

Harry looked out at the vast, dark expanse of the Black Lake and shuddered at what he was about to do. He had no idea who had been taken, having long since worked out the secret of the egg and just what they meant by something he'd sorely miss. He spotted Marie sitting on her own just then and felt his heart sink at what that most likely meant. Of course, if Hermione's absence answered one question, Marie's presence created another.

He hazarded a glance over at Fleur, something he had been avoiding doing because his swimwear left little to the imagination as it was, and realized that she looked terribly worried. She looked beautiful too, dressed in a silver one-piece bathing suit that clung to her incredible figure like a second skin, but she had a stricken look on her face. Even if she didn't, the hard nipples visible through the tight-fitting swimsuit would have been a clue. She must have been terribly bothered to forget to cast a warming charm.

Taking his wand out, he subtly cast one on her, and she looked at him in surprise.

"You looked cold," Harry commented, purposefully looking down at her perfect tits. Such a thing normally would have earned him a lascivious grin, but Fleur didn't even seem to notice.

"Zank you, 'Arry," Fleur said, peering back out at the lake.

"Who did they take?" Harry asked. "I would have expected Marie, but she's over there."

"So are my parents," Fleur said, signaling to a beautiful-looking blonde woman sitting next to a middle-aged man. "If zey are 'ere, zey would 'ave brought ma soeur, but she is nowhere to be seen."

Harry paled at that. "She's just a kid, though."

"'Arry, I was worried about zis task already," Fleur admitted. "Veela are creatures of fire; we do not do well under water, and if Gabi's down zere..."

"Hey," Harry said, putting his hand on hers. It would probably draw attention, but he wasn't about to care about something like that at a time like this. "You know I don't give a toss about all this. We can work together and get them both out safely. I'm pretty sure Hermione's the one they took for me."

"'Er too?" Fleur asked, looking even more concerned. "Zank you, 'Arry."

Harry winced at the sheer resignation in her voice and was about to say more when he was interrupted by Bagman.

"Are our champions ready?" the annoying man asked, his voice amplified by magic.

"Let's just get this over with," Harry sighed.

"Da," Krum added.

"What he said," Cedric concurred.

"Err, right," Bagman said, looking taken aback. Recovering quickly, like the showman he was, the man turned to the audience, who Harry realized were about to watch the most poorly thought out spectator sport in history, and called out, "our valiant champions have each had something most precious taken from them. When the whistle sounds, they will have one hour to retrieve what they've lost, lest it lie under the lake forever. On your marks, champions, for we begin on the count of three: one, two, three!"

Fleur cast a quick Bubble-Head Charm around her head, while Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out a dose of gillyweed. She had suggested that he use the same charm that she was planning to, and he had even learned it, but when he learned about the weed, he figured that it was a better plan A than hers. He even offered to get a second dose for her, but apparently it had unfortunate side effects on Veela.

Sticking the slimy and unpleasant-tasting plant into his mouth, Harry chewed as quickly as he could and swallowed it down, rushing towards the water. He was glad that he had read up on his solution ahead of time, or he might not have known how quickly one had to get into the water after consuming it. The sensation of growing gills wasn't nearly as unpleasant as he expected. It itched, for sure, but it wasn't painful, which was surprising considering that his skin was splitting open to allow them. The webbing of his feet and hands was equally strange, as he had brand new skin that he could feel with. He didn't have much time to dwell on the almost-alien sensations, as he soon found himself in the lake, swimming around like he had been born there.

Fleur looked at him as he arrived with an impressed look on her face. She might not have thought much of his Gillyweed solution when he first mentioned it, but as he swam around her like an actual sea creature, he imagined that she had changed her mind. She had already cast *Lumos* and they could see the lake before them. They couldn't see terribly far, of course, but it was better than nothing as they made their way further into the lake. He noticed what looked like a half-shark, half-man creature swim past them and figured that had to be Krum. He had seen Cedric cast a Bubble-Head Charm as he was snarling down the Gillyweed.

