

Gabrielle clung to him, moving her hips, milking his gushing cock. She squeezed his arms and back until her orgasm passed, and her whole body relaxed, slumping onto his cock as his climax faded and passed.

They took deep, cleansing breaths, kissing and touching as Tracey ran her hands over his back, gently massaging, leaning against the tub wall. "Satisfied?" Harry asked Gabrielle breathlessly.

"Very," she replied, kissing him along the arm. She paused at his neckline and smiled. "Oops."

"What?" Harry asked.

"I left you a shiner just in time for the lake," she said.

"Oh," he said. "No worries."

"I'll add one on the other side once we get there," Gabrielle said.

"A matching set," he said, and Gabrielle chuckled.

Gabrielle slid off him and dropped back against the wall, facing Tracey. She glanced across the water at her sister in their harem, and the women touched feet, each smiling with satisfaction.

Harry settled into the middle of the tub and let out a long, relaxing sigh. "I'll turn into a prune if we stay here any longer."

"Oui," Tracey said. "Let's head to bed."

The trio exited the tub, dried off, and slipped under the covers, not bothering with clothes. The girls settled on either side of him, stretching their legs over his stomach and resting their heads on his shoulders and chest. Within minutes, they were fast asleep, while his mind wandered to Fleur.

Grandpa had instilled his wisdom in him once again, and now it was up to him to free her from Ron's brother once and for all.

Harry and the girls woke up to breakfast consisting of bagels and fruit with Grandpa before setting off. Tracey and he headed home, and a part of him dreaded the potential confrontation. Bill barely recognized him since meeting Tracey two weeks ago, and if it weren't for Fleur, Gabrielle, and him, they'd move in with Tracey, or the three of them would settle in Grandpa's townhouse. But for some reason, Fleur hadn't left Bill, and he was tired of his friend's brother constantly ditching her. He had one overarching goal—to free Fleur from Bill and make her his. As Gabrielle went straight to work, Tracey and he exited the elevator to their floor. He stayed with Tracey as she changed for her shift at the hospital. By the elevator, they shared a sweet, slow kiss before he turned and headed to Bill and Fleur's apartment. Fortunately, his key still worked, so he entered the apartment to find it empty. Bill probably left for work a few hours ago, and Fleur seemed to be out. He checked the kitchen—empty. The doors to Bill and Fleur's bedroom were open, and light spilled from their closet. But as he paused outside and listened, silence greeted him.

He intended to spend some time with Fleur. Following Grandpa's advice, he wanted to leave her alone and initiate the flirting process. But since she wasn't home, he decided to fill the time with a quick run. After stripping down to just his skimpy nylon running shorts, he entered the bathroom and experienced the shock of his life.

Fleur stood in front of the sink, completely topless, applying makeup. Her reflection stared back at him in the mirror, leaving nothing to the imagination. It was a clear view of her large, beautiful, bouncing breasts on full display. She wore a pair of white silk panties, riding high on her hips, and her golden blonde hair cascaded in shining waves down her shoulders, reaching halfway down her back.

Her breasts defied gravity. Large, firm, and round, they were like something out of a Playboy fantasy. Her pink areolas were flat and roughly the size of a half-dollar. Her nipples, though not erect, proudly protruded at the center of each of her magnificent wonders. Fleur's slim waist transitioned into hourglass hips and a thick, juicy heart-shaped butt. She had all curves and no fat. Her thighs were thick and ripe, and her stomach flat but feminine. She was absolute perfection.

Harry's heart jumped to his throat, and his stomach plummeted to his shoes. He had fantasized about her for so long that he could barely believe the reality before him. His cock swelled and shifted in his running shorts as he stood in the doorway, openly ogling her incredible body. Fleur didn't hide or pretend to be surprised. Instead, she smiled sweetly at herself in the mirror as she finished applying mascara. "I was wondering if I'd get to see you this morning." She set the mascara down and furrowed her brows, looking at the small mountain of makeup on the counter. "Which shade do you think? Red or pink?" She lifted two lipsticks and turned to him, her breasts barely bouncing as she moved.

Harry Potter's heart pounded in his temples, and his legs turned into shifting sands. His breath stuck in his throat, swallowing the lump forming there. "Wow," he said. "You're... wow." Fleur blushed and smiled modestly. "You're sweet." She reached for her lipstick, causing her breasts to merge, creating a mountain of deep, soul-crushing cleavage. Under his intense gaze, Fleur's nipples visibly hardened, straightening and stiffening with each passing second. "Bill is a fucking idiot," Harry muttered, his legs trembling beneath him as he leaned against the door frame, licking the dryness from his lips.

Fleur chuckled, looking at him. "Which?" It took him a few seconds to realize she meant the lipstick, not her perfectly symmetrical breasts. "Red," he said, his voice husky and deep. Fleur furrowed her brow. "Why not pink?"

He shook his head. "Red makes your lips look...". "Like what?" Fleur asked, smiling charmingly. She set the lipstick down and looked at him. "Looks like you caught me topless. Oops."

His cock stiffened, hardening under Fleur's gaze, pressing against the thin nylon lining, creating a noticeable tent. "Aren't you using the bathroom?"

"No." She turned back to the mirror and applied the red lipstick. "Your bathroom has better lighting."

Sweat trickled down his forehead, and his heart raced wildly in his chest. Awkwardly, he shifted his raging erection in his shorts. "Well, you should shower here from now on."

