

Chapter 6

After leaving the Gryffindor common room, Harry led Fleur down the hall and up the stairs to the seventh floor, checking the Marauder's Map as she followed him under the cloak. There wasn't anyone else up this high in the castle on a weekend, nearly all of the students were outside, in their common rooms, or at the library. There weren't even any classrooms on this floor of the castle. As an idea came to him, Harry paused in the middle of the hallway, carefully checking and re-checking to make sure there wasn't anyone anywhere near them, then turned to Fleur.

Take off the cloak.

He could feel her fighting him mentally, and he could feel the air around her move as she shook, as if she was trying to follow his order and fight him at the same time. Harry gave her time to fight him, wondering if she would finally be able to throw off the curse. With jerking, awkward movements, she pulled the cloak off of herself. Her shirt was still open, and her bra was tucked under her breasts from their time in the common room, leaving her big tits jutting out for anyone passing by to see. He couldn't help but grab her breasts, groping them in the middle of an open hallway.

Follow me.

With jerking, almost robotic steps, she followed him down the hall, her breasts trembling and bouncing enticingly with each step. Harry made sure to check the map regularly, just to make sure no one decided to come up here for some reason. Between glancing at the map, and watching Fleur's beautiful mounds jiggle as she walked, he nearly walked into a wall at least three times. Eventually, they reached the Room of Requirement. As a precaution, Harry had her put the cloak back on as he paced back and forth in front of the wall until the door faded into view. He opened the door and paused as he looked around, finding the room nothing like what he had asked for.

The room still looked like Hermione's house, like it had been about an hour ago. Harry wondered if he had done something wrong when he heard the sound of glass clinking for another room. Following the sound, he made his way to the kitchen, where Hermione was bent over a cauldron set on the kitchen table. She looked up when she heard him enter and smiled at him.

"Hey, Harry. Where's Fleur?" She asked curiously.

"She here." He said, gesturing behind him.

Take off the cloak.

Fleur shrugged off the cloak and draped it over one of the chairs. Hermione raised an eyebrow at her appearance and looked at him questioningly.

"I'll explain later." Harry said, not wanting Fleur to know just how cautious he was being. It was better if she thought there was much more of a risk of being caught than there actually was.

"What are you making?"

"It's a stamina potion. I thought it might help." She answered as she ladled some of the potion into a goblet.

"Thanks, Hermione. You're a life saver." He told her, giving her a kiss on the cheek as he took the goblet.

Hermione had a pleased smile on her pretty face as he downed the potion in one gulp. He grimaced at the sour taste and slimy yet gritty texture, even as he felt his energy coming back to him. Taking the goblet over to the sink, he washed it out quickly and then took a couple of gulps of water to clean the taste out of his mouth.

“Merlin, that tastes horrible.” Harry complained.

Hermione rolled her eyes at him. “Right, well, I’m going to the library for a while.”

Grabbing the front of his shirt, she pulled him into a deep kiss before leaving the room. Harry shook his head. He wasn’t really sure what was going on between him and Hermione, or between him and Fleur for that matter, but he was sure as hell enjoying it. Looking over at Fleur, he thought about which of his ideas he wanted to try first. Glancing over at the windows, he wished they showed him the Hogwarts grounds. Just as he thought that the image in the window changed to exactly what he wanted it to be and grew double in size, giving him a much better view. He couldn’t help but smile.

“I love magic.” He said aloud, before looking back at Fleur.

Crawl over to me.

Fleur dropped to her hands and knees, and began to crawl over to him, her large tits swaying as they dangled beneath her. Harry had never really considered himself to have dominant personality, but he had to admit he did enjoy the control he had over Fleur, and that worried him. He was using very dark magic on another person regularly and enjoying it. Did it make a difference that she wanted him to, had asked him to do this? It was definitely something he

needed to think about later. Right now, he had more important things to focus on, like the gorgeous blonde on her knees, looking up at him.

