

Chapter 25

Harry barely made it out of the stadium before Sirius grabbed him in a bear hug.

"That was brilliant!" he cheered. "You rode a bloody dragon!"

"That's not something to be happy about," Andromeda said with a huff, crossing her arms over her chest as Sirius released him. "Was that really necessary?"

Harry shrugged.

"Seemed like a good idea at the time."

Sighing, she dropped her arms and pulled him into a tight hug.

"You're going to make me go grey," she muttered.

"Sorry," Harry murmured.

As she stepped back, Marlene took her place.

"The important thing is he made it out safe and sound," Ted smiled as he wrapped an arm around Andromeda's shoulders. "And in second place, no less. Not a bad showing."

"You were great!" Jenna said, surging past her mother as she let go of him and wrapping her arms around his chest.

“Come on, we should get up to the castle,” Sirius said. “I’m sure your classmates are going to want to congratulate you.”

Harry looked around and noticed several familiar faces.

“Whoa, did you bring the whole school?” he asked.

“No,” Sirius laughed. “Just a few students and parents who could afford an international Portkey.”

As they moved with the crowd toward the castle, a few of Harry’s friends and classmates made their way over to him. They congratulated him and patted him on the back. A few of the girls smiled flirtatiously, but by this point, he was pretty sure they were doing it just to get a reaction out of Dora. He smiled at the way she practically wrapped herself around his arm.

When they eventually made it into the castle, Harry led the group over to the Gryffindor table.

“Hermione!” he yelled, waving her over.

She made her way over to him, while Harry looked around behind him, grabbed Michelle by the hand, and yanked her forward.

“Hey!” she yelled.

She stumbled to a stop next to Harry just as Hermione reached them. He gestured between them with a wide smile.

“Hermione Granger, Michelle Brackenridge,” he said. “Michelle, this is Hermione.”

“Hello,” Hermione said with a little wave.

“Hi,” Michelle replied, fixing her glasses.

Wriggling his arm free from Dora’s grasp, he wrapped an arm around Hermione’s and Michelle’s shoulders with a grin.

“You two are going to get along great!”

“Is he always like this?” Hermione asked.

“Unfortunately,” Michelle told her. “You just have to learn how to handle him.”

Her elbow suddenly dug sharply into Harry’s ribs, and he backed away quickly with a wince.

“Harry, stop bothering those girls,” Andromeda sighed.

“I was just making introductions,” he said. “Anyways, Hermione, this is Andromeda Tonks and her husband Ted. That’s Sirius Black, and that’s his girlfriend Marlene McKinnon.”

“Hello,” Hermione said, smiling politely. “It’s lovely to meet all of you.”

“It’s lovely to meet you too, dear,” Andromeda smiled.

They all took seats while people continued to pile into the Great Hall. The brash Gryffindors and the rowdy Americans got along surprisingly well. Fortunately, McGonagall and Professor Turner were around to keep things from getting out of hand.

After a raucous lunch, Gabrielle dragged Fleur and Apolline over to say hi. Cedric joined them shortly after they sat down and introduced everyone to his parents, Amos and Eliza Diggory. They ended up getting into a discussion of the task and what the eggs might be for.

“I bet there’s something inside,” Harry said. “Maybe we have to find a way to break it open?”

“Or make eet hatch,” Fleur suggested.

Cedric opened his mouth to speak, but stopped when Amos patted him roughly on the shoulder.

“Now, Cedric, don’t go giving away your ideas,” he laughed. “You can’t help out the competition if you want to be Champion.”

Cedric turned to Harry and Fleur with an apologetic look.

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Dora left the Great Hall briefly to use the bathroom. As she stepped out of the stall, she spotted Fleur fixing her hair in the mirror. Remembering her promise to Harry for making it out of the First Task in one piece, she stepped up beside her and struck up a conversation while discreetly trying to guess her measurements.

“Hey,” she smiled. “That was some Task, huh?”

Fleur scoffed and shook her head.

