



Harry Potter stirred awake in the Gryffindor Boy's rooms, a strange electricity buzzing beneath his skin. It wasn't just the crisp March air filtering through the cracked window—it was something

deeper, wilder, like a storm coiled in his chest. Ever since that night with Fleur and Apolline in the Beauxbatons carriage, he'd felt... different.

He slipped out of bed, careful not to wake Ron—whose snores rattled the four-poster like a troll with a head cold—and grabbed his wand from the nightstand. His glasses fogged briefly as he exhaled, a grin tugging at his lips. For once, he didn't feel like the scrawny kid under the stairs, waiting for life to happen. He felt alive.

He left the common room and found himself near the entrance of the Main Hall. There were barely any students there at this hour, but some had started to come. A figure waited by the Main Hall's large door. Fleur Delacour turned as he approached, looking breathtaking in her Beauxbatons uniform. She wore a light blue cloak over her Beauxbatons uniform, her presence as striking as ever, even at this ungodly hour.

"'Arry," she greeted, her voice a soft melody that made his heart skip. "You are up early."

"Couldn't sleep," he admitted, rubbing the back of his neck. "Too much... energy, I guess."

She stepped closer, her blue eyes glinting with something tender yet fierce. "Ze bond—it is waking you up, non? I felt it too, last night." Her fingers brushed his, sending a jolt of warmth through him, and she smiled. "You are stronger now. I see it in your eyes."

Harry swallowed, caught off guard by the intensity of her gaze. "I don't know what I'm doing half the time, Fleur. But with you... it feels right."

She leaned in, pressing a gentle kiss to his lips, her lips lingering just long enough to make his breath hitch. "Trust yourself, mon cœur. You 'ave more power zan you know. Go—practice. I will see you at breakfast."

With a final squeeze of his hand, she walked away with a few other girls from Beauxbatons, leaving Harry with a goofy grin and a chest full of warmth. He shook his head, muttering, "Get a grip, Potter," before heading out into the chilly morning.

The Quidditch Pitch loomed ahead. Harry chose an unused corner near the Gryffindor stands, the grass still damp with dew beneath his trainers. He twirled his wand—holly, eleven inches, phoenix feather core—and took a deep breath. Time to see what this new spark could do.

"*Accio* rock!" he called, pointing at a fist-sized stone ten yards away. It shot toward him with a whistle, faster than he'd expected, and he caught it mid-air, stumbling back a step. "Blimey," he muttered, tossing it aside. "Alright, let's try something bigger."

"*Protego*!" A shimmering shield flared to life, its edges crackling with silvery-green light—Fleur's Veela magic woven into his own. He flicked his wand again, testing its strength with a weak *Stupefy*. The red bolt ricocheted off, sizzling into the grass with a puff of smoke. Harry grinned. "Now we're talking."

He moved to more advanced spells, his voice steady and sure. "*Expelliarmus*!" A broomstick leaning against the stands flew out of reach, spinning wildly before clattering to the ground. "*Stupefy*!" The blast hit a wooden post, splintering its edge with a loud *crack*, sparks dancing like fireflies. Each spell felt sharper, more alive, as if his magic had shed a layer of rust.

A few early risers trickled onto the grounds—mostly Hufflepuffs heading to the greenhouses, their chatter a distant hum. Harry barely noticed, lost in the rhythm of his wandwork, until a soft gasp pulled his attention. Susan Bones stood near the path, her auburn hair glinting in the sun, clutching a Herbology textbook. She stared at him, wide-eyed, then flushed and hurried off, muttering something to a friend who giggled behind her hand.

"Oi, Potter's putting on a show," Lavender Brown's voice drifted over as she and Parvati Patil strolled by, wrapped in Gryffindor scarves. Lavender's gaze lingered a beat too long, her usual flirtatious smirk replaced by a curious tilt of her head. "Didn't know you had *that* in you," she called, before Parvati tugged her toward the castle, whispering furiously.

Even Professor Sinistra, the Astronomy teacher, paused on her way to the North Tower, her dark eyes narrowing as she watched Harry's latest *Stupefy* carve a scorch mark into the dirt. She adjusted her star-strewn robes, murmured, "Interesting," and continued on, her heels clicking against the stone path.

Harry shrugged off the attention, wiping sweat from his brow. "Just practicing," he said to no one in particular, though the faint buzz of their stares prickled his skin. He wasn't used to witches noticing him like *that*—not beyond the Triwizard fame or the scar. Shaking it off, he squared his shoulders. One more spell. Something big.

"*Expecto Patronum*!" he shouted, pouring everything into it—memories of Fleur's kisses, Apolline's touch, the surge of belonging he'd felt with them. A blinding light erupted from his wand, and his stag burst forth, larger than he'd ever seen it. Its antlers gleamed like polished silver, its hooves thundered against the air, and it galloped across the pitch, leaving a trail of shimmering mist. The sheer power of it stole his breath, and he laughed—a raw, giddy sound—as it circled once before fading into the morning haze.

"Bloody hell," he panted, lowering his wand. "That's new."

Unbeknownst to him, a figure watched from the edge of the pitch, half-hidden by an ancient oak. Daphne Greengrass leaned against the gnarled trunk, arms crossed over her Slytherin robes, her sharp green eyes tracking the stag's arc. She'd heard of Harry Potter, of course—who hadn't?—but the scrawny Gryffindor with a knack for trouble had never piqued her interest. Until now.

She tilted her head, blonde hair spilling over one shoulder, and frowned slightly. The power in that Patronus wasn't luck or some Triwizard fluke—it was raw, untamed, almost... overwhelming. She'd seen him bumble through classes, dodge Malfoy's taunts, but this? This was different. The way his spells crackled, the confidence in his stance—it stirred something in her, a flicker of intrigue she couldn't quite squash.

"Potter," she murmured, her voice low and dry, "what've you been up to?" Most of the castle was still asleep or huddled inside, leaving the grounds quiet save for the rustle of leaves and the distant caw of a crow. The witches who'd noticed him—Bones, Brown, even Sinistra—hadn't lingered, drawn back to their routines, but Daphne stayed. She didn't care for hero worship or Gryffindor bravado, and she'd sooner hex Draco than join his sycophantic posse. But power? Real power? That was worth watching.

Harry, oblivious, tucked his wand into his pocket and stretched, the morning sun warming his face. He felt good—better than good. Whatever the Veela bond had unlocked, it wasn't just magic. It was him. With a final glance at the pitch, he started back toward the castle, whistling a tune he'd picked up from Fleur. Breakfast awaited, and maybe a chance to tell her about that stag.

Daphne pushed off the tree, her expression unreadable. She didn't follow—not yet. But as Harry's figure shrank into the distance, she muttered, "Let's see if you're all flash and no substance, Potter." A faint smirk tugged at her lips, and she turned toward the dungeons, her mind already spinning with questions.

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Harry Potter sat alone at a corner table in Hogwart's Library, surrounded by a fortress of open books—*Advanced Spell Theory*, *Defensive Magic for the Bold*, and a dog-eared copy of *The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 4*. His glasses slid down his nose as he squinted at a diagram of a *Protego Maxima* variant, muttering incantations under his breath. The Third Task loomed like a storm cloud, and after his morning on the Quidditch Pitch, he was determined to be ready.

