Summary

Harry Potter goes on a beach vacation with his fiancée Fleur Delacour. Fleur's younger sister, Gabrielle, insists on coming along.

Notes

Mostly smut from chapter 2 onward. Non-con elements early on. Not angsty or dark.
Chapter 1

Life was good, Harry decided as he lazed on the sunny beach without a worry in the world. He had more money and fame than he knew what to do with, and his successful Quidditch career left him plenty of time during off-season to pursue whatever caught his fancy. Not too shabby for a boy who grew up in a cupboard—and he owed most of it to his gorgeous fiancée, Fleur.

They had first met during the disastrous Triwizard Tournament. She wasn't too impressed with the "leetle boy", but he soon blew her expectations away by displaying skill and tenacity that allowed him to compete with the older champions as an equal. He even saved Fleur's little sister during the second task. Years later, she admitted that Harry had looked "like a dashing hero" to her when he emerged from the lake with Gabrielle in his arms. Of course, nothing more happened back then; the gap between them was too wide, and with Voldemort's return, Harry had other things on his mind.

Fleur had eventually written to him under the pretense of relaying Gabrielle's thanks. The two began exchanging letters, and Harry found himself opening up to her like no one else. He felt that she really understood him, although he had no idea why a beautiful girl was acting so friendly towards someone like him. Oh, he could see the not-so-subtle hints in her letters now, but back then he had just been too clueless.

Then Fleur came to England to intern at Gringotts in Harry's sixth year, and everything changed. He grinned every time he recalled their first Hogsmeade dates, which were full of awkward fumbling, blushing, and tentative smiles. Fleur knew what she wanted, but she didn't have much in the way of dating experience, whereas Harry was just too unsure of himself, refusing to believe that someone like Fleur Delacour could like him back. Still, he mustered his Gryffindor courage one day and kissed her.

The rest, as they say, was history. Motivated like never before, he threw himself into his studies and dedicated all his time (except for when he was sneaking out to meet his girlfriend) to improving himself. In the end, Voldemort never stood a chance against him and his allies.

Harry, having had his fill of Dark wizards, went on a lengthy trip around the continent with Fleur, after which he returned to England to play professional Quidditch. He eventually proposed to her after obtaining permission from her parents, who were old money purebloods. At twenty-one, he was in no hurry to marry, but at least being engaged got the hordes of fangirls off his back.

And now he was on a private beach in southern France, watching two topless sisters frolic in the surf. Yup, life was pretty great.

Harry shaded his eyes with his hand, languidly observing the Delacour siblings squeal in delight as they splashed water on each other. Veela heritage was evident in their striking features, flawless skin, and lustrous hair—Fleur's an ethereal silvery-blonde, and Gabrielle's shining with a golden hue. They both had lithe and graceful figures, Fleur's more feminine than her sister's who was still growing into her womanly form, yet already displaying signs of great beauty.

Harry shook his head and averted his gaze. Ogling his fiancée's underage sister was entirely inappropriate—and besides, Fleur's jiggling jubblies were not only safer, but also more fun to leer at than Gabby's still-developing breasts. He amused himself doing just that, until Fleur ended the show by wading in for a swim, while Gabrielle made her way towards him. Harry sighed and lay back on the towel, listening to the crunch of footsteps rapidly draw closer.

"Hey, Harry," Gabrielle chirped, sounding a little out of breath.
He did his best to keep his eyes on her face rather than her heaving chest. "Hey, you. Not going for a swim?"

"I'm getting a little burnt here. Put some sunscreen on my back, please?"

"Er..." He searched for Fleur with his eyes as if intending to seek her permission, but she was still out in the water. Wait, why was he getting so flustered over this? "Sure."

Gabby plopped prone on the towel and Harry gently massaged some soothing lotion onto her warm skin. "Your back does look a little red. Maybe you should stay under the parasol for now."

"Merci, Harry," she said, rolling over. "I'll do the front myself."

"Anytime." He handed over the sunscreen bottle, then hastily turned away when Gabrielle began to diligently rub the lotion onto her breasts. He thought he saw her smirk, but chalked it up to his imagination. "Um, I'll just go for a dip."

Harry bid a swift retreat and marched into the refreshingly cool water until he was deep enough to swim. He raced towards Fleur with strong, steady strokes. The reason for his agitation eluded him—this certainly wasn't the first time he was on a topless beach—so he decided to work off the excess energy and put himself as far away from the source of his unease as possible. He caught up to Fleur and surprised her by giving her a hug and making them plunge briefly under water.

Surfacing, she punched his chest lightly. "Harry!"

"I've missed you," he said huskily, kissing her and tasting the salt on her lips.

Her blue eyes sparkled. "Mm... It's been what, fifteen minutes?"

"That's fifteen minutes too long."

She hugged him over the shoulders, then gasped lightly as her knee accidentally brushed his crotch. "You must've missed me a lot, Harry." She pressed her body to his for a moment, looking up with half-lidded eyes. "Let's go back to the villa and have a quick lunch, then..."

He groaned. "If your sister wasn't around, I'd be fucking you on the beach right now."

Fleur blushed lightly. "Don't be so grumpy. I haven't been spending much time with her lately, and she begged me to take her with us." She pecked Harry on the lips. "I'll make it up to you, promise."

Harry grinned and kissed her back, submerging them both again. When they returned from their extended swim, Gabrielle was waiting with a cheerful smile and two dewy glasses in her hands.

"Thanks, Gabby." Fleur drank with small, dainty sips.

"Thank you." Harry gulped his drink down greedily; the fruity taste was unfamiliar, but the ice-cold liquid was pleasantly refreshing. "Why don't we pack up and—"

"Already? Aw, come on, we just got here!" Gabrielle interrupted, making puppy eyes at her older sister. "I still want to build a sand castle, and look for seashells, and..."
Fleur laughed lightly and tousled her sister's hair. "You're such a child. Build your castle, I'll stay here and work on my tan."

Gabrielle beamed again. "Harry, come and help me build Beauxbatons?"

"I don't know..." He gave Fleur a pleading look. Having never done it during his childhood, he loved playing on the beach, but he was uncomfortable with the idea of staying in such close proximity to the scantily-dressed younger girl.

Fleur giggled at the panicked expression on his face. "Oh, go on, Harry. Playing in the sand is not so bad every once in a while."

"That's not why..." He sighed, raking a hand through his damp hair; there was no good way to explain his reluctance. "Well, all right."

"Yay!" Gabrielle took his hand and dragged him off.

Having somehow survived the unexpectedly torturous beach trip, Harry finally managed to have some alone time with Fleur after sending her younger sister off to do some shopping. As such, he was in a much better mood come evening, whistling as he went to get a drink from the icebox.

He halted at the threshold of the airy living room. Gabrielle was lying down on the sofa, swinging her legs and humming as she leafed through a magazine. She was clad in nothing but a loose shirt and a pair of striped panties. Harry gulped, then steeled his resolve and continued on his quest for a cold beverage.

"Cover up a little, Gabrielle," he said as nonchalantly as he could while he walked past.

"It's not that cold yet."

He gave an embarrassed cough. "That's not what I meant. You're not a kid anymore, so..."

"Hm?" Her gaze lifted from the magazine to his face, and she giggled. "Oh, don't be silly, Harry. You're my future brother-in-law—we're almost family."

"That's true, I suppose." He poured himself a glass of juice, deliberately not looking anywhere near her prone form. Yes, he was probably making too big of a deal out of it. After all, having no siblings of his own (Dudley hardly counted), he had no idea what behavior was considered normal.

Fleur chose this moment to walk into the room, stopping in her tracks when she saw Gabrielle's choice of attire just like Harry had.

"Gabrielle, put on some shorts!"

"Kaaay..." She got up and yawned. "Actually, I might as well go to sleep. Night, Harry. Night, sis." She waved to Harry, then bounded up to Fleur and gave her a hug.

Fleur's expression softened. "Good night, Gabby."

"I told her the same thing, but she didn't listen," Harry groused as he watched the youngest Delacour skip down the corridor.

Fleur shrugged. "Don't mind her, she can be a brat sometimes. Moonlight stroll?"

Harry smiled. "Romantic. Let me grab my wand."
The next day dawned unusually cold, with grey skies and pouring rain. The trio stayed cooped up inside the cozy villa, playing cards and catching up on their reading. While they could have Apparated or Floo'd away any time they wanted, listening to the steady thrum of rain while staying warm and snug was so peaceful and relaxing that no one wanted to leave.

After a grueling Quidditch season and the subsequent week of wild parties, this was exactly the kind of rest Harry needed. It felt like him and Fleur were the only people in the world... Well, them, and Gabrielle. He would've preferred if it was just the two of them, but he couldn't resent Gabby's presence. In fact, he made every effort to include her in their conversations, fighting the odd feelings he had been having around her lately. He had always been at good terms with the youngest Delacour, and cared for her like a brother... or so he had thought. Now he kept noticing Gabrielle's cute little gestures—like the way she tucked her hair behind her ear, or how she worried her lip when choosing a card to pick—and it was driving him crazy. What was wrong with him?

Their impromptu card tournament continued after dinner. Still, Harry was never one to sit still for long, so after losing yet another match of Exploding Snap to the gleeful sisters, he decided to take his Firebolt II out for a ride. Except the weather was terrible, so he had to do it indoors. Reluctant at first, his girlfriend was soon clutching his back and screaming in delight as they barreled through the corridors at breakneck speed. The pair finally crashed and fell on a sofa, laughing their heads off.

A pouty Gabrielle then came up to them and pestered Fleur until she persuaded Harry to give her baby sister a ride as well. The performance was repeated with three people on the broomstick. Fleur hugged her fiancé from behind and a decidedly uncomfortable Harry wrapped his arms around Gabby, who sat in the front and squealed at every sharp turn.

Evening found Harry and Fleur in front of the fireplace, sipping hot chocolate and staring at the flames. Well, that was mostly Fleur, for Harry had been sneaking peeks down her bathrobe for a while, and was just waiting for her to finish her beverage so he could grab and carry her into the bedroom. He hugged her with his left arm and leaned in to nuzzle her neck.

A floorboard creaked behind them, followed by a soft patter of steps. Harry drew back and sighed ever so slightly. Gabrielle walked up carrying two mugs and plopped down on Harry's right, entirely too close for his comfort. She wore a matching bathrobe a few sizes smaller than Fleur's, which revealed a rather indecent amount of legs.

Harry averted his eyes and tried to shift closer to his fiancée. As if to spite him, Gabrielle followed, sidling up to him and eliminating the gap altogether. He frowned at her, but only got an oblivious smile in response.

"More chocolate, Harry, big sis?" she asked sweetly and extended the mugs towards them.

Fleur smiled at her warmly. "Thanks, Gabby, mine's still half full. Harry's finished his, though."

"No, thanks. We were about to go to bed, anyway." His voice came out a little colder than he intended.

"Oh... Okay." She ducked her head and stared at the cups dejectedly. "Sorry I'm in the way. I'll just —"

"Gabby, wait." Fleur elbowed Harry in the side, making him wince. "Harry didn't mean it, you can stay all you want."
He groaned inwardly. Great—now he was feeling like a total ass, and to top it off, there was a bruise developing on his ribs. "Er, what she said. I'll take that chocolate, Gabrielle."

She beamed at him and leaned forward, handing him a mug and simultaneously revealing the fact that she was wearing no bra under the skimpy bathrobe. Harry looked away in a hurry and took a huge gulp of the scalding-hot liquid.

"Cheers."

"You're welcome." She kept the second mug for herself, taking a tiny sip and exhaling contentedly.

"Gabby, come here," Fleur said dreamily, reclining and extending an arm around Harry's back. "Let your big sister give you a hug."

"Yay, hugs!" She made to get up, then paused, gazing at the way Harry's arm was draped around her older sister's shoulders. "I wish Harry would give me one..." She gasped and covered her mouth with her hand.

Fleur giggled and pinched her younger sister's side. "Oh dear. Does little Gabby still have a crush on her hero? Should I be worried about competition?"

"Ow! I was just thinking that it looked so comfortable, so I kind of... blurted it out." Her cheeks were pink, and she wasn't meeting their eyes.

"It is very comfortable." Fleur snuggled into Harry's side. "Harry has such strong, manly arms, and I feel so warm and safe when he holds me."

"Must be nice," Gabrielle said wistfully.

"It sure is." Fleur took a sip of her chocolate, then rubbed Harry's leg. "Come on, give poor Gabby a hug."

He froze for a moment. Fleur normally acted territorial and chased away the women who dared approach him in public (something he was grateful for, to be honest), but she clearly had no qualms about her little sister getting closer to him than any of his fangirls ever did. Then again, she also had no idea that Harry was having these inappropriate urges towards her sibling. He had to act casual until he managed to sort himself out.

"Er, sure. Come here, Gabrielle."

He raised his right arm and the younger girl took no time at all to crawl underneath and nestle against his side as if it were the most natural thing in the world. He lowered it awkwardly, taking care not to touch her exposed skin as though afraid of being burned.

Paying him no heed, Gabrielle immediately leaned against him and closed her eyes contentedly.

"Mm... I can see why you keep him around, big sis."

Fleur laughed lightly. "You can have the same thing when you find a boyfriend. Of course, I doubt he will be as amazing as Harry Potter."

She pouted. "No fair."

Harry squirmed slightly, still unable to relax. Gabby's hair appeared to be freshly washed, and its light fruity scent was intoxicating.
Fleur looked up at him and arched her delicate eyebrows. "Shouldn't you look a little happier? You have a girl under each arm, and I don't mean to brag, but us Delacour women are gorgeous." She poked him in the side. "Come on. Your frown is an insult to our beauty."

"Plus, we're quarter-veela," Gabrielle piped up. "Which makes the crime even worse."

"That's right. Our hair is amazing," Fleur continued, "and don't even let me get started on our skin. Silky smooth, you know." She demonstrated by running her fingers across her bare leg.

Harry's lips twitched. "Oh? What else?"

"Glad you asked. We have jaw-dropping figures." Fleur smiled mischievously. "Well, I do, at least. Gabby's still a skinny twig."

"Hey, I have boobs now," Gabrielle said. Harry snorted at her indignant tone. "No, really, I do—here!" She grasped the lapels of her bathrobe.

"Wha—" he yelped and tried to jump back, dragging Fleur with him. It was a good thing she wasn't holding her cup anymore, for both of them fell on their backs.

Fleur stared at him incredulously for a few seconds, then began laughing. "Harry, you should have seen your face," she gasped out, "you looked completely terrified!"

He groaned and slapped his forehead. Of course, Gabrielle had only been pretending—and even if she had flashed him, it wouldn't have been anything he hadn't seen before.

Gabrielle popped up next to them, sticking out her still-covered chest. "Boo! Beware the boobies!"

Fleur giggled again. "D-don't worry, Harry, I'll protect your chastity!" She dived at her sister and pushed her down, then tickled her sides.

Gabrielle shrieked with laughter as she kicked her legs helplessly. "Fleur... Haha, come on... Stop, I can't breathe..."

"Do you give up?"

"Ye-yes." She lay still until Fleur relaxed her grip. "Ha ha, chance!"

"Why, you little—" Fleur collapsed on the rug, laughing uncontrollably as her sister commenced her counterattack.

