

Gabrielle's flat stomach undulated as she moved with boundless energy, pushing him deep inside her. Their mouths melded seamlessly, tongues entwining as he intensified his thrusts, maintaining their rhythm amidst the splashing water.

His shaft curved in her velvety grip, a cascading symphony of pleasure flowing through him. Gabrielle orchestrated their rhythm, driving with her entire body, with each motion burying him deeper within herself.

Waves of pleasure surged upward, electrifying his senses. He found Gabrielle's lips with his own, their tongues dancing in tandem as he quickened the pace, and their shared connection heightened the intensity of their union. Moans echoed, and Gabrielle broke the kiss, pressing her body against his.

Her core spasmed, clenching around him and gyrating her hips. He shivered as Gabrielle's tongue grazed his ear, her minty breath surrounding him.

He grunted, intensifying his thrusts, delving deeper into Gabrielle as her breathy moans resounded in his ear. The intermingling scents of jasmine and fruity notes filled his senses, and her damp hair clung to his face. "I'm close," he murmured.

She whimpered and gasped, her hips moving fervently, riding him with unrestrained passion. Her fingers dug into his arms, and her core pulsated. "I'm coming," she exclaimed, and he groaned, reaching his climax.

Vivid ribbons of thick, cum-laden semen shot from his shaft, flooding her loins with spasms. Pleasure and her captivating scent swirled around him, adrenaline coursing through him as he released into his raven-haired goddess.

Gabrielle clung to him, swaying her hips, coaxing out the last drops from his erupting shaft. Her grip tightened, fingers kneading his arms, and her body melded into his as her climax subsided, and his release waned.

Taking deep breaths, they shared cleansing breaths, lips meeting in kisses, while Tracey's hands relieved his tension, massaging his back as she leaned against the edge of the tub.

"Satisfied?" Gabrielle asked, her breath uneven.

"Very," she replied, her lips trailing along his arm. She stopped at his collarbone, her face brightening with a mischievous smile. "Oops."

He raised an eyebrow. "What's that?"

"I gave you a shiner," she admitted.

"Oh," he responded. "No worries."

"Then I'll create a match on the other side," Gabrielle joked.

"A matching set," he chuckled, and Gabrielle giggled. She slid off him and leaned against the wall, facing Tracey. They exchanged looks across the water, expressions of pure contentment on their faces.

Lying in the center of the tub, he let out a long, soothing sigh. "If we stay in here any longer, I'll turn into a prune."

"Agreed," Tracey said. "Let's go to bed."

They stepped out of the tub, dried off, and slipped under the sheets, paying no heed to any clothing. The girls positioned themselves beside him, legs stretched over his abdomen, heads resting on his chest and shoulders. Soon, they drifted into slumber, while his thoughts revolved around Fleur.

Grandfather's wisdom had been passed down, and now he had the task of freeing Fleur from Ron's brotherly grip once and for all.

The next morning began with breakfast, consisting of bagels and fruits, shared with his grandfather, setting the tone for the upcoming day. Afterward, he and Tracey embarked on their journey back home, and a part of him dreaded the impending confrontation. Since meeting Tracey two weeks ago, Bill had grown increasingly disrespectful toward him. If it weren't for Fleur, he and Gabrielle could have moved in with Tracey, or perhaps even lived in their grandfather's house as a trio.

However, for unclear reasons, Fleur remained attached to Bill, and he was growing weary of Ron's brotherly behavior towards her. His determination was unwavering: to liberate Fleur from Bill's grip and make her his.

As Gabrielle headed to work, he and Tracey disembarked the elevator on their floor. Staying with her while she got ready for her shift, he supported her through this transition. When they parted ways, a tender kiss sealed their connection before he headed towards Bill and Fleur's apartment.

Luckily, his key allowed him entry, revealing an empty space. Bill had probably left for work a few hours earlier, and Fleur seemed to be elsewhere. The kitchen was vacant, the bedroom open, and a faint light emanated from the closet. Listening carefully, he encountered silence.

His intention was to spend time with Fleur, in line with his grandfather's advice - an opportunity to engage with her privately and initiate the flirting process. However, in her absence, he decided to fill his time with an energetic run. Stripping down to skimpy nylon running shorts, he entered the bathroom, where he encountered a stunning revelation. Before him stood Fleur, topless, engrossed in applying makeup at the sink. Her reflection in the mirror left nothing to the imagination. A clear view of her ample, captivating breasts greeted him - a glorious sight. She wore a pair of white silk panties that rode high on her hips, and her golden-blond hair cascaded in shimmering waves, flowing down to her mid-back.

