

## Insomnia

Harry couldn't sleep.

The dark, dilapidated atmosphere of Grimmauld Place didn't exactly make for a relaxing atmosphere, but it was more than that. He was still mad at Ron and Hermione – and really everyone – for keeping so much from him over the summer. He'd spent weeks thinking he was being abandoned, only to find out he was really being lied to. And now, on top of all of that, on top of Voldemort's return, he was being put on trial for defending himself.

Ron's snores weren't helping either. At least at Hogwarts, he could silence his curtains. But he wasn't allowed to do magic here. He just had to stare at the ceiling and listen to his best mate gargle chainsaws all night.

Harry could feel his temper rising. It was constantly burbling under the surface these days. He just needed to close his eyes and count to ten. That worked, right?

He made it to three before he threw off his covers and climbed out of bed. There was no need to be quiet until he reached the hall. Ron wouldn't wake up if the world were ending. The hardwood floor creaked under his feet as he closed the door softly behind him. Nothing unusual in this house. The old place had been letting out the odd creaks and groans all night.

Hopefully, no one would come to investigate. The last thing Harry wanted was for someone to find him out of bed and ask him if he was alright. If he heard that question one more time, he might actually snap.

Walking softly, rolling on his feet from heel to toe, he crept past Hermione and Ginny's room and slipped quietly down the stairs. He relaxed a little now that he was on the first floor. Everyone else was asleep upstairs. They'd be a lot less likely to hear him now.

Still unfamiliar with the house, he made his way to the only room he remembered how to get to: the kitchen. Descending down another set of stairs, he poured himself a glass of water and

examined the contents of the nearest cupboards. There was plenty of food, but nothing was made, and he didn't feel like cooking. Quickly, he finished his water and decided to head back up to the first floor. Sirius had mentioned a library. Maybe he could find something interesting in there.

Or a book on the history of Goblin wars. That always put him to sleep. As he reached the top of the stairs, something on his right drew his attention. It was a door tucked behind the back of the staircase. It sat slightly ajar, but what caught his attention was the flickering orange light spilling through the gap.

Was someone else awake?

Maybe it was Sirius. Harry wouldn't mind talking to his Godfather for a bit.

Just in case it was someone else, he crept toward the door quietly and peered inside. Unfortunately, he couldn't see into the room itself. All he could see was the right-hand wall. If he wanted to see into the room, he'd have to push the door open wider. He hesitated for a moment. There was the occasional odd sound that reached his ears, but it was too quiet for him to tell what it was. Eventually, his curiosity won out, and he eased the door open.

He felt suddenly and unusually hot. Nerves, perhaps? The door swung on mercifully quiet hinges. A worn, dingy sofa came into view, along with two pairs of feet. One pair facing up, the other pointing down. He knew he should stop and back away, but he couldn't. Like a moth drawn to a flame, he leaned forward and pushed the door open further.

Bare, feminine legs slid into view. He pushed the door further. The one on top was wearing a silky, baby blue nightie that barely covered her womanly curves and ended at mid-thigh, while the one on the bottom was clad in an oversized black T-shirt. Before he could stop himself, Harry pushed the door open enough to see their faces and gasped softly.

Fleur Delacour lay on top of Tonks, their bodies pressed tightly together, legs entwined as they snogged. He couldn't actually see Tonks's face behind the curtain of Fleur's silvery-blonde mane,

but the head of pink, spiky hair was a dead giveaway. Sirius had told him Fleur was part of the Order, but he didn't know she was here. He certainly hadn't seen her at the meeting.

His gasp must not have been as quiet as he thought. Fleur broke her kiss with Tonks, flicked her hair over her shoulder, and turned to him. Her bright blue eyes met his without a hint of surprise. She simply stared at him with a hooded gaze. Tonks noticed her distraction and turned her head. Her eyes widened when she spotted him in the half-open doorway.