Forgotten for the moment, Harry enjoyed the view with a grin on his face. If Fleur asked him later, he'd say it was because he was happy to see the two Delacours get along so well. The way their bathrobes had hiked up as they wrestled each other had nothing to do with it, of course.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

All potion vials sold in the wizarding world are charmed to be unbreakable.

Harry plowed a whimpering Fleur from behind, holding her hips while she clutched the blanket and made little noises of approval. She was really getting into it, matching his thrusts and smacking her perfect ass against his thighs.

"You like it rough, don't you?" He slapped her backside.

"I love it," Fleur gasped out. "Plus fort, Harry!"

"Horny little veela." He quickened his pace, groaning at the incredible feeling of Fleur's hot wet folds around his shaft. Feeling close to finishing, he cast his gaze around the room seeking any distraction. His eyes landed on the curtain-covered window and he froze in shock.

Barely visible in the gap between the thick drapes was a head of golden hair and a pair of wide blue eyes. The girl behind the window didn't seem to realize that Harry had noticed her, focused as she was on his lower body. Her cheeks were flushed and her arm was moving in small, rhythmic twitches.

"Harry," Fleur moaned, grinding her ass against him, "don't stop."

"Ah, fuck!" Harry was too close to care anymore. He drove into Fleur's sopping-wet cunt and resumed pumping furiously.

"Like that... Don't stop... Your cock feels so fucking good!"

About to finish himself, Harry reached forward and tugged on Fleur's silvery locks, forcing her to arch her back as he continued to fuck her. Her moans increased in volume, and he could feel her tightening up around him. Several more hard thrusts sent him over the edge, and he spurted his seed inside her.

"Oh god, baby... Oh, yes..." Harry groaned and buried himself deeper into her heat, even as she clamped down on his shaft.

"Foutrre—je jouis, Harry—oh, oh, oooh!" Her body rocked by her own climax, Fleur tilted her head back, eyes closed in bliss as she clenched around his cock repeatedly, milking him for every last drop.

Thoroughly spent, Harry practically collapsed on top of her, sweating and panting as she shuddered in his arms. Finally, Fleur opened her eyes and turned towards him, drawing in gulps of air.

"Mon dieu, that was..." She trailed off, her gaze leveled at the window. "G-Gabby?" Gathering up the blanket, she attempted to cover herself up.

His head swiveled just in time to see a flash of golden hair disappear behind the curtains. Snorting, he gently pried the blanket out of Fleur's hands. "Not much point in that. She's been there for some
"What?" She rounded on him. "If you saw her, why didn't you stop?"

He smirked. "You told me not to."

"You great prat," Fleur said, slapping his shoulder. Her brow furrowed. "I'll talk to Gabby. I was her age not too long ago, so I understand her being curious about these sort of things, but peeping on us is too much."

Harry sighed in relief. "Good, maybe she'll listen to you. She's been acting a bit inappropriately ever since we got here."

"Oh?" Fleur arched her eyebrows. "Do tell."

"Well, she keeps jumping on my back asking for a ride. And prancing around in her underwear. And sometimes both of those things at the same time..." Harry trailed off when he saw the look on Fleur's face. "Er, I'm probably looking too much into this. I told her to act more her age, but—"

"I'm not angry at you," Fleur interrupted with a dangerous glint in her eye. "I fear I know exactly what Gabrielle is doing."

Dinner that night was an awkward affair. Harry had suggested going out, but Fleur chose to stay in for some inexplicable reason. Now she was trying to act casual and make small talk, but he could see her watching Gabrielle like a hawk. The younger sister, on the other hand, was unusually meek and quiet, refusing to meet anyone's eyes.

Harry sighed. The girls had their discussion, so why hadn't they made up? What Gabrielle did wasn't even that big of a deal. Sure, it was embarrassing to be seen like that, but they'd probably be able to laugh about it a few years down the road. Well, that, or forget it completely—either way worked for him.

He pushed his plate aside. The food (prepared by house-elves, who never showed themselves) was delicious as usual, but the atmosphere around the table was dismal. He'd probably have to cut the holiday short—maybe drop by the Delacour manor tomorrow to thank them for letting him use the villa, then take an international Portkey back to London.

"Tea, Harry?" Gabrielle spoke up.

"Oh, cheers." Harry accepted the cup and inhaled the unfamiliar, but pleasant aroma; probably another scented blend the girls were so fond of. He raised the cup to his lips, but Fleur's arm shot out and stopped him before he could take a sip.

"Can I have that?" she asked sweetly. "I'm parched."

He gave her a curious look. "Uh... sure, I'll pour myself another one."

"You do that, mon chéri." She pecked him on the cheek and walked out with the mug in her hands. "Don't wait for me, I'll be in Gabby's room for a while."

Gabrielle paled and got up hurriedly. "Um, sis... Wait!"

"What was that all about?" Harry muttered to the empty room.
He cleaned up, leafed through a newspaper, took a shower, then read some more in the bedroom. It was dark already, yet the girls were still cooped up in Gabrielle's room. Harry was understandably concerned, but he figured he had to give them some space to work out their issues—or whatever they were doing in there.

Suddenly, the door to the bedroom flew open and Fleur strode in, looking slightly disheveled and holding a purse and a wand in her hands.

"Finally," he said, "what took you so long?"

"You can ask this conniving bitch," she said icily, looking over her shoulder.

"No, please, I'm sorry," a voice rang from the corridor. "Please don't let him see me like this."

Harry squinted at the darkness. "Gabrielle?" He looked at Fleur in askance.

The older witch waved her wand at the shadowy corridor behind her, and in floated Gabrielle, tied to one of the dining room chairs. Her face was red and teary as she struggled against the ropes, her ankles secured to the opposite chair legs and her hands bound behind her back. She was dressed in the same T-shirt and shorts she had worn to dinner, but they were rumpled and messy, as if she had been in a fight.

"Please," she begged, "please don't tell Harry. I don't want him to hate me."

He shot to his feet. "What the hell, Fleur! No matter how angry you are with her, there's no reason to do... well, this!" He reached for his wand lying on the bedside cabinet.

"Harry, wait," Fleur said. Her voice was oddly calm, her anger cold and controlled. "Don't you even want to hear what she did?"

He paused. "So she saw us going at it—big deal. She's a hormonal teenager, it's..."

"Not that," Fleur said impatiently. She grabbed Gabrielle's chin. "Go on, fess up!"

"I swear I won't do it again," she stammered out, "please, don't tell him..."

"If you don't, then I will."

"No, wait—"

Fleur raised her wand. "Silencio! Harry, remember when I said I knew what Gabrielle was doing?"

"Y-yes." He had never heard Fleur pronounce her sister's name with such malice.

"I'd hoped I was wrong. I thought my baby sister would never do something like that to me. To us." Fleur paced in front of the chair, her voice heating up as she talked. "I fell for her cutesy act, thinking she was just a kid. Well, I was wrong. She was planning to seduce you, Harry. She dosed you with potions. And she had the gall to do that right in front of my eyes!" She practically screamed out the last line, breathing heavily.

Harry gulped. This was a part-veela in her full fury, as beautiful as she was terrifying. Distracted as he was by Fleur's subtly sharpened features, it took a minute for her words to sink in. When they did, he plunked down on the bed, his brain working in an overdrive to remember the smallest details. The way he craved to touch Gabrielle, even when his fiancée was right next to him. The way he kept beating himself up about those feelings.
He scowled. Wizards might have sold love potions in corner shops like souvenirs, but to him it seemed like a vile form of mind control. One only had to remember the tragic story of Voldemort’s parents. No, that was a bad comparison. Harry was fond of Gabrielle, after all—she was like a sister he never had. A sister unrelated by blood, who grew up into an attractive young woman, whom he often fantasized about. Wait, was that him or the potion talking?

He glanced at Gabrielle, who was watching him with teary eyes. "You're certain she did all that?"

Fleur reached into the purse she had been holding and pulled out two bottles. "I found these in her room. Your tea was spiked, like I suspected."

"You know I'm pants at Potions," Harry said. "What are they?"

"A mild love potion that works its magic through smell," Fleur said, indicating the larger bottle which held a small amount of pink liquid. "We learned about it in class; she must've brewed it herself. How long have you been dosing him, sister?" She waved her wand to cancel the silencing charm.

Gabrielle ducked her head and mumbled something.

"Gabrielle." Fleur put a finger under her chin and made her look up. "How long?"

"Four days," the younger girl said, refusing to look anywhere near Harry.

Fleur's eyes widened. "It's nearly empty. Just how much did you use?"

She began sobbing. "T-there wasn't much time... and, and Harry barely paid any attention to me, so..."

"Silly girl. My boyfriend can resist the Imperius curse—a potion like that won't affect him." Fleur gave him a proud look and Harry looked away abashedly. He refrained from informing her that the potion had indeed been working quite well.

"And this? Looks store-bought." Fleur raised an ornate vial with a black label attached. "Lowers inhibitions and induces lust," she read, then shot Harry a look. "Is that why you've been so... hmm. It looks like I have you to thank for the mind-blowing sex I've been having with my man, Gabby."

Harry gritted his teeth. "It's not funny. Do you have any idea what I went through? Shit, if you left us alone for just half a day, Fleur, I could've—I could've assaulted her!"

"That's exactly what she wanted, mon chéri," Fleur said. "Honestly, I'm more than impressed with your self-control. Us Delacour women are gorgeous, after all."

He shook his head. "What was she even thinking?"

Fleur tossed her purse and wand on the bed, only keeping the lust potion in her hand. "Don't worry, we're going to teach my slutty sister a lesson she'll never forget."

"F-Fleur?" Gabby's eyes were wide as saucers.

Fleur stooped over her. "I won't forgive anyone who tries to steal my fiancé, even if it's my beloved little sister." She uncorked the vial.

"Wha—"

As soon as Gabby opened her mouth to speak, Fleur's hand shot out and grasped her cheeks to keep
it that way. She used her other hand to shove the phial down Gabrielle's throat.

"Mmm... Mmmph!" The chair shook as Gabrielle struggled against the ropes with every ounce of her strength. Fleur tilted her sister's jaw upwards until she made a few involuntary gulps, then yanked out the vial, which was nearly empty. Gabrielle began coughing noisily.

Ignoring her sister's distress, Fleur licked a few stray drops off the glass rim. "Stop making such a racket. It doesn't taste bad at all."

Harry had been too stunned to stop her. "Fleur, ah, aren't you going a tad too far?"

"Stay out of this, babe," she said sweetly. "This is a family matter."

"Sis..." Gabrielle coughed and spat. "What did you do, it's too much—"

"Oh, shush—it will be a good lesson. You're going to learn how Harry felt for the last few days. Except..." Fleur walked up to the bed to rummage inside her purse. "You did more than just drug him, didn't you? You also strutted around the house half-naked. You spied on him in the shower. You even rubbed your itty titties against his back in hopes he would finally give in." She withdrew the small object she had been looking for.

"Is—is that a Golden Snitch?" Harry outstretched his arm by reflex.

"A very special one," Fleur said with a devilish smile. "I was intending for you to use it on me, but I guess Gabby here is going to get the first taste."

"Huh," he said eloquently.

"You'll see." She strolled towards the chair and knelt in front of Gabrielle's spread legs. Her slender fingers reached out to grip the zipper of her shorts.

"What are you doing?" Gabrielle asked in a panicked tone. "Fleur—wait, don't!"

Harry couldn't tear his eyes away. His girlfriend unzipped Gabrielle's shorts ever so slowly, her gaze darting up to her sister's alarmed expression and back down to her crotch. Harry had no idea whether Fleur was suddenly unsure of what she was doing, or merely savoring the total control she had over the younger girl. She then tugged the garment as far as it would go down Gabrielle's tanned legs, leaving a familiar pair of striped panties in full view.

"Ah, no—Harry, don't look!" Gabrielle's face was as red as a tomato. "Sis, please, please let me go already."

"Isn't this what you wanted? You've been showing off your underwear to him since we came here," Fleur said in a slightly husky voice. "Such a cute pair, too. Did you buy it especially for Harry?"

Gabrielle ducked her head. "N-no."

"I'm your sister, Gabby," Fleur said. "I know when you're lying. It seems you still haven't learned your lesson, so I have no qualms about this next part."

She tapped the crown of Gabrielle's head with her wand and murmured a spell, then did the same with the Snitch. The golden ball came to life, buzzing softly between Fleur's fingers.

Gabrielle's breathing quickened. "What—what are you going to do?"

Fleur smiled mischievously and leaned forward to speak into her ear. "You seem awfully flustered."

"Stay out of this, babe," she said sweetly. "This is a family matter."

"Sis..." Gabrielle coughed and spat. "What did you do, it's too much—"

"Oh, shush—it will be a good lesson. You're going to learn how Harry felt for the last few days. Except..." Fleur walked up to the bed to rummage inside her purse. "You did more than just drug him, didn't you? You also strutted around the house half-naked. You spied on him in the shower. You even rubbed your itty titties against his back in hopes he would finally give in." She withdrew the small object she had been looking for.

"Is—is that a Golden Snitch?" Harry outstretched his arm by reflex.

"A very special one," Fleur said with a devilish smile. "I was intending for you to use it on me, but I guess Gabby here is going to get the first taste."

"Huh," he said eloquently.

"You'll see." She strolled towards the chair and knelt in front of Gabrielle's spread legs. Her slender fingers reached out to grip the zipper of her shorts.

"What are you doing?" Gabrielle asked in a panicked tone. "Fleur—wait, don't!"

Harry couldn't tear his eyes away. His girlfriend unzipped Gabrielle's shorts ever so slowly, her gaze darting up to her sister's alarmed expression and back down to her crotch. Harry had no idea whether Fleur was suddenly unsure of what she was doing, or merely savoring the total control she had over the younger girl. She then tugged the garment as far as it would go down Gabrielle's tanned legs, leaving a familiar pair of striped panties in full view.

"Ah, no—Harry, don't look!" Gabrielle's face was as red as a tomato. "Sis, please, please let me go already."

"Isn't this what you wanted? You've been showing off your underwear to him since we came here," Fleur said in a slightly husky voice. "Such a cute pair, too. Did you buy it especially for Harry?"

Gabrielle ducked her head. "N-no."

"I'm your sister, Gabby," Fleur said. "I know when you're lying. It seems you still haven't learned your lesson, so I have no qualms about this next part."

She tapped the crown of Gabrielle's head with her wand and murmured a spell, then did the same with the Snitch. The golden ball came to life, buzzing softly between Fleur's fingers.

Gabrielle's breathing quickened. "What—what are you going to do?"

Fleur smiled mischievously and leaned forward to speak into her ear. "You seem awfully flustered."
Are you turned on by being tied up and helpless in front of Harry? Are you hoping he'll do something... *naughty* to you?"

Gabrielle's breath seemed to catch in her throat. She stiffened, then shook her head frantically.

Fleur straightened up. "*Salope.* I can tell when you're lying, remember?"

"I'm not lying! I'm not!"

"Harry's mine," Fleur continued, paying no attention to her sister's pleas. "I'm going to teach that to you one way or another."

She opened her palm, releasing the Snitch. It darted this way and that, then lowered itself between Gabby's legs and pressed against her panties, buzzing softly.

"Eep! N-no way..." The girl gasped at the sudden stimulation, then bit her lip. "Nn... W-what is this thing?"

"Feels so good, doesn't it?" Fleur purred, tucking a stray strand of Gabby's golden hair behind her ear. "Do you like it?"

