

## **Bad Dobby**

### **Summary:**

House Elves have a history and power that wizards never understood. And a Free Elf able to do whatever they want might just be the most powerful thing in the world. As Snape and Umbridge are about to discover. Though whether they'll hate it is another question entirely, with an answer that might surprise Severus Snape, Albus Dumbledore, Voldemort and even Harry Potter himself

Content Warnings: Harry/Harem, Dobby/Snape/Umbridge

Trigger Warnings: Dobby/Snape/Umbridge

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### **Thwack!**

"Toady Miss has been very bad!"

### **Thwack!**

"Toady Miss must be punished!"

The feminine shrieks that accompanied those sounds made Snape's eyes widen in shock as he stalked towards what should have been an empty classroom at this time of night.

He hadn't got a clue about what was going on. The voice he heard was high and reedy, and didn't sound like any student he knew. And the other voice was...

"Yes, So bad... pleeeeeease..."

### **Thwack!**

There was that odd thwacking sound again. What on earth was happening? It had to be some students up to some shenanigans. He was sure. Probably some idiot Gryffindors. Though given how ecstatic the woman sounded... maybe a Hufflepuff. He always did say they were a bunch of deviants.

Well losing a few hundred house points would set them straight.

Snarling in triumph, he banged the door open, wand held aloft as he burst in, ready to send the recalcitrant students to detention for playing games after hours.

*Clunk*

The sound of wood clattering on stone echoed through as Severus Snape stood there, aghast, mouth open in shock trying to process the sight before him.

On her knees, facing from them was his... colleague. Or possibly erstwhile colleague. Dolores Umbridge. Except she had a pink blindfold covering her face. Though that was possibly the least horrifying part of that, since her lips were agape, her features contorted in obvious ecstasy. They had both frozen, but already, she was whimpering again, her large bottom swaying invitingly, demanding more from...

Snape's eyes wandered to who stood behind her. It was no student. Indeed he barely stood higher than Umbridge, even though she was on her hands and knees.

It was a house elf. Though dressed more ludicrously than any house elf Snape had ever seen before. He was wearing multiple hats. A shirt. A jacket - several jackets in fact. And two pairs of socks.

It was only then that Snape realized that something was missing. Trousers. Instead his eyes dropped inexorably to the monstrous thing dangling between his legs. It wasn't possible. It couldn't be. How could a creature that small sport something so large? Snape felt himself practically shrivel up just by way of comparison.

"Dobby knows Greasy Mister" the squeaky voice rang out. Though it was loaded with authority.

"Greasy Mister has been very bad to Master Harry who is the greatest of wizards. Dobby will deal with Greasy Mister after he is done with Toady Miss," Dobby announced.

Another thwack rang out, and Umbridge shrieked, arousal flooding down her thighs as she realized someone else was with them. Though she wasn't quite sure who it was given that she couldn't see. Not that it mattered. Nothing mattered beyond her discipline. Beyond being reminded of what she deserved for everything she had done this past year.

Dobby flicked his hand, and suddenly Snape stood there naked. Just as naked as Umbridge he realized, his eyes drifting to those wrinkled lumps of flesh that hung... Oh god those were her boobs. Snape felt himself shrivel even more, though he couldn't look away as they swayed from the fresh strike Dobby inflicted on the woman, making her plead for more.

“On your knees Greasy Mister. Dobby will be with you shortly.”

He should have said something. He should have shouted. Should have snarled in anger.

Instead Snape simply fell to his knees as well, watching, awaiting his turn. Someone else was in charge of his life now.

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“She hasn't defied your orders explicitly. Merely in spirit.”

The sallow-faced professor, formerly of potions and now of Defense Against the Dark Arts winced at the silent look in reprisal. He wasn't sure how he had gotten here. All his life it would seem he had served masters. First Voldemort. Then Dumbledore. And now...

He didn't have time to reminisce though. Dumbledore allowed luxuries like that. His new lord was far more demanding. Though perhaps the most taciturn of them all.

“She has made no direct moves against Potter...” He had to hold back his instinct to spit that name out. Snape had learned early on that it would not do with his master. Unless he wanted some more time in the stocks. Which was tempting sometimes... But there were less painful ways to get tortured than to risk revealing his dislike for the ridiculous boy here.

“She continues to side with those who are either the Dark Lord's followers or allied with his ideals. She has done nothing to stop the persecution of mudblo-”

Snape suddenly broke off, howling in shocked pain tinged with arousal as a magical lash struck at his back.

“The persecution of halfbloods and mixed breeds. She does whatever they want, and is quite gleeful about it. Perhaps she believes she has escaped your reach.”

He looked down right away, wincing as he expected another lash. But none came. His master was hard, but not needlessly cruel.

Looking up again, he watched the figure cloaked in darkness. Nothing was said, and yet...

“You could instruct her to start gathering evidence of it all. It would suit your purposes if someone high in the Ministry were to whistleblow, my master. If you judged the time right, it would strike a powerful blow against the Dark Lord’s schemes to take on the ministry. Especially if she named all his followers and their corruption of the Ministry. You would need to visit her of course. To tame her properly lest she rebel...”

Another lash struck him, making him cry out. This was different though. It wasn’t meant to hurt. His master was adept at inflicting punishments. Not all pain was without pleasure. Snape had learned in his time since he had truly awoken. He gasped and panted, trying to control the arousal coursing through him.

“I also believe I know what the Headmaster seeks. And what he is doing with Potter. He is after horcruxes. Containers of the Dark Lord’s soul. He believes they are scattered, places important to the Dark Lord. If we can destroy all his soul pieces, he will not be immortal anymore. The threat to Potter will pass. Though there is something Dumbledore is holding back from me. Something he hasn’t told meeeeeaargh!!!”

Another pleased cry, though this lash strike did hurt just a little more. The message was clear.

“I will make sure to find out what Master. I promise! If you would let this filthy slave know what your own plans are, perhaps I could aid in them?”

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“How is this possible, Severus?” Dumbledore asked, looking at Snape with pure unadulterated shock.

“The Dark Lord was careless with some information. And I have resources of my own,” he sneered smugly back at the headmaster. The sight of seeing the headmaster thrown this completely was on it’s own worth all the blood, toil, and tears it had taken. Yes, he might have done everything his master commanded for just this alone. But Snape knew now he would

never betray his master. He would give his life for him if it came to that. Not even Lily could compete with what his master did for him. He had learned his true place in life thanks to him.

“Ravenclaw’s diadem. Hufflepuff’s goblet. Slytherin’s locket... though that one you should know, Dumbledore, had been under your nose the entire time. The Black’s house elf had it. It would seem there was more to the death of Black’s brother than any of us knew. Only the Snake remains, but I already have a plan for her. It can only work after the ritual though.”

Dumbledore hadn’t seen Snape be this calm... ever. Snape had always been a little unhinged. Always somewhat off kilter. It was what had allowed him to keep manipulating the man. To use his grief and hatred, his anger and sadness against him. But now all of that seemed to have vanished. It was almost like he had some higher purpose in life now.

“What ritual, Severus?” the old headmaster asked almost with trepidation. None of this was right. Snape had far too much information. Far too much knowledge. Surely someone had to be giving it to him? But Dumbledore couldn’t afford to question a gift horse. Not when he had such little time left.

“Love you old fool! Isn’t that what you’re always prattling about? A ritual of Love.” Snape barked at him, his voice now openly contemptuous. It was the tone he normally reserved for students. Never before had Dumbledore been at the receiving end of it. It made no sense. He stared down at the various artifacts, all of them practically pulsing with darkness, especially in such close proximity to each other.

“Its an ancient cleansing ritual. Modified with Aphroditic subfunctions designed to eradicate darkness anchored to the soul. It is what you have sought isn’t it? Something to save that useless boy as well?”

He was going to faint if Snape kept this up. How was this possible? His occlumency wards were impenetrable. How on earth could Snape know about his suspicions that Harry had a piece of Voldemort’s soul tethered to him? And the rest...

“Severus I must insist. Where are you getting this information from? Aphroditic subfunctions? Ancient rituals? You’re talking about magic that is older than even Hogwarts, that is older than-”

“Our country itself. Yes. Someone had to pick up the slack did they not? It doesn’t concern you old man. What matters is that this will win you the war you so desperately need to win. You

won't even need to sacrifice Potter. It's certainly better than your plan wasn't it? Tell me, what were you hoping for? That they would somehow each kill the other at the same time? That the Elder Wand would fail Voldemort because it's not truly his, and somehow slaughter them both?"

He couldn't help himself. He was raging now. When he had first understood how deeply he had been played, it had taken all his willpower not to scream in frustration. But Snape did not scream at his master. He was better trained now. Instead he had held his temper in check. But he had no reason to hold back now.

"You have been raising that boy to be a sacrificial goat. All his life he's been meant to do nothing but die. Is that why you refused to train him? Why you let me abuse him? Why you've held him back from realizing his prodigious talents?"

Dumbledore had to try and get control of this. Try and reassert his will over the man who had previously been such a pliant pawn. "I really must insist Severus. Where did you get this information? It is touching that after all this time you care for the boy but..."

"I care nothing for the boy. What I care about is being lied to. I picked up the information when I finally did my homework Dumbledore, instead of simply blindly trusting you," Snape lied smoothly. Dumbledore was not to know who his true master was. He was not a friend to his master. That had been made painfully and exquisitely clear to Snape over several days of torture that had left him nearly out of his mind with pleasure.

"Your job, headmaster, is to merely assist Potter from now on. And to stop hindering him with lectures about morality. Powerful wizards have covens. Just because you had your head too far up your arse pining for Grindelwald's fat cock to dominate you doesn't mean he is the same." Snape practically spat the words at the old man who stared at him in shock.

"And what of Miss Granger's feelings on the matter, Severus? Or Mr Weasley and his sister?" He asked, one final, desperate gambit to try and understand what was happening. How to regain his position.

"Why don't you let that be their choice instead of trying to decide for them? She's the smartest witch in the generation after all isn't she? Molly's deluded if she thinks she'll settle for her ape of a son. Both of you are finished interfering in their love lives. If you insist on a reason for all of this, fine. I'm doing it so Potter won't exile me to some frigid corner of the world once he's the most powerful wizard in Britain. That good enough for you?"

His mouth opened again, but there were no more words. The mighty and terrible Dumbledore stared at Severus, his lips opening and closing like a beached fish. Instead he just stared back down at the horcruxes. He felt a sense of helplessness creep over him, and yet there was relief too. Perhaps it was time to pass the mantle on?

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“SEVERUS!!!!” Voldemort screamed in pure rage, tossing aside the crumpled up newspaper. Two killing curses shot out, striking down a pair of Death Eaters as the rest fled the room. “FETCH ME MY LOYALEST SERVANT! NOW!!!”

As the newspaper lay balled up to one side, the toadlike face staring out at the world continued to smile serenely

*In a turn of events that is certain to shake the very foundations of the Ministry, Dolores Umbridge has made a series of allegations against the Ministry, accusing nearly the entire establishment of having been infiltrated by He Who Must Not Be Named.*

*The Senior Undersecretary to the Minister himself, readers of the Prophet will know, is one of the most powerful officials in the ministry, reporting directly to the Minister of Magic himself.*

*Undersecretary Umbridge has alleged that far from seeking to combat He Who Must Not Be Named, the Ministry has allowed itself to be bamboozled in the hunt for the Dark Lord. Her accusation of rank incompetence against the Minister of Magic however is only the most trivial of what she has alleged. She has implicated some of the noblest pureblood families of using their financial ties to the present Minister and his predecessor, Cornelius Fudge, to access information and use it to orchestrate their campaign of terror and murder, including that of high ranking Ministry Officials such as Amelia Bones.*

*In what is sure to convince observers though, and to leave those accused in trouble, Undersecretary Umbridge has implicated herself in numerous crimes. She has confessed to the illegal use of a blood quill on Harry James Potter, who many regard as the man destined to defeat Voldemort. A belief that she herself now firmly stands behind, and cites as the reason for her confession.*

*“Harry Potter will be the saviour of Britain. I know this now. I was wrong to act as I did, siding with the forces of darkness and evil against the man who will save us all. I learned the error of*

*my ways when I came across an ancient document that the Ministry sought to suppress. One that reveals that Mr Potter is the direct descendent of Godric Gryffindor, a surviving heir to the Noble Seat of the Founder on the Wizengamot, and entitled to all its ancient privileges, including the right to take up to four wives, with three permitted to retain their own names for the continuation of their own noble lines.”*

*The document, a copy of which was turned over to the Prophet, has already been authenticated by Unspeakables from the Department of Mysteries. Arrest warrants have already been issued for Cornelius Fudge, Pius Thicknesse and others that Umbridge has accused of wrongdoing.*

*Yet amidst all this gloom, the most shocking aspect of the Undersecretary’s revelations offer perhaps the greatest ray of hope as well. Miss Umbridge has revealed that Mr Potter has already taken action against He Who Must Not Be Named.*

*“The Monster had performed the darkest of magics to make himself immortal. But Lord Potter has gathered up the vessels of his immortality and has already begun the process to destroy them. He, along with his companions, will soon eradicate the You Know Who once and for all!” Umbridge continued to this correspondent in her exclusive interviews. “I reached out to him once I learned who he was, begging for his pardon. And Lord Potter revealed to me all that <Dark Lord’s Name censored> had done. He even gave me his history, revealing the man’s origins as nothing more than a mudblood himself, something I have turned over the proper authorities for investigation.*

*For more details on Undersecretary Umbridge’s allegations turn to page 3*

*For a complete history of You Know Who’s origins as Tom Riddle turn to page 5*

*For more details on the legendary ancestry of Harry Potter turn to page 7*

*For Rita Skeeter’s article on Harry Potter’s rumored affairs with Fleur Delacour, Daphne Greengrass, Susan Bones and Hermione Granger turn to page 9*

Voldemort raged incoherently even after Snape had arrived, though to his newly awakened senses, the spy could finally see past the façade of fear that the Dark Lord maintained. Thanks to his new master, he could look past it, and see the insecurity and panic beneath. The last vestiges of subservience and fear of the Dark Lord had faded as Snape was confronted by a tantrum that would have made a toddler proud.

“How did he do this? Answer me? How did he learn of my secrets? MINE? Lord Voldemort’s! Why have I heard nothing of Draco’s mission against Dumbledore?! Why am I surrounded by incompetents?!”



Snape bowed low, deciding that it was probably best not to reveal that Draco had been attacked by half the witches of Slytherin when they had learned he was plotting against Potter. Malfoy had always underestimated the Greengrass faction. He would be in no condition to do anything at all for the rest of the year. He decided it would also be wise to not say anything about the fact that Draco's attack had occurred in the Slytherin Bathrooms, or that in particular Tracey Davies' curse had left him impotent. He would save that information for the young man's parents later. Once his master's wishes were fulfilled.

"I do not know My Lord, but I do have a way to let you achieve your goals," Snape murmured, his voice disgustingly obsequious.

"Speak!" the sibilant voice whispered, finally mastering itself. Voldemort held one hand out, and his massive Snake slithered towards him, gliding up the throne-like chair he was sitting on.

"Since the fools, Potter and Dumbledore, yet trust me, they sought out my help for a ritual. Only with that do they hope to overcome your impenetrable charms over the artifacts, my Lord. But Dumbledore revealed to me that during the ritual he and Potter will be vulnerable. Their magical cores exposed. He told me that if you, aided with another being, one with a powerful soul of its own, were to mentally attack them... they would both perish. They are planning to do the ritual in two days, my Lord. If you attack them then, you can vanquish them both in a single moment!"

"You've done well, Severus. Return to Hogwarts. Alert me when the ritual is taking place. There is only one other soul I would trust for such an attack. Mine!" Voldemort chuckled, as if he was toying with some delicious mystery beyond Snape's understanding.

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"You going up Harry? I've got to work, but Fleur and Susan have Daphne tied up and want to play." Hermione's lips brushed against Harry's ear, whispering seductively as she smiled to herself. "They want to celebrate Lord Potter becoming the youngest person to clear the Auror trials. And Daphne's earned a reward for shepherding my House Elf Rights Bill through the Wizengamot."

Harry Potter, Saviour of Britain as he was now popularly called, grinned as he leaned into the affectionate touch from behind. "In a minute Hermione." he whispered back, reaching around to pull her forward, then drawing her into his lap.

"You sure you don't want to join us?" He finally asked after taking several minutes to kiss her passionately. "All work will make my pet a dull girl you know..."

"No, I have to work on a few things. And I'm planning a surprise for you. You know it's our anniversary in two days right?"

How could Harry forget? It had been two tumultuous years since that fateful day. He doubted he would ever be able to let go of how absurd his life had become as he let himself sink back into his memories.

Harry remembered his meeting with Dumbledore and Snape, the day before the article that caused an earthquake in the Ministry. He still remembered how his brain had shut down as he watched Umbridge, of all people(!), explain what she was going to do. And yet, that was only the start of things. Dumbledore was next. The old man had revealed to him that somehow he had come into possession of all but two of Voldemort's horcrux vessels. Only Voldemort himself and Nagini were outside their power.

Finally it had been Snape. Who sat him down and revealed how Harry himself had a piece of Voldemort's soul latched onto his skull, feeding off his magical energy.

You'd think that would have been enough to overwhelm the Sixth Year student. But there was more to come. In a conversation that still made Harry cringe, they had both revealed how they were well aware that he was sleeping not just with Hermione, but three other witches. And then they had handed him a series of complex notes to take back to his girlfriends.

It was from Hermione and Fleur that he understood the final aspects of the plan. Snape, it seemed, had uncovered an ancient Elvish ritual. One that could be modified, though it required some key ingredients. Ingredients that would have been impossible in the normal course of things. But then his life had always been bizarre.

"Veela magics to burn ze tainted soul from you, mon amour," Fleur had purred at him, eagerly eyeing the pages.

“True love and loyalty from more souls than your foe” Susan had blushed, earning a chuckle from Daphne.

“And some hot kinky sex to go along with it all? Sounds perfect, where do we sign up?” Daphne had giggled, before shooting a challenging glance at Hermione. “You sure you’re up for this Granger?”

“If it gets rid of Voldemort, of course!”

“Oh, so you don’t want to do it for a chance to spend an evening with the rest of his girlfriends as Harry conquers us all with that magic cock of his?”

Harry smiled as he remembered Hermione’s pretty blush. He would never forget it.

He felt his cock grow stiff as he remembered the ritual itself, making Hermione moan as she felt it beneath her. “Someone’s excited...”

“Just remembering how we defeated Voldemort by having sex,” Harry laughed, running his hands up her body, cupping her breast as he kissed the back of her neck, starting to feel himself grow warmer with desire.

Though even as he said it, he couldn’t help but remember what had come afterwards. How the news had spread that Voldemort had died. He and his snake had burned up in a fiery explosion that destroyed Malfoy Manor, conveniently revealing that he had been hiding right under the Ministry’s nose.

Already reeling from the damage of Umbridge’s confession, it was all it took for the structures of power in the Ministry to collapse overnight. In the aftermath Kingsley Shacklebolt was declared Minister. Everyone had naturally called for Harry, their saviour- and now to many, practically their lord- to take his ancestral seat in the Wizengamot and to become the new Minister.

“I want to finish school first. Got NEWTS to prepare for. Can’t be an Auror without those. And I owe some time to my girlfriends,” was all he was willing to say on the subject, endorsing Kingsley for Minister, and backing whatever moves he wanted to make.

His humble charm had only elevated Harry’s popularity. And when he elected not to take a political position but instead opt to start as a junior Auror like everyone else, under the

oversight of Nymphadora Tonks (now head of the Auror Office), the Prophet had run a full week's worth of headlines praising his gallant humility and respect for magical traditions. It was as if everything he did drove the magical community to hysterics.

There had been upsides of course. As Harry rose, so too did his wives. Authorized by unanimous vote from the Wizengamot, Daphne was his proxy to the body, the Greengrass heir relishing her chance to play the politics she was groomed for. Hermione worked as a legislative consultant to the Minister, working with Daphne to pass law after law reforming Wizarding society and ending centuries of bigotry and oppression. Fleur, the oldest among them, managed Harry's vast holdings, which it seemed had come to him upon being revealed as the heir of Gryffindor. And Susan was the glue that held them together, mistress and matriarch of the house, mothering them all when they needed it.

The only smudge in all this fond reminiscing had been Dumbledore's last speech to him. The old man had declared his retirement, before pulling Harry and his companions aside for a secret meeting. It was then that he revealed to Harry the truth of his condition. How the curse in his arm was spreading, and how he would soon be dead, and how with him the magic of the Elder Wand would die too. Which was the first time Harry had heard about the Deathly Hallows, and how Dumbledore was bequeathing them to him.

Those things still didn't make any goddamned sense to him. But at least the stone let him speak to his parents and Sirius once more, letting him hear from Lily and James how proud they were of him, before he gave them some time with each of his girlfriends. He still didn't know what his mother had said to each of them, but they had all come out of that conversation with a mysterious, knowing grin, revealing only that she had given them all her blessing.

But while that had been happening, it was Dumbledore who had revealed his suspicions and concerns about Snape. How Snape had gathered knowledge that he could not possibly have possessed. And Dumbledore's fears about who might have been puppeting him.

That revelation was quickly followed a little later by the news of Umbridge's disappearance from Azkaban. As soon as the final set of convictions for the Death Eaters were handed down she had simply vanished. That continued to puzzle and disquiet him.

"Everything ok, love?" Hermione cooed at him, ready to get up and get back to work.

"Just... thinking of loose ends. Wondering what happened to Snape. To Umbridge. Wondering how I got so lucky and how it all worked out." Harry sighed, ready to rise himself. Nobody knew

where Snape and Umbridge were. What had happened to them. But it had been two years of peace. Maybe it didn't matter?

"May Dobby speaks with Master Harry?" a quiet, almost shy voice suddenly intruded on them.

They both turned towards it, and they both smiled.

"Go ahead Dobby," Harry said encouragingly, looking fondly at his old friend. Dobby might work for him, and might have insisted on calling him Master. But to Harry he was one of his closest companions, as important to him as each of his wives.

"Dobby knows the answer to Master Harry's questions. Dobby believes it is time to tell Master Harry the truth..."

Both of them said nothing, simply cocking their heads, waiting curiously.

They watched as Dobby started to grin back at them, an oddly sly look on his face.

"Dobby has been a bad elf Master Harry. Dobby has been very bad. Bad Dobby."

Harry Potter and the Foreign Exchange Program by dandyb

**Summary:** Head boy and Head Girl - Harry and Daphne- returning to redo their 7th year, are asked to chaperone a foreign exchange program to Beauxbatons. Hijinks ensue.

**Pairings:** Harry/Fleur, Harry/Daphne (eventually, if I ever write any more)

**Tags:** Face-fucking, Anal, Voyeurism, Cum-eating (kinda).

Harry Potter wandered his way through Hogwarts Castle, hand clutching the letter Headmistress McGonagall had sent him earlier that morning, requesting a meeting with him that afternoon.

The trip up to the Headmistress' office was filled with emotion for him, while the castle had undergone extensive repairs since the battle, and his first home looked much as it had beforehand he couldn't help but feel a pang of sadness at how many friends had lost their lives defeating Voldemort's forces.

Upon entering McGonagall's office, he was surprised to find that he was not the only person invited to the meeting, Daphne Greengrass sat in a chair opposite his old head of house.

"Good afternoon, Mister Potter. Thank you for joining us. Please have a seat." the new headmistress said, indicating to the other seat in the room.

Harry sat down keeping a wary eye on the Slytherin next to him. Daphne, while never openly participating in the abuse hurled at him by Malfoy and his ilk, was still a Slytherin and one could hardly blame him for his mistrust of the house of snakes.

"Thank you both for coming," began McGonagall "I want to thank you both for accepting my invitation to return to Hogwarts this year. Now I suppose you'd both like to know why I have asked you to come here."

Harry and Daphne both nodded their heads and McGonagall continued "As I'm sure you are both aware, the Tri-wizard tournament a few years ago was a complete fiasco.."

"You can say that again." mumbled Harry. Both ladies gave him a stern look.

"As I was saying, the Triwizard tournament did not have the desired outcome, and as such Madam Maxime and I have arranged for a Foreign Exchange program to be set up for the OWL and NEWT level students for this coming term."

"I'm sorry Headmistress," began Daphne "I don't see what Lord Potter-Black and I have to do with this plan."

Harry cringed inwardly at the use of his dual titles. Part of the reason he had accepted the invitation to return to Hogwarts was to bide some time to try and figure out how to restore the legacies of the two houses he had inherited the Lordships of.

"Very well Miss Greengrass, I have decided to make the two of you Head Boy and Head Girl and for you both to enter this program to help chaperone your fellow students."

Harry groaned internally, with Voldemort gone he had been hoping *finally* to have a normal year. Fate and his old head of house, it seems, had something else in mind. Shaking his head slightly he caught sight of Greengrass staring at McGonagall eyes wide and mouth open in

disbelief. Seeing the usually inscrutable Ice-Queen caught so off guard almost caused him to laugh.

“But headmistress..” Daphne protested “Why me? Surely Granger would be a more acceptable choice in the current climate?”

“That, Miss Greengrass is exactly why I have chosen you and not Miss Granger. I can’t be seen as playing favourites; and it is my hope that seeing you and Mister Potter co-operating and working together would set an example to the other students, so that we might heal the rift that lies between the houses and prevent repeating recent history.”

Harry nodded firmly. “Count me in, Professor.”

“Of course, Professor McGonagall.” Daphne said calmly.

“Excellent. I look forward to seeing you both on September 1st.”

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Harry awoke on the first Saturday of September, slightly anxious about the term ahead. The Hogwarts students would be leaving for Beauxbatons later this evening, the first time he would be in a foreign country, the first time going on an adventure without his two best friends, Ron; having decided to decline the invitation to return in order to help George run Weasley’s Wizard Wheezes, and Hermione who had accepted an offer from Kingsley to work as his junior under-secretary part time around her studies.

He quickly showered and took in his appearance in the mirror, the old familiar scar on his forehead was much less noticeable now, fading from the angry red to a pale pink in the last few months. But that was by far the least noticeable change, months of home cooked food courtesy of Kreacher, along with the workouts he had been prone to do to distract him from the grief he had felt after the battle, had added some much needed bulk to his lithe and lanky physique.

These changes were the most noticeable and easily explained. What was more confusing was how his magic had been acting strange since the battle, spells came more easily and to his surprise he was able to perform certain magic wandlessly, as he discovered when Teddy fell from a chair whilst he was cooking. Though he had no idea if this was due to the horcrux being destroyed or his uniting all three of the hallows.

Sighing he got dressed and finished off the rest of his packing. At least his adventure this year wasn't likely to be a threat to his life. He hoped.

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Daphne sat on her bed, meticulously folding and packing her clothes, "I wish you were coming with me Trace."

"I know, but Madam Pomfrey has offered me an internship, and it's just too good an opportunity to turn down." Replied her best friend. "Besides with me there you'd hide yourself away, at least now you have an excuse to get *friendly* with Potter, seeing as he's the only other person our age going." Giving Daphne a knowing grin.

Daphne scowled at her and gave her a quick cuff in the arm. "Damn elf made wine and that Muggle drinking game, I should never have told you about that crush."

Tracey laughed, "True enough, though even I have to admit he has become even more handsome over the summer. Not to mention, that he's now the most eligible bachelor in all of Britain."

Daphne smiled and shook her head. She had known for years that Tracey was a witches witch, if she was admitting to finding Potter attractive it was high praise indeed.

"But Trace, I don't stand a chance, the Weasley girl has got him well and truly ensnared."

"Not if what I heard from Lavender and Parvati is true," Daphne raised an eyebrow, "apparently Potter found out about her various amorous rendezvous last year, and apparently he wasn't too happy to find out his beau was spending her nights in broom closets while he was out doing his hero thing."

"Really?!" Daphne practically squealed.

"I know right. The girl must be dumber than she looks, i think she may have taken a couple bludgers too many to the head playing Quidditch. On the plus side it does mean Mr tall, dark and handsome is up for grabs and you have the perfect opportunity, what with Granger not going and Weasley, working in the shop he'll be all yours to try and try and seduce."



“You’re right!” Daphne exclaimed, jumping up onto her bed. “Oh no.”

“What?”