“Eef I ‘ad known zey would make us fight a Dragon, I am not sure I would ‘ave entered,” she admitted.

“Well, you still did pretty good,” Dora smiled. “You’re in first place.”

“Merci,” Fleur smiled.

“It’s just too bad the boys probably don’t remember anything,” Dora teased as she glanced in the mirror to gauge the size of her breasts. “I swear some of them almost popped in their pants as soon as you used your Veela powers.”

“Eet’s called ze Allure,” Fleur corrected, wrinkling her nose cutely. “And I’d razzer not zink about what zose men do in zeir pants.”

“Hey, if I had to see, you get to hear about it,” Dora smiled, adjusting her legs until they were the same length as Fleur’s to get a feel for her body.

“At least ‘Arry doesn’t lose ‘is mind around me,” Fleur sighed. “You are very lucky.”

Dora looked at her reflection curiously.

“What does that have to do with anything?” she asked. “It’s not like I’m a Veela.”

Fleur met her eyes in the mirror and flashed a knowing smirk.

“Do you know why I don’t affect ‘im?” she asked.

“Because he’s strong-willed?” Dora asked.

“Zat ees part of eet,” Fleur acknowledged. “But ze real reason ‘es so unaffected ees because ‘e loves you. Men ‘oo are een love are not affected by ze Allure.”

“Really?” Dora asked, smiling happily.

“Oui.”

They stood in companionable silence for a long moment. As Fleur stepped back from the mirror and turned to leave, Dora decided to take a risk. Besides, if Fleur said no, she’d just do it anyway and not tell her about it.

“Hey, Fleur,” she called. “I’ve got a weird question to ask you. Do you mind if I turn into you when I have sex with Harry tonight?”

Fleur turned back to her in surprise, tilted her head to the side, and furrowed her brow.

“‘E asked you to do zat?” she asked.

“No,” Dora replied, shaking her head. “I kind of offered to do it if he made it out of the First Task in one piece. We’ve been trying a bit of roleplaying lately, you know, to spice things up.”

Fleur blinked, shook her head, and smiled.

“I don’t mind,” she shrugged.

Suddenly, her eyes sparkled mischievously, and she smirked. Drawing her wand, she locked the bathroom door.

“What are you doing?” Dora asked curiously.

“Eef you’re going to be, zen you need to know ‘ow I look,” Fleur said. “I don’t want you to give ‘Arry ze wrong opinion of me.”

Before Dora could respond, Fleur pulled a single clasp over her left shoulder and her silky blue robe pooled around her feet. She wasn't wearing a stitch of clothing underneath.

"Whoa."

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The party in the Great Hall continued until after dinner, when the visiting students from Ilvermorny and Beauxbatons had to leave to catch their return Portkeys. The families of the Champions and the remaining visitors left shortly after. Gabrielle's farewell was particularly tearful, and she hugged Harry one last time before Apolline led her from the hall.

Once the guests had left, Harry and Dora returned to their train, where several of their classmates broke out Firewhiskey, mead, and Butterbeer they'd purchased earlier in the day. After a few hours and several drinks, Harry lounged in a comfortable chair with Dora curled up in his lap.

"Let's go to bed," she whispered huskily, nibbling on his ear. "I have a surprise for you."

Harry lifted an eyebrow, smiled, and stood, cradling her bridal style in his arms.

"Goodnight, everybody," he said.

Knowing smirks and drunken cheers greeted his announcement as he carried Dora to their room and kicked the door closed with a bang. She giggled when he dumped her on the bed and crawled on top of her. They kissed passionately, but she quickly pushed against his chest and slipped out from under him. Rolling off the edge of the bed, she smirked and pulled her shirt over her head.

"I had an interesting conversation with Fleur earlier," she said.

“Really?” Harry asked, only half listening as his girlfriend stripped out of her tight, ripped jeans.

“Yep,” Dora grinned, unclasping her bra. “I told her I was going to fuck you as her tonight, and do you know what she did?”

Harry lifted an eyebrow in surprise while Dora unclasped her bra and stepped out of her panties.