He didn't hear the footsteps until a shadow fell across his page. A heavy thud jolted him upright as a thick tome—*Hexes and Countercurses: A Practical Guide*—landed on his table, its leather cover gleaming with a faint sheen of age. Harry blinked up at the figure towering over him: Daphne Greengrass, the so-called "Ice Queen of Slytherin," all sharp cheekbones and sharper green eyes. Her blonde hair was pulled back in a sleek ponytail, and her Slytherin tie hung slightly askew, as if she'd loosened it out of boredom rather than carelessness. She crossed her arms, her presence radiating a quiet command that made Madam Pince's usual shushing seem redundant.

"You're louder than you think, Potter," she said, her voice dry as parchment, each word clipped with precision. "That little show on the pitch this morning? Half the castle's buzzing about it."

Harry's mouth opened, then closed, caught off guard. He'd heard of Daphne—Slytherin's untouchable enigma, powerful enough to make Draco Malfoy squirm and aloof enough to ignore everyone else. She wasn't one for small talk or hero worship, and yet here she was, staring him down like he'd personally offended her. He pushed his glasses up, leaning back in his chair with a confidence he hadn't known he possessed a week ago.

"Didn't know you cared to listen," he shot back, matching her tone with a hint of a smirk. "Thought you'd be too busy hexing Malfoy's ego into next term."

Her lips twitched—almost a smile, but not quite. "Malfoy's a prat who thinks shouting makes him strong. You, though..." She tilted her head, studying him like a potions ingredient she couldn't quite place. "That Patronus wasn't just noise. What's your trick, Potter? Triwizard luck finally kicking in?"

Harry's pulse quickened, but he kept his face steady. The Veela bond flickered in his mind—but he wasn't about to spill that to a near-stranger. "No trick," he said, tapping his wand against the table. "Just hard work. You should try it sometime—might loosen up that icy glare."

Daphne's eyes narrowed, but there was a spark in them, a flicker of amusement or challenge. "Hard work, huh? Funny, I don't remember you blasting stags across the grounds last year. Or cracking posts with a *Stupefy* like it's nothing." She leaned forward, resting her knuckles on the table, her voice dropping. "You're hiding something, and it's not just Gryffindor grit."

"Maybe I've just stopped holding back," Harry replied, meeting her gaze without flinching. The air between them crackled, not with magic but with something else. "What's it to you, Greengrass? Bored of Slytherin's usual games?"

She straightened, brushing a stray lock of hair behind her ear. "I don't waste time on games—or weaklings. That's Malfoy's territory. But you..." She paused, her tone shifting from skepticism to a grudging edge. "You might actually be worth a damn. Prove it's not just noise. Room of Requirement, tonight, eight o'clock. Duel me."

Harry blinked, the challenge sinking in. "A duel? What, no 'please'?"

"Don't need one," she said, already turning on her heel. "Show up or don't. I'll know either way." Her robes swished as she strode off, her footsteps echoing in the hushed library, leaving Harry staring at the hex book she'd dropped like a gauntlet.

He exhaled, running a hand through his messy hair. "Bloody hell," he muttered, half-laughing. Daphne Greengrass didn't mess around—she was blunt as a Bludger and twice as dangerous. But something about her dry wit, her refusal to coddle him, lit a fire in his chest. He'd show her noise, alright.

The library door creaked open again, and Hermione bustled in, her arms full of scrolls and her bushy hair even wilder than usual. She plopped down across from him, eyeing the hex book with a frown. "What's *that* doing here? Don't tell me you're picking up dark magic now, Harry."

"Not mine," he said, jerking his thumb toward the stacks where Daphne had vanished. "Daphne Greengrass just challenged me to a duel. Room of Requirement, tonight."

Hermione's quill froze mid-scratch. "Daphne Greengrass? The Slytherin who turned Draco's hair purple last year when he called her a mudblood-lover?" Her brown eyes widened, then

narrowed. "She's powerful, Harry—cunning, too. Top of her class in Charms and Defense. You don't want to underestimate her."

"Wasn't planning to," Harry said, leaning forward with a grin. "She saw me practicing this morning. Thinks I'm all flash and no substance. I'm gonna prove her wrong."

Hermione studied him, her lips pursing as if she were solving a particularly tricky Arithmancy problem. Then, to his surprise, a faint blush crept up her cheeks, staining them pink. "You've been... different lately," she said, her voice softer. "More confident. It's—well, it's good to see. Just... be careful, alright? Daphne's not one to trifle with."

Harry raised an eyebrow, caught off guard by the flush on her face. "Hermione, are you blushing?"

"What? No!" she sputtered, burying her nose in a scroll so fast it nearly tore. "I'm just—concerned, that's all! Honestly, Harry, focus on the duel, not me."

He chuckled, the thrill of the challenge bubbling up again. "Don't worry, I've got this. She wants a fight? She'll get one." He flipped open *Hexes and Countercurses*, scanning the table of contents—*Disarming Hex*, *Blasting Curse*, *Shield Breakers*. His fingers itched to grip his wand, the Veela magic humming faintly in his core.

Hermione peeked over her scroll, still faintly pink. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

"Maybe a little," he admitted, his grin widening. "She's not like Fleur—sharp as a knife and twice as prickly. But I reckon I can handle her."

"Famous last words," Hermione muttered, though a small smile tugged at her lips. "Just don't get hexed into next week."

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The corridors of Hogwarts were hushed as Harry made his way to the seventh floor, the evening shadows stretching long and thin across the stone walls. His heart thudded with a mix of nerves and excitement, his wand a comforting weight in his pocket. The clock had just struck eight when he reached the blank stretch of wall opposite the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy. He paced three times, muttering under his breath, "I need a place to duel," and a heavy oak door materialized, its edges glowing faintly with golden light.

Pushing it open, Harry stepped into the Room of Requirement, transformed into a dueling arena that could've rivaled any championship stage. The floor was padded with thick, springy mats—black with silver runes pulsing faintly along the edges—absorbing sound and promising a soft landing. Flickering torches lined the walls, their flames casting a warm, restless glow that

danced across the high, vaulted ceiling. At the far end, a single figure stood, wand in hand, her silhouette sharp against the torchlight.

Daphne Greengrass turned as he entered, her green eyes glinting like polished emeralds. Gone were her Slytherin robes, replaced by practical dueling gear: a fitted black tunic, trousers that hugged her athletic frame, and dragonhide boots that clicked faintly against the mats. Her blonde hair was tied back in a tight braid, emphasizing the hard line of her jaw. She twirled her wand—ebony, sleek, and wickedly precise—between her fingers, a faint smirk playing on her lips.

"Thought you might chicken out, Potter," she said, her voice carrying that same dry edge from the library. "Glad to see Gryffindor courage isn't just a myth."

Harry grinned, pulling his own wand free. "Wouldn't miss it, Greengrass. Someone's got to show you what noise *really* sounds like."

Her smirk widened into something almost predatory. "Big words. Let's see if you're as good with a wand as you are with your mouth." Without warning, she flicked her wrist. "*Expelliarmus*!"

A jet of red light streaked toward him. Harry reacted on instinct, his voice ringing out, "*Protego*!" A shield flared to life, its surface shimmering with a silvery-green tint—a ripple of Veela magic threading through his own. The disarming spell slammed into it and ricocheted, sizzling into a torch with a shower of sparks. Daphne's eyebrow arched, but she didn't hesitate.

"*Stupefy*!" she snapped, the red bolt slicing through the air with surgical precision. Harry dodged, rolling to the side as it scorched the mat where he'd stood. He came up swinging. "*Incarcerous*!" Thick ropes shot from his wand, snapping toward her like striking snakes.

Daphne's eyes narrowed, and she slashed her wand downward. "*Diffindo*!" The ropes shredded mid-air, falling in tattered coils at her feet. "Nice try, Potter," she called, her breath steady despite the pace. "But you'll have to do better than party tricks."