“Trace,” Daphne said, her face falling. “I need to rethink my entire wardrobe.”

“That my dear Daphne is why you have me.” both girls breaking into wide grins.

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Harry stumbled off the Knight bus, his stomach lurching. Who in their right mind thought it would be a good idea to have the students ride that nightmare all the way to the south of France?

Finally recovering, as the rest of the hogwart contingent disembarked, half looking as queasy as he did. He looked up to see where he would be spending the next 4 months, while it didn’t quite hold up to Hogwarts, he had to admit the school did have its own majesty. A large 3 story, many windowed building with tall fluted towers all made of what he assumed was white marble and vast neatly ordered gardens in the near proximity.

Stepping into the entrance hall he heard a high pitched shriek of “ARRY” before being bundled to the ground by something small and blonde hitting his midriff. Disentangling himself from the small body atop him, Harry picked himself up and looked down at his erstwhile attacker. Who was still clutching his waist while an incomprehensible stream of french escaped her lips.

“Eet would seem that my leetle sister ‘as still not gotten over ‘er infatuation with you Monsior Potter.” A sultry voice said playfully from behind him.

Spinning around so abruptly that the blonde girl was forced to let go of him, Harry looked upon the face of his fellow Triwizard champion, surprise evident on his face. The French veela was a vision, wearing a form fitting silver dress that clung sinfully to her curves, his mouth suddenly dry and embarrassment reddening his cheeks, Harry just about managed to stammer “Fleur? What are you doing here?”

Fleur stepped up to him rushing down his robes before embracing him and giving him a lingering kiss on each cheek.

She gave him a radiant smile. “‘Eet is good to see you, ‘arry. Take zis and put it on.” She said handing him a silver bracelet, he gave her a quizzical look. “‘Eet is charmed so that while you wear it, you will be able to speak French as well as if it were your mother tongue.”

Harry slipped the bracelet over his left hand giving her a quick thanks before she continued.

“After I ended things with Bill, I moved back home to be with my family. Madame Maxime sent me a letter explaining about the exchange program and asked if I would want to come and be the liaison for the Hogwarts students. An offer I gratefully accepted. Little Gabrielle here has hardly stopped talking about you since she found out you were going to be coming over here.”

He looked down at the smaller girl standing next to her, recognition dawning. “Hello Gabrielle, it is good to see you again. You’ve grown up so much since I last saw you.”

The girl blushed shyly, her smile getting even wider. Suddenly, Fleur turned towards her little sister.

“Gabrielle, control yourself!” She snapped.

Harry looked around, hoping to see some sort of explanation for the sudden outburst. Seeing some of the male students all staring towards them with glassy looks on their faces. Gabrielle looked mortified, before she closed her eyes in concentration.

“Apologies’ Arry, Gabrielle has just begun her Veela maturity and is having some trouble controlling her allure.” Fleur explained.

“No need to apologise, I didn’t feel anything.” Harry shrugged.

“Really? I’ve never heard of a man completely immune to the allure before. I need to do some research. We may need to investigate and experiment at some stage, that is if you don’t mind?” Fleur exclaimed.

“Not at all.” Harry smiled, he never thought to see Fleur acting so much much like Hermione. “Name a time and a place and I’ll be there.”

Fleur nodded in thanks, looking over his shoulder “I think they’re waiting for us to enter the hall so they can start the welcome feast. Do you mind if I join you, we can catch up and I’m sure you’ll need someone to rescue you from the little bird here so that she doesn’t deafen you with

her incessant chirping” she said ruffling Gabrielle’s hair, the younger girl shot her sister a menacing glare. Harry and Fleur both laughed

Fleur took Harry’s arm and led him into the hall.

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Daphne seethed silently. She hadn’t had an opportunity to strike up a conversation with Harry on the trip, being busy keeping her eyes firmly shut to try and minimise the terror of seeing the bus weave between traffic and buildings at breakneck speed, and not 5 minutes had passed since they arrived and another witch had already made her move, a veela no less.

They had walked into the hall together arm in arm and after the welcome speech and initial introductions were made, had spent the entire meal deep in conversation a seat or two removed from where she was sat. The French witch had practically glued herself to Harry’s side, did she know no propriety, she was staff, albeit temporarily as their liaison.

The girlish giggles had her reaching for her wine glass more regularly than she normally would have done, though try as she might to ignore them, the exclamations coming from the young girl with them only heightened her interest in the conversation they were having. Smuggling a dragon, a fight with a basilisk, fighting off hundreds of dementors.

She would have thought it merely bravado, lies to try and impress both witches with him. Though in all her time watching him from afar, he did not seem the type to exaggerate or lie to make himself seem more important. A fact backed up by the torture and vitriol he has been endured at the hands of the Ministry, the Prophet and, worst of all, that horrible Umbridge woman, for sticking to the truth about the Dark Lord’s return. Especially when the other option would have been far easier.

She was pulled from her internal monologue, when Madame Maxime stood and clapped her hands. “Now that you have all partaken of the delicacies we have to offer, it is time for us to retire for the evening. Those of you from Hogwarts would be so kind as to follow Miss Delacour, she will show you to the dormitories you will be using for the duration of your stay. As for our own students. Your heads of years will escort you to the dorms you will be using this year. Good night”

Daphne stood, slightly unsteady on her feet, Merlin she had really drunk too much. Slowly she followed behind the rest of the Hogwarts contingents as Fleur and Harry led them through the winding corridors to where their dorms were.

After a short while they arrived at what she assumed was the base of one of the towers. Fleur explained that they had converted some old unused classrooms for the occasion, sending groups of two or three students at a time into their assigned rooms as they ascended the spiral staircase. When they reached the top it was finally just Harry, Fleur and herself. Fleur turned to them with a wide smile on her lips.

“Now as the two of you are the head boy and girl, and also chaperones on this trip, special arrangements have been made for you both on this trip.” Opening the door she beckoned them through it, Daphne’s mouth fell open slightly as did Harry’s, before them was a wonderfully finished living room, with a small kitchenette, and a large balcony, overlooking a truly stunning vista. “As you can see your living quarters are quite a bit more substantial than the other students, the perks of responsibility.” She half chuckled. “Follow me and I will give you a quick tour.”

They both followed the French witch as she led them up another flight of stairs pointing out their sleeping quarters before opening the final door. Inside was quite possibly the most gorgeous bathroom Daphne had ever seen. Complete with paired sinks, a large jacuzzi style bathtub and dominating near all of the other half of the room a huge wet room, complete with a bench.

Heading back downstairs Fleur wished them both a good night before stepping up to Harry and embracing him.

“It has been so good to see you again ‘Arry. I will come by tomorrow evening so we can begin our experiment and investigation.”

“No problem.” He responded, “I look forward to it.”

Fleur stood on her tiptoes and gave Harry a kiss on the cheek that was far too close to his mouth for Daphne’s liking. Before sashaying away, an exaggerated sway to her hips. Daphne rolled her eyes at how obvious the older French witch was being.

Turning around and deciding in her inebriated state it wasn't the best idea to try and strike up a rapport with Potter. She departed for her room giving him the excuse that she needed to unpack her trunk.

Entering her room, she threw herself down on the large double bed and buried her head into the pillow in frustration. Sleep found her quickly.

Waking up, fully clothed, head splitting Daphne groaned. Casting a quick charm to check the time she found out that it was just after 7am. Deciding that a long soak in the bath would do her good. Getting undressed and wrapping a towel around herself, she shuffled to the bathroom and opened the door.

The sight that greeted her was not one she expected. Potter stood there naked as the day he was born, towel over his head drying his unruly hair. She stood there mesmerised by the rivulets of water running down his back, seeing a magical tattoo of what seemed like a werewolf, a stag and a large dog running back and forth across his shoulder blades.

He turned around and she gasped, below his chiselled abs hung the largest cock she had ever heard of, even flaccid it hung a good way down his thigh.

Her outburst must have alerted him to her presence in the room.

"Daphne! What the fuck are you doing?!" Harry shouted. His hands bringing the towel down quickly to cover himself..

"I'm so sorry! I didn't know you were in here, the door wasn't locked and I didn't hear any noise, and didn't know you would be up so early, and I'm so sorry." She was rambling, cheeks burning from the embarrassment. Her hands rushed to cover her face.

"Get out!"

"Oh yes, of course. Sorry." In her haste to make an exit she slipped on the floor, her head bouncing off the edge of the bathtub. The last thing she remembered was Harry rushing over towards her before she passed out.

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Harry covered the distance to Daphne's prone figure in two quick strides. Quickly checking her pulse, he placed her in the recovery position. The back of her head was bleeding quite profusely.

Wandlessly, summoning his wand, he sent a quick patronus message to Fleur asking her to bring the school matron quickly. Moments later both women popped into existence each holding the hand of a house elf.

"'Arry?" Fleur said panic evident in her tone.

The elder woman with her started firing incomprehensible questions at him as she bent down to examine Daphne. Harry looked at her nonplussed. Before Fleur interrupted.

"'Arry you need to put ze bracelet back on."

"Oh yeah right." He replied. Standing up and quickly retrieving it from the counter, he slipped it back over his wrist.

He turned back around to see Fleur staring pointedly at the ceiling. A slight blush on her cheeks.

"What's wrong?" He asked her.

"I think you may have forgotten your towel in your haste to summon us." She replied, mirth clearly evident in her voice.

Mortified, he quickly picked his towel up from where he had let it fall in his earlier rush. Hastily wrapping it around his waist.

Once again decent, the matron asked him what had happened, cheeks flushing red he recounted the incident.

"Very well." The elderly French witch said once he had finished explaining. "The young lady has cracked her skull, it would be unwise to move her down to the infirmary in her condition."

With that she carefully levitated Daphne out of the bathroom and into her bedroom.

"I will be back momentarily, I need to go down to the hospital wing to get the potions she needs."

With that she called a house elf and popped away. Once she was gone Fleur turned to him, a slight smirk upon her lips and mirth still visible in her eyes, which quickly looked his still dripping body up and down.

"I would probably get dressed if I were you, the matron is not as young as she once was and I'm sure you've shocked her enough today." She said laughing. "Though, I can't say I have any complaints about the view, though I was clearly mistaken when I called you 'leettle boy' those years ago."

Harry was speechless, blushing furiously he rushed to his room. Quickly throwing on some clothes he re-entered Daphne's room to find the matron had returned and was and was casting some spells on the unconscious girl. Noticing that Harry had come in she explained.

"I have put Miss Greengrass in an enchanted sleep for a few hours while she recovers, when she wakes she will need to drink these potions here," she indicated the 3 vials of potion on the bedside table. "One is skele-gro, one a blood replenishing potion and the last is for a dreamless sleep."

Harry nodded, being more than familiar with the potions mentioned. "Thank you, Madame. I will make sure she takes them."

"It is likely that she will have to miss her classes tomorrow while she recovers." The matron gave him a smile, "You know from the letters I exchange with Madam Pomfrey I was expecting you to be the first one to visit me. She tells me that you have visited her so often that she has a bed set aside just for you."

Fleur and Harry chuckled. "Like I've told Poppy many times, I don't go looking for trouble, it just seems to find me."

The elderly matron gave him a sceptical look, but smiled as she shook her head. "If you will excuse me, I have a couple of first years that I need to go check on, thought it would be a good idea to try duelling without knowing the shield charm."

With that the three of them made their way downstairs to the lounge area. The nurse left promptly.

"Harry I should probably go and tell Madame Maxime what has happened. Do you have any plans for the day?"

"Not particularly, though I should probably stay here until Daphne wakes so I can let her know what happened and help her with her potions. I know from experience that it's disconcerting waking up alone not knowing what's happened." He replied.

"So gallant," Fleur said. "Why don't you send me a patronus message when Daphne has awoken and taken her potions?"

"Erm. Yeah sure."

"Perfect. I look forward to inspecting your ability to resist me.. *thoroughly*." She said, giving him a coquettish grin. As she headed towards the door she turned one last time. "Nice tattoo by the way."

With that she shut the door, leaving Harry staring after her slightly dumbfounded. He made his way over to the kitchenette and made himself a mug of coffee, before grabbing a book and heading to Daphne's room. He gave a wave of his hand and conjured himself a plush chair next to her bed, getting comfortable he opened the book and began his vigil over the sleeping girl.

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Daphne woke with a groan, her head was pounding. Opening her eyes she saw that she was back in her bed and dressed in her pyjamas. Scanning the room she saw Harry slumped over asleep in a chair next to her bed, a book resting open in his lap. Reaching out slowly she grabbed his shoulder and gently shook him awake, calling his name gently.

He woke quickly, sitting upright and rubbing his eyes.

"Are you alright?" He asked her, concern evident in his voice. Her heart gave a flutter at the amount of compassion in the look he gave her.

"You tripped when you were trying to get out of the bathroom and hit your head on the bathtub." He replied gently.

"Ahh, that would explain why my head feels like I've been clubbed by a troll. Also how did I get dressed? Did you..." she trailed off.



Harry's eyes widened before he gave a small chuckle, "I sent for Fleur and the nurse, they must have dressed you whilst I was making myself decent. The nurse says you've got a fractured skull and have lost quite a bit of blood. She put you under for a few hours so that you didn't have to put up with most of the pain while the spells she performed did their work."

A pit opened in her stomach at the mention of the French veela. Why did he have to summon her to witness her embarrassment?

"Thank you Harry. What time is it?" She asked.

"Just after 2pm," he replied "The nurse gave me these potions for you to take when you woke up." He said, grabbing some vials off her bedside table. "There's a blood replenishing one, skele-gro and a sleeping draught. I should probably let her know you've woken."

With that he stood and mumbled "Expecto patronum" a large silver stag burst into existence from the end of his wand, quickly prancing through the wall after he gave it his message. She stared eyes wide, that was a seriously advanced piece of magic, she doubted whether even her mother and father could do it.

"Thank you." She said shyly. Attempting to sit up so that she could drink the potions. Suddenly dizzy she slumped back down. Harry quickly rushed over and put his arms around her to help her steady herself, she blushed at the sudden proximity, memories of the incident this morning still vivid in her mind.

"Here take this" he said, handing her a vial of bright red potion. She gingerly took it and swallowed the bitter tasting liquid, grimacing slightly. Harry chuckled, "Takes some getting used to, doesn't it?"

She nodded, as he handed her another vial. Swallowing the second one quickly, she took the third from his hands.

"Listen, Harry. About earlier-" she started.

"Later.. Drink that and rest." He interrupted. She gulped the potion down before tenderly lowering her back down to the bed. Slowly she succumbed to the potions effects, but not before she saw Harry make to leave the room, waving his empty hand and vanishing the chair next to her bed.

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After Daphne had fallen back to sleep, Harry left their quarters and wandered down the tower stairs, to check on the other Hogwarts students and to let them know that Daphne would be unavailable until the following evening.

Having ensured that, everyone else had had a less eventful morning than he had. He returned to their suite, went up to his room and grabbed the magical mirror from the top of his trunk. He and Hermione had taken inspiration from the ones Sirius had given him, with some slight alterations. Instead of being paired mirrors they had made some which allowed you to speak to any of the other mirrors by saying the name of the person you wanted to speak to. He went and sat on the balcony, lying down on one of the chairs and called Andromeda.

She and Teddy had moved in with him after he had got Grimmauld Place, into a livable condition. She had confessed to him that she was struggling living in the house after Tonks' and Ted's deaths. He hadn't even hesitated before asking them both to move in. they had both found immense satisfaction in blasting the old portrait of Mrs Black to smithereens.

Andromeda picked up her mirror within a couple of minutes, Teddy in her arms. The young baby gurgled excitedly at the sight of Harry, his hair shifting to messy and black and his eye taking on Harry's own emerald hue.

Harry filled them in on the trip so far, including this morning's shower incident, much to Andromeda's amusement. She was trying to contain her laughter so much that the mirror she was holding began to shake.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door, saying his goodbyes to Teddy and Andromeda, he opened the door. Fleur stood on the landing, looking scintillating. A tight white blouse, unbuttoned to show off a generous amount of cleavage, and jeans that hugged her hips and legs so tight they looked like they were painted on.

"Hello 'Arry. May I come in?" She asked with a radiant smile plastered on her face.

Harry's mouth was suddenly drier than the Sahara. "Sure," he croaked inaudibly, before clearing his throat.. "sure" he repeated. Stepping out the way and beckoning her inside, his gaze lingering on her perfectly formed ass as she sauntered in.

"I did not see you at dinner this evening, Gabrielle was most upset." She teased.

Glancing at the time he noticed that it was past 8 o'clock. "Sorry, I was on the mirror with Andromeda and Teddy. I must've lost track of the time."

"Oh. How is little Teddy?" She asked.

"Amazing, though he has a habit of metamorphosing himself into a miniature clone of me whenever we are together. It's a nightmare when we're out in public and I have to explain to everyone he isn't biologically mine." He said lightheartedly. "The article in Witch Weekly certainly didn't help either."

"I see, even after saving Magical Britain you still have trouble with the press. Good to see some things never change." Fleur joked. "I have brought some food up from the kitchens for you." Indicating the picnic basket she had set down on the coffee table.

"Oh thanks. You didn't have to go to the trouble." He replied.

"It was no trouble," she said walk-in up to him. "Besides, you will need to keep your strength up for this evening, I intend to test you *vigorously*."

He gave her a concerned look, trying to decipher the meaning behind her tone. She gave a peak of laughter before turning and sauntering into the kitchen.

"It is a beautiful evening, is it not. I think it best we enjoy ourselves out on the balcony." Fleur told him from where she stood, bent at the waist, her hips swaying slightly as she searched the cupboard.

Harry could hardly tear his gaze away, turning away quickly as Fleur stood and turned around. A pair of wine glasses in her hand. He picked up the picnic basket from the table and thus missed the self satisfied smirk Fleur gave herself.

Sitting down on the small couch outside Harry deposited the basket down on the table. Fleur sat down next to him, so close that he could smell her perfume.

"So about my immunity to your allure-," he began. She shut him up by placing one of her delicate fingers on his lips.

"We will talk about that after we enjoy our meal and the wine. There is no rush and it is a beautiful evening, no?" She said her face was mere inches from his.

Harry gulped, and nodded his agreement. The meal was somewhat tortuous for Harry, every time Fleur leaned over to grab some food her large breasts would rub against his arm. Within minutes his erection was straining against the fabric of his jeans and his vocabulary had become almost monosyllabic.

Once the food and a good portion of the second bottle of wine was finished Fleur let out a contented sigh, leaning back and stretching, causing the already tight fabric of her shirt to strain to almost breaking point.

Turning to him with a smile she said "So I finally called my Maman this morning to discuss your immunity to Gabrielle's outburst last night, she believes that it may have been a coincidence, due to the fact that Gabrielle is not yet fully developed."

Harry nodded "That makes sense."

"So I have come up with a plan," She continued. "If it is alright with you I will release my allure in incremental steps to see if you are fully immune to my allure."

"Uh sure," he mumbled. "Are you not worried about what might happen if I succumb to it?"

"No 'Arry. I trust you besides I have unusually good control of my allure and will be able to turn it off if I see it has affected you." She said, grabbing his hand and giving it a gentle squeeze. "Do you trust me?"

Harry merely nodded, still slightly uncertain about the plan.

"Perfect, so I will start with a small burst at a quite low level. Are you ready?"

He nodded again.

"Ok I will count down from three. Let me know if you notice any difference. 3..2...1" she said. A look of concentration crossed over her face briefly, quickly disappearing. "So did you notice anything?"

"Nothing at all." He replied.

They kept this up for about 15 minutes while Fleur gradually increased the amount she released. Finally she turned to him with a look of incredulity on her face.

"Ok, so I will now release the full amount of my allure and sustain it for a bit longer. Ok?" She said, closing her eyes briefly she opened them after a couple of seconds. "Anything?"

Harry shook his head, "Nope." He said, giving her a warm smile. She stared at him wide eyed.

"Incredible, I have never heard of anyone who is so completely resistant to it!" She said, patting his thigh in excitement. Her hand landing directly over his now throbbing erection, and giving it a tentative squeeze. "My god!" her eyes now pinned to his lap, "I thought you said that the allure hadn't affected you?" Her hand slowly stroked his member through his jeans.

Harry groaned, "it was like that before we began." he mumbled shyly, "Before we even started eating."

"Oh 'Arry, I'm sorry. I did not know that my teasing would have had such an effect on you. You must have been so uncomfortable for hours. May I help?" she said finally looking up at his face, a faint blush on her cheeks and pupils dilated.

Harry could barely believe what was happening, merely nodding and staring dumbfounded as Fleur got on her knees between his legs and began to unbutton his jeans, raising his hips slightly as she hooked her fingers into the waistband of his jeans and boxers, sliding them down in one swift motion. His cock sprang free and hit her in the chin on its way up causing her to giggle.

Reaching up, with one hand, her eyes never leaving the angry looking tower of flesh. "It's so big, look my fingers can't ever touch." She said awed. She began to lazily pump her hand up and down, causing a dollop of pre-cum to fall from the bulbous head and land on the back of her hand.

She leaned forward and licked it up, giving a sensuous moan. Harry didn't think he had ever heard such an erotic sound and his cock twitched in her hand. "So delicious too, I simply must have more," and with that she stuck her tongue out slowly licking the underside of his dick from root to tip, giving particular attention to the flared glans.

Finally reaching the end and giving the tip a brief kiss before opening her lips and engulfing the head in her warm wet mouth. Harry had never felt anything so good. "Holy fuck Fleur!" He said

as she began to move her tongue back and forth on the underside of his cock as she began to bob her head up and down, one hand gently kneading his swollen balls while the other continued to work the part of his shaft that wasn't currently occupying her mouth.

Slowly raising her head off his dick, she took a big gulp of air. "You haven't seen anything yet, mon amour," she said, giving him a smirk. Her hands left his cock and balls, snaking their way under his hips. Harry groaned at their absence before Fleur took him back into her mouth, slowly descending lower and lower.

Harry's eyes widened in pleasure and incredulity as her lips reached the base of his cock. Her deep blue eyes staring up at him and watering slightly as she sheathed his large dick in her throat. Raising her head half way she slammed it back down with a wet "Gluck" sound repeating the process and increasing the tempo as she fucked her own throat with his cock.

Harry's hands subconsciously snaked their way into her hair as she continued to pleasure him. Gently she pushed against his hips and gasped for air. "Use my mouth 'Arry, teach me a lesson for being such a tease," she said, her mascara beginning to run down her cheeks.

Harry's lust-addled mind was on autopilot, and he didn't need telling twice, redoubling his grip on her hair he stood so that she was forced to sit back on her heels. He slowly thrust his cock past her parted lips, burying himself back into her throat. Fleur moaned around his cock adding to his pleasure, he pulled back and snapped his hips forward fucking the beautiful french witch's mouth at an almost brutal pace.

Continuing to pound away, causing a wet **gluck, gluck, gluck** sound to fill the late evening air, before burying himself to the hilt, practically roaring in his release as he pumped rope after rope into Fleur's throat. His grip on her hair slackened and the young woman pulled her head back in order to receive a few spurts on her tongue.

Harry flopped back onto the couch, a wide smile plastered to his face as he watched the beautiful witch in front of him catch her breath. Harry had seen the girl before him in a skin tight swimsuit and in her wedding dress, but neither of them even came close to how incredible she looked now. Mascara running down her cheeks, lipstick smeared and a huge smile plastered to her lips as she savoured the flavour of his seed.

Her blouse was completely ruined, the sloppy blowjob and subsequent face fucking having taken their toll leaving the white fabric almost transparent. Harry could see her hard nipples

straining through the wet fabric. He took her hand and pulled her up into his lap, Fleur squealed in shock before he kissed her deeply.

His hands began to explore her body, before settling on her voluptuous ass and giving it a rough squeeze. Fleur moaned into his mouth and started rubbing her hips back and forth on his thigh, desperately trying to get some friction as Harry began kissing his way down her jawline to her neck before sucking and biting at her pulse point.

His cock returned to full hardness again at the sound of her breathless moans and utterances.

"Arry, please fuck me. I need to feel you inside of me." She begged.

With a quick wave of his hand, he vanished their remaining clothes. Rolling them over, so that Fleur was on her back, he leaned back and admired the sight before him, staring down at the beautiful witch beneath him, his eyes dark with arousal.

Lining up his cock with her dripping core, and entered her with one long languid thrust, hissing as he bottomed out, Fleur moaned erotically, her legs wrapping around his waist and holding him in place, the walls of her tight pussy fluttering as it adjusted to his impressive girth.

"My God, I'm so full," she whined. "You're stretching me so much."

"You feel incredible Fleur," he groaned.

She snaked her hands around his neck, pulling him down into a deep kiss, her legs releasing her hold on his hips. Breaking their kiss she looked deeply into his eyes, blue locking onto emerald. "Fuck me 'Arry," she said breathlessly. Harry nodded and began thrusting slowly, pulling almost entirely out of her quivering pussy, before snapping his hips forward, drawing out a moan from the witch beneath him.

Slowly increasing the tempo of his thrusts, a wet smack joined their rasping moans every time their hips met. "Yes, yes, yes 'Arry." Her voice filled the night air, "please fuck me harder."

Harry obliged, his thrusts causing her large breasts to jiggle. Reaching down between them his fingers finding her hard clit and pinching it gently. Fleur shrieked, her pussy walls clamping down on his shaft as she bathed her balls in her girl cum. It took all of Harry's willpower not to cum then and there, but he would be damned if he was going to end their session so quickly.

Pulling out of the beautiful woman, he smirked as he saw her legs trembling due to the aftershocks, her pussy still visible trying to milk a cock that was no longer there. Fleur whined at the absence, though she didn't have to wait long, as Harry bent her over the table, one hand in her hair as the other repositioned his cock at her entrance.

Lodging the head in her pussy he gripped her hip with his now free hand, he used the hand in her hair and the one on her hips as leverage to start delivering brutal thrusts, sending her voluptuous ass cheeks jiggling.

Fleur moaned wantonly at the new angle and depths he was able to plunder in this new position. Her pussy began quivering almost instantly as his cock battered her g-spot over and over.

Releasing his grip on her hair Harry moved his hand down to her ass, and delivered a ringing spank to her plump rear. A pink handprint clearly visible on her porcelain skin. He began to knead the flesh of her ass, as he continued to thrust hard, eyes catching sight of her puckered hole winking up at him, he reached underneath them and coated his fingers with her arousal.

Slowing his thrust slightly, he teased her tightest hole with his finger before plunging the digit in. Fleur came almost immediately beneath him, pussy juices dripping out around his cock onto the floor beneath them. She collapsed forwards onto the table, her arms no longer able to support her.

Harry grinned and removed his finger from her ass. Bending forwards, he put one hand under her chest and pulled her back tight to his chest, capturing her lips on a passionate kiss as he languidly continued to thrust in and out of her, prolonging her orgasm.

"I had no idea you were such an anal slut Fleur." His voice deep and husky in her ear, "Do you want me to fuck your tight little ass?"

Fleur was too breathless to speak, merely nodding eagerly. He pulled out of her quivering pussy and gently lowered her torso back down to the table. Looking down he saw that his cock was practically dripping with her arousal. He grabbed the base of his cock and slowly pushed forwards, her tight sphincter stretching to accommodate him.

Once he had the tip lodged in her asshole he reached underneath her and gently began to rub her clit, thrusting into her gently, inching ever deeper into her tightest hole until he was balls deep inside her.



"Oh shit," Fleur said as her puckered hole was stretched to its limits. Harry once again pulled her up to his chest, before pulling them back until he was sat on the couch, Fleur sat on his lap, his cock lodged deep inside her. They sat that way for a while, Harry peppering her neck with kisses as his hands teased her nipples and clit, allowing Fleur time to get used to his size.

"Are you ready?" He whispered into her ear.

Turning slightly to look him in the eye Fleur nodded. "Yes 'Arry. Fuck my little asshole, make me yours."

Harry slid down in the seat slightly, planting his feet on the ground. He hooked his arms underneath her knees and pulled them upwards practically folding the French witch in half as he pulled out before slamming all the way back in. Fleur howled with pleasure as he began to jackhammer into her tightest hole.

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Daphne woke up, grabbing her wand off her bedside table and quickly cast a Tempus charm. It was just after 11 o'clock, her head no longer hurt and the dizziness from earlier had disappeared. She sat up in her bed slightly upset that Harry wasn't sitting there like he was earlier.