From the way that Fleur had fought back against the curse earlier, he knew that the idea of getting caught was more likely to get her to fight back. Harry decided to use that to really push her into fighting against him. Grabbing her by the hair, he pulled her over to the window. Rather than showing the back lawn of Hogwarts from the seventh floor, the view was instead from the first floor, looking out onto the front lawn and the Black Lake. Outside, there were numerous students milling and lounging about. Harry had asked the room to make the window one way, so that they could see out, but they couldn't see in. He wasn't sure if that's what was happening, or if it was just a magical image that wasn't actually real but given that no one was staring at the Veela on her knee with her tits hanging out, he felt confident that no one could see them. Not the Fleur knew that.

"Hopefully, no one looks over here." He said, looking down at Fleur.

Take off your shirt and bra.

Fleur hesitated at his command, looking out of the window nervously as her hands shakily unbuttoned the rest of her shirt and shrugged it off of her shoulders. Unhooking her bra, she let it fall forwards off of her arms and onto the floor. Grabbing her arm, Harry helped her to her feet, and turned her so she was facing the window, while he stood behind her. Sliding his hands up her body, he groped her big, soft mounds, jiggling them and slapping them together as a pair of seventh year girls walked past just feet in front of the window. With his chest pressed against her back, he felt her breath hitch as they passed.

"Maybe we need to give them a bit more of a show." Harry said as he tugged her skirt down her legs.

The skirt fell to the floor and pooled around her feet, leaving her standing in just her panties, seemingly in full view of more than a dozen students. Cupping one of her breasts, Harry slid his other hand over her silky underwear, rubbing her slit through the thin fabric. Her panties were surprisingly damp and clinging to her lips. It made him wonder if she was as averse to what he was doing as he thought. With a feather light touch, his fingertips ghosted over her panties and then her stomach as he moved his hand upwards. Fleur's abs twitched under his touch as he moved his hand back down, this time slipping his hand under the waistband of her panties. Her core was hot and moist as he traced his middle finger between her lips, pushing them apart to tease her entrance. A short moan escaped her lips as his palm brushed her clit, her hips bucking slightly.

Harry rubbed her a few times, sliding his finger between her lips teasingly, before pushing her panties down her legs. With one hand on her waist and the other on her shoulder, he bent her forward until she had to put her hands on the glass to support herself. Quickly, he toed off his shoes, yanked his shirts over his head, and stepped out of his pants and boxers. Grabbing his rigid length, Harry pushed the head of his cock between her moist lips and swiped it up and down, teasing her as her arousal leaked over him.

"Let's show them how much of a slut you really are." Harry growled in a deep rumbling voice as he pushed his hips forward.

Harry's shaft sank into her wet, hot pussy, her walls hugging him tightly as his girth stretched her open. Fleur let out a short quiet moan as he filled her. Her reflection in the mirror showed her biting her lip, her eyes darting rapidly for person to person, looking to see if anyone had noticed her. Just as Harry bottomed out in her, a group of five Ravenclaws boys walked right in front of the window and paused. A whimper escaped her lips as they stood there talking, one of the boys leaning his back against the window and another two of them looking in their direction. Fleur's walls fluttered around his shaft while her eyes flicked from one face to the other, her body trembling lightly. A moment later, the boys moved on, completely oblivious to what was happening on the other side of the glass.

Harry started moving his hips, pulling out slowly and then slamming them forward quickly. Fleur's body rocked with each powerful thrust, her large breasts bouncing wildly as she lurched forward. She pressed her lips together tightly, trying to quiet the short grunts she made every time his hips smacked into her firm ass. As Harry began to increase his pace, filling her tight, hot walls again and again, he noticed a familiar face among the crowd. Hermione walked across the lawn with a book clutched to her chest. She made her way over to their favorite tree near the edge of the Black Lake and sat down with her back against it. Just as she opened her book, a shriek of laughter came from a group of second year Gryffindor girls. When she looked up to glare at them for disturbing her reading, Harry wished there was a way for just her to see them. When her eyes passed over them as she turned back to her book, she didn't seem to notice them, at first.

Hermione did a comical double take, her eyes widening and dropping her book as her eyes lock on them. She looked around frantically, trying to see if anyone else had noticed them. Fleur had noticed Hermione looking at them too, and her walls fluttered around his length. When Hermione realized that no one else had noticed the naked Beauxbaton's champion being railed from behind, she relaxed visibly and turned her attention back to them. Harry smiled and gave her a cheeky wink while reaching up to grope Fleur's full, firm tits in his hands. Grabbing her by the hips, Harry planted his feet and started jackhammering his rigid cock into her slit at a furious pace.

