

A Strange New World

Chapter 6

“So he agreed?” Hermione asked, and Ginny nodded. Fleur was silently watching on. “Amelia didn’t mention anything to me about it.”

“Maybe it’s a new development,” Ginny said. Hermione stroked her chin between her fingers while thinking.

“We knew he would eventually agree. Harry can’t help but take on everyone else’s burdens. That’s not the problem. The problem is that we’ve run out of time. I had hoped we would have more time to soften him up.”

“So, what do we do?” Fleur asked them.

“Maybe we should just talk to him?” Ginny suggested.

“Maybe ...” Hermione slowly agreed, still thinking. They stayed quiet for a minute before Fleur came to the rescue.

“I ‘ave an idea!” she chirped. The other two turned to look at her.

“ ‘Arry agreed to swim with us. Invite ‘im over to my ‘ouse for lunch and swimming after. The three of us will wear our new bikinis. After that, I’ll invite ‘im to stay over for the night. I’ll make sure Maman and Gabrielle are away. When it is just the two of us, I’ll work my magic,” Fleur smiled deviously. “ ‘E won’t be able to resist us,” she giggled. Hermione didn’t appear convinced.

“I don’t know ...” she responded to Fleur’s plan.

“It will work,” Fleur confidently stated. “We must be very flirty while swimming, and per’aps, we should show a bit more skin. If we fail, we can be blunt and outright tell ‘im what we want.”

Hermione was still skeptical, but Ginny shrugged. “It’s either that or just talk to him.”

“I suppose trying one last time won’t hurt,” Hermione concluded. “But if it doesn’t, we have to talk to him ... together,” she added that last part. She didn’t want to face him all on her own. Fleur smiled happily, and they began formulating a more solid plan.

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Harry exited the shower after washing off the evidence of his time with Amelia. He already planned on scheduling more time with the sexy MILF. He thought seeing her waddling around

big and pregnant would be very amusing. He wrapped a towel around his waist and exited the bathroom. He was about to enter his room when he heard Hermione call out to him.

"Harry?" she called from behind the closed door to her room. "Is that you?" she asked.

"Yeah, it's me!" he loudly answered.

"Can you give me a hand?" she asked. Harry entered her room and found her struggling with the zipper on the back of her skirt. Her blouse was off and lying on the bed, leaving her top half covered with a sexy, light pink bra. She looked at him and smiled. Then, her eyes widened as they lowered. Harry looked down in confusion and then remembered that he was only wearing a towel. His new body was on display. Hermione's eyes raked over his muscled pecs and washboard abs. He could see her cheeks flare pink as her face heated up. She snapped herself out of it and cleared her throat.

"The zipper is stuck, and I can't just pull it down," she explained, tugging on her skirt. It refused to leave her body. "My hips are too wide," she explained further.

"Having wide hips certainly isn't a bad thing," Harry teased as he watched her struggle. Hermione huffed, but he could see her trying not to smile.

"That's wonderful to hear, but it doesn't help with my problem," she said. "Can you please help me?" she asked again, turning her back so her ass was facing him. Her knee-length skirt hugged her ass beautifully. Her thin waist flared into hips that were made for grabbing. He could see the shape and curve of her supple cheeks through the tight fabric. Naughty thoughts flooded his mind, and Harry's cock began to twitch. Then, Hermione shook her hips slightly, making her shapely cheeks jiggle.

'Ah ... Another one of her tricks,' Harry correctly concluded. He hid the wicked smile threatening to form on his handsome face and stepped up to her.

"Don't worry. I'll get you out of this," he said, grabbing the zipper. As he suspected, it wasn't stuck at all. It slid down easily enough. The two sides opened, revealing the tiny triangle of pink fabric that morphed into a thin, pink string. The string then disappeared between her smooth, pale cheeks. He then placed his palms on her hips and dragged them down her body and over the outsides of her thighs, pushing the skirt down her legs. Hermione gasped but didn't tell him to stop. When the skirt pooled around her ankles, Harry lifted his palms but kept his fingertips on her soft skin. He moved them back up her thighs, gently caressing her. Her delicate skin goosebumped when he traced the curves of her hips. Hermione whimpered, barely loud enough to hear. He kept himself from chuckling. He removed his fingers from her body and stepped back.

"There you are. You're good to go ... unless you need help removing anything else," he joked. Hermione blushed deeply and looked quite embarrassed. She took a second to compose herself, exhaling loudly before smiling cutely.