"I—I don't," she replied breathlessly. "Let me go, p-please."

Fleur sighed. "I don't know why you're being so difficult. This is no different from you fingering your little twat while spying on us. Now, then"—she turned around and spoke over her shoulder—"try not to break before we're finished."

"Wait... *ma sœur, s'il te plaît!*" Gabrielle gasped and gritted her teeth as the Snitch kept teasing her sensitive spots without respite.

"So noisy," the elder sister muttered, carelessly firing a silencing spell over her shoulder. "There. Sorry to keep you waiting, Harry."

Fleur sauntered towards him, swaying her hips as she slid the straps of her sundress off her tanned shoulders. She wiggled out of it, leaving it to pool on the floor, pushed Harry down on the bed, then took a moment to unclasp her bra. He froze, transfixed by the sight of her supple breasts, and Fleur used the chance to lean down and capture his lips in a passionate kiss.

"*J'ai envie de toi,*" she whispered in his ear huskily when she broke for air. "My pussy is dripping for you." She bent over him and ripped his shirt open, sending buttons flying, her pebbled nipples brushing his chest.

He inhaled sharply as he felt her heat press on his thigh, then craned his neck forward and spoke before things could get completely out of hand. "Ah, baby... your sister, she's—"

She pushed him back on the bed and straddled his waist. "I want her to watch, Harry. Gabby needs to learn that you—are—*mine.*"

Scooting back, Fleur slid his boxers down, and his member sprang up fully erect, courtesy of the show the two sisters had put on for him earlier. She licked her lips and glided against him, rubbing her silk thong against his length.

"Mm, *magnifique*... I need you inside me, right now." She slid the strip of silk aside and rubbed her slit along his cock, coating it with her love juice. Her eyes were dark with desire when she grabbed him and guided him towards her entrance.
"Fuck, you feel amazing," Harry grunted as he was enveloped by her hot wetness.

Fleur lifted herself up slightly, then sank down onto him until he was all the way inside her. "You fill me up so much," she moaned, her tightness squeezing his member. She repeated the motion, starting to slide up and down his shaft steadily.

Harry ran his fingers up her sides and cupped her soft mounds, and Fleur gasped when his thumb brushed her rosy nipple. She leaned into his touch to allow his hands better access, her silvery-blonde hair cascading onto his chest as he kneaded her breasts eagerly.

Resting her hands on his shoulders, she rode him faster. Her red lips were parted slightly and she made sensual noises every time Harry's dick touched her deepest spot.

He groaned. "I'm not going to last if you don't slow down." His girlfriend had always been a wildcat in the sheets, but now it was as if she was possessed. Harry doubted the potion had been so strong that a few drops were enough to turn Fleur into a sex-crazed nympho. Was it because her sister was watching just a few feet away?

"Just a bit longer, mon chéri." Fleur braced her hands on his chest and adjusted her angle, then began rocking her hips back and forth with slow, deliberate movements. "C'est bon," she whimpered, "you feel so good!"

She started to grind faster again, keeping his length inside her, her breasts bouncing with every stroke. Mesmerized by the look of ecstasy on her flushed face, Harry tried desperately to hold off for her.

"Harry—I'm so close," she gasped, her movements becoming frantic. "Please, babe, I want you to fill me with your cum."

Biting her lip, she rose then slammed herself down, engulfing him to the hilt with her heat, once, twice. Seizing her hips, Harry tried to match her with a few rapid thrusts of his own before his mind went blank; he groaned, releasing torrents of spunk inside her.

Fleur's back arched and she cried out, her pussy contracting rhythmically around his thickness as wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure consumed her body. She kept squeezing his cock long after Harry was spent, making little jerks with her hips and moaning softly. At last, she collapsed atop him, panting hard for breath.

Harry kissed the crown of her head. "God, Fleur," he whispered, "I love you so much."

"Love you too," she murmured into his chest. "Stay inside me for a while."

He held her and stroked her hair gently for a time. "Hey... aren't we forgetting something?"

Fleur raised her head, her blue eyes widening. "Gabby!"
Chapter 3

Fleur rose and scooted to the edge of the bed, Harry following suit with a grunt. They both stared at the sight, Harry with amazement and his girlfriend with something akin to smug satisfaction.

Gabrielle had been reduced to a quivering, drooling mess. Her face was flushed and teary, her beautiful hair matted and all over the place. The stiff points of her nipples were visible through the T-shirt as she breathed heavily. Harry lowered his gaze. There was a large damp spot on Gabrielle's panties, and even a puddle of wetness on the chair itself. The Golden Snitch was fluttering silently between her legs.

"Holy fuck." He gulped. "It's not doing anything, though. Is it broken?"

As if in response, the toy darted forward and pressed against her soaked knickers, vibrating softly. Gabby parted her lips in a soundless moan, then gritted her teeth when the Snitch flew away again.

Fleur laughed gleefully at the frustrated expression on her sister's face. "Like I said, this toy is special. It will keep a girl on the brink of orgasm for as long as possible... Until the lightest touch could send her over the edge."

Harry imagined using the toy on his girlfriend until she was mad with the need for release. Fleur had the best ideas. "That's... kind of hot."

"Isn't it?" Fleur raised her wand to cancel the silencing spell. "Let's see what Gabby has to say for herself."

"Please, please, please," a stream of words poured out of Gabrielle's mouth, "let me go, let me... Oh!" Her slim body tensed up and she squeezed her eyes shut as the Snitch resumed the stimulation, then groaned deeply when it retreated after barely a second. She opened her eyes and glared at it floating just above her aching sex.

Fleur watched her struggle with keen interest. "What are you going to do if I free you, Gabby?"

"I'm going to—oh, gods! I'm going to... t-touch myself."

She smiled. "Little hussy. You finally learned to stop lying to me."

"Please, please..."

Fleur traced a finger along Gabrielle's jaw, making her tremble at the contact. "What did you think as you watched us? Did you imagine yourself in my position?"

"I wanted—I wanted Harry to—to do the same things to me." She shot Fleur a fearful look.

"It's okay to be honest." She leaned in to whisper into her ear. "Tell me, what exactly were you fantasizing about to make you soak your panties like that?"

"Um, I... Oh, god, I wanted Harry to..."

"Yes?" Fleur encouraged.

"I wanted him to kiss me... t-touch me... and, and make love to me..." Gasps interrupted Gabrielle's speech every time the Snitch brushed her drenched knickers.
"Well done," Fleur said, "you've finally revealed your true nature. Harry is mine, though, remember?"

"Y-yes... He is all yours... I'm sorry, Fleur..." She struggled against the ropes, shamelessly twisting her slender hips in a futile attempt to maintain contact with the vibrating toy. "I-I'm going to go insane! Please, sis!"

Fleur walked up to her squirming sister, unashamed of her nakedness, nor the bit of cum leaking down her thigh; she seemed almost eager to show off. She lifted her lithe leg and placed a foot on the chair, right between Gabby's thighs. "Shall your big sister help you?" she asked huskily.

Gabby raised her half-lidded eyes. "W-what?"

"I can make it all better." Fleur's toe brushed the moist fabric. "You just need to ask."

"Sis, why are you... Oh, god!" She gritted her teeth as the golden ball nearly sent her over the edge again. "I can't anymore—please, Fleur! Touch me, rub me with your foot, please—"

"Good girl," Fleur murmured, "here's your reward."

She nudged the fluttering ball away and gently pressed her toe atop the wetness on Gabrielle's panties, then began rubbing with her foot, easily gliding against the damp fabric.

The younger girl gasped and panted, a look of utmost concentration on her flushed face. "Don't stop... don't stop... don't stop..." she mewled.

Fleur's lips parted and she breathed heavier at the sight of her sister trembling under her touch. She applied some more pressure and began moving her toe in little circles.

"Mon dieu... Oh... Oh!" Gabrielle's eyes rolled over and the chair shook as her delicate body quaked. Fleur leaned forward and watched her sister get off with a ravenous expression on her face. Harry wasn't far away himself, captivated by the view.

When Gabby went limp with her eyes closed, Fleur began undoing her restraints by hand. After freeing her, she turned towards him, and the corners of her lips twitched upwards.

"My, recovered already? Is that for me, or..." She indicated Gabby's panting figure with her eyes.

Harry shifted a little. "Can you blame me? Any bloke would get hard after watching that."

Fleur's eyes darted between him and her sister, an indecipherable expression passing over her face. "Harry, please carry Gabby to the bed."

He obeyed after a moment's hesitation, still having no idea how far his girlfriend was going to take things.

Gabrielle opened her eyes. "H-Harry?"

"...Oof. There." Setting her down, he was left standing while Fleur climbed on the bed and slunk up behind her younger sister.

"Raise your hands, Gabby," she said softly. The girl complied without protest, still looking a bit dazed. Fleur kissed the red marks on her wrists, then took off her T-shirt, revealing that Gabrielle hadn't been wearing a bra. Her little nipples were pointy on her tanned, perky breasts.

"Ah..." As if sensing Harry's gaze, Gabrielle woke up from her post-orgasmic bliss and tried to cover
herself up.

Fleur gently grasped her hands from behind and moved them aside. "Such cute little titties. Go on, show them to him."

"Sis? Um..."

"Now, take off your panties," she whispered throatily. "Oh, my. You really drenched them, didn't you?"

Gabrielle glanced at Harry. "But..."

"Gabby," Fleur said more forcefully, "you're not going to be difficult again, are you?"

"N-no!" the younger Delacour squeaked, stiffening up. She ducked her head and slipped her fingers under the band of her panties, her face burning crimson.

"You have learned your lesson," Fleur whispered, "keep doing as I say, and I might forgive you."

Harry watched with bated breath as the striped material was slid down. The younger witch pressed her thighs together in an attempt to hide her most secret spot as soon as she finished undressing, but was once again foiled by Fleur, who grabbed her legs from behind and pried them open.

The girl covered her face in embarrassment as Harry devoured her naked body with his eyes. Gabrielle was beautiful, her pink folds glistening with arousal. She was hairless except for a small tuft of blonde hair above, in contrast with Fleur who was completely shaven and smooth. He felt himself twitch.

"Open your eyes, little sister," Fleur whispered, not missing a thing, "look at how hard Harry got for you."

Gabrielle gulped as she took in the view of his member standing at attention just a couple of feet away. "Oh, wow."

"This huge thing is going to take your virginity," Fleur said. "I bet you can't wait."

Gabrielle's blue eyes widened. "What—what do you mean?"

"I'm going to give you exactly what you wanted, baby sister." Hugging Gabrielle from behind, Fleur reached down and forced her thighs open some more. "Let her have it, Harry."

His reason crumbled. He didn't know if it was the potion still circulating in his system, or the natural attraction of two ravishing sisters on his bed. Perhaps it didn't matter. He approached, the girls eyeing his manhood with very different expressions on their faces; Fleur's was voracious, while Gabby's looked awed and intimidated.

"Are you sure?" he asked gruffly.

"Go ahead," Fleur breathed, "ram it inside this horny little slut."

Gabrielle stirred suddenly. "W-wait! It, it's so big..."

"Don't pretend you don't want it. Not when your little pussy is twitching so eagerly."

"I'm—I'm afraid." Gabrielle licked her lips. "It's too sudden..."
Fleur stroked her cheek with one hand. "I'll give you a choice, then. I'll have Harry fuck you until you can barely walk. Or I can let you go to your room and listen to him do that to me instead. This is your only chance, Gabby—I won't forgive you if you try to steal him from me again."

There was a silence for a few moments, then Gabrielle broke down. "I—I want him. I want Harry... to make me his w-woman."

"You're so lovely when you're honest," Fleur murmured. Her hand reached down and spread Gabby's pink petals, making her shiver at the touch. "Take her, mon chéri."

Harry lowered himself over the smaller girl and looked deeply into her fearful eyes. He paused there, his member right above her cleft and aching to penetrate.

Gabrielle looked straight back at him, biting her lip nervously but not breaking eye contact. After the briefest moment of hesitation, she gave a barely perceptible nod, her hands extending to hug his muscular shoulders.

He angled his cock down, the crown brushing Gabby's damp lips, until he slipped inside, groaning at her tightness. She gasped and he bent down to kiss her.

"Relax," he said huskily, grabbing her by the hips and pulling her a little closer. He adjusted his angle and then plunged into Gabrielle's virgin cunt with a single thrust.

"Oh!" Her eyes rolled over, her wet heat clenching around his length so tightly it made him hiss. "It—it hurts!"

Harry kissed her again, intending to stop there, but his fiancée had other ideas.

"There's no need to be gentle, Harry. Fuck her brains out."

Gabrielle's eyes shot open with a gasp when she felt him stir inside her unbearably tight sheath. "It hurts a lot—wait, ah, sis—"

Fleur's slender hands began caressing her sister's breasts. "Don't worry, Gabby. Harry's cock is going to make you feel so good."

Despite Gabrielle's pained whimpers, Harry began thrusting. She was still clamping onto him, but her incredible wetness made it easy to drive his rod deeper inside. She let out little moans each time he filled her up completely. Spurred by the result, Harry shifted closer and deepened his thrusts.

Gabrielle's moans soon changed in tone, sounding more like those of pleasure rather than pain. Her legs wrapped around Harry's waist and she began muttering small encouragements to him as he pumped in and out of her slick heat. The transformation was unbelievable, and Harry suspected the lust potion as well as Fleur's ministrations were to blame.

"Aren't you happy, Gabby?" Fleur asked, still fondling her pert tits. "Harry's ravaging your tiny pussy, just like you wanted."

"Ah,oui... C'est magnifique," she said dreamily, her eyes glazed over.

"God, you're tight," Harry grunted as he began pounding faster, Gabrielle's throbbing pussy welcoming his every move.

"Say my name," she said, "please..."
"Gabrielle. Gabrielle. Gabby..." He felt like he was betraying Fleur, but he couldn't stop himself.

"Mm... Harry. Oh, yes, Harry..."

"Are you going to finish soon, Harry?" Fleur asked throatily, intruding on their little moment. "Make sure to cum inside her."

"The—the protection spell?" Harry grunted, hammering with abandon as he took in the ecstatic look on Gabby's face.

"Don't worry about it. Fill her with your load," Fleur whispered. One of her hands snaked downwards and Harry felt Gabby's sex convulse around him as Fleur's fingers caressed her most sensitive spot.

"Sis? Oh gods, it feels too good—I'm scared—"

"You're so adorable," Fleur murmured, nuzzling her cheek against her sister's as her fingers kept teasing her clit. "It's okay, just enjoy it."

Harry kept up his frantic thrusts for as long as he could, then stiffened up. "G-Gabby," he grunted, his cock pulsing inside her as he released his seed.

"Harry... Harryyy!" Gabrielle tilted her head back and tightened her hold over him as her petite body spasmed. Her hips bucked and she squeezed down on him even harder than before, making him groan in pleasure as he shot jet after jet of his cum inside her.

The blissful moment seemed to stretch into eternity, yet still ended all too soon. Harry withdrew and sagged against Gabrielle, watching her draw shuddering breaths with an expression of rapture on her face. Fleur cooed and whispered into her ear as she slowly came back to earth.

"Gabby, you were so beautiful when you came. Did it feel as good as it looked?"

"It—it hurt a bit, at first," Gabrielle said in a faint voice, "but then it felt... incredible."