Her breasts, defying gravity and enticingly firm, were a marvel to behold. Pink areolas, roughly the size of half-dollars, adorned their centers, and her nipples, though not erect, stood proudly. Her slender waist transitioned into hourglass-shaped hips and a lush, heart-shaped derriere. Defined by curves and devoid of excess, her figure was sheer perfection. Strong thighs and a flat, yet sensually feminine abdomen completed the alluring picture.

His heart quickened, and his stomach fluttered. The reality before him exceeded his fantasies. His erection responded, swelling in his running shorts as he stood, shamelessly entranced by her beauty.

Unfazed by his gaze, Fleur sweetly smiled at her own reflection. "I had a feeling I'd see you this morning." She set aside her mascara and pondered a selection of lipsticks on the counter. "Red or pink, what do you think?" She held two options, turning to face him, and her breasts swayed gently. Harry Potter's heart raced, a drumbeat in his temples. His legs became as unsteady as sand, and his throat constricted as he swallowed a lump forming there. "Wow," he managed to say. "You're... wow."

Fleur blushed and smiled modestly. Putting down the lipstick, her movement pressed her breasts together, creating a mountainous cleavage that stole his breath. Under his intense gaze, Fleur's nipples stiffened, rising with each passing second.

"Bill is an absolute idiot," he muttered, swaying on his feet as he leaned against the doorframe, licking his chapped lips.

A chuckle escaped Fleur. "Which shade?" It took him a moment to realize she was referring to the lipstick, not the symmetrical peaks of her breasts. "Red," he replied, his voice now a husky baritone. Fleur arched an eyebrow. "Why not pink?" He shook his head, his voice thickening. "Red... just..." He struggled to formulate words. "It makes your lips look... you know..."

Fleur grimaced with curiosity. "Does it make them look like that?" She put the lipstick down, and her gaze focused on him. "Oh, I see. I caught you topless. My mistake." His erection jumped, becoming noticeable beneath the thin nylon lining of his running shorts as he stood there, shamelessly captivated by her beauty.

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Fleur raised an eyebrow with curiosity. "Makes them look like what?" She set aside her lipstick, her gaze locked on him. "Oh, I see. I got caught topless. By mistake."

His erection twitched, visibly growing beneath the thin nylon lining of his shorts under her scrutiny. "You don't use your own bathroom?"

"No," she replied, turning back to the mirror and applying red lipstick. "The lighting here is better."

Sweat beads formed on his forehead, and his heart pounded like crazy. He awkwardly adjusted his strained erection in his shorts. "So maybe you should start taking showers here from now on."

Fleur glanced at his pulsating member in the mirror's reflection. "Sounds like a plan. I might agree. Nudity doesn't bother me. If you feel more comfortable without those shorts, don't let me stop you."

He wasn't sure if he was ready to present his stiff member to her, so he hesitated. After all, Fleur remained Fleur, and there was a difference between casual nudity and overt infidelity. If he unleashed his manhood, he wasn't sure if he could resist the tempting dessert. "You and Emma are true nudists," he commented.

"Yes," Fleur confirmed with a cheerful smile. "It's where I feel most comfortable. When we shared an apartment in college, our clothes barely fit through the front door."

"Merlin's beard," he said, scanning her gorgeous figure, memorizing every curve. "That must have been quite a sight."

Fleur giggled. "You're boosting my self-esteem." Her gaze traveled down his chest, over his six-pack, and then focused on his throbbing member as her fingers playfully brushed the front of his shorts. "I could say the same about you. Gabrielle can be a real bitch." She sighed, returning to applying her lipstick.

He'd give an arm to be alone with this Playboy-worthy body for just five minutes. "You and Daphne could almost pass for twins."

Fleur's smile widened. "We used to hear that all the time, until Daphne lost her smile." She pursed her lips, tilting her head to examine herself in the mirror. "What do you think?"

He burst into laughter. "Really?" He looked down at his erection and then back at her. "I guess. Wait, you mean lipstick? It's incredibly sexy."

Chuckling, Fleur turned to face him. "Do you have a few minutes? I need your help with something."

He swallowed hard, wiping sweat from his forehead. "Of course."

"Great." Fleur took his hand and led him out of the bedroom, following a path that seemed to lead straight to a treasure he never thought he'd have access to. His heart raced so intensely that he could hardly keep his thoughts together. The chance for intimacy with Fleur Delacour, a person he had desired for a long time, was an unimaginable reality. Would he be able to hold back long enough to penetrate her? It seemed like a precarious feat.

Moisture gathered on his forehead, and his heart throbbed wildly. He walked ahead, completely absorbed in the vision of Fleur, the goddess walking on earth.