"I'm sure you'd love that, but no, I'm good. Thank you, Harry," she said, not hiding her half-dressed form. Harry had a hard time avoiding staring at her cleavage. Especially when she put her hands on her hips, causing her breasts to jiggle. Hermione then stepped up to him and slipped her arms around his waist. Her breasts pressed against his chest, and she stood on her tip-toes and kissed his cheek. That was all it took for his cock to go from half-mast to fully inflated. Hermione didn't seem to mind at all. In fact, as she let go of him, she turned so her hip brushed against it. She shot him a knowing smile before sitting down at her vanity. She crossed one leg over the other and began brushing her hair.

"Oh! By the way, Fleur wants us all to have lunch at her house tomorrow," Hermione said before he could leave.

"That sounds good," Harry nodded. Hermione put the brush down and began reapplying some lipstick. Her lips looked very kissable.

"After lunch, she wants to do some swimming," she added. Harry smiled to himself. It appeared his plan was working. After telling Ginny about his deal with Amelia, he figured the sneaky redhead would go straight to her friends with the information. It seemed the girls were getting desperate, and he wanted to see how far they would go.

"Sure. That should be fun," he told her, trying not to sound too eager.

The next day, they showed up at Fleur's house at noon as planned. Ginny was already there, helping to prepare the food. Lunch was pleasant enough. They ate, chatted, and had some wine on the couch to let their meals settle.

"I am ready to swim!" Fleur said excitedly. Did you bring your suits?" she asked as if she didn't already know the answer. The girls confirmed that they had and got up. "We'll go change. You should change as well, 'Arry," Fleur told him as they left the room together.

Harry stripped down until he was only wearing his swimming trunks. Then he waited. As always, it took them a while to get ready, though he was patient. When they finally did come out, it was well worth the wait. Fleur wore a light purple bikini, while Hermione and Ginny's were pale blue and light pink. The tops weren't even big enough to cover themselves. Their breasts were spilling out in every direction. The bottoms were small triangles that didn't fully cover their smooth, hairless mounds. Fleur giggled and bounced around, causing her tits to shake and jiggle. Hermione seemed a bit embarrassed by the lack of coverage, but she kept her arms at her sides. Ginny seemed more relaxed, but unfortunately, she wasn't bouncing around like Fleur.

“So ... What do you think of our bikinis?” Fleur asked sweetly.

“I think I’m going to have trouble concentrating on my swimming. You girls are a drowning hazard,” he teased. Hermione blushed, Ginny smiled happily, and Fleur giggled while prancing up to him, her big tits bouncing around.

“Merci!” she chirped, pecking him on the cheek. She looked him up and down confusedly. “Are you more muscular than before?” she asked, running her hands down his pecs and sides. Harry stopped himself from shuddering at her touch. Harry shrugged.

“I don’t think so, but I have been working out lately,” he lied. He exercised regularly when he was an active Auror, but he had never lifted weights. Auror hours were long and sometimes exhausting, and he didn’t have the energy to work out when he got home. Now, however, he thought he might start working out. He no longer had a job and would need to stay in shape for what was to come.

“Well, keep it up. There is nothing sexier than a man with a six-pack,” she smiled seductively at him. “Isn’t that right, girls?” she called out to her friends. Ginny joined her and began humorously teasing him by running her hands down his bicep.

“I agree. Verrrry sexy!” she jokingly purred. Hermione gathered her courage and also joined in.

“I can barely keep my hands off you,” she said, trying not to laugh while caressing his shoulders.

“That goes both ways,” Harry teased her in kind, reaching around her with one hand. He gave her shapely ass a hard smack. Hermione squealed and jumped away, holding her stinging bottom. Fleur giggled, and Ginny laughed at Hermione’s expense. Harry chuckled and grabbed Hermione’s hand. “C’mon, sex-fiend. Let’s go swimming,” he said, leading her to the door.

The water was a little cold, but that did nothing to keep his erection down. Three sets of hard nipples hidden under their skimpy tops kept him fully hard as the girls squealed and splashed around. “Can I jump off your shoulders?” Ginny asked him.

Harry chuckled and said, “Sure. Just don’t accidentally kick me in the face.”

He knelt down in the stomach-deep water while Ginny got behind him. He held onto her hands while she put her feet on his shoulders. She squeaked as he slowly stood up. She was trying to keep her balance while Fleur clapped and yelled, “Jump!”

