

Prince Harry

“Witches and Wizards, welcome, to the second task of the Triwizard Tournament!” Lee Jordan’s magically amplified voice echoed through the stands surrounding the Black Lake. “It’s time to see how well our contestants were able to solve the riddle in the golden eggs they retrieved from nesting Dragons two months ago. Today, our Champions will have one hour to swim to the bottom of the lake and retrieve something that was taken from them. But first, a reminder of how each Champion stands. In third place, with forty-two points, Victor Krum of Durmstrang!”

The Durmstrang section of the crowd gave a deep, rumbling cheer that reverberated through the wintry morning air. They began stomping their feet and chanting Krum’s name, shaking the wooden stands they sat on.

“In second place,” Lee shouted over the rumbling of the crowd, causing them to stop. “With forty-five points, the lovely, the beautiful, the stunning-”

“Jordan!” McGonagall’s voice shouted, faint but still commanding despite the lack of magical enhancement.

“Fleur Delacour of Beauxbatons!” Lee finished to laughter.

The Beauxbatons crowd cheer loudly, some waving bright blue banners over their heads.

“And last, but certainly not least. In first place, with forty-five points, the prince of magical Britain, Harry Potter of Hogwarts!”

A thunderous cheer rose from the largest section of the crowd, as they waved and clapped. Despite shivering in the cold, Harry smiled and looked through the sea of faces for anyone familiar. It took him a moment to find them, but his eyes eventually landed on his family. At the top of the stands, with the best view of the lake, sat his mother and father, Queen Lily, and King James Potter. Next to his mother was his ten-year-old little sister, Jasmine, bundled up tightly in

a thick fur coat as she cheered wildly. Next to her, was his close friend and personal bodyguard, Nymphadora Tonks, pink-haired and smiling as she screamed and waved her arms. Seated just below them were many of his closest friends, including Katie, Susan, Neville, and Daphne, along with a gaggle of Weasleys and the rest of his friends and classmates. He looked for his best friend, Hermione, but could not make her out among the crowd.

Waving back to them, he clutched his robe more tightly around him, cursing the organizers to not have the foresight to put up a simple warming charm. To his left, Fleur was shivering even worse than him, while to his right, Victor was as stoic as usual as he glared balefully at the still surface of the lake. Once the cheering ceased, Dumbledore stood from his seat and raised his wand to his throat.

“Champions, at the sound of the cannon, you may begin. We wish the best of luck to all of you.” He said.

Pointing his wand at the lake, a silver spell shot from the tip and raced toward the surface to the water. When it hit, a large, clear circle formed, making the water look like a mirror. However, instead of showing the sky, it showed an image of the three champions. At least that answered how the crowd was going to see what was happening under the water, Harry thought.

“On your marks!” An official yelled from behind them.

As one, Harry, Fleur, and Victor untied and shed their robes to wild cheers from the crowd. Harry couldn’t help but sneak a glance at Fleur, whose busty, curvy figure was covered only by a skintight, silver one-piece swimsuit. Due to the cold, her hard nipples were clearly visible through the thin material that covered her. Harry forced himself to look away before he ended up having a rather embarrassing reaction. Just before he did though, he noticed a troubled look on her face as she continually glanced at the crowd.

“Get set!” The official yelled.

The three Champions stepped up the edge of the dock and gripped their wands tightly. Harry raised his left hand and shoved a mouthful of Gillyweed into his mouth, grimacing at the bitter taste and slimy texture of the plant as he chewed and forced himself to swallow. Seconds later, just as he began to feel a tingle along his neck, the cannon went off.

BOOM

The three Champions dove into the dark, murky water of the lake at nearly the same time. The pain in his neck became almost unbearable for a several seconds before it suddenly stopped, and he was able to take his first breath underwater. Flexing his elongated and webbed fingers and toes experimentally, Harry smiled, the feeling of being cold completely gone as he gave a powerful kick and darted off into the depths of the lake. In seconds, he caught up to Fleur, who was using a Bubblehead Charm. A simple but effective spell for staying underwater. He gave her a cheeky wave as he easily outpaced her. After getting about fifty feet ahead of her, he paused and turned back, barely able to make out her silhouette in the dark, murky water. It was only because of his enhanced vision from the Gillyweed that he was able to see her at all.

He turned back around to swim away but hesitated. Despite his desire to get this task over with as fast as possible, he felt guilty leaving her behind. As she got closer to him, he could see her looking at him curiously, and just a bit suspiciously. That was fair enough, given the fact they were competing, and she hardly knew him. Just as he decided to leave her behind and go on ahead, a thin, long fingered hand attached to a skinny grey arm shot out of the forest of seaweed below them and clamped down on her ankle. Fleur panicked, kicking her legs wildly as she righted herself and brought her wand to bare. A flash of red came from the tip of her wand, followed by a jet of boiling hot water. The jet of scalding water hit the hand, forcing it to let go of her. She tried to swim away, but several more grey, wrinkled hands shot out from the seaweed, latching on to her other leg.

Desperately, Fleur tried to swim up, the powerful kicks of her legs sending the seaweed below her swaying to the side and revealing a number of grey, round heads with yellow, lamp like eyes and rows of sharp, pointed teeth set in its wide mouth. Grindylows. Dozens of them shot out from the hiding spots and swarmed Fleur, grabbing on to her arms and legs with their long fingered, webbed hands as they tried to pull her deeper into the thick forest of seaweed. Kicking his legs, Harry swam towards her as fast as he could, spells leaping from his wand only to turn into jets of hot, scalding water a split second after they left the tip. Fleur tried to curse them as well, but it only took them moments to recognize the danger and wrap themselves tightly around her arm, immobilizing it and rendering her wand useless.

Stopping just a few feet from Fleur, he stopped casting spells when he realized the risk of hitting her as she thrashed madly in the water was too great. Thinking quickly, he decided to try a different kind of spell.

“Relashio!” He shouted into the water.

He was surprised when his voice actually carried, rather than just turning into a stream of bubbles from his mouth like he expected. The Revulsion Jinx worked perfectly, leaving Fleur untouched as it sent the roiling ball of squid like creatures surrounding her flying back. Unfortunately, it only helped for a moment as they shook their heads and hissed angrily as they tried to swarm her again. He was going to need something to stop them, not just push them away. He had an idea, but he needed to get them away from Fleur first. As they closed in on the beautiful blonde once more, Harry cast the Revulsion Jinx again, this time with even more power.

“Over here you slimy little buggers!” Harry shouted.

As one, the large group of Grindylows turned and hissed at him angrily as they darted towards him. Harry swam backwards, trying to more distance between him and Fleur who looked on wide eyed, her face and body covered in dozens of small scratches. Once he was sure he was far enough away, he stopped suddenly and leveled his wand.

“Flumenos!” Harry shouted.

Long, thin tendrils of lightning scratched out from the tip of his wand and raced through the water, fingers of electricity moving from one Grindylow to the next. The small creatures gave a high-pitched cry of pain, shaking in place as they were electrocuted. The shock only lasted for a second before is dissipated, leaving them floating still in the water. A moment later, they jerked back to life and shot off, diving back into the safety of the seaweed forest. Letting out a relieved sigh, Harry waited a few seconds to see if they came back before swimming back over to Fleur.

“Are you okay?” He asked in concern.

Fleur nodded her head, her lips moving as she tried to speak, but he couldn't hear any words.

"Sorry, I can't hear you." He said apologetically.

She looked at him and very clearly mouth the words 'Thank you' with a smile.

"You're welcome." He said, smiling back at her. "Come on, we should go before they decide to come back."

Fleur nodded, looking around nervously as they swam off, Harry moving slowly so she could keep up with him. As they descended into the depths of the lake, the water grew darker, making it even harder to see, even with his enhanced vision. Lighting their wands, they slowly swam to the bottom of the lake, searching with what little light they had until Harry came across what looked like a stone road. Holding up his wand, he flashed the light coming from the tip to get Fleur's attention until she swam over to him. Together, they followed the road, swimming side by side into the deepest part of the lake.

After a few minutes, they saw lights in the distance and approached cautiously. Eventually, they realized it was the village of the Merpeople. Swimming through the streets, they passed dozens of Mermen, women, and children who watched them curiously from a distance, coming out of their round mud huts to get a better look. Harry waved and smiled at a particularly brave young girl who escaped her parents grasp to swim closer. She smiled at him with white, pointed teeth and waved back as they swam passed. Soon, they made it to the center of the village where there was a handful of young Mermen, armed with spears, standing guard before a large pillar in the very center of the square.

Approaching cautiously, Harry watched the Mermen intently as they parted upon their approach. As they moved out of the way, he could make out three figures tied to the pillar, including a very distinctive and familiar head of bushy brown hair. Forgetting caution, Harry and Fleur raced to the pillar. She went directly to a young blonde girl while Harry went straight for Hermione. Fear gripped his heart as he looked at her still, lifeless form. He saw a small stream of bubbles leave her mouth and reached forward to check for a pulse. It was faint and slow, but

she was alive. Letting out a huge sigh of relief, he took out his wand and tried to cut her free, only for a jet of boiling water to shoot from the tip, leaving the ropes untouched.

Growling in frustration, Harry looked around until he found a fist sized rock on the ground. Picking it up, he tapped it with his wand, watching in relief as it turned into a knife like he intended. Quickly, he cut Hermione free and held her close to him as he pulled her from the pillar. Looking around the side of the pillar at Fleur, he saw her frantically pulling at the robe, her eyes wide with fear and panic. Holding Hermione to his side, he swam over to her, tapping her on the shoulder to get her attention. When she turned, he offered the knife to her. She took it from him and gave him a grateful smile as she turned back to the ropes. Looking closer at the young girls tied to the pillar, he estimated that she was about ten years old. She also had the same golden blonde hair as Fleur, and a similar face, leading him to think she was Fleur's little sister. He couldn't believe the organizers would allow a girl so young to be placed in such danger.

As Fleur cut the girl free, he peeked around the pillar to look at the third hostage. It was a young woman who looked to be only a couple of years older than him, maybe nineteen or twenty. She was rather pretty, with a thin, fit body and long, dark hair. He didn't recognize her from the school, but he remembered some girls in the library bemoaning the fact that Krum was engaged. Given the circumstances, he assumed that was her. Just as Fleur cut the little girl free and pulled her into her arms, a dark shadow drifted over them. Looking up, he saw what looked to be a man with a shark's head swimming over them.

The Mermen guards raised their spears, watching who he was sure was Krum swim by. He recognized the incomplete transfiguration and could only hope that Krum was able to keep his mind. Human to animal transfiguration was dangerous even when done perfectly, and even more so when done poorly. It would be quite easy for him to lose his mind to the animal he tried to become. Fleur watched the shark man cautiously as he circled the pillar. Clutching the girl to her chest, she tried to move away just as Krum shot forward, his mouth opening to show rows upon rows of sharp teeth. Krum hit the pillar face first, causing it to shake from the impact as his teeth locked onto the rope. Thrashing wildly back and forth to cut the rope with his teeth, his motions sent the side of his body slamming into Fleur as she tried to get out of the way, knocking her back.