"Points for creativity," Harry thought to himself. Krum would probably get actual points for it too.

The lake was large and annoyingly deep, but they made fair progress through it. Neither of them actually knew where the Merpeople's village was, but they knew from their research that it would be on the lake floor and likely in the deepest part of it. Harry was about to let himself think for even a moment that things were going smoothly. Lived experience had taught him that things were more likely to go wrong the more they seemed to be going well, and he wasn't dumb enough to risk it. Mere moments later, he was proven right as a swarm of small creatures came barreling towards them.

"What in the world?" was all he had time to think before he was attacked. They were small, green, horned creatures with wide-set eyes and razor-sharp teeth. They had three-fingered hands with sharp claws and their lower bodies were a mess of tentacles.

"Grindylows," he realized after a moment. He remembered them from Professor Lupin's lesson last year.

Some targeted him, but the lion's share went after Fleur, who was quickly overwhelmed. In a panic, he sent a stream of heated water at the nearest one, remembering that they were very temperature-sensitive. The little demon shrieked and swam off, though the others were undeterred. Making full use of his heightened mobility, Harry dodged them and swam towards Fleur, who was struggling in the grip of numerous Grindylows.

"Relashio," he cast, sending the swarm of creatures away from Fleur for a moment.

A moment was all she needed as she started casting spells of her own, unleashing her obvious fury on the little monsters. Swimming over, he put his back to hers and joined her in repelling their assailants, breathing a sigh of relief once they gave up and swam off. Though vicious and violent, Grindylows were just as likely as any other animal to seek easier prey in the face of a violent response.

Turning around, he saw Fleur already casting healing spells on her few scratches and bite marks. She turned to look at him as she finished and cupped his cheek, giving him a look of gratitude. The Grindylows had cost them time, and they knew it. Rushing forward, they continued to swim deeper and deeper into the lake, searching for the elusive Merperson village.

Less than ten minutes later, they found it, located on the lake floor near its center. The stone houses would have been enough of a clue by themselves, but in the center of the village there stood a massive statue of a merperson, holding a trident triumphantly. Near that statue were a number of smaller ones, and Harry noticed that tied to three of them were distinctly human figures. Fleur moved to rush towards her sister, but Harry grabbed her hand to hold her back, pointing to the merpeople coming towards them. They looked just like the descriptions that he had read, with grayish skin, long green hair, and silver, fish-like tails.

They seemed to be coming from all sides, and their reactions to him and Fleur were remarkably different. Fleur seemed to be held in contempt by the aquatic creatures, which he suspected would have attacked her already if not for the agreement they had with Dumbledore. He spotted a Grindylow on a sort of leash, clearly a pet, which was tied to one of their stone dwellings. Even it seemed to hate Fleur on sight, fighting against the leash in an attempt to attack her. The reactions to him were quite different.

They seemed interested in him, with a few children among the crowd pointing at his webbed hands and feet and presumably asking questions of their parents. A couple braver ones drew close and attempted to speak to him, though he didn't know how to respond and merely looked at them sheepishly.

Fleur pulled him forward, likely figuring that their more pleasant reaction to him would be a boon to them both, and they made their way towards the hostages. Hermione, Gabrielle, and Cho were tied to the statues, their hair flowing freely in the water. They were in a bewitched sleep and looked like they were breathing well enough. Krum's hostage was already gone, which, considering that there were no signs of a struggle around them, made him feel better. He spotted Cedric arriving just as he reached Hermione.

Casting a quick severing charm on the rope holding his oldest friend in place, he wrapped an arm around her and started swimming away just Fleur finished freeing Gabrielle. He

saw her cast a Locomotion Charm on Gabrielle and smacked his head for not thinking of that himself. Doing the same to Hermine, he too off with her, with Cedric taking off in a different direction. Krum was going to win this one, which Harry didn't care about at all, but they were still well below the hour mark.