Harry's grin turned fierce, the rush of his enhanced magic surging through him like wildfire. "Oh, I'm just getting started. *Reducto*!" A blast of blue light erupted from his wand, roaring toward the floor at Daphne's feet. She leapt aside as it hit, the mat cratering with a thunderous *boom*, chunks of padding flying like shrapnel. The air vibrated with the spell's force, and Harry felt a thrill—his power wasn't just louder; it was *sharper*, untamed, alive.

Daphne landed in a crouch, her braid swinging, and shot him a look that was half irritation, half respect. "Bloody hell, Potter, trying to bring the castle down?" Before he could answer, she flicked her wand upward. "*Levicorpus*!"

Harry's feet left the ground as invisible strings yanked him into the air, dangling him upside-down like a puppet. His glasses slid toward his forehead, but he didn't panic. "*Finite Incantatem*!" he barked, dropping back to the mat with a thud, rolling to his feet in one fluid motion. "My turn. *Levicorpus*!"

Daphne yelped as she was hoisted upward, her braid whipping around her face. She twisted mid-air, her wand slashing down. "*Finite*!" She landed lightly, panting now, her cheeks flushed with exertion. "You're quick, I'll give you that."

"And you're stubborn," Harry shot back, wiping sweat from his brow. "Ready to call it a draw?"

"Not a chance," she snarled, raising her wand again. But before she could cast, a slow, deliberate clap echoed through the room, freezing them both mid-stance.

Fleur Delacour stood in the doorway, her Beauxbatons cloak draped elegantly over one shoulder. She clapped again, her smile warm but edged with something playful. "Impressive, both of you," she said, her accent curling around the words like silk. "I 'ad no idea Slytherin 'ad such fire, and 'Arry—mon Dieu, you are magnificent."

Harry lowered his wand, his chest heaving, a grin breaking through his focus. "Fleur? What're you doing here?"

"Checking on my champion," she said, gliding forward with that effortless grace that made the room feel smaller. She linked her arm through his, her touch sending a familiar jolt of warmth through him. "And I find you dueling like a warrior. I approve."

Daphne straightened, brushing a stray hair from her face, her breathing still ragged. She eyed Harry with new respect, her gaze lingering on the faint shimmer still fading from his shield. "Not bad, Potter," she muttered, then flicked her eyes to Fleur, one eyebrow lifting. "Didn't realize you came with a cheering section."

Fleur laughed and squeezed Harry's arm possessively. "Oh, I am much more zan that, Daphne. But you—such skill! You must join us tomorrow in 'Ogsmeade. A drink, to celebrate 'Arry's progress—and yours, non?"

Daphne blinked, caught off guard by the invitation. She holstered her wand, crossing her arms again, though the gesture seemed less defensive now. "Hogsmeade? What, so you can parade him around like a trophy?"

"Parade?" Fleur tilted her head, her smile turning mischievous. "Non, I share 'im with those who deserve it. And you, I think, just might." She winked at Harry, who felt his face heat up despite himself.

"Oi, I'm right here," he said, half-laughing, half-flustered. "And I'm not a bloody trophy."

"Of course not," Fleur teased, patting his cheek. "You are a lion. A very talented one."

Daphne snorted, but her lips twitched upward. "You two are insufferable. Fine—Hogsmeade, tomorrow. But don't expect me to clap for you, Potter." She turned toward the door, pausing to glance back. "And next time, I'm winning."

"Keep dreaming, Greengrass," Harry called after her, his voice lighter than he felt. She didn't reply, just slipped out, leaving the echo of her boots behind.

Fleur turned to him, her blue eyes sparkling. "She likes you, 'Arry. I can tell."

"She's got a funny way of showing it," he said, holstering his wand. "Nearly took my head off with that *Stupefy*."

"Passion," Fleur said simply, her fingers brushing his arm. "It is a good sign. She sees your power, just as I do." She leaned closer, her voice dropping to a whisper. "And I think she will see much more, soon."

Harry swallowed, the implication sinking in. "You're plotting something, aren't you?"

"Always," she purred, pulling him toward the door. "Come, let me reward you. You 'ave earned it."

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The Three Broomsticks was full of wizards and witches as always. Harry walked inside with Fleur's arm around his, Daphne following closely behind. Their odd trio had gathered some attention from students who saw them. Harry noticed the way many boys and even some girls looked at Fleur, many looking dazzed as if they were drunk. Harry paid them no mind and find a good place to sit with Fleur sitting beside him. Across the table, Daphne Greengrass dropped onto the bench, her dueling gear swapped for a sleek green jumper and black trousers that hugged her frame. She propped an elbow on the table, her sharp green eyes scanning the room like a hawk.

Three frothy mugs of Butterbeer arrived, delivered by a harried Rosmerta who muttered about "Hogsmeade weekends being the death of her." Harry took a sip, the sweet warmth spreading through him. Fleur's knee brushed his under the table, while Daphne's gaze flicked between them, guarded yet curious.

"So, Potter," Daphne began, her voice cutting through the pub's hum like a blade. She leaned forward, cradling her mug. "You're not the scrawny kid from first year anymore. What's changed? Don't tell me it's just 'Triwizard pressure' making you glow like that."

Harry's fingers tightened around his mug, the Veela bond pulsing faintly in his chest. He shot her a crooked grin. "Training," he said simply, taking another sip. "Been at it harder lately. You'd be surprised what a bit of effort can do."

Daphne's eyebrow arched, skepticism etched into her features. "Training, huh? That *Reducto* yesterday wasn't just effort—it was bloody feral. You're holding out on me."

Fleur laughed, a beautiful sound that turned a few heads nearby. She leaned closer to Daphne, her tone flirtatious. "Oh, 'e is full of surprises, non? But you, Daphne—you 'ave fire. That duel? Arry told me about it. Only a powerful witch can fight like that."

Daphne's lips twitched, caught between a smirk and a scoff. "Flattery's cheap, Delacour. Save it for someone who blushes." But her eyes lingered on Fleur, then slid to Harry, then back to Fleur.

"So, Delacour," Daphne said, her tone edged like a blade, "what've you done to make Potter stronger? Some Beauxbatons trick? Love potion in his pumpkin juice?"

Fleur leaned back, crossing her legs. "Me? I 'ave done nothing, Daphne. 'Arry was strong long before I came along. First Task—dragons, non? He outflew a Hungarian Horntail. Second Task—ze lake, ze merpeople—he saved his friend and my little sister, first to ze surface. 'E 'ad ze most points before we even—" She paused, her lips curving mischievously. "Before we started *messing around*, as you say."

Harry grinned. "She's right. I was already winning. Fleur just... makes it more fun."

Fleur turned to him, her blue eyes glinting. "Fun, you say? Oh, 'Arry, you flatter me." She leaned closer, her voice dropping to a purr. "Maybe I should take credit for zat Patronus—give you a little *inspiration*, non?"

"Reckon you already do," he shot back, his grin widening. He nudged her shoulder, their heads nearly touching. "That stag's got your sparkle now."

"Mon Dieu, listen to you," Fleur teased, tapping his nose with a finger. "So charming when you try."

Daphne's mug hit the table harder than necessary, her expression souring. "Merlin's beard, can you two stop pawing each other for five minutes? It's like watching a pair of lovesick pixies."

Fleur's gaze slid to her, playful yet pointed. "Jealous, Daphne? You 'ave fire, but no one to warm it with. Poor thing." She tilted her head, smirking. "Maybe you need a little *inspiration* too."