Harry swam over to her and pulled her out of the way, and that's when he noticed the young girls moving in her arms. When Krum had hit them, one of his fins had cut the girls arm, breaking the enchantment. Her blue eyes opened wide in, full of terror and panic when she

realized she was underwater. Fleur and Harry looked at her in horror as she looked at them pleadingly, large bubbles of air escaping her mouth. Fleur made to start swimming up, but Harry stopped her, knowing she'd never make it to the surface in time. Fleur fought against him, but he easily pulled her back down to the lake floor and pointed his wand at the girl. With significant effort, he forced a bubble of air to form around the girl's head, pushing the water back.

It started out small, a bubble just big enough to cover the girl's head and give her breath of air, which she gasped in desperately. Slowly, the bubble expanded until it was large enough to surround both Fleur and the girl, allowing them to stand normally on the lake floor as it formed a dome around them. To make matters worse, he could feel his Gillyweed running out. His neck stung and his hands and feet ached as they slowly reverted back to normal. Taking a deep breath, he winced as his gills vanished and his hands and feet shrank. Once the transformation was finished, he swam forward into the bubble. The moment he was inside, Hermione stirred and woke in his arms, looking around in shock at where she was.

"Harry, what's going on? Why are we still underwater?" She asked.

"Fleur's hostage woke up. It was the only thing I could do." He told her.

"You saved 'er life." Fleur said, holding her frightened sister tightly as she knelt next to her.
"Thank you."

"Don't thank me just yet. We're not out of this yet." Harry said, looking up as he tried to think of a solution.

Outside the bubble, the Mermen surrounded them, looking on in a mixture of curiosity and amazement. Suddenly, the group on one side shrieked and swam away as Krum returned, heading straight for the bubble with his hostage in tow. As soon as he entered the bubble, he reverted back to completely human, hitting the ground hard and rolling, his arms wrapped protectively around the woman in his arms. Harry ran over to him, helping him to his feet as the woman in his arms woke up and looked around in confusion.

“Krum, why didn’t you just go to the surface?” He asked.

“Is my fault girl woke up. Came back to help.” He explained in broken English, helping the woman to her feet.

Harry nodded and clapped him on the shoulder.

“Right, what are our options?” Harry asked loudly.

“We can use zhe Bubble’ead Charm.” Fleur said, climbing to her feet and pulling the girl with her.

“That won’t work.” Hermione said, biting her lip with a thoughtful look.

“Why?” Fleur asked sharply, looking slightly offended.

“The pressure of the water would pop them the moment we leave. The bubble is fine when you gradually add pressure to it, but it can’t take sudden changes.” She explained.

Fleur pouted; her eyes unfocused as she tried to think of something else.

“What about zhe stuff ‘Arry used?” She asked.

Harry shook his head.

“I used Gillyweed, but I don’t have any more.” He told her.

“What about zhe spell Victor used?” She asked desperately. “Can you do zhe same to us?”

“Human to animal Transfiguration is incredibly dangerous.” Hermione said before Victor could answer. “The fact that Victor was able to keep his mind with an incomplete transformation was a miracle. I don’t think it would work a second time. Even if it did, using the spell on himself and using it on someone else are two completely different things.”

“What if Krum uses it on himself to go get help?” Harry asked her.

“It’s possible.” She admitted. “It would take a while for them to reach us though. Even if you could hold this spell for that long, we’d run out of air before they reached us.”

There was silence for a long moment as everyone realized the gravity of the situation. The little girl, who didn’t seem to understand English, tugged on Fleur’s arm, and spoke to her in French. He didn’t need to understand the word to know what she was saying from the tremble in her voice and the fear in her eyes. Fleur hugged her, stroking her back soothingly as she did her best to reassure her.

“What’s her name?” Harry asked as he walked closer.

“Gabrielle. She ees my seester.” Fleur said.

Harry squatted down in front of her and gave her charming smile.

“Hello Gabrielle. You know, I have a sister that’s about your age. How’d you like to come to our castle and play with her when we get out of here? I’m sure she’d love to be friends with you.” Harry told her.

Fleur smiled gratefully at him as she translated what he said. Gabrielle smiled brightly and nodded her head rapidly, her long, golden hair dancing with the motion. Harry smiled back and patted her on the shoulder as he stood up straight and looked at Fleur.

“We’ll get out of here, I promise.” Harry told her with certainty.

She nodded, looking unconvinced as she shivered, goosebumps coving her arms and her nipples straining against the tight, silvery fabric of her swimsuit. Trying not to stare, but unable to resist glancing at her voluptuous, barely covered body, he pointed his wand at her and cast a warming charm on her, and Gabrielle. She visibly relaxed, sighing contentedly as warmth enveloped her cold, wet body.

“Merci.” She said gratefully.

Harry smiled and nodded at her before turning away, focusing his mind on getting them out alive. Hermione was still pacing back and forth, biting her bottom lips cutely in thought. Further away, Krum and his fiancé were talking quietly but rapidly in Bulgarian. Slowly, a plan formed in his mind. It was dangerous, but it could work, and frankly, they didn’t have a lot of time left. He could already feel the air starting to run out.

“Krum.” Harry called out loudly, waving him over.

Victor walked over to him, and Harry led him further away from the rest of the group.

“I have an idea, but I need you to do something for me.” Harry said quietly to which Krum nodded with a grunt. “I need you to make sure Hermione goes with you. Stun her if you have to. There won’t be time for me to argue with her. Promise me you will get her out of here.”

Krum looked at him with narrowed eyes from a moment before nodding again.

“Ja, I vill.” He said heavily.

Harry nodded at him and clapped him on the shoulder gratefully, then turned back to the rest of the group.

"Alright, I know how to get us out of here, but we're going to have to move fast." He said loudly.

"What are you going to do?" Hermione asked as everyone moved closer to crowd around him.

"I'm going to extend the bubble all the way to the shore, and we're going to make a run for it." Harry explained.

"Harry, the bubble would have to be massive to reach the shore. Are you sure you can do that?" She asked nervously.

"I'm sure." Harry told her confidently. "Everyone ready?"

The others glanced at each other nervously, uncertainty written all over their face. Nevertheless, they all nodded at him. Walking to the edge of the bubble facing the shore, he looked at the Mermen watching them curiously and motioned for them to move out of the way.

"Get out of the way!" He shouted at them, unsure if they could understand him.

Thankfully, they understood enough and moved to the side. Taking a deep, fortifying breath, Harry raised his arms in front of him, his wand held tightly in his right hand. Planting his feet, Harry used his magic to grab a hold of the water in front of him and moved his arms apart. Grunting and straining with exertion, the water parted all the way to the surface. Towering walls of water, hundreds of feet high, stood on either side as he parted the lake, creating a long, straight canyon. Gradually, the water parted further and further away until, finally, he could see the shore, nearly a quarter of a kilometer away. Behind him, there were gasps of shock as they witnessed his incredible feat of magic.

"Go! Hurry!" Harry yelled in a strained voice.

“What about you!?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“I’ll be fine. Go!” Harry yelled. “Krum, get her out of here!”

Krum picked Hermione up and tossed her over his shoulder. Hermione kicked and screamed as he took off running, followed closely by his fiancé. His heart nearly broke looking at her tear-stained face as she was carried off. Fleur picked up her sister and took off after them, turning back to look at him sadly for a moment. Harry’s muscles screamed as he struggled to hold back the water as he watched them run. It took every last ounce of his strength to hold the passage open long enough for them to reach the shore. As exhaustion overtook him, the last thing he saw was Hermione screaming for him as she fought against Krum’s tight hold. He just made out the crowd from the stands rushing over to them, with Dumbledore leading the charge, when the last of his strength gave out and everything went black.

On the shore, Harry’s parents, friends, and teachers watched in horror as two mountainous walls of water crashed down upon Harry, swallowing him up instantly.

“NOOOO!” Hermione yelled in a heartbroken scream, her legs giving out under her.

Behind her, Lily and James began demanding help for the professors and organizers as they rushed to the water’s edge. Ron and Neville ran up to Hermione picking her up as Krum tried to apologize to her over the rumble of the crowd. Fleur clutched her sister to her chest tightly, turning her away from the sight. A tear ran down her face as she watched the brave young man who saved their lives get swallowed up by the lake in an instant. Seconds later, their mother arrived, hugging them tightly and checking them for injuries as water splashed around their feet from the massive waves the collapse created.

Just as the waves settled, and several Aurors prepared to enter the water, the heads of dozens of Mermen popped to the surface, their hands supporting Harry beaten body above the water. They carried him closer to the shore as the Aurors rushed forward and levitated him gently over to them.

“Out of the way!” A grey-haired witch yelled, elbowing her way through the crowd. “Put him down over here.” She instructed the Aurors, pointing to a flat patch of grass.

The crowd surrounding him was pushed back by the Aurors as the healer began working on him. Pointing her wand at his chest, she gave it a twirl and a flick. Water shot out of Harry’s mouth, and he sucked in a gasping wheezing breath, bringing a collective sigh of relief from everyone around him, especially his parents.

“Punctured lung, broken ribs, bruised liver and kidneys. We need to get him to the Hospital wing.” The healer said, looking at Dumbledore.

“Will he be okay Madam Pomphrey?” Hermione asked desperately, her face streaked with tears.

“He’ll be fine, Ms. Granger. Now, you lot, move!” She demanded, conjuring a stretcher under him, and levitating him.

The crowd parted for her, moving out of the way as they gawked at their Prince.

“Are you alright, Fleur?” Apolline asked her daughter.

“He saved our lives.” She said in lieu of answering. *“He could have left us. His hostage was fine, but he stayed and risked his life to save ours.”*

Apolline looked at her daughter worriedly as she wrapped a warm blanket tightly around her shoulders.

“Then our family is in his debt. Do you think he will use it against us?” She asked in concern.

"No." Fleur said with certainty. "I doubt he will even ask for anything, but I would like to repay him. It's the least we can do."

Apolline looked at her curiously for a moment before a sly smile stretched across her lips.

"You like him, don't you?" She asked.

"Yes." She admitted a bit shyly.

Apolline let out a chuckle as she hugged her daughter. Gabrielle looked up at them with a smile and tugged at her mother's robes to get her attention.

"Maman, if Harry and Fleur get married, does that make her a princess?" She asked curiously.

"Gabrielle!" Fleur yelled aghast as Apolline laughed.

"Yes, it does." She told her youngest.

"Does that mean I get to be a princess too?" Gabrielle asked hopefully.

"Maybe." Apolline said, giving Fleur a teasing look. *"If your sister is willing to share when you get older."*

"Maman!" Fleur yelled in embarrassment.

"I'm only teasing you." She said, smiling as she wrapped her arms around her shoulders and leading her daughters back up to the castle. *"Now, how did you plan on thanking your Prince?"*

Three days later, Harry was released from the Hospital Wing with a clean bill of health just before dinner. Entering the Great Hall, he was greeted by thunderous applause. Even quite a few Slytherins clapped politely for him, much to the consternation of Draco Malfoy. Hermione, even though she was still mad at him, insisted on sticking to his side, mothering him at every opportunity. Harry let her, feeling like it was a way of making up for the stress he put her through. After dinner, they left to head back to the common room where Fred and George were waiting to hold a victory party in his honor. Given the rather unusual situation, the judges had decided to award Fleur and Krum forty-five points each, while Harry was given a full fifty points for his determination in rescuing the hostages. Apparently, Dumbledore had called it moral fiber.