"Er, s-sorry," Harry stammered, feeling incredibly flushed. "I'll just-"

"Stay," Fleur said, her voice low, soft, alluring. "Sit."

His feet carried him inside before he even fully registered what she'd said. That's when he felt it – her Allure – crashing over him in waves. His pulse raced. His eyes were drawn to the curve of her legs, the swell of her bum, her pouty lips as they brushed the line of Tonks's jaw.

Shaking his head in an attempt to clear it, he shut the door softly. Their eyes followed him as he rushed over to the nearest chair before he started tenting the front of his flannel trousers. The chair was winged-backed and as worn and threadbare as the rest of the furniture in the house. It sat directly across from the sofa, with only a brown shag rug between them. Two flickering oil lamps and the fireplace provided the only light.

Harry shifted uncomfortably under their gaze. A heavy silence fell, intermittently broken by the softly crackling of embers in the hearth. Somehow, the awkwardness did nothing to deter his rising excitement.

Fleur smiled at him and kissed the side of Tonks's neck. She placed her hand on Tonks's knee, her nails trailing upward along her smooth, pale skin. Harry's eyes greedily followed its slow-moving path over her shapely, muscular thigh. When Fleur's fingers hit the edge of her T-shirt, she slipped them underneath and continued upward. The fabric caught on her wrist, slowly revealing Tonks's upper thigh, the waistband of her dark purple knickers, and then her nearly bare hip.

Without ever looking away from him, Tonks moaned and arched her back. The hem of the shirt slipped out from under her bum, exposing her tight, flat stomach up to the belly button. Harry licked his dry lips. His hands gripped the armrests tightly as he watched the shirt creep higher along with Fleur's wrist. Her ribs came next, expanding and contracting with every excited breath she took.

The hem caught the bottom of her breasts and stopped, as did his breathing. The swell of her breast, where it met her chest, was just visible above Fleur's hand. Just when he thought it was over, the shirt came free and jumped up to her neck.

Tonks and Harry gasped in unison. Fleur's finger traced around the edge of her breast, and he thought they looked just big enough to fill her long-fingered grasp. Even on her back, they looked perky. Each one was capped with a cone-shaped, perfectly circular areola that same shade as her lips. Her nipple strained skyward, swollen and erect.

Fleur's hand glided over the smooth, soft mound, then bore down and squeezed softly. A long, low moan filled the room. Tonks arched her back, pressing her breast more firmly into the hand grasping it. Fleur chuckled softly.

"I zink Nymphadora likes 'aving an audience."

Harry had expected many things when he first sat down in his chair. He expected an angry scolding for snooping, maybe a bit of pleading not to tell anyone, but out of all of his expectations, this wasn't one of them.

It seemed to be true, though. Tonks had yet to take her eyes off of him since she'd first spotted him, and she didn't look opposed to his presence in the least. Quite the opposite, she looked excited.

Fleur shifted, raised her leg slightly, and pressed her thigh firmly against the front of Tonks's purple knickers. She inhaled sharply, her back arched, and a soft whimper escaped her parted lips.

A long pale finger circled the tip of her breast. Fleur teased the edge of her areola with a smirk. She continued for several seconds, and then suddenly flicked her nail across the nipple. Tonks gasped, her mouth hanging open further in anticipation as the teasing resumed. Fleur waited several more seconds before flicking it again, then a second time immediately after. Her blue eyes sparkled as she swirled her finger in slow circles, this time in the opposite direction.

Her eyes rose to meet Harry's. She smirked, and her hand darted. Fleur caught the nipple between her thumb and the side of her curled fist. Pinching tightly, she yanked upward. Tonks gasped loudly, her eyes widened, and her back arched as her entire breast distended. Fleur laughed delightedly. Her wrist twisted harshly and tugged until the swollen, reddened nub snapped free from her grasp. Tonks collapsed back onto the sofa cushion, her breast bouncing back into place.

