

Chapter 9

Harry felt better about what he was doing with Fleur and Hermione after their latest talk, but still decided to take a break using the curse. That didn't mean that he didn't still spend time with them. Most of his nights were spent in the Room of Requirement instead of his dorm with one or both of the girls. Despite their differences in the beginning, Fleur and Hermione were getting on like the best of friends lately. Although, they both still had a competitive streak, thought fortunately it was playful now, rather than spiteful. Harry admitted to himself that he may have taken advantage of that on occasion, prodding them lightly. In his own defense, it was hard to turn down having two beautiful women competing to see who could make him cum fastest. Plus, he was fairly certain they knew what he was doing, both of them were a lot smarter than he was, after all.

While things were going great between them, he was honestly a bit nervous about the Yule Ball. They would essentially be announcing their relationship to the whole school, and outside of his close friends, they hadn't exactly treated him kindly as of late. On the bright side, his dancing lessons with them were going well, and Fleur took Hermione shopping last minute to get her a better dress. Hermione wasn't happy with the ones her mother had gotten for her.

The day before the Ball, Harry took them to Hogsmeade on their first official date. If he thought the staring before was bad, it was nothing compared to the way everyone's heads turned when he entered the Three Broomsticks. Harry paused just a few steps into the pub, seriously considering just turning around and leaving when Fleur and Hermione each grabbed one of his arms and marched him over to a table.

"Ignore zhem, 'Arry." Fleur said as she pulled him into a booth. "Zhey are just jealous."

"It *is* a bit creepy." Hermione said, taking in some of the glazed, dumbstruck looks on her classmates faces. "I don't know how you stand it."

"You get used to eet." Fleur said with a shrug.

"Hello, dears. What can I get for ya?" Madam Rosmerta asked brightly, her quill and pad of parchment held at the ready.

"I'll have a Butterbeer." Harry told her.

"Same for me." Hermione said.

"I'll 'ave a glass of red wine, sil vous plait." Fleur ordered.

"I'll need to see your wand." Rosmerta told Fleur, holding out her hand.

Fleur handed her wand over, handle first. Rosmerta took the wand and gave it a quick twirl. The tip glowed blue, and she nodded before handing it back to Fleur. Rosmerta started to turn to leave but paused and gave Harry a knowing smile.

"You know, your father once tried to date two girls at the same time, although, that didn't go as well for him as it is for you." she told him.

"What happened?" Harry asked eagerly, leaning forward slightly.

"Well, from what I understand, your father asked one girl on a date to Hogsmeade and then a few days later, another girl he liked asked him. Apparently, he was so excited, he said yes before he remembered his date with the first girl." Rosmerta explained.

"Didn't they notice when they got to the village?" Hermione asked.

"I don't quite know how he managed it before they got here, but I had the impression he had his friends helping him. When they got here, he would sit with one girl for a few minutes on one side of the pub, then make up some excuse and run over to the other girl. Frankly, I'm impressed he managed to fool them for as long as he did."

“How did he get caught?” Harry asked.

“Both girls went to the bathroom at the same time. As you can imagine, they were right cross when they came out. Both of them marched right over to the table your father was sitting at and dumped two full mugs of Butterbeer right over his head.” she said with a laugh.

Hermione and Fleur giggled, and Harry gave a short, forced chuckle.

“Harry doesn’t have to worry about that.” Fleur said, stroking the back of Harry’s hair softly.

“Good, I’d rather not have to clean up the mess.” Rosmerta joked before turning to leave.

“Are you okay, Harry” Hermione asked, looking at him closely.

“I’m fine.” he said, staring down at his hands.

She reached out and took his hands in hers.

“Everyone makes mistakes. I’m sure he grew out of it.” she assured him.

“It’s not that, it’s just...”

“What is it, mon amour.” Fleur asked, rubbing his back soothingly.

Harry sighed. “I hardly know anything about them.”

“Why don’t you write to Professor Lupin, I’m sure he could tell you about them.” Hermione said.

“I don’t know. He didn’t really seem to want much to do with me, Hermione. I don’t think he even would have told me about being friends with my dad if it wasn’t for Sirius.” He said quietly.

“I’m sure he’d be willing to tell you about your parents if you asked. How ‘bout I help you write a letter to him when we get back to the castle?” she offered.

Harry nodded and gave her a small smile. “Thanks, Hermione.”

Hermione squeezed his hands and smiled back before letting go.

Harry did his best to cheer himself up. After another hour in the Three Broomsticks, they walked around the village and stopped at most of the shops in the village. As the sun fell below the horizon, the temperature dropped and Fleur started shivering, prompting them to return to the castle. After making a quick stop at the Beauxbatons carriage and the Gryffindor Common Room to drop off their purchases, the trio headed to the Room of Requirement. Out of habit, Harry checked the Marauders Map as they entered. Wordlessly, he walked swiftly over to Hermione, turned them both away from Fleur, and held up the map, his finger pointing to a name. Eyes widening, she nodded and took out her wand. Waving it frantically and muttering incantations, she locked and sealed the door with a variety of spells.

