

Borrowed Boyfriend

Part 1

"Pleeeeeeease, Fleur?" Gabrielle Delacour begged her glamorous, older sister. In return, she received an eye roll from her.

"Are you crazy, Gabby?" Fleur snorted as she checked her nails.

"What's the big problem?" Gabby asked in their native language while crossing her arms over her chest.

"The problem is that you want to borrow my boyfriend. That's not exactly a common occurrence," Fleur told her.

"Only for the night!" Gabby corrected her.

"Oh! If it's only for the night ..."

"You know what I mean," Gabrielle huffed and sat back down, crossing her smooth legs.

"Danielle thinks she's so hot," she ground out, making a disgusted face. "Ever since she began spreading her legs for that musician, she thinks that she's the Queen Bee. His music isn't even very good!" she told her older sister.

"Why does that matter?" Fleur asked, barely paying attention. The red paint on her nails had begun to chip. She would need to make a visit to the nail salon.

"It matters because everyone thinks that she's the coolest person now!" she glared at her sister. Again, Fleur rolled her eyes.

"Gabby ... You just graduated from Beauxbatons. You'll likely never see most of those people again. Who cares if they think that she's hot shit?"

"I care! Danielle has always had it out for me," she pouted. "She's such a jealous bitch." she seethed. "I just want to put her in her place one last time. Knocking her down a peg at the big graduation party tomorrow night is the perfect way to end our time together," Gabby said with a glint in her pretty, blue eyes.

"Gabby ..." Fleur sighed.

"Please, Fleur?" she asked again, making puppy dog eyes at her sister. "Nobody knows that you and Harry are dating. And like you said, you're planning to keep it a secret for the foreseeable future."

Gabby couldn't believe that her sister was dating Harry Potter, the hottest professional Quidditch in the entire world. Every time she went to the shop, all she could see in the rack were pictures of him on the front covers of every women's magazine that existed. Every girl in school had a crush on the handsome and dashing young man ... including Gabrielle. Gabby had even overheard a couple of female teachers perving on him while they giggled over a magazine. If Gabby could convince Fleur to let her borrow him for the night, she would surely put that skank in her place.

"And just what do you plan on doing with him?" Fleur asked her.

"Not a lot," Gabby blushed slightly. "Maybe sit on his lap. Perhaps some touching and kissing. But that's all!" she quickly finished.

"You're nuts, you know. Remember that Harry has a say in this. It's not like I can just offer him up," she reminded Gabby. Gabby blushed harder, forgetting that she had to ask Harry as well. That would be difficult. Because of her stupid crush, she sometimes stuttered and acted dumb around him. Fleur thought it was very funny.

"Maybe you can ask him for me?" she put the puppy dog eyes on full blast. Gabby smiled when her sister started ranting and cursing at the same time. Gabby had won the argument.

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"I don't know about this, Fleur. Wouldn't it be weird?" Harry asked as he massaged a bruise remover paste into the top of his hand. Fleur took his hand and took over the treatment.

"Weird for you or for me?" Fleur asked.

"Both," he replied. Fleur shook her head.

"I don't really mind. I know that you won't cross the line, and I trust you," she told him, rubbing more of the paste into his sore hand. "How did this happen anyway?" she asked, squeezing his hand lightly.

"Bludger got me during practice," he explained. "And I remember you telling me that you'll pluck and roast that Veela cheerleader from the Vratsa Vultures if she continues making eyes at me," he reminded her.

"That's different!" Fleur blushed heavily. "Gabby's family," she clarified.

"Ah! Perfectly understandable," Harry teased as he pulled his hand from hers and lifted her onto his lap where they kissed for quite a while.

"You'll do it for me, won't you?" she asked, using the same puppy eyes that Gabby did.

"Fine," Harry gave in as his hand caressed her thigh. Fleur shuddered as his hand traveled underneath her dress. "And just how far am I supposed to go?" he teased as his fingers brushed against Fleur's wet panties.

"Far enough to make it believable. Now take me to my room!" Fleur begged. Her parents were on a three-month trip as they traveled throughout Europe. They left right after their youngest daughter's graduation ceremony. Since then, Fleur had taken it upon herself to make love to Harry in every room of their large Chateau. Her favorite was her childhood bedroom though. Harry was the only boy to have ever been there. Harry wasted no time in lifting her up and carrying her off for an afternoon of fun.

The following night, Harry and Gabrielle were walking side by side down the cobbled path to one of Gabby's friend's houses. Harry whistled in appreciation as it came into view. "Not bad," he complimented it. Gabby was already holding his hand, but she then threaded her fingers through his to make it seem more intimate. She looked and acted confident, but on the inside, her heart was hammering a thousand times a second.

"Her family is very wealthy. This isn't even their main home," she told him. They could hear the rhythmic sounds of music coming from inside the house. The closer they got, the more that they could feel the bass. Harry could tell that she was starting to get really nervous. He had been in much scarier and nerve-wracking situations a thousand times before. He was used to this kind of stuff. To make her feel better, he pulled his hand from hers and wrapped his arm around her slim waist. She looked up at him and blushed.

"You okay?" he asked. She nodded with pink cheeks.

"Just nervous," she admitted. Harry smiled, trying to reassure her.

"Don't worry, Gabby. Fleur made me promise to make it believable. She said to do whatever it takes," he smiled confidently and winked. Gabby squeaked in embarrassment when his hand slid down to her tight bottom. She looked over her shoulder and down at his hand which was cupping her ass cheek. She looked back up at him with a huge blush on her face. "Let's go," he told her.

