

Summary: After learning the truth about the prophecy, Harry comes to a single conclusion: He is most definitely going to die. Well, if he's going out, then Merlin be damned, he'd go out living his life to the fullest. And what better way to do that than by charming the knickers off of every girl who caught his fancy? Hogwarts isn't ready for a Boy-Who-Lived with a death wish.

-

Chapter 20: Christmas Treat

A/N: ALL CHARACTERS PORTRAYED IN THIS WORK ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR ABOVE.

-

This year's Christmas Morning was unlike any other that Harry had experienced in his young adult life. For starters, he wasn't rudely awakened by the sound of his uncle's meaty fist banging on his bedroom door demanding he get downstairs to make breakfast. Instead, Harry was slowly roused from sleep with the feeling of two warm and wonderfully soft bodies wrapped around him.

On his left, Hermione's small breaths of slumber tickled his ear. Her usual bushy hair was a wild mess, tousled from their long night of vigorous lovemaking. It was splayed out on the pillow around her, the sunlight streaming in from Cammi's balcony door made her brown honey-brown locks glow like an ethereal halo. Part of the blanket had shifted down in the middle of the night, revealing Hermione's petite breasts, marred by the occasional hickey from Harry's mouth. It was a truly breathtaking sight, as too was the one that greeted him on his right.

Cammi's hair was much more tame, though that was in part due to the older woman always insisting on sleeping with it tied up in a bun with her favourite deep purple scrunchie. She was no less beautiful though. Her heart-shaped face was relaxed and peaceful, her usual smirk replaced by a small smile of relaxation as she dozed on. She had completely kicked the blanket off in the middle of the night and now lay pressed into Harry's side with her soft breasts squeezed against his arm and his hand trapped between her warm thighs.

He could just faintly feel the heat of her womanhood radiating from her core. If he moved even the slightest bit he could perhaps drift his fingers across her slit. It would no doubt rouse the vixen from her slumber, it was usually how their mornings together were spent after all.

No matter how long or hard they had fucked the previous night, one of them would usually wake in the morning still hungry for another.

Harry could recall a fair few dawns where he was awoken by the feeling of Cammi's hot velvety mouth wrapped around his cock. He would return the favour as well just as often. All it took was the slightest touch against her pussy and Cammi would whimper, spreading her legs for him in her sleep so he could feast on her quim. More often than not these gentle proddings from sleep ended much the same as their usual romps, with the pair of them panting and sweating through the afterglow of a shared orgasm as their combined fluids soaked into the mattress below.

This morning, however, was different, and though he had just spent an amazing night with two women he loved, he wasn't quite sure how much Hermione would appreciate being woken up by him and Cammi going at it once more.

That decision was apparently not his to make as Cammi shifted beside him with a small moan. She was slowly beginning to wake as evidenced by the way her hand unconsciously drifted down towards his cock. Harry did his best to suppress the small groan of pleasure as the raven-haired vixen began to slowly stroke him to full mast. Her movements were clumsy and laboured at first due to her half-asleep state, but soon enough she was languish pumping his cock with practised skill. Harry couldn't contain his moan then. Her expertise over his body was far too much for even his iron-clad will to handle. Almost instantly his eyes locked onto her dark onyx ones. They were still only half-open showing that even then Cammi had fully to rouse from sleep. It was enough though, and with a tug of his cock Harry felt himself follow along to her silent instruction.

Her legs spread readily for him. Guided by her hand, Harry pushed himself inside her fiery hot core in a single stroke. Her slippery wetness made the move easy and effortless. Their bodies

were tuned to each other in that way, always ready to accept the other in a moment's notice. As Harry bottomed out inside her, they both let out quiet satisfied moans. Cammi wrapped her arms around his neck, followed by her legs around his waist as they simply lay there for a few moments and enjoyed the feeling of the other's sex.

