

The Tutor

Part 1

Harry looked in the mirror and patted his head. Momentarily, his messy hair smooshed down only for it to pop right back up. He rolled his eyes as he heard giggling behind him. A pair of feminine arms wrapped around his waist. Right after, her head was next to his.

"It will always be like a bird's nest, Mon Amour," she giggled again. Fleur Delacour turned her head and kissed her fiancé's cheek lovingly. She used her hand to wipe away the tiny bit of lipstick that was smeared on his skin. She hugged him tightly and leaned in, smelling his freshly-showered skin. "Mmmm," she moaned. "I wish that I could 'ave been able to shower with you, my love," she hummed in contentment.

"Me too," Harry smiled into the mirror. He grabbed a brush and tried his best to tame his damp, messy hair. "Did you get everything set with your sister?" he asked. Fleur nodded.

"Yes. It is all set. We still 'ave 'alf an hour," she told him. Harry smiled deviously and turned around. His hands immediately found her perfect ass. He gave her voluptuous cheeks a hard squeeze, making her moan.

"I can do a lot in half an hour ... maybe even twice," he teased, making her giggle like a horny schoolgirl.

"Down boy," she joked as she felt his hard cock pressing against her belly. Her hands slid down his muscular chest and onto his long and thick cock. He had grown up nicely since she had first met him. Her eyes feasted on the six-pack abs that he was rocking. She smiled to herself. Years ago, when they had first started dating, she mentioned that she liked when men had abs and a chiseled chest. Harry had a gym membership the following day. She had to hold back a giggle as she thought back. Back then, he was dedicated to making her happy. It took a while for him to realize that a relationship was a two-way street. It was his job to make her happy, and in return, she did her best to make him equally happy. These days, he was no longer a boy, but a well-rounded man. Fleur had to pat herself on the back, she had done a great job molding him from an unsure boy into a sex god of a man. 'Well ... With a little help, of course,' she thought to herself as she kissed his hard pec and sensually toyed with his raging erection. 'All these years later and we still can't keep our hands to ourselves,' she smiled wickedly.

"Just five minutes," he countered as he lowered his head and kissed the side of her neck. Fleur mewled cutely and tilted her head to the side. Her other hand joined in and cupped his bloated sack. She gave it a gentle squeeze.

"You need to save this for tonight," she said, softly tickling his balls. She gave his cock one last stroke before she let it go. It bounced around before going stiff again. She had to fight her instincts and not drop down to her knees to suck him off.

"Fine," he groaned pitifully, hoping that he wouldn't have a severe case of blue balls thanks to her shenanigans. She shook her head and rolled her eyes at him. Harry finished getting ready.

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"This is not an assault on your man'ood," Gabrielle argued.

"But I can take care of your needs! I can!" her boyfriend whined sadly. Gabby raised an eyebrow. Her boyfriend flushed, embarrassed as he remembered why they were there. "I just need more practice," he said, making up more excuses. She had heard them all. Gabby had given him the benefit of the doubt for nearly an entire year because she loved him. As much as she wanted to believe him and give him another shot, she knew that there was no other way. Fleur had convinced her to go through with it. A knock on the door made them both go quiet. She sighed and got to her feet. Walking over to the door, she turned the knob and opened it.

Her older sister was on the other side, looking just as beautiful as always. When she walked in, Gabby raised her eyebrow at her boyfriend. Every time that Rico was near Fleur, he became a stuttering mess that could barely form a sentence. Gabby had barely turned seventeen and hadn't had enough time to grow into her body yet. Even so, Gabby suspected that she would be very similar to her mother in stature. Her mother was thin and waifish, with small but incredibly perky breasts. Thankfully, she had long, shapely legs with a nice wide ass. That, at least, gave Gabby some hope. Fleur, however, had inherited her grandmother's figure. She was tall and slim at the waist with spectacular Double-D tits that were perfectly rounded and defied gravity. Her thin waist flared into wide and wonderful hips that gave her sister a perfect hourglass figure. Her face was just as gorgeous as the rest of the women in their family. She wasn't ashamed to say that she was incredibly jealous of her sister's figure ... especially when her boyfriend continuously drooled over her.

Fleur walked in looking like a supermodel. She certainly walked like one. Fleur had always been full of confidence. Her cute, little dress flared out as she walked, and the shortness of her dress drew her boyfriend's gaze. Gabby followed his eyes and saw that he was trying to see underneath her sister's dress which ended mid-thigh. Gabby cleared her throat, but her idiot boyfriend wasn't paying attention. Suddenly, she didn't feel so bad about what was about to happen that night. Fleur sat down on a chair in the corner of the room that faced the bed. She sensually crossed her legs, causing her already short dress to ride up even further. Now, most of her thighs were exposed to the room. Rico didn't even pretend that he wasn't staring. Gabby "hmmph'ed" him something good. Had anyone been watching, they would have known that the boy was in a spot of trouble. When Harry walked into the room, Gabby got her revenge.