“Arry.” Fleur called out just as he entered the Entrance Hall. “Could I speak wiz you?”

“Sure.” He said before turning to Hermione. “I’ll meet you back in the common room.”

Hermione hesitated a moment before nodding and following Ron and Neville up the stairs. Turning back to Fleur, she grabbed his arm and led him into the front courtyard, which was nearly empty this time of night.

“My mozzer and I would like to eenvite you to ‘ave dinner wiz us zhis weekend. We want to zhank you for saving me and my seester.” She told him, one hand gripping his bicep while the other rested on his forearm.

“I would be honored.” Harry said with a smile, his skin tingling pleasantly from her touch.

“Bon.” Fleur said, giving him a sultry smile. “I weel see you tomorrow night, seven o’clock?”

“Sounds good. Is this a formal occasion?” He asked.

“Non, but dress nicely.” She told him. “Good night, ‘Arry.”

The way she said his name sent a pleasant shiver down his spine as she leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. There was a pleasurable burning sensation on his cheek where her lips touched. Letting go of his arm, she gave him a promising look before turning to walk onto the grounds and towards the Beauxbatons carriage. Her ass swayed alluringly as she walked away, drawing his eyes to her curvaceous figure. She gave him a look over her shoulder, a smile on her lips as he watched her disappear into the carriage. It made him wonder just how she planned to thank him tomorrow night.

The next day, Harry walked out onto the grounds, dressed in a dark green shirt dress shirt and a pair of black slacks. His feet crunched through the thin layer of snow covering the ground as he approached the Beauxbatons carriage and raised his hand to knock on the door. A few seconds later, the door opened, and he was rendered breathless by the stunningly beautiful woman standing in front of him wearing a tight, dark red dress. She had the same golden blonde hair as Fleur, and a similar face, but looked to be in her early thirties. The red dress clung to her perfect hourglass figure like a second skin, the neck plunging to reveal a large amount of pale, smooth cleavage. Her wide hips flared out from her thin waist, leading to long, toned legs, barely covered by the dress that ended just before her knees.

“Prince ‘Arry, eet’s a pleasure to meet you. I’m Apolline, Fleur’s mozher.” She greeted him, smiling with her perfect white teeth framed by plump red lips.

Harry mentally shook himself and smiled charmingly at her as he entered.

“Pleasure to meet you, Madam Delacour. Please, just call me Harry.” He said, taking her hand and kissing the back of it.

“Apolline.” She said in return. “Follow me, I’ll show you where we weel be dining.”

Following her down the narrow hall deeper into the carriage, he couldn't help but admire the way her hips popped and her wide, jutting ass swayed in front of him with each step. Halfway down the hall, Apolline turned left and pushed open a door. Inside was a large bedroom with an

area in front of the bed cleared to fit a table set for three. Fleur, who was sitting on the massive four-poster bed waiting for them, stood when they entered. She was wearing a little black dress that somehow seemed even tighter than the one Apolline was wearing. As the two women stood side by side, he got a brief chance to compare them. They looked more like sisters than mother and daughter, their bodies almost identical. Although, Apolline had more pronounced hips and a wider ass, while Fleur had slightly larger, perkier breasts.

“Bon jour, ‘Arry.” Fleur said with a smile, her pink lips glistening.

“Hello, Fleur. Are Gabrielle and Mr. Delacour not joining us?” Harry asked curiously.

“My ‘usband passed away a few years ago.” Apolline told him.

“I’m so sorry.” Harry said, mentally kicking himself.

“Eet’s alright, you deedn’t know.” She assured him. “As for Gabrielle, she ees having a sleep over wiz your seester. Your parents said eet was your idea.”

“Oh, yeah.” Harry said, the memory returning. “Sorry, my memory is a bit foggy.”

“Come, let’s eat.” Fleur said, waving him over to the table.

Harry sat down at the table across from Fleur and Apolline to his right. As soon as he sat down, food appeared on their plates, along with a bottle of wine. As they ate and drank, they talked and got to know each other better. Harry told them what it was like growing up as a Prince, while they explained to him what it was like living in France. He found out that Apolline was a healer and that Fleur planned to become a Charms Mistress after school.

“What about you Harry?” Fleur asked him.

“Well, I don’t really get much of a choice. I’ll have to take over as King eventually, but I really enjoy studying and creating magical artifacts.” He answered.

“Really?” Apolline asked.

“I find it interesting, and I like making things.” He said with a shrug.

“Perhaps you and Fleur could work togezzer sometime.” She said with a smiling glance at Fleur.

Throughout the night, there were several times where it felt to him like Apolline was hoping for something to happen between him and Fleur, not that he would complain about that. Fleur didn’t seem too opposed to it either, if her occasional flirty looks was anything to go by. Soon, the food was gone, and they were on their second bottle of wine as they talked.

“Harry, zhere ees one more zhing we need to talk about.” Apolline said, sipping her red wine and giving him a sultry look. “Our family owes you a debt for saving Fleur and Gabrielle. Eef zhere ees anyzhing you would ask of us, eet ees yours.”

Harry swallowed thickly as her deeper than normal voice sent lewd thoughts racing through his mind.

“Er, really, you don’t have to do that.” Harry told her.

“Zhere ees nozhing you would have us do?” She asked, staring at him intently.

“No.” He said firmly, regaining his composure. “Honestly, you don’t owe me anything.”

Apolline face split into a bright smile as she stared at him.

"Fleur was right about you." She said.

Turning to her daughter, they smiled at each other before they turned back to him with lascivious looks. Under the table, Apolline placed her hand on his thigh and slowly slid it up his leg.

"Arry, we *want* to zhank you." She told him in a husky voice.

"Well, I wouldn't say no..." Harry said, his excitement growing.

Apolline gave him an almost predatory smile as her hand reached his crotch and rubbed the rapidly hardening bulge in the front of his pants.

"Mmh, zhat feels impressive." She murmured, caressing his length.

Harry closed his eyes and groaned ran over his clothed shaft lightly. A short, musical laugh from across the table reminded him that Fleur was still there, and he was being felt up by her mother. Seeing his nervous look, she smirked at him and stood up. Swaying her hips provocatively as she walked around the table, she hiked up her skirt, revealing more of her smooth, toned legs before throwing her leg over him and sitting down in his lap, facing him. Resting her arms on his shoulders, her played with hair at the back of his as she leaned forward and pressed her lips to his in a searing, tongue filled kiss. Harry rested his hands on her hips as they kiss, slowly sliding them around to her back and then down to her full, round cheek, squeezing them firmly. When they finally broke apart for air, Fleur gave him a sultry smile, her fingers gently running through his hair.

"Zhank you for saving us, 'Arry." She said sincerely.

"You're welcome." Harry said, slightly dazed, his lips tingling pleasantly. "You know, if this is what I get for saving you, I might have to do it more often."

Fleur and Apolline both let out a musical, tinkling laugh that made his stomach flip and his erection pulse.

“We’re not feenished zhanking you yet, ‘Arry.” Apolline purred.

Standing up, Apolline held out her hands, helping Fleur to her feet first and then Harry. Guiding them over to the foot of the bed, she pushed him back so that the back of his knees hit the bed and forced him to sit. Mother and daughter looked at each other, communicating silently and turned back to him with a smirk before they dropped to their knees. Apolline quickly undid his belt and opened his pants, allowing him to jump free where it bobbed up and down in front of her face.

“C’est magnifique.” Fleur gasped, reaching up to run her fingers along his rigid shaft.

Apolline smiled up at him as she grabbed him by the base and stroked him lightly as she leaned forward and wrapped her plump red lips around his head. Harry tilted his head back, closing his eyes with a groan as her hot, wet tongue swirled around his sensitive tip. Bobbing her head, she took more and more of his length into her mouth her lips stretching wide around his girth, leaving streaks of red lipstick down his shaft. His skin tingled and burned in the most pleasurable way everywhere her saliva touched, leaving his cock enveloped in the most pleasurable feeling he had ever felt. Sealing her mouth around him tightly, she pulled back, sucking hard as she dragged her full, pouty lips up his shaft until they came off of the head with an audible *pop*.

Smirking at him, she shifted to the side slightly and handed his rock-hard, throbbing length over to Fleur. She wasted no time in taking him in hand and taking him between her full, pink lips. Bobbing her head rapidly up and down the top half of his shaft, her tongue scraping along the underside of his cock, she stared up at him lustfully as she sucked him hard. Pausing while still staring into his eyes, her mouth full of his rigid meat, she descended further. Effortlessly, she swallowed his entire length, her nose pressed into his groin as she deep throated him. Harry gritted his teeth, fighting back his rising climax. Fleur pulled back slowly, her tongue caressing the underside of his length and sucking hard enough to hollow her cheeks as she pulled off of him.

She passed him back to Apolline, who plunged her mouth back down onto him immediately, swallowing his entire length to the base just as easily as her daughter. Harry reached forward, running his fingers through their silky-smooth hair as they continued taking turns deep throating his impressively large cock. It wasn't long before they had him on the brink of a powerful climax.

"I'm close." Harry murmured.

Fleur, who was bobbing her head up and down on his rigid length, pulled her mouth off of him. Teasingly, she laid his spit-soaked shaft on her face and started placing gentle, sucking kiss along his throbbing shaft. Harry groaned, not sure whether he should be frustrated or grateful that she intended to prolong his pleasure. Apolline reached over and grabbed him by the base, lightly slapping his damp cock on her daughter's face playfully. Fleur giggled and moved her face, giving her mother a faux glare. Smiling at her daughter, she motioned her over with a finger as she wrapped her lips around the side of his wide shaft. Fleur did the same on the other side, their lips just barely touching around his girth.

Slowly, they worked their way up his length, sucking, kissing, and licking his shaft. Reaching the head, their lips met firmly around his tip, their tongues dueling around him. To him, it looked like they were making out and his cock just happened to be in the way. A minute later, Apolline gripped his base firmly and went back to sucking his cock while Fleur dipped down and took his balls into her mouth. Apolline bobbed on him quickly, going from the tip to deep throating his raging cock over and over again. Harry groaned as his cock throbbed, gripping her hair tightly in his hands. A loud, wet sucking sound came from her throat each time she drove him into her slick, tight throat. Again, Harry felt his climax rapidly rising.

"I'm close." Harry warned her.

Thankfully, this time, she showed no signs of stopping. Pulling her head back slightly, she rocked her head back and forth on the top half of his length rapidly, her tongue dancing around his shaft, caressing him. Fleur moved her lips from his balls to the base of his cock, licking and sucking at the base of his cock. Harry's muscles tensed, his legs shaking as he came powerfully, his cock swelling and pulsing against her slithering tongue. As soon as the first hot, salty jet of cum shot from his tip to splash against the back of her mouth, Apolline pulled back until only the head remained in her mouth. Her hand stroked his shaft rapidly as Fleur moved out of the way, sucking hard with her mouth as his cum filled her mouth.

