

Chapter 10

Harry had hoped to spend a little time alone with Fleur in the Beauxbatons carriage, but Madame Maxime had spotted him. Rather than stay and risk upsetting her, he'd given Fleur a kiss and headed back to Gryffindor Tower. Stepping through the portrait hole, he walked into the common room and spotted a familiar head of bushy brown hair sitting above the back of the couch near the fire.

Smiling to himself, Harry walked over to the couch, braced his hand on the back of it, and jumped. He expected a scolding, but Hermione just looked up from her book with a smile.

"Oh, hey, Harry," she said.

"Hey. What's got you so happy? Did McGonagall assign us extra homework I don't know about?" Harry asked with a smirk.

Hermione ignored his joke and looked around to make sure no one was listening.

"Nadine asked me to the Ball," she whispered, cheeks flushing lightly.

"That's great!" Harry grinned, patting her leg.

"Thanks," Hermione smiled. "Weren't you going to spend some time with Fleur?"

"I was, but we ran into Madame Maxime," he explained.

"Is she still mad Fleur's dating you?" she asked.

“Well, she didn’t say anything, but she looked like she wanted to step on me,” Harry shrugged. “I didn’t want to cause problems between her and Fleur, so I came back.”

“Is she still okay with what happened earlier today?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said, shaking his head with a smile. “She kept talking about how excited she is for tomorrow.”

“I know you want to make sure Fleur is sure this is what she really wants, but what about you? Are you comfortable with what she wants?” Hermione asked softly.

“The only thing I’m worried about is losing Fleur,” Harry told her. “You know, she was talking about me and you and Nadine on the way to the carriage.”

“Oh,” Hermione said, blushing. “Oh, um, well....”

“You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to,” Harry assured her. “I just wanted to let you know she might bring it up.”

“It’s not that I don’t want to,” she murmured, avoiding his eyes.

Harry blinked in surprise before smiling and wrapping his arms around her shoulders. She leaned against his side, her head coming to rest on his shoulder.

“Have you looked at the clue from the First Task?” she asked after a moment.

“It’s written in runes I’ve never seen before,” Harry sighed. “Fleur thinks it has to be a magical language that’s either really, really old or didn’t see much use. Oh, and the parchment it’s written on is enchanted. I think the runes will tell us how to activate whatever the enchantment is, but Fleur thinks the map itself might be a tool we can use to help in the Third Task.”

“Well, they did put incantations on enchanted parchment for complicated spells before the invention of wands,” Hermione said thoughtfully. “Curse Breakers still use them on occasion if they have to cast powerful spells repeatedly. Like when they need to break a series of wards or heavy enchantments. Thieves use them as well. They can be prepared ahead of time and don’t require anywhere near the amount of magic casting an equivalent spell would.

“Huh, I wonder if I could use those for the Tournament,” Harry said thoughtfully.

“You can’t,” Hermione told him. “You’re only allowed a wand to start each task. You could make them during, but that uses the same amount of magic and takes longer than just using the spell.”

“So, in other words, someone tried it before, and the other schools didn’t like it, so they made a rule for it,” Harry sighed.

“When did you get so cynical?” Hermione asked.

“Am I wrong?” Harry replied, cocking an eyebrow.

Hermione smiled, “No,” she admitted. “In 1607, the Durmstrang Champions used Rune spells to get through a series of wards in the First Task. The problem was the Champions weren’t supposed to know about the wards ahead of time, and Rune spells are really only useful when you know exactly what you need. Instead of adding Rune spells to the long list of things banned from being taken into a task, they changed the rule to say Champions could only bring their wand.”

“Huh,” Harry said.

“Do you want me to take a look at the scroll tomorrow?” Hermione asked.

“Sure. You want to go after lunch?” Harry asked.

“Okay,” Hermione nodded.

~

In the morning, Harry and Hermione were sitting at the Gryffindor table, talking about their Runes homework, when the girls of Beauxbatons entered. Madame Maxime frowned and marched to the Head Table as Fleur sat down next to Harry and kissed him on the cheek.

“Bonjour,” she smiled while Aurora and Nadine sat down on either side of Hermione.

Nadine and Hermione looked at each other, blushing lightly as they smiled.

“Are you alright?” Harry asked his girlfriend softly.

Fleur turned to him and smiled prettily.

“I’m fine,” she said, leaning close so her lips were right next to his ear. “Aurora ‘ad a naughty dream about you last night. I ‘eard ‘er meaning your name.”

