

Fleur's new boyfriend was a lot richer than Harry. He gave her more gifts, sometimes even just giving her straight cash, and she was sure to put out. They had a good thing going. Harry had been more about the lovey-dovey shit, which Fleur couldn't spend.

Fleur had put out for her boyfriend last night, giving him a little striptease and then straddling him on the couch until he did his deed. In return, he had given her a many galleons "to get yourself something nice." As he was showering, Fleur had helped herself to a couple more gold coins from his wallet and then helped herself out.

With about hundred galleons to blow, Fleur decided to go shopping. She hit a few of her regular stores, picked up a few cute outfits, and settled down for lunch. Fleur's boyfriend used to give her more money and she used to invite her friends along, but his gifts had been lacking lately. Fleur was wondering if it was getting close to when she would have to dump him and find a new boyfriend who knew how to treat a lady.

"Hello Fleur," someone said behind her. An arm reached over her shoulder and put a matte black stone with many runes on the table. one.

"What...?" Fleur started, but the man behind her pressed one of the runes and Fleur immediately lost her train of thought. There was a faint ringing—not loud enough to block out any other noises, but loud enough for Fleur to hear. It seemed like that ringing was all that mattered to her.

The man sat across the table from her. Fleur didn't pay any attention to him. The ringing was very interesting and all other thoughts, concerns, and worries seemed to drop out of the back of her head.

"Look at me," he said.

It was suddenly very important to look at him. Fleur locked her eyes on the man with fierce focus and was surprised to find that she knew him. It was a Hogwarts little boy. She didn't even know how he would handle the assignments, after all, according to her classmates, he was weak in most classes. What was he doing here?

"Hello Fleur," he smiled. The smile was only on his lips, it didn't touch his eyes.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm spending my boyfriend's money shopping." The words were out of Fleur's mouth before she had a chance to register them. Even after they left, Fleur only thought about the ringing from the stone and looking intently at Harry. Nothing else mattered.

"Did he give you the money?" Harry asked.

“Some of it was a reward for fucking. Some of it I stole.”

“I see,” he nodded thoughtfully. “So you traded sex for money?”

“Not explicitly,” Harry said. “We never arranged...”

“But there is an understanding?” he interrupted.

“Yes,” Harry nodded.

“So you’re a whore?” he said.

“I don’t tend to think of myself...” Harry said, but again he interrupted. As soon as he started talking, it seemed vitally important that she listen.

“I shouldn’t have stated that as a question,” he said. “Let me rephrase. You are a whore.”

Immediately, Fleur knew it to be true. She was a whore, a genuine prostitute. She traded sex for money and loved it. Beyond even the facts, the connotation rang true as well. She was cheap and filthy.

“Yes, I am a whore,” Fleur responded.

Harry smiled, this time genuinely. It was like something was confirmed for him.

“Ok,” he said. “I’m going to go Hogwart. And you’re going to follow me. If you have any appointments, you’ll cancel them. If anyone’s expecting you, let them know you won’t be coming. Don’t reschedule anything, just tell them you’ll reach out. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” Fleur said, immediately cataloguing her plans in her mind.

“You remember the way to the hall where the wand weighing ceremony took place?”

“Yes.”

“Good,” Harry said. He reached over and pressed a rune on the stone on the table again. The ringing stopped and slowly, Fleur found she was able to think again. She immediately got up from the table. Her food hadn’t even arrived yet, but she dropped a couple silver coins on the table and scurried off.

She got to the post office. She sent several letters from there canceling the meetings.

As she was going to Hogwarts, she thought that if she had more time, she could have taken the waiter out back and let him fuck her. That should cover lunch at least. As a whore, it was likely the more economical way to handle things.

In the carriage, she applied some flashes of makeup. As a whore, it was important to look dolled up. It seemed very important to get to Hogwarts very quickly, but she couldn't exactly explain why.