A sound of distress next to him caught his attention, and Harry looked in horror to see the Grindylows coming again. Fleur moved Gabrielle behind her and moved to fight, but the delay cost her, and one of the little monsters managed to latch onto her right arm.

"Relashio," Harry cast, forcing it off of her. Freed, she turned to fight, trying to drive them off while protecting Gabrielle.

A group of them came towards him, and he pushed Hermione behind him as he turned to face them. Lashing out with jets of hot water, he managed to hold them at bay, but he couldn't help Fleur, who was once again beset by a greater number of them than he was. He had just about driven off the last of his attackers when he saw one of the Bubble-Head Charm on Fleur burst and froze.

"Fleur!" Harry screamed, terror gripping him as he saw her struggling to recast the spell while she still had breath to use.

Aiming his wand at the nearest Grindylow, he cast a piercing hex, blowing a small hole in the creature's head. He had been trying to just drive them off, but Fleur's life was on the line, and he wasn't about to hold back at the risk of her. The water around him grew red and thick with blood as he continued taking out anything between him and Fleur. He kept to piercing hexes, not wanting to try severing charms or anything else that had more complex wand movements. By the time he reached Fleur and Gabrielle, he had terrified the Grindylows enough to make the survivors flee. Casting a quick Bubble-Head Charm, he held his own breath as he waited for Fleur to start breathing again.

"Ennervate," he cast when he realized that she had actually fallen unconscious. She awoke and started coughing, water spraying through the bubble of air around her head. She looked weak and covered in wounds that were bleeding. He looked over at Gabrielle and noticed that Fleur had managed to protect her, at least, as the girl looked unharmed.

Casting a Locomotion Charm on Fleur, he took all three of them with him, aware that he was beginning to lose steam. He hadn't cast that much magic in such a short amount of time before, and he was exhausted. If the Gillyweed ran out before he reached the surface, he wasn't sure if he'd even have the strength to cast a Bubble-Head Charm on himself. Hoping against hope that the Grindylows wouldn't come back a third time, he raced to the shore.

Harry thought about just reaching the surface and letting Hermione and Gabrielle swim so that he could ease up on the charms he was using to pull them forward, but thought better of it. Even if they would wake just from reaching the surface, which he didn't know for sure, he had no idea Gabrielle could swim, and even if she could, the last thing he needed was a terrified child, whom he couldn't even communicate with, freaking out as he tried to get her sister to shore. The rest of the journey back passed uneventfully, and when he finally reached the shore, mere moments before his Gillyweed wore off, it took all that he had to call out for help.

“Madam Pomfrey, she’s hurt!” he cried, getting the attention of the healer, who rushed over to them.

He collapsed on the ground, trying to catch his breath, as Fleur fell next to him, unconscious again. Unfortunately, their hostages chose that moment to wake up, and Gabrielle immediately started screaming as she saw the wounded state her sister was in. Harry had learned some French, but he was far from fluent, and in that moment, he was too tired to remember much of what he did know.

“Hermione,” he croaked, “could you...talk to her?”

“Harry, your leg!” Hermione cried in distress, looking down at his swim trunks.

Harry followed her eyes and noticed a large, deep-looking gash in his right thigh. “Oh, that’s new.”

With all the adrenaline, he hadn’t even noticed it before, and in that moment, he didn’t care much. Madam Pomfrey arrived and was about to try to pry the wailing Gabrielle off of Fleur when her parents ran up. He heard Fleur’s mother say something to the girl, who shifted to start clinging to her instead.

“Will she be alright?” her father asked in very accented English.

“She’s lost a great deal of blood by the look of it,” Madam Pomfrey replied as she worked to close her wounds, “but she should be.”

“She inhaled water too,” Harry said, sitting up. “One of the Grindylows broke her Bubble-Head Charm. I recast it, but I had to fight through them first. She coughed up water when I reenervated her.”

“I see,” Madam Pomfrey said grimly as she levitated Fleur. “Can you stand, Potter? That looks like a nasty scrape.”