Ginny squealed as she dove headfirst into the water. She stayed underwater for a few seconds before breaking the surface and wiping the water from her face. Harry instantly noticed that her top had come undone. It was dangling around her neck but wasn’t tied at her back. Her sexy tits were out in the open and free for him to stare at. His first thought was, “Nice tits!” His second thought was, “Did she do that on purpose?” Possibly ... but maybe not. Their tops looked on the

constant verge of popping off with every slight movement. Either way, he got to see a really sexy set of naked breasts.

Ginny's breasts were big ... maybe large C-cups if he had to guess. They were nicely rounded, quite perky, and were capped with light-colored nipples that were hard and crinkled from the cold water. He noticed the stiff tips of her nipples stuck out around a centimeter from her pale areolas. They were nipples that were made to be sucked on.

Hermione giggled loudly. "Ginny ... You seem to have had an accident."

"Wha...?" Ginny asked, slicking back the hair in her eyes. She looked down and saw the state of her top. She gasped and covered her tits with her forearm. "Sorry about that," she apologized while trying to fix her top with her free hand.

"It is not such a big deal," Fleur waved it away. "I 'ave gone topless at many beaches in France. It is very common. See?" she added, reaching behind her back and pulling the tied string. Her top went slack, and she untied the string around her neck. She pulled her top away, leaving her perfect breasts bare for him to see.

Fleur's breasts were as perfect as the rest of her body. He didn't mention it for obvious reasons, but they were almost identical to Apolline's. They were perfectly shaped and extremely perky. The tips of her hard nipples didn't jut out as far as Ginny's, but they were equally stiff. Harry was fascinated by the sight of water droplets rolling down her chest and into her cleavage. He was so captivated by her breasts that he didn't notice Ginny pulling her top off until it had completely left her shoulders. Ginny arched her back slightly, hoping to catch his attention. It worked.

"Don't be shy, 'Ermione," Fleur teased, making him look over to her. Hermione's cheeks were pink, but she also reached behind herself and undid her top. She pulled it from her chest, revealing her naked breasts to him. Her breasts were the smallest of the three, but not by much. The crinkled tips of her nipples poked out more than Fleur's but less than Ginny's. Her areolas were also a shade or two darker than Ginny's. Hermione then squealed when Fleur splashed some water on her face. That was all it took for the girls to start splashing around.

Harry couldn't count the number of times each one "accidentally" rubbed their tits against his arms and chest, but he certainly wasn't going to complain about it. It was easy to see how flirty they were being, but they tried to pass it off as simple fun. Ginny threw her arms around his neck and pressed her face against his cheek. "Sorry," she said against his skin. "I'm a little cold."

Her hard nipples were poking his stomach as she squirmed against him. Harry ran his hands up and down her bare back, feeling her goosebumped skin. Hermione even got into the action by jumping on his back for a piggyback ride. He reached behind him and held her up by her nearly naked ass. "You're nice and warm," Hermione shivered as she wrapped her legs around his waist. She didn't seem to mind that he was blatantly groping her ass. Fleur stepped up to him with a cheeky smile.

"I'm cold too," she said, leaning in and sandwiching him between the two girls. Now, he had four hard nipples rubbing against him. He was sure Hermione could feel his erection rubbing against her leg.

Unfortunately, they couldn't stay in the water forever. After an hour of fun, the sky became overcast, and it got a little too chilly for them. The group apparated back to Shell Cottage.

"It's soooo cold," Hermione said, rubbing her arms while her teeth chattered. It had suddenly gotten quite a bit chillier. Harry thought a storm might be coming in from the coast.

"You girls go change out of those wet suits," Harry told them, wiping the water from his lips. "I'll start a fire."

"That sounds good," Fleur appreciatively agreed. "Come on, girls."

The girls left the sitting room, and Harry tossed some logs into the fireplace along with some kindling. He arranged the wood so the fire would burn evenly. Harry then pointed his wand and sent a puff of fire at it. The wood immediately ignited and began to crackle. He stood up, admiring his work, when the girls came back in. He turned and saw that all three were still topless and were only wearing a pair of skimpy panties. He raised an eyebrow.

"You are still soaking wet," Fleur commented as he dripped on the floor.

"I thought we would be leaving soon," he explained as the girls stood side to side. Fleur shot him a cute smile.

"The girls and I were talking, and we thought it would be fun if you all stayed for a while," she said, stepping up to him. She rested her arms over his shoulders and leaned in close. Harry placed his hands on her waist and rested them on her wide hips. "You will join us ... won't you, 'Arry?" she asked cutely. Harry lightly tickled her hips with his fingertips, making her shudder.