Under the table, Fleur caressed his thigh, her pinky brushing her crotch.

“I can’t wait to watch you fuck ‘er,” she whispered huskily.

Harry shifted in his seat as his cheeks burned. Fleur chuckled throatily in his ear as he hardened, her fingers curling around his shaft.

“You’re going to get caught one day,” Hermione warned.

Fleur smirked, her eyes sparkling, showing just how much the idea excited her.

~

After attending their morning classes, Harry made his way to the library with Hermione, Fleur, and Nadine. Unfortunately, Aurora had an Astronomy quiz and couldn’t join them. Hermione and Nadine found a table in the back corner near the rarely used books they needed. Grabbing half a dozen books each, they returned and handed them out.

After only reading his book on obscure magical languages for a couple of minutes, Harry felt Fleur’s hand land on his thigh. Glancing at her out of the corner of his eye, he saw the corners of her lips quirk up in a tiny smirk as she teased him. He didn’t mind, of course, but she’d been teasing him heavily all day, and he wanted to turn the tables. As he flipped through his book, trying to match the Runes on the page to the ones on their scrolls, an idea came to mind.

Closing his book, Harry gave Fleur’s hand a squeeze before pushing it off of his thigh and standing up.

“Hermione, Nadine, could you help me find a book?” he asked.

“Did you find something?” Hermione asked excitedly.

“Maybe,” Harry shrugged. “There’s something I want to check.”

Sharing a look, Hermione and Nadine shrugged and stood to follow him.

“What are you looking for?” Hermione asked as they dipped out of sight behind the shelves.

“Nothing, I just wanted to talk to you for a minute,” Harry said softly.

As he ran a hand through his hair, his robes parted, revealing the large bulge straining against the front of his trousers. Nadine noticed first, covering her mouth as she giggled. Hermione furrowed her gaze curiously, then blushed and snickered when she followed her gaze.

“Are you sure you don’t need Fleur’s help?” Nadine asked through a giggle.

Harry rolled his eyes, “She’s been teasing me like this all morning,” he sighed. “Look, I know you two just got together, and the last thing I want to do is cause problems between you, but I was wondering if you would help me get back at her a bit.”

Hermione and Nadine shared a look. After a moment of silent conversation, Nadine shrugged her shoulder.

“What, exactly, do you want us to do?” Hermione asked, nibbling on her bottom lip.

“Just a bit of petting,” Harry said. “If it’s alright with you, of course.”

As the words left his mouth, Harry marveled at the change in himself. Just a few months earlier, there’s no way he’d have asked a question like that, especially to Hermione. Then again, a few months ago, Hermione would’ve reacted to that question entirely differently. Instead of getting upset, she only blushed lightly and shared a look with her potential future girlfriend.

“I don’t mind,” Nadine smiled. “Honestly, I think we all knew something like this was going to happen eventually.”

“What do you mean?” Hermione asked curiously.

“You don’t know what Fleur was like before she met Harry, so you wouldn’t have noticed,” Nadine replied. “As soon as she started having sex in front of us and talking about watching Harry with other women, Aurora and I figured something like this would happen. I mean, it’s pretty clear we all find Harry attractive.”

Harry blushed lightly at the casual admission. One Hermione didn’t deny.

“And it wouldn’t bother you if Harry and I, um...,” Hermione trailed off with a blush.

Smiling, Nadine turned to her and rested her hands on her hips. Hermione’s arms seemed to rest on her shoulders naturally.

“It doesn’t bother me at all,” Nadine said softly. “I’ve always liked women more than men, and I really like you, Hermione. But I know being with a guy is just... different. Honestly, I think this situation works out well for all of us. Fleur gets to live out her fantasies with people who aren’t going to try and ruin her relationship with Harry. You and I get a guy we can trust to play around with, and Harry gets to live out every guy’s biggest fantasy. It’s a win-win. Would it bother you to see me and Harry together?”

“I... I don’t think so,” Hermione said, worrying her bottom lip.

Smiling, Nadine leaned forward and kissed Hermione. It started out slow and soft but quickly became heated. Harry’s erection throbbed as he watched the two beautiful witches press their bodies together. By the time they separated, both of them were breathless and smiling.

Stepping back from Hermione, Nadine grabbed Harry’s hands and pulled him close. His hands landed on her hips while hers wrapped around his neck. She smiled at him happily before turning to Hermione.

“If you want us to stop, just tell us and we will, okay?” she asked gently.

