They spoke quickly, finishing each other's sentences, their thoughts in sync as they walked forward. Turning to each other, Harry felt the full force of their charm as they smiled sweetly at each other, their arms positioned so that their small, firm breasts pressed against each other, appearing twice as large. Leaning forward, he suddenly got lost in their bright green eyes.
"Fleur purred, and her slender foot slid up Harry's calf, making him almost jump.
"Sink or swim," Gabrielle muttered in the same tone, sliding her other foot up Harry's other leg. "This will be the craziest thing since the DeLorean."
"And we're the biggest racing fans in the world."
"Really?" Harry asked, struggling to resist the combined charms of the sisters. "What do you know about production facilities and engineering teams?"
"If we don't know that..." Fleur winked, and their feet dropped from Harry's legs as they sat down and allowed the server to clear the appetizers and set the table.
"I have a certain asset," Harry said when the server was out of earshot. "But I need to turn it into a working factory. I need runic engineers and a skilled crew, and most importantly, a team leader who knows the ropes. Because we only have one shot at this, and if we fail, it'll be decades before we get another."
The sisters exchanged glances again, and Harry felt like they were communicating with each other every time they did so. This time, they stared at each other for a few seconds before nodding decisively and then turning to him.
"We can recommend a few team leaders, but when it comes to construction and an engineering team, we'd like to handle that," Fleur said.
"That's a tremendous responsibility to entrust to two women I barely know," Harry replied, not wanting to agree to anything as their charms blurred his thoughts.
"So, get to know us better," Fleur smiled. "We promise not to bite," Gabrielle added with a wink. "Much."
"Why should I trust you?" Harry asked, holding back a chuckle and using a stern voice that made Hermione cringe.
"Because I hold a master's degree in runic engineering and received training at Gringotts, and my sister has a mastery in runic design," Fleur said without hesitation.
"We've been following this sport since we were little girls, and Greenmaker gave our dad a signed jersey. Since then..."
"It's been our dream to be involved in any way. Our company's motto is..."
"To push the pack," Fleur finished for her sister. "All the deals we make are meant to reignite Europe's interest in racing. But we only meet people who want to kill the championships."
"Your dad was different... but not that..."
"Ambitious."
"You'd have to work for me," Harry said, not wanting to give in, but their enthusiasm forced him to consider it. "Investors won't like it if these tasks are outsourced, even if it's the same company."
"We can do it," they both said in unison, and Harry felt a shiver run down his spine as their smiles returned, the sisters radiating bright smiles and pushing their firm breasts forward.
"And I'll need Hermione to review your resumes."

"She can also go through our books if it helps," Gabrielle said, blushing when Fleur looked at her.
"Are you serious?" Harry asked, knowing how much trust it would take to open their books to someone who could potentially become competition.
"We are," Fleur said with a determined nod. "Whatever it takes."
"Alright," Harry said, extending his hand. "Deal."
The sisters could barely contain their excitement as they shook Harry's hand. Fleur squeezed it with such enthusiasm that the table trembled, and glasses and silverware clinked. Gabrielle's handshake was gentle and ladylike.
"This calls for a celebration," Fleur said, calling the server.
"I'm afraid I can't join," Harry said, his heart sinking as he faced his youth and its limitations once again.
"Nonsense," Gabrielle smiled. "Sel's got you covered." Arching an eyebrow at the vivacious blonde, she winked at Harry as the service staff approached.
"Is Speakeasy Tommy's still running downstairs?" Fleur inquired with the staff as the young woman leaned in to listen. Slipping a folded banknote into the woman's pocket, the girl smiled slightly.
"I'm not sure what you're talking about," she winked and continued, "but the green doors are unlocked, and the dice are rolling."
"Perfect, thank you, darling." Fleur smiled and stood up, pulling Harry along with her. "Will you make sure our bill gets settled?"
"Yes, ma'am," the server replied before disappearing into the crowd.
Harry wanted to ask a dozen questions, but he kept his composure as Fleur led him through the bar. She wore a white dress that trailed to the floor, slit on the sides and revealing her back. Her sister wore the same dress but in black, and Harry couldn't decide which one looked better. Fleur led them to a short corridor with a restroom and an emergency exit.
The alley outside reeked of garbage and trash, and Harry made sure not to look down in case he stepped on something soft. Gabrielle grabbed the back of his coat and pressed against his back, whispering that she didn't want to lose them in the darkness. The sensation of her slender, firm body against him was almost enough to distract him from losing her sister as Fleur dashed around a corner.
The alleyway twisted back and forth between two buildings before winding back. Eventually, Fleur slowed down and smiled at them, the moonlight reflecting off her white teeth as she stopped in front of green doors.
"Are you ready to enter a new world, Harry?"
"What kind of world?"
Her smile widened, and her eyebrows twitched as she slipped her arm into his, and her sister stood on his other side.
"A world that believes laws are guidelines best ignored. A world where a man can take whatever he desires... but better be able to hold onto it."
"Is this some kind of test?" Harry asked, feeling both women tense slightly, confirming his suspicions.
"Life is a test," Gabrielle said. "But sure... if you want to think of it that way. It's more of a pass/fail, though."
"And if I pass... will you work with me?"