Daphne's cheeks flushed, but her retort was swift. "I don't need your pity, Delacour. Or your boyfriend's wand tricks. I'm just trying to figure out why Potter's suddenly a bloody spell-slinging prodigy."

Harry chuckled, leaning forward. "Told you—training. And maybe a bit of luck. You saw it last night. I'm not faking it."

"Training doesn't explain that shield," Daphne pressed, her eyes narrowing. "Silvery-green? That's not standard Gryffindor flash."

Fleur cut in smoothly, her hand resting on Harry's. "It is 'is magic, Daphne. Wild, beautiful—like 'im. I only cheer 'im on." She squeezed his fingers, shooting him a sidelong glance. "And perhaps distract 'im a little."

"Oi, you're more than a distraction," Harry said, turning her hand over to trace her palm. "You're the one who told me to trust myself. That's worth more than a dozen spells."

Fleur's smile softened, genuine warmth breaking through her tease. "You see? My lion listens." She leaned in, brushing her lips against his cheek, her breath warm. "And 'e roars so well."

Daphne groaned, rolling her eyes. "Alright, enough. I didn't sign up for a romance novel. Can we talk about something that doesn't make me want to hex you both?"

Fleur laughed again, undeterred. "Oh, Daphne, you are too easy to rile. But fine—tell us, what do you think of 'Arry's power? You felt it, non? Last night, when you danced with 'is wand."

Daphne hesitated, her annoyance fading into grudging admission. "He's got something, I'll give him that. More than I expected. But I'm still not sold it's all him."

"Then keep watching," Harry said, his voice steady, confidence humming beneath it. "I'll prove it again."

There was a long moment of silence. Harry looked across the pub and noticed that many witches were looking at him strangely. He wondered what was happening. Fleur had told him that half the girls in Hogwarts wanted to sleep with him, but he was sure that was never the case. Now, he noticed so many witches looking at him, even someone like Pansy Parkinson, one of Draco's lapdogs, was looking at him.

"They are jealous, Arry." Fleur whispered into his ear, her right hand settling on his thigh, very close to his half hard cock.

"Jealous?"

"Oui, many girls start paying attention to a male only after that one is in a relationship with another girl, and you are with me, so many of them are thinking how you managed to get with me, and want to know more about you, it also doesn't help that you are very handsome and a Hogwarts Champion."

The silence was finally broken by Daphne. "So, Potter," Daphne said, swirling her Butterbeer with a lazy flick of her wrist, "you're not completely useless. I'll give you that. But you Gryffindors love your tall tales. What's the wildest thing they say about you?"

Harry smirked, resting an elbow on the table. "Depends who's talking. Ron reckons I wrestle trolls in my sleep. Hermione says I've got a death wish. Pick your poison."

Fleur giggled, her head tilting toward him. "Oh, 'Arry, I can see it—ze great troll-slayer, snoring through ze battle." She tapped his chest lightly. "But I think you prefer softer fights, non? Like charming me."

"Charming you's harder than any troll," he shot back, grinning. "Takes more than a club to keep up with you."

"Flatterer," Fleur purred, nudging him with her shoulder. "You are learning, my lion."

Daphne rolled her eyes, though a faint smirk tugged at her lips. "Merlin, you two are relentless. But fine—let's skip the fluff. I've heard something juicier." She leaned forward, her voice dropping conspiratorially. "Is it true you *killed* Professor Quirrell your first year? Burned him to ash or something?"

Harry froze, his mug halfway to his mouth. Fleur's hand stilled on his arm, her blue eyes widening as she turned to him. "Quoi? 'Arry, you never told me zis!"

He set the mug down, rubbing the back of his neck, his confidence faltering under their stares. "Er—yeah, it's... sort of true. Not exactly how people think, though. Is not really a table conversation, so I never really brought it up."

"Sort of?" Daphne pressed, her smirk sharpening. "You don't 'sort of' kill someone, Potter. Spill it—what happened? Did you hex him into next week, or was it some dramatic Gryffindor showdown?"

Harry sighed, glancing between them. "It wasn't like that. Quirrell—he was possessed. Voldemort was on the back of his head, living off him like a parasite. I didn't mean to kill him. I just... touched him, and he started screaming. His skin burned, turned to dust. Dumbledore said it was my mum's protection—some kind of love magic. Still don't get it, honestly."

Fleur's mouth parted, her expression a mix of shock and fascination. "Mon Dieu, 'Arry! A professor with Voldemort on 'is 'ead? And you—destroyed 'im with a touch?" She squeezed his arm, her voice teasing but warm. "You are full of wonders, non?"

"Wonders or insanity," Daphne muttered, though her eyes gleamed with interest. "That's bloody mental, Potter. No wonder Slytherin whispers about you. Half of them think you're a dark wizard in hiding."

Harry snorted. "Yeah, right. Me, a dark wizard? I can barely keep my potions from exploding."

"True," Fleur chimed in, her grin mischievous. "But you 'ave ze heart of a warrior. And ze hands—" She lifted his hand, kissing his knuckles lightly. "—of a killer, it seems."

"Oi, stop that," Harry said, pulling his hand back with a laugh, his cheeks flushing. "It's not like I go around dusting people for fun."

Daphne chuckled, a rare sound that softened her edges. "Pity. Could've used you to scare Malfoy straight. 'Watch out, Draco, Potter'll touch you and poof—no more ferret.'" She mimed an explosion with her hands, smirking.

Fleur laughed, clapping delightedly. "Oh, I like zis idea! 'Arry, you must try it. Imagine 'is face!"

"Please don't," Harry groaned, though he was grinning. "I've got enough trouble without Malfoy thinking I'm after him with magic death-hands."

"Too late," Daphne said, leaning back with a sly look. "I'm telling Blaise. He'll spread it by Monday."

"Don't you dare," Harry warned, pointing a finger at her. "I'll hex you first."

"Try it," she shot back, her smirk daring him. "I'd win this time."

There was some laughter among them until Harry looked at Daphne as if he had seen her for the first time.

"You're not what I expected, Daphne."

"Oh? What *did* you expect, then?"

Harry opened his mouth, but before he could muster a reply, Daphne scoffed, rolling her eyes. "Let me guess—you thought all Slytherins are like Malfoy and his two idiots, lumbering around like Crabbe and Goyle, kissing Draco's boots."

His silence was answer enough, and she leaned back with a smirk, crossing her arms. "House Slytherin's got nearly two hundred students, Potter, and yet you've painted us all with the same brush just because Malfoy and his dogs are insufferable. Typical Gryffindor—seeing the world in black and white."

Harry blinked, a flush creeping up his neck. "I didn't—"

"Save it," she cut in, her smirk sharpening. "Everyone acts like they're pals with Draco, sure—patting him on the back, laughing at his stupid jokes. But it's all because of his money. Last year, we convinced him to buy us a crate of Firewhisky from Zonko's—cost him fifty Galleons. Blaise clapped him on the shoulder, said he was 'the king of Slytherin,' and Draco strutted around like a peacock for a week. If Lucius Malfoy lost his vaults tomorrow, they'd ditch him faster than you can say 'Ferret.'"

Fleur's eyes sparkled with amusement, and she nudged Harry. "See, 'Arry? She is clever. I like 'er already."

Harry chuckled, shaking his head. "Fair point, Greengrass. Didn't peg you for the type to play Malfoy like that, though."

Daphne shrugged, sipping her Butterbeer. "I don't play. I win. There's a difference." Her gaze softened slightly, less icy now, and she studied him over the rim of her mug. "You're still a surprise, though. Thought you'd be some self-righteous Gryffindor preaching about honor. Instead, you're... interesting."