Looking between them, Hermione nibbled her slightly swollen lip and nodded. Turning back to Harry, Nadine leaned forward slowly. With one last glance at Hermione, he met her halfway and pressed their lips together. Nadine moaned softly, her tongue peeking out to run across his lips. As Harry opened his mouth, he slid his hand to her bum. He squeezed firmly, grinding his erection against her thigh with a groan. Slipping her tongue into his mouth, Nadine rolled her hips. Pulling back, she glanced down at the bulge touching her leg.

“Morganga, you feel so hard,” she panted.

When she reached down and squeezed his shaft, Harry groaned and bucked against her hand. Giggling, Nadine turned to Hermione, reminding him that she was still there. The flush from her cheeks ran all the way down to her chest, and though she bit her lip nervously, her warm brown eyes glittered with excitement.

Nadine grabbed her hand and pulled her closer, leaving all three of them touching. She didn’t stop there and continued guiding Hermione’s small hand to his straining erection. A gasp left her lips when he twitched hard against her palm. Slipping behind her, Nadine sandwiched the petite brunette between them. Hermione swallowed nervously as she looked up at him, her hand continuing to caress his length lightly.

Smiling, Harry leaned down slowly, giving her all the time in the world to pull back if she wanted to. Instead, Hermione threaded her fingers through his hair and smashed her lips against his, kissing him desperately. It was only at that moment that Harry realized just how much tension there’d been between them. They’d both watched each other grow into attractive, desirable people over the last few years, all while their hormones were running wild.

The fact that they didn’t want to date did nothing to quell their desires for one another. Years of pent up fantasies and wondering exploded out of them. One of Harry’s hands grasped her perky breast, filling his hand perfectly as they kissed heatedly. Hermione, in turn, clutched at his shoulder as she ground her hot, damp mound against his length with a moan. As she rolled her hips, Harry yanked open the top few buttons of her blouse, scattering them across the floor. He slipped his hand inside her top and under her bra to feel her bare flesh.

Hermione moaned wantonly as he teased her large nipple between his knuckles. Her hips rocked as she desperately sought the friction that caused both of them to groan. It wasn't until Harry tried to grab her bum and hit Nadine's hip that he remembered she was there. Remembering where they were, he pulled back breathlessly. Hermione stared up at him with glazed eyes, her lips red, swollen, and slightly parted as she tried to catch her breath.

Seeing her looking so lust-addled, her shirt ripped open and bra bunched up above her breasts, made him want to devour, but he refrained. Blinking, Hermione slowly came back to herself and blushed furiously.

"I-I'm sorry," she stammered. "I don't know what came over me."

"Me too," Harry grinned, giving her soft, smooth breast one last squeeze before dropping his hand.

Hermione made to step back, only to realize Nadine was still behind her. Biting her lips, she glanced over her shoulder nervously. Nadine smiled and kissed her softly.

"That was beautiful," she murmured. "I can't wait to watch you two make love."

Blushing, Hermione looked down, then gasped at the state of her blouse.

"Harry!" she gasped softly.

Fixing her bra, Hermione waved her wand, repairing and buttoning her blouse all at once.

"We should get back to Fleur before she comes looking for us," Nadine said.

Nodding, Harry grabbed a couple of random books off the nearest shelf. Hermione and Nadine had a quick, whispered conversation on their way back to their table that he couldn't quite make out.

"Did you find what you were looking for?" Fleur asked as Harry retook his seat next to her.

"I think so," Harry said.

Hermione retook her seat across from them, but Nadine, instead of retaking her old seat on the other side of the table, sat down on the other side of Harry. Smiling, he wrapped his arm around her shoulders. Fleur looked at him, her bright blue eyes sparkling. Holding her gaze, he dropped his hand directly onto Nadine's large, full breast. Without looking up from her book, the redhead smirked and rested her hand on his erection. Slowly she began stroking him through his trousers.

Harry looked over at Fleur and smiled, watching as her cheeks flushed, her breathing sped up, and she shifted in her seat, rubbing her thighs together. Her Allure flared, and though it didn't affect his mind, his cock gave a needy throb in Nadine's hand. Reaching for his thigh, her hand bumped into Nadine's, causing her eyes to widen as she stared at his lap.

With a smirk on her lips, Nadine unzipped his trousers. The sound resounded loudly through the silent library while Harry arched his eyebrow in surprise. He hadn't expected things to go this far. Reaching through the fly, Nadine grasped his length and pulled it out into the open. Wrapping her fingers around his bare shaft, she lightly stroked her hand up and down while Fleur leaned against his shoulder to watch.