It is late she thought, he's probably gone to bed. Her mouth was incredibly dry and her stomach grumbled. Deciding to go make herself a bite to eat she left her room and made her way downstairs to the kitchen.

About halfway down she heard wet smacking sounds accompanied by animalistic grunts, once she reached the bottom step she saw the cause. Out on the balcony, she saw Fleur practically folded into a pretzel as Harry thrust into her from below. As much as she wanted to leave, she couldn't tear her eyes away from the sight, as Fleur threw her head back and cried out her pleasure.

Arousal pooled in her loins at the sight. Wanting to get a better look she snuck quietly further into the dark kitchen. Her eyes widened when she looked at where the two of them were joined. Harry was fucking her in the ass, the thought of it was so perverse to her. Yet her pussy released a flood of juices at the sight of the French witch's tightest hole stretched obscenely around Harry's beater bat sized cock as he hammered into her from below.

Biting her lip, she slid one hand into the waistband of her pyjama shorts, the other groping her breast through her shirt. The hand in her bottoms found her dripping slit. How was she so turned on from this, she should be furious that the young Veela had stolen her place.

Yet try as she might to be angry, all she could do was succumb to her body's needs. Two fingers sliding easily between her delicate folds. Stifling a moan as they entered her pussy, she found herself matching the pace of Harry's thrusts with her fingers, imagining herself in the French witch's place.

She was brought out of her reverie by the sound of Harry's voice, heavy with lust.  
"I'm about to cum Fleur, where do you want it?"

"In me! Fill my ass with your seed!" The French witch screamed.

The tempo of Harry's thrusts reached an obscene speed as he sought his own pleasure, and her fingers did the same. She watched raptly as Harry grunted, burying himself to the hilt in the veela's ass, causing the French witch to squeal, her pussy squirting everywhere.

Daphne's legs buckled beneath her as she reached her peak, biting into her knuckle to stop herself from crying out. She was not entirely successful, a moan still tearing its way from her throat as her pussy clamped around her digits. As she sat there on the floor, recovering from her climax, sudden panic set in, had she been heard?

She stood slowly, breathing deeply to try and calm her nerves. Looking outside to check if she had been caught, she saw Fleur staring right at her. She stood rooted to the spot in fear, certain that she was mere moments away from complete and utter embarrassment or, if the French veela was angry enough, immolation. Fleur merely smirked at her, without breaking eye contact she reached down beneath her and scooped up some of the cum that had escaped her ass around Harry's deflating cock on her finger. Bringing it to her mouth slowly and making a show of licking it clean.

Mortified, Daphne made her escape from the kitchen as quickly and quietly as she could, breaking into a run once she reached the stairs. Closing her bedroom door and buried her head into her pillow, on the verge of tears, certain that her chance of ever being with Harry had all but dwindled to nothing, all it would take is one word from Fleur and Harry would know she was a depraved pervert.

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Harry held Fleur in his arms, the pair of them enjoying their post orgasmic bliss, the night air cooling their sweat covered bodies. If Nostradamus himself had told him this morning that he would have finished the day by creampieing Fleur Delacour's ass he wouldn't have believed him.

Looking down at the french witch in his arms he saw that she had her eyes closed, head resting on his chest. "Fleur," he said gently. She looked up at him with a beautiful smile on her face.

"Yes, 'Arry?" she replied.

"We should head inside, it's beginning to get cold," he said. She nodded into his chest.

"Will you carry me?" she asked shyly. "I am a little sore. Besides i don't trust my legs to support me."

"What about Daphne, we're both still naked and I wouldn't want a repeat of this morning, she might think I'm an exhibitionist, who routinely walks around naked." he said with a chuckle.

"Oh don't worry about that, it is late after all. Besides i don't think she would mind seeing you walk around naked in the slightest." He gave her a confused look, she giggled at him. "Well it is quite obvious that the girl has a crush on you."

"Daphne, really?! What makes you say that?" he asked.

"Well she spent the entire feast last night watching you." Fleur said to him.

"That doesn't mean she has a crush on me." Harry sputtered.

"I am a woman, I know these things. But if you want evidence, i saw your roommate pleasuring herself while you fucked my ass." she said, giving him a smirk.

"She was watching us?!?!!" he said panicking, "What are we gonna do?"

Fleur's smile turned almost predatory. "Have some fun."

## **Crown of Magic by Randal Durham**

In the heart of Buckingham Palace, hidden away from prying eyes, a secret chamber known only to the highest members of the British Royal Family held a vast collection of magical artefacts and knowledge. For centuries, the monarchy had been the custodian of these treasures, safeguarding the delicate balance between the magical and non-magical worlds.

Within the dimly lit chamber, shelves lined with ancient tomes chronicled the history of magic in Britain. Portraits of past wizards and witches adorned the walls, their watchful eyes seeming to follow the movements of those who entered the chamber. Among the artefacts displayed with pride was the illustrious sword, Excalibur, and the Staff of Office, both pulsating with dormant power.

The tale of Excalibur was legendary, intertwined with the mythical King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. It was said that the sword was forged by the Lady of the Lake herself, granting it unparalleled strength and magical properties. The Staff of Office, a wand-like instrument, was rumoured to contain a sliver of Merlin's own power, channeling the very essence of Albion's magic.

The British Royal Family understood the significance of these artefacts and the power they wielded. They knew that the magic of Albion, the ancient force that coursed through the land, was tied intricately to these objects. It was this understanding that bestowed upon the monarchy a unique authority over the wizarding world, acting as guardians and overseers of the magical realm.

As the whispers of Lord Voldemort's civil war reached the ears of the Queen, the Royal Eye turned its gaze towards the brewing storm. Through a network of trusted informants and magical advisors, the Queen kept herself informed of the unfolding events, recognising the need for vigilance and action.

The monarchy's interest in the wizarding world went beyond mere curiosity. They recognised that their responsibility extended to all realms under their rule, whether magical or mundane. The Queen, guided by her sense of duty and the understanding that justice knows no boundaries, decided to intervene in the life of one particular young wizard—Harry Potter.

Word of Harry's mistreatment at the hands of the Dursleys, his only living relatives, reached the Queen through discreet channels. The revelation of such neglect and abuse was a grievous offence against the welfare of a child, one that the monarchy would not tolerate. Swiftly, the Queen issued a royal decree, demanding the immediate arrest of the Dursleys and initiating proceedings to remove Harry from their custody.

With the power vested in her by the magic of Albion, the Queen declared her intention to foster Harry within the royal palace itself. She recognised the potential within the young wizard

and believed that, under her care and guidance, he could become a force for good—a protector of both magical and non-magical worlds.

The decision to foster Harry Potter within the royal family brought forth a wave of inquiries, astonishment, and speculation. The wizarding community, unaware of the monarchy's connection to the magical realm, questioned the sudden interest of the Queen. But the Crown kept its secrets well-guarded, shrouding its involvement in a veil of mystique.

As the Queen's order was executed, the Dursleys were apprehended, their mistreatment of Harry brought to justice. From that moment forward, Harry's life would take an unprecedented turn, as the young wizard found himself embraced by the warmth and regality of Buckingham Palace, where his journey towards a destiny intertwined with both magical and royal heritage would truly begin.

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Deep within the inner sanctum of the secret chamber, the artefacts of Excalibur and the Staff of Office gleamed with an otherworldly radiance. Their presence commanded respect and reverence, their history woven into the tapestry of British lore.

Excalibur, the legendary sword of King Arthur, stood proudly in its display case. Its blade, honed to perfection, shimmered with a silvery hue that seemed to dance with magical energy. The hilt, adorned with intricate engravings of ancient runes, emitted a soft, ethereal glow. It was a weapon of unparalleled might, capable of piercing the thickest armor and cutting through the darkest magic.

Adjacent to Excalibur stood the Staff of Office, a wand-like object crafted from the same noble metal. Its design mirrored the grandeur of the sword, intricately carved with symbols of wisdom and power. At its tip, a translucent crystal sparkled, capturing the essence of the magic that flowed through it. The staff had been passed down through generations, imbued with the accumulated wisdom of those who had wielded it.

Legend spoke of the connection between Excalibur, the Staff of Office, and the magic of Albion. It was said that these artefacts were forged from the very heart of the land, infused with the ancient magic that coursed through its veins. The magic of Albion was unique, a blend of both light and dark, harmony and chaos. And it was this magic that had chosen the British Royal Family as its guardians.

The monarchy understood the immense responsibility that came with their connection to these artefacts. The power of Excalibur and the Staff of Office was not merely symbolic; it was tangible, coursing through the veins of the monarchy and granting them executive authority over the wizarding world. The magic of Albion, concentrated within these artefacts, recognised the rightful ruler and imbued them with the ability to govern both realms.

The British Royal Family's executive power over the wizarding world was veiled from public knowledge, known only to a select few. They acted as overseers, carefully monitoring the balance between magic and non-magic, intervening when necessary to protect both realms from harm.

The magic that resided in Excalibur and the Staff of Office had a profound impact on the monarchy itself. It enhanced their intuition, granting them an inherent understanding of the magical forces at play. This knowledge, combined with their regal stature, made them influential figures in the wizarding community.

The monarchy's connection to these artefacts extended beyond mere governance. It was a symbiotic relationship, where the artefacts drew strength from the monarchy's lineage and the monarchy, in turn, drew strength from the artefacts. The magic of Albion flowed through the veins of the royal family, their connection to the land and its people strengthening their bond with the artefacts.

Within the secret chamber, the artefacts were treated with utmost care and reverence. Their displays were meticulously arranged, bathed in soft, enchanting light. Only those who had earned the trust and respect of the monarchy were permitted to handle them. The artefacts were conduits of power, vessels of history, and symbols of the monarchy's role in the magical realm.

As the whispers of Lord Voldemort's rise to power grew louder, the power contained within Excalibur and the Staff of Office resonated with a sense of urgency. The British Royal Family recognised the need to act, to protect the delicate balance between the realms. It was their duty, their legacy, and their connection to the magic of Albion that spurred them into action.

With Excalibur and the Staff of Office as their symbols of authority, the monarchy would navigate the treacherous waters of the wizarding world. They would employ their power judiciously, ensuring that justice prevailed and the forces of darkness were kept at bay. For as long as the magic of Albion flowed through these artefacts, the British Royal Family would stand as the guardians of both realms, wielding their power with grace, wisdom, and unwavering resolve.

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News of Harry Potter's mistreatment at the hands of the Dursleys reached the Queen's ears like a chilling gust of wind. The Queen, driven by a sense of justice and compassion, was deeply disturbed by the plight of the young wizard. She understood that it was her duty to intervene, to ensure that Harry's life took a different course—one deserving of his magical heritage.

Summoning her trusted advisors, the Queen issued a resolute royal decree: the immediate arrest of the Dursleys and the transfer of custody of young Harry Potter into the care of the

British Royal Family. Such a decree carried the weight of the Crown and the power of the artefacts within the secret chamber. None dared to question the Queen's authority or the urgency of the situation.

The news of the Queen's decree sent shockwaves through the wizarding world, where whispers of the monarchy's connection to magic were still largely unknown. Rumours spread like wildfire, fuelling speculation and curiosity among both magical and non-magical circles. How could the Queen of England be involved in the affairs of the wizarding world? What hidden powers did she possess?

Unbeknownst to the public, the monarchy's connection to magic and its role in the wizarding world were deeply rooted in history. The royal bloodline had been intertwined with the magical community for centuries, their involvement hidden beneath a veil of secrecy. The power of Excalibur and the Staff of Office granted them the authority to intervene when the welfare of the magical realm was at stake.

The arrest of the Dursleys sent shockwaves through the muggle world as well. The public, unaware of the true nature of the charges, was left to speculate about the sudden involvement of the Crown in what appeared to be a simple case of child neglect. The monarchy maintained its composure, concealing the true reason for the arrest and fostering a narrative that focused on protecting the well-being of a young boy.

Within the walls of the royal palace, preparations were made to welcome Harry into the fold. The Queen understood that her intervention went beyond providing him with a safe haven. She recognised the potential within Harry, the spark of magic that resided within him. It was her intention to shape him into a remarkable individual—a leader who would serve as a bridge between the magical and non-magical worlds.

Harry's arrival at the royal palace was met with a mix of trepidation and anticipation. The staff, carefully selected for their loyalty and discretion, welcomed him with open arms. He was provided with the finest accommodations, surrounded by an environment that exuded both regality and warmth. The young wizard, once trapped in a world devoid of love and acceptance, now found himself embraced by the unconditional care of the royal family.

Under the Queen's guidance, Harry began his journey of healing and transformation. Specialised tutors and mentors were enlisted to nurture his magical abilities, instilling in him a deep sense of pride and understanding of his heritage. As he delved into his studies, Harry discovered a world of knowledge and possibilities, his potential blooming under the careful cultivation of the royal family.

The Queen herself took a personal interest in Harry's development. She spent time with him, imparting wisdom and guidance, instilling in him the values of compassion, justice, and responsibility. From an early age, Harry learned that his magical abilities were not merely tools for personal gain, but gifts to be used in the service of others.

As Harry grew accustomed to his new surroundings, the palace became his home—a sanctuary where he was free to explore and discover his true potential. The Queen's presence provided him with a sense of stability and purpose, assuring him that he was no longer alone in the world.

The Queen's involvement and the royal decree cast a shadow over Albus Dumbledore, the revered headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Dumbledore, though respected for his wisdom and experience, found his influence limited in the face of the monarchy's protection of Harry. His attempts to lure the young wizard to Hogwarts were met with resistance, as the Queen's decree shielded Harry from external influences.

However, Dumbledore was not one to easily concede defeat. He understood the significance of Harry's role in the fight against the rising darkness. Through subtle means, he continued to monitor Harry's progress, keeping a watchful eye from afar. Though his approach was limited, Dumbledore hoped that his guidance would find its way to Harry, even if indirectly.

As the years passed, Harry's training became more focused and rigorous. Under the Queen's direction, he immersed himself in the study of strategic thinking, martial arts, politics, warfare games, and the concept of service above self. These disciplines shaped him into a well-rounded individual, prepared to face the challenges that lay ahead.

Harry's education extended beyond the magical realm. He received tutelage from the best minds in both magical and non-magical subjects, ensuring that he had a comprehensive understanding of the world. Retired SAS officers, renowned for their expertise in warfare and leadership, imparted invaluable knowledge to him, instilling a sense of discipline and resilience.

The Queen's vision for Harry began to take shape. She saw in him a leader—a beacon of hope in troubled times. And so, she made the decision to enter him into the prestigious Tri-Wizard Tournament, a competition that would test his mettle and further showcase his capabilities to the magical community.

With the weight of his new titles—Lord Potter of the Ancient and Noble House of Potter and Duke of Suffolk—Harry entered the Tri-Wizard Tournament with an air of confidence and determination. But he was not alone. The Queen, recognising the importance of unity and cooperation, formed an elite unit of SAS comprised of squibs and muggle-born individuals. This unique group, trained in both magical and non-magical combat, would accompany Harry, offering their support and expertise.

As Harry embarked on this new chapter of his life, the world watched in awe and anticipation. The monarchy's involvement, the power of Excalibur and the Staff of Office, and Harry's exceptional training elevated him to a position of influence—one that carried the weight of both magic and royalty.



Little did the wizarding world know that their perception of Harry Potter was about to be forever changed. The young boy, once an orphan relegated to a life of neglect, was now poised to become a beacon of hope and strength—a symbol of the extraordinary possibilities that lie within each and every individual, regardless of their circumstances.

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The hallowed halls of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry stood majestically, an ancient institution that had nurtured and guided generations of young witches and wizards. As Harry Potter, accompanied by his elite unit of SAS, prepared to step foot within its storied walls, anticipation and curiosity hung in the air.

Dumbledore, ever watchful, saw Harry's participation in the Tri-Wizard Tournament as an opportunity to bring him closer to Hogwarts and the magical community. Though the Queen's protection had limited his direct influence, Dumbledore knew that the tournament would inevitably draw Harry into the heart of the wizarding world, allowing him to glimpse the intricacies of magical society.

As the Hogwarts Express chugged its way towards the school, Harry and his companions shared stories and laughter, their camaraderie forged through shared experiences and rigorous training. They were a unique blend of magical talents and non-magical expertise, a testament to the Queen's vision of unity and cooperation.

Upon arrival at Hogwarts, the entrance hall buzzed with excitement. Whispers spread through the crowd as news of Lord Potter's participation in the tournament circulated. The students, though intrigued, were wary of this newcomer who seemed to carry an air of authority and power.

In the Great Hall, where the Sorting Hat awaited its yearly task, the atmosphere shifted as the elite unit of SAS took their places alongside Harry. The Queen's decree had ensured their seamless integration into the magical community, dispelling any doubts or skepticism. As the Sorting Hat embarked on its sorting ceremony, Harry and his companions watched, their presence commanding attention.

Finally, the time came for the Tri-Wizard Tournament to commence. With each task, Harry and his elite unit proved their mettle, showcasing their extraordinary skills and unwavering determination. The magical community watched in awe as this unconventional group triumphed over challenges designed to test their magical abilities, physical prowess, and tactical acumen.

Within the confines of Hogwarts, Harry's participation in the tournament began to dissolve the barriers erected by the Queen's protection. Dumbledore, recognising the young wizard's potential, sought to foster a connection, to guide him towards the path of destiny. He extended

his support and guidance, offering advice and subtle nudges, all while respecting the limitations imposed by the Queen's decree.

As Harry ventured deeper into the tournament, his bond with his SAS comrades grew stronger. They became a formidable team, each member contributing their unique skills and perspectives. The magical community, witnessing their camaraderie and cohesion, marvelled at the unifying power of their shared purpose.

Amidst the competition and triumphs, friendships bloomed. Harry forged connections with his fellow students, bridging the gap between his dual identities as a member of the British Royal Family and a young wizard. He discovered allies and confidants who saw beyond the titles and recognised the genuine person he was.

Dumbledore, ever the orchestrator, sought to utilise the tournament as a catalyst for change. He recognised that Harry's journey was not just about winning a competition; it was about unveiling his true potential and embracing his role as a leader. Through subtle guidance, he aimed to shape Harry's perception of his destiny, opening his eyes to the challenges that awaited him beyond the walls of Hogwarts.

As the Tri-Wizard Tournament reached its climactic finale, Harry stood on the precipice of a life-altering decision. The weight of his new titles, the guidance of the Queen, and the teachings of Dumbledore converged within him, creating a tapestry of choices and possibilities. The magical community held its breath, waiting to witness the next chapter in the extraordinary tale of Harry Potter.

In the depths of his being, Harry felt a stirring—a sense of duty and purpose that transcended his own desires. The journey he had undertaken, from the Dursleys to the royal palace to Hogwarts, had shaped him into a person of strength, resilience, and compassion. Now, standing at the crossroads, he knew that his destiny was intertwined with the fate of the wizarding world.

With a resolute gaze and a heart brimming with determination, Harry embraced his newfound identity as Lord Potter of the Ancient and Noble House of Potter, Duke of Suffolk. Hogwarts, the school that had once seemed so distant, now beckoned him to step forward and claim his place as a leader, a symbol of hope, and a catalyst for change.

As the cheers of the crowd washed over him, Harry Potter, accompanied by his elite unit of SAS, prepared to embark on a journey that would test his resolve, challenge his beliefs, and forge his destiny. The magic of Albion, flowing through Excalibur and the Staff of Office, merged with the indomitable spirit of a young wizard, setting the stage for the extraordinary chapters that awaited him.

In the background though, Darkness looms, growing stronger...Voldemort rises in secret, his return would've been unrevealed if not for the love of a spy.

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The Triwizard Tournament had come to a thrilling close, leaving the halls of Hogwarts abuzz with whispers and excitement. Harry Potter, having successfully emerged as the Triwizard Champion, had faced numerous trials and triumphed over formidable challenges. Now, as the dust settled and the echoes of the tournament faded, Harry found himself reflecting on the journey he had undertaken and the revelations it had brought.

In the aftermath of the tournament, Harry was celebrated as a hero throughout the wizarding world. The news of his victory had spread like wildfire, igniting a sense of hope and admiration among his peers and the wider magical community. The halls of Hogwarts were filled with congratulatory gestures, pats on the back, and words of praise for the young wizard who had faced adversity with courage and resilience.

However, amidst the celebration, Harry's mind was filled with a whirlwind of emotions. The weight of the challenges he had faced, the sacrifices he had made, and the knowledge he had gained weighed heavily upon him. He had witnessed the depths of darkness and the fragility of life, and those experiences had left an indelible mark on his soul.

In quiet moments of reflection, Harry found solace in the friendships that had sustained him throughout the tournament. Ron and Hermione, his unwavering companions, had stood by his side, providing him with support, counsel, and unwavering loyalty. Their presence had been his anchor in the storm, reminding him of the importance of friendship and unity in the face of adversity.

The tournament had also opened Harry's eyes to the complexities of the world beyond Hogwarts. He had encountered students from Beauxbatons and Durmstrang, forming connections and building bridges between different cultures and magical traditions. Through these interactions, Harry gained a newfound appreciation for the diversity of the wizarding world, realizing that unity was not just a concept to strive for, but a necessity in the face of the challenges that lay ahead.

Yet, amidst the triumph and camaraderie, a sense of foreboding lingered within Harry. He couldn't shake off the nagging feeling that the tournament had been more than just a competition—a mere facade for a deeper, darker purpose. Whispers of a plot brewing in the shadows, whispers that went beyond the confines of the tournament, reached his ears.

As he delved deeper into his suspicions, Harry sought counsel from Professor Dumbledore. The wise and enigmatic headmaster listened intently, his eyes filled with a mixture of concern and understanding. Together, they began unraveling the threads of a conspiracy that went far beyond the Triwizard Tournament—a conspiracy that threatened not only Harry's safety but also the fragile peace that existed in the wizarding world.

With each revelation, Harry's resolve grew stronger. He understood that he couldn't rest on the laurels of his triumph in the tournament. The battles he had faced were mere glimpses of the darkness that loomed on the horizon. Voldemort's return had set in motion a series of events that would test his courage, intelligence, and unwavering determination.

As he walked the corridors of Hogwarts, the weight of responsibility settled upon his shoulders. The protection of the Queen, the wisdom of Dumbledore, and the knowledge imparted to him by his mentors had prepared him for the trials that awaited him. The tournament had served as a catalyst, awakening within Harry the realisation that he was destined for a greater purpose—a purpose that would require him to rise above his own fears and limitations.

With a resolute gaze, Harry looked towards the future, ready to face the challenges that lay ahead. The Triwizard Tournament had been a crucible, forging him into a stronger, more determined wizard. Now, armed with the lessons learned and the bonds forged, he stood prepared to confront Voldemort and his followers, to protect those he held dear, and to fight for the light in the midst of encroaching darkness.

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After the shocking revelation of Lord Voldemort's resurrection, Harry Potter's training intensified. The Queen, recognising the gravity of the situation, spared no expense in ensuring that Harry received the best education and guidance possible to prepare him for the battles that lay ahead. Under the watchful eye of Dumbledore, the young wizard embarked on a transformative journey, delving into the depths of magic and honing his skills under the tutelage of the most accomplished wizards and witches of the time.

The Queen summoned an assembly of the most renowned magical minds outside of Hogwarts to provide Harry with a comprehensive education. Among them were professors from prestigious magical academies across Europe, seasoned experts in various branches of magic, and practitioners of ancient and forgotten arts. They each brought their unique perspectives and specialised knowledge to mold Harry into a formidable wizard.

Within the grand halls of the royal palace, Harry's days were filled with rigorous magical instruction. He studied under the guidance of esteemed professors who taught him advanced spell-casting, potions, charms, and the intricate nuances of magical theory. From duelling to enchantments, each lesson pushed Harry's boundaries and expanded his understanding of the magical arts.

The Queen, keenly aware of the importance of non-magical education, ensured that Harry received a well-rounded education. Tutors versed in literature, history, politics, and diplomacy equipped him with the knowledge needed to navigate the complex webs of power and influence that wove through the wizarding world. Harry absorbed every piece of information

with an insatiable hunger for knowledge, eager to develop his intellectual acumen alongside his magical prowess.

To further strengthen his physical abilities and combat skills, the Queen called upon retired SAS officers who had served in elite units, imparting their wisdom in martial arts, hand-to-hand combat, strategic thinking, and tactical warfare. These battle-hardened veterans drilled Harry and his SAS unit, teaching them discipline, resilience, and the importance of working together as a cohesive team.

The days blurred into weeks, and the weeks into months as Harry's training progressed. He faced numerous challenges and tests of his skills, both magical and physical, under the watchful eyes of his mentors. Each lesson, each sparring session, and each theoretical discourse served to shape him into a well-rounded and formidable wizard.

But it wasn't all about combat and magic. The Queen emphasised the value of empathy, compassion, and understanding. Harry engaged in community service projects, visiting magical and non-magical communities alike, witnessing firsthand the struggles and triumphs of the people he was destined to protect. These experiences instilled within him a deep sense of empathy and a profound understanding of the importance of unity in the face of adversity.

As Harry absorbed the knowledge and skills bestowed upon him, his confidence grew. The protection of the Queen, the guidance of Dumbledore, and the teachings of the best magical minds and SAS officers outside of Hogwarts transformed him from an eager student into a powerful force to be reckoned with.

With each passing day, Voldemort's threat loomed larger, and the weight of responsibility on Harry's shoulders intensified. The time for training and preparation was drawing to a close, and the moment of reckoning approached. The lessons learned from the best in both the magical and non-magical realms had primed Harry for the battles that awaited him.

As he stood on the precipice of his destiny, Harry felt a profound sense of gratitude for the opportunities he had been given. The knowledge and skills he had acquired, coupled with his unwavering determination, set the stage for his inevitable clash with Lord Voldemort—an encounter that would test his courage, resourcefulness, and unwavering commitment to protect the wizarding world from the darkness that threatened to consume it.

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As the students of Hogwarts returned to the familiar routine of classes, they couldn't shake the sense of foreboding that lingered in the air. The revelations of the tournament, the whispers of a greater conspiracy, and the impending threat of Voldemort's return weighed heavily on his mind.

As the days turned into weeks, rumors began to circulate among the students. Whispers of disappearances, Dark Mark sightings, and growing unrest within the wizarding world reached their ears. It became clear that Voldemort's followers, the Death Eaters, were becoming bolder and more brazen in their actions.

Guided by the wisdom of Dumbledore, Harry sought to gather information from various sources. He attended clandestine meetings of the Order of the Phoenix, an underground resistance group dedicated to fighting Voldemort and his forces. There, he met seasoned witches and wizards, veterans of the first war against Voldemort, who shared their knowledge and experiences. Their stories painted a grim picture of the looming battle, further fuelling Harry's determination to prepare for what lay ahead.

As the school year progressed, Hogwarts became a hub of activity. Dumbledore, in his capacity as headmaster, had intensified security measures to protect the students and faculty. Aurors patrolled the corridors, protective enchantments were reinforced, and defensive spells were taught to all who were willing to learn.

Harry's presence at Hogwarts, fortified by the Queen's protection, became a symbol of hope and resilience for the student body. Many looked up to him, inspired by his determination and unwavering resolve in the face of darkness. He became a beacon, rallying students to stand together, fostering a sense of unity and strength in the face of the gathering storm.

Yet, as tensions rose and the threat of Voldemort's forces grew ever closer, Harry couldn't help but feel a nagging sense of urgency. He knew that time was running out—that Voldemort's return was not a mere premonition, but a reality that needed to be addressed head-on.

In the midst of this turmoil, Dumbledore summoned Harry to his office. As Harry entered the familiar chamber, adorned with trinkets and artefacts from the headmaster's storied past, he could sense the weight of the impending conversation.

Dumbledore's eyes held a mixture of concern and determination as he spoke, revealing crucial information that would shape Harry's path moving forward. He unveiled the significance of the prophecy, the connection between Harry and Voldemort, and the role Harry was destined to play in the ultimate battle between light and dark.

Harry listened intently, absorbing the gravity of his purpose. He understood that the fate of the wizarding world rested, in part, on his shoulders. The trials and tribulations he had endured, the lessons learned, and the alliances forged had all been leading up to this moment.