Eventually, the urge for more soon drew the two to move. Cammi's lips found his just as Harry began to slowly roll his hips. Their twin gasps were muffled by their tongues joining together in a heated embrace. Every pitch of his hips forward drove another whimper of pleasure from Cammi's lips. Harry drank up every single one, instinctually moving faster, harder- thrusting deeper into the tattooed goddess's dripping cunt. With every thrust, Cammi's pussy grew tighter around him. Her gasps grew more frequent and soft moans turned deep and husky.

"Please~" Was all she said, and Harry couldn't help but give her what she wanted.

Harry groaned into her ear, sheathing his cock as deep as possible inside her convulsing core and releasing his thick creamy seed into Cammi's womb.

Cammi mewled happily as her own climax ran its course. Soon enough they were both panting from their exertion, foreheads pressed together as their hormones slowly cooled in their veins.

Cammi tilted her head up and captured his lips in a sensual kiss.

"Happy Christmas." Cammi breathed with a smile, eyes twinkling in happiness.

"Happy Christmas love." Harry smiled back. He placed a small kiss on the tip of her nose earning a small giggle from the older woman in response.

Their normal morning routine was broken up by a small groan emanating from the other occupant in their bed. Hermione shifted, pulling the blanket back over her form before cracking one tired brown eye open in their direction. The brunette studied them, taking Cammi's spread legs and Harry's hips pressed between them.

"You two are far too lecherous for your own good, you know this right?" The bookworm muttered sleepily.

Harry let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding and laughed. "Happy Christmas to you too 'Mione."

Hermione hummed and sat up with a yawn. Harry watched as she stretched her arms over her head, the action causing her perky breasts to be pushed out enticingly. Mesmerized by the sight, his body responded in kind, his cock rehardening in moments inside Cammi's cum filled snatch.

The raven-haired woman snorted and gave his shoulder a pat. "Down boy, I need to get ready if we're still planning on stopping by my parents' place before heading to the Weasley's."

Harry grumbled but pulled away from her. Cammi flashed him a smirk before rolling off the bed and stretching herself, the action causing her breasts and bum to jiggle enticingly. Sighing, the tattooed seductress swiped a finger between her legs and inspected the now cum-covered digit appraisingly.

"Yeah definitely need a shower. You two are welcome to join me..." She trailed off, smirking as she spotted the way Hermione gazed longingly at his stiffened cock. "After you're done of course. Have fun~"

With that Cammi all but skipped into the bathroom, closing the door behind her with a 'click'.

The sound of the shower turning on moments later was the only break in the silence that followed.

Harry looked over at Hermione with an eyebrow raised in question. In response, his friend rolled her eyes with an exasperated smile and threw off the rest of the blanket that was pooled around her waist, revealing the soft reddish pink of her spread slit.

Soon enough Cammi's messy bedroom was filled with more soft moans and the light slapping of flesh as Christmas morning dawned.

-

Stopping by her parents' place had been easy enough. Though it was the first time either her mum or dad had met Harry, her boyfriend's natural charm had easily won them over within

moments. For all he pretended to be awkward and quiet, Cammi had learned pretty early on in their relationship that Harry had this natural sort of aura that just drew people in. When she first learned of magic she had thought perhaps that aura was actually a spell of some sort he was using on those around him, but she quickly shot that ridiculous notion down. There was nothing magic about it. Watching her retired construction worker dad laugh at something Harry said, she knew the truth. Her dad wasn't a man to be won over with polite words or friendly conversation. Many a times he had used his opposing bulky form to intimidate one of Cammi's old ex-boyfriends. In his eyes, there wasn't a single man on the planet who was good enough for his little girl...and yet that very same man was now conversing happily with Harry. Her boyfriend was just naturally charismatic. One couldn't help but be drawn to him, Cammi smiled as her dad clapped a burly hand on her boyfriend's back. Harry caught himself before he could stumble from the blow, causing Cammi to just smile and shake her head.

"Well, now that's a surprising sight!"

Cammi turned as her mum approached, two glasses of rosé in hand.

"What is? Dad getting along with a bloke I brought home or the fact that for once said bloke isn't some punk-rock loser with more piercings than brains?" Cammi muttered, taking the offered wine flute.

