“You'll be my Yule Ball date. Your tits are spectacular.”He dared to say, He beat a dragon on a broomstick a few hours ago, no girl, not even Fleur, don't scared him.Maybe it was the alcohol that gave him courage. No, he preferred to believe it was his inner Gryffon who had awakened.

She grinned and sipped her drink. “Well you haven’t seen them yet,” she said. She straightened so her tits strained against her shirt. The lace of her bra outlined beneath the fabric. She gave one a squeeze.

“I want to,” he said. “Just to make sure."

She kept grinning. Music pounded. Dancers bounced. This corner was the loudest in the room. That’s why she chose it.

“What’ll you give me”

“What do you want”

“Your best five minutes.”

“Five minutes of what”

She leaned closer so she didn’t have to shout. Her tits pressed together as she leaned. “If you make me cum in exactly five minutes, right here in this corner, I'll go to Yule Ball with you."

He looked around again. “Here Now”

She leaned closer so her lips touched his ear. Her tits brushed against his chest. The back of her hand brushed against his hardening cock. “Right here.” She bit his ear. He grabbed her ass and she pressed against him with a gasp. She glanced at her watch over his shoulder and breathed a sigh of anticipation. “Go,” she whispered.

He squeezed her ass again. She gasped and thrust her breasts against him. He kissed her passionately, grinding his cock through his pants against her. The music still playing, the dancers still dancing, he burst open her shirt and slid his hands in her pants, grasping her bare ass even harder. She wrapped one leg over the top of his as he pressed her against the wall. With her one leg still up, he reached into the front of her pants and spread her wet pussy. She moaned in his ear and continued to grind.

One minute.

He thrust two fingers inside her, feeling every ridge, every stretch as he fingered her. Her pussy sucked at his fingers as she sucked at his tongue and lips. Tits. No time to fumble with the clasps of her bra, he yanked it up to squeeze her tits with his hands, pressing her more firmly against the wall. He lifted her arms up with one hand and raised one tit with the other to his mouth. He sucked her nipple fiercely. Into his mouth, then a long, firm suck to the tip, a gentle bite at the tip. Switch and repeat. She moaned and squealed.

She unzipped his pants and slid her hands inside to grasp his hard cock. She tugged down his pants to his thighs and opened her mouth to suck his cock. But before she could, he spun her around to face the wall and yanked down her pants. No panties. Great tits AND a slut. He reached around from behind, spread her legs and pussy wide and thrust his cock inside her. “Oh God...” he heard her call out over the music as he fucked her to the rhythm. “Oh, fuck...”

Three minutes.

Her hips were wide and he grasped them as he fucked her. Standing was one thing. On the floor was another. She dropped to her hands and knees on the carpet. Legs spread. Tits down. He pressed his hips against her from behind, his cock against her pussy lips but not entering. He held her firmly against him with one hand. With the other, he explored her tits, her pussy, her clit. She

flinched when he touched it. So sensitive, so plump. But he wouldn't let her pull away. Her body tensed. He rubbed and tugged.

Four minutes.

Much closer now. He flipped her onto her back. Her nipples were hard. He held down her hands as he sucked each nipple again, harder and faster than before. She squirmed and tried to move her arms, but he held firm. For this last one minute, her body was still his. He spread her legs and kissed her pussy, her labia, her clit. It was almost time.

"I'm so close" she cried, arching her back. "Make me cum"

Thirty seconds. He entered her roughly, fucking her hard. He might not last. He needed to cum.

Her pussy tightened. She squealed and she squirmed. "Almost there—I'm almost—I'm gonna—I'm gonna—"

Her whole body shook. Her legs trembled. Her pussy quivered around his hard cock and he couldn't hold it anymore. "Fuuuuck" he cried as he pulled out and covered her stomach with cum.

They lay panting next to each other on the carpet as the music still played. She turned toward him and weakly squeezed her own bare tit. Not a soul had noticed.

"I hope you can dance" He could barely hear her tired voice.

Sometime later, Harry and Fleur danced their first dance at the Yule Ball as a couple.