With renewed resolve, Harry emerged from Dumbledore's office, his mind buzzing with plans and preparations. The time for training and anticipation was drawing to a close. The gathering storm loomed ever closer, and Harry knew that he would need to face Voldemort and his followers head-on, armed with the knowledge, skills, and allies he had acquired.

As the days turned into nights, and the nights into weeks, Harry continued to prepare. He sought to strengthen the bonds of friendship, to forge alliances, and to gather support from those who believed in the cause of light. Together, they would stand as a united front against the encroaching darkness, their spirits unwavering, their determination unyielding.

This marked a turning point—an awakening of the hero within Harry Potter. The trials and challenges he had faced thus far were but a prelude to the battles that awaited him. With each passing day, the gathering storm drew closer, and Harry stood poised on the precipice of a battle that would define his destiny.

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The halls of Hogwarts echoed with a sense of trepidation and anticipation as the time for the long-awaited battle drew near. In the midst of the gathering storm, Harry Potter and his allies stood united, their hearts filled with both determination and a touch of fear. The beginning of the climactic confrontation between the forces of light and the encroaching darkness looms.

As the sun set on the horizon, casting an eerie glow over the Hogwarts grounds, Harry and his companions prepared themselves for the battle that awaited them. The castle's once-familiar corridors now hummed with an electric energy, as students and faculty alike took their positions, ready to defend their home.

The Order of the Phoenix, bolstered by its members' unwavering resolve, strategically positioned themselves throughout the castle, their experience and knowledge serving as a guiding force. Remus Lupin, Sirius Black, and other seasoned fighters imparted their wisdom to the younger generation, sharing battle tactics and rallying their spirits.

Within the Room of Requirement, a makeshift command center had been established. Harry, flanked by Ron, Hermione, and Dumbledore, meticulously planned their approach. They studied maps, analyzed intelligence gathered from various sources, and devised strategies to counter Voldemort's forces.

Outside the castle walls, the night air crackled with magic. The Death Eaters, loyal to Voldemort, amassed in a chilling display of power and dark intent. The sky was punctuated by flashes of green light as curses were unleashed, a foreboding reminder of the battles that lay ahead.

But Harry and his allies refused to be swayed by fear. The Queen's protection, the years of training and preparation, and the bonds forged between them imbued them with a fierce determination. They understood that this battle would be their ultimate test—a test of their strength, their love, and their unwavering belief in the power of good.

As the first clashes erupted between the opposing forces, chaos descended upon the Hogwarts grounds. Spells clashed, explosions rocked the air, and cries of defiance and pain echoed through the night. The castle's walls became a battleground, the very essence of Hogwarts itself serving as a shield against the dark forces that sought to infiltrate and corrupt its halls.

Harry led with both courage and strategic acumen, his mind sharp and focused amidst the chaos. He fought side by side with his unit, their movements synchronised by years of shared experiences. Each step forward, each spell cast, brought them closer to their ultimate goal—to vanquish Voldemort and restore peace to the wizarding world.

The battle raged on, its ebb and flow mirroring the fluctuating fortunes of both sides. The Order of the Phoenix fought valiantly, their unwavering dedication to the cause shining through in every hex and counter-curse. The students of Hogwarts, inspired by Harry's example, demonstrated their own bravery, their youthful spirit blending seamlessly with the wisdom of their elders.

As the night wore on, the moon high in the sky, Harry found himself face-to-face with Voldemort himself. The air crackled with tension as their wands met, each spell a testament to the years of training and preparation on both sides. Their duel, a clash of light and dark, sent shockwaves through the battlefield, each burst of magic rippling through the very fabric of the wizarding world.

But Harry's determination and unwavering belief in the power of love proved to be his greatest weapon. Drawing upon the strength of his friendships, the memory of those who had sacrificed themselves for the cause, he channeled an extraordinary burst of magic, the likes of which Voldemort had never encountered before.

The clash reached its climax as a blinding burst of light erupted from the wands, engulfing the battlefield. When the dust settled, Harry stood triumphant, Voldemort vanquished, his followers scattered and defeated.

The Battle of Hogwarts had been won, but at a great cost. The casualties were many, the wounds deep, but the spirit of resilience burned bright within those who remained. Harry, exhausted but determined, surveyed the aftermath, his gaze lingering on the fallen. Their sacrifice would not be forgotten, their memories forever etched in the annals of wizarding history.

The survivors filled with triumph, loss, felt this was the beginning of a new era. The battle had tested the mettle of Harry and his allies, pushing them to the limits of their strength and resilience. But in the face of darkness, they had prevailed, their unwavering belief in the power of love and unity lighting the way towards a brighter future.



The battle had come to an end, and Hogwarts lay in ruins, bearing the scars of the fierce confrontation providing a glimpse into the aftermath of the climactic events and the new beginning that awaited the wizarding world.

In the wake of the Battle of Hogwarts, the rebuilding process began. Students, teachers, and volunteers from across the wizarding community rallied together, their collective efforts transforming the ravaged castle into a symbol of resilience and hope. With wands and muggle tools, they worked tirelessly to repair the damaged walls, restore the magical wards, and breathe life back into the beloved school.

Harry, along with his unit, played an active role in the reconstruction, sharing in the physical toil as well as the emotional burden that lingered in the air. The bonds forged through adversity grew stronger, their shared experiences fostering a sense of unity that transcended the house divisions of old.

Amidst the reconstruction efforts, a sense of healing and renewal permeated the halls of Hogwarts. The scars of the battle began to fade, replaced by a spirit of resilience and determination. The once-familiar classrooms were refurbished, the grounds restored to their former glory, and the magical essence of the castle seemed to stir with newfound life.

Outside the castle walls, the wizarding world underwent a transformation of its own. The defeat of Voldemort and his followers had dealt a significant blow to the forces of darkness, instilling a newfound sense of security and hope. The Ministry of Magic, shaken by its past failures, underwent reforms aimed at addressing the deep-rooted corruption that had allowed Voldemort's rise to power. With a renewed commitment to justice and transparency, the Ministry sought to rebuild trust and restore order within the wizarding community.

In this new era, Harry found himself at a crossroads. The weight of his role in the defeat of Voldemort had transformed him from a boy thrust into extraordinary circumstances to a symbol of hope and inspiration. As he contemplated his future, he felt a calling—an obligation to use his experiences and knowledge to shape a better world.

Embracing his newfound leadership role, Harry, alongside his unit, with leadership directly from the Crown dedicated themselves to promoting unity and understanding within the wizarding community. Drawing upon their own experiences, they sought to bridge the divides that had plagued society for so long. Their organisation, named Special Arcane Service, a sub branch of the Special Air Service, worked tirelessly to promote inclusivity, dismantle prejudice, and ensure that the lessons learned from the past were never forgotten.

As time passed, the wounds of war began to heal, albeit leaving behind scars that would forever serve as a reminder of the sacrifices made. The wizarding world, united in its desire for a brighter future, slowly but surely moved towards reconciliation and progress.

In this new beginning, Hogwarts once again became a beacon of knowledge and magic, drawing students from all walks of life. The curriculum evolved, incorporating lessons on empathy,

resilience, and the importance of standing up against injustice. The walls of the castle echoed with laughter and learning, as a new generation of witches and wizards embraced the values of unity and compassion.

For Harry, and the SAS, the years that followed were filled with purpose and growth. They continued to advocate for change, traveling across the wizarding world, sharing their experiences, and inspiring others to join their cause. Together, they formed an unbreakable bond—a bond forged through hardship, strengthened by friendship, and fueled by their shared vision of a better future.

This marked the end of one journey and the beginning of another—a chapter filled with hope, healing, and the promise of a world shaped by love and understanding. As the curtains closed on the story of Harry Potter and his allies, their legacy.

Daphne's New Assignment by Elias Persson

Parings : Daphne/Harry

**Summary: Meanwhile malfoy gets assigned to killing dumbeldore Daphne gets a more seemingly easy feat to achieve, killing harry should be easy he is just a teenage boy who gets no real magical strength sure he survived Voldemort but purlely luck, daphne has been fed Lies about harry and doesn't believe in his supposed magical feats that leaves her way to overconfident, harry easily avoids and humiliates her attempts look stupid, eventually she switches up tactics to trying to seduce him, she thinks she has succeeded but soon realizes that she has bit of more than she can**

Daphne Greengrass was not having a good first week, her plans for the year had been severely hampered when she had received an order from none other than the dark lord. Officially the Greengrass family were neutral, but it was generally understood that although they didn't officially support Voldemort they were largely supporting his cause . Daphne herself was indifferent to blood supremacy, she did of course view herself better then others, but to her that wasn't necessarily down to blood.

She just generally believed that she was better, smarter and better looking than others. Now one week into the semester she was beginning to doubt the "smarter" part of her superiority complex. How could it be so hard to kill a stupid little halfblooded wizard, that wasn't even that magically talented or that smart himself.

She had of course been tasked with killing Harry Potter ,the boy who lived, and according to her father she had been let off easily compared to Draco Malfoy who had apparently been punished for his fathers failures and tasked with the impossible tasks to kill Dumbledore. Comparing the two was laughable, because on one hand you had the most powerful wizard of his generation and on the other hand you had an average and lazy teenager who was just really lucky.

That was the way she had always thought of Harry Potter, an average overhyped wizard who had no drive and no particular talent. When she had dared herself to ask the dark lord what he thought about Harry, her theories had been confirmed. The dark lord had stated with no room for argument that Harry Potter was an average wizard who survived on luck and other's saving him. It was that information Daphne had been working from, but after the first week of her mission she was doubting this information more and more.

This was the third time Potter had avoided her traps, she had been looking to complete the mission early to get on with her year in peace but Potter had turned out to be harder to kill then she thought. Admittedly, her tries hadn't been that complicated or clever, just some classic traps that she doubted Harry knew the correct spell to get out of.

How wrong she had been, her first trap had been a clever piece of magic that her mother had taught her with this mission in mind. You basically enchant a rope to become alive and be controlled by your mind. She had done the magic and placed herself where she knew Harry eventually would pass, once he did she held him back by severing his bag and spilling his books and papers all over the floor.

As she had hoped he stayed back gathering his stuff and he had implored his friends to not be late for his sake. When he finally was alone Daphne willed the rope to strangle him. Daphne didn't actually really hate or want Harry to die, but she was looking to climb the ranks of the ministry when she graduated and the dark lord was clearly going to win the war so for her this was an excellent opportunity to gain his respect and gratitude.

Her mood had quickly changed when Harry had ended the spell over the rope before it had even been close to wrapping around him. He had seen it and quickly and silently turned it lifeless once again. Daphne had been shocked by the quick and powerful magic and she had to quickly leave to not get seen by him.

Her other two attempts had been even less effective, for the third one he had not even done any magic to dispel it. He had just nonchalantly sniffed the cup she had poisoned and ignored it.

Daphne was currently on her way back from this third failed attempt and she felt dejected and angry. Nothing is fucking working, I had no plan once my second failed and now that my fathers plan didn't either I have no fucking idea how to kill him.

Daphne had written home in hope of getting inspiration from her parents and her dad had sent her a vial with poison and a way to get it into Potters pumpkin juice, but that had failed and she was now stuck with no ideas.

Worst of all Harry didn't even seem bothered by her attempts or even a bit afraid, the non existent gossip around the attempts she had been making on Harry's life also pointed towards him not actually telling Dumbledore or any teachers. If so, he is an arrogant idiot and a moron.

Harry's presumed arrogance around her attempts made her blood boil, but she didn't currently have any idea how she could manage to kill him. She had been watching him more and more in the lessons and eventually she had to reassess her thoughts around his magical talent. Yeah he was maybe not the most driven student, but he clearly possessed great magical potential and in the subjects he actually cared about he was quite proficient.

While she walked through the Slytherin common room towards her dorm she thought about why she had been so convinced that he was bad at magic, but no answers had come forth. Although, one thing did become clear to her during those lessons, she couldn't beat him in a duel which had been her back up plan.

So traps didn't seem to work and poison was hard to get and apparently useless on Potter. I had hoped that I would be able to just duel him as a last resort, but I would probably lose and it's not worth the risk. It doesn't help that Weasley and Granger barely leave his side. I need to get closer to him to distract him in some way, but how. He would surely know something is up if a Slytherin tried to befriend him.

Daphne was deep in her thoughts when she entered her dorm and made no effort to say hello to her dorm mates who were huddled around Pansy's bed, however something Pansy said piqued her interest.

“He was completely out of it for almost 5 minutes, I could have done anything to him if I wanted to, it was as if he was in another world.” The girls around Pansy giggled and she looked very pleased with herself.

“Completely out of it” hmm sounds like something I could use, I wonder what she is talking about.

Deciding to dig a bit deeper Daphne approached the giggling girls.

“What do you mean “out of it” and what did you do to him?” Her question was straightforward and blunt but that wasn’t anything new to anyone who knew her on some level. Pansy certainly knew that this was the way she usually asked questions and answered.

“Well I made Draco cum today and he was so out of it he could barely speak” she giggled before continuing” I thought about searching for the money he usually gloats so much about but I didn’t know if I had enough time”.

Tracy Davies interrupted before Daphne had her chance to ask a follow up question. “ You totally should have, he could use some grounding and who knows maybe losing his financial security could do that.”

Tracy’s statements were met with disbelieving looks from everyone, no one thought that losing a little money would affect Malfoy. Daphne of course knew what Tracy knew, the fact that the Malfoy wealth had been seized by the dark Lord and that Narcissa and Draco barely had any room to go around and spend any money.

But Daphne had no interest in discussing Malfoy, she had her own mission to focus on. Therefore, she hurried to ask a follow up question to Pansy who was currently silent.

“What did you do to make him cum”

Pansy looked in disbelief at Daphne and she quickly realized her mistake, she was being way too invested in this. Pansy was suspicious of her interest and she had to come up with a valid reason.

Thinking quickly she decided to make up a lie about her fancying some older pure blood she had met over the summer and that she needed sexual advice, Pansy bought it and described in detail how she had kissed Draco before blowing him. When Pansy was done Daphne thanked

her for the tips and went to her bed. She closed the curtains and dropped down to the bed deep in thoughts.

Could this be the way, what if Malfoy is just a weak male. Potter maybe has more experience and wouldn't react like this. She quickly discarded that possibility. Potter's reaction to that Asian girl means that he is probably a virgin. I'm even better looking than her so I will probably just have to wank his disgusting cock for him to lose control, no need to step down to the level of sluts like Parkinson.

This is perfect. I approach him in class and convince him to meet me alone after. Granger and Weasley will probably try to stop me but all boys think with their cocks. One glimpse of my breast and he will eat out of my hand.

During the years Daphne had often used her breast to get what she wanted, not in school, but often when she was out in diagon alley or other wizarding communities. She had come to understand that even a small glimpse could often be more effective than the best of arguments.

With the calming knowledge that she had a bulletproof plan, she sank down to her bed and let herself relax. Tomorrow was going to be Harry Potter's last day, she just knew it.

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It started well, Daphne's plan started in potions where she, prior to the lesson, asked Snape to break up the usual pairings. She told Snape that she wanted to fuck with Harry and that was predictably enough for him to agree.

When Snape announced that every pairing should only be a combination between a Gryffindor and a Slytherin, he gave some bullshit reason about how "Slytherins was so much better that maybe the Gryffindors would pick something up".

Daphne walked up to Harry and asked to pair up. She hoped that his inability to talk to any girls other than Granger would help her in convincing him, they had to pair up for her plan to work and she was worried that he would maybe go for someone else like Blaise Zabini, who she knew he has at least had some civil conversation with before.

But it seemed like Harry wasn't able to say no and he agreed to work with her, the look that he shot Granger when she had dragged him off had been full of panic and Daphne smiled to herself, he didn't know what was about to hit him.

Daphne waited a bit before setting her plan into motion, they worked in silence, but Harry seemed a lot more comfortable after they had worked for some time. That was when Daphne set her plan in motion, Snape had as allowed them to take off their robes as he usually did when they brewed potions

It was dangerous to work with such clumsy and large clothes and he usually always implored the students to take them off. Today was no different which left Daphne in a blouse and skirt, which were the usual clothing the girls wore in lesson, but today Daphne had purposely picked out a blouse from a year earlier, which meant that when she leaned over to "correct Harry's cutting" she gave him a good look down her cleavage which were quite substantial with the smaller blouse. She also left a couple buttons undone which had left a healthy cleavage showing,

Harry's gaze naturally went directly to her breast before he looked away, seemingly embarrassed. This continued for a while, with Daphne taking every opportunity to give Harry a glimpse. When he averted his gaze in embarrassment for the fifth time she thought she had him hooked. She smugly praised herself for her master plan and prepared to move on to the next step.

Daphne was now convinced that she was going to be able to seduce Harry, his gaze had been wandering to her breast even when she wasn't flaunting them in his face. She didn't blame him, she did as stated earlier have the best breasts in school. She had heard a couple of older students talking about how much better looking the 6 years were then the 7 years. In that discussion they had all agreed that although, Susan bones may have larger tits then her, Daphne's has a better shape and they are still large,

Daphne of course hexed them for talking about her, but she did appreciate the information.

When Harry seemed hooked she begun the next phase of her plan, Harry was clearly attracted to her, but she needed to show that she was interested. They'd were in the process of adding ingredients to the potion when she placed her hand on Harry's inner thigh. He jumped in surprise and looked at her, but she feigned innocence and continued their work.

She left her hand there while they worked and when it seemed like his body got less tense she started stroking his thigh. His breathing got a bit heavier but there was no other signs that he was enjoying or not liking her ministrations. Her hand inched closed to his groin and she ,against her own will, felt excitement for what was happening.

Daphne herself had never done anything even remotely sexual with someone and when she was about to touch a cock of a boy that she had to ,against her better judgement, say was very attractive she was feeling excited.

Daphne gathered her courage and placed her hand directly on Harry's groin and felt the hardness she suspected to feel. She had seen him trying to adjust himself during the lesson and what she now felt was evidence that he enjoyed what she had been doing.

She was able to feel the outline of his hardness and she once again felt a surprising amount of lust when she felt how hard and big it was. Harry did surprisingly not really acknowledge her feeling up his cock, which in retrospect should have been a warning sign, but in the moment she put it down to him probably being so surprised by a girl touching him like this.

He had eventually looked at her when she began rubbing his cock through his pants. He looked surprised and aroused and Daphne felt like she already had succeeded in her plan. She leaned closer to him and whispered “go along with it and I will show you a great time later” she whispered as low and sexy as she could manage.

She knew that it was important that he agreed to go with her after the lesson and was prepared to have to convince him, what she hadn't known was how hard it would turn out to be. Harry looked aroused, but he apparently was not been as desperate as she thought he was going to be.

He whispered back “and what exactly would this encounter entail. As he said this he gave Daphne's butt a pinch and she was very close to calling the whole operation of just so that she could hex him for that, but she calmed down and thought about what she could promise him. She knew that she would probably have to go through with whatever she promised and she was not that keen on actually debasing herself to Harry, but she had to reel him in and that would probably take more than some promise for some kissing.

“I will let you fuck my tits”, that was her middle ground about what she was actually willing to do and something that would convince him to follow her. Harry predictably looked interested but what he later said then started the spiral downwards.



"I want a sample before I agree"

At first Daphne was confused. What did he mean by "sample", but his not so discreet leer at her breast made her understand.

Her first instinct was to slap him and tell him that a woman like her would never do something like that in public, but she caught herself before she could undo her whole progress. She had been touching him and giving him looks down her blouse in public all lesson, so exposing herself in public probably fit right in with his view of her.

Once again composed, she asked him how he thought she would manage to do that, because she was not about to expose herself to the rest of the class. The smug prick just looked at her indifferently and stated that that was her problem not his. Somewhere here she probably should have suspected that Harry wasn't as innocent as he would appear to be. A boy about to get his first tit job from a good looking girl was never going to risk it not happening by doing something like this, but Daphne was very afraid of her mission failing and she also felt a bit insulted that he didn't follow her without question.

Because of this she quickly made up a plan, the potion they had been making emitted a lot of smoke making it hard to see far in the room, she knew that if she managed to throw a bit of lemon grass into one of the others cauldrons their potion would explode and make it almost impossible to see past a meter.

She quickly got to work and cut up a bit of lemon grass and asked Harry to throw it into a cauldron, he of course picked Malfoys cauldron and when the lemongrass hit the potion it emitted a weird noise before exploding and covered the room in smoke.

She knew that Snape and all the others' focus would be on Malfoy and his potions so she quickly casted a spell around them, creating a bubble stopping the smoke. Thereafter she quickly undid her blouse and exposed her bra, which she just dragged down, exposing her breast. The feelings of excitement surprised her, but she blamed them on her plan working.

Harry watched her in surprise as she undressed, probably surprised by her speed, but he wasn't idle for long. She expected him to feel her breast up a bit, but the mauling they got was a complete surprise. He sunk his hand into her breast and grabbed them quite hard, he lifted them up and gave them some squeezes as if he was actually searching them for flaws.

Once done, he gave her nipples a quick pinch before telling her that he was done and she should probably put her clothes back together. That was really at the last minute, because as she just did up her last button, Snape dispelled the smoke, clearing up the classroom.

The last portion of the lesson consisted of Snape shouting at them, but Daphne paid no mind to that. She was busy trying to contain her moans as Harry had turned the table on her and had been playing with her pussy under her skirt. It started exactly like her touching, an innocent hand on the thigh that had traveled upwards with time and had been teasing her opening the last few minutes of the lesson.

Once Snape dispelled the class he whispered to her to wait for him in classroom 105 which was just down the corner. He proceeded to go over to Rona and Hermione. Daphne felt a bit dizzy after his teasing and she had lost all control of her plan. She let him touch her thigh, that had seemed alright but once his hands had traveled upwards she had been prepared to stop him, but it just felt too good.

She packed her school things up, still in a bit of a dizzy state of mind and made her way to the classroom. She did not have to wait long for Harry, he arrived just minutes later and casted a spell, she recognized it as a privacy spell, on the door. Once done he wasted no time in sitting down in the teachers chair. Daphne didn't know what to do but Harry quickly reminded her of her promise.

“Well go on with it, I heard something about a tit job”.

A feeling of dread consumed Daphne upon Harry's statement, this was not the behavior of a virgin. For the first time that day Daphne felt true uncertainty around her plan, but it was no use pondering that now. She had no choice but to go through with her plan if she didn't want Harry to catch onto her.

She once again undid her upper half before she kneeling before Harry. She had never in her life felt so inferior as she did in that moment. His gaze told her to go one with it and she took a deep breath before beginning.

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Daphne didn't get it, she had spent the last 25 minutes working her breast up and down on his shaft and there were no signs of him even enjoying himself, he was actually looking quite

bored as she was working hard. She hadn't even gotten a moan out of him and she was seething inside. How dare he be so unaffected, he should be begging for me to continue.

Despite what she told herself, Daphne had begun doubting herself, it was not supposed to take this long. Parkinson told me it took 4 minutes for Malfoy to come, I knew that a tit job was going to take longer, but this is ridiculous. My knees are hurting and it's tiring working my breasts so much. I need to switch tactics.

Unknowingly to Daphne, Harry had finally had enough.

“ Daphne this is alright and all but I don't have all day and this is taking too long”

His dismissive tone made Daphne blood boil, but she once again composed herself. “ I know, but I can suck your dick instead, I promise that it will be better.”

Before today she had imagined that sucking him off would be disgusting and something she would avoid, but her female pride was kicking in and she desperately wanted to make Harry lose that bored look. She let her breast drop off his lap and looked up at his cock, it was truly massive, she knew that she would struggle with its size.

But somewhere in her mind there was still that superiority complex and that made her think that she was going to rock Harry's world. With those thoughts she took his cock into his mouth, his shaft was warm and tasted a bit salty, but she found that she didn't mind the taste or the feeling of him being in her mouth.

She bobbed on the first 3 inches of his cock a couple of times, she did not feel ready to try to take it deeper but she applied all the tricks she had overheard from the girl's dorms. She made sure to swirl her tongue and she actually thought she was doing a great job until Harry's words popped that bubble.

“This has to be the worst blowjob I have ever gotten, barely even a third of my cock. Even the muggles at home do better than this.”

His statement bewildered Daphne, “muggles at home” and worst blowjob could only mean one thing, he was not as inexperienced as she had thought. Meanwhile she thought this over, she unconsciously continued bobbing her head.

Harry apparently found this funny because he laughed and continued criticizing her performance.

“ This is even worse than that worthless titjob before, you would have thought that someone as slutty as you would be able to at least put up a good performance. I’m tempted to just find someone more worthy but you owe me an orgasm so I will have to help you.” As he ended his statement Daphne felt him gather her hair. She was confused as to why before she felt herself gagging as he used her hair to make her go deeper.

His cock was now deep in her throat and she struggled to breathe as he held her down. He finally emitted a moan, the first sign of him enjoying their time together. This was what Daphne used as a excuse for not doing anything to hinder him on, she reasoned to herself that this was all about the mission still.

But deep down she had already begun unconsciously submitting to his orders, having him use her mouth like it was his was arousing and Daphne couldn't even deny it. She had dropped a hand down and was now fingering herself meanwhile Harry was facefucking her. The mixed feelings were confusing Daphne, on one hand a part of her was still fighting against being used like this, but a larger part of her felt like this was right.

Harry set a hard pace and his balls were slapping Daphne's chin hard each time he bottomed out in her throat. She was still gagging hard, but Harry seemed to love it and his grunts were much more common now. Daphne's own masturbating was picking up and she felt an orgasm approach.

“About to come from sucking my dick o my, you are truly a slut.” His voice was strained from all the effort he was putting into fucking daphnes throat, but the words still hit home. Daphne wasn’t even surprised when she felt herself becoming more aroused by his words, her body had betrayed her and she was now giving in to the lust.

As she was about to cum she felt him remove his cock from her throat, she sputtered trying to regain her breathe, but she was interrupted by Harry aiming his cock at her and releasing his orgasm all over her face, rope after rope of cum covered her face and she had to close her eyes to shield them.

It seemed like forever before she heard Harry sit back down and no more cum came.

What the fuck how could he even cum that much, never mind. This is my chance, but I can't even see. Daphne used her fingers to remove some of the cum around her eyes and tried to open them.

The sight that greeted her was not what she had been hoping for, Harry was sitting in the chair, totally coherent and not at all passed out. He was looking down at her with a smug grin, it was as if he knew what she was trying and was laughing at her attempts. She quickly cast aside that thought, there was no way he knew, he was probably just amused at her problems in seeing.

"Okey Daphne, your blowjobs aren't anything to talk about but you do have a nice throat," he moved to sit up and Daphne desperately hindered him. She needed to make him stay, maybe after his second orgasm he would be more tired. This was how she rationalized offering Harry to fuck her, but truly she was still very horny and the sight of Harry's still hard cock made her want him even more.

Harry didn't seem surprised by her loud exclamation that he couldn't leave and that she would let him fuck her. He just calmly stood up and motioned for her to do so as well. Wasting no time he made her turn around and bend over the desk, he flipped up her skirt and pulled her panties down. He kicked her feet wider, giving him better access.

Daphne had completely abandoned any thought that this was about the mission and she wiggled her ass trying to tempt Harry into starting.

He responded with a hard slap to her ass and said, "yes yes I will fuck you, but first put your hands behind your back." His voice left no other option than to obey and she felt the cold wood on her breast as she was forced to lay down completely. She felt a cold feeling around her hands as something clicked and she tried to move them before realizing that she wasn't able to. Handcuffs, she had heard about them from a muggle film, but she struggled to imagine where Harry would have gotten them from.

Daphne pondered it for a moment before forgetting totally about it, that was because Harry had without warning showed his whole cock into her waiting pussy in one thrust. One thrust and her innocence were forever gone, but Harry left her no opportunity to regret or even think about it. He set a high pace leaving her no time to adjust to his size.

Daphne knew that she should be hating how he was treating her, but she couldn't bring herself to lie to herself anymore. The feelings Harry was electing within her was hard to describe, there were something so brutal and dismissive about how he was fucking her. It was such a contrast

to what she had imagined sex being like, she had always pictured her first time being sweet and loving.

Harry was certainly not being sweet or loving when he begun spanking her ass in tandem with his fucking. Daphne was being pulled deeper and deeper into the insanity of their encounter and the way she looked at sex was changing on the spot. She struggled to imagine that any kind of other sex could engage these kind of feelings she currently experiencing.

