

Chapter 2

The day after Harry had first helped Fleur with trying to learn to overcome the Imperius curse, he was back in their commandeered room, waiting for Fleur to arrive. He was actually a bit nervous about seeing her again, things had ended a bit awkwardly the last time they met. Sitting down on the only chair in the room, Harry's leg bounced restlessly as he tried unsuccessfully to read one of the dozen books Hermione had given him. After re-reading the same line four times in a row, he gave up in frustration, tossing the book onto the desk. A plume of dust rose into the air, causing him to cough and further adding to his agitation.

Standing up, he began pacing in front of the desk. He glanced at his watch, half hoping she had decided to call the whole thing off and wouldn't show up. He would be lying if he said he hadn't liked seeing Fleur naked, but the whole situation had been quite uncomfortable. Fleur didn't even like him, and, truth be told, despite her incredible looks, Harry found her to be arrogant and a bit stuck up. Plus, there was the whole using a highly illegal curse that could get him thrown in Azkaban for the rest of his life if they were caught.

Lost in his thoughts, Harry gave a start when the door opened and Fleur walked in. Closing the door behind her, she carefully spelled it shut like she did the last time.

"Ow do you stand zhis cold?" She complained, rubbing her hand up and down her arms.

"You get used to it." He said with a smile, glad for the momentary distraction.

Pulling out his wand, he waved it in a wide arch around the room.

"Calorus." He said, casting a warming charm on the room.

Fleur's shoulder visibly relaxed as she sighed in relief.

"Merci." She said gratefully.

An uncomfortable silence settled between them. Harry didn't want to be the one to bring up why they were there, but he didn't know what else to say either. After a long awkward moment, Fleur broke the silence.

"I've been thinking about 'ow we've been doing zhis." She told him.

"Oh." Harry said, wondering if she was going to call the whole thing off.

"I 'ave always been afraid someone would use zhe curse to make me eento a sex slave." She said, pacing back and forth as she spoke. "Eet happens to a lot of Veela. I zhink zhe best way for me to learn to zhrow off zhe curse ees for you to treat me like zhey would."

"Fleur, I think you're taking this a bit too far." He said.

"Non." She told him adamantly. "I need to learn 'ow to break zhe curse, no mattair what eet takes."

It was at that moment that he realized there was more to this than she was letting on. Harry could tell from past experience that this was something personal for her. He was tempted to ask her about it, but he was sure she wouldn't give him an answer.

"Alright." Harry said after a moment of thought. "If that's what you want, but I have an idea I think we should try first. I want you to cast the curse on me."

"Why?" She asked, looking at him dubiously. "You already know 'ow to zhrow eet of, 'ow would zhat 'elp?"

"I think it would help you understand the curse better." He told her. "Maybe if you can feel what it's like to use the curse and what it feels like for someone to throw it off, it might make it easier for you to do it."

“Eet might help.” She admitted. “Do you want to do eet now?”

“Yeah. We’ll do it twice. I throw it off the first time, and the second I’ll let you control me so you know what it feels like form the other end.” Harry instructed.

Nodding, Fleur raised her wand and aimed it at his chest.

“Imperio.” She incanted.

Maybe it was because she had helped him learn how to cast it, or maybe because she was used to controlling people with her Allure, Fleur’s curse worked on the first try. Harry felt a sense of euphoria wash over him as his own consciousness retreated.

Worship me. Fleur’s voice echoed through his mind.

Why? Asked another voice from the back of his mind, arguing against the first.

Worship me, I am your goddess.

“Sorry, Fleur, but you’re not *that* pretty.” He said, smiling at her teasingly.

“Ow do you do zhat so easily?” She asked in annoyance, glaring at him.

“Honestly, I don’t know. It’s like I told you before, I hear this voice in the back of my mind. It argues with the voice tell me what to do and I just, listen to it.” Harry finished lamely, unable to think of a better way to describe it.

“Zhen why can’t I hear zhe voice?” She asked.

"I don't know." Harry said, feeling foolish for not have better answers for her.