When she arrived, she arrived walked up to the class door. Harry must have been waiting for her, because he opened the door and she stepped inside.

Suddenly, she wondered why she was here.

"Hey, what's going on?" Fleur asked, turning to Harry. He was pulled out the same stone from the café and just before he pressed the rune, Fleur saw something small in ears, like ear buds. Then the button was rune and Fleur was dumbfounded again.

"Fleur, when you first met me, you called me a little boy" Harry said as she stared into the distance. Every word was like gospel to her—absolute truth drilled into her mind. "I liked you, but you started by humiliating me."

"Partially," Fleur said.

Harry looked like he had a momentary expression of hope. "What's wrong with it?"

"I was going to destroy you even more. I was the one who suggested the spell on the badges spread among your schoolmates.," Fleur explained.

Harry's hope disappeared from his face. "That seems about right."

He stepped up to her. Fleur was wearing a silky, button-up blouse. He undid the buttons and let it open. She was wearing a lacey red bra beneath—she had been planning on seeing her boyfriend and he always seemed to give her more money after she wore lace. Harry ran his fingers lightly over the lacey bra and then grasped her breast in his hand. Fleur's mind was empty.

"Fleur, I've noticed a pattern in my life," Harry said softly. "I try to be the good boyfriend. I try to treat women right and show them that I care. But I keep getting used. So I've decided to balance the scales." He gestured towards the small device, still ringing in Fleur's ears. "I was working on that for a long time before you and the others like you. But once I found this little pattern of falling for girls who end up being bitches, I decided that justice would be a good way to implement it."

He pulled the blouse off her shoulders and dropped it on the ground. He looked admiringly down at her chest.

“Fleur, you are mine now. You are my property. Your body—” here he grabbed her breast with a rough hand “—belongs to me, to do with what I want. You are my slave. My sexual servant. You are my slut. My personal whore.”

Inside Fleur’s mind, the gospel truth that he spoke seemed almost redundant. Of course she was his slut. Wasn’t her very pussy created for the purpose of being pounded by this man? She had big boobs because he liked big boobs. She was good at blowjobs, good at stripping, good at fucking, she had allure.. all to please her man. That’s why she was wearing red lace and no top in front of him right now, wasn’t it?

Her owner reached up and stroked a strand of hair behind her ear. “Your mind is mine too,” he said softly. “Your thoughts are exclusively those that benefit or please me. Your identity is one of service. Outside of servicing me, you do not exist. You will call me Master or Sir. And I will call you whatever the hell I want to. Do you understand, slut?”

“Yes sir,” Fleur responded immediately. She wondered why they were having this conversation while she standing, instead of while she was going down on him. Surely he would prefer to be telling her these things with his dick in her mouth, wouldn’t he?

Her Master looked her over for a moment, almost as if he wasn’t sure what to do now. Fleur knew that her wise, smart master had planned this speech for a long time. But he probably hadn’t thought about it through he would ever actually get this far.

He looked her over once more and then added, “I deserve this. For all the ways you bitches have treated me poorly, I deserve justice.”

“Yes Master,” Fleur said. “You deserve to own this slut.”

Her Master smiled and pressed a runes on the stone again.

Fleur could think. Immediately, she wondered how long her Master had gone without getting off. Surely it had been too long. Shame filled her mind. It was her job to keep her Master sated and he was probably so horny.

“Sir, may I please you?” Fleur asked, dropping to her knees. As she did, she arched her back so he would get the best view of her tits. Vaguely, she wondered if he would like her to be bare-chested now or if he preferred lingerie. How careless had she

been to not know her Master's preferences like this? More shame came, and more desire to please him right now.

"Yes," her Master said. "Suck me off, bitch."

Euphoria filled Fleur as she scooted closer to her Master. She undid his belt and gently slid down his pants. Careful to move the waistband over his erection, Fleur then slide down his underwear.