Rico turned his eyes to Gabby who was now looking at Harry with the same dopey smile that she always wore when he was around. It was no secret that Gabby had had a crush on him for years. While she wasn't head-over-heels like she was when she was younger, she still nursed a soft spot for him. Rico scowled as he watched her eyes follow him.

"I've heard that Rico here is having a bit of trouble taking care of you. Is that true?" Harry asked Gabrielle. Harry was very fond of Fleur's younger sister. Rico opened his mouth to rebut the allegations, but Gabby beat him to it. With a twinkle in her eye, she decided to start her revenge early.

"Yes, 'Arry," she purred cutely, her accent suddenly getting thick. " 'E is 'aving a lot of trouble. Can you 'elp?" she asked. Harry stood up and reached into the expanded pocket of his Hugh Hefner style robe and pulled out a book.

"You don't need to be embarrassed, Rico. Believe it or not, I was once like you. I had no idea what it took to take care of a girl like Fleur. What you have to understand is that Veela are high-performance machines when it comes to sex. Once they reach their majority, sex helps to fuel their magic. As her sole partner, it's your job to make sure that she's well taken care of in that department," he told him. He then walked over to Gabby and placed his finger underneath her chin. Gabby blushed as he lifted her head so that she was staring him in the eyes.

"Her skin isn't as radiant as it used to be. Her hair doesn't have the same luster. Even her Allure isn't as strong as when she was younger," he stated as he studied her. Gabby suddenly felt a bit embarrassed. She wanted Harry to see her at her best, not her worst. He then turned back to Rico.

"I can tell that she hasn't been getting what she needs. Don't worry though. I'll teach you everything that you need to know," Harry said and tossed the book at the teenage boy. Rico jumped from being startled. The book hit his hands and bounced around as he fumbled. It hit the ground, and he had to bend down to pick it up. As he did, his eyes caught sight of Fleur's gorgeous legs which were crossed sexily. He must have lost track of time because he came to when Harry was snapping his fingers in front of his face. He straightened up and blushed in embarrassment. "I can see that I'm going to have an uphill battle when it comes to whipping you into shape," Harry snorted as Fleur giggled. She always loved turning men into idiots.

Finally, Rico had had enough and decided to stand up for himself. He got to his feet and stood face to face with Harry. "And if I decide not to?!" he scowled as he puffed his chest. Harry being a head taller just rolled his eyes. He turned his gaze on Rico.

The young Spaniard suddenly felt as if he had fallen into a very deep pool. The magic in the room became thick enough to swim in. He found it very difficult to breathe. All of the colors in the room seemed to disappear. The only thing that maintained its color was Harry Potter's eyes. Each was like a swirling vortex of power that he could never hope to match. His hands were trembling as Harry took a step toward him. Rico stumbled backward in fright, falling to his butt. With each step that Potter took, Rico would scramble back until he bumped into his chair. Now trapped, he covered his face in fright as Harry grabbed the front of his shirt and lifted him up to face him. "Don't get cute with me. Do you understand?" Harry asked as his voice reverberated through him, making the inside of his skull vibrate. Rico nodded his head faster than he ever

had. And just like that, the magic in the room returned to normal. Rico flopped back onto his chair, sucking in deep breaths.

The girls were having different reactions to his magic. Fleur moaned deeply and was already counting the minutes until they had some alone time. Gabrielle, who had never felt his true power before, was quivering in need. Her Veela magic was like a siphon, sucking every bit of Harry's magnificent power that was coming her way. It had only been a few seconds and already she felt much better than she had before. She felt like she was beginning to get over a very bad cold.

Harry was still looking at Rico. "I love Gabby and will do anything to keep her safe and happy. If you can't or won't take care of her, then I'll make sure that you're not a part of her life anymore ... one way or another." Again, Rico nodded as his body trembled. "The book," Harry said.

Rico bent down and picked it up quickly, afraid to earn his ire once again. He even brushed the dirt off of the cover.

"When I was young, I didn't have an older male to teach me. By then, Fleur's father had already passed on. Thankfully, Apolline stepped in and taught Fleur and me what we needed to know. It all started with that book," he explained.

Rico looked down and read the cover. "The Magic In Me?" he asked.

"It will teach you how to project your magic ... how to mold it. You'll learn how to channel your magic through your various body parts. I suggest that you learn as fast as possible because from now on I'll be taking care of Gabby's needs until you can properly take over ... unless, of course, you're unable to." Harry left it at that. Harry suddenly turned to Gabby who was still sitting on the bed. He could see that her pupils were dilated, and her body was trembling in need. She wasn't hiding the fact that she was now rubbing her thighs together underneath the silk robe that she was wearing. As Harry stepped forward, she gulped even as an erotic tingle traveled up her spine. An expression of pure lust was on his face, and Gabrielle was ready for the lessons that they were there to learn.