"You did so well, taking Harry all the way inside you." She hugged Gabrielle's slender waist from behind. "Oh, look... it's leaking out."

Gabrielle's eyes shot downwards and she stared in wonder, then quickly pressed her legs together and looked away in embarrassment. "Um, sis? You're not angry at me anymore?"

Fleur pecked her on the cheek. "You know I could never stay angry at my precious little sister for long."

She beamed, blinking the tears out of her eyes. "Ah... I'm glad."

"Which brings us to the next point," Fleur said, her voice turning more serious. "Simply put... I'm willing to share, if you are."

"Huh?" Gabrielle said, echoed by Harry.

"I know you've had a crush on Harry for years now," Fleur said, "but I had no idea your feelings ran so deep you'd resort to a plan like that. Your happiness is very important to me, so..."

Gabrielle gaped at her sister. "Are you serious?"

Fleur nodded, then yelped as her little sister pounced on her with a happy squeal. The two collapsed
on the bed, Gabrielle mumbling her thanks over and over again as Fleur patted her head.

"How about it, Harry?" Fleur spoke from under her enthusiastic sister. "I won't let anyone else get close to you, but I'm willing to make an exception for Gabby."

He shook his head. "Is this a trick question? In the real world, this would never happen."

Fleur laughed lightly. "What are you saying after cumming in my little sister? You've marked her as your woman already."

"I'm Harry's?" Gabby asked quietly.

"That's right. My fiancé is going to take responsibility for what he did, if he knows what's good for him."

"What about the potions?" Harry asked weakly. He didn't even know why he was resisting anymore. His mind was already swimming with the thought of having both gorgeous sisters as his lovers. It was like karma finally decided to repay him for everything he went through during his childhood and teens.

"They can stoke a fire, but they can't spark it. Some initial attraction has to exist, or they wouldn't work," Fleur narrowed her eyes at him. "Were you secretly lusting after Gabby before all this?"

"No way!" he sputtered, "I mean, I might have thought she was cute, but it was in a purely platonic way, I'd never..." He trailed off when Fleur started laughing again.

"I was jesting, mon amour," she said, "you've already proven your fidelity by resisting Gabby's attempts. Consider this your reward. Unless... you don't want us both?" She fluttered her eyelashes at him.

"I do," he assured her, surprising himself with how certain he sounded. "Er... well. If that's what you want, Fleur, Gabrielle—that would make me the luckiest bloke in the world."

"You heard our man, Gabby," Fleur said softly. "Harry always means what he says."

"I can hardly believe it. Harry, sis..." She sniffled. "I'm so happy!"

Fleur stroked the smaller girl's hair for a while, then squirmed a little as she showed no intent of letting go. "Gabby, it's really nice to hold you like this, but..." She bit her lip. "I've been feeling incredibly randy ever since I watched you and Harry go at it, so unless you want to help me get off..."

Gabrielle let out a muffled squeak and rolled off her naked sister. Fleur pouted at her startled expression. "Harry, dear? It falls to you to satisfy my needs."

"Um," He looked down pointedly. "I'm somewhat incapable at the moment."

"That just won't do." Fleur's eyes glinted. "Gabby? Come here, let me teach you how to pleasure a man with your mouth."

As the two sexy part-veela sidled up to him and began worshiping his cock with their tongues, Harry was forced to revise his earlier assessment. Life wasn't just good—it was fucking awesome.
Chapter 4

The two of them Apparated in a mile from the Beauxbatons palace, and Harry looked around the
mountainous landscape in interest. While a lot different from the forested lands that surrounded
Hogwarts, it was beautiful in its own way. The Academy itself could be seen across a valley in the
distance, with its manicured lawns, neatly clipped hedgerows, and an elaborate wrought iron fence
that seemed more decorative than protective in nature.

"That spot looks nice," Fleur said, pointing at a lone oak tree standing nearby.

Harry hummed in response and they began walking at a leisurely pace. His fingers clutched the
handle of a picnic basket, his other hand entwined with Fleur's. They were to meet Gabrielle that day
for the first time since summer.

If he was being honest with himself, he rather missed the younger girl and her bubbly personality,
but he was also anxious. They had talked at length after the potion-fueled orgy that summer night,
but he couldn't help feeling a vague sense of guilt about what happened, despite both Fleur's and
Gabrielle's assurances otherwise.

As if reading his thoughts, Fleur leaned into him and asked, "Something on your mind?"

"Gabrielle," he said. "I'm worried our... arrangement isn't the best thing for her."

Fleur patted his hand. "Let her decide for herself. She will be out of school next year, and legally an
adult. I'll just say this... Do you remember when we started exchanging letters?"

Harry smiled wistfully. "Yeah?"

"The more I learned about you, the more certain I was that you were the one. It was years after that
we could actually be together, but I was prepared to wait." Fleur had a faraway look in her eyes.
"We are similar in many ways, Gabrielle and I. Once we know what we want, nothing will change
our hearts."

They were silent for a few moments, then Harry opened his mouth. "Still..."

"Shush, babe, you're not allowed to contradict me after I say something that sappy." Fleur poked him
in the side. "Why are you so broody, anyway? Did you suddenly decide my adorable sister isn't
good enough for you?" Her eyes narrowed dangerously.

He gulped. "Of course not. Gabrielle is very attractive—"

"More attractive than me?"

Harry looked skyward and groaned. Fleur laughed merrily, then stood on her tiptoes to plant a kiss
on his cheek.

"Give me your Cloak and I'll go smuggle Gabby out. We're going to have a grand time, you'll see."

Harry conjured a blanket and laid it down on the carpet of yellow leaves under the tree. He set the
basket in its middle and waited for his girls, enjoying the crisp mountain air. Soon, there was a crack
nearby, and a pair of beautiful part-veela emerged from under his Cloak, one wearing elegant tight-
fitting robes and the other a Beauxbatons uniform.
"Harry!" Gabrielle squealed as she ran towards him, jumping into his arms and wrapping her legs around his waist. Her cheeks were pink from the cold, and her blue eyes were shining. He kissed the tip of her nose, and she pouted until he repeated the action on her lips.

Fleur wasn’t too far behind. "You didn’t greet me nearly that enthusiastically, Gabby," she said, crossing her arms.

Gabrielle laughed, and not letting Harry go, reached out with one hand to hug her sister. "We had to avoid being seen."

They sat down and began unloading the basket, which turned out to hold more food than its size suggested. The elves had included Gabrielle’s favorite treats, which made her exclaim happily. There was also a bottle of wine, a drink Fleur had introduced Harry to years ago that he eventually acquired a taste for. Gabrielle was also allowed a glass on the account of her being almost of age.

They ate and talked, enjoying each other’s company, and Harry’s worries gradually disappeared. Gabrielle told them about school, and he shared a few anecdotes from his Quidditch training camp.

All throughout the picnic, the younger Delacour was making eyes at Harry and scooting closer. He just exchanged amused glances with Fleur and pretended not to see it. When Gabby was mere inches away, he closed the distance himself, pulling her into his arms and inhaling the scent of her hair. She squeaked in surprise then giggled, tilting her head back to look at him.

"I missed being in your arms," she said.

Fleur took the last sip of her wine and dabbed her lips with a handkerchief. She gave the pair of them a teasing smile. "Gabby, you little rascal. I see you've made Harry fall for your feminine wiles."

Gabrielle stuck her tongue out. "And I'm not giving him back." She demonstrated this by hugging him tightly.

"Guess it's your victory." Fleur stood up, brushing her lap off. "Do take good care of my sister, Harry. I'll return in an hour and sneak her back into the school."

He glanced at his fiancée, then down at the girl in his arms. Gabrielle didn't meet his eyes; she was worrying her lip and looking at her older sister, who had stepped away in preparation to Apparate.

"You can stay," she blurted out.

Fleur turned around, her eyebrows raised in surprise. "It's all right, really. I get to be with Harry every day."

"I don’t mind." Gabrielle ducked her head, blushing. "I mean... if you want to."

"Oh, dear." Fleur sauntered back towards them with an impish smile. She lowered herself onto the blanket and tried to meet Gabrielle’s eyes, but the girl turned away and hid her reddening face. "Do you want to do it together? Naughty girl."

"I'm not," Gabrielle spoke into Harry's chest. "I just want to... play fair this time."

"How sweet." Fleur hugged them both and leaned in to whisper into her sister's ear. "Do you remember what I taught you?"

Gabby raised her head and glanced at her sister, something passing between them. Both girls then turned towards Harry with sultry smiles.
"Uh oh," he murmured, looking from one set of upturned blue eyes to another.

It was all he managed to say before the two giggling part-veela tackled him to the ground. A pair of soft lips were pressed against his, while nimble hands began unbuttoning his robes. He made out with one sister, then the other, barely noticing that he was being divested of his clothes. He did gasp against Gabrielle's mouth when he felt his boxers being tugged down though.

"Found our dessert," Fleur said, her hot breath tickling his cock.

Harry suppressed a snort. He rose and propped himself against the tree, his member standing at attention. Fleur crawled over, Gabrielle following her sister's example.

The younger girl's face was flushed and she licked her lips unconsciously as she leaned in to take a better look. "So big..."

Fleur ran a slender finger along his shaft. "Go on, touch it. Harry won't mind."

The sisters played with him for a while, giggling and whispering among themselves, and shooting him smoldering glances. Harry found the sight incredibly erotic, but the stimulation wasn't enough, and he shifted impatiently.

"I just had a great idea," Fleur said, stroking him lightly with her fingertips. "Let's see which one of us gets Harry to cum. You go first, Gabby."

Gabrielle gulped, then scooted forward over his leg. She leaned in and parted her lips, then screwed her eyes shut and lowered her head ever so slowly. Her small hand tentatively wrapped around his base.

He inhaled sharply as he felt Gabby's hot mouth gradually envelop his tip. She paused for a moment, tasting him with her tongue, then started bobbing her head gingerly.

Fleur watched her sister intently. She lifted Gabby's golden hair away from her face and leaned in to whisper something, too quiet for Harry to hear. Gabrielle deepened her movements, taking in more of his length; eyes still closed, her charming features were screwed up in concentration.

"That feels great," Harry said. Gabrielle opened her eyes to look at him, stopping her motions. He barely resisted groaning in frustration.

"My turn, then," Fleur said huskily.

Gabrielle lifted her head, releasing him carefully. A string of saliva connected her mouth and his member for a few moments. The cold breeze was rather unpleasant, but Harry's fiancée quickly came to the rescue, caressing him with her hot tongue, then wrapping her luscious lips around his throbbing erection.

Her blowjob was more vigorous, and Harry tensed up and groaned as Fleur began sliding up and down. The mischievous sparkle in her eyes told him she knew exactly what she was doing, and after his involuntary noise her movements became even more intense. Harry reached out and stroked her hair, murmuring encouragements while she pleased him. He was about to warn her of his impending orgasm, but Fleur chose that exact moment to stop. He exhaled impatiently.

His cock left her mouth with a soft pop and she gave him a wink, then turned to smile at Gabrielle.

"Now you," she said.
Gabrielle hurriedly removed her hand from underneath the waistband of her skirt where it had ended up at some point, and grabbed his slick cock. She tilted it slightly and bent down, engulfing it with her warmth again. She was more aggressive this time, sucking harder and stroking him with her delicate hand as well. He threaded his fingers through her silky locks, breathing heavily.

Fleur watched up close for a moment, then snuggled up to Harry, pressing against his side. "Isn't my sister the greatest?" she whispered. "She learns so quickly. Don't tell her I let her win, though." She nibbled his earlobe playfully.

The added sensation pushed him even closer to edge. "Gabby, I'm close," he grunted.

Fleur was at her sister's side in an instant, putting a hand on the back of her head. "Keep going. Make sure to swallow every last drop, okay?"

Gabby obediently continued her rhythmic movements even as his cock twitched and erupted inside her mouth. He tensed and tilted his head back with a groan, his hands still tangled in her hair. It was a few long seconds later that he regained the presence of mind to realize that was still holding her head against his crotch.

He let go, sitting up. Gabrielle was coughing softly. "Sorry, baby, I—"

"She'll be fine." Fleur hugged Gabrielle and licked a stray glob of his cum off her cheek. "Well done, little sister."

Gabrielle looked at him with misty eyes and smiled. "Was—was that good, Harry?"

He chuckled. "Do you really need to ask?"

"You've won, so you get him first. Lucky girl," Fleur told her. She turned to Harry. "Give us a couple minutes, mon chéri."

Harry tidied up, putting his robes aside and casting a warming charm around the area. Fleur, meanwhile, appeared to be giving some kind of a makeover to her sister.

"Unbutton your jacket. And the blouse. Now for the bra... Yes, trust me—Harry's going to love this. Let's pull up that skirt a little higher... No, leave the jacket on. Let me give you a freshening charm, too..."

Fleur's body mostly blocked Gabrielle from view, but he got excited just listening to their hushed whispers and giggles. Nothing could have prepared him for what came next though.

Gabby emerged from behind her older sister, blushing brilliantly and clasping her hands, her slender wrists tied together with a blue ribbon that used to be under her collar. Her jacket was unfastened and she wore nothing underneath, revealing the valley between her pert breasts, and her flat belly. The skirt had been shortened considerably, offering a glimpse of tanned thighs above her white kneesocks. Her legs trembled slightly as she walked up to him.

"I'm your slutty schoolgirl, Harry." She bent down and lifted up her skirt, just enough to give him a peek of her light blue panties. "P-please do naughty things to me."

He growled and pulled her to himself, attacking her soft lips. Gabrielle made a little whimper, then placed her hands around his neck and melted in his arms. Harry's hands reached out to squeeze her backside while he peppered kisses along her jawline and down her collarbone. His fingers slipped under the unbuttoned jacket, gliding up her sides until they found her perky tits.
Gabrielle arched her neck and moaned, wriggling helplessly. "Untie me?"

He looked deeply into her hazy blue eyes, then began placing feathery kisses between her breasts and down her stomach, enjoying the way she shivered under his touch. "I've got you exactly where I want you."

Harry teased her relentlessly, replacing his fingers on her breasts with his lips. He blew gently on her stiff little nipples, then sucked on them, and was rewarded with the sound of her breath hitching.

"Oh... Oh, Harry..." Gabrielle mewled and trembled, her tied arms wrapped around his neck.

He smiled at her flushed face and kissed her again, then took her by the wrists. Guiding the girl gently, he made her lean forward and brace against the oak trunk.

"Harry?" she called out, looking over his shoulder.

He flipped up her skirt and ran his hands over her tight butt. "Step back and spread your legs a little," he ordered.

"This—is really embarrassing." She obeyed nevertheless, wiggling her tushie and driving him mad with desire.

He slid his palm between her legs and caressed her mound, feeling her heat through the fabric. Increasing the pressure slightly, his middle finger soon encountered some dampness.

"My panties will get dirty," Gabrielle said breathlessly.

"A little late to worry about that." He grabbed her ass and stepped closer, rubbing his cock against the aforementioned undergarment and making her squirm. Harry continued the slow, tantalizing motions until he couldn't take it anymore.

"Your sister loves being taken from behind." He spared a glance at Fleur who was biting a finger, her other hand moving underneath her robes. "What about you, Gabby?"

"Don't make me say it," she mumbled.