“It’s nowhere near the artery; I’ll be fine,” Harry grumbled as he struggled to his feet, more from exhaustion than the wound. Hermione rushed to help him to his feet, and he smiled at her gratefully.

He spotted Cedric and Krum in the medical tent when he got there. Both of them grimaced at the sight of Fleur. Madam Pomfrey worked diligently, closing Fleur’s wounds and forcing what he recognized as a blood-replenishing potion and a couple he didn’t recognize down her throat. She woke up with a gasp as the healer worked and started coughing again. She seemed to be breathing well, at least.

“Gabrielle!” she exclaimed, looking around frantically.

“She’s fine,” Harry reassured her, limping over to her bedside. “She’s with your parents.”

“‘Arry, you’re ‘urt,” Fleur cried, looking down at him.

"Yes, you are," Madam Pomfrey said, turning to him. "I need to deal with that."

"I've had worse," Harry said dismissively, reflexively rolling the shoulder that the basilisk had bitten. "Make sure she's okay first."

"Arry, let her 'elp you!" Fleur growled.

"Your concern is touching," Madam Pomfrey said dryly, "but Miss Delacour will be fine. You, on the other hand, will need a blood-replenishing potion if we wait much longer."

Harry balked at the idea of drinking a potion and let her work without further complaint, sighing as the pain, which he had just started to feel as he calmed down, left him.

"Any other injuries?" Madam Pomfrey asked.

"I'll probably have some wicked bruises in the morning, but nothing else is bleeding," Harry replied.

"If they're too bad, come to me. That goes for both of you," Madam Pomfrey said before leaving them alone.

"It sounds like you two were bloody hounded," Cedric commented. "I saw a couple Grindylows, but not the swarm you seem to have."

"I turn into shark, and they vlee on sight," Krum piped up.

"They were after me," Fleur said.

"Why is that?" Harry asked.

"You saw 'ow ze Merpeople looked at me," Fleur replied. "Sea creatures instinctively 'ate Veela."

"Well, we'll have to have some bouillabaisse and even the score," Harry joked, pleased to see her crack a smile, even if it only lasted a moment.

"I failed," she muttered to herself. "If not for you, Gabrielle would still be down zere."

"Hey, you were disadvantaged and..." Harry tried to say.

"Arry, you saved my life," Fleur said, her eyes growing wet. "You saved Gabrielle too. If anyzing 'ad 'appened to 'er, I..."

She trailed off, and Harry took her hand in his, staring into her shimmering blue eyes. He was about to say something when Bagman rushed in to tell them that the scores would be announced.

Harry was so happy that it took everything in him to avoid running to the carriage as he made his way there. Fleur had sent him a message by owl of all things, asking him to come to her room during dinner, and his joy was matched only by his relief. It had been days since the second task, and he had barely seen her at all in that time.

When their scores came in and they learned that Fleur had come in last, she seemed fine. Even the fact that he had been given bonus points for his valor and was tied with Krum only seemed to please her. Harry had no idea what else could have prompted her to avoid him, though, and it was driving him nuts. The tournament was frustrating enough as it was. The last thing that he needed was for it to ruin the best thing that had ever happened to him.

When he knocked on the door to Fleur's room, he heard her immediately call for him to come in and entered quickly, only for his jaw to drop at what he found. Fleur Delacour, the most beautiful woman he had ever laid eyes on, was completely naked and tied to her bed by two silk scarves that attached her arms to the headboard.

"Fleur," Harry gasped.

"Arry," Fleur replied seductively. "Close ze door, will you? Zis show if for your eyes only."

"Okay," he breathed, his brain still lagging, as he closed the door.

Fleur giggled at his expression and spread her legs wide, giving him an unobstructed view of her pussy. Harry swallowed hard and winced at how uncomfortably tight his pants became.