"We've already agreed to that," Fleur muttered. "Think of it as a bit of fun, where Gabrielle and I will see what you're made of."
"Women are strange," Harry muttered to himself and chuckled as the sisters caressed him on both sides simultaneously.
Knocking, he wasn't surprised when a narrow slit of darkness appeared at eye level in the green door. He was surprised when two shotgun barrels thrust through the opening straight into his face. Fleur and Gabrielle involuntarily gripped his arm in surprise and fear, and Harry felt like he was about to wet himself, staring into two black circles of death. But instead, he froze.
"Beat it, punk. You're not connected, so beat it."
The voice was rough and deeper than any voice should be. It also sounded like it was coming from about a foot above his head. But the most terrifying thing about it was the boredom, as if the man who owned that voice would just as easily blow his head off as squash an ant.
Fleur twitched, wanting to speak, but Harry felt her hesitation. His own fear was paralyzing, but he had learned from Hermione and Amelia that a brave man can get away with a lot, and if you're both brave and brazen, the world might just belong to you. Taking a slow, calming breath, Harry felt a smile form on his lips from a place he couldn't say, "I could steal a bottle and take it back to my hotel room, but I wanted to show my dates a good time. Will you let me and the little ladies in, or do I need to head to the bodega?"
"Huh, you got balls, kid," the man said, and his boredom turned into mild amusement as he lowered the shotgun, and Harry heard a click and rattling from the other side of the door. "It would be safer if you left, but if you want to spend your money here, be my guest."
When he opened the green door, Harry felt a shiver run down his spine as he looked at the massive man. He looked like Hagrid, only much more brutal. Easily seven feet tall and wider than any man he had ever seen, he was covered in layers of muscle. The only thing more terrifying than the doorman's size was his rugged face. He looked like he fought with a boulder every week and rarely won.
Fleur and Gabrielle held onto Harry's arm tighter as they passed under the man's cold gaze, and he could feel their tremors. He knew they were scared. He practically smelled it, and he wondered why they wanted to bring him to this dimly lit, dingy, moldy-smelling place. Then he noticed the excitement in each of their eyes, reflected in the bright neon glow. The sisters were getting off on their fear. Harry should have been alarmed, but he found it strangely exhilarating.
His blood started to pump as they descended a short flight of stairs, led by Fleur. The scent of cigarettes and other fumes mixed together, stinging his nostrils, and the sound of clinking glasses and multiple conversations grew louder until they entered the actual bar.
The room was long and narrow. The bar stood against one wall, with two young women in revealing outfits serving drinks to several men sitting on barstools. The rest of the "patrons" were seated on leather couches or chairs around the room. The bar was filled with various types of people, from Italian gangsters in silk suits sipping wine to thugs with gold chains, smoking joints. Even at one table, three men in death eater masks were visible. The sweet aroma of marijuana mixed with the scent of cigars and

cigarettes. It was strange to see people smoking indoors again, but fortunately, the ventilation was good.
A few heads turned their way as they entered, and Harry caught men lecherously eying the sisters on either side of him until their gazes shifted to him. Their speculative wrinkles only fueled him as he moved forward, wrapping Fleur and Gabrielle around his waist.
Act until you make it, Harry thought. He knew that if he didn't succeed in this place, death would be a very real scenario for him, and he didn't want to think about what might happen to the sisters. He should be angry with them for getting him into such a situation, but he felt more alive than he had in weeks.