Fleur's long, pale fingers tucked her hair behind her ear. Bending her head down, she softly, lovingly kissed the nipple she'd just abused. Tonks hummed contentedly, only for it to turn into a sudden hiss. Perfect, pearly white teeth surrounded her nipple for just a moment before they were once again replaced by soft, pouty pink lips. Fleur moved all around her breast, alternating between lingering kisses and quick nips. Slowly, she moved across Tonks's chest, up her neck, and nibbled on her ear.

Softly, breathy whispers reached Harry's ears, too quiet for him to understand what was being said. They were still looking at him. Tonks had never looked away. He shifted nervously and waited.

"Show us," Fleur said suddenly.

Harry tilted his head in confusion. It took a moment for him to follow her gaze down to his lap. He'd completely forgotten to even attempt covering his erection. It strained against the front of his trousers, forming a prominent tent along the pant leg. He swallowed nervously. Not even Fleur's pulsating Allure could overcome his nervous hesitation.

"Er..."

Fleur pouted and sat up. Bugger! He'd fucked it up. It was over.

Abruptly, her eyes light up and she smiled.

"Ah, you want to see me, too?" she asked, brushing her hands over the front of her silk nightie, her fingers toying with the hem.

Harry yanked open the front of his trousers and whipped himself into the open. His nervousness was brief. Fleur's eyes sparkled with delight, and her smile widened.

"Oh la la," she said.

"Cor," Tonks whispered.

In a single, smooth movement, Fleur yanked her nightie over her head and tossed it aside. Harry swelled to new heights as he gazed at her perfect body. Her breasts dwarfed Tonks's. They sat high and firm on her chest, impeccably shaped and capped with wide, pale pink areolas and short, fat nipples. She bent down and arched her back, giving him a side-on view of her full, round bum, covered only by a thin pair of black knickers. Her breasts dragged along Tonks's body as she kissed her way up her chest to her neck.

Fleur stared at him with a sultry, hooded gaze. Her hips rolled, grinding her thigh into Tonks's mound. Tonks's knee rose between Fleur's legs, and both of them moaned.

"Touch it," Fleur ordered huskily.

The slow, steady undulations of her hips continued as Harry wrapped his hand around his length. He stroked slowly, worried that if he went too fast, he'd explode.

“E’s so ‘ard for us,” Fleur whispered to Tonks just loud enough for him to hear. “You want it, don’t you?”

Tonks groaned, her hips bucking against Fleur’s thigh.

“Mmh, I don’t think ‘Arry would mind,” she said.

A soft whimper left Tonks’s lips as Fleur pushed herself up and away from her and climbed to her feet. Harry’s eyes raked over her perfect figure, the long legs, wide hips, thin waist, and high, firm breasts. She turned, presenting him with her perfect backside. As Tonks sat up, she ran her fingers through her pink locks.

Suddenly, her fist clenched. Tonks yelped. Fleur dragged her off the sofa onto her hands and knees. Harry froze, slightly concerned and massively aroused as she walked Tonks over to him like a dog on a leash. Her heart-shaped bum swayed with each crawling step. As they stopped in front of him, Fleur’s Allure flared stronger than ever. Harry heard a voice, like a whisper from a pair of lips right next to his ear.

*Take ‘er. Use ‘er.*

It wasn’t like the Imperius Curse. The voice didn’t demand obedience through sheer force of will. Fleur’s Allure seduced. It begged. It promised.

*It’s what she wants.*

Harry met Fleur’s gaze. Her eyes held the same pleading tone as her Allure. His first instinct was to refuse, to fight, but he trusted Fleur. Shaking hands rose to grasp Tonks’s hair as Fleur’s moved out of the way. Tonks’s eyes widened, vulnerable and excited. Her mouth fell open as he drew her closer, hot breath washing over his throbbing cock. He gasped and groaned when he entered her, muscles straining against the desire to simply slam her down until she choked.

