora sat up and crawled around to watch from the other side. Fleur smirked and sat up straight to give her a better view.

"Merlin, he's stretching you," Dora said.

"Mmh, I know," Fleur murmured. "'Is cock ees so big."

Dora looked up at her, smirked, and suddenly pushed her back. Fleur squealed as she landed with her back against Harry's chest. They both looked down at Dora curiously.

"Wreck that ass, babe," she said.

The words had barely left her mouth before she attacked Fleur's folds. The blonde gasped while Harry grasped her breasts and did exactly as he was told. He wrecked her ass. He pounded it. He owned it.

Fleur was rendered a moaning, screaming mess as he hammered his cock up into her tight butt while Dora devoured her pussy. Together, they drove her to a string of orgasms. One rolled right into another before Harry flooded her depths. Finally, her Allure faded, they collapsed into a pile under the covers, and fell into a deep, blissful sleep.

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It was mid-morning on the Ilvermorny train, and the students were slow to get ready. They were still tired from the Ball, a little hungover, and it was far too cold to head up to the castle first thing after waking up. They sat around the common area, chatting about their night when the door to Harry's room opened, and Fleur Delacour stumbled out.

She was wearing her dress, but had Harry's cloak draped around her shoulders. Her lips were swollen, her hair was mussed, and dark, purple love bites decorated her pale skin. She walked with a noticeable, but slight limp toward the exit, but with a small smile on her lips. They all watched her leave before turning back to the door to Harry's room.

Harry and Dora stumbled out of the door looking utterly exhausted. Their hair was a mess, there were dark bags under their eyes, and they sported the same love bites Fleur had. The room fell silent as they staggered over to the couch and collapsed next to each other.

"Harry Potter," Marcus said, breaking the silence. "You're a legend."

Dora snorted as the boys broke into cheers. Chuckling, Harry turned to her and nuzzled her cheek.

"I love you," he whispered.

"I love you, too," she whispered back.