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For Danielle, life was good. She was surrounded by her peers who were hanging on her every word, and it was all thanks to her new boyfriend. Sure, he was only an up-and-comer, and he was kind of an idiot, but at least he was talented and popular. She used his popularity to her advantage. Gabrielle may have had the upper hand all through school, but at least their time at Beauxbatons ended in the way that it should have always been ... with her on top. She was too busy tooting her own horn to realize that people around her were getting excited. It wasn't until the excited whispering became too loud for her to ignore. "What's going on?" she asked one of

her friends. They pointed toward the door. Danielle looked and saw her rival arriving at the party. Gabrielle was looking slutty as ever in her short cocktail dress. As expected, the men in the room practically drooled all over themselves when they saw any amount of her skin. Danielle really hated Veela. However, her sluttiness wasn't what caused the excited chattering.

"It's 'Arry Potter!" she heard one girl squeal with absolute excitement. Looking closer, Danielle's face turned beet-red in anger and annoyance when she saw that the girl was correct. Somehow, Gabrielle had brought the most desirable man in the wizarding world. She suddenly noticed that no one was paying any attention to her anymore.

To say that Gabby was embarrassed was an understatement. She and Harry were suddenly surrounded by her female classmates. They were all chattering a thousand words a second, and some were even begging Harry for an autograph. He was polite, of course, and autographed a few items, and even a few cleavage-bearing chests. For her part, Gabby could barely get any words out. Every time she opened her mouth to answer one of her friend's questions, another question would be asked. Every one of them involved Harry. Thankfully, after a few minutes, Harry was able to pull her away. Taking her by the hand, he pulled her over to an area of the room with a large, leather chair. She squeaked when he lifted her up and sat her on his lap. Gabby curled her legs in a way that protected her decency from wandering male eyes. She couldn't help but shudder as Harry's hand caressed the length of her legs. His fingertips lightly brushed against her silky skin. Her cheeks turned pink when she saw that most eyes in the room were locked on them. Remembering to play her part, she took a deep breath to calm herself. Her hand moved to his arms, and she began to play with his hard muscles. She gasped when he leaned in and kissed the side of her neck. Gabby held her breath as he dragged his lips up to her jaw and tickled her cheek with his perfect nose.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" he smiled against her cheek as he kissed it lightly.

"Eet was embarrassing!" she quietly chirped while trying not to squirm on his lap. His hands on her skin and his lips near hers were driving her wild. She was beginning to tingle in certain places. "But eet felt good to see Danielle's face," she admitted. She then locked eyes with her rival.

Gabby was very glad to see the pretty girl glaring in her direction. Smiling in a sickly-sweet fashion, Gabby grabbed Harry by the chin and tilted her head up. Closing her eyes, she captured Harry's lips with hers. Her heart fluttered as their soft kiss turned a bit more passionate. Opening her mouth, she allowed Harry to explore her tongue. Unable to stop herself, she rubbed her thighs together to help curb the tingling that she was feeling. Having her tongue sucked on by him felt amazing to her. By then, she had completely forgotten that Harry wasn't really her boyfriend. She was practically devouring his mouth before he broke the kiss. "How about we go dance?" he asked her, sucking on her soft neck. Gabby moaned deeply and nodded her head, not really hearing what he was asking. Harry stood up with her in his arms and softly set her high-heeled feet back on the ground. He steadied her when a rush of blood

went to her head and made her wobble. "You okay?" he asked with concern. Gabby blushed and nodded. "Good. Let's go," he smiled and took her hand.

Danielle was livid when she saw Harry Freaking Potter dragging that slut Gabrielle onto the dance floor. What she witnessed next could only be described as two wild animals preparing to mate. She had never seen Gabrielle act so slutty. The girl actually spun around so that her back was pressed against Potter's front. Danielle ground her teeth as Gabby sexily wiggled her bottom and ground herself against Harry's crotch. Apparently, the entire room was swimming in her Allure. While the girls were staring at him, all the boys were being drawn to her like flies to honey. Even her own boyfriend was staring open-mouthed at her. Looking down, Dani hissed when she saw that the crotch of his pants was tinted. "What are you doing?!" she hissed quietly. Hadn't she already been embarrassed enough?

"What did you say, Dani? I didn't hear you," her boyfriend said in a robotic fashion as he eyed Gabrielle's smooth, creamy thighs when her dress rode up, exposing more of her perfect skin.

"I said that you're embarrassing me!" she ground out in anger, glaring daggers at him.

"That's nice," he replied and shuddered as Gabrielle spun around sexily to face Harry. Dani saw the skirt of her short dress flare up, giving just a quick flash of the bottom of her thong-covered ass. She watched Potter's hands move down her back until they rested firmly on her taut bottom. Her hands clenched into fists when he squeezed her ass tightly.

"Maybe I should go talk to her ..." she heard her boyfriend say to himself. As her Allure ramped up even further, everyone in the room saw her long, silvery-blonde hair begin to radiate some type of ethereal glow. Dani couldn't believe it when the people around them paired off and joined them on the dance floor. Over the next few songs, couples were practically humping each other as they bathed in Gabrielle's radiance. Not long after, Gabrielle looked at him with "Fuck Me" eyes, and Dani watched as she dragged him out back into the garden where she knew couples would go to get a bit more physical. Growling in anger, she snuck back with them to keep an eye on the situation.