

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."

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 'leetle 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 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.

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.

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 protein 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 floo 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.

"Harry, 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.

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.

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.”