Her mother hummed, flicking a lock of her own raven-black hair over her shoulder before speaking. "A little of column A, a little of B. Though I do believe you have no room to criticize when it comes to piercings Camilla." Her mother said with a pointed look towards her bottom lip piercing.

Cammi snorted and drained half her glass of rosé in one go. "Fair enough. I expected Dad to interrogate Harry but I didn't expect *this*." She shook her head with an exaggerated sigh. "It's really hurting my whole rebellious daughter image."

Her mother chuckled. "Please Camilla, getting a few tattoos and dating the occasional guitarist is hardly rebellious. Though I will say I'm glad your tastes in men have matured in the last

year...even if he is a bit too young for you.”

Cammi ignored that last bit. It was on par for her mother to always find something to critique, but if Harry's age was the only thing the woman could find fault over then it hardly mattered now, did it not? Instead, she turned away from where her dad and beau were speaking and instead looked around for their other guest.

“Speaking of interrogations, you didn't run Hermione off after yours now did you?” She asked her mother with a raised brow.

“Oh have a little faith, Camilla.” Her mum sighed. “Your friend is in the ladies' room. Though now that you mention her, I do find it most odd that after ignoring us for the better part of a year, you bring not only a new boyfriend but another woman home to meet us as well.” Her mother's eyes pierced her with a knowing look. “I do hope you are taking the proper precautions, right sweetie?”

Cammi groaned and downed the rest of her drink. “I am so NOT answering that.”

Her mum rolled her eyes and scoffed. “Just like your father, head always right to the gutter. I did not mean sexual precautions dear but emotional ones.” Her mother sighed, gesturing to the small wet bar nestled in the living room corner. Cammi allowed herself to be led further away from where Harry and her father could potentially overhear before her mother continued. “I am not prude enough to dismiss polyamorous relationships like many others sweetie, but you know as well as I the reason why many never work out.”

Cammi bit her tongue. Her mother did have a point. From her perspective, her relationship with Harry and Hermione was no different than any other poly relationship. Of course, that was not the reality of what she had with Harry, but she couldn't exactly explain the whole story to her mother now could she? Not without revealing the whole 'secret magic world' thing and betraying the trust Harry gave her. Instead, Cammi sighed and reached forward to place a hand over her mother's.

"I know Mum. Really. And I appreciate you worrying for me, but Harry and I- it's just different for us. I can't exactly explain it, not right now at least, but can you trust me when I say that I'm happy? Happier than I've been in a long time Mum."

Her mother bit her lip but eventually smiled. "There's no doubt in my mind about that sweetie. I don't believe I've ever seen you look at someone the way you look at Harry. And Harry...well- he looks at you like you've hung the very moon and stars. I don't think there's a thing you could ask for that he wouldn't do for you. All I ask is that you be careful dear. I'd hate for you to have your heart broken."

Cammi pursed her lips and looked back at Harry, her mind going back to what Tonks told her of Voldemort and the prophecy that tied him to Harry. That familiar feeling of dread pooled in her stomach and she turned back to pour herself another drink.

"Me too mum. Me too." She sighed. "I'll be careful, promise."

"Good. Now tell me when I can finally expect grandchildren."

"MUM!"

-

After leaving her parents' home, the trio quickly travelled to the Weasley abode outside of Ottery St. Catchpole. Cammi was proud to admit she only dry heaved once after being magically teleported across the country. It meant she was improving!

"That *cannot* be structurally sound." Cammi blanched as she caught her first glimpse of the burrow.

"You haven't seen anything yet." Harry laughed beside her. Cammi allowed herself to be pulled along the dirt path towards the, quite frankly, rickety-looking home. The sound of laughter and merriment filtered out from the open windows and in the waning dusk, Cammi could just barely make out a few shadowy figures moving within.

"If it becomes too much I can lead you up to Ginny's room for some privacy if it would help?" Hermione said, giving her shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

Before she could answer, however, the front door was suddenly swung open and she was forced to duck as something large and cackling like a madman went zooming past her head.

"Well, I guess that means Ron got my gift." Harry breathed as he helped her back to her feet.