"You're so 'ard, mon amour," Fleur whispered huskily.

Picking up a quill, Nadine rolled it between her fingers before her hand disappeared under the table. A moment later, Harry heard it land on the floor.

"Hermione, I dropped my quill. Could you get it for me?" Nadine asked.

Glancing around nervously, Hermione slid her chair back and slipped under the table. Harry throbbed, excitement leaking from his tip, knowing she was staring at her girlfriend's hand wrapped around his cock. Seconds ticked by, and she remained out of sight. After nearly a minute, Harry felt a pair of hands land on his knees. Looking down, he gazed down at Hermione. The situation felt unreal as she stared at his length from just inches away, excitement and arousal glittering in her gaze.

Nadine smiled and pushed his shaft forward, leaving his tip so close to Hermione's mouth that he could feel her breath wash over him. Quickly, she glanced from Nadine to Fleur. Taking a deep, shuddering breath, Hermione leaned forward suddenly, wrapping her lips around him. Harry gasped as he entered her hot, wet mouth, his hips bucking involuntarily. Taking half of his length into her mouth, her tongue traced along his shaft experimentally, gently exploring his cock.

"Merlin, Hermione," Harry gasped softly.

Groping Nadine's breast with one hand, the other reached out to run through Hermione's curly brown hair. Next to him, Fleur thrust her hands under her skirt in a rush, moaning as she rubbed herself. With quickly growing confidence, Hermione bobbed her head, sucking lightly as her tongue swirled around his length. With all the teasing Harry had gone through, it wasn't a surprise when he felt his climax rapidly approaching.

"Mione, I'm not going to last long," he warned.

Looking up at him, her lips stretched around his girth, she paused for a moment. He could see it in her eyes as she came to some kind of internal decision and began bobbing her head again. Nadine stroked the bottom half of his shaft firmly as Harry neared his peak. Leaning back, he groaned as he erupted in her mouth.

Hermione flinched in surprise when the first pulse struck the roof of her mouth. A small stream of cum leaked from the corner of her lips before she tightened her lips around him and stilled as he repeatedly filled her mouth.

"Fuck," Harry grunted, pumping his hips while Nadine milked his shaft.

Panting, he collapsed into his seat as his climax came to an end. Keeping her lips sealed tight, Hermione pulled back cautiously, a hand cupped under her chin to catch a few drops that leaked free. He watched as she swirled her tongue in her mouth curiously and swallowed, then blushed when she realized the others were staring at her.

"Um, did I do alright?" Hermione asked nervously.

"You were brilliant," Harry said.

She smiled brightly and wiped her mouth. Seeing the cum on her hand, she looked for a place to wipe it before reaching for her wand. Before she could cast a spell, Fleur's hand shot out to stop her. Smirking, she lifted Hermione's hand to her face and licked it clean, her gaze locked with the brunette's wide eyes.

"I should be mad at you," Fleur said with a playful glare. "I wanted 'Arry 'ard and frustrated for Aurora later."

"Sorry," Hermione blushed.

Shaking her head with a smile, Fleur pushed her chair back and held out her hands. When Hermione took them, she helped her to her feet. Tugging her forward, Fleur surprised her with a brief but deep kiss. Wide eyed, Hermione turned to Nadine worriedly. The redhead smiled reassuringly.

Tucking himself away, they all settled down and managed to do a bit of research. They didn't learn what kind of runes were on the scrolls, but they found a few other languages to look for later. As they were leaving the library for lunch, they were stopped.

"Her-mo-ninny," Viktor called, a gaggle of fan girls watching him like a hawk a short distance away.

"Oh, um, yes?" Hermione asked.

"Would you go to Ball wiv me?" he asked with a formal bow.

Hermione's eyes widened in shock.

"Oh!" she gasped before looking at him sympathetically. "I'm sorry Viktor, but I already have a date."

"Ah," Viktor frowned, his shoulders slumping.

"Can I ask, why me?" Hermione asked curiously but gently.

"I wanted date that isn't looking for gold," He said, glancing at the girls whispering frantically behind him.

"Oh, well, we could help you find a date," Hermione said thoughtfully.

"What about Hannah Abbot?" Harry offered. "She's not really interested in Quidditch, though."

"Dat is fine," Krum said. "Quidditch is job, date is for fun."

"Ah," Harry nodded in understanding. "Why don't you come down to lunch with us, and we can introduce you to her?"