When his orgasm finally waned, she pulled her mouth off of him, careful to keep her lips sealed around him to trap his cum inside. Wrapping her arm around Fleur's waist, she pulled her close, her other hand coming up to stroke her cheek as she slowly leaned forward. Fleur leaned forward, pressing their lips together in an open-mouthed kiss. Apolline used her tongue to push a large wad of his cum into her mouth. A couple of seconds later, they broke apart and tilted their heads up to look at him with a sultry, lust-filled gazes. Opening their mouths, they showed him the cum coating their tongues before they closed them again and made a show of swallowing.

"Bloody hell." Harry said in awe.

The girls giggled as they climbed to their feet. Both of them grabbed their dresses and pulled them up and over their heads before dropping them to the floor, revealing that neither of them was wearing a bra. Harry's partially limp cock throbbed, swelling back to life as he stared at their incredible bodies. They both had large, round breasts with puffy, light pink nipples, though Fleur's were slightly bigger and perkier than Apolline's, while Apolline's hips, ass and thighs were slightly thicker. As they pushed down their panties, he noticed another difference. While Fleur was shaved bald, Apolline had a small strip of blonde hair above her slit. Walking up to him, they quickly stripped him, Fleur lifting off his shirt and Apolline removing his pants, leaving him as naked as they were.

"Do you mind if I go first?" Apolline asked, looking at Fleur.

"Non." She answered, shaking her head.

Apolline smiled before turning back to Harry.

"Move back on the bed." She told him.

Harry eagerly scooted back until he was laying in the center of the bed. Apolline crawled over to him, her big tits swaying as she threw her leg over him and straddled his waist. Grabbing his cock, which was still working its way back to full hardness, she laid it against his stomach and

pressed her hot, damp slit on top of it, grinding her weight onto him. Harry groaned, the incredible burning, tingling sensation even stronger than before. Apolline leaned over him, her large breasts dragging over his chest, her hard nipples rubbing against his muscles as she kissed him passionately. As they kissed, she rocked her hips back and forth in short movements, grinding herself onto him as her wet lips hugged his shaft. Reaching up, Harry grabbed both of her breasts, squeezing them firmly, his fingers sinking into her soft, smooth flesh as her stiff nipples rubbed against his palms.

It didn't take long for Harry's cock to reach full hardness with this stunning woman on top of him. Sitting up and flipping her hair over her shoulders, she raised herself up on her knees and grabbed his cock, guiding it to her wet entrance. Harry groaned as she ran his head between her lips, coating in her arousal, before she lowered herself onto his erection. Apolline threw her head back and moaned deeply as he sank into her tight, hot core. When she bottomed out, she paused, eyes closed as she savored the feeling of being filled.

"Eet's been so long." She moaned, licking her lips.

The bed shifted as Fleur crawled over to him, laying on her side next to him and stroking his chest and abs with a delicate touch.

"Maman 'asn't been wiz a man since my papa died." She told him quietly, giving him a smile.

Harry wasn't sure what to say to that, so he settled for leaning in and kissing her deeply. As he made out with Fleur, Apolline began riding him. Slowly, she raised herself up half his length before lowering herself back down and rolling her hips to grind her clit against him.

"Does eet feel good, maman?" Fleur asked, her hand trailing lightly down his stomach and causing his muscles to twitch.

"Oui." She gasped; eyes closed as she gained speed with her movements.

Fleur smiled as her hand moved down further, running up her mother's leg until she reached her pussy and began rubbing her clit with the pad of her thumb. Apolline let out sensual moan, her luscious breasts bouncing and swaying as she pressed her hands against his chest to support her weight, nails digging lightly into his skin. Harry grabbed her hips and thrust up into her hot, slick walls in time with her movements, her large, plush ass clapping against his thighs. Her whole body trembled and shook, her breasts jiggling incredibly as he drove his cock up into her. She began to moan and chant in French as her walls fluttered around him. Seconds later she screamed as she came hard. She sat up straight as her pussy clamping down tightly on his cock. Her hips bucked wildly, and her arousal soaked his shaft as Fleur continued to rub her clit frantically.

When she came down from her climax, she collapsed onto his chest and buried her face in his neck, groaning as he continued to thrust into her. Wrapping his arms around her back, Harry rolled them over, so she was on her back with him on top of her. Pushing himself up on his arms, he slammed his cock into her still quivering core. A loud, wet sucking sound came from between them as her walls sucked him in. Apolline gasped and moaned as he fucked her hard, her breasts bouncing wildly on her chest. Fleur crawled over to her and threw her leg over her mother's head, so she was kneeling over her face with her back to Harry. Her full, round ass was sticking out inches from Harry's face as she lowered her wet pussy onto Apolline's mouth.

He had a perfect view as Apolline opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, kissing, licking and sucking at Fleur's hot, pink slit. Fleur moaned, her legs shaking as Apolline reached up and grabbed two handfuls of her ass, pulling her cheeks apart. This gave Harry a perfect view of Fleur's puckered hole and tight lips as Apolline pleased her. Unable to resist the temptation, Harry dipped his head down and ran his tongue over her tight wrinkled hole while still hammering his aching cock into Apolline. Fleur let out a gasp and then moaned wantonly, thrusting her ass back towards him.

Once her back door was covered in his saliva, Harry leaned back, putting most of his weight on his knees. Moving his hand up as Apolline held her open, he pushed the tip of his index finger into her asshole. Again, Fleur gasped and moaned, her thick thigh shaking, but she didn't pull away. Slowly, Harry started sawing his finger in and out of her until the entire length of his finger was buried in her rear. Pulling his finger all the way out of her, he moved them down to her damp pussy, sticking two fingers in her briefly to lubricate them. When he pulled them out, he pushed his index and middle fingers back into her tight, hot ass. Fleur moaned and pushed herself back onto his fingers, driving them deeper into her tightest hole. Harry continued pumping his fingers in and out of her as he plowed into Apolline, his climax rapidly building.

Suddenly, Fleur screamed, her ass clamping down on his fingers as her arousal flooded Apolline's mouth. Moments later, Apolline came as well, her walls clamping down on his cock as she moaned into Fleur's pussy, her hips bucking wildly. The added stimulation pushed Harry over the edge, his cock swelling as he pulsed inside of her over and over. Fleur moved forward, causing his fingers to fall out of her and collapsed onto her side with a groan. With her mouth free, Apolline screamed out her pleasure, her walls spasming around his length. Harry grunted, grinding his cock into as deeply as possible as he filled her.

When his orgasm finished, he rolled over to the side, lying down between Apolline and Fleur. Apolline curled up to his side, resting her head on his chest. After taking a few moments to recover, Fleur reached over and worked at bringing back his erection while leaning over to kiss him. Harry reached over and pulled her on top of him when he felt himself starting to rise again. Grabbing her ass, he pulled her up his body until her breasts were dangling over his face. Burying his face between her huge, soft mound, he nuzzled her breasts before turning to take one of her soft pink nipples into his mouth. Fleur moaned and ran her fingers through his hair, caressing his scalp as he kissed and sucked at her amazing breasts.

Moving herself back down his body she grabbed the base of his cock and sank down slowly on his length. Both of them moaned in unison as his fat cock stretched her tight, smooth walls as she sank down onto him. When she bottomed out, she leaned down and kissed him hungrily on the lips, her breasts dragging across his chest. Raising herself up until only the head remained between her tight lips, she suddenly dropped down on to him, her ass clapping loudly against his thighs. Several times she repeated the process, raising herself up to the tip before dropping her weight back down on to him.

Breaking the kiss and pausing her movements, she smirked down at him as she raised completely off his rigid cock and lined him up with her back door.

"Ees zhis what you wanted?" She asked teasingly.

Before he could answer, Fleur slowly lowered her ass on to him. The head of his cock strained against her asshole until it suddenly gave way and he popped inside, causing both of them to groan. Harry couldn't believe how tight and hot her passage was, her ring choking his shaft.

Looking up at her, he got a bit worried when he saw her clenching her eyes shut tightly, and her mouth open slightly as she panted.

“Fleur?” He called to her softly.

“Eet’s okay.” Apolline said to Fleur, climbing behind her and wrapping her arms around her waist. “Take eet slow your first time.”

Harry’s eyes widened as he looked from Fleur to Apolline, surprised. Apolline smiled at him reassuringly as she caressed Fleur’s stomach soothingly.

“Take eet a leetle beet at a time.” She told her daughter, using her arms to guide her movements.

Fleur bounced up and down on him slowly, moving barely an inch at first, but gradually taking more and more as Apolline guided her. Within a couple of minutes, she was taking half his length, panting and moaning as she picked up speed and grew more confident.

“Does eet feel good, cheri?” Apolline asked.

“Oui.” She gasped. “So good.”

Apolline smiled and kissed her cheek, her hands no longer guiding her but caressing a breast with one hand while the other moved down to her wet lips. Fleur let out a desperate moan as she bounced more aggressively on his cock, her slick tunnel swallowing more and more of him each time he descended. Soon, she was taking his entire cock, bouncing hard as Apolline continued to rub her clit. Fleur’s eyes were glazed with lust, her lips parted as she panted in pleasure. Her pale, perky tits bounced and jiggled enticingly on her chest every time she dropped down on his length. The incredible heat of her extremely tight rear pushed him rapidly closer to his climax.

Fleur began whispering, babbling in French as her body tensed and quivered. Apolline rubbed her frantically as Fleur reached her peak, her body seizing as she threw her head back in a silent scream. Apolline wrapped her arm around her tightly, holding her to her chest. A sudden, high-pitched whine left her throat as Fleur came explosively, a shower of arousal spraying out of her spasming pussy and soaking his stomach as her ass clamped down on his shaft. With a grunt, Harry came, flooding her ass with his seed in powerful jets. Before he was finished, she fell forward onto his chest, causing his cock to fall out of her.

Still in the middle of his orgasm, Harry ended up covering Apolline's stomach and chest with several lines of cum. She laughed, reaching down to stroke him as he finished, unconcerned with the mess covering her front. When it finally ended, Harry sank into the mattress tiredly, his cock aching slightly from so much use. Fleur nuzzled his neck as she laid on top of him, shifting slightly to the side to get comfortable. Apolline ran her finger through a line of cum on her breast and sucked her finger into her mouth with a sexy smirk. Grabbing her wand off the bedside table, she used a spell to clean herself before curling up to Harry's other side, leaning over to give him a kiss.

As they settled down to sleep, Harry smiled at the two beautiful women surrounding him. He might be a Prince, but, right now, he felt like a King.

Chapter 2

It was early Monday morning before Harry finally left the carriage. Spending an entire weekend in bed with Fleur and Apolline was definitely an experience he was going to remember for the rest of his life. Unfortunately, it was time to get back to school.

Stepping out onto the front lawn, Harry squinted as his eyes adjusted to the bright morning sun. Wrapping his cloak tightly around his neck to fight off the biting cold of the Scottish winter, he walked down the steps of the carriage, the inch deep snow crunching under his feet.

"You know, it's really hard to protect you when you disappear for two days. You could've at least sent an owl." A familiar voice said from his left.

Harry turned to find Tonks leaning against the side of the carriage with her arms crossed over her chest. Next to her was a small, triangular green tent setup a few feet away and a small fire burning in front of it.

“Have you been camped out here all weekend?” he asked, staring at her incredulously.