Cammi tracked his gaze to where there was now a red-haired bloke zipping through the air on top of what appeared to be a bloody broom of all things. Right...she forgot they had a whole sport where they rode flying brooms. Magic truly was ridiculous.

"He's never going to shut up about this you know." Hermione sighed.

Harry shrugged not bothering to reply as he watched his friend speed past them yet again atop his new broom. The redhead must've finally spotted them as he landed a few metres away with his hair sticking on end from the wind and an ecstatic grin on his face.

"Harry! You made it!" Ron shouted. He quickly bounded over sweeping his friend in a giant hug.

Harry laughed at the boy's enthusiasm and patted him on the back. "Happy Christmas!"

Ron released him and gave him a light slug on the shoulder. "And Happy bloody Christmas to you mate! Thanks for the broom! It's wicked!"

"You deserve it mate after all the hard work you've put in as keeper." Harry smiled and rubbed his neck sheepishly. "I know it's no Firebolt but-"

"Are you kidding?!" Ron exclaimed, holding his broom out like he was presenting his firstborn child. The words *Nimbus 2005* were emblazoned in gold along the sleek black handle. "It's perfect mate! You can keep your shoddy Firebolt, I'm gonna kick some serious arse in the House Cup with this!"

Harry laughed and clapped his friend on the back. "I know you will mate. By the way, I'd like you to meet someone-" Cammi shifted as Harry turned her way. "This is my girlfriend Cammi. Cams this is my best mate, Ron Weasley."

Ron did a double-take the second he spotted her. For a split second his eyes began to dip down to the curvier parts of her figure before he seemingly remembered that oogling your best mate's girlfriend's tits was considered a dick move. Especially after said best mate spent thousands of

galleons on a new broom for you. Still, Cammi wouldn't let the little slip-up slide that easily as she shot the ginger boy a raised brow. Ron had the decency to blush in embarrassment at being caught and coughed into his fist.

"Ahem- Nice to- uh- meet y-you miss- I mean- uhm- m-ma'am?"

Cammi stared the redhead down for another beat or two before her face broke out into a wide grin. With a snort, the raven-haired woman waved the younger boy off. "Just Cammi is fine, thanks. Good to meet you as well. Harry's told me loads about you."

This seemed to only make Ron blush even harder as he groaned audibly. "He told you about the spiders didn't he?"

Before she could answer a familiar voice suddenly broke through their introduction.

"Oi! Ronald! Your mom said to get your arse off that broom and get inside before she- Oh!"

Tonks halted as she spotted her, Harry, and Hermione, before a wide grin broke out across the metamorph's face. "Well, it's about bloody time! What are you lot standing out here for?! Come in!"

Tonks pulled each of them into a fierce hug. Her embrace with her and Harry lasted just a bit longer than the one with Hermione and, if Cammi wasn't mistaken, she was pretty sure she felt the pink-haired minx pinch her arse.

What followed next was without a doubt the most confusing set of introductions she'd ever been through. She lost count of the Weasleys after the fifth or sixth red-haired individual shook her hand. Frankly, the only ones she could even remember were the set of twins who apparently were business partners of Harry's or something like that? She had no clue. All she knew was that the one on the right kept whispering something to the one on the left before both their faces would break out into mischievous grins that had Cammi's nerves set to high alert. They were trouble, that much was painfully obvious.

The only other whose name she could remember was the eldest Bill, and that was only because of his kinda sorta date he brought along.

Cammi had just been patiently trying to explain to the Weasley patriarch- Arthur she recalled- that, no, Muggles in fact did not trap tiny men in boxes to perform stage plays and read the news, and that it was instead a thing called television, when she was suddenly pulled from the conversation by Harry's voice.

"Cammi! Come over here! There's someone I want you to meet!"

Cammi waved to her boyfriend and gave the older man an apologetic smile. "Sorry, I'll come back to finish our talk in just a mo'"

Arthur waved her off with a chuckle. "No worries, take your time dear! You've given quite a lot to research later!"