"My friends, Ron and Hermione, couldn't hear it either. Maybe it just takes practice." He said, trying to reassure her.

It didn't seem to work very well as Fleur just grunted in annoyance and crossed her arms.

"Let's do it again, and I won't fight it this time." He said.

Uncrossing her arms, Fleur raised her wand and aimed it at him again.

"Imperio." She said almost angrily.

Harry felt his mind cloud over in the wonderful feeling of the Imperious curse once again.

Tell me 'ow you put your name een zhe Goblet of Fire.

Harry consciously ignored the voice in his head questioning why he should answer.

"I didn't put my name in the goblet." Harry said, his voice coming out dull and listless.

Through the haze of the curse, he vaguely noted the look of surprise on Fleur's face. It took a few seconds for her to recover and give him another order.

Tell me something you don't want people to know about you. Her voice commanded in his mind.

“Until I was eleven, my relatives forced me to sleep in the cupboard under the stairs.” Harry told her.

Fleur dropped the spell immediately, looking at him wide eyed and pale faced.

“Arry, I-”

“It’s fine.” Harry interrupted, waving her off. “I could have thrown off the curse if I didn’t want to answer.”

While Harry wasn’t too happy about telling her, he knew she couldn’t tell anyone about it due to the vow. Besides, with everything that he had done to her, and was going to do, it seemed only fair to give her something in return.

“Do you think you have a feel for it, or do you want to try it again?” Harry asked.

“Non, I zhink I ‘ave eet.” Fleur said.

“Could you feel when I broke the curse?” He asked, curious.

“Oui.” She answered. “I could feel you push me out.”

“Alright, let’s see if it helped.” He said. “Remember how it felt when I pushed you out and try and do it to me.”

Harry pulled out his wand and aimed it at her chest.

“Ready?”

Fleur nodded, shifting on her feet as if readying herself for a fight.

“Imperio.”

Again, he could feel the curse take over her mind, giving him control over her.

Dance.

Fleur began to dance, spinning and twirling around with room with impressive grace. Harry spent a few moments enjoying the view of her curvaceous body in motion as he waited to see if she could fight the curse. When she didn't, he tried something else.

Take off your robes.

Fleur unbuttoned her robe, and just as she was about to pull it off, it happened. Her hands shook as if struggling against an invisible force, and he could feel her pushing against the presence of his mind in her. Harry ordered her again.

Take off your robe.

Fleur stopped resisting and her hands started to move again, pulling her robes up over her head. Harry had a brief moment to mentally celebrate the small success before she pulled her robes off entirely and he saw what she was wearing. Standing in front of him, she only wore sheer black underwear, stockings, and a garter belt. As his eyes drifted over her body, he could see her nipples through the low-cut bra. Shaking himself out of his momentary stupor, Harry released her from the curse.

“You did it!” He told her excitedly. “I could feel you resisting it.”

“But I didn't beat eet.” She said angrily.

“Yes, but you’re getting closer. You know you can fight it now.” He said encouragingly. “Did you hear the voice this time?”

“Oui, but eet was quiet. Your voice in my ‘ead was much louder.” She told him.

“Really?” Harry asked in mild surprise.

For him, the voice in his head fighting back was just as loud as the one giving him orders. He wondered what it meant, or even if it meant anything at all.

“Keep going.” Fleur demanded, breaking him from his thoughts. “don’t stop unteel I can zhrow it off completely.”

“Are you sure you want to do that, Fleur.” Harry asked. “I mean, you’re getting closer without having to go that far.”

“I am sure.” She said as if daring him to say otherwise. “I need to learn ‘ow to beat eet.”

“I don’t suppose you’d be willing to tell my why it’s so important.” He said.

Fleur hesitated for a moment before answering.

“Non, not now.”

“You know, I could just make you tell me.” He said, though not threateningly.

“Oui.” She admitted. “But you won’t.”

Harry smiled at her, knowing she was right. If she wasn't willing to tell him yet, he wouldn't force her to. He knew what it was like when people didn't respect your privacy, so he would respect hers. She would tell him when she was ready.

Taking a quick breath, he raised his wand again, and she nodded to tell him she was ready.