“Danke,” Krum said.

Smiling, Harry wrapped his arm around Fleur and led the group out of the library.

“So, Viktor, I don’t suppose you’d be interested in a pickup game with the Gryffindor team, would you?” Harry asked.

“Harry!” Hermione scolded him.

“Is fine,” Krum said. “Would be nice to play for fun.”

“Brilliant,” Harry grinned. “Just try not to make me look too bad on the pitch.”

Krum smirked, “No promises.”

The girls and Harry talked to Krum and got to know him a bit better as they made their way to the Great Hall. When they got there, the girls headed to the Gryffindor table while Harry led Krum over to the Hufflepuffs. Hannah, a shy, smiling blonde with a curvy figure, sat talking to her best friend, Susan Bones, as they approached. Susan’s eyes widened when they stopped behind Hannah, causing her friend to turn in her seat.

“Hey, Hannah,” Harry smiled. “Have you met Viktor yet?”

“Oh! Um, n-no. Not yet,” Hannah stammered nervously as she blushed.

Clicking his heels together, Krum bowed and kissed her hand. As he straightened up, Harry thought he looked quite smitten.

“Would you like to go to Ball with me?” he asked.

Hannah blinked in surprise before she smiled brilliantly.

"I-I'd love to," she said eagerly.

"May I seat?" Krum asked.

"Of course," Hannah said, bumping into Susan in her rush to make room.

"I'll leave you two to get to know each other," Harry smiled.

"Thanks, Harry," Hannah grinned, her eyes never leaving Krum. "So, Viktor, what's Durmstrang like?"

Making his way back over to the Gryffindor table, Harry took a seat and told the girls what had happened. Aurora joined them a short time later, leading to a hushed conversation in French between her and Fleur. Though he was still learning the language, he knew enough to know that his girlfriend was giving her an account of what had happened in the library. From Hermione's blush, she knew that as well.

After lunch, they all headed off to their afternoon classes. Before separating to go to Arithmancy, Fleur pushed Harry against the wall and kissed him passionately. Passionately enough that Professor Vector looked a bit flustered when Fleur entered the class.

Harry and Hermione attended Charms and Defense before meeting back up with the others for dinner. Viktor was once again sitting at the Hufflepuff table, leaving Hannah with a radiant smile and Malfoy with a scowl. As they ate, Harry could see Fleur gradually growing more excited and impatient with each passing minute. His own anticipation grew as well each time he looked across the table at Aurora, who would smirk knowingly.

Once they'd finished eating, Fleur grabbed Harry by the hand and led him out of the Great Hall and to the classroom they were using for dance lessons.

"There's still time to change your mind," Harry said softly as they waited for the others.

"I want zhis," Fleur said, her hand trailing across his chest as she kissed him passionately.

As she pulled back, the door opened. Hermione, Nadine, and Aurora entered the classroom, followed a moment later by Katie, Alicia, and Angelina. Harry had forgotten that they would be coming today. By the wolfish grin on Fleur's face, she hadn't.

A wave of her wand locked the door and sealed the door. Angelina glanced back at the door, then looked at Fleur and cocked an eyebrow. Before Fleur could think of anything to say, Aurora sauntered up to him. Cupping his cheeks, she kissed him passionately, pressing her body flush against his.

"So, dancing?" Angelina asked with a smirk in her tone.

"Not today," Fleur replied.

Pulling back, Aurora grinned at Harry as she untucked the hem of his shirt. She wasn't interested in wasting any time as she loosened his tie, undid the top three buttons, and then pulled it up over his head. As she kissed him again, hands caressing his chest, Harry unzipped the back of her robes.

"Why did you do this in that room you showed us on the seventh floor?" Angelina asked. "At least that had a bed."

"I like zhe risk of getting caught," Fleur replied.

A moment later, Harry heard something shifting around behind him. Breaking the kiss with Aurora, he looked back. Fleur was twirling her wand, bringing the desks together and transfiguring them into one large mattress on the floor. While she was doing that, the girls were stripping out of their clothes.

"Nice," Angelina grinned.

Dropping her knickers to the floor, she climbed onto the mattress and laid on her back with a pillow behind her head, knees up, and legs spread. Winking at Harry, she licked her fingers and ran them through her folds, giving him a glimpse of her delicate pink depths. Harry's attention was brought back to Aurora when she began tugging at his belt. Pushing his trousers down to mid-thigh, she gripped his rigid length and gave it a stroke.