“Ermione?” Fleur asked.

“I’ll explain in a second Fleur, just don’t move.” she told her.

Suddenly, a large beetle leapt off of Fleur’s shoulder and took to the air, buzzing wildly around the room.

“Harry, grab it! It’s her!” Hermione yelled urgently.

Harry followed the beetle’s flight with his eyes closely. His hand snapped out and snatched the beetle for the air. It flapped its wings furiously in his grip, desperately trying to break free.

“Here.” Hermione said, holding out a large glass jar.

Harry lightly tossed the beetle into the jar and Hermione quickly seal it shut with the lid.

“Got her!” Hermione crowed triumphantly, staring at the beetle with a vindictive smirk.

“What ees going on?” Fleur demanded.

“Fleur, I'd like you to meet Rita Skeeter.” she said, holding up the jar.

“She’s an Animagus?” she asked.

“I need to check something. I’ll be right back.”

Before Harry or Fleur could stop her, Hermione raced out of the room. Fleur turned and looked at Harry questioningly.

“She does that.” he told her with a shrug. “You get used to it.”

For the next fifteen minutes, Fleur spent more time teaching Harry to dance properly. Harry was just trying to spin a laughing Fleur like he had seen in one of Aunt Petunia’s show when Hermione barged back in the room.

“Where did you go?” Fleur asked before an excited Hermione could catch her breath to start talking.

“I had to check the list of registered Animagi.” she said, panting lightly.

Fleur crossed her arms over her chest. “Why couldn’t you just tell us that?”

“Well, I just wanted to make sure I was right before I said anything.” Hermione said a little defensively.

“She doesn’t like to be wrong.” Harry said with a teasing smile.

Hermione’s cheeks turned a light pink. “Anyways, I checked the registry, and I was right. Rita Skeeter isn’t a registered Animagus.”

“So, does that mean we can get her in trouble?” Harry asked excitedly.

“Oui.” Fleur purred with a malicious smile.

“We could.” Hermione said. “But I have a better idea.”

“What’s that?” he asked curiously.

“I think we should use this to make her publish the truth about you.” she said.

“You *want* me to give her an interview?” he asked incredulously.

“No not her, me. Just hear me out.” she said, holding her hands up to forestall his argument. “If we turn Skeeter in, the Prophet is just going to send someone else. They could send someone even worse. This way, we control what they say about you. You do the interview with me, I write it up, and we make Skeeter publish it.”

“You weesh to blackmail ‘er?” Fleur asked with a raised eyebrow, a smile tugging at her lips. “I deedn’t know you had eet in you.”

“Are you sure about this, Hermione? We could get into a lot of trouble if we’re caught.” Harry pointed out.

“Not as much trouble as Skeeter will be in. Being an illegal Animagus is a guaranteed five years in Azkaban.” Hermione argued back.

“I theenk ‘Ermione ees right.” Fleur jumped in.

Harry sighed. “Alright.”

“Great!” Hermione said happily. “Just take a seat, this won’t take long.”

Three chairs seemed to sprout from the floor, all facing each other. Hermione set down her back and pulled out the jar containing Rita and set it on the floor next to her, then took out a sheaf of parchment and a quill. Harry, Hermione, and Fleur all took seats.

“So, how do you really feel about being in the Triwizard Tournament?”

Thankfully, Hermione was true to her word and only asked him a few questions. Excitedly, she put Rita, along with the parchment, back in her bag and bid them goodnight as she left for the Common Room. Harry took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. Despite the fact the article was being written by someone he trusted; he wasn’t thrilled to be in the paper again. Fleur stood and walked around behind him, her hands rubbing his shoulders briefly before she leaned

forward. She wrapped around his shoulders, caressing his chest while she kissed his neck and her breasts pressed into his back.

“Come to bed, ‘Arry.” she whispered seductively into his ear.

Harry smiled and stood from his chair. Spinning around quickly he grabbed Fleur and lifted her off the ground as she giggled and wrapped her arms and legs around him. Walking her over to an empty part of the room, a wide, comfortable looking bed grew from the floor, stone fading into soft white cotton. Grabbing her hips, he tossed her onto the bed, making her squeal. Quickly, he stripped out of his clothes as she did the same, revealing her perfect body to his hungry gaze.

Crawling onto the bed, Harry threw her legs over his shoulders and leaned over her, nearly folding her in half. Fleur gasped and arched her back, thrusting her breasts up as he sank into her welcoming heat.