“No idea,” he said, smirking and staring at her breasts.

“She got naked for me so I could get everything right.”

Dora closed her eyes, scrunched up her face, and her body began to shift. Her legs grew longer, and her curves grew more pronounced. Her breasts expanded, but lost none of their usual perkiness, while her waist narrowed and her hips widened. Luscious, long blonde hair grew from her head and fell down her back. Harry sat up and stared unabashedly at Fleur’s perfect body.

“And I got a good, long look,” Dora said.

She tried to saunter forward, but stumbled on her unusually long legs. With a grin, Harry caught her around the waist and pulled her down onto the bed on top of him. One hand landed firmly on her perfectly round, firm ass, while the other cupped and caressed one of her heavy breasts. His lips latched onto her long, pale neck.

Dora moaned and tugged at his clothes. They rolled around on the mattress as she undressed him, until he was naked and she was once again on top. She rubbed Fleur’s tight, wet folds over his length before suddenly spinning around so she was facing the foot of the bed and the mirror on the wall. Harry grabbed two handfuls of her thick ass and spread her open. Dora shimmied and moaned as they worked together to line him up with her entrance and then sank down onto his length.

Fleur's face twisted in pleasure as Dora began to ride him, hands braced on his shins. Her large, pert breasts bounced wildly, rippling and jiggling as they collided. The large, round, bright pink nipples and areolas danced in the reflection. Meanwhile, Harry had a front row seat to the best ass he'd ever seen shaking as it rode and fell over his lap. Her thick cheeks bounced like they were made of rubber each time they impacted his thighs. He sank his fingers into the taut muscles underneath the porcelain skin and spread them open while he watched her tight folds swallow his shaft.

As fantastic as the view was, Harry wanted to see her from the front. He'd always been more of a tit man. Raising his hand, he gave her ass a firm swat.

"Climb off for a sec," he said.

Dora groaned and rolled to the side. Harry quickly spun around so his head was facing the foot of the bed and guided her back over him. She sank down on his length with a moan and braced her hands on his chest as she started riding him again. His hands sought out Fleur's breasts.

"Oh, God," Dora gasped when he teased her nipples.

Harry smiled and looked up at her face, but she was entranced by the view in the mirror. He left her to enjoy the view while he groped and caressed Fleur's body to his heart's content. Dora's riding gradually grew more vigorous until she practically slammed herself onto his lap. Her ass clapped loudly, almost like applause, each time it slapped against his thighs. Harry gripped her hips firmly and drove himself into her furiously to match her pace.

With a scream, Dora shuddered and fell on top of him as a thunderous climax ravaged her body. He held her tight and continued gently rocking his hips until she collapsed bonelessly, panting for breath. As he lay there, letting her recover, an idea came to mind. Smirking to himself, he held out his hand and focused. After several seconds, his clothes rustled. A few seconds more, and his wand leaped from the pocket of his jeans and landed firmly in his palm. With a grin, he unstuck the mirror from the wall and reattached it to the ceiling above the bed.

Tossing his wand aside, Harry rolled Dora over and began moving his hips. She groaned, and her nails raked along his back as she stared into the reflection.

“Do you think Fleur’s imagining what we’re doing right now?” he whispered.

Dora moaned and shuddered. Her arms and legs wrapped tightly around him.

“She’s probably in her bed, fingering herself right now, wishing she was you,” Harry said.

Dora shook and panted through another, smaller climax. Her tight walls fluttered around his length as Harry drove himself into her harder and faster.

“Where do you want me to cum?” he panted.

“In her,” she replied breathlessly.

Harry smirked at her phrasing as he focused on his own pleasure. Grabbing one of Fleur’s tits tightly, he hammered into her roughly. Dora gasped and arched her back as he speared into her over and over until he finally reached his peak and erupted inside of her. He slammed his hips forward and held himself as deep as possible as he emptied himself in her welcoming depths. Breathlessly, he collapsed on top of her. Dora hummed contentedly and shifted back to herself while combing her fingers through his hair.

