

The Tutor

Part 2

Gabrielle Delacour's breathing intensified greatly when Harry Potter turned his eyes to her. She felt her face suddenly turn hot, and she knew that her cheeks were flushed pink. Turning her eyes to her sister who was still squirming in her chair, she received a smile from her. That smile told her that everything was okay and was going according to plan.

Harry hadn't been lying when he said that Gabrielle was physically in a sorry state. Rather, she was in a sorry state for a Veela. There was, of course, a big difference. As a regular human, she would still be considered to be amongst the most beautiful that the world had to offer. As a Veela, however, she was indeed feeling and looking quite poorly. Harry was right. Her hair no longer had her normal luster, her Allure was weak and bordering on useless, and even her skin didn't radiate like it normally did. She could feel it down to her bones. Gabby didn't have the energy that she had even a year ago. She got winded easily and had to avoid strenuous activities. When making love, most of the time she was forced to just lay back. All of this could have been avoided if her boyfriend had half the skills that Harry possessed.

When she talked to her sister about this, Fleur had confessed that it wasn't always the case. Once upon a time, both Fleur and Harry were as unskilled as she and Rico. Thankfully, their mother stepped in and taught them what they needed to know. Since then, Harry had been taking care of not only Fleur's needs, but their mother's as well. Gabby sputtered in shock when she found out that Harry was also sleeping with her mother. After some thought though, she decided that it was probably the smart thing to do. Her mother needed sexual pleasure to function properly, so the only other option would be to find another boyfriend or husband, or to have continuous one-night-stands. All of those options left a bad taste in Gabby's mouth. Having Harry take care of the family seemed like the smart thing to do. So when Fleur found out about Gabby's problem, it was only natural that Harry step in and take charge. Seeing Fleur nod at her made her feel better. When Harry stepped up and undid the belt of her robe, her body was trembling something fierce. He flipped her robe open and exposed the entirety of her nude body. She couldn't help but rub her thighs together as he looked her up and down, his eyes feasting on her young curves.

"Take notes, Rico," Harry said with authority. After her boyfriend's little display of false machismo, he had quickly fallen back into a subordinate role. Harry lifted her dainty, little foot up and began massaging her sole. Gabby gasped from the pleasure of that little act alone. "With a Veela, it isn't all about sex. They get just as much energy from foreplay as well," he told him. Behind them, Fleur agreed.

"Yes," she breathed in deeply as her eyes fluttered. She was trying hard to keep it together after Harry's display of power. "In fact, it en'ances the pleasure when you begin to make love," she added. Rico couldn't help but notice that her nipples were incredibly hard and could be seen as they tinted her thin dress. Gabby certainly agreed with her sister's statement. As Harry dug his

thumb into the bottom of her foot, she could have sworn that he was using his magic. She could feel something traveling up her spine and making her body tremble. She felt the bolt of energy move up the back of her neck before it moved back down. When it hit her pussy, Gabby squealed and bucked. Her body flopped around wildly as her pussy contracted. Harry placed his hand on her belly and held her down.

“As you can see, from my touch alone I can make her cum. Look at her pussy,” he said. Gabby couldn’t help but think that he was just bragging. Either way, she didn’t care. All she cared about was him making her feel good. “See how it’s fluttering. She can’t fake that. When you can make her body do this, you know that you’re halfway there,” he smirked. Rico sat there like a good little boy and gulped, intimidated by the man before him. He watched as Harry’s hand moved over Gabby’s bald mound. He took mental notes on what Harry was doing. He saw one of his fingers slip between her taut and wet lips while two other fingers trapped her pussy lips from the outside. He squeezed his fingers together tightly, making her pussy lips bulge from between them. Gabby’s body was quivering uncontrollably while she pathetically tried to fuck herself on his fingers.

“Calm down, Gabby,” Harry chuckled. “I promise that I’ll take good care of you.” He let go of her pussy and rubbed his fingers over her hard clit back and forth rapidly. Gabby cried out and arched her back. Rico saw his girlfriend’s toes curl as she spread her legs wide, offering herself to Harry. Harry’s hands were all over her body, and she loved every second of it.

“Remember what she likes. If you can’t figure it out on your own, just ask her,” he told him. Rico nodded while Harry’s fingers toyed with Gabby’s rock-hard nipples. Harry suddenly pushed her knees apart and pushed them up so that her thighs were parallel with her body. Her pussy and asshole were now fully on display. Harry’s fingers gently caressed her pussy. “I can feel what she enjoys,” he said to the room. Gabby bit her lip as she squirmed. When his finger touched her asshole, her body jumped from the sudden, naughty pleasure. Harry obviously took notice.

“Do you like having your ass played with, Gabby?” he asked as his finger circled her naughty hole.

“It ‘as never been touched,” she confessed as she mewled sexily. Harry smirked and lifted her ass up even further. Now her body was slightly folded in half. Her asshole was his to do with as he pleased. He continued to play with the rim.