“Mon amor.” she moaned, her nails leaving fiery tracks down his back.

Harry gave a low growl and pulled nearly all the way back before driving back into her tight, hot walls. Wrapping her arms tightly around his neck, Fleur moaned and mewled cutely each time he reentered her, his pace slow but relentless, pummeling her into the bed with powerful thrusts. Her body rocked and her breasts wobbled each time their bodies collided with a meaty *slap*, her stiff nipples grazing his chest.

Holding himself up on one arm, Harry grabbed one of her large, perfect mounds in his hand, squeezing roughly and pinching her light pink nipple firmly. Fleur trembled under him, a long, pleased whine leaving her pouty lips, head tilted back, and eyes closed. Letting go of her breast for a moment, he slapped it sharply from the side a moment later, sending her pale white flesh jiggling wildly as he continued to brutally slam into her clutching depths. Sucking in a breath, her eyes popped open, staring into his with a hungry gaze.

“Mine.” Harry growled possessively, his forehead touching hers.

“Toujours.” she said softly.

Harry captured her lips with his in a hungry kiss, his tongue plunging between her full lips. With a whimper, her hands clutched his hair as the lean muscles in her legs quivered against his strong shoulders. Tearing her lips from his, her eyes closed and mouth open, she gasped from breath. Her walls fluttered around his thrusting length, nails digging into his back, desperately trying to make him go faster. Harry kept his pace, eyes locked onto her face, taking in her contorted expressions of desperation and pleasure.

Fleur seemed to hover on the brink forever, nails clawing at his back as she writhed under him as she whispered nonsensically in French. Suddenly, she when taught, her body locking in place except for her head, which she threw back in a silent scream, her breath hitching. Buried to the hilt, Harry ground his pelvis into hers, roughly rubbing against her overly sensitive clit. Filling her lungs with a deep breath, a trembling moan finally left her throat, neck straining as her body shook uncontrollably under him.

After several long seconds, her body went abruptly limp, her expression turning from pained to peaceful ecstasy. Harry leaned down and kissed her softly and allowed her trembling legs to slip from his shoulders. Pulling back, he pulled his rigid length from her tight grasp.

“Roll over.” he demanded in a deep, husky voice.

Fleur moaned and licked her lips while giving him a dark, lustful look. Slowly, with graceful, cat-like movements, she rolled over. With her chest lying flat on the soft mattress, she pulled her knees up, presenting him with her full, heart shaped ass. Her pink, swollen, drooling lips peeked out from between her smooth thighs temptingly. Grabbing her wide, bulging cheeks in a rough grip, pale flesh molding itself to the shape of his hand, Harry crawled up behind her.

Wedging his engorged head between her lips, he stayed there for a moment, savoring his control over such a stunning woman. With a single savage thrust, he plunged into her sweltering depths like a battering ram. Fleur’s pale globes rippled from the thunderous impact of his thighs and her hands clawing at the sheets as she gasped. Harry set a brutal, rapid pace, solely focused on his own pleasure. She bit her lip, muffled grunts and moans leaving her as each titanic thrust hammered her deeper into the soft mattress. Legs giving out under her, she

slowly slipped lower and lower until she was lying flat on the bed, Harry's throbbing length hammering into her from above.

Grabbing a handful of her golden locks, he pulled her head back sharply. Letting go a moment later, he wrapped his fingers around her delicate throat, his grip firm, but still allowing her to breathe. Every sound she made, each breath she took, he could feel through his palm. Sweat dripping from his brow, Harry's muscles strained and flexed as he continued to plow into her incredible depths, desperately seeking his climax. Thrusting frantically, he groaned and bent his head down, biting into her shoulder lightly.

With one final spasmodic jerk of his hips, Harry hilted himself in her clutching depths and released with an animalistic grunt, his hand tightening around her throat. Fleur let out a strangled gasp, her body shaking under him as she reached a sudden, surprising peak. He let go of her throat, collapsing on top of her with a long groan as her walls fluttered around his pulsating length. When their climaxes finally waned, Harry rolled off of her and onto his back, panting for breath. A moment later, Fleur too rolled over and crawled over to him, laying half her body on top of his, her breasts pressed against his chest and arm while one of her legs became entwined with his.

When her sweat soaked body gave a shiver a few moments later, and she burrowed closer to him in search of heat, Harry smiled down at her and kissed the top of her head. With a thought, a crimson blanket materialized out of thin air a few inches above them and fluttered down softly to cover their bodies. Fleur, half asleep, gave a satisfied sigh, relaxing fully against him.

Harry gave a soft, affectionate laugh and laid back, closing his eyes as his fingers trailed up and down her spine with a feather light touch. Tomorrow was certainly going to be chaotic with the Ball and Rita's interview, but for now, he could relax.