A surprised cry left her lips at the sudden change of pace. His rapid, powerful thrusts forced her forward until her face and chest was pressed up against the glass. Fleur's hands clawed at the glass while gasps and moans left her now parted lips. Hermione's eyes stayed locked on them, and he was sure he saw her rubbing her thighs together. Harry was a bit surprised when he felt Fleur's walls tighten and spasm around his thrusting shaft not much later. He had thought the threat of getting caught would make her fight the curse more, but it seemed to turn her on. Sure enough, a few seconds later she came all over his cock, her arousal drenching his shaft and balls while she screamed against the window, fogging the glass.

Yanking his length out of her still spasming core, Fleur dropped to her knees, shivering and still in the midst of her climax. Grabbing her head, Harry pressed his glistening cock against her parted lips and pushed himself into her mouth. She moaned as he started fucking her face before her orgasm had even finished, his head bumping against the back of her mouth. After a

few thrusts, Harry drove his hips forward harshly, forcing his thick head down her throat. Fleur gagged, her shoulders hunching as he pulled out and did it again and again, brutally fucking her throat while desperately chasing his own climax. The rim of her eyes turned red as tears trailed down her cheeks and long, thick strings of saliva dripped down her chin.

Pulling out briefly, Fleur took a gasping breath, coughing to clear her abused throat for a moment before he pushed back into her mouth. In one continuous push, Harry shoved his throbbing cock all the way down her throat, his balls slapping against her chin. Feeling his climax approaching rapidly, he humped her face with short, rapid movements, a wet sucking, gagging noise issuing from her mouth. Just before he came, he pulled out of her mouth and jerked his shaft furiously. After just a few strokes, he aimed at her face and shot several long, powerful jets of cum at her face. By the time he was done, her face was glazed in hot white cum. It covered her nose, cheek, one of her eyes, and her lips.

Harry collapsed backwards onto the couch to catch his breath. Already, he could feel the potion working to restore his energy. Looking at Fleur as she remained kneeling on the floor in front of the window, he came up with an idea. At his command, she got to her feet and stood in front of the window. Dragging her finger across her face, she gathered up his cum and then licked it off and swallowed it. She did this several times until her face was completely cleaned. Glancing out the window, he saw Hermione still sitting under the tree, face them. She had her cloak draped over her legs and her knees bent to hold the book in her lap. It took a second for him to realize that one of her hands was under her cloak. Was she really playing with herself on the front lawn while surrounded by students, he asked himself. He had no idea she could be that daring.

Thanks to the potion and the excitement of everything that was happening, it was only a couple of minutes before he felt ready to go again. Standing up, he picked his wand up off the floor and moved the couch so that it was right in front of the window. Tossing his wand over to the other end of the couch, he grabbed Fleur hand and pulled her over to him. With her back to him, he pulled her into his lap, groping her chest and kissing her neck. Lifting her up slightly, he lowered her back down onto his cock, making both of them moan as he filled her.

Ride my cock.

Fleur followed his order without hesitation, leaning forward and putting her hands on the glass and starting to bounce up and down on his hard length. As she moved up and down on his cock, Harry caressed her hands down her smooth back and down to her ass. Spreading her cheeks open, he had a good view of his shaft spearing between her soaking wet lips and her tight, pink asshole. Out of curiosity, he ran his thumb over her rosebud, rubbing it firmly. Fleur gave a deep, guttural moan and shivered as he played with her. Running his thumb around his shaft and her lips to get it wet, he pressed his thumb against her wrinkled hole and pushed until the tip of his thumb slid inside. Fleur slowed her movements as his thumb move in and out of her tightest hole gently.

“Have you ever tried anal before?” He asked her, ordering her to tell him the truth.

“I ‘ave used toys, but I ‘ave nevair let a man touch me zhere.” She told him with a moan.

Harry debated with himself for several seconds if he should do it or not. In the end, the temptation was too much for him to resist. Grabbing his wand again, he used a lubrication spell on his cock that he had read about in a magazine that Fred and George had given him. He had only ever used it when masturbating before, but the magazine said that it could be used for anal as well.

“Tell me if it hurt too much and you want to stop.” He told her.