He slid her knickers aside and brushed himself against her glistening entrance. "If you won't tell me..."

She gasped at the contact. "Harry... please, I want you."

He entered her, and she was more than ready for him. "Naughty schoolgirl," he whispered, plunging into her welcoming heat. "You're sopping wet."

She shuddered. "Mon dieu, you're so thick inside me."

He started moving, slowly at first, Gabrielle's delicious tightness and little whimpers driving him crazy. The fact that she was wearing her Academy uniform only added to his arousal.

"You feel amazing, Gabby," he said, building up a steady rhythm. "Does it feel good for you?"

"Gods, yes," she gasped. "I've been waiting... for so long. More, Harry... please!"

He went rougher, thighs smacking against Gabby's firm bum. Her whimpers turned into moans, loud and needy. Hearing this charming girl so lost in pleasure was immensely gratifying, and he wanted to give her even more.
Her hands scrabbled against the bark of the tree and she bent down further, arching her back and giving him a better angle. "Harry... Harry..."

He could feel himself approaching the edge. "Gabby, baby, I'm going to cum inside you," he grunted. "I'm going to fill your little pussy with my cum."

"Oui, oh, oui," she repeated breathlessly. "Give it to me, Harry!"

He could feel Gabrielle tightening up in response to his words. Already past the point of no return, he pumped into her, holding nothing back. He came with a groan, burying his cock up to the hilt in her sopping womanhood.

Gabrielle uttered a prolonged moan, her insides clamping deliciously around him, her knees buckling. Harry held her tight, breathing heavily and murmuring little nothings while she trembled in ecstasy.

The two lovers sank onto the blanket, sweaty and panting. Gabrielle seemingly had little strength left, crawling up to snuggle against Harry. He chuckled and undid the ribbon from around her wrists.

"I love you," she said, laying her head on his chest.

"Love you too," he murmured, stroking her golden hair.

"How sweet," a third voice said somewhat acidly. Harry looked up to see Fleur, who was a little pink in the face but still impeccably dressed. He felt Gabby shift guiltily in his arms, but he just held on tighter.

"Enjoying a little role reversal?" he asked with a smirk. "You were the one peeking on your younger sister this time."

Fleur shrugged. "It wasn't so bad, for a change. I'd have liked to join in, but you two lovebirds were so lost in your own world I didn't feel like interrupting." She narrowed her eyes at him. "Do you prefer them younger, Harry?"

"I prefer them beautiful, sexy, blonde... part-veela, and with the last name of Delacour... er, your mother's not included." He gave Fleur a saucy grin. "Stop sulking and come over here. I'll make you hoarse from screaming my name."

Fleur giggled. "My fiancé's such a stud. Unfortunately, we're going to have to leave that for later. It's about time Gabby got back to school."

"Aww, I don't wanna." She hugged Harry tighter.

"If they find out you sneaked out, it will be much harder to do so a second time," Fleur said.

Gabby pouted but obeyed, pecking Harry on the lips and pushing off his chest. Fleur rushed in to help her fix her clothes.

"Now, Gabby, this is your final year, so make sure to study hard," she said sternly as she fussed over her. "The NEWTs are very important."

Gabrielle rolled her eyes. "I know."

"If you do well at your exams, I just might convince Harry to give you a special reward."

The younger witch shot him a look then nodded, suddenly looking more motivated.
"Are you using me as currency?" Harry gave Gabby a hug and a kiss. "I'll miss you."

She wrapped her arms around him. "Me too. When will I get to see you again?"

"In a few weeks," he said, "I have a couple of games coming up, won't be back in France for a while."

"Until then, I have something to get you through those lonely nights," Fleur said with a mischievous smile. "Come now, I'll hand it to you at school."
Chapter 5

Dear Gabby,

Knowing how much you enjoy peeking on me and Harry making love, I made a recording on this Daydream Charm that should satisfy your voyeuristic tastes. Use it in private, and make sure to wash your hands first.

Your thoughtful and caring sister,
Fleur Delacour (soon to be Potter)

Gabrielle growled and scrunched up the letter, thanking her lucky stars that she'd held off opening the package until she was alone. After waking up that morning, she had almost given in to her curiosity about the mysterious gift Fleur had left her yesterday, and only her sister's warning made her wait until nightfall. Her roommate was already asleep, and Gabrielle was safely ensconced in her canopy bed.

She bit her lip as she peered at the glass orb inside the box. She knew how those things worked, of course: you simply tapped one with a wand, held it in your hand, and it would show you a realistic daydream. Her sister seemed to have found a more... creative use for them, however. Gabrielle felt a twinge of arousal as her imagination ran wild, and shook her head furiously.

The truth was, she was more than a little eager to see what the recording held; however, after that mocking letter, it felt like she'd lose to her sister if she did exactly what Fleur expected. She worried her lip again as she fought her desire.

Coming to a snap decision, Gabrielle stuck her head out through the canopy and listened to her roommate's steady breathing, then ducked back inside and drew her wand. It barely took her a minute to ward her bed with silencing and impervious charms, her body burning with longing that surprised even herself. Fleur didn't have to know that she gave in on the second night, right?

She tapped the orb with her wand and grasped it in her left hand, reclining on her satin sheets. Her breath quickened in excitement before the recording even started. A vision filled her eyes; she could still feel the cold glass in her palm and the soft pillow under her head, but her sight and hearing were elsewhere.

Fleur lay on a king size bed, offering token resistance while Harry tied her hands to the bedposts with silken cords. He loomed over her, powerful and imposing, stealing a rough kiss before ripping her robes open and making her gasp at his ferocity. Fleur's eyes never left Harry's face and she wriggled against her restraints as his hands roamed her body, divesting her of her blouse and caressing the flushed skin underneath. He trailed kisses down Fleur's neck while his hands freed her from her bra, then went lower to suckle her breasts. Fleur gasped and arched her back to meet his lips.

Almost unconsciously, Gabrielle's right hand moved to knead her own breast, her breathing rapid and shallow. She squirmed and rubbed her thighs together, frustrated that her other hand was occupied with the orb. Was that how Harry and Fleur usually did it? The thought of being so helpless both scared and excited her. Her hand drifted south, dipping into her panties, and she gasped at how wet she was.

As Harry lavished Fleur's breasts with attention, his hand wandered downwards and started teasing her through her underwear, eliciting louder moans. She pulled against the bindings and raised her
hips needily. Harry chuckled and got up, removing his own clothes as Fleur panted on the bed. Her half-lidded eyes centered on his member and she licked her lips.

He slid Fleur's panties down and lifted her long legs over her body, exposing her puffy slit. Fleur's lips formed an "O" and she cried out when he entered her.

"Be quiet," Harry grunted.

Fleur snapped her mouth shut and bit her lip, but she couldn't help but gasp when Harry began pumping in and out of her, her legs draped over his shoulders.

"I told you to be quiet," he growled. "Open your mouth."

Fleur whined and turned away, but gave in to his urging. As soon as she parted her lips, Harry shoved her bundled-up panties into her mouth. Fleur could only whimper through the improvised gag as he plowed into her.

Gabrielle gasped as she felt herself throb. Her sister, who was self-assured to the point of being haughty, was being humiliated before her eyes—and not only that, she looked like she was enjoying it.

She slipped a finger inside herself and drew a shuddering breath. A thought that she was making a mess of her underwear crossed her mind, but it felt too good to stop. The movement of her hand grew more frantic as she watched Harry pound her whimpering sister, wishing it was her in Fleur's place.

Her skin tingled all over and something in her body was building, winding up like a spring. She added another finger, sliding them in and out of her wetness as she felt herself start to clench.

Inside the Daydream Charm, Fleur's eyes rolled back as a look of ecstasy came over her flushed face. Gabrielle's breath caught at the sight and she was done, the pressure built up in her body erupting in a pulsing torrent of pleasure.

She cried out incoherently, her inner muscles spasming, and the vision dissolved in a shower of sparks as her palm lost contact with the orb. Abruptly back in the familiar darkness of her canopy bed, she clamped her hands over her mouth, her own scent filling her nose. Even as she trembled with delightful little aftershocks, she strained her ears against the silence, hoping her privacy charms had held.

Gabrielle trailed Harry through her brand-new Omnioculars. Even with the aid of the state-of-the-art gadget, the high-level game had been almost too fast for her to keep track of, so she focused on the star seeker instead.

Harry had been circling above the plane where Chasers played like a bird of prey, when he zeroed in on one location and dived without warning. The crowd around them gasped belatedly. She shot to her feet and followed his flight breathlessly, hearing the commentator roar something but not catching the words. Pointing the Omnioculars a degree ahead of Harry, she caught a glimpse of gold.

"He's seen it, he's seen it!" She wanted to jump up and down in exhilaration, but couldn't risk losing track of her boyfriend.

Harry, her boyfriend. The thought still made her giddy every time.

He leveled out of the dive and accelerated, closing in on the elusive Snitch with a singular purpose.
The opposing team's Seeker was nowhere in sight.

Suddenly, a rapidly moving ball entered her field of vision. She held her breath; the Bludger barreled at Harry's back, coming in from his blind spot. As though sensing the danger through some supernatural means, the raven-haired athlete veered off-course at the last moment, avoiding collision by a hair's breadth. Straightening up, he looked around frantically, but it seemed that the Snitch was lost.

There was a collective groan from the crowd. Gabrielle sighed and lowered her Omnioculars, blinking a few times as her eyes adjusted. She turned to her older sister.

"Curse that Beater!" Fleur said in a slightly hoarse voice, her cheeks pink and her silver hair wild. Gabrielle marveled at the contrast between her sister's normally immaculate appearance, and this passionate side that came out when their boyfriend was involved.

"He'll get it next time," she said with conviction, and turned back to watch the game.

Having changed back into casual robes, Harry exited the locker room, his heart still racing with the rush from the narrow victory. He barely took two steps outside before a laughing Fleur launched herself at him. Grinning, he spread his arms to hug her, when another girl-shaped missile crashed into him from the side.

"Fleur! Gabby?" he said, finding himself with an armful of veela.

Fleur wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him soundly. "You were amazing, mon amour."

"That dive was—and then the Bludger—how did you even—" Gabrielle bounced in his arms, unable to string words together.

Harry chuckled and patted her on the head, then froze when he heard some voices around the corner. He wasn't quite ready to advertise their... unconventional relationship to the world. "We should get going, girls."

Harry sipped the scalding-hot breakfast tea, enjoying the view of the bustling Parisian wizarding district through the tall windows of the apartment. Fleur had bought the staggeringly expensive place after quitting her job at Gringotts in favor of designing a women's clothing line. Staying here allowed the pair to visit Gabrielle more often; there was some paperwork associated with international Portkeys from Britain to France, and it was a rather unpleasant form of transportation. Harry had enough juice to simply Apparate over the Channel, but he didn't dare risk it while Side-Alonging passengers. As a result, they ended up spending nearly as much time here as in Harry's old house in London—whenever he wasn't touring the world with his team, that is.

Harry found he didn't mind, as he had fallen in love with the beautiful city. There didn't seem to be as much of a divide between the two worlds in France as there was back at home, and many wizards and witches lived in the middle of Muggle areas. There were exceptions, of course, like his fiancée's parents who had a vast estate in the countryside. Visiting them was also easier now, which made Fleur happier.

Setting down his cup, he stretched and sighed contentedly. He was feeling rested and alert, despite not getting much sleep last night. There were two reasons for that, and they were both sitting at the table and eating their breakfast.

"How much time do we have?" he asked.
"Less than half an hour," Fleur said, holding a cup of coffee in her delicate hand. "We can't be late, so no funny business with Gabby, Harry."

He still had no clue what excuse Fleur had used to get Gabrielle out of school for the couple of days. It probably wasn't so she could have sex with the boyfriend she shared with her elder sister.

"Wasn't thinking of it." He turned towards Gabby, who was nibbling on a croissant, and leered. "Actually, I was. It involved her on top of this table."


"That reminds me," Harry said, watching Gabrielle blush adorably, "I have something for you. Be right back."

He ducked into what was quickly becoming Fleur's workroom, stepping around bolts of fabric and rolls of tracing paper, and rummaged in his travel bags. Quickly locating the small golden ball, he returned to the kitchen and held it up.

"They let the victorious Seeker keep the Snitch as a trophy," he said. "Fleur already has several, so I thought I'd give you this one. I mean—if you want it."

Gabrielle plucked the winged ball from his hand and clutched it to her chest. "Oh, thank you, Harry!" She gave him a brilliant smile. "It will always remind me of your incredible catch yesterday."

Fleur watched her sister scrutinize the ornate Snitch happily. "Unlike mine, this one doesn't have any special enchantments on it, so don't be disappointed."

"Special enchantments?" Gabrielle tilted her head in confusion.

Fleur was silent, simply staring at her sister with a meaningful smile on her face. Gabrielle's eyes widened and she turned away.

"W-what are you saying?" she stammered, her cheeks reddening. "I wasn't thinking about that kind of stuff at all!"

"Is that so?" Fleur asked in a skeptical tone.

"I'm not the sort of girl who would do that—at the breakfast table, no less." She crossed her arms and huffed. "Please, sister."

Harry snorted at her indignant expression and reached out to tousle her hair. "You're so easy to rile up."

She merely gave him a cross look.

Fleur sighed and raised her hands. "It was rude of me, I suppose. Sorry to doubt you, Gabby."

"Hmph." Gabrielle proceeded to finish her breakfast in silence.

Harry went for another cup of tea, his lips quirking at the sisterly banter. It wasn't like his fiancée to admit defeat so quickly, and she looked like she was scheming something.

"By the way, did you enjoy that Daydream Charm I gave you?" Fleur asked innocently. "You never mentioned it in your letters."
"Um..." The younger girl's eyes darted from Harry to her sister, then down to her glass. "I s'ppose."

Fleur slid her chair closer. "So, how many times did you get off while watching that?"

Gabrielle coughed and nearly spat out her juice. "I—I didn't really... I mean..." She ducked her head, blushing furiously.

"Fleur, stop bullying your sister," Harry said. Gabrielle shot him a grateful look and he winked at her. "So, how many times did you itch the ditch?"

Gabrielle moaned and covered her burning face with her hands.

Fleur giggled and poked her in the side. "It's your fault for saying something so crass, Harry. Why not use a cuter euphemism, like 'petting the kitty', or 'chatouiller le bijou'—"

"Can we please drop the subject?" Gabrielle said, lowering her palms and glaring at Fleur and Harry in turn.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of," Harry said, struggling not to laugh. "Every girl your age gets these urges."

"That's right. As your sister, I won't think any less of you, even if you can't resist touching yourself every day." Fleur's tone was serious, but the corners of her mouth were twitching.

"I certainly don't." Gabrielle raised her head, her cheeks still crimson. "I'm not some huge perv like you, sis."

"Oh? You mean to say you've never..."

Gabrielle shifted in her seat and averted her eyes. "Well. No more than once or twice a month."

"Really?" Fleur dragged the word out. "Back when I was in school, I don't think I've ever gone without doing it for longer than a week. And whenever I got a letter from Harry, I spent an hour playing with myself in the shower."

It was Harry's turn to cough. "Damn."

Gabrielle's blush returned in full force. "That's you. I am not like that."

Fleur smiled mischievously. "Care to prove it?"

"W-what?" Gabrielle was uncertain all of the sudden.