She didn't make it easy to resist. His eyes slammed shut when her tongue swirled around him. Soft lips trapped him inside a hot, wet prison he never wanted to leave. He shook, doing everything he could not to erupt instantly. Slowly, he mastered himself and relaxed enough to truly enjoy what he was feeling. When he opened his eyes, it was to the sight of Tonks's lips wrapped tightly around his shaft and her eyes gazing up at him. Fleur knelt behind her, smiling salaciously.

*More*, her Allure urged.

Harry obeyed. He could feel what she wanted him to do. Images, fantasies, flitted through his mind. His fingers tightened, tugging against her hair. He pulled, drawing her deeper. He meant to take things slow, to make sure Tonks didn't suddenly want him to stop. A third of the way down, he should have slowed. Halfway, he told himself to pause. Three-quarters, he needed to stop and check if she was alright.

His hands never listened. They didn't stop until her nose pressed against his groin, and he was entirely sheathed in her throat. Tonks kept her eyes on him throughout the entire descent, barely blinking and never once looking away. Fleur's Allure flared once again. Harry grunted, pulling her down and bucking his hips as if there was another inch to force down her gullet. There wasn't; all he did was pull her hair and grind his pubic bone painfully against the bridge of her nose.

Fleur's musical laugh broke through the haze of arousal, and he yanked Tonks off of him. She sucked in a deep breath, a thin string of saliva connected her bottom lip to his swollen tip. Abruptly, her eyes drifted closed, and she groaned. Behind her, Fleur smirked, and her shoulder rose and fell just slightly. Harry couldn't see it, but he knew what she was doing. She raised her hand a moment later, showing him two glistening fingers. Flashing him a teasing smile, she lifted them to her face. Her lips parted, and her pink tongue darted out.

Harry groaned and drove himself back into Tonks's willing mouth. Grinning, Fleur returned her hand to where it had been. Tonks groaned around him, eyes fluttering. He used her hair to raise and lower her head on his cock, driving her all the way to the base before dragging her halfway up.

But that wasn't enough. He needed more.

He started bucking his hips in time with her head, and soon, he was holding her steady and fucking her throat. Tonks squirmed, whether from his rough use or Fleur's fingers, he couldn't tell. Looking into her eyes, there was nothing that told him to stop. Honestly, he didn't think he could even if there was.

With each passing second, Harry grew rougher, more demanding. Hollow, wet pops accompanied his every thrust. His pelvis bounced off of her nose. Strings of saliva dripped down his cock and pooled around the base. The only saving grace was that he didn't last long. He couldn't.

His climax rose like a tsunami, rapid and unstoppable. With a series of short, savage thrusts, he buried himself to the hilt and shouted. Stars burst in his vision from the force of his climax. His cock pulsed again and again, launching streams of cum straight down her throat. It was the longest, most powerful climax of his life, and when it finally ended, he sagged back into the chair, his strength sapped.

Tonks sat up sharply, sucked in a deep breath, and let loose a loud, lascivious moan. Fleur's shoulder bounced up and down wildly. Loud, wet slaps filled the air. Tonks fell forward with a gasp and squeezed Harry's thighs as she moaned and shivered through an obvious climax. The scent of her arousal reached Harry's nose. He'd barely started to go soft, but the sights, the sounds, the smells caused him to rapidly reharden. As Tonks collapsed breathlessly, head falling into his lap, his erection brushed her cheek.

"Bloody hell," he muttered.

Fleur didn't let her rest long. She paused just long enough to step out of her knickers and bent down to strip Tonks of hers before threading her fingers through her pink spikes and pulling. Tonks moaned as she was forced upright.

"Up," Fleur said, looking at Harry.

He got up from the chair, and she took his place. For a brief moment, he glimpsed her taut, bare folds between her legs before she dragged Tonks forward, and his view was obscured by her face. Tonks extended her tongue, and Fleur moaned, shifting slightly into a more comfortable position.

“Mmh, oui.”

Her eyes met his with a sultry, seductive stare that made his cock pulse. Another powerful wave of her Allure crashed over him.