"I 'ave been zinking of how I could repay you for your 'elp in ze second task," Fleur said, "and, as I know I am usually one to be on top, as it were, I zought you might enjoy being on ze other foot for a change."

"I thought you were mad at me," Harry said dumbly.

"What?" Fleur asked, stupefied. "Why in ze world would you zink zat?"

"Oh, it's just that the last few days..." Harry trailed off, immediately regretting that he had opened his mouth.

"I spent much of ze last few days with my family," Fleur explained. "Gabrielle 'as needed me."

"Oh," Harry said, feeling even dumber. *"Not everything's about you, you pillock."*

"How's she doing?" Harry asked.

"She's upset," Fleur replied, "and she's been 'aving nightmares. My parents are furious with ze tournament organizers. Zey were assured zat it would be perfectly safe for 'er."

Truth be told, Harry questioned the judgment of everyone involved in that decision. He couldn't imagine allowing a child as young as her within a hundred feet of a tournament with the reputation that this one had, but even he wasn't stupid enough to say that.

"If you think it would help, I could talk to her," Harry said. "I'd need a translator, but still."

"It probably would," Fleur said. "She's been asking to meet 'er 'ero and I promised ma mere zat I would ask you, but we can talk about zat later. Right now, I am a bit insulted zat, as I lay 'ere naked and bound, you want to talk about my sister."

"I suppose that is rather rude of me," Harry said teasingly, tracing a finger up along her leg. She shivered at his touch, and he realized that she had wanted him as badly as he wanted her. He also realized that he had her entirely at his mercy and felt his cock throb at the thought. "So you decided to reward me by letting me do whatever I want to you?"

"As I said, I zought you could enjoy being on ze other foot," Fleur said.

"I guess I could start there," Harry chuckled, taking one of her feet in his hands.

Fleur let out a contented sigh as he started massaging her. "Zis isn't what I figured you'd do, but I'm not complaining."

"You've had a stressful few days," Harry replied, pressing his palms into her sole and sliding them upward over and over again. "I figure you could use this."

"You're good at zat," Fleur sighed, closing her eyes and just enjoying his attention. He had done this before and knew what she liked. He also knew that footrubs turned her on, and for what he had in mind, he needed her to be very turned on.

"You feel so tense," Harry said. "Sometime this weekend, I'm giving you a full-body massage."

"You're ze best," Fleur groaned as he switched to the other foot.

He could see her beautiful pink folds growing damp and grinned. Fleur could be quite impatient in bed and very demanding. She had been quite gentle and understanding the first time, something that he was sure his magical tongue had a lot to do with, but once she realized that he had learned what he was doing, she became more and more aggressive in seeking her pleasure from him, which he enjoyed, but it was going to be fun drawing things out a bit for a change.

"So, 'ow do you like 'aving me bound?" Fleur asked.

"Quite a bit," Harry said, leering at her body. Letting her feet go, he ghosted his fingers over her taut, flat belly to her breasts, cupping one of the heavy mounds and making her gasp. "I could do anything with you like this."

"Zat's ze idea," Fleur panted, her eyes darkening with lust. "I zought about getting Marie's 'elp and gagging myself too, but I wouldn't 'ave been able to tell you why I wanted to try zis."

“Do you have a gag?” Harry asked, feeling cock twitch at the thought.

“Look in ze chest, over by ze night table,” Fleur replied. “It’s under my underwear.”

Harry opened the chest and carefully rooted through it until he found a leather strip, the ends of which could clearly be attached, with a ball in the middle.

“I ‘ave used it before, but never on myself,” Fleur said.

“And it’s been cleaned?” Harry asked.

“Oui,” Fleur replied. “You just tie it around my ‘ead with ze ball in my mouth.”

“And you’re sure that you’re okay with this?” Harry asked.

“I said you could do anything to me,” Fleur replied. “So come ‘ere, gag me, and ‘ave your wicked way with me.”