Cammi smiled and said a quick farewell before making her way to her boyfriend. She was barely three steps away when it hit her. At first, it was subtle, like a gentle breeze on the air carrying the sweet scent of vanilla and magnolia blossoms. Then it hit her like a hurricane, clouding her mind with such sweet beautiful music- the sound of an angel's voice she realized. Cammi struggled to gulp down much-needed air as she snapped her gaze to the source of this overwhelming feeling. Her eyes found it easily, widening in awe as she gazed upon the very epitome of beauty itself. She could already feel her body response to this *goddess's* presence. Her pussy wept with arousal, soaking her knickers through in moments while her nipples poked uncomfortably against the fabric of her bra.

"-ear me? Cammi?"

Just like that, whatever trace she'd been in ended as she was forcibly brought back to the dizzyingly empty feeling of reality. The world spun for a moment and Cammi found herself stumbling into Harry's arms as she cradled her head.

"Wha' the 'ell was that?" She croaked, the leftover buzzing in her head making her feel itchy and discombobulated.

"I apologize Mademoiselle Edwards." A French-accented voice spoke. The sound brought another round of euphoria to every one of her senses but at a much more manageable level this

time. Cammi looked up towards the source of the voice, finding the same platinum blonde *bombshell* she had spotted moments earlier. The ethereal beauty smiled at her, the simple action causing Cammi's heart to flutter momentarily before she continued. "I did not realize you were a muggle. My allure can be far more intense for those without magic, even ze small amount zat I let slip out."

"I see...?" She replied, not at all understanding whatever the hell this siren of a woman was saying. "Apology accepted I guess....I'm sorry what was your name again?"

The blonde witch opened her mouth to speak but before she could say anything the redhaired man beside her stepped forward and wrapped an arm around her shoulder.

"This beautiful work of art is Miss Fleur Delacour, my d-"

"Coworker!" Fleur interrupted with a strained smile. "William and I both work for ze goblins at Gringotts. 'E was polite enough to invite me to 'is 'ome for les vacances."

Cammi smiled politely but looked between the two in suspicion. Bill clearly thought there was more going on between him and Fleur than actuality. The discomfort on the French woman's face was evidence enough that she had accepted the man's invitation more out of kindness than any real attraction. Bill couldn't take a hint though. Well, that just wouldn't do.

Turning to Fleur, Cammi smiled and opened her mouth to speak.

"Tu veux un coup de main pour t'éloigner de ton collègue/ton rencard?"

Harry looked at her in surprise. Fleur blinked equally as stunned. And Bill- Well Bill was already a little drunk and confused to begin with so his bewilderment was expected really.

Fleur seemed to recover first out of the three as she allowed herself a small grin and nodded.

"Oui. I'd like zat."

Cammi shot the blonde a wink and turned to her boyfriend. "Me and Fleur are gonna have a little girl talk. You two boys catch up. Ta!"

Before either could speak, Cammi grabbed Fleur by the hand and pulled her away. It was somewhat difficult to find a quiet corner in the bustling house, but they managed. Sitting in a pair of armchairs nestled next to the Christmas tree, the pair of women burst out into a fit of giggles. *"Poor Bill looked like a kicked puppy when you called him just a co-worker."* Cammi chuckled in slightly rusty French.

"Indeed." Fleur replied. *"He is a nice man, truth be told, but..."*

"Not your type of man." Cammi finished for her.

Fleur nodded with a sheepish smile. *"It is not his fault. I'm sure there a many girls out there who would find him thrilling. Charging into cursed Egyptian tombs certainly sounds dashing on paper. Yet it is not the kind of excitement that I seek."*

"Oh? Then what would catch your fancy then?"

Fleur opened her mouth to speak, but surprisingly blushed and clamped it closed. If Cammi were a polite person, she'd probably see that reluctance to share and drop the subject. As it were, Cammi had always been too curious for her own good. It's how she ended up dating a wizard after all.