"I have just the thing to find out whether you're telling the truth or not. Come to the bedroom."

Gabrielle sent Harry a beseeching look. "I have to leave for school soon."

"It won't take five minutes," Fleur said, taking her hand. "Or would you rather admit that you lied?"

"Of—of course not." Gabrielle stood up resolutely and followed, Harry tagging behind and wondering what Fleur came up with this time.

His fiancée was smiling as she riffled through one of her drawers, retrieving a slim black leather belt. Instead of a buckle, it had a small metal lock with a keyhole in the middle.

"What is that?" Gabrielle asked warily.
Fleur smiled as she presented it to Gabby. "That, my dear sister, is a chastity belt. It has an
enchantment on it which doesn't let naughty girls pleasure themselves until their master allows it. Put
it on, and I'll show you how it works."

"No." Gabrielle crossed her arms and looked away. "I'm not wearing that... perverted toy."

Fleur sighed theatrically. "It was obvious you were lying, but I was willing to give you a chance to
prove otherwise. I should have known you would weasel out."

"I'm not—look, I can't wear that thing to school. What if someone sees? And what about, you
know..." she wrung her hands.

"Should Harry be worried about you flashing your underwear to others?" Fleur rolled her eyes.
"Fine, I'm certainly not going to make you wear this. It would have been a great way to solve our
little dispute, though. I would've done anything you wanted in apology."

Gabrielle stilled. "Anything?"

"It's only fair." Fleur shrugged. "But never mind that now."

"Wait." Gabrielle licked her lips nervously. "Tell me more about how this thing works. And, if I'm
going to change..." She glanced at Harry.


He considered telling Gabrielle that the glint in his fiancée's eyes boded her no good, but then just
smirked and left.

Fleur and Gabrielle emerged from the bedroom after a few minutes, the latter already in her
Beauxbatons uniform. They exchanged hurried goodbyes, Gabrielle not quite meeting his eyes as
she pecked him on the cheek, and the two Delacours rushed to the Floo. Five minutes later, Fleur
Apparated back into the living room, bounded to the sofa where Harry was sitting, and hugged him
from behind.

"You're positively giddy," he said, turning to kiss her.

Fleur laughed gleefully. "Gabrielle's back in school, and she's wearing the belt." She produced a
small silver key from her pocket and spun it around her finger by its ring.

Harry gave a mock sigh. "I feel sorry for the poor girl, having to deal with such a kinky sister."

Fleur flicked her hair back over her shoulder. "Calling me a perv and pretending to be some sort of
innocent maiden; she's such a hypocrite. I'll make her eat her words."

"She wasn't wrong about that first part, at least." Harry reached out and pulled Fleur over into his
lap, making her giggle in delight. He kissed her while his hands wandered over her body. "When are
you going to let her off?"

"I'll send her the key as soon as she admits she lied. Or maybe... maybe I'll make her endure it for
one more day. Owls do get delayed, after all." Fleur bit her lower lip and squirmed in Harry's lap.

"You're so bad," he whispered, trailing kisses along her throat. "Bad girls need to be punished."

Fleur shivered in his arms. "Oh, Harry, I've been very bad."
Chapter 6

The first few days were easy. Fleur hadn't lied: the chastity belt didn't interfere with her daily life, and Gabrielle often forgot she was wearing it, as most of the time it remained an inconspicuous band around her waist. It was only when its enchantments detected less-than-pure intentions that something resembling a metal thong materialized over the junction of her thighs, denying access. She had tested this transformation the very first night, prodding and poking the unyielding material curiously.

It was remarkable magic, in a way, and it only reinforced her opinion that her older sister was a huge pervert.

The next incident occurred four days in. Lost in her thoughts, she had absently aimed the showerhead at herself in just the right way, as she was sometimes wont to do. It came almost as a shock when the thong sprung out to cover her privates. She stared, then tittered at her forgetfulness, directing the stream of water away. The belt opened up soon after.

The activations came more frequently after that. Thankfully, she had no issues maintaining hygiene, but if her fingers lingered an instant longer than was strictly necessary, the barrier appeared.

A couple of weeks in, and Gabrielle had to admit to herself that she was losing the battle against her desires—but damned if her sister was going to learn about it. She could already imagine Fleur's smug grin if she did that. No, she would just trick the stupid thing, and no one would be any the wiser. It wasn't about self-gratification, she told herself firmly; merely respite from the constant pangs of arousal. After all, she could hardly focus on her studies if she kept fantasizing about Harry's strong, rugged hands roaming her body.

The next night, she drew the curtains around her bed and cast her practiced privacy spells, a familiar heat already pooling in her lower abdomen. She summoned a floating fairy-light like she learned in the Charms class, and changed into a comfy nightgown.

Reclining on the headboard, she ran her hands along her sides, then slipped them under her gown. She instinctively bit her lip to prevent a moan escaping when she cupped her breasts. Her nipples were hard and sensitive, and felt almost as good as back when Harry had touched them, but the thrill of pleasure only made her yearn for relief.

She tentatively moved her hands to her midriff, rubbing her thighs together and quivering at the tingling sensation, then hiked up her nightie and spread her legs. Reaching over, she picked up the stuffed animal she had strategically placed on her bed earlier that evening.

"Sorry, Monsieur Ours," she whispered to the worn toy that has been with her since childhood. "My need is great."

Trembling in anticipation, she slowly lowered the toy until it rested on her panties, exhaling in relief when nothing happened. She shoved the plushie against her crotch, her hips twitching in response to the contact—and the chastity belt activated.

Groaning, she lifted the toy up and stared at its beady eyes. "Not our lucky day."

There were still things to try. Setting the toy aside, she folded her pillow in half and straddled it. Surely avoiding the use of her hands altogether would circumvent the protection?

She carefully wiggled herself into position and bunched up the bundle underneath to provide the
most friction. Normally, she would've been embarrassed about attempting to hump the pillow she would have to sleep on—with her classmate in the room, no less—but in her current state, she just didn't care.

She lowered herself onto the silken cloth and rocked her hips, trembling at the feathery touch that made her crave more. Moaning softly, she pressed down harder, gyrating her hips again... Then, suddenly, the stimulation disappeared.

"Merde!" Gabrielle flung the pillow at the headboard, breathing heavily. She slid her hand down feeling the impenetrable barrier, swore again, and slumped face-down on the sheets.

She tossed and turned in bed for an hour, trying to keep her mind (and hands) off the delicious ache between her legs. When she fell asleep at last, she dreamed of being embraced by Harry and caressed by his deft fingers. While pleasant, the dream only ended up making her more frustrated when she woke up to find her panties soaked and icky. With an exasperated sigh, she grabbed a fresh pair from her drawer and hurried to the shower.

The next week went by in a haze, her thoughts decidedly unladylike and having little to do with schoolwork or interacting with her friends. It felt like she was growing more sensitive by the day, and cheating the blasted thing wrapped around her waist turned out to be impossible. She was at her wit's end, and it made her grumpy and distracted. Even now, during a Potions lecture with a professor she normally adored, Gabrielle rubbed her thighs together almost unconsciously, her mind far away. The chastity belt was active, as it had been most of the time lately, and its padding chafed ever so slightly. It was more irritating than pleasurable, but she couldn't stop squirming.

"Gabrielle, your face is all red," a classmate said, startling her out of her trance. "Do you need the nurse?"

She turned and smiled thinly. "No, I'm fine. Thanks." The thought of anyone discovering her current... condition made her shudder.

Gabrielle lay down in her bed, her chest heaving. She had been attempting to remove the belt or wedge her fingers underneath for the last fifteen minutes, but the smooth metal hugged her nether parts so snugly it was futile.

She could no longer delude herself: she had lost to Fleur. It was only her pride which prevented her from rushing off to send an owl right then. That, and she had one last thing to try. As a capable witch in her last year of schooling, she could surely break the enchantment and take the damned thing off. Fleur would know, but perhaps she could just lie and say it had broken by itself.

She raised her wand and aimed it between her legs. "Finite Incantatem."

There was a sudden jolt and Gabrielle gasped, dropping her wand out of sheer surprise. She looked down in bewilderment, but nothing seemed different from before. Only the slight soreness between her legs reminded her of the twinge she had felt.

"Blast you, sister, where did you get this thing?"

It was apparent that the belt was protected against tampering. The shock hadn't hurt much at all—a warning, rather than punishment—but it had been enough to startle her.

Gabrielle wriggled on the bed, picking up her wand with her right hand while her left kneaded her breast. She worried her lip. The jolt hadn't felt good, exactly... but it left her throbbing in a way that
didn't allow her to think of much else. She hesitated for a moment before tensing up and whispering the incantation once more.

Harry entered the locker room shower and sighed in relief as hot water washed over his sticky skin. The game against Liechtenstein had taken a grueling three hours, but they finally snatched victory after he made the opposing team's Seeker ram into the ground with a textbook Wronski Feint. Being sore all over was a small price to pay.

Lost in relaxation, he was startled when there was a noise behind him and a gust of cold air invaded the stall. He whirled around and yelped when he saw a person.

The intruder closed the door and turned to face him. Luxurious silvery hair cascaded down her shoulders, and she was rather well-endowed. That second fact was obvious to him because the woman in question was also stark naked.

"F-Fleur?" he said, squinting through the steam. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to congratulate you, of course," she purred, pressing against him. "Aren't you happy to see me?"

"I am, but"—Harry paused and strained his ears against the sound of running water—"what about the other guys?"

"I persuaded them to leave. A few made rather crude remarks about my intentions." Fleur wrinkled her nose, then leaned in to whisper into his ear, "They weren't wrong, I suppose."

Harry figured he'd have to endure more ribbing from his team than usual in the future, but decided it was worth it. He smirked. "And what are your intentions?"

"Cleaning you up, for starters. You don't have to do a thing." Fleur's fingers unerringly sought out one of the numerous taps, and the shower began spraying purple foam from a nozzle Harry hadn't even noticed before. Wizarding bathrooms were weird that way.

Her hands felt wonderful on his tired muscles, and the soapsuds smelled nice and invigorating. Her fingers stroked his shoulders, his arms, his abdomen, before she sidled to hug him from behind. What started out as an innocent massage took on a more erotic nature when Fleur started rubbing against him, her body slick with the lather.

"You played amazing today," she murmured, pushing her breasts against his back as she ran her hands across his chest. "After watching you fly circles around the hapless sods, I just couldn't wait until you returned to the hotel."

He reached from behind and squeezed her bottom. "Am I only appreciated for my Quidditch skills?"

"Not just that," she said huskily, lowering her hands to his stomach. "I also love this... magic wand of yours." She wrapped her fingers around his cock. "I don't think I washed this part yet... Mm. Nice and hard."

Fleur's hand moved maddeningly slow. He endured for a minute before he grabbed her wrist and turned around, pinning it above her head and leaning in for a kiss.

She drew a ragged breath when he pulled away. "I said you didn't have to do anything..."

He planted his palms against the tiles on either side of his fiancée, running his eyes over her and
lamenting the poor visibility. Her silky, wet hair fell all the way down to her bountiful breasts which heaved with her quickened breath. He growled. "Let me give you what you came here for, you minx."

The tip of her tongue darted out to lick her lips, and she squirmed a little when Harry's erection brushed her stomach. Suddenly, there was a sound of a creaking door outside, and both of them froze, listening to muted footsteps draw closer.

"Someone still there?" a male voice called out in accented English.

Harry exchanged a panicked glance with Fleur before turning to answer. "Yeah!"

"Sorry, mister, I thought everyone leave." The voice sounded closer now. "I need to clean, you finish soon?"

Harry reached towards the door handle instinctively. "Almost done! Give me a minute!"

"I clean other stalls first, yes?" The footsteps went away.

Swearing inwardly, Harry turned back to Fleur, then blinked when his eyes met the tiles instead. He glanced down to find her kneeling between his legs and giving him a sultry smile. Her palms slid up his thighs.

"What are you doing?" he whispered, getting a feeling he knew the answer already.

She nugged him back an inch and leaned in, giving his cock a sensual lick. Her tongue danced over every contour as if trying to commit it to memory. She continued lavishing his swollen crown with attention until her fingers grasped him at the root and guided him into her mouth.

Harry inhaled sharply. Fleur had always been more adventurous than he was, but even for her, this was... Well, no, this was exactly like her, he amended. After she began bobbing back and forth, it wasn't long before his lust overwhelmed his reluctance. What else was a bloke in his position to do but enjoy it? Groping behind himself, he found the wall and rested his back against it, then sank his fingers into Fleur's wet locks.

She hummed her approval and increased the tempo, her tongue stroking his underside with every motion. Peering down at her mischievous blue eyes, he murmured in encouragement while fumbling with a tap to turn up the water in hopes it would drown out the little noises she was making. He knew he wouldn't last long—Fleur never had trouble getting what she wanted from him—and although he'd never admit it, the impropriety of the situation was a turn-on in itself.

"You finish now?" a voice called from beyond the stall door, making him jerk and swear.

Fleur went faster, supplementing the motions of her head with quick pumps of her hand around his base. While she didn't take his whole length into her mouth, not one inch of him was left without delicious stimulation.

"I'm... close," he grunted.

The voice took longer to reply now, and when it did, it held a note of suspicion. "Maybe I go clean other locker room first."

The bloke could go fuck himself for all Harry cared; gripping Fleur's hair, he thrust into her mouth, feeling her hand gently cup his tightening balls. "Oh, yes, baby!"
She hummed again as he emptied himself into her mouth, and he could feel her gulp down every drop. His fingers unclenched and he caressed her head, only dimly aware of the sound of a door being slammed outside.

That night found Harry laying in the hotel bed, exhausted in more ways than one. Fleur was draped over him, her head resting on his chest, a blissful smile on her face.

"Mm. Ambushing you after a game was certainly worth taking that international Portkey for."

"Glad to meet your approval," he said, smiling into her hair. "That reminds me, has Gabrielle written you yet?"

Fleur shifted slightly. "As a matter of fact, she hasn't. My baby sister is more stubborn than I expected."

Harry chuckled. "It's been more than three weeks now. Looks like she's going to win your little contest."

"She's a sixteen-year-old part-veela." Fleur turned her head just enough to give him an amused glance. "Trust me, I've been there. There's no way she's going to last an entire month."

Gabrielle holed up in her dorm that Friday afternoon, clutching her pillow and rolling around her bed. The torturous week of lessons was finally over, but it did little to alleviate her plight.

She had given in and written to Fleur yesterday, albeit using language that was a little more... aggressive than her usual. A day and a half later there was still no reply, and she was considering sending an apology, as humiliating as that was. It would be just like her sister to prolong her suffering just because she used a few rude words in her writing.

She nearly jumped when the curtains around her canopy bed were drawn apart.

"Hello, Gabrielle." A familiar silhouette stood outlined by the afternoon sunlight.

"F-Fleur?" She sat up, blinking. "Why are you here?"

"I've come to pick you up. Madame Maxime has kindly allowed you to leave for the weekend due to a private family matter." Her older sister smiled. "If you want to, of course."

"I do!" She stood and gave her sister a hug, then withdrew suddenly. "You—you received my letter, right? Are you going to, you know..."

Fleur's smile grew wider and Gabrielle felt goosebumps erupt on her skin.

"The key is safely back in my apartment," Fleur said quietly, taking her hand. "Let's go."