Tonks scoffed. “No, but I've been freezing my arse off waiting for you for the last hour. If you didn't show up for breakfast, I was going to have to go in and start searching for you. Seriously, you couldn't send a note?”

“Sorry.” he said apologetically while running a hand through his hair. “I guess I got a bit...distracted.”

“I'll bet you did.” she said with a glare. “Can we go now? I can't feel my ears.”

“Yeah, we can go.” he told her. “You could use a warming charm, you know.”

“And set my knickers on fire again?” she asked.

Tonks flicked her wand twice. Once to vanish the fire, and the second rolled up the tent before it shot into her hand.

“How did you manage to set your knickers on fire with a warming charm?” Harry asked incredulously.

“You know I'm terrible with charms.” she grumbled as she stuffed the tent into the pocket of her robes.

Harry smiled and shook his head. Drawing his wand, he twirled it in her direction, silently casting a warming charm. Immediately, her shoulders relaxed and she closed her eyes with a contented sigh.

“Oh, that feels soo nice.” she moaned before opening her eyes and glaring at him again. “But I’m still mad at you.”

“I’m really sorry, Tonks.” he said, giving her his best puppy dog face. “I promise I’ll make it up to you.”

Tonks tried to keep a grumpy look on her face but give in a few seconds later at the sight of his wide, pleading green eyes.

“Fine.” she said through a sigh. “Just promise to send a note next time you plan on disappearing for two days to have a threesome.”

“I promise, I’ll-” Harry stopped dead in his tracks as what she said finally registered. “Wait, how did you...?”

Tonks turned around, grabbed him by the robes, and continued pulling him towards that castle.

“I went inside and asked where you were when you didn’t show up Saturday morning. Some of the girls inside told me you were still with Fleur and her mum. It didn’t take a genius to figure out what was happening.” she explained with a smirk.

“Oh.” he said blankly. “You don’t think anyone else knows, do you?”

“Please, Harry. This is Hogwarts.” she said. “The whole school probably thinks you have a weekend long orgy with every girl in the carriage by now.”

“Great.” he sighed in annoyance.

“I do wonder though, what are you going to tell your mum about why you were gone all weekend?” she asked with a smirk.

“Oh shit!”

Luckily, when they returned to the castle, Hary found out his parents had gone back home. That at least gave him more time to think of an excuse, if she still asked about it at all. As he sat down for breakfast with his friends, he was bombarded with questions about how he had spent his weekend. If anything, Tonks had understated the rumors going around the school. There were some truly insane theories about his different being passed around. One fifth year even asked him if it was true that they took him back to France so the Veela there could use him as a stud.

Harry had just managed to convince most of his classmates that they had just spent time getting to know him better when Fleur walked into the Great Hall. Ignoring the stares from nearly everyone in the Hall, she walked over to him with a smile and took a seat next to him. A kiss on the cheek was all it took to undo all of his work trying to stop even the most ridiculous rumors. Harry decided not to worry about it. He had enough experience with rumors to know they would die down eventually.

“Morning Fleur.” he said.

“Bonjour, Mon ours.” she greeted him.

“My bear?” Hermione asked with a furrowed brow.

“Oui, you speak French?” Fleur asked curiously as she nibbled on her toast.

“A little.” Hermione said, looking between the two of them suspiciously. “Are you two dating?”

Harry looked down at his plate and scratched the back of his back nervously.

“Er, well...” he started hesitantly. “You see, Fleur’s my...”

“Oui.” Fleur took over at his loss of words. “I am ‘Arry’s.”

“What do you mean you’re Harry’s” Hermione asked with narrowed eyes.

“My family owed ‘Arry a life debt for saving my seester. Our Veela magic demands zhat we repay ‘im, so, I am now ‘Arry’s.” Fleur explained, giving Harry an affectionate smile and leaning against his side.

“She’s your slave!” Hermione hissed at him, her eyes blazing with anger.

“It’s not like that, Hermione.” Harry said sharply but quietly. “I didn’t have a choice and neither did Fleur. You know I won’t treat her badly.”

“Oui.” Fleur said with a nod. “I’m vairy ‘appy wiz how zhings turned out.”

“But you didn’t have a choice.” Hermione argued indignantly

“Zhat doesn’t mean we are un’appy, ‘Ermione.” Fleur said softly.

Hermione struggled for words. Her mouth working silently. Fortunately, before she could regain her composure, Tonks arrived and plopped down in the sit next to him.

“Hey, Tonks.” he said. “This is Fleur. Fleur, this is Tonks, my bodyguard.”

“Bonjour.” Fleur said.

“Did you take a shower?” he asked, noticing her slightly damp hair.

“I had to go stand under the hot water for a couple of minutes. I felt like my bits were gonna fall off.” Tonks said.

“I don’t know ‘ow ‘Arry can stand to fly een zhis cold.” Fleur said, shivering as she glanced out the window at the snow-covered grounds.

“I know right.” Tonks agreed. “I was only out there for an hour and I’m surprised my nipples didn’t poke through my shirt.”

Looking down at the jumper she was wearing under her robes, Tonks extended her nipples until they were prominently visible through the thick red fabric.

“Tonks!” Hermione scolded.

“Ow deed you do zhat?” Fleur asked interestedly.

“I’m a Metamorphmagus.” Tonks said with a shrug before turning to Harry with a smirk.

“Honestly Harry, I’m surprised your bits haven’t shriveled up.”

“I ‘ope not. I enjoy zhem too much.” Fleur said with a coy smile.

“I’m going to the library.” Hermione announced, standing abruptly and marching out of the Hall with an irritated huff.

Harry, used to Tonks' teasing and crude humor, didn't even blush at the conversation. Fleur watched Hermione go and looked back him in concern.

"She'll be fine." Harry told her. "She just needs some time to take everything in."

"So, what the plan for today?" Tonks asked.

"I was thinking about working on my Ancient Runes project and practicing some dueling." he told her.

"Can I join you?" Fleur asked.

"Of course." he said.

Over the next couple of days, Harry spent a lot of time with Fleur, which didn't go unnoticed by the rest of the school. Hermione hardly spoke to him, spending most of her time doing research in the library. Harry knew she was upset more with the situation than with him. He would give her time to do her research and wrap her head around it. Meanwhile, Fleur and Tonks were getting along famously, which he found a bit surprising. At first glance, they seemed completely different, but it turned out they had a lot more in common than he thought. Often while he was doing schoolwork or practicing for the tournament, they could be found sitting nearby, talking and laughing about one thing or another.

Finally, after three days of reading every book out Veil she could get her hands on, Hermione finally tracked him down to have a talk.

"I'm sorry." she said, sitting down across from him in the library.

"You could have just asked me or Fleur, you know." he told her, looking up from his book on Runes.

"I just wanted to make sure I understood everything first." she said, a little defensively. "So, you really didn't have a choice."

"Nope." Harry said. "Her magic was going to bind her to me no matter what we did."

"But you can't force her to do anything, right?" Hermione asked, biting her lip cutely.

"No. It just means she's going to feel a connection to me until she can repay the debt." he said, only confirming what she probably already knew. "It's more like a compulsion charm than anything else. She feels the need to help me, but she could fight it if she wanted to."

"And she's acting so...affectionate with you because..."

"Because she wants to." Harry said with a nod.

"Oh."

"Yup. Now, if you're done with the inquisition, can you help me with this Rune set? I think it's right, but I'd rather it not blow up in my face again." he said with a smile, handing her his notes.

Things went back to normal with him and Hermione after that, and Harry was glad to have his best friend back. While Hermione didn't get along with Fleur quite as well as Tonks did, they were gradually becoming friends.

Saturday was the start of the last Hogsmeade weekend of the Calander year, and Harry had invited Fleur on a date with him. He walked down the trail cut into the ankle-deep snow leading to the Beauxbatons carriage with Tonks following a short distance behind. Knocking on the door, it was only a few seconds before Fleur opened the door with a bright, excited smile on her beautiful face.

"I have something for you." he said as she stepped out of the carriage and pulled her thick coat tightly around her.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a long, rectangular black box and handed it to her.

"Arry, you deen't have to get me anyzhing." she said as she took it with a soft smile.

Lifting the lid off the box, she saw a small sapphire pendant on a thin silver chain and let out quiet gasp.

"Arry, eet's beautiful!" she gushed.

"Here." Harry said, taking the necklace out of the box and walking behind her.

Fleur moved her long, silvery hair out of the way as he fumbled the tiny clasps with cold fingers. When he finally got it together, Fleur smiled brightly and reached up to touch the pendant. The moment she did, her eyes widened, and her head snapped up to look at him.

"Eet's charmed?" she asked.

Harry smiled crookedly. "Yup, it's charmed to always keep you warm."

Fleur leapt forward and wrapped her arms around his shoulders, kissing him fiercely. When they broke apart a minute later, they stood staring at each other with huge grins on their faces.

"Merci." she said gratefully, her blue eyes sparkling.

"I don't suppose you have an extra one of those?" Tonks asked, a slight quiver in her voice as she shivered.

"You mean like this?" Harry asked, stepping back from Fleur and pulling another box out of his robes.

Tonks rushed forward and snatched it out of his hand. Inside, there was a pendant just like Fleur's, except with a ruby instead of a sapphire.

"I don't know whether to kiss you, or smack you for not giving it to me sooner." Tonks said as she struggled with the clasp, her numb fingers fumbling with it.

"Ere." Fleur said, taking the necklace from her and easily clasping it behind her neck.

Tonks touched the precious red stone and closed her eyes. A rather sensual moan left her lips and her body relaxed as she was suffused with the comforting warmth radiating from the pendant.

Fleur giggled and grabbed Harry by the hand, pulling him toward the horseless carriages ferrying students to and from the village.

Harry, Fleur, and Tonks spent a few hours walking around the village and exploring the shops to their hearts content. Pockets full of bags from the various stores, they eventually made their way to the Three Broomsticks for lunch. Harry waved to Hermione, who was sitting with some of her Ravenclaw friends, and lead Fleur over to an empty table. Tonks broke off from them and sat down at the bar, causing Fleur to stop and look at her curiously.

"Aren't you coming wiz us, Tonks?" she asked.

"I usually just sit here and watch the door while Harry's on a date. You two go have fun." she told her.

"Non." Fleur said firmly. "You'll seet wiz us, I insist."

Fleur grabbed Tonks by the arm and led her over to an empty table. When Tonks looked back at Harry, he just shrugged his shoulders and smiled. Taking a seat in a booth, Harry sat down across from Fleur, and Tonks took a seat next to her, facing the door. A couple of minutes later, Madam Rosmerta came by and took their orders. After an enjoyable lunch, Harry excused himself to the bathroom.

While he was gone, Fleur turned to Tonks with a smile playing at the corners of her lips.

“Zhey ‘ave rooms ‘ere, oui?” she asked.

Tonks gave her a knowing smirk. “Yup. You want me to disappear for a bit?”

“Actually, I was ‘oping you would join us.” Fleur whispered in her ear.

Under the table, Fleur rested her hand on Tonks’ thigh and slowly trailed her hand up her tight jeans. Tonks looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

“Really?” she asked.

“You ‘ave been wiz ‘Arry before, oui?” Fleur asked, her hand moving higher up her warm leg

“We’ve slept together a few times.” she admitted, her breath coming faster. “Are you sure you don’t mind sharing?”