*Take ‘er.*

Harry’s eyes fell to Tonks’s upturned bum and the glistening folds peeking out between her muscular thighs.

*Don’t ask. Don’t tease. Just take ‘er.*

He shucked off his shirt, stepped out of his trousers, and dropped to his knees behind Tonks. A steadying hand on her hip and a brief pause to line himself up were the only warnings she got before he plunged into her depths.

“Oh, fuck!” Tonks gasped.

It was the most pleasurable thing Harry had ever felt. If not for his recent climax, he doubted he would have lasted more than a single thrust. He gripped Tonks’s hips tightly and held himself there, buried to the hilt, luxuriating in her tight, wet heat.

Fleur roughly guided her head back between her legs, and Harry gently rocked his hips. A part of him felt bad. Here was Tonks trapped between them, both ends being used for their own selfish pleasure. But then again, she wasn’t exactly complaining. She moaned against Fleur’s folds as he

drew back and then sank quickly into her depths. Hands tightening around her hips, he sped up and fell into a fast but comfortable rhythm, hips clapping lightly against her toned ass.

A long, low moan drew his attention to Fleur. Her breath hitched as she ground herself against Tonks's face. Her Allure fluctuated wildly. Harsh flares momentarily igniting animalistic desires between inconsistent waves.

Harry only realized he'd unconsciously sped up when he started panting, beads of sweat growing on his forehead. His gaze met Fleur's. Her eyes were clouded; her mouth hanging slightly open as she took loud, stuttering breaths. Hands clenching in Tonks's hair, she arched her back, thrusting out her perfect breasts. For a moment, her breath froze. The only sound filling the room was the staccato clap of Harry's hips. Then, she trembled violently and let out a series of short, sharp moans.

Her Allure hit Harry like a blast of heat from a furnace, shattering what little restraint he'd managed to hold onto. He hammered into Tonks like a wild beast. Her body rocked with each savage thrust. The force was powerful enough to finally force her face away from Fleur's folds.

"Oh fuck!" she gasped, bracing her hands against the armrests. "Fuck!"

Fleur hummed and caressed her hair as she came down from her climax, the gentle touch completely at odds with Harry's vicious pounding. Tonks's muscles tensed so tightly that her entire body locked up. She raised her head to look at Fleur, tendons and veins popping out against the pale skin of her neck, before she let out a long, strained groan.

Harry felt a surge of pride as she fluttered around him, drenching his length in her arousal. He continued pounding her relentlessly through her climax as he neared his own. A primal need to empty himself in her depths filled his mind.

Suddenly, Fleur swung her leg around Tonks's shuddering body, pressed her foot against his chest, and pushed. The unexpected shove caused Harry to fall back on his heels, and his cock slipped free. It throbbed in the air, impatient to return to where it belonged. His first thought

was to snap angrily at Fleur, but as he looked at her, he caught himself and finally got a modicum of control over his raging arousal.

Fleur pulled Tonks into her lap and turned her around so she was facing him. With a few whispered words, Tonks leaned her back against her chest and spread her legs wide. Smirking, Fleur looked at him and crooked a finger.

Harry stood and rushed over. Before he could line himself up with her dripping entrance, Fleur gasped his shaft. She dragged his purple, swollen head between Tonks's lips teasingly, then moved him down past her entrance to the puckered, wrinkled flesh underneath. Tonks gasped as he pressed against her ass. Harry hesitated and met her nervous gaze with his own.

*Do it!*

The Allure overwhelmed his apprehension, and he pushed. He pushed so hard he worried he couldn't possibly fit, but finally, her entrance gave way, and the thick head of his cock popped inside. Tonks jumped and cried out, eyes and mouth open wide as she stared unseeingly at the ceiling. Harry froze, worried he'd genuinely hurt her.

"How is it?" Fleur asked, a knowing quirk to her lips.

Tonks closed her eyes and took a shuddering breath.

"It hurts so good."