"C'mon spill! I NEED to know who could possibly catch your attention. I mean they'd have to be a bloody god amongst men to have you look at them twice." Cammi pressed. Leaning in closer she whispered, *"Look, I know we just met and all but I promise I won't tell. It'll stay between us babes."*

Fleur giggled, her gorgeous blue eyes twinkling with mirth. *"You are very kind. I will tell you, but you must promise not to be upset, yes? I'd hate to lose such a good friend after just meeting her."*

Cammi furrowed her brow in confusion but nodded anyway. Scooting closer, she leaned in as the blonde witch licked her lips and spoke. *"I am what is known as a Veela. We are magical creatures descended from the long-gone Sirens of myth. For the most part we are as human as*

they come, yet there is part of us that is linked far more closely with the magic of love than any other living being on this planet. You felt part of this magic when we first met."

"Your allure?" Cammi spoke in English.

Fleur nodded. *"Yes. I am not a full-blooded Veela so I can control mine for the most part.*

Others, like my grandmother, are not so lucky. The pull or their allure is much stronger and is part of the reason we were seen as dark creatures for so many years. Foolish men who could only think with their cock would be enthralled by my people's allure, yet when their advances were rebuffed they'd scurry back to their governments crying about the evil creatures who wounded their poor egos." Fleur spat.

Cammi clicked her tongue in annoyance. She'd known her fair of blokes who acted much the same, only instead of claiming she was an evil sorceress, they'd usually just lie and claim she was a whore when she wouldn't sleep with them. Pathetic really.

"I digress though." Fleur continued. *"There is a part of our magic that is not as well-known. We are very...passionate creatures. Our bodies are more intuned with our sexual needs and we are not shy to express this."* Fleur smirked. *"This is true of our magic as well. It is just as passionate and sensual as our bodies, and because of this, it will even act on its own. Our magic will always try to find the most suitable partner for us."*

"What? Like a soul mate?" Cammi asked speculatively.

"No, not like that." Fleur laughed. *"Think more instinctually. Like how, despite coming to love the little things about Harry, it was his naturally handsome looks that first drew your eye, no?"*

Cammi blushed but nodded. She was mature enough to admit she had only meant for things between her and Harry to be a one night stand and nothing more. She was happy how things had turned out mind you! But still, she wouldn't lie and say it was love she was looking for in the bar that night.

"Things like looks, physique- these are for the eyes. But magic? Veela magic most of all? It responds to the things our eyes cannot perceive. I cannot fully explain what it is our magic

seeks, but I do know that when it finds them, there is very few forces in this world that could stop our magic from reaching for the one it claimed."

"And you found yours? Or at least, your magic did?"

"Yes." Fleur said, lowering her gaze. *"Two years ago, when he rescued my sister from a lake."*

Cammi swallowed thickly. She'd heard the story of course. From both Tonks and later Harry himself. Now she understood the blonde's hesitance to share with her this secret. Logically, she knew she should feel jealous. Perhaps even threatened by this...goddess of a woman admitting she had a thing for her boyfriend, but Cammi had thrown logic out the window around the same time her boyfriend had fucking teleported before her eyes. Instead of jealousy, Cammi felt remorse for the other woman. Obviously there was something that had stopped her from simply claiming Harry two years ago, but for the life of her Cammi couldn't figure out what.

The raven-haired woman sighed. She reached over and laid one hand over Fleur's. The French witch looked up in surprise, more than likely expecting Cammi to throw an angry fit, not comfort.

"I'm not angry." Cammi spoke in English. "Promise. But you're not telling me everything are you?"

Fleur sighed and shook her head.

"Okay then." Cammi said, sitting up a little straighter. "I'm all ears."

And so Fleur spoke.

-

Author's Note

I know, I know. I promised the Christmas scene last chapter but whew this chapter went on longer than I expected. Instead, I'll make it up to you all by making the entirety of next chapter all about the sexy scene between Harry and the girls. Pinky promise! For now though you'll have to ponder over the little seeds of foreshadowing I sprinkled in here and there. And no, I'm not talking about Cammi's talk with Fleur :)

Thanks for reading!

https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1Nj4m65OpYUIAh6fFCnZm90owTJNIfLcv?usp=drive_link