Fleur smirked as her pinky bumped the junction between her legs, her fingers drawing little circles on the sensitive inside of her thigh.

“Non, as long as you don’t mind eef ‘Arry shares you wiz me.” Fleur said in a sultry purr, her face an inch away from her.

Tonks smirked and leaned slightly closer, their lips just a hair's breadth apart.

"I definitely don't mind that." Tonks said huskily.

Fleur closed the gap between them, pressing her lips to Tonks' for a brief but intense kiss.

"I can't wait to see the look on his face." Tonks said when they pulled back, her violet eyes twinkling mischievously.

Fleur giggled and moved back slightly, taking a sip of her wine as they waited for Harry to return. A few moments later, they spotted him making his way across the pub towards them. Nudging Tonks, they stood up and met him over by the bar.

"Ready to go?" Harry asked with a smile.

"Not yet." Fleur said, a smirk tugging at the corners of her lips.

Turning, she got the attention of Rosmerta and waved her over.

"Excusez moi, Mademoiselle. I'd like to rent a room."

Rosmerta gave her a knowing look and turned around to take a key off the wall behind her.

"That'll be fourteen Sickles for the day, dinner is included." she said.

Fleur handed over a Galleon and waved Rosmerta off when she tried to give her the change.

“Room four, silencing charms are already installed.” she told her with a smirk.

“Merci.” Fleur said as she took the key.

Grabbing Harry by the hand, she pulled him over to the stairs and up to the second floor. He smiled excitedly as she unlocked the door to the room and pulled him inside. When Tonks followed in behind him, he looked at her questioningly.

“Er, Tonks?” he asked.

“Do you not want to sleep wiz both of us?” Fleur asked, standing next to Tonks.

Harry worked his mouth silently a few times, his brow furrowed.

“Is this a trick question?” he asked suspiciously.

Fleur and Tonks broke into giggles and looked at each other. Fleur put her hands on Tonks’ hips and pulled her close. Slowly, they leaned forward, and their lips met in a slow, sensual kiss. Harry’s limp cock jerked to life at the sight, and he walked over to them with a wide grin. When they separated, Harry grabbed Fleur and lifted her off her feet, causing her to squeal and laugh.

“Best girlfriend ever.” he told her.

As Tonks laughed, he kissed Fleur heatedly and carried her over to the bed. Laying her down on her back, he stood up and crooked his finger at Tonks. He kissed her briefly, but passionately, before spinning her around to face Fleur and gently pushed her down. Tonks giggled as she ended up bent over the edge of the bed, leaning over top of Fleur.

“I think he wants to watch us.” she said to Fleur with a smile.

“Zhen let’s give ‘im a show, mon ami.” Fleur said, smiling back.

Tonks bent down and kissed Fleur, their soft pink lips moving in unison as Tonks slowly crawled onto the bed, Fleur scooting back under her until they were in the center of the mattress. Fleur grabbed the bottom of Tonks’ red jumper and undershirt, pulling it up over her head. When they reached her head, Tonks sat up and tossed them aside, leaving her in just a lacy black bra covering her full breasts. Bending back down, she pushed up Fleur’s white turtleneck jumper, exposing her toned stomach and kissed her belly button. Fleur moaned softly, her fingers running through Tonks’ short pink hair as she kissed her way up her stomach to her chest, slowly raising her shirt as she went.

As Tonks pushed her top up over her large, jutting breasts, encased in a white bra, she reached down, crossing her arms and lifted the jumper over her head. Tonks kissed and sucked at her exposed cleavage, her wide, jean clad ass wiggling at Harry as she worked her way back up to Fleur’s lips.

His erection straining, Harry quickly stripped out of his clothes and climbed onto the bed, completely naked. Kissing Tonks’ back, he reached around her waist and opened her pants. She laughed against Fleur’s lips as he struggled to pull them down in the rather awkward position. She took pity on him and rolled over onto her back so her could pull them, and her panties, off her legs. Fleur took the time to take off her pants and underwear while they were busy, one hand reaching down to rub herself.

When Harry pulled off her pants and underwear, Tonks unclasped her bra, revealing her full, perky breasts. Smaller than Fleur’s, they were still fairly large and capped with soft pink areolas and slightly darker nipples. Rolling over back on top of Fleur, this time, Tonks kissed her way down her body, pausing momentarily to tease her puffy pink nipples, before working her way down to her mound.

Fleur moaned, her back arching and thrusting her marvelous tits into the air as Tonks kissed her slit. Her finger threaded through Tonks’ bright pink hair with one hand, while the other grasped her breast, tugging at her stiff nipple.

While Tonks licked and kissed at Fleur's slit, Harry climbed up onto the bed behind her and grabbed her cheeks. Grabbing his length, he ran the head of his cock between her lips, coating it in her arousal. Tonks moaned and pushed her hips back at him. Smirking, Harry pushed his head into her entrance and grabbed her ass, spreading her open as he slowly sank into her depths. Letting out a long moan, Tonks attacked Fleur's pussy, her tongue swirling around her clit as Harry began slowly thrusting into her from behind.

Fleur trembled as she stared at Harry lustfully, her breath coming in quick pants that caused her chest to rise and fall sharply and her breasts to jiggle. Harry winked at her as he pulled back until on the head remained trapped between Tonks' tight lips and then slammed back in, his hips clapping loudly against her upturned ass. Tonks yelped in a mixture of surprise and pleasure, her body trembling under him.

"Tonks likes it rough." he told Fleur at her raised eyebrow.

Raising his hand, Harry smacked her ass hard enough to leave a light pink handprint behind as he continued plowing into her with sharp, powerful thrusts. Tonks moaned and bounced her ass back at him, her eyes closed in bliss. Fleur smirked and roughly grabbed a handful of her hair, pushing her head down as she ground her wet mound against her lips. She tilted her head back and groaned as Tonks went back to pleasuring her, trying to hold herself steady as Harry slammed into her from behind.

Watching her round cheeks ripple from the impact of his hips, Harry spread her cheeks open, gripping them tightly. He saw her puckered hole winking at him, and, with a smirk, he rubbed it with his thumb. Tonks' hips bucked sharply, and he felt her walls spasm around his length.

Harry chuckled. "You're such a slut, Tonks."

Slowing his thrusts for a moment, he ran his thumb over his shaft and her lips to wet it. Placing the tip of his thumb back at her back door, he pushed firmly until her tight ring gave way and the first couple of inches sank into her.

"Oh fuck." she groaned, voice muffled by Fleur's mound.

Harry smirked and gripped her hip tightly with his free hand as he began fucking her hard again, his thumb rubbing back and forth slightly in time with his thrusts. Her legs started shaking uncontrollably as she neared her peak, whines and moans leaving her lips in a constant stream. Tonks tried to keep licking Fleur, but soon she hit her climax and could only scream out her pleasure as she spasmed around him. Harry grunted but managed to fight back his own orgasm as her walls clutched at his buried length.

When her climax passed, Tonks collapsed limply on top of Fleur, Harry's cock slipping out of her. Fleur laughed and stroked her hair softly as Tonks let out a tired groan against her stomach. Grabbing her hand, Fleur pulled her up until they were face to face and kissed Tonks, unconcerned by the taste of her own arousal on her lips.

Harry sat back on his haunches, his cock jutting into the air as it throbbed needily. Fleur rolled Tonks over on her back as they kissed, their hands caressing each other's bodies sensually. She tucked her knees under her and wiggled her ass at Harry in invitation. Smiling, he crawled over to her and wasted no time in sinking into her welcoming depths. Fleur moaned lowly into Tonks' mouth as they continued to make out. Harry bent over her and kissed her neck, one of his coming up to slip between them to cup one of Fleur's dangling breasts, leaving Tonks' pressed into the back of his hand.

Starting slowly, Harry started thrusting into Fleur's unbelievably hot depths. Sitting up on his knees, he drew his hips back and sank back into her, quickly gaining speed. With how worked up both of them were, he knew neither of them would last long. Letting go of her breast, he slid his hand down her stomach to her mound and rubbed her clit. Fleur tore her lips away from Tonks' and let out a shuddering moan as she threw her head back. Tonks grabbed her breasts, squeezing the soft mound as her lips wrapped around one of her stiff nipples.

Growling as he felt his climax building, Harry grabbed Fleur's shoulder with his free hand and began hammering into her with short, sharp thrusts, his hips beating against her ass rapidly. The muscles in Fleur's neck strained as her climax approached, her body practically vibrating. Suddenly, Tonks bit down on her nipple. Fleur gasped and stiffened, her walls clamping down on his tightly as the unexpected pain sent her over the edge. A scream left her throat, and her arousal drenched his still thrusting length as he slammed into her clutching depths, desperate for his own release.

After just a few more rapid thrusts, Harry tipped over the edge. With a grunt, his cock swelled, pulsing as he painted her walls with his cum. After firing just a few shots inside of her, he yanked his cock out of her. Pinching the base to keep the cum inside, he pushed back into Tonks and finished his orgasm inside of her, causing her to let out a contented moan.

When he was finished, he pulled out of Fleur and rolled over to fall on his back with a satisfied sigh. Looking to his left, Tonks and Fleur were kissing each other again, their breasts squashed together. Glancing at his watch, he saw they had over three hours before they had to be back to the castle. Smiling, he leaned back and watched the show as Fleur worked her way down Tonks' body to her slit. Plenty of time, he thought with a smile as he felt himself harden.

Chapter 3

After enjoying an afternoon holed up in a room at the Three Broomsticks, Harry, Tonks, and Fleur left to return to Hogwarts. With a girl on either arm as they walked through the village of Hogsmeade, Harry couldn't keep the smile off of his face.

"Can we stop by 'Oneydukes?" Fleur asked as they walked back toward the carriages.

"Sure." Harry said.

Walking into the sweet shop, he quickly learned that Fleur had quite the sweet tooth as she loaded a basket with all sorts of chocolates, caramels, and other sweets. While browsing the shelves for his favorite Fizzing Whizzbees, he recognized a familiar face next to him.

"Penny!" he called out happily.

Penelope Clearwater, a pretty blonde a few years older than him, and a former Head Girl at Hogwarts, lifted her head up to look up at him in surprise. He remembered her as always being one of the kindest people he had ever met. Even when she had become Head Girl, she had remained humble and did her best to look after the younger students, unlike Percy, who had grown arrogant and pompous when he became Head Boy.

"Prince Harry." she greeted him a bit nervously.

"Just Harry." he told her with a smile. "How have you been? I haven't seen you since you graduated."

"Oh, I've been alright." she said.

Tough she said she was fine, the way she looked away to browse the shelves made him think she wasn't being completely honest with him. The look in her bright blue eyes showed she was troubled more than she let on.

"How are things with Percy?" he asked casually.

"Oh, um, we broke up actually." she admitted quietly.

"Really?" he asked. "Well, just between you and me, I always thought you could do better than Percy."

Penny blinked at him in surprise for a moment before giving him a perfect smile and a small laugh. Harry smiled back at her.

"So, how's work going? I heard you got a job at the Ministry." he said.

The smile quickly left her face and she looked away from him again.

"It's good." she said softly.

Harry frowned. "Really, because you don't look too happy."