Pushing his thumb in and out of her a few more times in the hope of loosening her up, he pulled it out and then lifted her off of his cock. Lining his cock up with her puckered hole, he held her hips supportively as she pressed her weight down on to him. Fleur gave a loud gasp as his head popped into her back door, her walls hugging him in an incredibly tight, hot grip. Slowly, she started bouncing up and down on his cock, taking him deeper bit by bit each time she pushed down. Harry groan at the unbelievable pleasure of being in her ass, it felt like his

cock was being gripped tightly by hot silk as her walls hugged his shaft. After a few minutes of gradually going lower and lower, Fleur managed to take his entire length. Hugging her back against his chest, Harry caressed her body and gave her time to get used to him.

Fleur moaned as she wiggled her hips, settling her weight on his lap. Trailing his hand down her body, he teased her clit with his fingers, trying to make sure she enjoyed this. With how incredible it felt for him, he was hoping to make it pleasant enough for her that she would be willing to do it again.

“How does it feel?” He asked her.

“I feel so full, but I like eet.” She answered in a husky voice.

As soon as she finished saying that, Harry grabbed her hips and started moving her up and down on his cock.

“Holy fuck.” Harry grunted, overwhelmed with pleasure.

Fleur let out a moan as he filled and stretched her ass over and over again. Looking up, he remembered the window and he noticed Hermione squinting, trying to get a better look. Wrapping his arms around Fleur’s waist, he pulled her back against his chest and then lifted her legs up and spread them wide. He saw Hermione’s eyes widen a moment later when she realized where his cock was buried. Reaching between Fleur’s legs, he sank two fingers into her drooling pussy and hooked them upwards while grinding his palm into her clit. Fleur reached behind her head to run her fingers through his hair as she began bouncing up and down on him again. Tilting her head far back, she kissed him hungrily while his rigid shaft plundered her rear.

When she leaned forward again, Harry glanced out of the window to see Hermione's reaction. She was staring at them, and he could clearly see her shoulder moving as she played with herself, only hidden from the view of their fellow students by the cloak covering her lap. He couldn't believe that his best friend would do something so daring in the middle of the Hogwarts lawn while surrounded by numerous people. The combination of what he was doing with Fleur, and what he knew Hermione was doing, was incredibly arousing and thrilling. It was almost surreal; he could hardly believe this was actually happening to him.

As Fleur continued to work her hips up and down, Harry slid his two middle fingers in and out of her dripping lips while grinding his palm down lightly on her clit. While his fingers slid against her walls, they brushed across a slightly rough patch of skin, which made Fleur gasp and jerk her hips upwards. Pressing his fingertips a bit more firmly against that patch of skin, Fleur gave a long, loud moan as her thighs quivered. With his palm grinding against her clit, and his fingers rubbing that sensitive part of her pussy, he used his hand to help lift her up and down on his cock. Her legs started shaking to the point that she could barely hold herself up while she writhed in all consuming pleasure on his lap. He could feel her ass flexing around his thick shaft, massaging his length as it spasmed around him.

Wrapping his free arm around her waist, he held her in place a few inches up his length and then started slamming his cock up into her in a hard fast pace. Fleur let out a quivering half moan, half yell as he pounded her ass. After just a few seconds, she came violently. She threw her head back and continued to make that odd, but arousing noise while her back passage clamped tightly around his cock and the evidence of her enjoyment flowed out of her lower lips. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, the muscles of her neck strained, and her body went tense in his arms. Harry was filled with an overwhelming sense of pride that he was able to make such a beautiful woman feel so much pleasure. Driving his hips up into her several more times, he buried his pulsing length deep into her back door as he reached his peak, filling her with several jets of hot cum. Out of the window, he just caught sight of Hermione with her eyes closed and biting her lip while she clenched her legs together.

Eventually, they both collapsed into a pleased daze, his softening length still inside of her. After a short while, Harry rolled Fleur so that she was lying face down on the couch and pulled his cock out of her. A small stream of his cum leaked out of her gaping bum as it slowly closed back up. He felt quite smug as he stood up, leaving her sprawled out on the couch in an

orgasmic daze. He left her there to rest as the room expanded to form a kitchen off to the side. He was definitely going to need some lunch before the next round.