"High praise," Harry quipped, his confidence buoyed by the banter. "Careful, might start thinking you like me."

"Don't push it," she shot back, but her smirk held a flicker of warmth.

The trio finished their drinks, the tension easing into something lighter, flirtatious even, as they stepped out into the crisp Hogsmeade air.

They reached a secluded spot near the Shrieking Shack, its crooked silhouette looming against the darkening sky. The wind whistled through the bare trees. No one else lingered this far out, leaving them alone. Daphne stopped, hands on her hips, and turned to Harry, her expression shifting from playful to serious.

"Alright, Potter," she said, her voice low, steady. "I'll bite. Your power—it intrigues me. I don't waste time on weaklings, and you're... unexpected. That stag, that *Reducto*—it's not just training, is it?"

Harry met her gaze, his pulse quickening. "Maybe I've got a few tricks up my sleeve," he said, keeping it vague. "Why's it matter to you?"

"Because I don't like being outdone," she replied, stepping closer, her breath visible in the chilly air. "And I don't like not knowing why."

Fleur watched them, her smile widening into something mischievous. She slipped beside Harry, whispering in his ear, her French soft and conspiratorial. "*Elle est curieuse, non?*" ("She's curious, isn't she?") Before he could respond, she cupped his face and kissed him deeply, her lips warm and insistent, her tongue brushing his with a spark of Veela magic that made his knees weak. It wasn't just a kiss—it was a statement, bold and public, right in front of Daphne.

Daphne froze, her eyes widening, then narrowing as Fleur pulled back, leaving Harry dazed and breathless. "Bloody hell," he muttered, running a hand through his hair.

Fleur turned to Daphne, her grin playful yet daring. "You see, Daphne, 'Arry is... special. Perhaps we could explore zis interest of yours, non?"

Daphne's cheeks flushed, a rare crack in her icy facade, but she didn't back down. She stepped closer, her voice husky, bold. "If you're sharing, Delacour, I'm not here to watch." Her eyes flicked to Harry, then back to Fleur, a challenge in her stance.

Fleur laughed, delighted, and reached out, her fingers brushing Daphne's jaw. "Good. I 'oped you'd say zat." She pulled Daphne into a tentative kiss, soft at first, exploratory—lips meeting lips. Daphne stiffened, then melted into it, her hand rising to grip Fleur's arm.

Harry watched, his heart pounding, the sight igniting him like a fire. He stepped forward, drawn in like a moth to flame, and Fleur broke the kiss to pull him close. His lips found Daphne's next, her taste sharper than Fleur's—mint and defiance—and she kissed back hard, her fingers digging into his shoulders. Fleur pressed against his side, her mouth finding his neck, and the three of them tangled together.

Daphne pulled back first, panting, her eyes wild. "This doesn't mean I like you, Potter," she said.

"Could've fooled me," Harry replied, his voice rough with desire, his confidence peaking as Fleur's laughter rang out beside him.

"Zis," Fleur murmured, her arms looping around them both, "is going to be fun."

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The Room of Requirement had outdone itself tonight. As Harry pushed open the heavy oak door, he found the space transformed into something that belonged in a sultan's palace rather than a Scottish castle. A massive four-poster bed dominated the center, draped with crimson and gold silks that shimmered in the warm glow of floating candles. Plush rugs covered the stone floor, and the air smelled faintly of jasmine and something more primal.

"Merlin's balls," Daphne whispered, her cool Slytherin composure slipping as she stepped past him. "I knew this room could be turned into many things, but I didn't expect a palace."

"Ze room knows what we need," she said, her accent thickening as her blue eyes darkened with intent. "And tonight, we need... space."

The door slammed shut behind them. Fleur's hands were everywhere as she kissed him, and he kissed her back, pulling her closer with his arms around her waist, tugging at his shirt, her familiar curves pressing against him in a way that never failed to set his blood on fire. And then there was Daphne, her green eyes wide and curious, hovering just a step behind like she wasn't quite sure how she'd ended up here.

"Mon dieu, Daphne, don't just stand zere," Fleur purred, breaking the kiss with Harry to glance over her shoulder at the Slytherin witch. She grabbed Daphne's wrist and guided her hand to Harry's chest, her accent thick with mischief. "Feel 'im, 'e's yours too tonight."

Harry's breath hitched as Daphne's cool fingers brushed against him, tentative at first, then firmer as she splayed her palm over his heartbeat. "Merlin," she muttered, her voice low and a little shaky. "This is actually happening."

"It's been happening for about five seconds already," Harry said, forcing a grin that didn't quite hide the way his nerves were buzzing. He'd been with Fleur plenty of times—her busty, perfect body was a map he'd memorized—but Daphne was new, uncharted territory, and the combination was making his head spin.

Fleur laughed, a sultry sound that vibrated through the room, and yanked his shirt over his head. "Less talking, more doing, 'Arry," she teased, her hands already working on his trousers. Daphne hesitated for half a heartbeat before joining in, her nimble fingers tugging at his belt with surprising determination. Clothes hit the floor in a chaotic heap—his shirt, her robes, Fleur's skirt—and Harry couldn't stop himself from staring.

Fleur's body was a masterpiece he knew by heart: full, firm breasts that bounced slightly as she moved, a tiny waist flaring into hips that begged to be grabbed, and legs that went on forever. But Daphne—Merlin, Daphne was something else. Toned and athletic, her frame was leaner, her skin a pale contrast to Fleur's golden glow, with pert breasts and a tight arse that made his mouth go dry. Their hands roamed over him as they stripped him bare, Fleur's touch confident and teasing, Daphne's exploratory and eager, and Harry felt like he might combust right there.

"Bloody hell," he breathed, standing naked before them, his nine-inch cock already hard and aching as they sank to their knees in unison. The sight alone nearly undid him—Fleur's silver-blonde hair spilling over her shoulders, Daphne's golden locks framing her sharp features, both of them gazing up at him with hunger in their eyes.

Fleur smirked, wrapping her fingers around the base of his shaft. "Zis is going to be fun," she said, her voice a velvet promise. She leaned in, her tongue flicking out to trace the tip, and Harry groaned, his hands clenching into fists at his sides. Daphne watched for a moment, her lips parting slightly, before she followed suit, her own tongue darting out to lick along the side.

"Fuck," Harry hissed, his head tipping back as the dual sensation hit him like a Bludger to the chest. They worked together, Fleur sucking the head into her warm, wet mouth while Daphne lapped at the shaft, their movements sloppy and uncoordinated but all the more intoxicating for it. Their lips brushed against each other as they traded places—Fleur pulling back to let Daphne take him in, her mouth stretching around his girth with a soft moan that vibrated through him.

"You're... really good at this," Harry managed, his voice rough as he glanced down at Daphne. Her eyes flicked up to meet his, a flush creeping up her cheeks, but she didn't stop, hollowing her cheeks as she sucked him deeper.

Fleur chuckled, her hand sliding up Daphne's back in a way that made the Slytherin shiver. "She's a natural, non? But watch zis." She nudged Daphne aside just enough to join her, and suddenly both their mouths were on him—Fleur's lips sealing around the tip, Daphne's sliding along the side, their tongues tangling together as they kissed around his cock. Harry's knees nearly buckled, and he couldn't resist thrusting forward, his length sliding into Fleur's mouth as she hummed in approval.

"Merde, 'Arry," Fleur gasped when she pulled back, a string of saliva connecting her lips to him. "Give it to Daphne now—she deserves a taste."