Penny bit her lip as she continued to pretend to look at the shelves.

"You can tell me, Penny." he said in a sincere, friendly tone.

"I'm still working in the mail room." she admitted embarrassedly.

"What?" Harry asked in surprise. "Why? You were Head Girl and one of, if not the, smartest student in your year."

What the hell was going on at the Ministry that a pompous, arrogant little shit like Percy was the assistant to the Head of Magical Cooperation, while Penny was still stuck in the mail room, he wondered.

"I keep getting passed over for people who have better connections, and the Senior Undersecretary doesn't like me very much." she told him quietly.

"Umbridge?" he asked.

"You know her?" Penny asked in surprise.

"She's a horrible woman, but she's never done anything bad enough that we could fire her." Harry said, grimacing as he thought about the despicable, toad like woman. "She hates anyone that isn't Pureblood, and I've heard rumors that she's even insulted my mum, but I don't have any real proof."

"She always careful about how she words things. I don't think I'll ever get a decent position while she still works at the Ministry." she said sadly.

“Well, if the Ministry doesn’t want to use your skills, I will.” he told her as he came to a decision. “How would you like to come work for me?”

Penny looked up sharply and stared at him with an open mouth as he smiled at her. He couldn’t really blame her, working for the Royal Family, his family, was a dream come true for almost anyone. Normally it took months of interviews to get a job working directly for them, but he was confident Penny would be up to the task.

“Seriously?” she asked, her voice coming out slightly higher.

“I’ve been thinking about getting a personal assistant, if you interested.” he told her with a smile.

“Yes!” she blurted before trying to calm herself. “I’m mean, I’d be honored sir, er, Your Majesty.”

“Just Harry is fine.” he told her. “You do know if you take the job, you’ll be staying with me at Hogwarts and you’ll be living in our castle during the summer, right?”

“That’s fine.” she told him, her eyes sparkling excitedly.

“Good, I’ll talk to Dumbledore about getting a room for you next to mine. When can you move in?” he asked.

“As soon as you like.” Penny said eagerly.

“Alright, why don’t we plan on Monday? That will give you a couple of days to pack.” he said.

“What should I do about my job at the Ministry.” she asked.

“Oh, I'll take care of that.” Harry said with a mischievous smile.

“Arry, we need to get back to zhe castle.” Fleur said as she walked up to him with a bag full of sweets and took his hand in hers.

“Right. Don't worry about the Ministry, I'll let them know you're working for me now. I'll send you an owl tomorrow to let you know where your rooms are.” he said to Penny.

“Yes, sir. I mean, Harry. Thank you, thank you so much. I promise, I won't let you down.” Penny gushed before rushing out of Honeydukes excitedly.

“You just can't help yourself, can you?” Tonks asked as she took his free hand, shaking her head with an affectionate smile.

“I zhink eets sweet.” Fleur said, reaching up to stroke his hair. “Besides, she's cute.”

Tonks rolled her eyes and tugged on Harry's arm, pulling him out of the store.

“Let's go before blondie decides to start a harem.” Tonks said. “Come on, we need to get back before the last carriage leaves.”

Back at the castle, Harry had dinner with Tonks, Fleur, and Hermione before leaving them to make his way to Dumbledore's office. Knocking on the door, he was told a moment later to enter. When he entered, he was surprised to find Dumbledore and Fudge standing tensely in the middle of the room. Immediately, he knew something was wrong.

“What happened?” he asked.

Fudge twirled his lime green bowler hat in his hands nervously. However, it was Dumbledore that answered him.

“Bartimus Crouch is missing.” the Headmaster said.

“I wouldn’t say he’s missing.” Fudge said nervously.

Harry looked to Dumbledore with a raised eyebrow, looking for an explanation.

“Barty has been ill for the last few weeks.” He started.

“Percy mentioned that at the Ball, he said Crouch was sending him owls.” Harry said.

“Mhh, precisely. While that worked for a time, some papers needed to have Barty’s personal signature. When an aide went to his home to get those papers signed, he found the home empty. From the looks of it, it’s been empty for quite some time and no one has seen Barty in person for almost two months.” Dumbledore explained.

“Have my parents been informed?” Harry asked, turning to look at Fudge.

“We don’t necessarily know that anything is wrong yet.” Fudge said.

“No one’s seen him in two months, and you don’t think anything is wrong?” Harry asked incredulously.

Shaking his head, Harry headed over to the fireplace and threw a pinch of powder into the Floo.

“Potter castle!” he yelled before sticking his head in the emerald green flames.

Harry vision swirled sickeningly before he came to a stop looking into the study of Potter castle. Fortunately, both of his parents were already there, cuddling on the couch while his mother read a book and his father filled out some paperwork

“Mum, dad.” he called out.

“Harry.” Lily said as she looked up with a smile.

“You need to come to Hogwarts. Barty Crouch is missing.” he told them.

James and Lily looked at each other worriedly before standing up.

“We’ll be there in a moment.” his dad told him.

Nodding, Harry pulled his head out of the fire. Turing back to the headmaster and Minister, he sighed as he watched Fudge pace the room nervously. It still boggled his mind that people would actually vote for this man to run the day to day operations of the Ministry. If he wasn’t for his parents, he could only imagine how bad the government would be with a man like Fudge leading them.

A couple of minutes later, his parents stepped out of the Floo, dressed in much finer robes than the casual clothes they had been wearing earlier. After they explained everything to his parents, Fudge tried to convince them there was no reason to involve the Aurors. The bumbling fool was far more worried about how the public would react than he was about finding his missing department head. It took his father ordering a full investigation to finally get him to shut up and do his job.

“I’m going to the Ministry to make sure that idiot does his job.” his dad said just after Fudge left through the Floo.

Kissing Lily on the cheek, he disappeared through the Floo a moment later.

"If you don't mind Albus, I'd like to talk with Harry for a few minutes." Lily said after her husband left.

"Not at all. Would you like to use my office?" he asked.

"That's okay, I think we'll go for a walk." she told him with a smile.

Wondering what his mother wanted to talk to him about, Harry followed her to the door, only to stop at the last second when he remembered why he had gone there in the first place.

"Oh, Professor, I hired a personal assistant today. I need a room for her near my quarters." he said.

"Very well. May I ask who you found for the position?" he asked, making a note on a spare sheaf of parchment.

"Penelope Clearwater." Harry said.

"Ah, an excellent choice." he said.

Bidding the headmaster good night, Harry and Lily left the office and began wandering through the halls, mostly empty this time of night.

"Have you seen this?" his mother asked after a moment, handing him a folded copy of the Daily Prophet.

On the cover was a large picture of him, Fleur, and Tonks as he gave both of them necklaces. Harry furrowed his brow as he read the article. It was rather concerning that he hadn't noticed anyone watching them at the time, and the fact that it was a special evening edition just for

gossip about his love life angered him. He knew to expect to be scrutinized because of who he was, but this was a bit ridiculous.

“Are you really dating both of them?” his mother asked.

Harry sighed and handed the paper back to her.

“Er, yeah.” he muttered.

“And they know about each other?” she asked sternly.

“Of course, they do.” Harry said, rolling his eyes. “I’m not Sirius.”

“I know. I just wanted to make sure.” she said before smirking at him. “At least your aunt Andy will be happy. She always hoped you and Tonks would get together.”

Harry rolled his eyes, remembering all of the times Andromeda had not so subtly tried to push them together.

“Don’t start planning a wedding yet, we only just started dating today.” he said.

“So, what exactly is going on between the three of you?” Lily asked curiously.

Harry shrugged. “I’m not really sure to be honest, I haven’t had a chance to really talk with Fleur and Tonks about it. I think part of reason Fleur is pushing me towards other girls is because of the life debt she owes me, but I’m not sure.”

“Other girls?” Lily asked with a raised eyebrow. “Are there more I need to worry about?”

“Well, she’s mentioned a couple of other girls, but I’m not sure how serious she was.” he admitted.

“And who would that be?” his mother asked.

“Hermione and Penelope.” he said.

“Is that why you hired her as your assistant?” she asked.

“No.” he said firmly. “Penny was always nice to me, and her talents are being wasted at the Ministry. She deserves better than to be stuck in the mail room because that hag Umbridge hates anything that isn’t a Pureblood.”

“What did she do?” Lily asked sharply.

His mother hated Umbridge with a passion and had been looking for a way to get her out of the Ministry for years. Unfortunately, Umbridge was very careful about what she said and did in public. If they could find proof that she was discriminating against Muggleborns, they could finally get rid of the bitch.

“Penny thinks she was deliberately keeping her from getting a promotion. I’ll talk with her to see if she has anything we can use to get rid of her, but I doubt it.” Harry told her. “Maybe we could have Amelia look into her hiring practices?”

“I’ll ask her, but without any proof of wrongdoing we can only dig so deep.” Lily said with a sigh. “Anyways, I just wanted to make sure everything was okay with you. I know Sirius wants to make you his heir, but you don’t have to accept it. You know he’ll understand. I just want to make sure you’re not trying to force a relationship with Fleur and Tonks to make him happy.”

“I’m not.” Harry assured her. “Honestly, it was Fleur’s idea to begin with. We haven’t even talked about anything like, yet.”

“Well, as long as you’re happy, that’s all that matters to me. But you might want to talk to her about where things are going soon, just so you’re both on the same page.” she told him.

“I will.” Harry said with a sigh.

As much as he’d just like to sit back and enjoy what was happening, he knew his mother had a point.

“So, how is Jasmine doing?” he asked, changing the subject.

“She’s good. She and Gabrielle are thick as thieves, and Apolline is becoming a good friend.” Lily said before smirking at her son. “She seems quite fond of you, you know.”

Harry didn’t like the knowing look she was giving him.

“So, er, did she tell you...?” he trailed off awkwardly.

“That apparently my son is very good in bed?” Lily asked, grinning as Harry blushed. “She may have mentioned it a time, or twelve.”

“Oh, bloody hell.” Harry groaned, covering his face with his hands while his mother laughed at him.

“You should be proud. Apparently, it’s not easy to satisfy a Veela, let alone two.” she told him teasingly. “Your father and Sirius don’t know whether to be proud of you, or jealous.”

“Oh, bugger.” Harry said.

There was no way his dad and Sirius weren't going to take the Mickey out of him every chance they got. His mum knew that as well and showed him absolutely no sympathy as she laughed at him.

After talking with his mother for a little while longer, they made their way back to Dumbledore's office, where she Flooed back home. Once she left, Harry went back to his private quarters near the Gryffindor common room. The moment he entered, he found Tonks laying on the couch on her back, with Fleur on top of her as they snogged heavily. Neither of them noticed him entering as they kissed, and Tonks slipped her hand under Fleur's shirt to cup one of her breasts. It wasn't until he cleared his throat that they both paused to look up at him. Smiling, Fleur climbed to her feet, grabbed one of his hands and Tonks', and pulled them into the bedroom.

Early Monday morning, Penelope Clearwater arrived at Hogwarts, excited and eager to start her new job. After talking to McGonagall to find out where Harry's rooms were, she made her way through the castle. As she walked through the halls, she couldn't help but smile at her fond memories of school. After leaving Hogwarts, she had expected to get a good job at the Ministry and start working her way up the ladder. After starting her work there and watching numerous other people less qualified than her getting promoted over her because of their connection, Penny quickly became disheartened.