For just a moment, Fleur was in awe of his dick. It was glorious. It was her whole purpose for existing. She would do anything in the word for the service of this.

Then she remembered that she was supposed to be servicing it right now. She wrapped her lips around its head in a long and tender kiss. At the same time, she reached up and cradled his balls in one hand. She fondled them, one at a time. She swirled her tongue over his head and then began to take more of it into her mouth. She kept her throat loose, but still felt the urge to gag as it approached the back of her mouth. She would have to practice more so she could depthroat him. Preferably, that meant giving head more often, but practically that probably meant practicing with a carrot or something like that. She could work her gag reflexes out, she was sure.

Fleur began to pick up rhythm. She sucked, so her lips were locked onto his beautiful dick. Her mouth was moist and her tongue played with him as she went. While she had started gently, he began to rock with her to pick up more of a rhythm. He was not gentle with her mouth—but he had every right to be rough. She was his private bitch and if he wanted to facefuck her, that was his right. Further, that was her privilege.

Fleur's assessment about how long it had been was apparently accurate. It wasn't long until her Master began to make urgent, almost pleading noises. Fleur did not slow down. Her neck was tired and she was gagging, but all that was important right now was servicing her Master as he needed it.

He exploded in her mouth, first a hard strand that found its way down her throat. Then as she continued to serve him, her mouth filled with the rest of it. He kept cumming for a long time and Fleur again felt guilt that she had let him go so long without serving him. When he was finally finished, he pulled his dick out of Fleur's mouth and looked down at her.

Fleur opened wide, to show her Master's gift still in her mouth. She knew how slutty she looked, like a porn star right now. She didn't stop a drop of cum from rolling down her chin and dripping onto her tits. She smiled up at him and then, while locking eyes, she swallowed like a good girl.

Then she turned her attention back to her Master's dick. It was still hard, but not as desperately rock-hard as when she had started. She planted kisses as she licked her way up and down his shaft, cleaning every drop of cum off of him.

Then she remembered the drop on her tits. She wiped it up with one finger and then licked it up as well.

She had done well, she knew.

For some reason, her Master looked alarmed. He was looking down at her and then glancing back towards the device that he had used.

"Oh shit, I actually did it," her Master muttered. "I fantasized about it, but... I didn't think I would actually... oh shit." He was panicking.

"Shhhh," Fleur said, reaching out and touching his dick. It wasn't to arouse him, it was to stop him. As Fleur expected, as soon as she touched his penis he froze, looking down at her.

"Master, you deserved this," Fleur reminded him. "You don't need to feel alarmed. You don't need to feel guilty. You have been wronged by so many bitches like me. You deserve to have me as your cumslut. You deserve to have a private little fucktoy just for you." She smiled at him. "Please don't send me away. I exist for you. I want to serve you. I want to be your's."

Her Master was looking down at her with confliction. She could see some sense of morality battling against greed and lust. Fleur knew that she would have to aide the side of lust.

She reached back and undid the lacey red bra and let it drop to the ground. She massaged her tits for a moment while he watched. Then she leaned forward and kissed the tip of his dick. Then she leaned back and looked up at him again.

"I am your property," she said softly. "And you don't have to explain to anyone what you do with your own property." She looked down at his dick and conjured an expression of lustful hunger that hoped would turn him on. Then she added, "Or what your property does for you."

Like a good little slut, she knelt in front her Master and waited for him to think. Some part of her inside her brain knew that he could undo what he had done, but she desperately wished he wouldn't. One little blowjob was not nearly enough service for the level of dedication that she felt at this moment. He hadn't even fucked her right. He hadn't taken her pussy or her ass. She hadn't dressed up for his fantasies or

stripped for his camera. As a whore, she had woefully underserved her Master. She could only hope that she would have time to rectify this error.

"I... I deserve this," he said softly.

"You deserve every bit of this," Fleur grinned up at him. "And I deserve this too. I was a bitch, and I deserve to be broken for you."