Harry seemed indifferent, thrusting into her like some kind of machine. She understood now how badly she had misjudged the situation, he knew all the tricks and all the angles to cause the most pleasure. There was only one thing that could mean, he was very experienced. She had gotten played and there was nothing they could do except take it.

His massive cock felt amazing and she couldn't help the orgasm that was building, she knew that their fucking had not gone on long enough for a woman to cum normally, from what she had heard it was even hard for most to come from just intercourse alone. This all felt meaningless to the pleasure she felt building up in her lower stomach.

Her orgasm was explosive, she had shrieked so high that Harry had to silence her with his hands, but she didn't care. It just felt so good that she lost all kind of sense of time and space. She basked in this feeling for a time, just enjoying the aftermath of the biggest orgasm she has ever had.

A hard slap to her ass finally brought her back to reality, she looked over her shoulder and saw that Harry was once again sitting in his chair. His cock looked even bigger now, resting against his stomach. She could barely believe that that monster had been in her.

"Come here slut, your job is not done." Harry's voice was like a whip, it spurred her into action. She struggled to straighten herself, partially down to the handcuffs, but more because her legs didn't seem to work. Harry watched the struggle in silence making no move to help her. When she eventually gained back her ability to move she turned around and sank down on his lap, once again making his cock go deeper than she thought possible.

She began bouncing on his cock with her hands still behind her back, that made her breast stick forward even more and Harry took advantage of that by sucking and twisting her nipples. The added stimulation made Daphne moan even more and she bounced even quicker, her legs were burning with pain as she struggled with the uncomfortable position and how it was making new muscles in her legs work.

Her body seized up in another orgasm, she just couldn't help it. Their current position was hitting all the right places.

Harry laughed as he felt her wall clamp down on him once again. "Cumming already, you are well and truly a slut and not even a good one."

Daphne barely registered that Harry was talking, she was too busy hanging on a thread, trying to not go unconscious from all the pleasure she was feeling. She tried to pull away, but Harry was not having it.

"OH no you are finishing what you started," he said as he stood up with Daphne still impaled on his cock. He laid her down on the desk once again and put her legs around his midsection and begun fucking her again.

Daphne was still hanging on to her consciousness by a thread, but that didn't stop him from dirty talking even more.

"Was this what you imagined when you showed me your tits in class earlier, your tits look much better right now, bunching while I fuck you like the whore up you are." The harsh words reached Daphne but she couldn't do anything other than moan in return as he smacked her breasts.

"I wonder if this is what Voldemort imagined while he gave you the mission, he probably thought that a smart girl like you would be able to kill me easily, but here you are cumming in my cock." He said it as if it was just another part of the dirty talk, but Daphne finally picked up on what he was saying.

Despite her state of mind she had a moment of clarity, he knew and he had known for a while. She had recognized earlier that he had played her, but it was to an even bigger extent than she had initially thought.

She had failed and all she could do now was let Harry sample his winnings. As she acknowledged this she felt her third orgasm of their fucking approach. She let herself go and felt the pleasure take over.

As she came Harry seemed to finally hit his breaking point, with a grunt he exploded into her pussy which had been trying to milk his cock for some time now. With Harry's cum shouting

deep into her and the orgasm still raking over her, Daphne's mind finally gave away and she let herself drift away into unconsciousness.

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Harry looked back a last time before exiting the classroom, Daphne was still lying naked and handcuffed on her back. You could see the evidence of their fucking all over her, her breast had bite marks and handprints all over them and her face was still full of dried cum. Her pussy was leaking cum and perhaps the most satisfying thing was the small light bolt he had branded her with. It had been a difficult decision, but he had eventually decided that she had deserved it.

The reminder of her attempts made him snort, had she really thought he wouldn't realize. Sure she didn't know about the marauders map, but she had not exactly been subtle when she had been studying him. That had been the first thing that had tipped him off, someone was trying to kill him and Daphne Greengrass was suddenly staring at him at all time. He wasn't great at math but he could still do 1+1.

The marauders' map had confirmed his suspicions, he had pulled it out after he had dispelled the second attempt and sure enough her name had been moving away from the corridor with no one else in sight.

He had pondered what to do, sure the attempts had been pathetic, but they were still annoying. He had eventually decided to wait it out and that seemed to have been the right answer. He had been a bit shocked at first when she clearly had been trying to seduce him, he was still confused as to why she thought that would do her any good in killing him.

He had quickly decided to take it as far as he could, making her flash him in the middle of the lesson had been nice, but fucking her had certainly been great. Her tit and blowjob had been mediocre, but fucking someone that had always come across as untouchable was really sexy and he wouldn't mind doing her again.

He smiled once again when he imagined her waking up covered in cum and branded with his symbole. He had dropped that he knew about her mission just as she went unconscious so she probably has to come to terms with that as well. Maybe she would realize the error in her ways and pledge herself to him.



He snorted at the thought, that was probably not happening, but regardless it had been a productive day and he would have to settle for fucking Daphne unconscious this time. Certainly not a bad result.

Perks of a Hero by faseastasiacsch

Summary: I wanted to create a one-shot with a mind reading character as I got inspired by Professor Quill's story forever in a day. So I asked if it was okay for me to use the idea to which Professor Quill agreed.

Harry sat in a hospital bed biding his time as usual for Madam Pomfrey to clear so he could finally leave. After the second task they had a big party in the Gryffindor common room. During the party he was pulled up by the twins and paraded around, sadly the twins had a little too much to drink and they dropped him. Hermione and Ginny brought him to madam pomfrey to make sure he was alright. Madam Pomfrey always fixed him up in no time, she was still not ready to send him back believing he fell on his head. Harry reassured her he was fine as he remembers Ginny hexing the twins as soon as they dropped him by accident. Feeling bored as Harry waited. Luckily for him, Hermione and Ginny entered.

"Hey." He said smiling as they approached.

"Are you alright?" Hermione asked.

"I feel fine." He shrugged. Ginny looked at him with a bit of doubt. He always says he's fine even when just did something incredibly dangerous. "Honest!"

"I'll go and talk to Madam Pomfrey." Hermione said as she left.

"So.... How many brothers are there left?" Harry asked with a grin, Ginny. She returned it with a devious smile.

"Still idiots." Ginny said. Ginny sat down in the chair next to the bed. "Thank you for saving me from the lake." She smiled sweetly.

“Can’t believe they put you all down there for just a stupid tournament.” Harry said, irritated. “Why a person? Why not just my firebolt or something?” He went on. Ginny grinned as Harry went on a bit of a rant.

“You know.... Hermione and I were planning to reward you again for saving one of us.” She said, dangling her shoe on her toes. Harry stopped ranting and looked at her directly in her brown eyes then down to her feet and back at her. “But that went a little out the window thanks to my idiot brothers.”

“We could reschedule?” Harry said quickly. Ginny let out a little chuckle.

Just then, Hermione returned with Madam Pomfrey. “Already feeling better, mister Potter?” The elderly witch said.

“Thanks to your care I’m all better and ready to go.” Harry said. Madam Pomfrey eyebrow raised and a slight smile could be seen at the edge of her lip.

“Miss Granger explained to me that she and Miss Weasley will make sure you return to me if anything changes for the worse so you’re free to go.” Madam Pomfrey explained. Harry smiled and immediately started to get out of bed.

“Thank you Madam Pomfrey.” Harry said standing next to Ginny and Hermione.

“Now I don’t want to see you again this year, mister.” Madam Pomfrey said.

“I can’t leave without saying goodbye, you know that.” Harry said leaving the hospital wing with Hermione and Ginny. Poppy puffed and shook her head.

The three walked to the great hall. “Fleur has been getting harassed lately because of the second task.” Hermione said. “Ever since she stood in her swimsuit some of the boys from Drungstrang and Hogwarts became more aggressive in trying to get her attention.” Harry sighed, shaking his head.

“I don’t get it, she’s pretty but why would anyone be so desperate to try and get her attention?” He said. Hermione and Ginny smiled at each other.

“You’re so clueless sometimes it’s actually cute.” Ginny said. Harry rolled his eyes.

The Three of them entered the great hall and Harry noticed the amount of boys around Fleur. When they sat down at the gryffindor table Harry wasn't entirely getting swarmed by girls but there were a lot around the table more than usual. He then noticed Angelina and Alicia drag Fred and George over both of them looking miserable. Harry was really trying to hold his laugh now.

"Uhm Harry, we're really sorry...." Fred said.

"For dropping you." George added.

Harry was trying to hold his laugh. Angelina pushed her elbow in Fred's side looking at him sternly. The look on Fred's face after seeing Angelina made Harry lose his composure and laugh uncontrollably.

"It's fine guys I'm alright." Harry said after he was done laughing. Everybody around him smiled and the twins breathed a sigh of relief, both looked over to their girlfriends who finally started to smile and gave them a kiss on the cheek pulling them back to their seats.

Harry walked alone towards the hospital wing for his check-up, feeling a mix of apprehension and determination. He had assured the girls, Hermione and Ginny, that he would be fine on his own. Both of them had important plans, and he didn't want them to cancel just because he needed a simple check-up. As he made his way through the corridors of Hogwarts, Harry couldn't shake off a nagging feeling that something was amiss.

Suddenly, a faint noise reached Harry's ears from one of the nearby corridors. Given all the times attempts had been made on his life in the past, Harry knew better than to ignore any potential danger. With caution in mind, he swiftly pulled out the Marauder's Map from his pocket. The map revealed two surprising names - Fleur and Suzette - who were currently located in close proximity to Pansy Parkinson as well as Crabbe and Goyle.

A sense of unease washed over him as Harry realized this gathering might not bode well for him or anyone else at Hogwarts. Determined to investigate further without drawing attention to himself, Harry decided it was time to put on his trusty invisibility cloak. Cloaked in secrecy, he stealthily moved closer towards where the mysterious sounds were originating from.

"Are you absolutely certain that this plan will effectively break them, Pansy?" Harry strained his ears to discern the voice; it might have been Goyle or possibly Crabbe. It was difficult for him to distinguish between the two, as both were known for their reticence and tendency to defer to

Draco's every word. Nevertheless, he couldn't help but wonder about the potential consequences of whatever scheme they were hatching.

The room was filled with tension as the female voice, unmistakably belonging to Pansy, confidently declared, "Of course it's only a matter of time before they accept their faith." Harry immediately recognized her voice and couldn't help but recall the incident when Pansy had been involved in something similar. It sent shivers down his spine as he remembered how she had attempted to tickle torture Hermione and Ginny mercilessly. Given Pansy's notorious track record for cruelty, it seemed highly unlikely that Fleur and Suzette were willingly present in the room.

As another muffled laugh escaped from somewhere nearby, Harry felt a sense of urgency overwhelming him. He desperately wracked his brain for any possible plan or escape route that could save both himself and his friends from whatever awaited them. Time was running out, and he knew he needed to act swiftly if they were to have any chance at all.

In the dimly lit room, a mischievous grin spread across Pansy's face as she gracefully brandished her wand. Her movements were elaborate and flamboyant, captivating everyone in the room. Fleur and Suzette found themselves helplessly restrained on a sturdy table, their limbs stretched out to their full extent. The unyielding legs of the table securely fastened their wrists and ankles, leaving them with no chance of escape.

Fleur struggled against her restraints, feeling the fabric of her uniform uncomfortably pressed against her mouth as a gag. It was an added humiliation to be silenced in such a manner. Meanwhile, Suzette remained blindfolded, unable to see what was happening around her. A simple napkin had been tied through her mouth as well, effectively silencing any protests or cries for help.

Pansy's wand movements were so precise and skillful that they caused a magical ripple effect in the air, causing feathers to flutter and dance around the girls. Fleur and Suzette found themselves caught in a whirlwind of ticklish feathers, unable to escape their relentless teasing. As the feathers brushed against their skin, it was as if tiny invisible fingers were playfully dancing across their bodies.

Suzette couldn't help but notice how Fleur's allure seemed to intensify under these circumstances. The constant tickling sensation seemed to amplify her natural charm, making it even more difficult for her to maintain composure. It was clear that Fleur was reaching her breaking point, struggling to hold on amidst this torturous ordeal.

Unfortunately for Suzette, this meant that she too had no respite from the incessant tickling. With each passing moment, the intensity of the feather-induced sensations grew stronger due to Fleur's heightened allure. What initially started as an uncomfortable situation quickly escalated into an unbearable torment for poor Suzette.

The combination of Pansy's masterful wand movements and Fleur's irresistible allure created a perfect storm of ticklish chaos for both girls. They wriggled and squirmed against the onslaught of feathers, desperately seeking relief from this unexpected torture. The room was filled with their muffled laughter and pleas for mercy, but Pansy seemed unaffected by their distress. She continued to manipulate her wand with a wicked grin, reveling in the power she held over them.

Quietly, Harry cautiously turned the doorknob and slowly pushed open the heavy wooden door. As he stepped into the room, his senses were immediately assaulted by a sight that left him momentarily speechless. His eyes widened in astonishment at what lay before him - Crabbe and Goyle sat there, their usually vacant expressions replaced with dumbstruck looks of awe. It was as if they were under some sort of enchantment, completely captivated by Fleur's undeniable allure.

Feeling an inexplicable force tugging at his own curiosity, Harry fought against it, determined to resist being drawn further into the room. To his disdain, he noticed a wicked grin spreading across Pansy's face as she relished in witnessing the girls around her suffering. Holding his wand tightly, Harry swiftly and skillfully cast two stunning spells towards Crabbe and Goyle, causing the brutish duo to slump in their chairs. The room fell silent as Pansy, with an air of disdain, raised her wand defensively.

"Who dares intrude?" she sneered, her eyes scanning the shadows for any sign of the mysterious attacker.

Undeterred by Pansy's defensive stance, Harry confidently aimed a stunning spell at her. However, much to his surprise, she adeptly blocked it and retaliated with a swift counterattack directed back at him.

"Fear not hiding behind your anonymity!" Pansy shouted defiantly into the darkness. Her voice echoed through the room as she challenged her unseen foe to reveal themselves and face her head-on.

Using his quick reflexes and cunning, Harry swiftly devised a plan to create a diversion for Pansy. With precision, he fired various objects into the air, causing them to float towards her. The unexpected sight caught Pansy off guard, allowing Harry the opportunity to move stealthily and free Fleur from her restraints.

Harry cautiously made his way through the crowded room towards Suzette, his heart pounding in anticipation. However, just as he was about to reach her, a sudden curse unexpectedly struck his arm from under the protective cloak he wore. The excruciating pain shot through him like lightning, causing him to lose control and collapse onto the cold floor.

As Harry writhed in agony, desperately clutching his injured arm, a gasp of surprise escaped from those nearby. His fall had inadvertently revealed a portion of his body that had been concealed beneath the invisibility cloak all this time. In an instant reaction to this unexpected turn of events, Pansy swiftly raised her wand and pointed it directly at Harry.

Her voice dripped with disdain as she uttered those two words that seemed forever tied to him: "Of course it's Potter again." The contemptuous tone in which she spoke only served to amplify the frustration and anger welling up inside Harry.

"I was so close and now I have to start over again." Pansy complained about Harry's interruption about Fleur and Suzette's tickle torture. "Draco will be so proud of me when he hears you don't leave the hospital wing for a full year when I'm done with you." she ranted on.

"Ça suffit, petite fille!" A voice spilled through Pansy's monologue, echoing harshly in the room. Startled, Pansy quickly turned her head to find a figure emerging from the shadows - Fleur Delacour, her face contorted with anger and frustration. In that moment, it was as if time stood still; Pansy could see the intensity burning in Fleur's eyes as she clenched her wand tightly in hand.

"Wai-" Pansy exclaimed in surprise as she attempted to utter a warning, but her words were abruptly cut off by Fleur's swift and skillful strike. Fleur's wand work was not only rapid but also incredibly precise, showcasing her exceptional magical abilities. In just a matter of seconds, the transformation spell cast by Fleur had completely altered Pansy's appearance, turning her into an utterly comical and absurd-looking clown.

Pansy found herself unable to maintain her balance and collapsed onto the floor, incapacitated both physically and magically.

Fleur's heart rate gradually slowed as she took a deep breath and focused on regaining her composure. With newfound calmness, she skillfully untied Suzette from her binds, allowing her to regain her freedom. As Suzette straightened herself up, Fleur extended a helping hand to Harry, who was still feeling a bit shaken by Fleur's unexpected actions.

Feeling the weight of uncertainty hanging in the air, Harry couldn't help but voice his concerns. "What do we do now?" he asked anxiously, his voice tinged with fear.

Suzette paused for a moment to gather her thoughts before responding reassuringly to Harry's question. "Just give me a minute, mon cherie," she said softly. Motioning for Fleur to join her near Crabbe and Goyle, both girls stood tall and confident as they engaged in an intense conversation.

Harry watched curiously as Fleur and Suzette exchanged words. The atmosphere grew tense while their voices carried whispers that were barely audible over the surrounding chaos. Suddenly, without warning or explanation, Harry felt an inexplicable surge of allure emanating from Fleur for just a few seconds before it quickly dissipated.

"Let's take you to the hospital wing, mon ami," Suzette said gently, her warm hand enveloping Harry's as she guided him out of the room. Concern etched across her face, she led him down the corridor with a sense of urgency.

Harry couldn't help but feel a mix of curiosity and anxiety as he glanced back at the girls who were now acting as his guides. "What did you do?" he questioned them, his voice filled with both confusion and a hint of worry. Their actions had sparked his concern, wondering if something serious had occurred.

Suzette exchanged a knowing glance with Fleur before offering Harry reassurance in her response. "Nothing you need to worry about, hero," she assured him softly, pulling his arm against her body for support while they continued their journey towards the hospital wing. Fleur followed closely behind them, her presence providing an additional sense of comfort amidst this mysterious situation.

While Harry lay in bed resting Fleur and her friend joined his bedside. "I'm Suzette." She said, smiling prettily at him. Harry returned the smile and thought she was rather pretty. Suzette blushed and got a little red.

'Why would she blush?' Harry thought.

“Thank you for saving us.” Suzette said.

“I’m really sorry about what happened.” Harry said feeling bad as the boys all went to hogwarts.

“Thankfully you were there to save us.” Suzette trailed her hand against his cheek endearingly.

“What did you do before we left?” Harry asked. Suzette started peaking into Harry’s mind and found herself pleasantly surprised by his character. Loyal, caring, courageous, intelligent and funny.

“just a little harmless fun.” she replied. Looking over to Fleur she joined her friend and started discussing with her in French while Harry lay in his bed.

The professors finally left after a heated debate, Professor McGonagall gave him a tender smile and said he saved Hogwarts reputation at least a little bit, but more importantly he had made her proud once again. Harry simply smiled but felt rather proud of himself thanks to Professor McGonagall’s comment.

Last to leave were Suzette and Fleur. “Join us tomorrow at the astronomy tower at 8am.” Suzette whispered in his ear. She then stood up and gave him a wink before leaving with Fleur.

Next day

Harry found out what Fleur and Suzette had done to Crabbe and Goyle. Both seemed almost entranced as they dragged a reluctant Pansy through the school in her clown costume. Even Snape couldn’t make the boys stop. It seemed Fleur’s allure was powerful enough to make those monkeys work for her.

The following day, Harry eagerly made his way to the astronomy tower as Suzette had asked him to. He couldn’t help but feel a sense of anticipation bubbling within him, wondering if this meeting held another reward for him like the ones he had received from Ginny and Hermione after saving them from Pansy. The memory of their gratitude still fresh in his mind, he pondered whether Suzette and Fleur had something special planned for him.

As Harry stood there waiting patiently for Suzette and Fleur to arrive, his thoughts wandered towards Fleur’s mesmerizing beauty. He couldn’t deny that her striking appearance had left



quite an impression on him during the second task when she confidently stood in her bathing suit. Her elegance and grace were simply unparalleled.

However, as Harry's thoughts wandered, he couldn't help but find himself increasingly intrigued by Suzette's appearance. Although he hadn't had the opportunity to see much of her compared to Fleur, there was something about Suzette that captivated his attention. It puzzled him how she seemed to possess a unique understanding of certain aspects of his life that even his closest friends were unaware of.

Harry pondered over the possibility that perhaps Suzette possessed some sort of intuitive ability or maybe she simply had a keen sense for picking up on subtle cues and details. Either way, it left him both impressed and slightly unnerved at the same time.

Furthermore, Harry couldn't shake off the curiosity surrounding Fleur's sudden change in attitude towards him after just a brief conversation with Suzette. It made him wonder what exactly transpired during their exchange and what words were exchanged between them.

Was it possible that Suzette had managed to shed light on aspects of Harry's personality or experiences that somehow resonated with Fleur? Did she offer insights into his character or shared stories from their interactions that gave Fleur a new perspective?

Lost in a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions, Harry found himself abruptly pulled back to the present moment as the heavy door swung open before him. The sudden intrusion shattered his reverie, causing his heart to skip a beat. Startled yet intrigued, he turned his gaze towards the source of this unexpected interruption.

To his surprise and delight, it was Suzette who stood there with an infectious smile that seemed to radiate warmth and joy.

Feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness coursing through him like electricity, Harry managed to stammer out a hesitant greeting. His voice betrayed both awe and apprehension as he attempted to gather himself in front of this captivating woman.

Meanwhile, Fleur chimed in with her own cheerful salutation in her enchanting French accent. Her radiant smile added another layer of charm and elegance to the room.

Suzette swiftly grabbed him and pulled him to a quieter area. "We wanted to thank you for saving us," Suzette said, her hand gently tracing his chest as Harry nervously swallowed.

Fleur stood behind him, her delicate form gracefully approaching his ear. As she leaned in, a soft whisper escaped her lips, carrying with it an air of intrigue and mystery. "Suzette possesses the rare gift of being a natural legilimens," Fleur revealed, her voice laced with admiration. "She can effortlessly delve into the depths of one's thoughts and emotions."

A mischievous smile played on Fleur's lips as she continued to divulge the secrets unveiled by Suzette's mind-reading abilities. "And when she delved into your mind yesterday," Fleur paused for dramatic effect, "she was positively elated to discover that you are not like those pigs who roam your school corridors." she then added. "Her mind reading powers and my allure can be very efficient on the weakest of minds, just look at the brutes this morning that dragged the clown through school."

The words hung in the air between them, creating an electric tension that seemed to intensify with each passing moment. Fleur's breath danced across his skin as she whispered seductively into his ear, causing a shiver to run down his spine and ignite a fire deep within him.

"She convinced me," Fleur confessed huskily, her voice filled with desire and anticipation, "that you possess all the qualities necessary for an extraordinary lover - someone truly worthy of capturing a veela's heart."

"I...uh..." Harry was at a loss for words.

Suzette couldn't help but tease Harry, finding him incredibly adorable in that moment. With a mischievous grin on her face, she playfully placed her hand on his crotch, causing a sudden reaction from Harry as he started to harden in his pants. The sight took Suzette by surprise, and her eyes widened in astonishment. "Mon dieu!" she exclaimed, momentarily forgetting herself and letting out the exclamation with her French accent slipping through.

Fleur happened to glance over at that precise moment, catching sight of Suzette's unexpected reaction and hearing her exclamation. Intrigued by the commotion between Suzette and Harry, Fleur leaned closer to catch their conversation. The two girls exchanged a quick exchange of words in French before returning their attention back to Harry.

Confused by the sudden turn of events and not understanding what was being said in French, Harry found himself left perplexed amidst this intriguing encounter between Suzette and Fleur.

"My, my, not a little boy after all," Suzette purred, still rubbing her hand against his crotch. Harry held his breath, unaware of Suzette's remark about Fleur calling him a little boy during the tri-wizard tournament.

Fleur, with a mischievous glint in her eyes, delicately wrapped her delicate hands around Harry's chest, playfully tracing the outline of his shirt buttons. The anticipation between them was palpable as Suzette, exuding confidence and desire, boldly placed her hand on Harry's crotch. The room seemed to buzz with an electric energy as their bodies gravitated towards each other.

Suzette's movements were deliberate and purposeful as she slowly leaned in closer and closer to Harry. Time stood still for a moment as their lips finally met - a collision of passion and longing that sent shivers down their spines. In that fleeting instant, all inhibitions melted away as they surrendered themselves to the intoxicating chemistry that enveloped them. The sensation of their mouths melding together was nothing short of enchanting; it felt like fireworks exploding against a night sky filled with stars. Their kiss held both tenderness and intensity, capturing the raw essence of desire intertwined with genuine affection.

As Fleur continued unbuttoning Harry's shirt, she couldn't help but be captivated by the magnetic connection unfolding before her eyes. Each touch ignited flames within them all - an irresistible blend of pleasure and vulnerability that left them yearning for more.

In this captivating moment shared between Harry, Suzette, and Fleur, boundaries were pushed aside as they explored the depths of their desires. Their bodies moved in sync, fueled by a shared passion that seemed to consume them entirely.

"Mon ami," Suzette purred seductively, her voice dripping with desire. "You can touch me as well," she playfully teased, a mischievous glint in her eyes. Without hesitation, she boldly reached out and gently grabbed one of his hands, guiding it to rest confidently on her enticingly curved hip.

Suzette, filled with a sense of excitement and anticipation, leaned in closer to Harry. With Fleur by her side, she couldn't resist the urge to explore his neck with gentle kisses. The warmth of their embrace enveloped them as they shared this intimate moment together. Suzette's lips brushed against Harry's skin, leaving a trail of soft sensations that sent shivers down his spine. Each kiss was fueled by a mixture of desire and tenderness, creating an electric connection between them that seemed to ignite the air around them.

"Girls," Harry moaned. He felt an overwhelming sensation.

Suzette, filled with a mix of anticipation and nervousness, slowly trailed her fingers along his neck, savoring the warmth that radiated from his skin. As she continued her exploration, her

touch gradually descended down towards her knees, causing a shiver to run through her body. With each passing moment, the desire within Suzette intensified as she found herself irresistibly drawn to him. Finally, unable to resist any longer, she extended her trembling hand towards his belt.

Fleur, unable to resist the desire coursing through her veins, continued to trail kisses along his neck, relishing in the taste of his skin. Her lips gradually made their way towards his mouth, eagerly anticipating the moment when they would finally meet and ignite a fiery passion between them. As Fleur and Harry's lips connected, their kiss intensified with an insatiable hunger that seemed to consume them both.

Lost in this passionate embrace, time seemed to stand still for Fleur and Harry as they fervently explored each other's mouths with a fervor unmatched by anything they had experienced before. Every touch sent electric currents surging through their bodies, heightening their senses and deepening their connection.

Meanwhile, Suzette discreetly took on the role of removing Harry's pants with practiced ease. Her nimble fingers worked swiftly yet delicately as she undid buttons and zippers without interrupting the heated exchange happening just inches away from her.

In this moment of pure indulgence and forbidden pleasure, Fleur could feel herself becoming completely consumed by her desires for Harry. The world around them faded into obscurity as they surrendered themselves fully to the intoxicating allure of each other's presence. As Fleur continued to explore every inch of Harry's mouth with tantalizing precision, Suzette's hand finally reached its destination, gently grasping the waistband of Harry's pants. With a swift motion, she pulled them down, revealing his bare skin and allowing her to fully explore the depths of her desire for him.

Lowering Harry's boxers, Suzette stared in awe at the massive organ that was revealed to her. The sight of it left her breathless and filled with anticipation. Her heavy breathing caught Harry's attention, pulling him away from his passionate snog with Fleur. Curiosity piqued, he glanced down to see what had caused Suzette to abruptly stop. A mischievous smile spread across his face as he noticed Suzette sitting on her knees, completely captivated by his impressive member.

Meanwhile, Fleur couldn't help but let out a small whine as Harry parted her lips and followed his gaze downward. She too became transfixed by the sight before her - just like Suzette had

been moments ago. As if drawn by an irresistible force, Fleur found herself joining Suzette on her knees in front of Harry.

Suzette's eyes widened even further as she took in every inch of Harry's throbbing cock before glancing up at him with a mix of excitement and hunger in her eyes. Fleur mirrored this expression, unable to contain her own desire as she locked eyes with Harry. The air was thick with anticipation as they both leaned in, their lips just inches away from his pulsating member.