Daphne didn't hesitate, taking him in again, her tongue swirling around the head as Fleur kissed her way along the base, her lips brushing Daphne's every so often. Harry groaned, his hips jerking instinctively, and Daphne gagged slightly as he hit the back of her throat. She pulled back, coughing, but grinned up at him like it was a challenge she'd just accepted.

"You are so big," she said, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand before diving back in, this time with more control, her hand pumping what she couldn't fit.

Fleur's laugh was wicked as she pressed herself against Daphne's side, her breasts brushing the other girl's arm. "Zat's it, chérie, make 'im squirm." Her allure flared briefly—Harry felt nothing, immune as he was, but Daphne faltered, her eyes glazing over for a split second before she shook it off with a muttered curse.

"Stop that," Daphne snapped, though there was no real heat in it, and Fleur just smirked, unfazed.

Harry's hands found their hair—Fleur's silky strands in one, Daphne's thicker locks in the other—and he guided them gently, marveling at the sight of them working him together. Their kisses grew messier, more desperate, lips meeting over his cock in wet, sloppy collisions that left him trembling. Fleur sucked him hard, then passed him to Daphne, who took him deep with a moan that sent a jolt straight to his core. He thrust again, this time into Daphne's mouth, and she took it without much trouble, her eyes watering but fierce with determination.

"Fuck, you two are going to kill me," Harry panted, his voice strained as he fought to keep control. The heat of their mouths, the slick slide of their tongues, the way they kept kissing each other around him—it was too much, and yet not enough.

Fleur pulled back, licking her lips as she looked up at him with those molten blue eyes. "Not yet, mon amour. We've only just started." She nudged Daphne, who released him with a wet pop, and the two of them shared a look that promised all sorts of trouble.

"Merlin's bloody beard," Harry couldn't help but think to himself as the pressure building in his core reached a breaking point.

His hands tightened in their hair—Fleur's silky platinum strands and Daphne's slightly darker blonde locks—his hips stuttering as he thrust into Daphne's mouth one last time. She'd taken him deep again, her lips stretched wide around his nine-inch cock, her green eyes locked on his, filled with lust and submission. The wet heat of her mouth, combined with Fleur's tongue teasing the base, was too much, and with a guttural groan, he came hard.

"Fuck, Daphne!" Harry gasped, his voice raw as he spilled into her mouth, his cock pulsing with every thick rope of cum. It was a lot—more than he'd expected—and he could feel her throat working to take it all, her moans vibrating around him as she swallowed eagerly. Her eyes

fluttered shut, a look of surprised pleasure crossing her face, and when he finally pulled back, his softening length slipping from her lips with a wet pop, she licked them slowly, savoring the taste.

"Bloody hell, that's... good," Daphne murmured, her voice husky and a little dazed. She ran her tongue over her bottom lip again, catching a stray drop, and grinned up at him. "You taste better than I thought you would."

"Let me taste some, chérie," Fleur purred, cupping Daphne's face with both hands and pulling her into a searing kiss. Their lips crashed together, Fleur's tongue diving into Daphne's mouth with no hesitation, and Harry watched, as the Veela's tongue chased the remnants of his cum. Daphne's hands flew to Fleur's shoulders, gripping tight, and then a loud, desperate moan tore from her throat, muffled against Fleur's lips.

"Merlin," Harry muttered, his cock twitching despite its recent exertion. Fleur's allure had flared—subtle to him, thanks to his immunity, but clearly overwhelming for Daphne. The Slytherin's toned body trembled, her blonde hair tangling with Fleur's as the kiss deepened, wet and messy and utterly intoxicating to watch. Daphne's moan rose in pitch, her fingers digging into Fleur's golden skin, and Harry could see the way her thighs pressed together, like she was trying to hold herself together under the onslaught of sensation.

Fleur pulled back with a wicked smile, a thin string of saliva—and maybe a hint of his cum—connecting their lips for a moment before it snapped. "Mmm, 'Arry, I love your cum," she said, licking her lips with exaggerated relish. She glanced at Daphne, who was panting, her cheeks flushed a deep pink. "And you, ma belle, you take 'im so well."

Daphne blinked, still dazed, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. "That... that was your allure, wasn't it?" she accused, though her tone was more awed than angry. "You're cheating."

"Non, non," Fleur laughed, brushing a strand of Daphne's hair behind her ear. "Zat was just a little push, there was nowhere close to my full allure. You wanted it, didn't you?"

Daphne's flush deepened, but she didn't deny it, her eyes flicking to Harry with a mix of embarrassment and lingering heat. "Maybe," she admitted.

"C'mon, you two," he said, his voice rough but playful as he reached down to grab their hands. "Up we go—can't have you wearing out your knees before we've even hit the main event."

Fleur laughed, that sultry, throaty sound that always made his stomach flip, and let him haul her to her feet. "Oh, 'Arry, you think zis is the main event?" she teased, pressing herself against him the second she was upright. Her full, busty body molded to his, her curves soft and warm, and Harry couldn't resist diving in for a kiss, his lips crashing against hers with a hunger he didn't bother hiding.

Daphne stood too, brushing herself off with a smirk. "You two are insatiable," she said, but there was a glint in her green eyes that said she wasn't complaining. She stepped closer, watching as Harry deepened the kiss with Fleur, his hands sliding down to grip her hips.

Fleur moaned into his mouth, her tongue tangling with his, and Harry felt that familiar spark of her ignite something in him. He broke the kiss just long enough to grin at her. "You're one to talk about insatiable," he muttered, then gave her a gentle shove, pushing her back onto the crimson silk of the bed. She landed with a soft bounce, her legs splaying slightly, and Harry's breath caught at the sight of her—sprawled out, her large breasts heaving with every breath, her skin glowing in the low light like she was some kind of goddess.

"Mon dieu," Fleur gasped, propping herself up on her elbows to look at him, her blue eyes dark with want. "Don't just stand zere gawking, 'Arry—come 'ere."

"Bossy tonight, aren't we?" Harry shot back, climbing onto the bed and settling between her thighs. He ran his hands up her legs, marveling at how smooth they were, how they trembled slightly under his touch. Not the first time, but he never got tired of looking at her beauty. His cock was already hard again—Merlin, these two were going to kill him—and he lined himself up, teasing her entrance for a moment just to hear her whine.

Daphne slid onto the bed beside Fleur, lying on her side with her head propped on one hand, watching them with a mix of curiosity and heat. "You're such a tease, Potter," she said, her voice light but edged with something needy. "Give her what she wants already."

"Oh, I will," Harry promised, and with that, he thrust into Fleur's tight heat, sinking in deep with one ongoing thrust. She was so wet, so ready, and the way she clenched around him pulled a groan from his throat. Fleur's head tipped back, a loud moan spilling from her lips, echoing off the stone walls of the room.

"Oui, oui, 'Arry!" she cried, her hands scrabbling at the sheets as he started moving, his hips snapping against hers in a steady rhythm. Her allure burst out then, a wave of Veela magic that washed over the room, and Harry felt it tingle against his skin—though it didn't hit him the way it did others, thank Merlin for that immunity. Daphne, though, wasn't so lucky.

"Fuck," Daphne moaned, her body shuddering as she rolled closer to Fleur, her lips finding the other girl's in a desperate, messy kiss. She pressed herself against Fleur's side, one hand sliding up to cup one of those massive, perfect breasts, her fingers sinking into the soft flesh. "God, you're gorgeous," she mumbled against Fleur's mouth, her voice thick with awe.