Harry didn’t know if he had ever been harder than he was in that moment. Carefully raising her head in his hands, he stuck the ball in her mouth, shuddering at the heated, lustful look she gave him, and tied the strap around her head. He stepped back and looked at the sinfully hot image that a bound and gagged Fleur Delacour made for. She was watching him, her crystal blue eyes nearly black for how wide her pupils were. With her legs spread, he could see how wet she had gotten already, her arousal leaking down towards her arsehole.

Smirking at her, he started removing his clothes, slowly lowering his outer robe, revealing that he was only wearing boxers under it. Warming charms were such useful things at times. He had no idea how to do a strip tease, so he just focused on moving slowly, revealing his body a bit at a time. Months of training with Fleur had given him a greater physique than he had before, something that his Veela lover had complimented him on more than once. When he saw her eyes focus on the large tent in his boxers, he grinned.

“You want to see more?” Harry asked teasingly, cupping his cock through his boxers. She nodded fervently, and it only made his grin widen. “Well, alright then.”

He lowered his boxers down over his cock, chuckling at the look she got when his hard cock sprung out, standing proud once it was freed from its confines. Taking it in hand, he stroked himself slowly, delighting in the look of pure lust on Fleur’s beautiful face. He had long since stopped asking why she wanted him. He’d probably never understand it, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t enjoy it. Seeing a woman that beautiful practically panting with desire at the sight of him, her beautiful pussy leaking her arousal, was more than worth the confusion.

“I’m so hard,” Harry said, still stroking his cock slowly. “I would feed you my cock, but your mouth is occupied just now, so I’ll have to make due with something else.”

Fleur spread her legs as far as they went, humping against nothing as she tried to lure him in where she wanted him most.

“Tempting, love, but I have something else in mind,” Harry said, grinning wickedly. Moving past her open legs as he crawled into bed, he reached out and cupped her full, large breasts, delighting in the muffled moan she let out. “Ever since I laid eyes on these for the first time, I’ve wanted to try placing my cock between them.”

He kneaded the firm, supple mounds, pinching her nipples gently. Fleur cried out behind the gag and shook with need as he crawled further in, straddling her belly and moving up to place his cock between her breasts. He pressed them around his cock, marveling at the feeling of her soft, warm flesh enveloping him, and started fucking her perfect tits.

Harry’s cock was long enough that, as large as her breasts were, the head still poked well beyond them on every thrust, and Fleur was almost comically focused on the sight of his cockhead coming right up to her over and over again. The dewy drop on the head must have been a tantalizing sight as she started drooling around the gag. Harry’s goal in all of this was to get her so hyperaroused that she would cum the second he buried himself inside her depths, and if the look on her nearly black eyes was any indication, it was working.

Titfucking turned out to be less fun than he had imagined, enjoyable but nothing to write home about, and Harry stopped after a few minutes, lowering himself down along her body so that he could start kissing and licking around her breasts instead. Taking her pebbled nipples in his mouth one by one, he sucked the stiff peaks hungrily. Fleur was shaking with need by then, her whole body vibrating under his touch. Kissing his way down along her flat, toned stomach, his eyes nearly crossed at the delectable smell that he found emanating from her womanhood.

This was easily the wettest he had ever seen her, her pussy practically gushing fluid, soaking the bed under her. Harry had been planning to skip over her pussy, kissing his way down one of her legs and sucking on her toes for a bit, then switching to the other one and moving his way back up, but she smelled too fucking good.

“Fucking hell, I love how you taste,” he groaned as he swiped his tongue up along her overheated slit.

“Mmmm, mmmm!” Fleur exclaimed around her gag, her thighs clenching around his head to hold him in place.

Harry moaned as his juices flooded his mouth, drinking them down eagerly. He purposefully ignored her clit and staved off his first instinct to resort to parsel tongue. Fleur was going to cum on his cock and not a moment sooner. Prying her thighs away from his head so he could move, he descended lower, spreading her full, round arsecheeks open, and started swirling his tongue around her puckered rosebud. Fleur’s muffled moans grew more and more desperate and shrill, and Harry was just about to show mercy when he felt something odd on his cheek: feathers.