They headed to the public Floo two floors below, attracting more than a little attention in the hallways. Gabrielle usually hated the looks she got from her peers, but she felt a pang of envy when she saw everyone's gazes focus on her sister rather than herself. It was only natural: Fleur had her voluptuous figure, fashionable clothes, and a confident poise that Gabrielle couldn't begin to emulate. Glancing down at the barely noticeable swell of her breasts under the unflattering uniform, she sighed. At least Harry seemed like them well enough.

The reminder that she too was Harry's girlfriend made a happy warmth surge in her chest, but merely
thinking about her handsome green-eyed lover brought a different problem to the fore. She bit her lip and walked faster, reaching the grate before Fleur and throwing a handful of powder into the flames. She rocked on the balls of her feet as she waited for Fleur to catch up.

They stepped into the whoosh of emerald flames together, exiting the Floo in Fleur's apartment, where Gabrielle immediately gave her an expectant look.

"Change out of your uniform and take a shower," Fleur told her.

"You said you'd unlock that thing," she whinged, shuffling her feet impatiently.

Fleur smiled in that superior and oh-so-irritating way of hers. "Patience. I don't want you spending an hour in the bathroom. Run along now."

She obeyed, but not before letting her displeasure be known through an angry huff. There was a rack of woman's robes in the corridor, which she eyed with passing interest as she made her way to the en-suite bathroom. She undressed, washed up, and dried herself off in what was probably a record time.

Out in the bedroom, she discovered a sleeveless black dress laid out for her. Getting the hint, she slipped it on and spun around, eyeing her reflection in the mirror. It was exquisite, if a touch more risqué than she was used to, and she had to wonder what the occasion was. Perhaps Fleur just wanted to show off one of her new designs. Well, if she wanted Gabrielle to pose for her, she would have to free her of that thing first.

She stomped into the living room. "There! Now will you"—she lowered her voice abashedly—"please give me the key."

Fleur was spinning the silvery key on her finger and obviously enjoying herself. "Lift up your dress."

Gabrielle glowered, but had to admit that she was at the mercy of her sister. She bent forward to pinch the hem and lifted it up, hoping Fleur wouldn't make snide remarks or humiliate her further. Why did she have to run her mouth off back then?

Fleur sauntered up and crouched before her. Gabrielle averted her eyes, tensing up when she felt her sister's fingers brush along the edge of her panties. Her mind, muddled with lust as it was, ran wild with obscene scenarios; as much as she wanted to put this mortifying episode behind her, a small, traitorous part of her wished Fleur would make it all better like she had last summer. She felt her cheeks heat up and shook her head frantically.

Fleur, however, only held the waistband to keep the tiny lock level, inserted the key, and turned it. The quiet click it gave was the sweetest sound Gabrielle had heard in months. She could hardly believe her luck when the belt was pulled off her waist without further comment.

"Sacrébleu, finally." Her hand crept towards a certain spot on its own accord—only to make sure the accursed thing was truly gone, of course.

"Naughty, naughty," Fleur whispered, intercepting her by the wrist. Gabrielle couldn't help but shiver, her sister's tone making her uneasy again. What was she planning?

"Girls, are you ready yet?" a manly voice said from the corridor.

Her head whipped around. "Harry?"
Harry escorted his witches to the table and pulled out chairs for them in turn. Clad in elegant dress robes of Fleur's design, they were positively radiant, and he could barely suppress a smirk at the looks the nearby patrons were sending them. There was a special kind of satisfaction in having the hottest woman in the room on your arm—and he had two.

The restaurant was a fancy one; he didn't think his fiancée knew any other kind. He hadn't initially been a fan of fine dining, but with Fleur's guidance, he had eventually learned enough about matching food with wine and whatnot and was able to go through the numerous courses without committing some faux pas. He even knew what those unpronounceable dishes on the menu were... well, a good part of them, in any case.

They placed their orders and Harry sighed contentedly, leaning back on his chair. He directed his gaze towards Gabrielle, who was looking as restless as her sister was smug. Having not expected the enforced celibacy to have such a strong effect on the girl, he wondered if Fleur's toy did more than just prevent her from pleasuring herself.

"Something on your mind, Gabby?" he asked with an innocent smile.

It was as if she had been waiting for him to ask. "Why are we here? Why are you here? N-not that I'm not happy to see you," she hurried to add.

"We're celebrating Harry's return, of course," Fleur said, reaching for a glass of water.

"There's not much to celebrate," he said sheepishly. "We lost in the playoffs so I came back early. Germany's new lineup demolished our Chasers, and I got hit by a Bludger and had to play while concussed... I thought you said you'd follow the games on the wireless?"

Gabrielle blanched. "I—I'm so sorry, Harry. I did up until last week, but I've missed the last one since I was so... preoccupied."

Knowing the source of her troubles, he was more amused than anything. "It's okay, Gabby." He reached out to pat her on the head, something he knew she both liked and was annoyed by.

Dinner went on, Harry enjoying the superb food as he chatted languidly with Fleur. Gabrielle was still too mortified to offer much of an input and was mostly just shooting him looks when she thought he wasn't looking.

"Excuse me, I need to use the bathroom," she piped up after devouring her entrée. Her eyes were cast down and she was shifting in her seat.

"I'll keep you company," Fleur said, giving Gabrielle a look.

The younger Delacour sighed. "Of course you will."

The girls went and came back together, Fleur whispering something to her sister out of his earshot. They continued with the main course as Harry relayed a play-by-play of his disastrous last game, Fleur gasping at all the right times. Gabrielle kept fidgeting as she stared at him, her pupils dilated and her cheeks flushed; Harry would've suspected that wine was to blame, but her glass was still half-full. She didn't participate much in the conversation, and he wasn't inclined to prod her.

It was around the time that they were enjoying their crème brûlées that the older sister reached out and grabbed Gabrielle's arm.

"Control yourself," she hissed. "We're in a restaurant, for god's sake."
Harry's eyebrows rose. "What's going on?"

"My little sister was pleasuring herself in public," Fleur said quietly. "Unbelievable."

"She what?" Harry gave Gabrielle a confused once-over.

Fleur rolled her eyes. "Girls don't have to be obvious about it. We can squeeze our thighs together, or... well. This is hardly the place."

Harry tugged at his collar and smirked. "I'll say. It's getting pretty hot in here."

Calling over the waiter, he waved off the man's polite concerns about their abrupt departure, paid, and went outside to Apparate. Gabrielle's face was pink up to the tips of her ears as she allowed her sister to pull her along. Fleur's lips were pursed as if in anger, but the devious glint in her eyes told Harry that she was having the time of her life.

"Don't be too hard on the poor girl," he whispered to her once they were back at her apartment.

She smiled predatorily. "We'll just have a little fun. Don't pretend you aren't looking forward to it."
Chapter 7

Gabrielle was made to stand in the middle of the living room, looking down at the carpet as though it was the most interesting thing in the world. Her sister slowly circled her, while Harry seated himself on the couch to enjoy the show.

"Well? What do you have to say for yourself?" Fleur asked sternly.

"I couldn't stand it..." Gabrielle squirmed. "It's—it's your fault, making me wear that thing for so long!"

"You said you would last a month. It's barely been three weeks, and you already can't control yourself." Fleur crossed her arms. "Imagine the shame had someone seen you."

Her cheeks were beet-red. "I'm sorry, alright? Can't we just drop it?"

"Oh, why not. Let's chalk it up to youthful indiscretion." Fleur waited until Gabby breathed easier, then smiled. "You still haven't fulfilled your part of our bargain, though. I unlocked the belt early, so you have to admit you lied."

She shot Harry a timid look. "I'll... say it later."

"Now, Gabby. Harry was the star of that film—he deserves to hear how often you touched yourself to it."

She wrung her hands and murmured something.

Fleur put a finger under her chin and made her lift her head. "Yes?"

"Almost every—every night. And..." She squeezed her eyes shut. "The first few days I—I also did it in the shower. Not with the orb, just... imagining myself in your place, and... and..."

"Shh. Well done." Fleur patted her cheek. "That wasn't so difficult, was it? Now we just have to discuss your punishment."

"Punishment?" she squeaked, her eyes flying open.

"There's nothing wrong with having some fun on your own," Fleur said. "That's why I gave you the Daydream Charm in the first place. Doing it in public crosses the line, though."

She bit her lip. "What are you going to do to me?"

Fleur giggled. "My, don't you sound eager." Ignoring Gabrielle's stuttered protest, she tapped her finger against her lips. "Oh, I know—masturbate for us."

Gabrielle nearly choked. "Are you—I'm not going to do that with you two ogling me!"

Fleur arched an eyebrow. "Oh? So you'd do it in public, but not when it's just the three of us?"

She ducked her head, her cheeks burning crimson, and didn't say anything.

Laughing, Fleur took her by the elbow and guided her to the couch. Gabrielle obediently plopped down next to Harry and began hiking up her dress, not looking anywhere near him. He watched with bated breath as her blue low-rise knickers came into view, a darker wet patch clinging to her
crotch. Just when he thought the fight had gone out of her, she buried her face in her palms and squeezed her legs together.

"I can't... You're too close..."

"You wanted to touch yourself so badly, this is really killing two birds with one stone," Fleur said, settling on her other side. "Go on, put on a show for us."

Drawing a ragged breath, Gabrielle covered her eyes with her arm and parted her legs slightly. Her slender hand snaked down until it slipped under the waistband of her panties. She gasped and shuddered.

"Poor girl has been enduring it for so long," Fleur cooed. "She must be so sensitive."

"D-don't watch so closely!"

Gabrielle slowly started to rub herself. She spread her legs wider, every motion of her hand eliciting little whimpers that she was clearly failing to muffle.

Fleur watched raptly. "Dear me, I haven't thought this through. It's not much of a punishment if she's enjoying it that much."

Gabrielle appeared to be lost in her own world. The hand under her panties moved faster, rubbing in little circles, while her other came down from her eyes to fondle her breast through the thin fabric.

"Let us help you with that," Fleur said, easing the strap of the dress off her shoulder.

Harry followed her example, pulling down the other strap and tugging the dress to free Gabrielle's braless breasts. She shot them a wide-eyed glance as she panted for breath.

"Keep going," Fleur encouraged, running her palm up Gabrielle's inner thigh.

"This is so hot, Gabby," Harry added, caressing her other thigh. "I'm getting so hard watching you."

She made a muffled noise of pleasure, her movements becoming more needy. "Don't look—I—I'm going—oooh!"

Neither had listened, watching from either side as Gabrielle's back arched and toes curled in bliss. Tension left her body, and she slumped against the couch, panting.

Fleur's face was pink as she spoke. "I didn't think she'd be so quick. We should get her all pent up more often."

"Haven't you bullied her enough?" Harry asked in a mock scolding tone.

He swept a strand of golden hair off Gabrielle's forehead, then gently tilted her chin and brushed her lips with his. His hand tugged her bunched-up dress lower to bare more of her smooth skin before returning to squeeze her pert breast.

The weight on the couch shifted, and he glanced over to find Fleur tugging her sister's damp panties down her legs. Gabrielle opened her mouth, but didn't have a chance to speak before Harry claimed her lips again. His hand sought the junction of her thighs, encountering a tuft of downy curls before cupping her hot sex. He growled against her mouth, feeling like his cock was about to rip his pants.

She shivered and broke the kiss. "H-Harry! Wait, I just—"
Her voice hitched as he pushed a finger inside her up to his first knuckle. Resuming the kiss, he gently penetrated deeper, feeling her tremble in response.

"You're right, Harry," Fleur said. "I should make it up to her." She lowered her head to Gabrielle's chest, admiring it for a minute before giving one creamy mound a tentative lick.

Gabrielle's eyes shot open and Harry felt her throb around his finger. "Sis?"

Fleur stared back with upturned eyes. "I kept you from pleasuring yourself, so it's only fair I pleasure you until you have enough. And perhaps a little more."

"But—" She gasped as Harry's finger stirred inside her. Face burning crimson, she worried her lip. "I'm all sweaty..."

"Oh, chut," Fleur murmured, and brushed her lips against her rosy nipple. Harry joined in, stooping until the side of his head brushed Fleur's, and flicking his tongue over Gabby's other breast. The girl mewled and arched her back, reclining on the couch and giving them even better access.

He lavished her crinkled nipple with attention, suckling and leaving trails of saliva on her skin. Fleur was more tender, teasing her with feather-light kisses and an occasional brush of her pink tongue as she kept glancing up to gauge her reaction. Gabrielle made halfhearted protests which grew more and more incoherent.

As Fleur's luscious lips worked their magic, her hand drifted down her sister's tummy in search for that delicate spot that would drive her wild. She knew she found it when Gabrielle shivered and moaned, gripping Harry's hair with one hand and covering her mouth with the other. Fleur pried it away gently and interlocked their fingers before resuming her ministrations.

He saw the Delacour sisters exchange a blushing glance, which only stoked his own lust. He circled Gabrielle's nipple with his tongue, then captured it in his mouth. She clenched feverishly around his finger, and he changed his angle, curling his digit as her walls quivered around it.

Gabrielle arched like a bow and squeezed her thighs together, her breath coming in bursts. Her grip on his hair grew painful as she moaned and bucked her hips, clamping down hard on his finger. Crooning, Fleur caressed her as she rode out her second orgasm.

Gabrielle slumped down. "Gods... no more..."

Fleur straightened up, looking more than a little flushed herself. "From the way you soaked the cushions, I'm guessing you liked it."

"C'était tellement bon que j'ai vu des étoiles..." she murmured.

Fleur smiled and chided gently, "English, Gabby, for those less civilized among us."

Harry gave her a mock glare—he knew French well enough to decipher Gabrielle's babble—but Fleur merely smiled in a way that told him she knew she'd pay for it later, and was looking forward to it.

Gabrielle ducked her head, her matted hair doing little to hide her glowing face. "It was... intense. Being touched everywhere."

Fleur sidled up to her. "What about me... doing things to you? Was that okay?"
Gabrielle's eyes darted around as though seeking an escape, but Fleur was still holding her hand and showing no intention of letting go. "I don't mind... if it's you and Harry together," she said almost inaudibly.

Fleur smiled. "I'm glad. Now... someone is eager to get his turn." She reached out to rub the tent in Harry's pants, making him groan. "Let's not keep our man waiting."

Harry took no time to shrug off his shirt and chuck it away, beyond caring about making work for Fleur's elf. Fleur's slim fingers slipped under his belt to stroke him, and he leaned over to kiss her. Their lips parted in unison and their tongues met. He wanted to keep tasting her, sharing her breath, but she drew back with a throaty moan and turned her head.

Following suit, Harry found himself staring into Gabrielle's doe eyes. She seemed to have come down from her climax and appeared quite flustered, clasping her hands over her chest.

"Rude of us to leave you out," he said, and kissed her.

Gabrielle's eyes fluttered shut, and she sighed against his mouth, her hands exploring his bare chest. Her tongue ventured out, thirsty for more than his tender touches, and he reciprocated eagerly. The motions of Fleur's hand in his boxers grew insistent, almost unbearable, until he could take no longer and drew back with a gasp, leaving a breathless Gabrielle gazing at him through half-lidded eyes.

"My turn," Fleur said, withdrawing her hand.