"Merlin's bloody pants," Harry thought to himself as he thrust into Fleur, his hands digging into the soft, yielding flesh of her hips, pulling her into every stroke like he was trying to anchor himself to reality.

It wasn't his first time inside her—not by a long shot—but that didn't make it any less mind-blowing. Fleur wasn't just a witch; she was a Veela, and that meant her body was a crucible of pleasure, something so far beyond human it ought to be illegal. The moment he'd

sunk into her tight heat, it was like stepping into a fire that didn't burn, a slick, molten embrace that gripped him in ways he couldn't even describe. Every thrust felt like plunging into a living, pulsing paradise, her walls rippling around him with an almost supernatural awareness, squeezing and caressing his cock like they were made to worship it.

He kept thrusting, steady and deep, and the sensation was a cascade of electric bliss. Her pussy was impossibly hot—not just warm, but a searing, velvety furnace that seemed to melt into him, coating his length in a slickness that was somehow both slippery and clingy, like she was pulling him deeper with every move. It wasn't just tight; it was a perfect, tailored fit, molding to every ridge and vein of his nine-inch cock like it had memorized him from their past encounters. And yet, there was something wild about it too—a thrumming energy that pulsed through her, radiating from her core and up his shaft, making his balls tighten and his spine tingle with every thrust.

His hands gripped her hips harder, fingers sinking into the plush curve where her waist flared out, and he could feel the subtle tremor of her body beneath his touch, the way her muscles flexed and quivered in response to him. The wet, rhythmic slap of their skin meeting filled the air, a filthy counterpoint to her loud moans, and Harry's eyes darted between her flushed face—cheeks pink, lips parted, blue eyes glassy with ecstasy—and the way Daphne was worshipping her. Fleur's breasts bounced with every thrust, heavy and full, swaying hypnotically, and Daphne couldn't get enough of them. She'd broken their kiss to duck down, her lips closing around one stiff, pink nipple and sucking hard.

"Fuck, Fleur," he groaned, his voice a gravelly mess as he adjusted his angle, hitting that spot deep inside her that he knew drove her wild. The change made her gasp, her walls spasming around him, and the sensation was unreal.

His hips snapped harder, driven by instinct and the sheer, overwhelming need to bury himself in her, and the pleasure spiked higher. It was like fucking a storm—wild, electric, and alive—her Veela nature pouring into him through their connection. His cock felt impossibly hard, swollen with the rush of blood and the way she gripped him, and every thrust sent a shudder through him, a delicious ache that spread from his groin to his chest. The heat of her was intoxicating, a molten core that seemed to draw him in deeper, and the wet, sucking sound of her pussy taking him only made it more intense, a lewd symphony that drowned out everything else.

Fleur's breasts kept bouncing, the motion hypnotic, and Harry couldn't help but watch as Daphne latched onto that nipple again, sucking with a fervor that matched his own desperation. The sight of her blonde head bent over Fleur's chest, the way her lips pulled at that stiff peak, sent a fresh surge of heat through him, and Fleur's reaction—her back arching, her moan rising—made her tighten around him even more. It was like a feedback loop of pleasure, her body responding to Daphne, which in turn amplified what Harry felt, her walls fluttering and clenching in a way that dragged a ragged groan from his throat.

"Merlin, you feel—so—fucking—good," he panted, punctuating each word with a thrust, his hands sliding up to grip her thighs, spreading her wider so he could drive in deeper. The shift

opened her up more, and the sensation changed—her pussy seemed to bloom around him, hot and slick and impossibly deep, the head of his cock brushing against that sensitive spot inside her with every stroke.

"Merlin, these are bigger and tastier than Susan's tits," Daphne muttered, almost to herself, as she switched to the other nipple, giving it the same treatment. Her eyes were half-lidded, lost in the moment, and neither Harry nor Fleur paused to ask how the hell she'd know that. It was just one of those things—Daphne was full of surprises tonight, and Harry was too busy fucking Fleur senseless to care.

Her allure flared again, a golden shimmer that lit the room, and Harry felt it wash over him—not controlling, but amplifying, making his skin buzz and his cock throb harder inside her. It was like her magic was stroking him too, pushing him closer to the edge. He could feel the tension coiling in her, the way her walls started to spasm more erratically, and he knew she was close—knew it from the way she gripped him, from the desperate edge to her moans, from the heat that seemed to radiate off her in waves.

"'Arry—oh, gods—don't stop," Fleur begged, her voice breaking, and he didn't—he couldn't. He thrust harder, faster, losing himself in the sensation of her, the way her pussy milked him, the way her heat consumed him, the way her Veela magic made every nerve in his body light up like a firework. It was beyond anything human, and even though he'd been here before, it hit him like the first time all over again—raw, overwhelming, and fucking perfect.

"Come for me, Fleur," Harry urged, his voice low and rough as he drove into her harder, chasing his own release but determined to get her there first. He shifted his angle slightly, hitting that spot inside her that he knew drove her wild, and that was it—she shattered.

"'ARRY!" Fleur screamed, her body convulsing as her orgasm ripped through her, her tight walls clamping down around him like a vise. Her Veela magic exploded outward, a golden shimmer that lit up the room.

Daphne moaned loudly against Fleur's breast, her lips still locked around that nipple, sucking with a desperate edge as the magic hit her like a tidal wave. Her body trembled, her hands clutching at Fleur's curves, and then she shattered—her orgasm crashing over her without warning, her hips bucking against the bed as she let out a raw, guttural scream of "FLEUR!" that echoed through the room.

Harry kept thrusting through it, drawing out Fleur's climax until she was a writhing, whimpering mess beneath him, her breasts heaving as she gasped for air. "Bloody hell, you're amazing," he panted, slowing his movements as she came down, her body still twitching with aftershocks.

Fleur's eyes fluttered open, hazy and satisfied, and she grinned up at him. "Zat was... incroyable," she murmured, reaching up to pull him down for a lazy, sated kiss. Her tongue brushed his, tasting of herself and Daphne and him, and Harry groaned into it, his cock still buried inside her.

Daphne flopped back onto the bed beside them, her chest rising and falling fast, her own skin flushed from the magic and the heat of the moment. "You two are going to ruin me," she said, half-laughing, half-serious. "I didn't sign up for *this* level of insanity."

"Oh, you did," Fleur replied, her voice teasing as she turned her head to look at her. "And you loved every second of it, non?"

Daphne smirked, brushing a strand of blonde hair out of her face. "Maybe I did. Potter, you're up next—I'm not letting her have all the fun."

Harry pulled out of Fleur with a groan, his cock slick and aching, and flopped onto his back between them. "Give me a minute," he said, laughing breathlessly. "You're both going to kill me, and I'm not even mad about it."

Fleur propped herself up on one elbow, her large breasts swaying slightly as she leaned over to kiss his cheek. "Take your minute, 'Arry. Zen it's Daphne's turn to scream."

Daphne's eyes widened, but her grin was pure mischief. "Bring it on," she said, and Harry knew he was in for one hell of a night.

After a minute, Harry stood up, ready for more, while Fleur was already feeling quite ready for more, despite the sweat in her beautiful body, she still looked like a goddess.

Harry turned his attention to Daphne, who watched them with hooded eyes, her lips parted slightly. The normally composed Slytherin looked wonderfully disheveled—hair tousled from Harry's fingers, lips swollen from kissing, nipples peaked in the cool air.

"Ready?"

Daphne's tongue darted out to wet her lips. "Yes," she said simply, though Harry caught the slight tremor in her voice.

He paused, studying her face. "We don't have to—"

"I want to," she interrupted, meeting his gaze directly. "I want you inside me, Potter. I've thought about it more than I care to admit."