“What in the world?” Harry asked, seeing that there were indeed white, downy feathers forming on Fleur’s thighs.

He looked up and started at the look on her face. Her eyes, once beacons of hunger and desire, showed fear, though it was quickly replaced by an unsettling mix of need and rage.

“Uh, Fleur?” Harry asked, taking a step back.

Her body was covered in fuzzy white feathers and was running so hot that he could feel the warmth emanating from her. To his shock, the silk scarves holding her hands in place caught fire and broke, letting her free herself. She ripped the ballgag off of her head, breaking the leather like it was tissue paper, and Harry was startled by how her face looked. She looked like herself to an extent, but there was something harsher about her features, sharper and more avian. She looked at him like an eagle regarding a small animal it was about to pounce on.

With an avian shriek, she reached out, and Harry felt himself physically picked up by her magic and flown over to the bed, landing on his back with a thump. As scared as he was in that moment, he was also harder than he could ever remember, a mix of how insanely hot Fleur still looked and the wild, untamed allure billowing out from her.

“Cawk!” Fleur shrieked as she pounced, impaling herself on his cock in one move.

Harry gasped at the almost painful heat and tightness of her furnace of a cunt. Fleur felt insanely good normally, but this was inhuman, and Harry knew he wouldn't last long. The superhuman heat and tightness would have been incredible on their own, but Harry also got what he wanted as she started cumming the second he was buried inside her. Her orgasm was no impediment to her, though as she rode him through her pleasure, a warbling, triumphant cry spilled from her lips as she did her best to milk him dry.

“Fleur!” Harry almost screamed as he came harder than he could remember. He moved to hold her, trying to reach out as the pleasure consumed her, but she grabbed his hands and held them above his head, far stronger than she normally was. She continued to ride him, almost violently, through his orgasm.

“Fuck, I...” Harry went to say, trying to beg her to ease up, as he felt his cock start to wilt, but her allure grew only stronger, and Harry felt his cock reharden instantly.

“More, more, more, more,” Fleur cried, sounding slightly less bird-like but still seemingly in a trance of lust.

Her pussy was still milking him hard, fluttering and spasming around his length as though she were in the midst of one long orgasm. She might very well have been, for all Harry knew, completely out of his depth. The pleasure of it all was bordering on painful; it was so intense, but Harry wouldn't have stopped for anything.

“Holy fuck!” Harry cried as he came again, pumping her grasping tunnel full of his seed.

The feathers had started to recede a little, but Fleur's allure was still running wild, and his cock didn't even wilt for a moment that time, remaining as hard as a rock within her. Her hips were a blur as she continued to ride him hard, apparently determined to drain him completely dry. Harry was too tired to contribute much, and she just laid there as she

fucked him hard. He knew that he had fucked up and wanted to give her whatever she needed to get back to normal.

What she needed turned out to be two more soul-searing orgasms from him, all while she continued to be stuck in one long climax of her own. The third made her face lose its avian sharpness while the fourth forced the last of her feathers away. The beautiful blonde collapsed on his chest in a breathless, gasping heap when her lustful haze finally left her.

Harry held her trembling form with what strength he had left, wincing as his sore and finally soft cock slipped out of her pussy. Rubbing her sweaty back as he tried to catch his breath and will his heart to slow, he placed gentle little kisses on her shoulder, trying to sooth her as she recovered from her mind-melting ordeal.

“Fleur?” he asked when his breathing finally returned to normal.

The word seemed to jolt her, and she rolled off of him, lying on her back and throwing an arm across her forehead while she still panted for breath. He rolled onto his side and licked the salty sweat from her arm, looking down at her in concern.

“Are you alright?” he asked.

She went to reply, but just nodded instead. He let her be while she continued to calm down and drew little circles on her belly, making her smile at him.