“You know, Fleur said something else interesting,” she said.

“Hm, what’s that?” Harry asked tiredly.

“She thinks the reason you’re not affected by her Allure is because you’re in love with me,” Dora told him.

Harry snorted.

"I could have told you that."

Lifting himself up, he placed a long, lingering kiss on her soft lips. When they separated, he rolled off of her and then pulled her to his chest.

"I love you, Dora."

"I love you, too."

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The next morning, Harry and Dora were tiredly eating their breakfast when Fleur suddenly appeared and sat down across from them with a smirk.

"Good morning," she said. "'Ow was your night?"

"Long and tiring," Harry grinned.

"But good, non?"

Harry smirked as Dora scooted closer and gripped his arm possessively.

"Oh, it was great," he said.

"Good," Fleur said. "I 'ate to disappoint."

“Why do I feel like I’m missing something here?” Amanda asked.

“Because you are, and you don’t need to know what it is,” Dora replied sharply.

Amanda raised her hands in surrender and turned back to her breakfast. Fleur flashed Dora a victorious grin, causing her to let out an irritated huff.

“We should get to class,” Dora said abruptly.

She climbed to her feet and pulled Harry with her. They’d barely made it out of the Great Hall when Dora pinned him against the wall and pressed her lips against his neck. She sucked hard on his skin, leaving behind a deep purple bruise, and then suddenly bit him lightly. Harry yelped more out of surprise than pain and checked his neck for blood. All his fingers came away with was her saliva.

“See you after class,” she said, turning and strolling down the hall.

Fleur had followed them into the hall and covered her mouth as she tried to suppress a laugh.

“Did she bite you?” she asked incredulously.

“Yeah.”

“I’m sorry,” Fleur said, struggling not to laugh. “I just wanted to tease ‘er. I didn’t think she would do zat.”

“It’s fine,” Harry smiled. “You wouldn’t believe how wild she gets in bed when she gets jealous like that. Tease her all you want.”

Fleur laughed, shook her head, and turned toward the stairs.

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Harry and Dora slammed their hands over their ears as an earsplitting shriek filled their room. Lights from the inside of the golden egg danced on the walls and ceiling.

“CLOSE IT!” Dora shouted.

Harry grimaced and uncovered his ears. As quickly as he could, he slammed the egg shut and twisted the latch closed.

“What the fuck was that!?” Dora yelled.

“I have no idea,” Harry said. “A Banshee, maybe?”

“If that was a Banshee’s scream our organs would be liquified,” she pointed out. “Ask Hermione when we get to the Great Hall. She’s smart. If she doesn’t know, write Sirius. Maybe they know something.”

Harry nodded and stuffed the golden egg into the corner of the room and hid it under a pile of dirty clothes so it wouldn’t accidentally open. Turning back to Dora, he smiled as he watched her cycle through several different hair styles and colors. Slowly, he walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist.

“You know, next week is a Hogsmeade weekend,” he said. “How about you and I sneak off to London for dinner? Just the two of us?”

Dora stopped mid-transformation, smiled brightly, and turned to kiss him on the lips.

“That sounds perfect,” she said. “Just what I want for my birthday. But I still expect gifts.”

Harry chuckled and kissed her neck. Leaving their bags behind, they trekked back up to the castle for dinner. Quickly, they found Hermione and took the seats next to her.

“Hey, Hermione, I got a question for you,” Harry said. “What screams like a Banshee?”

“Um, a Banshee?” Hermione answered uncertainly. “Is this a riddle or something?”

“No,” Harry laughed. “I opened the egg and all it did was let out a God awful screech. Do you have any idea what it could mean?”

Hermione furrowed her brow in thought.

“Not off the top of my head,” she said eventually. “But I can help you research it in the Library.”

“I’m really not a fan of libraries,” Harry said.

Hermione gave him an unimpressed look.

“What if you take over as my research assistant?” he asked. “I can pay you.”

Her brow furrowed in a glare, and Harry sighed.

“Fine.”