Both then leaned in and started kissing Harry's member, their lips gently caressing every inch of his throbbing manhood. Their mouths explored the sensitive contours, their tongues intertwining in a passionate dance of desire. Each kiss sent waves of pleasure coursing through Harry's body, igniting a fire within him that he had never experienced before. The softness of their touch combined with the intensity of their passion created an electrifying sensation that left him craving for more. As they continued to lavish attention on his member, Harry felt himself surrendering completely to the overwhelming sensations that consumed him. The room filled with moans and sighs as they indulged in this intimate act, losing themselves in a world where only pleasure mattered.

"MMMhhh Girls," Harry moaned in a low, husky voice as he watched Fleur and Suzette locked in a passionate kiss with his cock between them. The room was filled with an electrifying energy, their bodies pressed against each other, lips moving in perfect sync. It was impossible for Harry to tear his eyes away from the mesmerizing sight.

As the intensity of their kiss grew, Suzette couldn't help but feel a surge of curiosity. She wanted to explore more than just the physical connection they were sharing; she wanted to delve into Harry's mind and understand what fueled this intense desire within him.

With a mischievous glint in her eye, Suzette slowly pulled away from Fleur's lips and looked up at Harry. In that moment, she decided to take a daring leap into his thoughts. To her surprise, what she found there went beyond mere attraction or lust.

Harry's mind was brimming with adoration for both Fleur and Suzette. It wasn't just about satisfying his own desires; it was about reciprocating the pleasure he felt being bestowed upon him by these incredible women.

Suzette's face lit up with a radiant smile, filled with confidence and contentment. In that moment, she knew deep within her heart that the decision she had made was undoubtedly the right one for both herself and Fleur. As their eyes locked in a tender gaze, Suzette could feel an

unspoken connection forming between them. With a simple yet powerful exchange of thoughts, they reaffirmed their shared desire to continue worshipping Harry's magnificent member.

As he passionately moved one of his hands into her elegant blonde hair, gently tilting her head, he guided her face down to the base of his shaft. With every rhythmic bobbing motion that Fleur performed on the top of his length, a wave of pleasure surged through him. Meanwhile, Suzette eagerly joined in on the intimate act by wrapping her luscious lips around him. Her tender kisses and tantalizing licks along his throbbing shaft intensified the sensations coursing through his body, creating an electrifying symphony of desire and ecstasy.

"Fuck, you two are perfect," Harry groaned.

Fleur, with her lips stretched around his impressive girth, managed to maintain a smile on her face. Despite the intensity of the moment, she remained composed and focused on pleasuring Harry. Her tongue skillfully swirled around his swollen head, applying just the right amount of pressure while she sucked hard. The sensation drew a hiss from Harry's lips, confirming that Fleur's efforts were not in vain.

Feeling the desire to take control, Harry tightened his grip in Fleur's hair and gently pulled her off him. As he did so, he moved Suzette up to replace where Fleur had been moments ago - at the tip of his throbbing member. With Suzette now bobbing on his glistening tip, Fleur obediently allowed herself to be guided by Harry as he positioned her on the other side of his shaft.

But Fleur wasn't satisfied with merely being there; she wanted to go above and beyond to please him. Without hesitation or reservation, she extended her tongue outwards towards his balls and wrapped it sensually around the base of his cock. This added touch sent waves of pleasure coursing through both Harry and Fleur as they continued their passionate encounter.

Harry closed his eyes, relishing in the intense pleasure that surged through his body. He leaned his head against the cool surface of the wall, allowing himself to fully immerse in the moment. The sensation of two warm and eager mouths enveloping his throbbing cock was beyond anything he had ever experienced before.

As Harry's arousal grew more insatiable, he instinctively pulled Fleur away, aching for a change in pace. With an undeniable hunger burning within him, he firmly guided Suzette down towards

him. The blonde beauty obediently complied, her willingness evident as she eagerly took him deeper into her mouth.

The intensity of it all overwhelmed Suzette momentarily; she choked and gagged as Harry plunged further into her throat with unwavering determination. Despite tears welling up in her eyes from both pleasure and discomfort, she bravely endured every inch of him thrusting inside her.

Harry couldn't help but groan uncontrollably at the exquisite tightness around him when Suzette's nose pressed against his stomach. Her throat spasmed involuntarily around his length, intensifying their shared ecstasy even further.

After forcefully restraining her for a brief moment, he firmly pulled her back up, granting her the opportunity to fill her lungs with a much-needed gasp of air. Suzette, still recovering and catching her breath, found herself being pressed down onto his throbbing member. This time, however, she effortlessly accommodated him fully within herself without any resistance or discomfort. Her intense gaze locked onto him with an undeniable passion as she sensually enveloped his shaft with her lips tightly wrapped around its base.

"Fuck!" Harry grunted.

for the next few minutes, he took turns using their throats. While one was recovering, the other was swallowing his length. Despite her struggles, or perhaps because of them, Suzette had a hand buried in her panties, rhythmically moving back and forth as she pleased herself. Under the ministrations of two stunning girls, it wasn't a surprise when he felt his climax build up quickly.

Holding Suzette head still, he bucked his hips up off the couch, driving his cock into her throat and causing her to gag loudly around his shaft. Nearing his peak, he pulled her off and Fleur took her place. Threading both hands through her silvery hair, he drove his length straight down her throat and bucked his hips frantically. Staring up at him, Fleur moaned around him, her hand coming up to caress his balls.

Groaning, the vibrations pushed him over the edge. Pinning her head in place, his cock swelled and jerked as he flooded her throat. For the first time, Fleur gagged slightly as his cum fired directly down her throat and into her stomach. Despite that, she determinedly stayed in place as he finished.

When his hands gently relaxed in her silky hair, she sensually pulled back, savoring the taste as she sucked hard and slowly dragged her full lips up his considerable length. The intensity of Harry's pleasure was evident as he let out a sharp hiss, overwhelmed by the exquisite sensations coursing through him. Her skilled tongue flicked teasingly over his oversensitive head, eliciting involuntary shudders from deep within him.

Unable to contain himself any longer, Harry felt an overwhelming surge of desire building up inside him. With a low growl escaping his lips, he urgently called out to both girls who obediently remained in their designated spots. They eagerly awaited Harry's explosive release that they knew would soon envelop them.

In the throes of ecstasy and unable to suppress his primal instincts any further, Harry moaned with unrestrained passion and unleashed his torrential climax upon Suzette and Fleur. His essence erupted forcefully, covering their beautiful faces with an undeniable mark of shared intimacy.

"That was incredible," Harry exclaimed, making the girls smile as they cleaned themselves up. Fleur and Suzette shared a glance.

Suzette, with a mischievous glint in her eye, casually mentioned to Harry, "Let's do this again next week?" As the words left her lips, she could see the look of utter surprise and confusion on his face. Harry was dumbfounded by the suggestion. However, before he could even respond, both girls burst into giggles and nodded their heads enthusiastically.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly became filled with anticipation and excitement. It seemed that Suzette's proposal had struck a chord with Fleur as well. With a seductive tone in her voice and a playful smile dancing on her lips, Fleur couldn't help but add fuel to the fire by purring softly, "This cock deserves everything it gets."

As these words hung in the air for a moment longer than necessary, everyone present knew that something unforgettable was about to happen. The prospect of repeating this thrilling experience next week brought an electric buzz to the room - an energy that would undoubtedly leave lasting memories etched into their minds forever.



## The Language of Lust By Voivode

Harry Potter/Fleur Delacour

### **Tags:**

F/M

Explicit sexual content

Loss of Virginity

First Time

Large breasts

Large cock

Cunnilingus

Parseltongue

Vaginal Sex

PWP

Hogwarts starts at 15

### **Summary:**

Fleur is furious that she ends up lower in the standings after the first task than her youngest competitor, whom she had dismissed completely, and decides to research him. When she learns about one of his most unique abilities, though, figuring out how to beat him in the tournament becomes far less important.

Fleur Delacour was not one to fume in rage, generally speaking. Even Madame Maxime's ridiculous insistence that they speak only English while they were in the dreary country had barely made her upset. Losing most of her friends to petty jealousy when they all hit puberty had been indescribably painful at the time, but that and being disappointed by every boy to whom she had shown affection had served to strengthen her. Every cruel word from a girl she had once called a friend had hardened her heart. Every instance of seeing a boy cum in his pants from her allure slipping as they kissed had dulled the impact of disappointment and wasted time. It got to the point that the only thing that regularly caused her temper to flare was her own failures, and even then, she did not often fail.

"I can't believe I underestimated him," she hissed.

"You can't blame yourself," Marie, one of the few friends she had managed to keep through the years, said. "Who would have expected such a performance out of a fourth year?"

Marie regretted her words the moment she said them.

"A fourth year!" Fleur fumed as she began pacing back and forth, saying, "it is embarrassing. Ze first words out of my mouth when 'e was brought in to join ze other champions and I was 'surely you don't mean for zis little boy to compete,' and now I'm losing to 'im."

She stilled and raked her perfectly manicured nails through her long silver-gold hair. "I must learn more about 'im. I studied Krum and Diggory when I learned zat zey were my competitors because I believed zat my greatest challenge would come from zem."

"Again, only naturally," Marie piped up. "I suppose you could start by asking some of the boys in 'is year about 'im. They'll be particularly affected by you."

"'E isn't," Fleur said. "Zat should have been my first clue zat zere was more to him zan I assumed."

"Could 'e be gay?" Marie asked.

"No," Fleur replied. "'E was definitely attracted to me; couldn't keep 'is eyes from trailing to my legs and cleavage zat first day. 'E's just unaffected by ze allure."

"It's something at least," Marie murmured. "Do you want my 'elp?"

“No,” Fleur replied, “I can chat up boys alone. Zank you zough.”

“Well, I am ‘ere if you need me,” Marie said, tracing a finger along her arm, “and just now you look so tense.”

Fleur flushed, her anger melting under the heated gaze of the redhead’s bright blue eyes. There was a good reason she hadn’t lost this particular friend to jealousy about boys. She snaked her hand around Marie’s head and pulled her up to kiss her. She could begin researching her youngest competitor in the morning.

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Fleur sighed as she settled into the hot water of her bath. She would normally prefer to shower, but this bath had nothing to do with cleaning. She grabbed her golden egg and put it in the water between her feet. Learning that the unintelligible screeching the damned egg had emitted was Mermish had been disconcerting. She was already behind in the standings and would be at a severe disadvantage as a Veela if the second task took place under the lake. There was nothing to do but prepare, though, and that meant learning exactly what this apparent clue said.

“Of course a sound zat obnoxious would come from ze Merpeople,” she grumbled. Sinking her head under the water, she opened the egg.

“Come seek us where our voices sound,  
We cannot sing above the ground,  
And while you're searching ponder this;  
We've taken what you'll sorely miss,  
An hour long you'll have to look,  
And to recover what we took,  
But past an hour, the prospect's black,  
Too late, it's gone, it won't  
come back.”

She gasped as she lifted her head out of the water. That was even more ominous than she had anticipated. The task would definitely be underwater, and apparently it would involve her race’s longtime rivals directly.

*“At least it’s a few months from now,” she thought to herself. “I’ll be at a disadvantage, but I have plenty of time to prepare.”*

Getting out of the tub, she grabbed her wand from the nearby table she’d placed it on and vanished the water in the tub and on her. She got dressed quickly and entered the private

bedroom she'd been given when she was named champion. Private or not, she found that she was not alone in this instance, discovering a familiar redhead lounging on her bed.

"Zat was quick," Marie said, not even looking up from the book she was flipping through.

"I wasn't bathing; I was listening to ze egg's clue," Fleur replied.

"Did you silence ze room?" Marie asked.

"I figured out 'ow to actually listen to it. It turns out it's Mermish," Fleur replied. "I zought ze infernal screeching sounded familiar and wrote to my mama. She suggested Mermish and said to check ze 'Ogwarts library for a book on ze languages of aquatic magical creatures. She was right."

"I'll admit, zat library is better zan ours," Marie said. "Granted, it's ze only thing about zis place I can say zat about, but still."

"Well, it wasn't pillaged by Grindelwald," Fleur said dismissively.

"Touché," Marie sighed, "so what did you learn?"

"We can go over it later," Fleur replied dismissively. "I'm more interested in what you learned. You did speak to zat *bad faith* little cretin, no?"

"Yes, it turns out my blood is pure enough for ze little shit," Marie said flatly. "Zere wasn't much of value. Ze blond is a walking inferiority complex and 'ates Potter on principle. 'E was utterly delusional, convinced zat everything your vexing competition 'as or 'as accomplished is due to favoritism from 'is professors."

"Well, I can't say I expected much," Fleur sighed. "Ze rest weren't any better?"

"If ze two big ones put zeir 'eads together, zey might 'ave 'alf a brain," Marie replied, "and ze girl who spends 'er time with ze Malfoy boy doesn't seem to 'ave a single opinion of 'er own. Ze rest of ze 'ouse didn't have ze same outright animosity, but none of zem really knew much about Potter, just like ze rest of zem."

"It's infuriating," Fleur hissed. "Ze boy is a walking mass of contradictions. 'E 'as been involved in every major event zat happened in ze school since 'e arrived, but leaves little to no

impression on 'is schoolmates. 'E's been famous since before 'e could likely walk, but 'e 'as only two real friends. 'E's one of the most celebrated athletes in ze school and clearly straight, but 'e's never been seen even 'olding 'ands with a girl. We've talked to people from most of ze 'ouses in the school and gotten next to nothing, even from 'is own 'ouse."

"Its weird," Marie agreed. "If ze stories we've 'eard of 'is exploits 'ere are to be believed, and frankly, after seeing 'im out-fly a 'orntail, I could believe even ze most outlandish of zem, 'e should be a bigger presence in ze school. Are you going to talk to ze badgers?"

"It'll probably be a waste of time," Fleur groaned. "Diggory is one of zem and zey 'ave apparently been very 'ostile towards Potter for stealing zeir champion's spotlight. Its ze 'ole reason I 'aven't bothered with zem yet, but I might as well."

"Even if zey choose to speak more ill of 'im zan zey would have before ze selection, zey probably still won't be as deluded as zat pampered snake," Marie said.

"Fair point," Fleur conceded. "I guess I'll return to the library and see who I can find zere, want to come?"

"I would, but I need to finish my paper on water repelling charms," Marie said. "I'll see you at dinner."

"See you zen," Fleur said warmly as Marie left. She had a trip to the library to make. If she was lucky, she might actually learn something.

Dismissive though her reply had been, Fleur had to agree with Marie about the Hogwarts library. Her paternal grandfather had claimed that Beaubatons had been an incredible school before the war and had always lamented that his old alma mater never fully recovered. Even before the destruction that Grindelwald wreaked over France, though, Fleur had to wonder if Beaubatons' library matched its English counterpart.

*"At least they have one thing going for them,"* she thought with an inward sneer.

She surveyed the students sitting at various tables and tried to remember the few that she had bothered to learn about. She spotted Cedric Diggory sitting with a very pretty young girl of Asian descent. He gave her a nod when she caught his eye, and she smiled briefly in reply. Viktor Krum was sitting with that bushy-haired friend of Potter for some odd reason.

*"Maybe he had the same idea as me,"* she thought.

She had considered trying to get to know the boy's friends but had given up on the idea. The brunette had stuck by her friend when everyone else, even his other friend, had shunned him after his name came out of the cup, which suggested a degree of loyalty it would likely be pointless to try and undermine. If the girl turned out to be attracted to Viktor, he might have better luck, but she was neither affected by her allure nor visibly interested in women. His red-haired friend, recently returned to the fold, could barely keep his jaw off the floor when she was in his presence. That trying to get words, much less actual information, out of him would be pointless went without saying.

Eventually Fleur zeroed in on a small group of Hogwarts students, their robes accented with the yellow of the house she was seeking. They looked to be in Harry's year, she wagered, two girls and two boys. The boys were nondescript, both of them dark-haired and pale, with average heights and builds, from what she could see. The girls were more interesting, or rather one of them was. The Blonde with pigtails was pretty but unremarkable, but the redhead was so generously proportioned that even those awful robes Hogwarts students wore could not hide the swell of her breasts. She looked vaguely familiar, but Fleur couldn't place her. She clamped down on her allure as best she could and made her way over.

"Don't worry about it, Justin," one of the boys said. "Hufflepuffs always stick together."

*"Right, that's their house's name,"* she thought to herself.

"Excuse-moi," she said, "do you 'ave a minute?"

"Sure," the boy closest to her, apparently named Justin, said, earning a scowl from the redhead.

"I am looking for a book on, ow you say, aquatic magical creatures, and ze girl by ze stands said she saw a 'andsome 'Ufflepuff boy sitting with a blonde and a redhead take it," Fleur said smiling down at him, "might she 'ave meant one of you?"

"N...n...," the other boy stuttered. His friend didn't even manage that much.

"No, we're doing our Herbology homework right now," the redhead said shortly.

"Ah, such a shame," Fleur sighed, "say, 'Ufflepuff is ze 'ouse your champion is in, right? Oh, official champion anyway."

"Yeah, Cedric's one of us," the blonde replied, smiling.

"E was very impressive," Fleur said. "It's such a shame that 'e fell behind your other champion."

"Ow," Justin hissed, glaring at the redhead for just a moment before looking sheepish.

"Yeah, he shouldn't even be in the tournament," the redhead said.

"It is strange 'aving four champions in a 'Tri-Wizard Tournament'," she said. "I take it you're not a fan."

"Hufflepuff finally got one thing, and we immediately had to share it," the redhead fumed. "It's not fair."

"Well, I must admit I did not expect 'im to do so well," Fleur said. "I would say zat I underestimated 'im, but it seems zat most did. Nobody 'ear seems to really know much about 'im.

"He keeps to himself a lot," the blonde admitted. "I'm Hannah by the way, Hannah Abbott, and this is Susan Bones, Justin Finch-Fletchley and Ernie Macmillan."

*"Bones, that's why she looked familiar. Her mother is a prominent member of the government here, or no, it's her aunt."* Fleur thought.

"Charmed," she replied, "you already know, but I am Fleur Delacour. Do you 'appen to know anything about 'im. I've 'eard such bizarre tales of monsters and daring feats, 'eroic rescues, and ze like. It all seems so outlandish."

"It's all nonsense," Ernie said. "A new story comes out every year to pad his fame and justify the weird last-minute points Dumbledore always dumps into Gryffindor cause they're his favorite house. All you need to know about Potter is that he's a midling student at best who lucks his way into relevance at the end of each year. Wicked on a broom, though, I can't deny that."

"And he's fuckin dark," Justin muttered.

"Justin!" Hannah admonished.

“What?” he asked. “I don’t care what they say; no parseltongue’s ever been one of the good guys.”

Fleur’s jaw dropped.

“It’s just a stupid inherited ability,” Hannah argued. “His mum must have been a squib or something.”

“E’s a parselmouth?” Fleur managed to ask after a moment.

“Right, that’s it,” Justin said, “and yes, he is. Tried to sick a snake on me in second year.”

“Justin, you know damned well he was trying to send it back at Malfoy,” Susan said, rolling her eyes. “He was the one who sent it after Potter during their duel.”

“You didn’t have the damned thing hissing at you, Sue!” Justin said hotly. “Between that and Potter hissing at it, I barely slept for a week.”

“Excuse-Moi,” Fleur mumbled, leaving the argument behind.

She fled the library as quickly as she could and rested her back against the first wall she found once she was alone.

*“A parselmouth; he’s a damned parselmouth,”* she thought, her mind racing.

That was more impressive than outflying a dragon. They were incredibly rare: wizards and witches born with the innate ability to speak to snakes. The ability itself had few inherent uses. There were plenty of magical snakes that a parselmouth would be able to command through their unique talent, but the only truly useful ones were either heavily regulated or outright banned in virtually every magical nation on Earth. The true gift of parseltongue lay not with snakes but with sex.

Fleur shuddered as she imagined just what he would be able to do to her. Heat pooled between her thighs, and she was reminded of the only relative she knew of who had ever encountered a parselmouth. Her great-aunt Genevieve had been an outlier among their kind. Though all Veela were by nature bisexual, they tended to favor male lovers if for no other



reason than they had difficulty getting pregnant, and if they wanted to, they had to focus all of their attention on men.

Pregnancies for Veela were rare, and unlike with normal witches, who could generally have children far later than their mundane counterparts, it became more difficult as they got older. A Veela who had not had a daughter by the age of thirty would likely never manage to have one, and because their numbers were so low, most Veela felt an instinctive duty to have at least a couple children. Genevieve had been different. Although she had enjoyed male company when she was younger, she had, in her mid-twenties, taken a woman as her lover and looked nowhere else for the rest of her life.

When Genevieve died, her journals had ended up in her sister's hands, Fleur's grandmother, and she had in turn given them to her only daughter. Fleur had read them when she was younger and been fascinated by the adventurous life her great-aunt had enjoyed with her lover. Genevieve had also not held back from describing in vivid detail what her sex life with her lover Rebecca had been like. Rebecca had been a parselmouth, and Fleur had spent many a night enthralled with her great-aunt's descriptions of pleasure beyond imagining.

This Harry Potter was indeed special, possessing a gift far greater than he apparently knew. That the silly English fools around him had seen fit to shun him over it was simply proof that there was only one thing in this country worth devoting her time to other than the tournament. She knew he was attracted to her, and he was handsome, she supposed.

*"A boy so plainly inexperienced with women wouldn't interest me in the slightest normally, but this is no ordinary boy,"* she thought to herself.

Fleur stalked the halls, imagining how she might go about seducing her youngest competitor. She was by no means a virgin, like the painfully innocent fourth year clearly was, but she had very little experience with seduction. She had never needed to try to get someone's attention before, generally wishing that she would get less. From the moment her allure started to manifest, nearly every boy she came into contact with was filled with an instant desire for her. She had lost friendships with girls whose boyfriends couldn't help but gawk at her and had returned the affection of the few boys who had actually seemed worthwhile.

Harry Potter was completely resistant to her allure, however, and too shy and awkward to actually make a move on her. Fleur would need to be the pursuer for a change. It would be an entirely new experience and a challenge she would relish. First, she would just need to figure out how best to approach him before she could come up with anything.

As she was contemplating her new plan for the competitor she had been fuming about ever since the first task, she happened to spot him talking with Diggory, of all people.

"Listen, Potter," she heard Diggory say, "I owe you one for telling me about the dragons."

*"He told Diggory? Why? And why didn't his Headmaster?"* Fleur wondered.

"...Does yours wail when you open it?"

"Yeah," Harry replied.

Fleur heard someone approaching and ducked into an alcove to avoid detection, returning to where she had been spying a moment later.

"Just trust me," Diggory said, clearly replying to some question Harry had asked. "Tell you what, you can use the prefect's bathroom. It's on the fifth floor, the fourth door past that statue of Boris the Bewildered. Just say 'pine fresh' and the door will unlock."

Fleur left the pair behind, a grin slowly forming on her beautiful face. Diggory was clearly telling Harry how to listen to the egg's clue and even giving him an easy location to do it. A rather straightforward way to pay back a favor like warning your competition about the dragons you'd both be facing, but Fleur wasn't about to complain. She had been contemplating how best to go about slowly seducing Harry, but she'd happily take an opportunity like this instead. She just had to find the room Diggory had mentioned.

*"It shouldn't be difficult. How many statues could there be on the fifth floor of men who look bewildered?"* she asked herself.

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Had Harry brought Cedric's hint about what to do with the egg to Hermione, she probably would have cautioned him to learn more about the room in question or at least to pay attention to the schedule the prefects had for it. Harry had never been one to move that carefully, though, and he knew that the sooner he figured out how to get the hint the egg contained, the more time he would have to plan what he was going to do to try to survive the second task. He had at least had the wherewithal to check the map first and make sure that the room was empty. Not only had he found the room empty, but the entire corridor was, save for

Fleur Delacour, who had been speeding down the hallway for some reason. Confident that he wouldn't be interrupting anyone, he put the map away and made his way down, egg in hand.

"I really hope he isn't just screwing with me," he muttered to himself. The Hufflepuff had never seemed like the type to prank him like this, but Harry couldn't exactly say that he knew his fellow champion very well.

"Pine fresh," he murmured. As he heard the door unlock, he glared down at the egg in his hand. He had nearly died getting the bloody thing and had been nearly deafened by it for his trouble. He genuinely hoped that taking a bath with it helped.

*"It's a fake dragon egg, so maybe it just needs to be warm to open without screaming. I can't imagine what else Cedric meant by taking a bath with it."* Harry thought to himself.

Harry was so focused on the egg in his hand and his worries about the tournament that he failed to notice, until he heard the splashing of water, that he was not alone in the bathroom. He looked up just as the door closed behind him and stood spellbound by the sight before him. Fleur Delacour, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in life, was naked and wet, sitting in a tub so large it could be called a pool.

She was divine; she was a goddess; she had to be the most stunning thing that had ever existed; she was naked. That last thought finally sunk in through the lustful fog that enveloped his brain, and Harry managed, with some effort, to close his eyes.

"Oh, Fleur, I'm so sorry," he said quickly, his eyes clenching so tightly it almost hurt. "I swear, I didn't know you were in here."

Fleur giggled, and the beautiful sound made his already rock-hard cock throb painfully in his boxers.

"Oh, it's okay, 'Arry," she purred, "you can look if you like."

He was so surprised by her response that he opened his eyes again automatically, and his jaw dropped as he did. Fleur had gotten out of the tub to sit on the edge against the wall, facing him. She had crossed her legs, and he could not see between them, but every other inch of her form was on display. Her breasts were large and round, sitting high on her chest. They were the most perfect things he had ever seen. Her belly was flat and smooth, her hips were wide,

and her legs were long. As she playfully kicked a foot in his direction, he noticed that even her feet were beautiful.

*"Who has beautiful feet?"* he wondered.

"I am very proud of my body, 'Arry," Fleur said. "I do not mind showing it."

"You're perfect," he breathed. What other word could possibly do her justice? Her flawless porcelain skin, silver-gold hair, and bright blue eyes were gorgeous. The hourglass shape of her incredible body and her heart-shaped face were too incredible for words. He could not have imagined a woman who looked like her if his life depended on it a year ago.

"You are very sweet," she said. "As I said, I do not mind you seeing me like zis, but zere is one thing you could do for me in return."

"What's tha..." he tried to respond. As he spoke, she unhooked her left leg from around her right and moved it slowly over, giving him an unrestricted view of her hairless, glistening pussy. If his cock got any harder, he feared it would explode.

"You 'ave seen me, 'Arry," she purred, her gorgeous accent setting his soul on fire. She stood up then and made a show of swimming across the large tub, giving him a view of her large, round arse. As she reached the edge, she climbed out and walked until she stood just in front of him. "I 'ave not seen you zough."

"What?" he squeaked, too flabbergasted to even cringe at his voice breaking.

"It is only fair, no?" she asked, staring right in his eyes.

"You want to see me..." he trailed off.

"Naked? Yes," she replied.

*"Okay, this just isn't happening. I'm dreaming, and I'm going to wake up in a moment hating myself for waking up at the best part,"* he thought to himself.

That was the only possible explanation because things like this did not happen. Fleur Delacour was older than him, a goddess in human form, and she was even the same height as him. This had to be a dream.

“Okay,” he said, earning another beautiful laugh from her.

“You are so cute,” she said as he started getting undressed. “Surprisingly well built too.”

“Must be Quidditch,” he said as he moved. He threw his robe and jumper in a pile, tossing the egg on them, and started removing his pants. He groaned out loud when his cock was finally freed from its cloth prison.

“Mon Dieu!” she gasped.

He looked up at her in surprise and noticed for the first time that night that she had a look on her face other than calm assurance. She quickly shook it off and grinned, looking straight at his cock.

“I don’t ‘ave to ask if you like what you see,” she said teasingly.

“How could I not?” he asked.

She laughed and took a step forward. She placed a hand on his chest, and he swore he felt his whole body tingle under her touch.

“As I said, you are sweet, and cute, and sexy,” she whispered, walking her fingers up his chest as she said each word, reaching his collarbone.

“Sexy?” he asked in bewilderment.

“Very,” she purred, her face so close he could smell the mint and chocolate on her breath. “Tell me, ‘Arry, do you want me?”