Harry blinked, trying to make sense of that sentence. Tonks slowly opened her eyes and lifted her head to look at him.

"Don't stop."

Her words, along with a surge of Fleur's Allure, wiped away his remaining doubts. One hand on her hips, the other slid up to grasp her firm, perky breast. Gently, he pushed. Tonks's breath caught as he sank in another inch. He paused, trying to take it slow, but she grabbed his hips and pulled. Using firm, steady pressure, Harry sank inch after inch after inch into her tight, constricting depths, only coming to a stop when he couldn't go any deeper. He paused, savoring the feeling and giving her a moment to adjust.

"Don't stop," Fleur said firmly, her Allure flaring harshly. "Fuck 'er."

His hips moved on their own accord. Tonks gasped and squirmed. It was hard to tell if it was from pain, pleasure, or a mixture of both. Harry had enough restraint to start slowly, gradually speeding up as she relaxed. He pulled back until just his head remained inside, then sank back to his full depth, moving slightly faster with each repeat. The feeling was incredible. He felt it every time her muscles clenched and twitched.

Fleur reached down to the breast Harry wasn't kneading and plucked the nipple harshly. Her other hand wrapped around Tonks's neck, her long, pale fingers gripping gently but firmly.

"Zis is what you wanted, non?" she asked.

"Yes," Tonks hissed, arching her back.

"Salope," Fleur smirked. "You just met 'im today."

Tonks groaned, flushed with shame, even as her eyes sparkled.

"You 'aven't even kissed 'im yet and 'e's already taken your ass."

Gasping, Tonks looked up at Harry and cupped his cheeks. He let her pull him down, and their lips met in a messy, passionate kiss. It only lasted a few seconds before a hand grabbed his chin

and lifted his head. He met Fleur's bright blue eyes for a brief moment before their lips collided. She pulled back and stared into his eyes as her Allure flared.

"Ruin 'er."

He straightened up, and his slow, steady thrusts turned into a ferocious pounding. Tonks cried out, her hands flailing for something to hold onto as her body jerked under his brutal pounding. Fleur slid her hand down Tonks's body and slipped two fingers into her gushing folds. The hand Harry had on her chest gripped her breast harshly as she writhed between them. Her breath caught, her veins bulged, and a strained groan escaped her clenched jaw. A waterfall of arousal showered his shaft each time it was exposed.

Neither Harry nor Fleur gave her a respite. Harry used the extra lubrication to continue pounding her while Fleur relentlessly fingered her drooling folds. Tonks never got a chance to recover before she was brought over the edge again... and again... and again. Her fingers clawed at the arms of the chair, and she shook her head wildly as if trying to stave off encroaching madness.

Although she didn't know it, the end was rapidly approaching. Harry swelled as he neared his climax. He thrust hard and deep, forcing a grunt from Tonks's lips each time he bottomed out. Growling like a feral beast, he heaved his hips forward one last time, pinned them against her bum, and unleashed in her depths.

Fleur pulled away her hand, fingers dripping. She smirked as Tonks sagged exhaustedly and moaned as she was filled. After he ensured every drop was deposited in her bum, Harry slipped free. His exhausted legs trembled as he wiped the sweat from his brow. Struggling to catch his breath, he collapsed to the floor and flopped back onto the thick shag rug.

The sound of heavy breathing and the occasional crackle of dying embers were the only sounds that filled the room for a long moment.

"How was zat?" Fleur asked.

Harry lifted his head and propped himself up on his elbows curiously. Fleur was cradling Tonks to her chest, hands gently caressing her body.

“Fuck,” Tonks panted softly.

Fleur let out a tinkling laugh and kissed the top of her head tenderly.

“I bet you forgot all about zat foolish man,” she said.

Harry arched an eyebrow, wondering who they were talking about, while Tonks scoffed.

“I think I forgot my own name.”

Fleur laughed again and lifted her eyes to meet his. Her Allure, which had waned, suddenly burst to life.

