

Love Potion Number Nine

Chapter 6

Fleur heard Harry's dorm mates scampering about while getting ready for another day at the miserably cold school. She bit her lip before burying her face in the blankets. She tried her best to hold in her loud squeal, but she simply wasn't able to. Opening her mouth, she cried out as Harry's tongue wiggled around the rim of her asshole. Beads of pussy juice were rolling down the insides of her thighs as Harry had his face buried in her upturned ass.

She blushed red as his mouth moved down to her sloppy wet pussy and she heard him slurping up her wetness. She was already seeing stars behind her eyes and they hadn't even gotten to the really fun stuff. Sadly, she knew that they wouldn't, at least not until later that night. Harry had classes in the frigid castle while she had classes in her nice and warm carriage. Fleur certainly didn't envy him. Thankfully, Harry kept his dorm room nice and toasty for her. When his lips moved even further down and attached to her swollen clit, Fleur's fingers began to morph into talons while she let out a bird-like shriek that was muffled by the thick, goose-down, blanket.

"We must 'urry, 'Arry!" she urged him on. She wiggled her bare bottom against his face, trying to tempt him to take her. Almost instantly, he positioned himself behind her and rubbed the head of his cock against her slick and delicate folds. He pushed forward, and Fleur could feel her slit part and let him inside. His girth rubbed against her inner walls the deeper that he went. Her eyes were fluttering out of control, and her body trembled violently as she desperately clenched the blanket in her still-changing hands. It felt like forever until his cock bumped into her g-spot before continuing on and finally hitting her cervix. She heard him groan in pleasure as her walls instinctively squeezed him tightly. Her body acted on its own. Thanks to her Veela blood, her body would naturally do everything possible to please her lover. She could feel her tunnel undulating and massaging his shaft as he began pistoning in and out of her. As he pushed in, her tunnel would stay snugly wrapped around him, but when he pulled back, her pussy clamped down and tried to keep him inside. The result was an intense pleasure that he would never forget.

Fleur wouldn't be surprised if he became addicted to sex with her. Her body was built for sex, and no other girl could ever compete with her ... besides another Veela that is. Fleur opened her mouth as her eyes stared blankly forward. She let out a whorish wail as a very large orgasm began building up. A string of drool fell from her mouth and dripped onto his bed as his battering ram of a cock repeatedly beat against her abused g-spot. Her back was arched like a bitch in heat as Harry plunged in. As he pulled out, his cock was glistening with her juices.

Harry thought that he was in heaven. Being in Fleur's pussy felt like heaven, at least. She was so incredibly tight that she was nearly choking his cock. Her arousal was the slickest by far from any of the girls that he had messed with. He wondered if it was a Veela thing. Either way, it felt incredible. He watched her two round cheeks rippled and bounce as his hips brutalized her from behind. The scent of her arousal was filling the room, and he knew that his dorm mates could

smell it as well. He heard them sniffing as they were getting ready, not knowing that a blonde goddess was completely nude and spread open just feet away from them.

Her Allure was making them act up in a way that he hadn't expected. Because they didn't know that she was there, they had no one to turn their perversions on. Instead, they became scatter-brained and clumsy. He heard one of them trip over their own feet and hit the ground hard before cursing up a storm. Turning his attention back to the naked Veela in front of him, he brushed his finger over her puckered hole. As he touched it, he saw it clench tightly. As the boys finally left the room, Fleur cried out, "It is time! Please, 'urry!"

Harry's hips became a blur as he jackhammered into her heavenly cunt. The sounds of her squealing and the sloshing of her pussy were all that he could hear. He reached back and let his hand come down hard. A loud crack reverberated off of the stone walls as his hand collided with delicate, porcelain flesh. Fleur screamed in pleasure and pain as the intense sting made her ass cheek feel like it was on fire. Another vicious spank had her pussy squirting her girl cum all over his crotch. He reached down and collected some of her arousal on his fingers. Bringing them up to eye level, he opened his fingers and watched as her slimy pussy juice strung between his open fingers. He rubbed the tips of his fingers together, testing how viscous her arousal truly was. If he could bottle this stuff, he would make a fortune in the sex industry. He placed his arousal-slickened finger against her tight hole and steadily pushed it in. Fleur squeaked and begged him to finish her off. Her pussy was sloshing out juices like there was no tomorrow as she became overwhelmed by the orgasm that had just hit her hard. When she felt his other hand slide up her belly and cup her perfect breasts, she mashed her face into the bed and shuttered. Her pussy squeezed him so tightly that he was surprised that his cock hadn't snapped off.

Fleur's body thrashed as he pistoned into her pussy with his cock and her ass with his finger. Her body was clenching around both of them as she squirted violently onto his bed. Suddenly, he pulled his finger out of her ass, and he gripped her waist tightly. Knowing what was coming, she pushed her ass back and buried him deeply into her waiting cunt. She moaned as warmth filled her body. He trembled against her as he emptied his balls into her lovely body. When Harry pulled out, he saw his cum begin to leak from between her hairless and plump lips. Harry smiled happily and gave her ass one last hard slap.

"'Arry!" she complained as she sat up, breathing heavily. Harry leaned down and kissed her passionately before looking at the time.

"Shit! We need to hurry!" he said, scrambling for his clothes.

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed as she looked around for her bra and panties. Not being able to find them, she was forced to go to classes without them and with his seed dripping down her legs.