Fuck, he loved the way she said his name. He gave her only the slightest nod before she pounced, snaking her arms around his neck and pressing her lips to his. It was like nothing he had ever experienced, wonderful in a way he had never fathomed. He felt her press her tongue to his lips and opened them eagerly to let her in. His hands found her back and he pressed her tighter to him. He couldn’t get too close to her. He didn’t want there to be a millimetre of air between her body and his. His cock pressed against her flat belly, and he groaned.

And came.

He tried desperately to stop but couldn't even begin to figure out how. He buried his face in her wet blonde hair and moaned in her ear. Spurt after spurt of cum shot from his cock like a geyser, his shame coating her neck and breasts. He let her go as it finished and just stared blankly forward. He couldn't move, couldn't speak, couldn't think. He could only stare at nothing and pray to whatever was out there that the Earth would swallow him whole. Shame and humiliation consumed him, and he felt his eyes sting.

"It's so good," he heard Fleur moan through his daze.

His eyes came into focus, and he noticed that Fleur had taken a step back from him and was scooping his cum off her body with his fingers and eating it. Despite himself, he felt his cock twitch at the sight.

"And so much," she cooed.

It seemed that Fleur had been in a daze herself, for she only then saw how utterly dejected he looked.

"Silly boy, zere's nothing to be ashamed of," she said. "I am Veela. I would be insulted if you were not excited. Zat will improve with time and experience."

She stroked his cheek with the hand she hadn't been using to clean herself, and he couldn't help but lean into her touch.

"Still, I'm sorry about that," he murmured.

"Don't be," she replied. "I do not mind being coated in a boy's cum, especially when it is as delicious as yours."

He felt invigorated by her words and was thankful that he was completely naked. If he wasn't, he might seriously have run from the room after that.

"Besides," Fleur said coyly, "zis just means zat you will last longer when you are inside me."

"You want to..." he went to ask.

"Very much," she replied.

His cock returned to its fully hard state in an instant.

She looked down and smiled, saying, “see, zat didn’t matter at all. Come, join me in ze tub.”

He would have joined her in Azkaban just then if she’d asked. He followed her to the tub and got inside, enjoying the perfectly warm water. The second they were both in the water, she kissed him again, shoving her tongue in his mouth to coax his own out to play. He did his best to follow her lead and do what she did, having no other idea what to do. The maddening arousal he had felt before hadn’t returned, but he was still careful not to press his cock against her again, just in case. As her hands started exploring his back, though, his own snaked down to her perfect ass. She moaned into his mouth as he squeezed.

“Just a minute,” she said, breaking off the kiss. She reached for her wand and wordlessly vanished the cum off of her tits, neck, and chin. She set her wand back down and reached for his hands, bringing them to her newly cleaned breasts.

He squeezed lightly, earning a sigh from Fleur, and on instinct, he circled one of her nipples with a rough, calloused thumb. They were incredibly firm and perky, but they felt so soft under his touch, the beautiful flesh yielding under his fingers. He felt her hands on his head for just a second before she dragged him down to her breasts.

“Kiss them, lick them, do what you like, but no teeth,” she instructed.

He wrapped his lips around one of her large pink nipples and flicked his tongue over the hard nub. When Fleur moaned, he switched to the other one and followed suit. From there, he peppered kisses all over the large, creamy breasts. He lifted the heavy mounds to kiss and lick under them, and buried his face between them. He never wanted this to end. Fleur, meanwhile, just leaned back against the edge of the tub and let him worship her to his heart’s content. After a few minutes of this, he felt her hands leave his head and saw her reach behind her. She pulled herself up until she was sitting on the edge and opened her legs for him to see.

From how he was positioned in the tub, Harry ended up nearly eye level with Fleur’s perfect pussy. He had never seen one in his life, never had an opportunity in real life, and the one time he had been brave enough to look at the magazine he’d found in Dudley’s room, the models in it had been too hairy for him to make out any details. Fleur didn’t have a single hair on her sex, though. She didn’t seem to have a single hair below her head, actually.

“Arry,” she said, drawing his attention away from her beautiful, glistening nether lips, “you are quite big, and I don’t know ‘ow well I’ll be able to take you.”

“Really?” he asked, surprised. He didn’t know how big cocks usually were, and he hadn’t exactly paid attention to his dormmates.

“Qui,” she replied, “and it would ‘elp if you were to make me wetter first.”

“How?” Harry asked.

“Lick,” Fleur replied, settling her feet on his shoulders for a moment and pointing at her pussy. “This being your first time, just lick, and kiss as you like, and I will tell you if it is good or not. When I tell you to focus on zis, zough,” she paused and pointed at a little nub poking out of what looked like a fleshy hood, “do so.”

He grasped her thick thighs in his hands and brought his head down to her pussy. He sniffed as subtly as he could and found a pleasant, heady aroma that made his cock throb.

He tentatively trailed his tongue from the bottom of her pussy to the top. The taste was quite mild, a little salty and slightly tangy, nothing he minded in the slightest. He brushed his tongue back down and kept that up for a few passes.

When he tried to stick his tongue inside her, she objected, “a little ‘igher.”

He moved higher, as she said, and decided to try the spot she had pointed out before. She hadn’t mentioned it yet, but it was worth seeing how she reacted. Her thighs tightened around his head, and she moaned when he flicked his tongue against the little nub.

“Zat is my clit ‘Arry,” she said, her voice sounding breathier than it had been. “It is very sensitive, so be gentle zere for now.”

He quickly figured out a rhythm, making teasing little licks up and down her pussy and swirling his tongue quickly and lightly around his clit each time he reached it. He had no idea if this was good or not, but she was moaning and digging her fingers into his scalp, so he figured he couldn’t be that bad.

After a while, she spoke up, “Arry, I ‘eard a rumor zat you are a parselmouth; is zat true?”



He looked up in surprise and said, “um, yeah, but I swear it doesn’t mean anything.”

She laughed and raked her nails along the side of his scalp. “I know zat; I just wanted to know if you could speak ze language on command.”

“I usually need to see a snake for it to work,” he replied, “or an image of a snake.”

“Ave you tried doing it while thinking of one?” Fleur asked.

“I can try,” Harry said with a shrug. “Be warned, though; I have no idea when I’m doing it. It sounds like English to me.”

“Curious,” she said.

He tried thinking of a snake and said, “is this parseltongue?”

“No, still English,” she said.

He tried thinking of a different snake and tried again, “now?”

Fleur just shook her head.

He tried a few different snakes, getting the same answer each time. Just as he was about to suggest that they give up and get back to the far more enjoyable things they were just doing, he tried thinking of the basilisk.

“Now?”

Fleur gasped “zat’s it!”

“You are the only person who has ever sounded excited about it,” he commented.

“It is a fascinating ability,” Fleur said, “ze way your tongue practically vibrates while you do it...”

She trailed off and suddenly looked as though a strange thought had occurred to her.

“Say, do you zink you could try speaking it against my, ‘ow do you English say it, cunt?” she asked.

That surprised him. "You think that would be good?"

"I zink it would be very good," she said enthusiastically. "As I say, your tongue vibrates. Just do it against my clit, and keep it up until I tell you to stop."

He moved his head back between her legs and brought his mouth to her pussy. Imagining the basilisk in his mind's eye, he started speaking right to her wet cunt.

*"I'm not really sure what to say,"* he began. The effect was immediate, as he felt Fleur's thighs wrap tightly around his head and heard her scream so loudly that he was glad for the earmuffs. He went to stop, but remembered what she had said about continuing until she said something, and went back to speaking to her.

*"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen; it practically hurts to look at you. I have no idea what the hell you see in me, if this is some ploy about the tournament, or if I'm even awake right now, but if you actually want to date me, I swear I'll be a good boyfriend. I don't actually know how, but I'll learn."*

All through this, Fleur continued to scream and convulse under him. He tightened his grip on her hips to hold her steady. When she started to gush fluid from her quivering pussy, he took a break for just a second to collect the tangy nectar into his mouth and went back.

*"Not really sure what else to say. To be or not to be, that is the question. Whether tis nobler...how the hell does the rest of it go?"*

As Harry tried to remember Hamlet, Fleur's screaming stopped, and her thighs' grip on his head went slack. He moved away from her, rubbing his aching jaw, and saw that Fleur had collapsed on her back.

"Fleur!" he cried, jumping out of the tub and kneeling by her head.

"So good!" she gasped. She looked delirious as she lay there panting for breath and staring at the ceiling with wide, unfocused eyes. Her face and chest were flushed red, and her body was still shaking. He cupped her cheek in his hand and waved his other hand over her eyes.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

When she didn't answer, he felt his heart lurch in his chest. Just as he started contemplating having the most awkward conversation he had ever had with Madame Pomfrey, Fleur grabbed his wrist. She blinked a few tears from her eyes and sat up shakily.

"C'était incroyable," she whimpered. "Tu es un trésor, mon trésor."

"Um, what?" he asked.

Rather than answer, she grabbed his head and kissed him passionately. This was wilder than their other kisses, almost manic. Harry supposed that she liked her taste as much as he did. When they broke apart for air, she trailed kisses along his cheek and down his neck. He cried out when she gently sank her teeth into his pulse point.

"I am going to fuck you until your balls are drained dry," she vowed. The look in her eyes was wild, and Harry found himself amazed that it alone didn't make him cum again.

She straddled him and grabbed his cock gently, tenderly lifting it to line up with her sopping wet pussy. Once his bulbous head was nestled between her nether lips at just the right spot, she sank down in one smooth motion.

Harry hissed as she enveloped him, wondering how he didn't cum the second his cock slid inside her. He had no words to describe how wonderful she felt around him, so hot, and wet, and tight. He didn't know if Veela's pussies were naturally better than other women's; he had nothing to compare her to, but all he knew was that the soft, warm walls clinging to every bit of his cock like a glove were a paradise he never wanted to leave. She felt like she had been made just for him, and he only hoped that she felt the same.

Her perfect, full lips formed a beautiful o as she took him in, and she closed her eyes for a moment. As it passed, she opened them again to stare down at him, that same wild look in the blue orbs.

"Magnifique," she cooed. "So big."

His heart soared at her words, and he brought his hands to her hips, desperate to hold her in any way he could. Her hands found his chest, and she grinned down at him as she started to move. If he thought being inside Fleur was the most wonderful thing he had ever experienced, having her ride him was even better. The feeling of her incredible pussy squeezing him as she fucked him, stimulating him in ways that drove him wild, the sight of her perfect breasts

bouncing on his chest in time with her movements, and the sound of her moaning were too much. He was going to cum; he didn't know how he hadn't already, but he knew he couldn't let it happen. He bit his lip and strained, trying to hold on and at least make her cum first.

"No, no, none of that," she said. "Let go, mon tresor."

"But...I..." he barely managed to argue.

"Cum!" That one word, said as a clear demand, while her crystal blue eyes bore into his own, was enough.

Harry yelped as he came harder than he ever had in his life. A whirlwind of pleasure consumed him so much that he thought it might not ever end. He painted her pussy white, spurt after spurt of cum shooting deep within her until it finally stopped. He collapsed on his back, his heart beating out of his chest as he panted for breath.

"So much cum," Fleur purred, still squeezing and milking his softening length, "such a wonderful stud you will be, mon tresor."

Harry didn't know how exactly that was true; he couldn't have lasted a minute inside her, but as he lay there, dazed and happier than he had ever felt, his mushy mind couldn't be arsed to question it. If the beautiful, smiling woman still straddling him was happy with him, then he was happy.

He felt it then, a gentle warmth that sang to him on a level so deep he couldn't explain it and tugged at the edges of his mind. It was a gentle caress, a warm hug, and a promise of sin all wrapped up in one. Fleur's allure pressed down on him, and though he knew he could resist if he wanted to, like with the Imperius, he chose not to. As he let her in, he felt suddenly invigorated; a second wind breathed into him. His cock, slowly softening inside Fleur, surged back to full mast in seconds. He moaned and looked up at her in question.

"I promised to fuck you until your balls were empty, 'Arry," Fleur said with a grin, "and I always keep my promises."

Harry's eyes went wide as she started to ride him again. No longer worried about his own shortcomings, if she could keep him hard as long as she liked, he focused entirely on Fleur. He cupped one of her breasts and brought his other hand to where they were linked, stroking her clit with his thumb. Fleur cried out and looked at him in surprise. She took the hand by her

pussy and put his thumb in her mouth, swirling her tongue around and soaking the digit before placing it back on her clit.

“Just like zat ‘Arr,” she purred.

He stroked her clit with short, gentle movements and brought one of her nipples to his mouth. Thinking about the basilisk again, he said, *“I hope this works as well.”*

“Fuck ‘Arry,” Fleur moaned, “zat feels so good.”

It didn’t make her cum immediately, but it was something at least. He switched to the other nipple and spoke to it in the snake language, all while playing with her clit and trying to hold off his next orgasm. Her pussy still felt incredible, but he had cum not long ago and didn’t feel that close again yet.

Fleur buried her fingers in his hair and held his head against her breasts. Her breathing was quicker and more erratic, and she had started grinding on his cock instead of bouncing. Harry suspected she was getting close and was determined not to cum again until he’d made this goddess scream his name. After a few minutes, his own orgasm was fast approaching, and he grew desperate.

“Keep going, keep going, just a little more,” she babbled, starting to fuck him faster and faster.

“Cum for me, luv,” he practically begged, “cum, I’m close too.”

“ARRY!” she wailed, breaking just a second before he did.

Fleur’s pussy clenched around his cock almost painfully and drove him over the edge. He groaned as he came again, his orgasm no less powerful than the last one. Her screams echoed through the room, drowning out his strangled groans. When it finally ended, the pair collapsed in each other’s arms, too tired to move a muscle as they came down from their highs.

“Incroyable,” she whispered, her voice filled with awe.

“Incredible is right,” he said. “That is what that means, right?”

“Qui,” she laughed, “I shall ‘ave to teach you to speak a real language.”

He snorted at the dig at English before he realized what that implied: “does that mean you want to keep...erm...spending time together?”

She giggled and lifted herself up to look at him. “I want to do more zan zat.”

“Why me?” He couldn’t help but ask.

“You are ‘andsome, sweet, and funny,” she replied. “You ‘ave a magnificent cock, and your tongue is genuinely magical. Do I need to say more?”

“No, but I wouldn’t stop you,” he joked, smiling widely.

“I should probably stop,” she said with a grin. “I wouldn’t want your ‘ead to swell too much, zis one any way.”

He shivered as he felt her run a nail through his hair. “Does this mean you want to be my girlfriend?”

“We’re both going to be very busy with the tournament, and I know zat Madame Maxime would be furious to learn zat I was dating ze competition,” she replied carefully, “but I zink we could be fuck buddies.”

He felt his cock twitch at her words, and she must have as well because the grin on her face turned feral.

“I’m surprised a girl as beautiful as you doesn’t have a boyfriend already,” he said, hoping she’d mention if there was anyone else.

“I suspect you are going to be ze first one I’ve ever ‘ad more than once,” she said. “Its ‘ard to find a boy ‘oose brain does not turn to mush in my presence much less in my bed. To actually make me cum on your cock, zat is special indeed.”

“Really?” he asked. It had taken every ounce of willpower he had at the end there, but he didn’t think it would be impossible for more experienced guys.

“Qui,” she said, “ze only other lover I’ve ever had ‘oo pleased me is my best friend, and I ‘ave never cum as hard as I did when you ate me out.”

“Your best friend?” he asked. She had just said she’d never had anyone more than once.

“Marie,” Fleur replied.

His jaw dropped and his cock hardened faster than it ever had in his life.

Fleur laughed out loud. “Ze image of me and another girl turns you on zat much? Marie ‘as never cared for boys or men, but maybe if I explain ze wonders of parseltongue she could be tempted.”

He flipped her on her back and tried to position his cock at her pussy. She laughed again and grabbed his cock to help him.

“You are full of surprises, ‘Arry,” Fleur purred.

“I love the way you say my name,” Harry said.

“Well, you’re going to ‘ear it often, mon tresor,” she replied, “now fuck me.”

He pushed inside with a groan and worked to find a rhythm. If she wanted him as a fuck buddy, that was okay with him, but he hoped she’d want more eventually, and if learning how to fuck her properly helped with that, then that would be a fantastic bonus for what she apparently had in mind.

Kinky ‘Claws by Gregor Copland

Padma and Hermione, already in costume for the show, were now relaxing on a couch at the edge of the set. Across the studio Harry and Penny were avidly watching the Quidditch European Champions League final. They spotted Penny’s shoulder moving, she was clearly multi-tasking. Suddenly Luna flopped down over both their laps.

“Can Penny not wait?”

Luna smiled up at them.

“No, there are several bets between them. While the Danish team are leading Penny has to give Harry a handjob and every time they score a goal he gets a quick knobbler. And it is the reverse

for the Spanish side, fingering and muff-diving. The team leading at half-time determines the forfeit.”

“Luna, even I know there is not half time in Quidditch.”

“So do they Hermione. But Harry is mundane-raised and Penny is mundane-born. It is the score after 45 minutes, just as in football.”

“What are the forfeits?”

Luna’s smile was an answer in itself.

“If the Spanish side are leading after 45 minutes then Penny wants Harry to bugger her with the Electro-Stim dildo in her pussy.”

All three of them smirked.

“Not tied up as well?”

“No, she was worried about marks, distractions during the broadcast.”

“And if the Danish team are leading, what does Harry want?”

“A cuddle.”

“A cuddle?”

“Yes, that is why Penny is so excited. She is desperate for the Spanish side to get ahead. As she put it ‘none of this romantic crap!’.”

Smirks turned to laughter.

“Anyway, I am bored so you need to tell me a story. Tell me again about life at Hogwarts after I left.”

“We have told you that story hundreds of times.”

“I know, but it is my favourite.”

Neither Padma nor Hermione were upset at the request. They knew it was important to Luna.

“We were the third class group that started Hogwarts at 13 rather than 11. St. Mungo’s tried to force the entry age up to 15 but this was the compromise. The research into unstable magical cores had been ignored for years, but of course once a scion of a pureblood house had lost his magic, then it was an immediate issue that needed to be dealt with. So Padma and I were part of that intake. Harry was sorted into Gryffindor with me while Padma went to Ravenclaw. I met Padma on the second day at the castle, in the Library.”



“Surprise, surprise.”

“Exactly. Despite her twin being in my dorm the two of us hit it off immediately. Before classes even started we had a study buddy. You know all Harry’s adventures during these first three years, the Troll, the Basilisk, all the Dementors, I am not going to repeat them all. Those three years were exciting, so many new things to learn, yet at the same time they were tough for a lot of reasons as well. Pads, you take over for a while.”

“Boys and girls arriving at the age of 13 is tough, everyone in the throes of puberty. Some coped with it well, some badly, it was a real mess. When we arrived there were girls already starting to come into their figures. Some of them coped with it well, or at least dealt with it better than others. People like Daphne and Lavender spring to mind. Daphne scared all the boys and Lavender was happy to flirt her way through school. On the other hand Susan and Hannah were terribly self-conscious of their figures and took much longer to deal with the staring. And then there those like Hermione and myself that had no figure at all. And after three full years there, we were still these androgynous stick insects. Third year was tough, we hid in the Library all the time. But then it all changed. Still to this day we do not know for sure, but our best guess is the Dementor trying to kiss Harry did something to Voldemort’s soul piece, letting more of the real Harry shine through. One day in August I had arranged to meet Hermione in Diagon Alley for our books and supplies. Harry was there with the Weasleys the same time, just a coincidence.”

Padma stopped and smiled at the memory. Hermione jumped back in.

“In seven weeks Harry had changed. He had not changed much physically but his presence was much larger. And when he saw Padma and I, oh Luna neither of us will ever forget that smile. I rushed to him and rather than me hug him as usual, he initiated the hug. And gestured to Padma to come for a hug as well. With both of us in his arms he had us off the ground, spinning us round. It was such a simple thing, but to this day I am sure that he kick-started puberty for both of us. The green eyes, the smile, the hair, the big carefree hug.”

Luna knew every detail of the story and smiled as, on cue, Hermione smiled and sighed. Padma tagged back in.

“And four days later Harry saved your Mum.”

Luna nodded.

“One more minute and she would have died. Harry had been playing Quidditch out the back of the Burrow and heard the explosion. I knew he was powerful but for the first time I saw it myself. Only Harry could apparate to St. Mungo’s without ever taking a lesson. Or splinching himself. Both Daddy and I were panicking but doing nothing, Harry just turned up, grabbed

Mummy and popped away. By the time Daddy apparated us there she was already being worked on.”

There was a reason Luna was devoted to Harry.

“Her recovery was going to take several years and it was then that I dropped out of Hogwarts, I wanted to be there to help her and I could get home-schooled just as easily.”

Both Padma and Hermione caressed Luna’s body, Hermione kissing Luna’s nipples, Padma her thighs. They smiled as Luna arched her back.

“Carry on with the story please.”

“Some of our classmates had managed to navigate the hormonal mess that is puberty before they even started Hogwarts. We had observed the others do the same thing over the previous three years. We are being drama queens to say that we were the last two young women in our year to go through puberty but it sure felt like it. I am an identical twin but even Parvati was through it. Regardless, 4<sup>th</sup> year was, well I have used the words already, a hormonal mess. Harry was in the tournament, we were his closest support since Ron was being an arse as usual. And every time we saw Harry our bodies just dumped an overdose of hormones into our system. From the second day of term I masturbated every day of the whole school year. And I only won second prize, as Lady Potter over there couldn’t even last one day.”

They all laughed.

“It was probably just as well that we were in separate houses, in separate dorms. If we had been in the same dorm we would have become lovers so much sooner. Fifth year started and everything changed, and for the better. Hermione’s birthday was on the 19<sup>th</sup>, mine one week later. On Hermione’s birthday we had hugged and for the first time she kissed me. It was more than a peck but less than a snog. And although we blushed I could tell that it meant something. Fast forward one week and it was now my birthday. I had spent part of the intervening week searching for somewhere private in the castle. And had found an old set of quarters for a professor. Many scourgifys later and I had a clean couch in a forgotten room.”

“I had no idea where Padma was taking me but when I saw the room, and saw her lacing all the locking, silencing and privacy spells together, well more than a year of teenage hormones finally found an outlet. You have seen us together many times, but nothing will top that first time. I still have Padma’s blouse, the one I tore off her body. There was no gentle exploration, no verbal communication, none of that. We locked the other’s head between our thighs and just did not let go. Fuck me it was awesome.”

Padma and Luna giggled, it was always so funny to hear Hermione swear.

“It was the first time either of us got detention in more than four years. We stayed there all night.”

Padma’s eyes grew distant as she reminisced.

“My very first taste of Hermione.”

The two of them kissed, hands on each other rather than Luna. Finally they parted.

“5<sup>th</sup> year was tough, you heard all about the UmBitch. Hermione helped Harry as much as she could and we both helped with the DA. What became apparent to us both was that we checked out women much more than men. Both of us had an enormous crush on Harry but were too shy to say anything. So our pillow talk was all the other women in our year, and the two years above us. We had so many of them in our bed over the year, at least in our imaginations.”

“What we did not realise was that we were not the only ones with a crush. Harry had a crush on both of us as well. And was equally shy in expressing it. So all three of us spent the whole of 5<sup>th</sup> year crushing on each other but doing nothing about it.

“The summer after 5<sup>th</sup> year was terrible, again no need to repeat it all. I was with Harry for most of the fight against Voldemort and sat beside his bed when he was in a coma after the final battle. But I had to return to Hogwarts before he woke, despite making a hell of a fuss to be allowed to stay with him. As a result, the first two weeks of 6<sup>th</sup> year were tough, trying to focus a real challenge. But then one evening the doors opened and there he was, the green-eyed god himself.”

Huge smiles all round.

“it took three days for all the immediate fuss to die down, but finally Padma and I were able to get some time with him alone. We took him to what was now our own room, where we could study and make out. There was not much to say, I had been with him until the final fight and he had been in a coma. But it was good to have him close. And that night both Padma and I realised he had changed.”

“Defeating a Dark Lord would give anyone confidence but with Harry it was more than that. With the piece of Voldemort’s soul out of his head at last he no longer needed glasses and those green eyes were hypnotic. We had been sitting on either side of him on the couch and suddenly he lifted us onto his lap, Hermione on his right thigh, me on his left. And I swear I heard a click, three pieces of a jigsaw fitting together. It was at that point that the kissing started.”

Dreamy smiles until Luna poked them both with her finger.

“Okay, we will stop being all soppy. He kissed me while caressing Padma’s arse, he kissed Padma while caressing my arse and he caressed both our arses while we kissed each other. We talked many times over the following weeks but it was just talking about what we were doing rather than agonising over it. But without doubt the best thing that happened that year was Halloween. Rather than an attempt on Harry’s life like so many others we found the book. It was a rite of passage for all students to read ‘The Magick of Sex’, Madam Pince just rolls her eyes and tries not to smirk. But the last page refers to the mythical ‘Taboo Magick of Sex’, the follow up book. Which had been lost for hundreds of years, no known copies in existence.”

More smirks between the three of them.

“Other than in the Room of Requirement of course. When we discovered it that night after the feast we were so excited. And that excitement quickly faded as we realised that half of the chapters were copies of things that were well-known, there was nothing new. But the second half of the book was full of potions, rituals and runes with all sort of sexual powers. We smuggled the book out of the castle and into the library at Grimmauld Place, agreeing to wait until the summer to even think about using it.

“The rest of 6<sup>th</sup> year and 7<sup>th</sup> year was relentlessly intense. And it was a conscious choice. Unlike so many other wizards, hell mundanes are just as bad, Harry was not intimidated by intelligent women. We asked him one night when the three of us were in bed and he said his biggest turn on was exactly that, intelligence. He encouraged us to keep working on our project, helped us where he could, often with money to buy components that we kept frying in our testing. Perhaps the best thing he did was force us to take regular breaks so that we did not burn out.”

“When did you talk about kinks?”

“At some point early-ish in 6<sup>th</sup> year. His two nerdy girlfriends had no experience other than with each other, and now with him, but we had both read a lot of racy fiction. Hermione found a couple of books hidden in her mother’s bedside cabinet and each holiday we would go to the mundane bookshops and find more. At 16 we had very kinky imaginations for a couple of virgins. Harry talked with us about them and then started to act them out.”

“The first one?”

Hermione blushed and the other two chuckled.

“You know I have an exhibitionist streak, it could not be clearer given what we are about to do in an hour’s time. In 6<sup>th</sup> year it was still nascent. One day we were studying in one of the more hidden corners of the library and Harry asked me to give him a blow job. Right there, in the library, the risk of being seen, being caught. I of course blushed like a tomato. But I also slid under the table, pulled his cock from his trousers and tried to swallow it whole. It was so hot.”

“And it wasn’t just Hermione. When she crawled under the table it was such a turn on for me. There we were, Charms textbooks on the table, Harry chatting to me without a care in the world, and yet under the table Hermione is blowing him and I have my fingers stuffed in my knickers.”

Hermione and Padma kissed gently.

“The library was the scene of most of our early adventures. Harry fucked each of us on a table there, the third person pretending to study while the other two fucked under his cloak.”

The story was interrupted by a groan from Penny.

“Bloody Spanish team. I only needed two more goals! Cuddles!”

Luna hopped off their laps with a smile on her face.

“Where are you going?”

“To help Harry. Penny is getting cuddles, while ‘suffering’ under her forfeit.”

Less than a minute later they heard Penny squeal.

“Oh, you devious man. Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

“Thanked three times, she must be extra horny.”

The two of them sat on the couch and watched as Penny jumped into Harry’s lap, squirming about before lowering herself onto his fat solid cock. She looked like she was stepped into a warm bath at the end of the day, closing her eyes and sighing. But then Luna knelt between both their legs and inserted the Electro-Stim into Penny’s pussy.

“Do you want the controller Harry?”

“No Luna my love, you can have it. Come and cuddle up beside me.”

Penny’s torment was simple. Luna held the slide control for the current and every so often Harry would tickle her. Luna, being the most ticklish person on the planet, squirmed and squealed and could not stop her fingers from moving. The current flowed and Penny twitched in Harry’s lap. But there was no scream or cry, just a long deep guttural moan. Penny was already well on the way to sub-space.

“Did you ever worry we would be jealous about other women?”