His cock twitched at her candor. "It might hurt at first," he said, reaching to brush a strand of blonde hair from her face. "I'll be gentle."

Something flickered in Daphne's eyes—vulnerability quickly masked by determination. "I didn't realize Gryffindors needed written permission." The words were sharp, but her tone held no malice. "Stop talking and fuck me already."

Fleur chuckled from her position on the bed. "She 'as fire, this one."

Harry grinned, wrapping an arm around Daphne's waist and pulling her close. "On your hands and knees," he whispered into her ear, feeling her shiver against him.

Daphne complied without hesitation, positioning herself in the center of the bed. Her back formed a graceful arch, spine dipping and hips raised, presenting herself to him. Harry knelt behind her, hands reverent as they traced the curve of her waist, the flare of her hips, the smooth expanse of her pale back.

"Beautiful," he murmured, pressing a kiss to the base of her spine.

Daphne looked over her shoulder, an echo of her usual smirk playing on her lips. "Didn't take you for a talker, Potter."

"Only when I have something worth saying," he replied, his hand sliding between her legs to find her already slick with anticipation. He stroked her gently, gathering her moisture on his fingers, circling her entrance as she pushed back against his hand.

"Fuck," she breathed, dropping her head between her shoulders.

Harry positioned himself behind her, the head of his cock pressing against her opening. "Ready?"

"Yes," she hissed, impatience coloring her tone.

He pushed forward slowly, feeling her body resist at first before yielding to him. Daphne tensed, a small gasp escaping her lips as he breached her virgin barrier. Harry stilled immediately, his hands stroking soothingly along her sides.

"Breathe," he instructed, fighting the urge to thrust deeper into her tight heat. "Just breathe through it."

Daphne nodded, her breathing deliberately slow as she adjusted to the intrusion. After a moment, she pushed back experimentally, taking him a fraction deeper.

"More," she demanded, voice strained but determined.

Harry complied, easing forward until he was fully seated within her. The sensation was overwhelming—her body gripped him like a vise, hot and tight and perfect. He remained motionless, allowing her time to accommodate his size.

"Move, Potter," Daphne finally said, looking back at him with fire in her eyes. "I didn't give you my virginity to just sit there."

A laugh burst from Harry's chest. "As the lady commands," he replied, withdrawing almost completely before sliding back in with a smooth thrust that made them both groan.

Fleur had recovered enough to participate again, crawling toward them with feline grace. "How does she feel, 'Arry?" she asked, eyes dark with renewed desire.

"Incredible," he answered honestly, establishing a gentle rhythm as Daphne's body relaxed around him. "Tight. Perfect."

Daphne's breath hitched as he hit a particularly sensitive spot. "Oh," she gasped, pushing back more insistently. "Right there."

Fleur smiled wickedly, positioning herself in front of Daphne. "I sink I can make zis even better," she said, spreading her legs so that her glistening center was level with Daphne's face. "Would you like to taste me, ma belle?"

Daphne did not hesitate before nodding, her blonde hair falling forward as she leaned in. Harry watched as she took her first tentative lick, running her tongue through Fleur's folds. The French witch sighed with pleasure, one hand coming up to tangle in Daphne's hair encouragingly.

"C'est bon," Fleur moaned, tilting her head back. "Just like zat."

Harry increased his pace, emboldened by Daphne's enthusiastic response. The pain had clearly subsided, replaced by mounting pleasure as she rocked back to meet each of his thrusts. Her inner walls pulsed around him, drawing him deeper with each stroke.

"Harder," Daphne demanded, the word muffled against Fleur's flesh.

Harry complied, his fingers digging into her hips as he drove into her with increasing force. The sound of skin against skin filled the room, punctuated by Fleur's melodic moans and Daphne's sharp gasps.

"She tastes so good," Daphne murmured, pulling back just enough to speak. "Sweet. Different than I expected."

Fleur smiled down at her, a pulse of Veela magic emanating from her body. "Veela are known for it," she explained, stroking Daphne's cheek. "Many find it... addictive."

The magic washed over Daphne, making her shudder visibly, her eyes glazing slightly as she dove back between Fleur's thighs with renewed enthusiasm.

"That's it," Harry encouraged, adjusting his angle to hit the spot that made Daphne's internal muscles clench around him. "You're taking me so well."

Daphne moaned against Fleur's center, the vibrations making the Veela gasp and arch her back. "'Arry, she is—oh!—very talented with her mouth."

"Fast learner," Harry agreed, feeling his own pleasure building. He reached beneath Daphne, fingers finding her clit and circling it in time with his thrusts. "Are you close, Daphne?"

She nodded frantically, unable to speak as she continued pleasuring Fleur. Her inner walls fluttered around him, signaling her approaching climax. Harry intensified his movements, driving into her with careful force as his fingers worked her sensitive bundle of nerves.

Fleur's hands tangled in Daphne's hair, holding her in place as her hips rocked against the Slytherin's mouth. "Oui, ma chérie, just zere—don't stop!"

The room filled with their combined sounds—Harry's low groans, Fleur's melodic cries, and Daphne's muffled moans.

Daphne came first, her orgasm shattering her body. Her body clamped down on Harry's cock like a vise as she cried out against Fleur's flesh, the sound triggering the Veela's own release. Fleur's back arched off the bed, another pulse of magic expanding outward as she climaxed, causing Daphne to let out another moan of pleasure.

The dual sensation of Daphne's tight walls contracting rhythmically around him and the wave of Veela magic washing over him proved too much for Harry. His control shattered completely, his thrust becoming erratic as his own climax crashed through him.

"Fuck, I'm coming," he groaned, fingers digging into Daphne's hips as the first pulse of his release erupted inside her. His cock throbbed violently, pumping thick jets of cum deep into her virgin channel as she continued to shudder through her own orgasm.

"Yes," Daphne gasped, feeling the hot flood of his seed filling her. "Don't stop—don't—"

Harry continued to thrust as he emptied himself inside her, each stroke driving his cum deeper. When the last spasm of pleasure subsided, he remained buried within her, both of them panting heavily.

Fleur watched them with hooded eyes, her chest still rising and falling rapidly from her own climax. "Beautiful," she murmured, stroking Daphne's flushed cheek.

Slowly, carefully, Harry withdrew from Daphne's body. The moment his cock slipped free, a thick rivulet of white cum followed, running down the inside of her thigh. The sight made his spent cock twitch with renewed interest.

"Fuck," Daphne breathed, collapsing onto her stomach on the bed. She reached between her legs, fingers coming away coated with their combined fluids. "That was... intense."

Harry lay beside her, brushing her sweat-dampened hair from her face. "Are you okay?"

A rare, genuine smile spread across Daphne's face. "Better than okay, Potter." She traced his jawline with her fingertip. "Who knew you had it in you?"

Fleur chuckled, snuggling against Daphne's other side. "I did," she said smugly. "Why do you sink I wanted to share 'im?"

Daphne shifted slightly, another trickle of cum escaping her as she moved. "I think I need a moment to recover," she admitted, a slight wince crossing her features. "First times and all that."

"Of course," Harry said immediately, pressing a gentle kiss to her shoulder. "There's no rush."

Fleur nodded in agreement, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Besides, ze night is still young, and we 'ave many more positions to explore, non?"

Daphne laughed, the sound surprisingly light coming from the normally reserved Slytherin. "Ambitious. I like it." She looked at Harry with newfound appreciation. "Just give me a few minutes to catch my breath."

Harry grinned, feeling a surge of affection for both women. "Take all the time you need. We have all night."