"I can't think of anywhere I'd rather be," he teased. Fleur smiled happily and pecked his lips.

"Wonderful!" she cheered and stepped back. "Go clean up, and I'll grab some wine," she said, going into the kitchen.

Not long after, he found himself on the couch, sandwiched between Fleur and Ginny, who were both leaning against him and sipping wine. Hermione came in from the kitchen holding an empty glass when she spotted them bunched up on the couch. "Hey! There's no room for me," she complained. Harry smirked and handed Ginny his glass. He then pulled Hermione down onto his lap.

“Harry!” she squeaked in embarrassment when her bottom pressed against his erection. Of course, she didn’t try to stop him. Instead, she leaned back and allowed him to wrap an arm around her belly.

“Just giving you a place to sit. Are you comfy?” he asked as he gently caressed her lower belly. His fingers drifted over her upper mound, which wasn’t covered by the tiny triangle covering her pussy.

“Yeah,” Hermione responded softly, closing her eyes and resting her head beside his. “You’re really warm.” As she spoke, Harry whispered the incantation he had read in the sex magic book. He had read the book a bit more and learned how to regulate the amount of magic he was giving off. He was just learning but had a good grasp of the basics. Harry let just a small amount of the sex magic out, causing Hermione to hum with pleasure and snuggle deeper into his crotch.

“Why does she get special treatment?” Ginny asked beside him. He looked at her, and she was jokingly pouting with her arms crossed under her breasts. He had to say, the position of her arms made her tits look spectacular.

“She needed a place to sit,” Harry joked and ran his hand up Hermione’s belly until his fingers brushed the underside of her breast. Still, he made sure each girl got a turn on his lap. Ginny particularly enjoyed having her tits directly in his face, while Fleur preferred to have his hand on the upper part of her inner thigh. The three of them drank and joked around while flirting heavily. Eventually, the girls got up and made them all dinner. Once it got a bit late, Ginny and Hermione stood up.

“We’ve got to go. Some of us still have to work,” Hermione jokingly said, looking at Harry.

“I have the hardest job of all ... dealing with you three vixens,” he teased her back while standing up. Hermione smacked his arm before the girls collected their clothing. Fleur suddenly grabbed his hand, and Harry looked down at her.

“Can you stay? I want to talk to you,” Fleur asked him. Harry nodded.

“I’m going to stick around. I’ll see you in a bit,” he told Hermione.

“Okay, Harry,” she said.

“Bye!” Ginny waved, and they both apparated away.

Harry sat down next to Fleur, who immediately slid back onto his lap. She turned sideways so her face was nuzzling the side of his neck. “Are you okay?” he asked her, lightly dragging his fingers up her spine. Fleur shuddered against his neck and ground her ass against his crotch.

"I'm fine. I've just been feeling a little lonely lately," she confessed. "Is it too much to ask you to stay 'ere with me tonight?" she asked, lightly tickling his neck with the tip of her nose. Harry smiled to himself, knowing this was part of their plan.

"Of course, Fleur. Anything for a friend," he told her. Fleur smiled and kissed his cheek.

"Merci," she thanked him and hopped off his lap. "Come! Let's get ready for bed," she said, pulling him to her room. As soon as they entered, Fleur let go of his hand and walked up to her bed. With her back facing him, she slowly pulled her panties down. Harry watched as the thin string slipped from between her cheeks. "I 'ope you don't mind, but I like sleeping nude," she said as her panties dropped to her ankles. She stepped out of them and crawled onto the bed on all fours. She made sure he could see her smooth pussy lips as she crawled to the opposite side of the bed. Rolling onto her back, she lay there with one knee cocked up, waiting for him to join her.

Harry followed her lead and tugged his shorts down. His long, thick cock sprang out and slapped against his belly. Once it stopped bouncing, it pointed straight at her. Fleur's eyes went wide at the sight of it. Harry smiled at her. "I do, too," he said and got in bed.

After coming out of her shock, Fleur scooped closer and draped herself over his chest. Harry flicked his wand, causing the blanket to slide up and cover them. He flicked it again, and the lights went out. He set his wand on the nightstand. Outside, the wind was picking up, and he could hear thunder in the distance. Fleur trembled at the sound. Harry chuckled and rubbed her back.

"You don't like the thunder?" he asked. She shook her head.