"Imperio."

Dance. He commanded her as soon as the curse took hold.

There was no resistance this time as she effortlessly danced about the room. He couldn't but appreciate the way her breasts bounced in her bra, or how the muscles in her legs and ass flexed as she moved. His cock began to stiffen as he admired her body.

Take of your bra and panties, but leave the rest on.

Fleur slowed her dancing, but still swayed and spun in place as she reached up and took off her bra, tossing it to the floor. Her large breast bounced and jiggled as she took off her panties, bending over as she did so. She straightened up once they were off, now in just her black stockings and garter belt that contrasted beautifully with her pale skin. Walking over to her, Harry couldn't resist the temptation to touch her. One hand reached up, shaking slightly with nerves as he gently cupped her round, firm breast.

He spent a few moments playing with it in his hand, squeezing her breast and running his thumb over her hard pink nipple. The skin under his fingers felt incredibly smooth and her breast somehow managed to feel both soft and firm at the same time. Harry's cock strained against his pants, marveling at the fact that he got to this with such a beautiful girl. Eventually, and regretfully, he let go of her breast and backed away, thinking on what to do next.

At his command, Fleur sank to her hands and knees, just as she had the day before, her ass swaying behind her as she crawled to him. Once she reached him, she sat on her knees, looking up at him with a smoldering gaze that had him throbbing in his pants.

“Arry, please, let me suck your cock.” She said in a husky, pleading voice.

This time, Harry didn’t stop her as she reached for his belt. Suddenly, her hands jerked to a stop, shaking slightly as she fought against the curse. It only lasted a moment before she started to move again, undoing his belt and opening his pants. Grabbing the front of his boxers, she pulled them down and wrapped her long, slender fingers around his shaft. Harry trembled with excitement as she pulled his rigid cock out of his pants and leaned forward to nuzzle it against her cheek, placing a brief kiss on the side of his shaft.

Fleur opened her mouth, and her plump lips wrapped around the swollen head of his cock, her tongue circling around the sensitive tip. Harry sucked in a sharp breath and his cock jerked as she sucked hard, her cheeks hollowing while her hand lightly stroked his length. Reaching forward, he grabbed the top of her head and pushed his hips forward, feeding more of his cock into the wet heat of her mouth. Her glistening, pink lips stretched wide around his girth as he bucked his hips back and forth, losing all restraint as he fucked her face.

With the head of his cock bumping against the back of her mouth with every thrust, her eyes began to water and saliva dripped from her lower lip as a wet sucking sound left the back of her throat. Harry could feel himself rapidly reaching his peak as he watched his thick shaft slide between her swollen lips. He yanked his cock out of her mouth and Fleur sucked in a desperate breath. Wrapping his hand around his spit-soaked shaft, he stroked his length hard and fast as he ordered her to tilt her head back and close her eyes.

Breathing harshly as he bet his cock furiously, Harry reached his climax, long streaks of white cum shooting out to land on Fleur beautiful face. The first shot was so powerful that it landed in her hair and left a long streak down the center of her face. Several more shots leapt from his pulsing cock, landing on her cheeks, lips and nose, painting her face. Finally, his climax finished and Harry stumbled back, breathing heavily as Fleur remained in place, kneeling with his cum slowly sliding down her face.

With a wave, he released her from the curse, another wave and a whispered incantation conjured a small white hand towel into his hand. Fleur blinked her eyes open and took the towel he offered her. Muttering angrily in French she wiped the cum off her face and stood up. He didn't know what she was saying, but he really hoped it wasn't directed at him.

"Did you hear the voice again?" Harry asked.

"Oui." She said, throwing the towel to the floor angrily. "But every time I 'ear eet, your voice drowns eet out."

"At least you can hear it now, that's better than yesterday." He said, trying to sound encouraging.

"Eet's not enough!" She yelled. "Do eet again."

Harry decided, wisely in his opinion, not to argue with the angry witch.

"Imperio."