“I’m sorry,” Fleur croaked when she finally recovered enough to speak.

“I’m the one who clearly went too far,” Harry said. “What was that anyway?”

“Zat, is why you do not tease a Veela,” Fleur replied. “As I say, it is my fault for letting you gag me without establishing a safe-gesture of any kind, something zat I could have signaled with when it was getting to be too much. Ze ‘arpy form comes out when we are enraged or so aroused zat it zreatens to drive us mad.”

“Have you ever experienced that before?” Harry asked.

“Non,” Fleur replied. “I ‘ave ‘eard of it but never even come close. Zat was ze most intense pleasure I ‘ave ever known. I swear it was one long orgasm.”

“I know the feeling,” Harry replied, smiling. “I’m sure my cock will hurt tomorrow, but it will be worth it. That was easily the best sex I’ve ever had.”

“I would offer to kiss it better if I could move zat far,” Fleur replied, sounding half-asleep already.

“Are you busy this weekend?” Harry asked, feeling like he could drift off as well.

“Not really,” Fleur replied. “Why?”

“I thought we could spend it in bed if you like,” Harry suggested. “Have the house elves bring food, recover from all of this, and just hang out. I do owe you that massage.”

Fleur rolled back over, grunting at the effort, and pushed him onto his back, looking down into his eyes.

"Keep treating me like zis and I will 'ave to take you with me when I leave," she giggled, brushing his hair with her nails.

He leaned into her touch and sighed tiredly, saying, "that's the plan."

She just blinked at him for a moment and snorted, settling in so she could rest her head on his chest. He ran his fingers through her sweat-dampened hair and sighed in pure contentment, drifting off before he could even think about what he had just said.

"No one's seen either of them since Friday night," Hermione said as she walked towards the carriage, Marie in tow.

"I will admit, as much as I would normally just write zis off as Fleur getting caught up in fun, I am a little concerned," Marie said, tickling the lock and opening the door for Hermione.

"Thank you," Hermione said as she walked past.

"Oh, don't zank me, ma cherie," Marie smirked, groping Hermione's ass and earning a gasp from the beautiful brunette. "To walk behind you is a privilege."

Hermione tried to glare at her not-girlfriend, but it was halfhearted at best. They reached the door to Fleur's bedroom, and Marie quietly opened it. The second that the door opened, the sounds of gasps, groans, and pleased moans reached their ears.

"Surely they haven't spent the last three days doing this," Hermione whispered.

"Oh my," Marie whispered as she poked her head in the doorway. Returning to look at Hermione, she said, "I zink we should leave zem."

Hermione furrowed her brow at Marie's reaction to seeing Fleur and Harry going at it and poked her own head in to look. She immediately understood why Marie thought the two of them should be left alone. Fleur was on her back, her legs wrapped around Harry as he thrust inside her again and again. This wasn't the frenetic, athletic sex that Hermione knew they usually got up to and had joined them in more than once. Their movements were slow and gentle, but the passion between them was electric. Locked together in a passionate embrace, they were lost in their world, neither one noticing for a moment that they had an audience as they continued to kiss and make love.

"I see what you mean," Hermione said, gently closing the door. "You want to go to the library?"

"Do you 'ave any pressing work zat needs doing?" Marie asked.

"There's no harm in getting a head start on essays," Hermione replied evasively.

“Zat is not what I asked, ‘Ermione,” Marie purred, brushing the backs of her fingers over her cheek. “If zere is no immediate need to go to ze library, I could zink of significantly more fun things we could do.”

Hermione flushed at Marie’s flirting and gentle touch and felt her pussy clench at the thought of what Marie found fun. Marie’s eyes flashed in triumph, and she took Hermione’s hand, leading her to an empty room on the carriage. As she joined the fiery redhead, Hermione glanced once more at Fleur’s door. Something about the scene she had witnessed made her think that things had deepened between those two. Whatever came of their relationship, she just hoped that Harry was happy in the end.