"It's scary," she admitted. Harry pulled her closer so that her thigh was rubbing against his erection.

"I'll keep you safe," he teased. Fleur nodded and kissed his chest.

"You do a good job of taking care of us," she told him while moving her thigh against his cock to keep him hard. Harry responded by flaring the sex magic so it was a bit stronger. He then slid his hand down her back and cupped her ass. Fleur gasped and mewled against his chest.

"I love you girls a lot," he truthfully told her. "I'll always take care of you."

Fleur responded by kissing his chest again while running her hand down his belly. Her fingers were dangerously close to his cock. " 'ave you thought about dating?" she suddenly asked. Harry knew she was fishing for information. He shrugged.

"The only girls I would date would be you three ... but unfortunately, I have a responsibility to help the magical world again. I talked to Amelia, and I agreed to help. I wouldn't want to put any

of you in that position,” he told her. He wanted them to know that he planned on helping with the repopulation attempt. They deserved to hear it from him before they made a final choice.

“We already know you are going to ‘elp,” Fleur stated. “Given the circumstances, there is no other choice. ‘Owever, that should not stop you from being with those you love,” she wisely told him.

“I suppose you’re right,” he said, unapologetically caressing her bare ass. This seemed to be the answer she was looking for. Fleur squirmed higher up his body until she was face to face with him. She leaned in and pecked his lips as if testing him. Harry had been teased too much for the day and was ready to take things further. He moved his free hand to the back of her neck and kissed her much deeper. Fleur immediately opened her mouth and let him in. She mewled into his mouth while her hand reached down and found his cock. She wrapped her fingers around it and gave it a few experimental tugs. Harry moved his hand further down her ass and slid his fingers between her cheeks. He ramped up the sex magic as his fingers brushed over her asshole. Fleur moaned deeply into his mouth and gripped his cock harder.

She broke the kiss and rolled him over so he was settled between her spread legs. Her hand was still on his cock, and she rubbed his head up and down the length of her wet slit. She moaned, “Take me, ‘Arry. Make me yours.”

He was too far gone to play games. He wanted her. There was no denying it. He thrust forward, spreading her taut lips. Fleur wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him in for a kiss. Harry explored her mouth while sinking deeper and deeper into her silky, wet prison.

Being inside Fleur was utterly brilliant. Her walls were slick and tight, and they hugged him in a way that made him never want to pull out of her. He could feel her walls fluttering and tugging on his cock. Harry pulled back and sank back in. Her insides stretched to accommodate his girth. Fleur broke the kiss and moaned loudly. Her legs wrapped around his waist, letting him know that he wasn’t going anywhere until she was fully satisfied. Harry was perfectly fine with that. He thrust harder and faster, making her squeak and squeal with pleasure. Her pussy was so wet that his cock easily slid back in. Pulling it out was another matter altogether. Her walls were clutching him tightly and didn’t want to let go. Harry moved his lips down to her slender neck and sucked on her delicate skin. Fleur gasped and gripped his hair.

“‘arder!” she begged, and Harry complied. His hips began bouncing faster, and Fleur opened her legs wide. Harry ran his hands up her arms, lifting them over her head. He threaded his fingers through hers and watched her beautiful face twist while in the throes of pleasure. Her hands squeezed his, and he could feel her insides tightening so hard that they were almost choking him. Fleur gasped loudly and arched her back. Her lovely tits jiggled and shook while her body spasmed through an orgasm. She ripped her hands from his and grabbed him by the back of his head. She pulled his head down and buried his face in her neck. Fleur held him there while crying out and babbling in French. Harry’s hips never stopped moving. He thrust over and over, pounding her g-spot and making her cum harder. Her nails dug into his flesh as

she was overwhelmed by the pleasure. Having been worked up all day, it didn't take him too much longer until he released inside of her. He thrust all the way in, filling her with his hot seed. Fleur continued to tremble and spasm while being filled, and her perfect pussy never stopped milking him. Once finished, Harry hovered over her, keeping his cock inside of her. He was still hard and ready for another round. Fleur blew the hair from her face and caressed his shoulders.

"That ... was ... good ..." was all she could say through her heavy breaths. Harry chuckled and kissed her forehead, making her squirm cutely.

"It's about to get better. I'm not done with you by a long shot," he said cheekily and immediately began thrusting. Fleur's eyes went wide, and she squealed as her orgasm flared up again. Their night would be filled with Fleur screaming through dozens of orgasms before they fell asleep in each other's arms.