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“So ... Have you found anything out?” Harry asked as he worked on his second helping of Treacle Tart. He was a growing boy who was expecting a certain Veela to sneak back into his room that night, so he definitely needed the fuel.

“Anything out?” Hermione asked, confused.

“Yeah. On your research about ...” Harry looked around to find that only Ginny was paying attention. He still had girls surrounding him, but they were talking amongst themselves while throwing him quick glances every so often. “ ... you know ... my situation,” he told her.

“Oh!” she suddenly remembered. “Sorry, but no. Not yet at least. I’ll keep looking in my free time though,” she smiled at him. Harry returned her smile before scanning the Great Hall. His eyes glanced at Susan’s busty chest. Her robes were covering up her bouncy goodness, but he could still tell that they were big. He decided that he would try his luck with her soon. Daphne was also looking quite sexy. She’d been eyeing him up for a while now but hadn’t actually tried to talk to him. It wasn’t surprising. The chasm between Gryffindor and Slytherin was very deep after all. Perhaps he should be the one to make in-roads with the sexy snake. He couldn’t that night though. He had a sexy blonde to worry about, and he wanted to test something.

Harry found it strange that both Hermione and Ginny would suddenly be fine performing girl-on-girl action with each other. He had asked each of them when they were alone and both said that they had never had thoughts about fooling around with other girls before. Whatever was causing the craziness may be making the girls more open to experimentation with other girls. There was a bit of a caveat, however. It seemed that he was the catalyst to make girls fool around with one another. He wanted to test it out tonight by inviting Hermione into his bed when he knew that Fleur would be there. He looked up and scanned the Ravenclaw table. He found the gorgeous blonde eating her poorly made French food while keeping her eyes fixed on him. When she saw him looking at her, she smiled sexily at him.

After dinner, he waited patiently with Hermione and Ginny until everyone was going to bed. Ginny bid them goodnight, expecting Hermione to go to her room. If she knew that Harry was inviting Hermione up to his room, she likely would have demanded to go as well. Under normal circumstances, he would enjoy that very much. At the moment, though, he didn’t want to push his luck until he was sure of his suspicions. As Ginny left them and Hermione was about to go back to her room, Harry caught her by the hand and held her back. He leaned in and whispered, “Drop your stuff off and come back here. You’ll be staying in my bed tonight,” he ordered. Hermione blushed and shyly nodded. He could tell that she was excited, even though she didn’t say anything. How quickly she ran off told him everything that he needed to know.

Within minutes she was back. Harry didn’t even bother using any spells to sneak her into his dorm. To the boys in there, it was completely normal, and they didn’t ask questions. Even so, Hermione certainly wasn’t going to strip naked in front of them. She crawled onto his four-poster bed fully clothed and closed the curtains once he had joined her.

Her cheeks were pink as she untied her shoes and took them off. He smiled as she leaned over the side of the bed to gently place them down instead of just tossing them like he would have done. As she did so, he reached out and pinched her cute bottom. Hermione squeaked and snapped back to attention. Seeing him smile, she just huffed and continued removing her clothes. She slowly unbuttoned her shirt while Harry pulled the socks off of her feet. "We're having a guest stay with us tonight. I hope you don't mind," he confessed. Her face scrunched up in confusion.

"A guest?" she asked. Harry nodded.

"Fleur Delacour," he told her. "The French girl. You don't mind ... Right?" he asked her, hiking up her skirt and placing his hands on her knees. She started breathing heavily as his hands climbed up the insides of her thighs. Hermione shook her head rapidly, silently telling him that it was okay with her. Harry smiled happily and leaned down.

Hermione suddenly forgot that the French girl was coming when Harry's head settled between her parted legs. Her blouse was open but was still on her body. Her lovely breasts were covered by the white bra that she was still wearing, and her white, cotton panties were already getting damp from the anticipation alone. When his lips touched the inside of her creamy, pale thighs, her body began to quiver uncontrollably.

"I love how soft your skin is, Mione," he told her as his tongue slithered out of his mouth and licked the area where her thigh met her hip. The naughty sensation made her body buck. Suddenly, she felt his face press against the damp material that was covering her burning hot pussy. Hermione covered her face with her hands in embarrassment when he inhaled her womanly scent. She heard him moan happily and was secretly glad that he found her scent appealing.

"Harry!" she suddenly squealed when his lips wrapped around her panty-covered clit. He started wiggling his tongue against it while his fingers massaged the wet material that was covering her dripping slit. Hermione bit her lip and tried to keep from making too much noise. The boys were quietly talking and even though they pretty much ignored the two lovers, she still found the situation nerve-racking.

"Your panties are drenched," Harry commented. Hermione blushed from the obvious statement. Her panties were so wet that they were practically molded to her plump lips. "How about we get them off of you?" he said, smiling. Hermione nodded and lifted up her bottom to let him remove them. They slid off of her ass and she even lifted up her legs as they climbed higher and higher. When they were pulled from her feet, the curtain opened and a gorgeous, blonde bombshell crawled onto the bed before stopping short. She looked at the pair with wide eyes.

Harry wondered what her reaction would be. He was answered when she closed the curtain and settled next to him as he held Hermione's soaking wet panties in his hand. He couldn't wait to see how the night panned out.

AN- Continued in the next chapter