Fleur glanced at his pulsating cock in the mirror. "Fine. I might agree to that. 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 for his gun aimed straight at her. After all, Fleur was still Fleur, and there was a difference between nudity and outright deception. Once he released his cock, he wasn't sure if he'd refrain from trying the dessert. "You and Emma are true nudists," he said.

"Yes. That's when I feel most comfortable. When we lived together at Beauxbatons, we could barely keep our clothes on long enough to get through the door."

"Christ." He looked up and down her amazing body, absorbing every steep curve. "That must have been quite a sight."

Fleur smiled. "You work wonders for my confidence." Her gaze traveled over his naked chest and down his six-pack, settling on his stiff cock, poking through the front of his shorts. "I could say the same about you. Gabrielle is such a bitch." She sighed and applied the red lipstick.

He would cut off his right hand for five minutes alone with that Playboy body. "You and Daphne could almost pass for twins."

Fleur smiled. "Fleur smiled. - We were often mistaken for twins until Daphy lost her smile." She pursed her lips and tilted her head, studying herself in the mirror. "What do you think?"

He laughed. "Really?" He looked down at his cock and back at her. "Guess. You meant the lipstick? It's very sexy."

Fleur giggled and turned to him. "Do you have a few minutes? I need your help."

Harry cleared his throat and wiped the sweat from his forehead. "Sure."

"Good." Fleur took his hand and led him out of the bathroom into the hallway. "Holy shit." He expected to have to do a lot more work to convince her, but she led him straight to the treasure trove. His heart pounded so hard and fast that he could barely see straight ahead. For years, he had desired Fleur Delacour. Damn, he had wet dreams with her as the star. He never in his

wildest dreams believed he would have a chance to have sex with her. Would he last long enough to slide in? He doubted it.

Her silk panties hugged her butt and slipped into the crack, revealing her smooth, sensual, flawless cheeks. Fleur's big, naked tits swayed from side to side, appearing on either side of her chest as he followed her numbly, trailing behind her like a zombie.

Her scent wafted over him. Like Fleur herself, it was sweet and clean, a mixture of vanilla and salty water. His cock throbbed, aching inside his shorts, while his head throbbed so hard that he thought it might detach from his neck.

"Sit on the bed," she said, her tits bouncing and bouncing.

Numbly, he did as she asked. He sat on the edge of the bed, and in his mind, a giant ball of goo appeared. Was she going to lie on him? Or give him a blowjob? Whatever it was, he would break through shattered glass to touch her.

She stood before him with her hands on her hips. "I need your help choosing a bikini for this weekend."

He could barely breathe and nodded, licking his dry lips. "Sure." A bikini would only cover her naked body, and he considered asking her to just walk naked and show him the bikini without trying it on. But knowing how she looked naked would only enhance her attractiveness in the bikini.

"Will you wear the one I choose?"

"Yes," she said. "But only if you promise to protect me well with sunscreen."

Damn. He tried to say something, but his voice was an octave higher. He cleared his throat and sat on trembling hands. "I take sun protection very seriously. But what will Bill say if I steal his girl?" She shrugged dismissively. "Fine. Ready to see the first one?"

"Ready," he said.

She disappeared into the closet with panties on, filling him with crushing disappointment. He sighed heavily and looked towards the closet, devilishly determined to wreck Gabrielle's pussy after they arrived at the lake cottage.

Fleur emerged a few minutes later wearing a white bikini with black polka dots. She stood before him, twirling around, giving him a 360-degree view. "This is choice number one," she said, her tone not overly enthusiastic.

As far as bikinis go, it was a conservative choice. It revealed some cleavage but covered even more, and the bottoms concealed a lot of skin, hiding her amazing ass. It was like having a Ferrari in the garage and deciding to drive a minivan.

She raised her hand, interrupting him. "Wait until you see both options before you express your opinion."

"Okay," he said, smiling. The second bikini had a high bar to meet.

Fleur smiled innocently and disappeared back into the closet, reappearing moments later in a neon pink bikini that made his stomach jump into his throat.

"This is bikini number two," she said, her tone optimistic and excited. It was evidently her favorite, and it was easy to see why.

Fleur twirled around, letting him get a good look at her almost naked butt. She turned back around and squeezed her breasts, creating an impressive cleavage before letting them bounce freely, barely constrained by the thin fabric and equally thin spaghetti straps. "So, what do you think?"

He furrowed his brow, taking in her incredible body. "Is that a trick question?"

She laughed and raised her hands to tuck her hair behind her ears. Her large breasts lifted upwards, revealing her lower abdomen and snow-white armpits. "Just tell me."

"Fleur, it's this one. Forget it. It's not a contest," he said. "You look amazing in this bikini. The second one looks like something my mom would wear."

Her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks flushed with excitement. "Bill wanted me to wear the first one. He said Bob Longbottom has a weak heart, and pink might send him to the emergency room." He laughed. "Please tell me he was joking. Because if you were my girl, I'd encourage you to show off that hot body every chance you got."

She raised an eyebrow and approached him. "What else would you do if I were your girl?" She tucked a strand of her silky, golden hair behind her ear and looked at him with her deep, blue eyes.

Grandpa's first lesson had rooted itself in his DNA, and he didn't even have to think about it.

"You'd wear less than this bikini. I can promise you that."

"Why?" She stepped between his spread legs and rested her hands on his shoulders, giving him a view of her deep, golden cleavage.

His cock, already stiff, jerked against his shorts, and cum leaked from its tip, leaving his shorts wet on the inside. He desired her so much it hurt. "I think you know why. Do you want me to say it?"

Her expression turned serious, and she nodded, her blue eyes searching his face intently. "Say it," she whispered.