“At first I was. Too many years of being casually, and cruelly, dismissed. Even at the very start I trusted Harry more than I trusted myself. Deep down I knew he would not discard us, but it did not stop me worrying. You?”

“The same. But after the ritual it was clear very quickly that we needed help.”

Hermione laughed.

“What was it? 10 days he did not let us leave the bedroom except to go to the bathroom.”

“We had our honeymoon years before the wedding. But then one day Luna turned up at the door and everything changed.”

“It did. Neither of us countenanced Divination and in walks our own little seer. She sat there and proceeded to tell us that Harry would have six wives and that she wanted to be number three. Despite the fact that neither of us had married Harry yet, so there was not even a number one or two.”

Despite being 22 year old women they giggled like schoolboys.

“And yet as soon as she told us, it made sense. I did not have a sense of worry, frankly I was grateful for the help. And she did that simple diagram. Harry in the centre, a Potter family on the right, a Black family on the left. Each of us with a consort and a concubine. The consort was married to Harry but the children would continue her family name, the same with the concubine. And she had even selected her position, Luna Lovegood Consort to House Potter.”

“None of the three of us thought that the tough one to persuade would be Harry.”

“It took all of our feminine wiles to seduce him, bring him round to the idea.”

They both laughed, but they knew the truth. Luna’s heartfelt plea to Harry. He was a big softy and have caved almost immediately.

“We have talked about this many times, but do you think Luna knew and knows who the other three are?”

“She ‘saw’ Penny and told Harry to go and rescue her. She was struggling against her true nature and once with us she could finally accept and acknowledge to herself that she was very submissive. We have not formalised it yet but it is pretty clear that Susan Bones is the same. Penny is the Black concubine and Susan will be the Potter one. So I think it is the nature of the woman rather than the specific.”

“The Black consort?”

“Harry will want to make it a statement.”

Padma nodded in agreement.

“Who then?”

“If I had to guess then someone like Angelina Johnson.”

“Another minority?”

Hermione nodded.

“You saw and heard the outrage when he married you and made you Lady Black. And Penny, a mundane born as the House Black concubine.”

Padma giggled.

“Lady Black who is brown, and Consort Black that is black. The old pureblood geezers will have heart attacks.”

“Good!”

“If not Angie then any other guesses.”

Before Hermione could reply there was a cheer from the television.

“Jesper Arneson has caught the snitch. For the first time the winner of the Quidditch European Champions League final is the Danish side Dybdykkers.”

With Hermione distracted Padma palmed her wand, ‘Petrificus Totalus’. Leaving her on the couch Padma walked to the control room.

She tuned out the noise coming from the displays and turned to house elves manning (elfing?) the control room.

“15 minutes for the presentations and then we will be live.”

What the magical world did not know was that Padma and Hermione were the two richest witches in the world. They had invented, and patented, magical satellite television. Witches and wizards throughout the world had become captivated by this new, to them, invention. It was comforting to realise that magicals were no different than mundanes; the top three program categories were sport, soap operas and porn. Padma left the control room and levitated Hermione over to a frame completely covered in runes. She carefully buckled cuffs round Hermione’s wrists and ankles before releasing the spell.

“Padma! What are you doing?”

Instead of answering Padma tapped her wand to a runic sequence on the frame and the straps with the cuffs on the end slowly but inexorably tightened until Hermione was spread-eagled in the frame, the Vitruvian Man made flesh in the form of a stunning 22 year old woman. Padma sidled up behind her sister wife running her hands over her body.

“Stop asking so many questions or I will go and find a ball-gag.”

Hermione’s trademark stream of questions screeched to a halt. She did not like ball-gags.

“Harry and I have been planning a surprise for you, this evening is all for you. Penny and Luna have been working for more than a year trying to perfect this frame and these costumes. On the underside of all our bodysuits are more runes, hundreds of them. The whole apparatus, including these suits, are a masterpiece of Arithmancy, Runes and Potions. They are designed to draw out, and then enhance, all our deepest sexual fantasies. They are individualised and are activated with our pussy juice.”

Padma casually tapped her wand to a prominent rune sequence and Hermione stiffened in surprise and then groaned helplessly.

“It is working, great.”

Padma stepped over and through the straps and kissed her closest friend, her sister wife. It was a deep, long snog.

“Wow. Well that has calmed me down. Not!”

Padma laughed and returned to cuddling in behind Hermione.

“That was to apologise. Because Consort Black has been chosen. Look in the shadows between those two cameras.”

Hermione peered past the lights into the gloom and then gasped. Standing there naked was Tonks. And right then and there, before her very eyes she watched Tonks morph into. Hermione sagged into the frame, her heart trying to burst out of her chest and pussy juice flowing down her thigh.

“I see that you are as smart as ever. I know all your fantasies and you get to live them for the rest of our lives. But tonight Hermione, Lady Potter, you are going to get DP’ed right here in this studio and it is going to be shown around the world. If we can edit out all the magic then it could be shown not just to the millions in the magical world but the billions in the mundane world.”

Padma held Hermione’s diamond hard nipples between her fingers, caressing them gently.

“Sometimes I think we are the same soul in two bodies. When we go live I am going to walk over there and get spit-roasted by the two of them. And you are going to watch me, and them, while the frame charges your bodysuit completely. When it is fully charged the cuffs automatically release and I expect that you will charge over there, throw me out of the way and fulfil your fantasy.”

Hermione felt her blood was on fire, every cell in her body demanding sexual release. She barely noticed Padma inserted a plug in her arse. It was only when the ‘engorgio’ spell started



that she was aware of it. Her awareness suddenly focused on it, to the exclusion of everything else.

“Just a little thing to keep you distracted. Tonks will be on her back and you will just drop down on her, the plug making everything tight. You will feel Harry edging closer between the two pairs of legs and then the elves will zoom in tight. This grossly engorged plug will be pulled from your arse and Harry’s long, fat, solid cock will replace it. They will zoom out and everyone will see.”

Hermione was hyperventilating, her eyes closed, her deepest fantasy playing on a screen only she could see.

“We are live.”

With a final kiss Padma walked onto the set. She kissed Harry, and then kissed ‘Harry’ on the tip of his metamorphed dick. Hermione’s mind was just an endless scroll of memories, desires, fantasies, and the real-life debauchery in front of her. Harry had a hold on Padma’s hips and was fucking her hard. Harry that was really Tonks was demonstrating a very masculine frame of mind, her dick all the way down Padma’s throat, the bulge obvious. And Luna, the least dominant person on the planet, was giving lie to that statement by flogging Penny with gusto.

Suddenly all four cuffs released and Hermione stumbled out of the frame. When Luna saw Hermione was ready she dropped the flogger and picked up a vial. Chugging it back Hermione watched as Luna too morphed into another Harry.

She ran towards the action, desperate to start. She was going to be airtight.....

Carrot and Stick By Stonebrow

ProfessorQuill wanted stories to be one-shots, but forgot to put that into the rules, so I had two chapters. I am only submitting the first chapter, but you can find the second chapter at [https://archiveofourown.org/users/Clever\\_Avatar\\_Name/profile](https://archiveofourown.org/users/Clever_Avatar_Name/profile) after the contest finishes.

For the purposes of this story, Hogwarts doesn’t enroll students until they are fourteen, making everyone in Harry’s graduating class eighteen at this point in the plot. Harry will be turning nineteen in July, and Hermione turned nineteen during the school year.

As everyone is older, this is technically AU and both Harry and Hermione are more mature than they would be at this point in the plot normally.

I originally wanted this to be just Harry/Narcissa, but ended up pulling a ProfessorQuill and added Hermione in chapter two. Well, what can you do?

Harry/Narcissa leading to Harry/Hermione/Narcissa with *light* Dom themes, some ara ara energy, and a soupçon of political intrigue, with much more if I continue it. No character bashing, though we don't see much of Ron so far.

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Chapter 1  
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Narcissa looked down her long, stocking-clad, leg to see the Boy-Who-Lived looking up at her.

"I can only blame those abominable people you call your relatives for your shocking lack of manners."

"You won't hear me defending—" Harry was cut off as her foot slid up his chest and across his face, pressing against his nose painfully for a moment before she rested her heel on his forehead.

"You're fairly bright. But such an uncultured, undisciplined, *animal*."

Harry's fierce gaze snapped up to her face at the word. She was certain he'd been focused on her panties. She'd be most disappointed if he hadn't been, her dress wasn't long enough to hide them with her legs this far apart.

She held his challenging stare for several seconds before the boy- young man now-swallowed and looked back up her dress.

"It seems to me, Mister Potter, you have never had any incentives for obeying. The occasional punishment for failure to behave, to be sure, but far more often you've been rewarded for misbehaving."

Harry said nothing. She could practically feel his eyes stuck on the damp spot of her underwear. The thought of it was certainly making it bigger.

"This isn't your fault. I can only blame the terrible state of the school. It's gone downhill so much since my own time there."

Her foot slid back down over his belly, and she smirked at the sharp intake of his breath as her foot slid over the bulge in his trousers.

"Sadly, even as a Professor, there's only so much I can do. But since it's summer break, I can't even do that, now can I?"

Her toes spread slightly, and pressed against the bulge of his cock, making him hiss.

"So it seems to me that you need incentives to behave, do you not?"

Her toes slid down the erection, gently but firmly, and Harry grunted, pushing up against her foot, a shuddering sigh leaving his mouth.

"I asked you a question, Harry. I expect you to answer me." She glared down at him coldly.

Harry was silent, simply staring back at her with a determined glare that promised retribution. His will was an admirable trait that she would culture later, but not what he needed at the moment.

Her foot whipped out and her toe flicked his nose, and Harry winced at the sting. Then her foot returned to his groin, and his eyes fluttered close, and he squirmed slightly.

"Answer."

"Yes, I do Ms. Black," Harry broke his silence.

"Hmm. And what kind of incentive would be appropriate for you? An undisciplined beast of a young man?" She asked as she stroked his cock thoughtfully with her foot.

Harry panted. He was not ready for this, whatever this was, shocked and surprised that he liked being under her foot.

"Oh? Are you hard, Harry?" She tweaked his cock through his trousers with her toes.

"Y-yes Ms. Black." He gasped. "It... it feels amazing."



Narcissa Black had not fared overly well, despite her husband's clear stupidity. His lawyers were not similarly afflicted.

So she'd taken over the position of History Professor, Dumbledore's ridiculous policy of unlimited redemption coming through for her in this case. And so she'd been through, from the sidelines, a series of adventures during her son and Harry's third and fourth years. And while she was stern, she was a far better teacher than Binns had ever been.

And events had certainly transpired. Her cousin, Sirius, had escaped the dread prison Azkaban, and barely escaped the grasp of the Dementors. The Dark Lord had managed to manipulate Harry into the Triwizard Tournament and help revive him, once again in mostly human form. And now, Harry was brought to Grimmauld place in the summer before his fifth year.

Narcissa glanced up at the footsteps. "Oh! Hello Harry." She was cleaning up the room Harry would be using for the summer.

"Ah, hello Professor," Harry said, slightly awkwardly.

"We're away from school. Call me Ms. Black," she said, before switching topics. "I heard you yelling at your friends in the other room," her tone clearly hoping that Harry would discuss the topic.

Harry frowned, "I'm sorry, I just..." he seemed to falter.

Narcissa sighed, and patted the bed. "Sit."

The teen flopped onto the old bed. "I'm just frustrated, and I guess I took it out on them."

"Dumbledore's been keeping you isolated, hasn't he?" She asked with a frown.

Harry nodded. "I've noticed it, but he insists it's for my own good. Won't explain why though."

"Mm... I'll see if I can find out more. After having to deal with Lucius' ridiculous secrets, I know how frustrating this can be. After what happened with the tournament, I think the last

thing you need is to be alone." She looked around and then chuckled. "Sorry. You know, this was my room when I was a girl."

"Oh? It's... nice?" Harry tried.

"I appreciate the attempt, but no. It's horribly dreary and terrible. I was very happy to get out of it. But I'd always thought about how fun it would be to sneak a boy in here. How my father might react. Never managed," she finished.

Harry chuckled. "Mission accomplished," he stretched his arms out and waved them over himself as if he were a game show prize.

Narcissa looked at him a moment, before laughing. "Only took me a couple decades longer than expected, but I suppose."

There was a comfortable silence for a minute, before Narcissa broke it with a motherly glare. "Now then, if you don't get your temper under control, you're going to be having a terrible year."

Harry frowned. "I'd like to think my year's already terrible."

She shook her head and sighed "I see... well, perhaps it is. Do you have a girlfriend yet?"

Harry snorted, "No, and I doubt I'll find one anytime soon."

"Not with that attitude, you won't. But as it happens, I can help you with this. In fact, there's a number of things I should teach you, especially since my own son eschews my advice."

Harry gave her a disbelieving look. "Really. You know someone interested? Or is that your way of asking me out?" He shook his head and laughed darkly.

He missed Narcissa's glare. She didn't miss when she shoved him off the bed onto the floor, one pantyhosed foot pinning him down by his chest.

"Oof!" Harry gasped.

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Harry looked up at Narcissa from his knees. She was smiling down at him with a hungry look.

"Good boy. Now, you liked my foot on your cock, didn't you Harry?" She reached down and cupped his cheek.

"Answer me."

"Yes, Ms. Black."

"Mmm... But is that all you want? As a reward for behaving? My foot on your cock?"

She lightly slapped his cheek, and pulled back. She undid her robes and let them slip off, revealing her tight dress. She smiled inwardly, very well aware of how this outfit pronounced her hips and breasts to good effect.

"No." Harry answered. "I'd like more than that."

"Oh? Like what? Speak up, and don't mumble." She reached her foot out again, and toyed with his dick, her face cold and contemptuous.

"I want to shag you, Ms. Black."

"Little boys talk with their friends of shagging girls. You want to fuck me, don't you? And do you think you can just get it by asking?" She asked, increasing her pressure on his cock, still gentle but definitely firm now.

Harry shook his head. "N-no!" He gasped, his body shuddering as he ran his gaze up and down her voluptuous body.

"Then how do you think you're going to get it, then?"

Harry tried desperately to find the right answer. "B-by being a g-good, proper young man?"

Narcissa raised an eyebrow. "Hmm. That's close enough. And good, proper young men know when to be beasts, and when to have discipline." She tweaked his cockhead, hard, between her toes.

Harry grunted as several drops of slickness erupted from the tip of his cock, covering the bottom of her foot.

"Mmm... You're a beast right now. A dog at my feet, aren't you?"

Harry looked up at her, panting.

Narcissa smiled. "You want to be a good boy, yes? Would you like to see what your reward would be?"

"Yes, Ms. Black." His desperation is adorable. She can read him so easily now, though he was never particularly opaque.

"Mmm..." She undid her dress buttons, and slid it down her wide hips, revealing her large breasts in a black, silky bra and her pantyhose held up by a black garterbelt. Underneath which were black, satin knickers, with, she was certain, a very noticeable wet patch by now.

Harry drank in her skin, which was pale and absolutely perfect, other than a mole on her stomach.

"This. You want all this, don't you?"

She ran her hands up her body, and squeezed her large breasts together, taking in a deep breath and letting it out as a soft sigh.

Harry grunted again, and she felt more of her foot grow slick, despite sliding his precum all over his briefs. "M-Ms. Black...!"

"Mmm... That isn't a yes, Harry," she hummed, and knelt down. She was quite slight, despite her curves. Since she'd first met him, he'd grown, now taller and wider than her.

She had been the perfect trophy wife, with wide curvy hips at the perfect angles. Even now she was enough to set a young man's lust aflame.

"Yes ma'am. I want all of you."



"You know, I suspect you could overpower me right now if you wanted." She reached out and began stroking his cock with her soft hand. If he enjoyed her foot, he would love her soft fingers playing over his length.

"Even with your hands bound, you could knock me over. Perhaps tear my panties off with your teeth? Devour me. Or simply shove yourself balls deep inside of me."

She pulled her hand back, and her eyes locked to his, as she licked her fingers clean of his excitement.

"Mmm. Tasty."

Harry bent over, nearly falling but managing to steady himself before licking her thigh, trying to shove his face up between her legs.

Narcissa glared at him, allowing him only a few seconds of this before shoving him back into place.

"Haven't you been paying attention, Harry? I don't want you to be a beast now."

Harry glanced at her panties, wet with arousal. She was so turned on... "Are you sure? I think you wouldn't mind."

Narcissa shook her head. So precocious. "Perhaps. But you don't know how not to be. And until you learn that, you mustn't be a beast."

She turned him around, and pressed her breasts tight against his back. Her hand wrapped around his length as she began to stroke him off, her other hand cupping and massaging his balls. She nuzzled his neck, enjoying the skin contact she'd been missing for years. Even if he was only just barely a man, the power she held over him at this moment was almost as delicious as his sweet juice she'd licked off her fingers.

Harry panted, closing his eyes, and leaned back into her, turning his head and breathing in her scent.

"You need to be in control of yourself, and obey. Once you can manage that, once you have self discipline, *then* you can be a beast. And until you have self discipline, you must obey others."

Harry's breaths were interrupted by moans and groans, and Narcissa felt him erupt again, more precum splattering all over her fingers. She grinned, somewhat surprised it wasn't his seed he'd let loose.

But then, Harry was always full of all sorts of potential. He just needed focus and a bit of guidance.

"You keep telling me to obey you. What is it- ghhn- that you want me to *do*?" Harry got out.

Narcissa paused on the down stroke, a good inch of his cock sticking out beyond her fingers. "That's a good question, Harry. I think I'd like it if you started learning how to lick pussy. Lay down. Face up."

She let go of his cock to see what would happen. Harry hesitated only briefly, then dropped awkwardly to his knees, then backwards, looking up at her again.

"Good boy. Let me ask you something, Harry. Do you trust me?"

Harry's eyes narrowed. There was a long pause, before he nodded. "Yes Ms. Black."

"I'm so glad Harry. And you will be too. *Petrificus partialus*." The spell whipped out of her wand and hit Harry in the chest. "You should still be able to speak, yes?"

Harry frowned and glanced around, but after only a brief pause, agreed. "Yes."

"Good. I think we both know what else your tongue can do." Narcissa slowly peeled her stockings down, one leg at a time, before she slid her panties down her legs, bending over so that her bra clad breasts hung straight down. She kicked the small scrap of wet fabric on top of Harry so it caught on his erection, one of the things paralyzed by the spell. She eyed it with a smile, knowing she would take advantage of that fact soon.

But not until she had come all over Harry Potter's face.

She turned around and straddled Harry, slowly lowering herself down on his face, certain he'd appreciate the view. Her lips met his, and she grinned as the boy's head pressed forward and explored the folds of her pussy. She reached down and twisted her panties around his shaft slowly. "Good boy. Explore. Use your tongue. Lips. Taste me. I'll teach you technique later."

It was her turn to groan as Harry went to work, doing everything she'd asked of him. She idly toyed with his erection as the heat built up inside of her. She could feel her own discipline start to break as Harry ineptly, but with *great* enthusiasm, tongued her pussy, frequently hitting her clit in unpredictable patterns.

She gave his cock a pump with her hand and ginned. Discipline wasn't *her* lesson today. She'd learnt it long ago. It was her chance to be the animal. She leaned down and engulfed Harry's prick in her hot, wet mouth. Harry groaned into her, and she slowly brought her head up off of him until just the head was in her mouth. She twisted her tongue around it, swirling several times, and when Harry groaned into her again she pulled off of his cock completely.

She shifted her knees and brought herself up off of Harry's face. Even if she was going to be an animal, she did have responsibilities. "Harry?"

"Hah- yes ma'am?"

"I want you to breathe for me. Then when you've got your breath back, I want you to take a deep breath, and hold it. Understand?"

"Yes Ms. Black."

Narcissa listened to Harry taking several deep breaths, she could feel his rapid heartbeat slowly calm. He finally gasped in a large breath and held it.

"Good boy. I'm about to ride your face like a hippogriff."

She leant down and ground herself into his mouth, his nose, sliding her clit back and forth against every feature of his face. She lay down flat and engulfed his cock again, bucking and grinding her pussy against anything it could reach. She slid too far, and his chin was suddenly pressing against her folds.

Harry felt Ms. Black start to shake. She had slid off his face, so he took the opportunity to grab another breath of air. Her hot lips had sunk down to the base of his cock, and as she started to moan into it, it all became too much. He felt his balls clench, and his muscles wanted desperately to thrust even deeper into her mouth but were paralyzed by the spell. He let out a loud gasp as he emptied himself onto Ms. Black's tongue and down her throat.

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Narcissa coughed, and jerked back, drawing a loud moan from Harry as his cock was freed from deep within her throat. She realized she'd passed out briefly, the first orgasm she hadn't given herself in years had been much stronger than she'd expected.

She frowned, Harry had practically exploded down her throat. And who could blame him? It hadn't been his fault she'd passed out from pleasure and lodged his manhood so deep in her throat her tonsils were sore.

Although if she trained him correctly, it could be one day...

She sat up and spun around, looking down at her little beast. "Did I earn the trust you placed in me, Harry?"

"Yes Ms. Black."

"Good, I wouldn't want to lose it. I have so many things I can teach you, if you can be a diligent student."

Harry nodded, still breathing a little heavily.

"It's too bad though. As tasty as that was, I had hoped to feel you shoot that somewhere else," she said rubbing below her stomach.

She watched as Harry realized what she meant, and what he'd missed out on. "I'm sorry Ms. Black, I-" Narcissa cut him off with a finger over his lips.

"I'm here to teach you discipline. How can I be so hypocritical as to blame you for my loss of control?"

Harry blinked. "I'm kind of used to that. Not from you," he hurriedly added. "Adults in general."

Narcissa frowned, and ran a finger down his cheek. "Oh? Like who?"

"Snape," Harry said immediately. "Fudge. Dumbledore, at times. McGonagall, sometimes... Mrs. Weasley."

“So pretty much everyone you’ve ever relied upon,” Narcissa said softly. Harry shrugged in response.

“I promise I will try to hold myself to the same standards I will hold you to some day, Harry. I’m human, I will fail from time to time. But I intend to teach you the lessons that made the Black name so influential and powerful for hundreds of years,” she frowned. “The lessons Lucius always ruined whenever I tried to impart them to Draco.”

Harry’s eyes grew wide. Her eyebrow furrowed for a moment before she swatted him gently. “The sex isn’t the lesson, it’s a teaching aid. Are you feeling motivated?”

“Very.”

“Good. So let’s begin a lesson. Because I lost control, your cock got lodged in my throat, and now I can’t enjoy it filling my pussy. If you have a goal, you need to figure out a plan, and stick to it, barring outside interference.”

Harry nodded. “I appreciate the lesson, and understand what you’re saying, but there’s two things you should know.”

Narcissa frowned at being interrupted, but nodded anyway. “And they are?”

“I’m not actually stupid. I’m just never in a position where I can do anything but react. And no one ever tells me anything, because ‘I’m too young’. Makes it hard to plan ahead when I have no information or clear goals beyond ‘stay alive’.”

Narcissa smiled. “Well, we’ll have to change that, won’t we? And the other thing?”

“If you turn around, I think you’ll find you can still fill your pussy. Assuming that doesn’t ruin your lesson plan,” Harry said with a grin.

Narcissa reached back, and her hand hit his erection, still slick with her spit.

“That’s from the spell, Harry. You’re frozen, except for your head.”

Harry’s grin widened. “I’m eighteen, Ms. Black. And I haven’t had time to, um, take care of myself recently. We can go again. Maybe twice if you give me a break.”

Narcissa gave it a pump. "Well. One has to adapt plans as events change."

"I'm pretty decent at that part," Harry smiled.

"Agreed," Narcissa said, backing up and lifting herself into the air. They both gasped as she dropped down onto him. She raised back off, and on the second drop he was entirely inside her.

"Fuck! It's been much too long."

She watched Harry's mouth open, almost certainly to say something ill advised, before he reconsidered and it shut again.

She nodded. "I have been self-disciplined for a very long time. Balance in all things, Harry. I will be teaching you, but make no mistake, I will be getting things out of this relationship beyond the satisfaction of seeing a student prosper. We both need release."

"I think I understand."

"Perhaps." She slowly drew herself up, relishing the feel of his shaft sliding out, their slickness not overcoming how tight her passage had become. It had been duty that compelled her to get back into shape after Draco's birth. The duty and obligations of a lady that she'd been taught about by her mother.

Utterly wasted upon Lucius after she'd produced an heir. At least after he'd been twisted by that horrid monster. Lucius had never been a romantic, but there was a time they had truly cared for each other, a time when pleasures of the flesh had been meaningful and important and *shared*.

She dropped herself on Harry's cock, a satisfying *SMACK* shooting through the room, his flesh stretching her open and driving the bitter memories away in a flood of pleasure.

She raised herself again, dropping back down sooner, with less hesitation. Again, and once more, losing herself in the rhythm.

She opened her eyes and looked down at Harry. He was biting his lip so hard he'd drawn blood.

Her wand came forward, Harry's paralysis fled his body, and Harry bucked, drawing groans from both of them.

"Meet my pace, Harry. Ngh! Yes. Like. That!"

Harry slammed his hips up meeting hers as she came down, the smack of flesh growing louder. Narcissa groaned, this time in frustration as her pleasure plateaued, a second, even stronger orgasm teasing her with hints of its arrival.

She reached down and rubbed herself quickly, chasing the peak.

"Ms. Black!"

"Hold on Harry. Just a little longer. I've never doubted your determination."

Harry growled, a low, primal sound that sent shivers up her spine.

"I'm trying! You just- feel- too fucking- good!"

"I'm almost there, Harry. Almost."

"If I wasn't tied up!"

"But you are! Work within the limitations of your situation!"

"No!"

Suddenly Narcissa felt the tingle of magic, then she was on her back, looking up at Harry. A second later her wand hand was pressed firmly against the floor and she felt fingers pull on a nipple.

"But- how?" She asked.

Harry looked almost as confused as she felt for a moment before shrugging it off with a predatory grin. "I guess I didn't like the situation I was in."

"That doesn't answer anyth-!"

Harry wasted no time with his new position on top, and started plowing Narcissa frantically, sawing in and out much quicker than her heavy pounding.

Narcissa let out a whine, and started rubbing her clit again.

“Are you close, Ms. Black? Do you want me to pump you full? I’ve never felt like this before.”

He leant down and kissed her breast and she gasped as his fingers pinched and tugged at a nipple. Then teeth found the second nipple, and she saw the top of the mountain.

“Yes Harry, do it. Fill me with your seed!”

He slammed into her, and Narcissa felt liquid heat blast into her for the first time in far too long. Harry pulled back and slammed in again, and she let out another moan as a second pulse slowly traveled deep inside her.

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The pair lay in comfortable silence, basking in the aftermath of orgasm. Narcissa finally moved, running a hand through Harry’s perpetually untamed hair, pulling his head down until she could speak softly into his ear.

“I want to make things clear. I’m not your girlfriend. I’m an ally, a mentor. I’m also using you. You will be my tool of vengeance. A weapon against the monster who ripped away my husband and son. And if I want to see you succeed, I’ll need to make you as strong and as sharp as I can. Is that agreeable? Will you be my student?”

“... Yes. I’ll learn from you. But why... all of this? The sex?”

Narcissa let out a tiny snort. “We both needed it. And it certainly got your attention. Perhaps if Miss Granger had used similar tactics, your grades would be higher outside of Defense.”

“Bloody hell! Leave my friends out of this.”

“Are you certain? They’re also wasting a lot of potential.”



Harry didn't respond, instead grinding his slowly softening cock around inside of her.

"Are you ready to use your new tool again?" He asked.

"After your earlier display, I had been planning on training your ability in wandless magic, but I see the first thing I'll need to tame is your mouth."

Harry pulled his head back so they could see each other. He gave her a wolfish smile and squeezed her breasts. "You love my mouth."

"Your mouth is lacking in skill and experience. It's only saving grace is enthusiasm and energy."

Harry's eyes shot wide open, and paused in his grinding for several seconds. "Wow. That's pretty harsh."

"I won't sugarcoat things with you Harry. Thankfully, those are both things that can be fixed with practice."

His cock had started getting firmer again, and she felt it twitch inside of her.

"Lots of practice?" He asked.

"*Hours*, if necessary."

Harry nodded and let out a breath. "Well. I'd better get to work then."