Before telling her what to do, he grabbed the rickety old chair he had been sitting on earlier and transfigured it into a mattress on the dusty stone floor. At his command, Fleur laid down on the mattress and started to run her hands over her breasts, squeezing them in her hands as she moaned sensually. One hand left her breast and slid down her stomach to the bald, damp lips of her pussy. Again, he felt her fight him, her fingers hovering at her entrance. This time she fought him harder and for a moment, he thought she might be able to break the curse. Then, her resistance faded into nothing and two of her fingers slipped between her lips, pushing inside of her tight slit.

As Fleur writhed on the mattress, fingers pumping in and out of her pussy and her hand grasping and groping her breast, Harry began to remove his clothes, growing hard as he watched her. Quickly, his clothes were in a pile on the floor, leaving him naked, but he hesitated. As badly as he wanted to fuck her, he still wanted to give her another chance to

break the curse before he did. Harry ordered her to move over on the mattress, giving him room to lay down next to her on her back.

Ride my cock. He commanded her.

Fleur rolled over on to her hands and knees, and then straddled his waist, her breast dangling above him as she reached down to grab his cock. She stopped when the head of his cock touched her lips, her whole body quivered as she fought the curse. After a few seconds she still hadn't moved, but she couldn't completely throw off the curse either.

Ride my cock. He ordered again.

Fleur fought even harder, her mind warring against his and her hips raised up slightly...only to plunge down a moment, driving the entire length of his cock into her pussy in one swift movement. Harry inhaled sharply and Fleur moaned loudly as her tight, wet heat surrounded his cock. She set a quick pace, her hands pressed against his chest for leverage as she bounced up and down on his hard cock. Reaching up, he grabbed her bouncing breasts, squeezing them in his hands while his cock filled her tight, hot walls again and again. Bending his knees to plant his feet on the floor, Harry thrust up into her as she dropped down, making his thighs slap against her round ass with a *clap*.

As incredible as it felt, he couldn't stop his conscience from screaming at him that he was doing something terribly wrong.

Tell me honestly if you want to stop. He ordered her.

"Non. Don't stop, eet feels so good." Fleur moaned as she bounced on his cock.

"Oh, thank Merlin." He said out loud in relief.

Letting go of her breasts, he grabbed her hips and slammed her down on his cock even harder, drawing a gasp from Fleur as he moved her up and down on his throbbing length. She let out a long low moan as he fucked her, throwing her weight down on to him as she met his hard thrusts. It wasn't long before he felt her quivering around his cock, grunting every time he filled her.

Cum for me

Fleur threw her head back and screamed as her pussy clamped down on his cock, bucking and writhing over him as she came hard. Collapsing forward on to his chest, shaking as her hips jerked back and forth, trying to prolong her pleasure. The feeling of her walls massaging his cock as he continued to thrust into her hard pushed Harry over the edge. With a grunt, he came, his cock pulsing inside of her, shooting jet after jet of hot cum against her grasping walls. Groaning as he finished filling her pussy, Harry reached over and grabbed his wand, releasing her from the curse.

Fleur laid on top of him for a few minutes as they both recovered. Sitting up again, Fleur smiled down at him.

“Merci.” She said. “I needed zhat.”

“Anytime.” He told her, smiling back. “It was my pleasure.”

Deciding to call it a night, they both got dressed and headed their separate ways. Fleur going to the Beauxbaton's carriage, and Harry headed to the Gryffindor dorms. Entering the common room, his hopes of having a relaxing night was dash the moment he walked through the portrait.

“Where were you?” Hermione asked sharply, appearing at his side suddenly.

“Bloody hell, Hermione.” Harry said, grabbing his chest as she startled him.

“Well?” She asked impatiently.

“Good to see you, too.” He said, deflecting the question.

“You were with *her* again, weren’t you?” She asked accusingly.

Harry sighed, wishing for the hundredth time he was good at lying.

“I was just helping her with a spell. It’s not a big deal, Hermione.” He told her.

Hermione scoffed and stomped away from him angrily. Walking over to a small table in the corner, she picked up a large book and held it up in front of her face.

Harry didn’t really understand what the big problem was, but he knew one thing. He would never understand girls.