“Maman was right,” she said. “I should ‘ave claimed you after you saved Gabrielle.”

Harry swallowed thickly at the thought. As if reading his mind, she smirked and nudged Tonks.

“Go clean ‘im off for me. It’s my turn.”

Impossibly, Harry felt himself swell with anticipation.

With a tired groan, Tonks slid out of the chair onto her hands and knees and crawled over to him. Her eyes met his, and without a shred of hesitation, she took his hardening length into her mouth. Harry hissed when her tongue touched his sensitive head.

“Putain,” Fleur smiled, climbing to her feet gracefully. “I didn’t say to do it wiz your mouth.”

Tonks flushed and whimpered around him, but continued sucking his cock until he was as hard as he’d ever been. Flashing him a sultry grin, Fleur shooed her out of the way. She straddled his body and dropped to her knees. Harry, eager to touch her, caressed her thighs. As her folds kissed the underside of his shaft, his hands palmed her bum, and his hips bucked.

Fleur smiled and rolled her hips teasingly. In a single smooth movement, she raised herself up, lined him up with her entrance, and sat back down. An unbelievably pleasurable heat surrounded him. Tonks had felt brilliant, amazing, but this was otherworldly.

She didn’t give him time to find words for what he was feeling. Her hips rocked, and her lips pressed against his. Where before her Allure had made him feel insatiable and driven him to mindless rutting, now it demanded something else. Something softer, gentler.

*Worship me.*

Cupping the back of her head, his other hand grasped her breast, kneading it gently as he rocked in time with her. With Tonks, he had taken what he wanted. With Fleur, they danced, each movement designed to complement what the other was doing. Harry was so lost in the moment he didn’t realize Tonks was next to them until Fleur turned to kiss her. Then Tonks was kissing him, and then three of them managed to fit their lips together.

Eventually, Fleur sat up to ride him faster. Tonks kissed and sucked his neck, her hand caressing his chest while Harry worked to match her rhythm. His hands sought out her large, perfect breasts, thumbs grazing the delicate pink nipples. Fleur threw her head back and moaned, nails raking over his chest. Her body trembled.

That brief orgasm didn’t satiate her lust; it fueled them. She rode him passionately, her Allure washing over him like waves hitting a beach. Tonks sat up and kissed Fleur passionately. Harry caressed every inch of smooth, pale skin he could reach. One hand exploring each of them. Every touch brought its own sense of pleasure and wonder.

The air felt thick, hot, and heavy. Sweat glistened on their bodies. Although his muscles protested, Harry sat up and kissed Fleur's breasts. She moaned salaciously, back arching. Her hips rolled demandingly. His hands dropped to her bum, pulling her harder, deeper. Fleur tore her lips from Tonks with a gasp. A string of muttered French escaped between panting breaths. He didn't know what she was saying, but it excited him all the same.

He could feel her climax growing with every twitch, every breath, every breathless word. Her passion continued to build. It felt like an eternity before she finally reached the crest. She cried out to the heavens, back arched. Her muscles fluttered, demanding that he join her. Harry's body obeyed. He erupted, groaning between her breasts. They clutched desperately at each other, trapping Tonks between them as they rode out their climaxes.

Panting breathlessly, Harry slumped back onto the floor, his body drained. Fleur followed, peppering his neck with soft, loving kisses.

"Mmh, I zink we'll keep you," she murmured.

Harry was too tired to respond, but Tonks snorted as she propped herself up on her elbow next to them.

"He's not a dog," she said.

"Non," Fleur smiled. "But 'e made you 'is bitch."

Tonks snorted again and shook her head.

"Babe, that was terrible."

"You love it," Fleur teased.

“No, I love *you*,” Tonks corrected. “I put up with your terrible jokes. Now budge over.”

Fleur shifted to his right, and Tonks lay down to curl up on his left. The fire cracked softly in the hearth. Slowly, the euphoria and the Allure faded. Harry had a million questions and precious few answers. Above all, he hoped this wasn't the end.