"I've been thinking about this since yesterday," Aurora smiled.

"Me too," Harry admitted with a grin.

Stepping out of his trousers, he lifted Aurora up and carried her over to the mattress. Laying her down in the middle, surrounded by half a dozen other beautiful witches, he kissed her hard. His erection laid flat against her hot, damp folds, causing both of them to groan.

"Hey, Harry?" Angelina asked. "Since you're busy with Aurora, do you mind if I borrow your girlfriend?"

Harry looked over at Fleur and shrugged his shoulders.

"It's alright with me," he said.

Grinning, Angelina rolled onto her hand and knees and crawled over to Fleur, her heart-shaped bum swaying alluringly. As she passed Katie, the brunette swatted her swaying backside lightly.

“Slut,” she said, smiling playfully.

“You’re just jealous I thought of it first,” Angelina said, sticking out her tongue.

Crawling over to Fleur, they smiled at each other as Angelina laid down on her side, her right breast pressing against Fleur’s left. Turning towards each other, they kissed softly, hands exploring each other’s bodies. His erection throbbed excitedly, slapping against Aurora’s. Giggling, she gripped his shaft and rubbed his head between her folds.

With a groan, Harry kissed her heatedly as she placed him at her entrance. Wrapping her arms around his shoulders, Aurora suddenly rolled him over onto his back and straddled his waist. Biting her lip, she sank down on his length, head thrown back as she moaned.

Hearing Fleur moan, Harry glanced over at her. Angelina had one of her soft pink nipples between her lips while her fingers teased her folds. Meanwhile, Fleur was staring at the point where he and Aurora were connected, her eyes burning with intense arousal.

“Merde, that’s deep,” Aurora gasped as she took him to the hilt.

“Any chance I could have a go with him?” Angelina asked.

“Oui,” Fleur panted.

Harry throbbed at the idea as Aurora started bouncing up and down, rolling her hips as she bottomed out. He caressed her breasts as her eyes rolled into the back of her head, a long, wanton moan escaping her throat.

“Fleur, your boyfriend’s fat cock is going to ruin me,” Aurora said, her folds fluttering around him. “Morgana, I feel like I’m going to cum already.”

Grabbing her hips, Harry lifted her up until just his tip remained trapped between her folds. Reversing direction suddenly, he thrust upwards as she dropped her weight. His thighs *clapped* against her bum as her eyes widened. Harry managed two more powerful thrusts before she tumbled over the edge with a cry. As she collapsed onto his chest, he rolled them back over and continued thrusting into her spasming depths.

Aurora arched her back, mouth open in a silent scream as she absolutely drenched his cock. Even as jets of arousal splattered against his groin, Harry didn't let up. It took a long while before she finally relaxed, collapsing bonelessly under him. Leaning down, he kissed her on the lips. Her Allure flared with surprising strength as she wrapped her arms and legs around him, causing the girls around him to moan.

Breaking the kiss, he looked around to see what was happening. Angelina had her face buried between Fleur's legs while his girlfriend watched them intently. Beside them, Alicia and Katie were shamelessly playing with themselves, their fingers hidden in their depths. On the other side of the mattress, Nadine sat behind Hermione, one hand caressing her breast while the other was buried between her legs. As he caught her eye, Hermione shuddered through a climax as Nadine kissed and sucked at her neck.

"Fuck, I'm cumming again," Aurora gasped.

"Already?" Nadine asked in surprise.

"He's hitting a spot that feels so *good*," Aurora said, trailing off into a moan as she peaked.

Her Allure flared powerfully as she started gushing once again. The sheets under her bum were soaked through with her arousal. Harry grunted as he neared his own climax, her Allure sending him spiraling over the edge.

"I'm close," Harry warned.

"In 'er," Fleur gasped as Angelina attacked her folds.

Aurora moaned whorishly as Harry buried himself as deep as possible and flooded her depths. Fleur came a moment after he did, her Allure flooding the room and prolonging his climax. He ended up filling Aurora to the point of overflowing, adding another mess to the already ruined mattress. Once he'd caught his breath, he pulled out of her and collapsed to the side.

"Bloody hell," Angelina gasped. "I think I came just from your Allure."

"Me too," Katie panted.

Harry grinned as Fleur and Aurora cuddled up next to him.

"Zhank you," Fleur said, kissing him hard.

"I feel like I should be thanking you," Harry chuckled.

Kissing him again, Fleur rested her head on his shoulder.