After spending two years at the Ministry and still not getting anywhere, she had seriously been considering leaving to find a new line of work. Seeing how some Muggleborns were treated, despite the Queen of Magical Britain being one herself, Penny had even wondered if staying in the Magical World was the right decision. Even her boyfriend, Percy Weasley, had left her because he thought she would hold back his career. If Harry hadn't offered her a job when he did, she wasn't sure how much longer she would have stayed.

Shaking away her negative thoughts, she put a smile on her face as she reached the sixth floor and approached Harry's rooms. Now wasn't the time to be down. This was a new start at one of the most desirable jobs in the country. Penny was determined to do the best she possibly could and prove to all those bigots in the Ministry that she was worth far more than they gave her credit for.

Taking a deep, calming breath, she raised her hand and knocked on the door three times.

"Come een!" a woman called out in a French accent.

Slowly opening the door, Penny found the Beauxbatons Champion, Fleur Delacour, greeting her with a smile.

"Penelope, come een. 'Arry weel be out een a minute." she said.

Penny nodded and entered the room with a small, nervous smile. She had heard that Harry and the French Champion were dating and, while she didn't normally put much stock in rumors, seeing her here pretty much confirmed it. She wondered if the rumors about Tonks being involved as well were true.

Just as she closed the door behind her, Harry came out of the bedroom. Penny blushed furiously as she looked at him. Harry had clearly just gotten out of the shower, his chiseled torso glistening wetly as he walked into the room with only a towel wrapped around his waist.

"Oh, Penny. Sorry, I didn't realize you were here." he said, running a hand through his damp hair.

"I-It's alright." she squeaked out.

A sudden giggle from Fleur startled her and made her realize that she was staring at Harry's chest. Her cheeks burned as she looked away embarrassedly. Harry had certainly grown up in the last couple of years, she thought.

"I'll go get dressed and then I'll show you your new room." he said before going back into the bedroom.

"'E ees quite 'andsom, oui?" Fleur asked her.

Before she could stutter out an answer, another voice called out from the bedroom.

“Fleur, have you seen my black bra?” A voice she recognized as her former class mater, Tonks, called out through the bedroom door.

“I theenk I threw eet by zhe dress.” Fleur answered.

Penny blushed as she realized the rumors about Tonks were not only true, but most likely missing the part about her sleeping with Fleur as well. What had she gotten herself into, she wondered.

“I got it!” Tonks yelled back a moment later.

A couple of minutes later, the bedroom door opened and Harry and Tonks, now fully dressed, came back into the living room. Tonks smiled at her and came up to give her a hug.

“Wotcher, Penny. It's good to see you again.” Tonks said.

Though they had been in different houses, she had gotten along quite well with the bright haired girl while they were at school. After being stuck in the Ministry and surrounded by people who looked down on her, Penny felt better seeing a familiar, friendly face, despite the earlier awkwardness.

“Good to see you too, Tonks.” she said.

“Penny, your room is over here.” Harry called out to her.

He swung open a door on the other side of the room from the bedroom just as she reached him. Inside, it was more like a large apartment rather than just a bedroom as she had expected. There was a living area, a small kitchenette, a bathroom, and a bedroom, all fully furnished.

“Will this be big enough for you?” Harry asked as she stared around the room.

“This is huge.” she said in awe. “It’s bigger than my old apartment.”

“If you need anything else, just let me know and we’ll get it for you.” he told her.

“What exactly will my job be?” she asked.

“I need you to help me deal with the press when I have to do interviews, keep track of my schedule for meeting, and if you can, I want you to help me write proposals for the Wizengamot.” he told her.

Though she had never actually made a proposal to the Wizengamot, Penny had spent time reading up on it, preparing for when she finally got a promotion. Nodding excitedly, she grabbed a sheaf of parchment off of her new desk and started making notes on what she needed to do. As she listened to what Harry wanted to accomplish, her smile and excitement grew. Finally, she would get the chance to prove how useful she could be.

After talking to Harry for nearly an hour, they were forced to stop when he had to go down to breakfast before class. He invited her to go with him, but she declined, anxious to get started. A few minutes later, when she was alone in the room, Penny decided to go to the library and get some books she needed. It felt odd for her to be walking through the castle during class. It felt like she was skipping class, even though she was no longer a student.

When she got to the library, Madam Pince gazed at her sharply with her hawk like eyes but didn’t try to stop her. Probably because she had been one of the top students and Head Girl during her time as a student, she thought. Gathering the books she needed, she checked them out under the scrutiny of the librarian and headed back to her rooms.

With the exception of taking short breaks to eat lunch and dinner, Penny spent most of the day hard at work. She would show the Ministry how wrong they were to ignore her because she was a Muggleborn.

Rubbing her aching neck, Penny set down her quill and looked over the finished proposal. Nodding to herself in satisfaction, she stood up to stretch and looked at the clock. Seeing that it was only nine o'clock at night, she decided to see if Harry wanted to look it over tonight. Walking over to the door, she pulled it part way opening before stopping at the sound of a low sensual moan.

Curiously peeking through the crack in the door, her eyes went wide as she looked into the living room. On the couch, Tonks was on her hands and knees, her face buried between Fleur's legs, while Harry thrust into her from behind. Unable to force herself to look away, her eyes traveled down Harry's body, and a quite gasp left her mouth at just how large he was. Even from the doorway, she could see Tonks' lips cling to his thick shaft as he moved in and out of her.

A moan from Fleur drew her attention away from Harry and over to the blonde. Fleur had one hand buried in Tonks' bright pink hair as she ground her hips forward. Her eyes were closed and her lips slightly parted while she gasped and moaned. Suddenly, her back arched, thrusting her large, perfectly shaped breasts into the air. With one hand, she reached up and tweaked one of her light pink nipples, rolling and tugging at the engorged nub.

Without realizing what she was doing, Penny ran one of her hands up her body to her breasts. Comparing herself to Fleur, she was proud to note that her breasts were at least the same size, perhaps a little bigger, and just as perky. Unfortunately, that was the only part of her that could compete with the Veela. She was nowhere near as pretty, and the rest of her body couldn't compete with Fleur's impossible curves, she thought.

Although she knew she should look away, Penny couldn't bring herself to stop watching the three of them on the couch. Biting her lip, she slipped her hand under the waistband of her skirt and ran a finger through her damp lips. Stifling a moan, Penny teased her clit for a moment before slipping two fingers slowly into her depths. Her eyes once again gazed at Harry as she imagined what it would be like to be in Tonks' position.

Percy was the only man she had ever been with, and he had always been rather boring in bed. With him, it had always been missionary with the lights off, and rarely lasted more than a few minutes. It was even more rare for her to not have to take care of herself when he was done. Listening to the moans coming from Tonks while Harry slid in and out of her from behind, it seemed that was much more to sex than what she had experienced.

Unbeknownst to Penny, someone had noticed her watching. Watching her move her hand rhythmically under her skirt, Harry smirked as he continued to thrust into Tonks' tight, hot depths. Bending over her back, he put his lips next to her ear.

"Don't look, but we have a little voyeur." he whispered.

"Hmm?" Tonks mumbled against Fleur's slit.

He noticed the moment that she spotted Penny watching them from a crack in the door, her walls fluttering around him in excitement. Harry smiled and nibbled at her ear.

"Should we give her a show?" he asked quietly.

At her nod, Harry wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her back so that she was sitting on his lap. Fleur moaned in disappointment and pouted cutely as Tonks' mouth was pulled away from her. Turning himself and Tonks so they were facing Penny's door, he slipped his arms under her legs and locked his hands behind her neck. Tonks grunted in surprise as she was nearly folded in half, her core completely exposed to their voyeur. Careful not to look at Penny and scare her off, Harry held Tonks halfway up his shaft and then started slamming his length into her furiously.

Tonks threw her head back and howled in pleasure. At first, he thought she was exaggerating for Penny, but the way she clenched and spasmed around him made him think otherwise. Fleur giggled and, when she leaned down to kiss him, he whispered to her.

“Penny is watching us.” he told her.

Fleur’s eyes sparkled with excitement as she glanced at the door out of the corner of her eye. Sitting next to him as he plowed up into Tonks, she reached up and began caressing her breasts as they bounced wildly. Slowly, she trailed her hand down Tonks’ body to her slit. Tonks gasped loudly when Fleur rubbed her clit. With her legs spread wide and her knees trapping her arms at her sides, Tonks trembled helplessly as Harry and Fleur did as they pleased.

Suddenly, Fleur stopped her light teasing and began to rub her four fingers back and forth over Tonks’ clit furiously. With Harry still slamming up into her rapidly and relentlessly, Tonks panted and gasped as she raced towards a climax. Harry grunted as she stiffened and came violently, her depths clamping down on him tightly. With a high-pitched squeal, Tonks quivered, and a stream of fluids sprayed out of her to land on the carpet a couple of feet away. After several second, she jerked harshly, pushing Fleur’s hand away from her and scrambling to the side.

Harry smiled as let go of her and she collapsed on the couch, her body continuing to spasm as she let out a trembling moan. Suddenly, his sight of her was blocked by a pair of perfect breasts as Fleur straddled his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck. Grabbing his dripping cock, she sank down onto him with a moan and started bouncing on him. Harry smiled and grabbed her ass, pulling her cheeks apart as she rode him.

Glancing over her shoulder carefully, he saw Penny with her hand moving furiously under her skirt. Her mouth was slightly parted as she panted, her eyes locked on his cock as it slammed deep into Fleur over and over again.

“She’s still watching.” he whispered to Fleur. “She likes watching your tightly little pussy swallow my cock.”

Fleur moaned and rode him faster, her breasts bouncing right in front of his face. Harry was just starting to feel the stirrings of his climax when Tonks sat up and moved to the side and behind Fleur. He felt her hand between his as he held Fleur’s cheeks open, causing the blonde to gasp and look back at her. Tonks smirked at her as her middle finger pressed against Fleur’s puckered hole.

“Time for payback, bitch.” Tonks said playfully.

Though he couldn't see what was happening, he could feel Tonks' fingers sinking into Fleur's back door between his hands. Fleur gasped and bucked her hips as her walls clenched around his shaft. Using her own fluids as lubrication, Tonks was merciless as she sank first one, then two fingers into Fleur's bum all the way to the third knuckle. Fleur rested her head on his shoulder, a constant stream of moans and groans leaving her throat as Tonks pumped her fingers faster and faster. Soon, her hand was moving so faster her arms was jerking back and forth in a blur.

Harry groaned as he neared his climax, Fleur's clenching, searing depths quickly pushing him towards his peak. Just before he tipped over the edge, Fleur shrieked into his shoulder and came hard, her arousal soaking his thrusting shaft. As Harry reached his climax, Tonks pulled her fingers out of Fleur and smacked her ass sharply, causing Fleur to squeal and spasm around him.

When Harry glanced over Fleur's shoulder a few moments later, he spotted Penny leaning against the door frame with her eyes closed, a euphoric look on her pretty face. Though his cock was spent, it valiantly tried to throb back to life at the sight. Fleur giggled when she felt it.

“Soon, mon amour. Soon.” she told him quietly.