“ ‘Arry, please ...” she begged.

“Please, what?” Harry teased her. The tip of his finger brushed over the hole itself, making her body jump and her ass clench tightly.

“I need you,” she gasped out. “I need to feel good,” Gabby moaned.

“Very well. I think that you need to be lubed up a bit first,” Harry said cheekily. “Honey? Come over here, please,” he called out for Fleur. Rico watched as Fleur got to her feet and walked over to him, her hips swaying sexily all the way. He didn’t know what was going on. He gasped in shock when Harry’s hand disappeared underneath Fleur’s short dress. Fleur gasped, then squealed, then she let out a deep moan as her eyes fluttered. She reached out and grabbed his shoulder as she tried to stay on her feet. Even so, her knees buckled slightly, but she remained standing. Rico sat in shock when Harry removed his hand from underneath her dress and his finger was glistening with wetness.

“When you can work their bodies like I can, they’ll let you do practically whatever you want with them,” Harry bragged with pride. He took his finger which was dripping with Fleur’s arousal and smeared it all over Gabrielle’s exposed asshole. Gabby shuddered violently from the sensation. Rico couldn’t believe that Harry had so much power over them. He knew that Harry was telling the truth. He already proved that their bodies were his playground. With the knowledge that he was also sleeping with their mother, who Rico often thought about while masturbating, he promised that not only would he be as powerful as Harry in the future, but he would surpass the Boy-Who-Lived and fuck all three Delacour girls at the same time. It was a wonderful fantasy to have.

Sadly for him, that’s just what it was ... a fantasy. Unbeknownst to Gabby, both Fleur and her mother knew that Rico didn’t have what it takes. He was just a boy that Gabby liked for the time being. He wasn’t powerful or spectacular in any way. Soon, Gabby would realize that as well. Rico would never compare to Harry. On Rico’s best day, he wouldn’t be half the man that Harry was on his worst day. Fleur and her mother had come up with the plan to give Gabby a taste of true power. Once she had Harry, no other man would ever compare. Hell, Gabby would probably never even think about taking another lover after tasting Harry. She would beg to be let in on their relationship. Fleur would accept her with open arms. Her sister deserved the best. She did not like seeing her wasting away while sadly clinging to the hope that an inferior boy could ever properly satisfy her needs.

Harry, of course, didn’t know anything about the plan. He thought that he was just helping Gabrielle, who he loved dearly. Fleur was not sure that he would go along with it if he knew. Harry was very big on letting others make their own choices. Fleur, on the other hand, only cared about the happiness and well-being of her little sister. Nothing else mattered to her. She knew that if Gabrielle wanted it and Fleur allowed it, then Harry would accept her gladly. That was what she was counting on. Fleur smiled wickedly as Harry rubbed her wetness all over Gabby’s asshole. Her younger sister’s bottom was wiggling in anticipation. It seemed that Gabby was an anal slut just like her and her mother. ‘It must run in the family,’ she giggled internally at the thought. When Gabby’s perfect, little asshole was shiny and wet, Harry lowered his head and licked her clean.

Such a whorish moan had never been heard in Gabby’s room before. She couldn’t help it though. As soon as Harry’s tongue touched her tight hole, it felt as if a bolt of pure pleasure had zapped her right in the g-spot. She reached out and threaded her fingers through his messy

hair. She used what little strength that she could muster and pulled his face harder into her cunt. His tongue pressed against her asshole harder, and she began grinding herself against his mouth like a dirty, little slut. Her mouth was open, but the only thing to come out was pleased squeals. She wanted more. She wanted his mouth to explore every inch of her. She tried to move his head but didn't have the strength. Her solution was to move her hips until her swollen clit was rubbing against his lips. All thoughts of her boyfriend had long since left her mind. Her focus was on the man hovering over her. Gabby gasped wildly when he kissed the area right next to her dripping pussy.

"You want it bad ... Don't you?" Harry teased her as he placed even more kisses around her sloppy wet pussy. Beads of arousal were leaking from her slit and rolling down to her asshole. Gabby shuddered and nodded her head. He leaned in and wrapped his lips around her hard clit. It popped into his mouth as he added suction. When the tip of his tongue touched her clit, her world went white.

Fleur smirked as Gabby started thrashing uncontrollably. Pussy juice was spraying from her cumming pussy and drenching her room. Harry's face was splashed brutally, but he didn't seem to mind. He was too busy devouring her sensitive clit. Poor Rico caught a face full of girl cum as he sat there, all pathetic-like. Fleur giggled knowing that that was the closest that Rico would ever get to a girl who was squirting. He certainly would never make it happen. She sensually ran her fingertips up her thigh as she watched her little sister wrap her thighs around her boyfriend's head. The slurping told her just how wet Gabby was. After a few minutes, Gabby's legs finally let him go. Harry stood up and let his robe drop. She knew that the lessons were just getting started.