He nodded again and repeated with confidence: "I deserve this."

They spent the evening on her Master's bed. She asked him about his preferences: "Shaved or furry pussy?", "Lace or leather? What color?", "Schoolgirl? Maid? Morgana? Magic? Muggol?" She would be asking these questions from her slave-spot, resting down at his hip as he laid with his head on the pillows. She gave him three more blowjobs through the day as she became aware of all his fetishes and desires.

Her favorite was the time where he had laid her on the bed, her feet at the pillows and her neck just off the edge. She leaned her head back and opened her mouth wide. He fucked her mouth and was able to play with her tits while he did so. When he got to climax, he decided to pull out and jerk off onto her tits. As he did, Fleur's mouth went to work on his hanging ball sack.

Fleur felt used. She was a sexual object. Her Master had not even given a second thought about her own sexual desires or needs. He had used her only to satisfy his own. It was everything she could have ever hoped for.

Fleur woke up early and dressed up nice and slutty for her Master. She gave him breakfast, which had been brought by the helpful house elf. Then she teased him awake with her tongue beneath the sheets. He ate his breakfast while she ate his dick. When he was fed, he fucked her throat for a few minutes and then exploded all over her tits.

"I have to go to work, bitch," her Master said, getting out of bed. He looked down at her and she knew he liked what he saw. She was in her red sexy lace, still covered in his cum, laying on her back on the bed.

"Would you like me to come to you between school classes?" Fleur asked. "I can get you off really quick, I promise." She pouted, and despite his recent ejaculation, she thought she saw his dick respond in appreciation. Her eyes were fixed on it.

"Actually, I want you to go to the store today," her Master said. "Go get some sexy clothes for me."

“Yes sir,” Fleur said eagerly.

“You have enough money?” her Master asked.

“I have my savings account,” Fleur said without hesitating.

Her Master looked again down at her and Fleur could see a twinge of doubt cross his eyes. Suddenly, he wasn't looking appreciatively at the cum on her chest anymore, but nearly remorsefully.

“I got the money from my dad,” Fleur said. “Remember? I was a spoiled little rich bitch. You deserve a fuck slave, and I deserve to be a fuck slave.”

Again, the dick responded in appreciation and the twinge of doubt was gone. Instead, her Master reached over for camera which he borrowed from Colin and trained it on her. He took a couple pictures of her on display on the bed. Then he stepped into the shower.

She was his porn. Fleur's heart exploded in gladness. He had wanted to save a picture of her. Some fantasy inside Fleur's heart imagined her kneeling in front of him, sucking him off while he watching through nudes of her. It was brilliant. She could still look good for him while demeaning herself for his pleasure.

Fleur made a note to capitalize on this.

After he left, she immediately went to obey his orders. She picked up several lacey negligees, fishnets, tall heels, chokers, and other assorted sexy wear. Then, she leaned into the fantasies he had disclosed to her— a slutty schoolgirl outfit, and a cheerleader costume to start.

That took most of the morning and Fleur again regretted that her Master did not take her up on the offer to stop by during brak.

Instead, on a whim, Fleur went and bought a nice camera and tri-pod. When she got back to her Master's Hogwart, she set up the camera and took a series of semi-nude photos in the outfits. She was careful to expose as much skin as possible, fitting with her whore nature. She took dozens in each outfit, but was always careful to take a series of them while kneeling, hands behind her back, mouth wide open. Her Master's fondness for throatfucking made this an ideal photo.

This took several hours. When finished, she developed the photos and, after finding the owlery, sent it signed by the NSFW.”.



For a brief moment, Fleur feared that he would masturbate to the pictures instead of allowing her to please him with her lips, hands, pussy, ass, or tits—or anywhere else he liked, of course. Then Fleur scolded herself. Her Master could do whatever he wanted. It wasn't her concern how he got off. She should just be glad that she was able to provide a small part of his satisfaction.