He turned to Fleur hungrily, then blinked when she faced her sister instead. Taking advantage of Gabrielle's distracted state, she laid her hands on her slim shoulders and brought their lips together. A dreamy, somewhat bewildered look came over Gabby's face, lasting for a few moments before her eyes flew open and she jerked back, peering at Fleur in surprise.

"You kissed me!" she accused.

Fleur arched an eyebrow. "You didn't like it?"

Gabrielle's mouth opened and closed before answering. "I... that's not the point! It's weird."

"I've done much wilder things to you, and you never seemed displeased." Fleur's fingertips grazed her breast to illustrate, making her shiver.

She averted her gaze. "That's—that's different."

"Please don't be mad. I've been curious about what kissing you would feel like." Fleur leaned in to whisper into her ear with a mischievous expression. "You were delicious."

Gabrielle squeaked, her cheeks coloring.

"I'll have Harry make up for it," Fleur continued, giving him a glance. "Babe? You're a tad overdressed for this."

He needed no encouragement to lose his trousers and boxers, and soon stood naked before the seated witches, his member twitching at their engrossed stares. Smiling sultrily, his fiancée laid her hand on Gabrielle's knee to spread her legs. He stepped closer, his eyes focused on her sopping wet center.

"Harry?" Gabrielle sounded nervous.

"Yeah?" he grunted, planting his palms on either side of her head and looming over her.
She snapped her legs together and squirmed. "Let me rest a little."

He suppressed a growl at being denied his prize.

Fleur gave her a curious look. "Playing coy? I thought we were past this." Her voice lowered to a whisper. "For the past weeks, you must've been craving to be filled with Harry's big hard cock."

Gabrielle’s gaze darted to the aforementioned appendage before she scooted away from Fleur. "I-I'm fine."

Fleur shrugged. "Suit yourself."

Gabrielle seemed taken aback, but her older sister paid her no more heed; she stood and slid out of her dress robes with practiced ease, leaving her in a set of lacy black lingerie. Under Harry's keen gaze, she reached behind to unclasp her bra, her ample breasts swaying mesmerizingly with her motions. She bent forward reaching toward her lacy thong, but Harry seized her wrist.

"Allow me."

He skimmed his lips down her neck, her tantalizing tits, her taut belly. Crouching, he slipped his fingers under the waistband of her thong and eased it down her curvy hips. Her inner lips peeked out from her smooth cleft, pink and glistening with desire.

He trailed butterfly kisses up her inner thigh, feeling her shiver as he drew closer to where she wanted him most. He stopped an inch away, close enough to tickle her with his breath, before planting kisses up her other leg. The little mewl she made in complaint was music to his ears.

His gaze darted to the couch, meeting Gabby's, and her blue eyes widened, her hand freezing in a compromising position between her legs. He winked before returning his attention to his fiancée. His palms caressed her shapely bottom as his tongue darted out to tease her nether lips, inching upwards. Inhaling her heady scent, he placed an open-mouthed kiss on her clit and sucked lightly.

There was a gasp from the direction of the couch, echoed much more loudly by Fleur. She shuddered, leaning on his shoulders for support with one hand, while her other one grasped his hair.

"Baise-moi," she growled. "Now."

He grinned. "Toot sweet."

Grabbing her around the thighs, he rose with a grunt and slung her over his shoulder. She squealed and kicked her feet in the air, but a smack on her delectable bottom quickly quieted her down. He carried her to the bedroom, pushing the door open bodily, then glanced back the way he came. Gabrielle sat frozen, watching them with wide eyes.

"Get in there," he ordered.

Inhaling sharply at his tone, she scurried after them and through the door. Harry lumbered inside, where he indicated the king-size bed with a jerk of his head.

"Kneel."

Gabrielle obediently climbed on and knelt on the sheets, her puzzled gaze alternating between him and his breathlessly giggling burden. Nodding in satisfaction, Harry stooped to carefully lay Fleur down on the bed. Her silvery hair splayed over Gabrielle's naked thighs as her head settled in-between. The part-veela exchanged a startled look before two pairs of blue eyes turned his way.
"Perfect," he said, laying a palm on Fleur's shoulder when she made to rise.

"Mon chéri?"

"I want her to watch you," he said thickly as he grasped her legs above the knee to lift them. "It's only fair."

"If... if you insist." She wiggled a little, and the motion made his cock twitch in anticipation. He lifted her ankles above his shoulders and bent over her, folding her limber body in half. His erection glided along her slick heat, giving her a taste of what was about to come, and she trembled lightly.

"Wait." Gabrielle fidgeted with her hands, seemingly unsure what to do with them, as she studiously avoided looking down. "Let me up. This, this is too much..."

Fleur seemed to consider her plight, but Harry wasn't going to give her the time. Adjusting himself with his hand, he rubbed his crown along her entrance before slipping into her welcoming heat.

She gasped, arching her neck slightly, then let out a throaty giggle. "We awoke”—he thrust inside, and her breath hitched—"a beast. He won't settle until he's had his wicked way with us."

The smoldering glance she sent his way only stoked his libido. Peering into her hazy blue eyes, he began moving slowly, not so much out of consideration, but because her tightness threatened to undo him all too early. As he bottomed out, eliciting a pleased noise from her throat, he could feel her wetness trickle down his balls.

"I barely touched you, and you're dripping," he said. "Did watching your sister turn you on that much?"

Gabrielle's eyes darted to where Harry's body was connected with Fleur's, then down to her face, before she looked away altogether, her cheeks aflame. Fleur licked her lips, her chest heaving.

"Well?" Harry caressed her ass with one hand before giving it a swat. "Answer me."

"Yes," she gasped.

"Yes what?" Another smack.

"I got turned on—watching her cum." She crossed her ankles behind his neck and drew him closer, shivering.

He groaned, feeling her pulse around him. "Shameless little veela. Apologize for using her. Go on."

She turned her glistening gaze upwards and stammered, her words interspersed with moans. "I'm sorry... for being perverted. I love watching you, Gabby... I love making you... lose control."

Gabrielle appeared more embarrassed than her sister was. She tried to scoot away, but Fleur reached out and hugged her slender waist.

Harry increased his pace, and the bedroom was filled with the wet sound of slapping flesh. Gabrielle seemed torn between wishing the ground would swallow her and watching them, her lips parted slightly as her breathing sped up in tune with theirs.

"You big pervert," she muttered, not meeting Fleur's eyes.

"Turnabout is fair play," he grunted. "Watch her closely."
Fleur whimpered and draped one arm over her face, but Harry seized her wrist and pinned it down. He marveled at her flushed cheeks, unsure if it was shame or arousal which colored them so vividly, but more than satisfied with the result. It was oddly gratifying to see his confident fiancée brought to such a state. Bending forward, he supported himself on her legs and worked his hips harder.

Gabrielle gulped, her eyes wide. "Doesn't that hurt?"

Her breath coming in gasps, Fleur groped around until she found her sister's hand and clasped it. "I love it when he's rough... Don't you?"

Gabrielle ducked her head and attempted to free herself, but her sister's grip was too strong. Fleur seemed too far gone to pay her any attention, whimpering with every thrust, squeezing his and Gabby's hands. Harry was past the point of no return himself, the delightful friction overwhelming. Folding his arm around her leg, he sought her clit, gently applying pressure.

"Oh, Harry, oui!" She arched her spine, her body wracked in the throes of climax.

"God, baby," he gasped, before her throbbing walls sent him over the edge. Groaning, he sheathed himself to the hilt and spilled his seed inside her.

Gulping down air, he looked at his thoroughly shagged fiancée with pride. He wasn't alone in staring, for Gabrielle also gazed in awe as her sister's body alternatively tensed and relaxed, a rapturous look never leaving her face.

Fleur's eyes fluttered open and she caught her sister staring. "Sorry," she said mellowly, "I know you'd rather watch Harry instead of me making such an unsightly expression."

Gabrielle shook her head. "It wasn't unsightly, it—" She snapped her mouth shut.

Fleur giggled and reached up to trail a finger across her blushing cheek. "That's sweet."

"It's not like I enjoyed watching you," she attempted to justify herself. "It just looked like you felt so good that... I was a bit jealous. Also, stop squirming. Your hair tickles."

Fleur laughed again and raised her hands feebly at Harry, who withdrew from her and helped her into a seated position. She snaked one arm around her sister's shoulders. "There's nothing to be jealous of. Once we get Harry going again, you can have the same. Unless... you're still going to pretend you don't want it?"

She shook her head, making her golden hair sway.

"Well then, why don't you tell him?"

Gabrielle clasped her hands in her lap, and her gaze met his before she lowered it again. "Harry... I want you."

Fleur rolled her eyes and whispered into her ear, and Harry could practically see her blush deepen before his eyes.

She swung her slender legs over the edge and spread herself open for him, her head ducked. "I'm a d-dirty schoolgirl... who needs your hard cock... inside her wet little cu-cun—" She groaned and covered her face with her palms. "I'm not saying that!"

Fleur drew back with a pout. "I only wanted to help you get him in the mood." She looked his way and raised her eyebrows. "Although I see that's no longer necessary."
Gabby glanced at her questioningly, then at Harry, and gasped. He was already at half-mast, and the girls' fascinated stares were only making him harder. He'd long since noticed that his recovery was more rapid when both of his lovers were involved, which was fortunate indeed as they became even more insatiable when they got together.

"I didn't quite catch that," he said, stepping closer. "You're going to have to speak up."

She licked her lips. "S'il te plaît, Harry."

Fleur shifted closer and rested her head on Gabrielle's shoulder. Their skin glistened with sweat, and their hair was a beautiful mess of silver and gold. "What my horny little sister means to say is that she's been fantasizing about you fucking her silly for the better part of the month. Isn't that right?"

Gabrielle opened her mouth as if to protest, then closed it and nodded, not meeting either of their eyes.

Fleur ran her fingers down her belly, Gabrielle's gaze following their journey. Her breath hitched once they stopped at the small triangle of her curly hair, and she gave her a glance that was almost disappointed.

Fleur giggled, laying her palm on her thigh to gently pry her legs open. "So why don't you ram that thick thing inside her and do exactly that?"

He didn't need to be told twice. Seizing Gabrielle's slender hips, he pulled her closer, making her plop down on the sheets, and braced on the bed. She gasped softly when his cock brushed her wetness, and craned her neck to stare.

"Relax," Fleur whispered, "he's nice and slick from being inside me."

Gabrielle didn't appear enthused, but Harry didn't give her time to dwell on it. Adjusting his angle, he inched inside her, watching her lips part in a silent "O" as he failed to quell a groan of his own.

Unlike with Fleur, he was gentle, marveling at the way her walls yielded to his entry despite her incredible tightness.

Little by little, he pushed until he was almost fully sheathed. Gabrielle stiffened up, her mouth widening until the breath she'd been holding exploded from her lungs. He gave her a moment to adjust before drawing back a fraction and plunging in again.

"Oh... Oh!" she cried, locking her legs around his waist.

"Amazes me every time, how that fits inside you," Fleur murmured, settling on her side to watch. Gabrielle didn't acknowledge her, merely panting in time with Harry's steadily building rhythm. She frowned slightly, sneaking her fingers to where the lovers were joined. Gabrielle gasped loudly and glanced her way, and she responded with a smug smile. "I see that got your attention."

"Ah... d-don't..." Gabrielle stammered between her whimpers.

Fleur obediently raised her palm off Gabrielle's damp curls. Taking the cue, Harry stilled mid-thrust despite his primal instincts screaming at him to keep going.

"Don't stop," Gabrielle mewled, tugging him closer with her legs.

He smirked. "You told me to."

"No, that was..." Her head turned to Fleur.
"I know you love it. I can feel you tightening up every time she touches you." He thrust into her, eliciting a gasp. "Well?"

"I do," she cried, "it felt too good, so... please, I need you..."

Fleur pecked her on the cheek. "Good girl. Let us give you a reward."

Whatever else Gabrielle was going to say was lost amid sweet noises that escaped her lips as Fleur's fingers resumed their delicious torment. Harry proceeded to plunge in and out of her with steady strokes, feeling her pussy flutter around him. Her breath came in shallow gasps, the expression on her flushed face that of deep yearning. Her right hand slid along the sheets to seize a handful as her left desperately clutched Fleur's wrist. With Harry and Fleur working on her in tandem, it wasn't long before her pleasure crested and she screamed aloud.

Feeling her spasm around his cock, he watched in wonder as her eyes rolled back and her innocent face twisted in ecstasy. He wasn't alone in this, for Fleur also stared at the way the muscles of Gabrielle's abdomen clenched and unclenched visibly even as her fingers never ceased stroking.

"Was that her third?" she crooned, looking up at her sister's dazed expression. "I wonder how many more we can coax out."

He only grunted, eager to seek his own satisfaction, and started moving again. Gabrielle's legs around his waist went limp, and her eyes fluttered open.

"You're still—" She gasped at his thrusts. "E-enough, I can't anymore..."

"Now, dear sister, don't be selfish," Fleur chided. "Besides, you want him to cum inside you, no?"

She circled her bellybutton with a fingertip.

She bit her lip and nodded. "I want to make him feel good."

"You are," he panted. "You feel so damn good." He took hold of her ankles and hoisted them up to give himself better access.

"Slow down, mon amour," Fleur said. "Give her a breather. She'll be going again in no time at all."

Harry groaned and did just that, battling the urge to fuck her with abandon.

Smiling devilishly, Fleur rose to her knees and slung a leg over Gabrielle's prone form, straddling her midriff. "Excuse me."

Gabrielle sounded panicked. "W-what are you doing?"

"Partaking in the fun," Fleur said, leaning forward to toy with her perky breasts and making her breath hitch. While she continued roaming her sister's body with one hand, her other dipped between her own thighs.

Harry missed seeing Gabrielle's face, but the sight of the two sisters atop each other was so erotic, he had to grit his teeth in a struggle to prolong their pleasure. His thrusts and Fleur's touch swiftly reduced Gabrielle to a whimpering mess, bringing her toward another height. The embrace of her wet heat was driving him crazy; he hiked her legs higher before pistoning into her, making the mewls escaping her throat increase in volume.

Fleur slid her arse lower along her sister's abdomen. "Incredible... I feel him pounding inside you... How is it, Gabby?"
"C'est bon," she breathed, "C'est magnifique..."

Harry grunted. "I'm about to fill you with cum, Gabby. Do you want it?"

"Oui," she moaned, clenching around him.

An answering moan came from Fleur, who brazenly spread her legs wider and gyrated her hips. "Watching you makes me so hot." Her shoulder was twitching with the rhythmic motions of her hand. "See?"

Gabrielle squeaked. "Stop rubbing on me!"

Fleur kept going. "He came so much inside me." There was a slurping noise. "Mm. Would you like a taste, Gabby?"

Gabrielle clamped on him hard, and he managed a couple last thrusts before he spurted deep inside her welcoming body. They cried out their release together, and he was dimly aware of Fleur's voice joining in a moment later.

Once he was spent, he let go of Gabrielle's quivering legs and collapsed on the bed next to her. Fleur plopped down on her other side, sandwiching her between their sweaty bodies. Gabrielle sought out Harry's hand, and they exchanged exhausted, yet contented smiles.

Fleur sighed. "I'm jealous of you, getting off on his cock twice in a row."

Gabrielle peeked at the distinct damp spot on her belly and made a face. "You weren't seriously going to... make me lick your fingers?"

Fleur laughed throatily. "No, that was just a bit of dirty talk."

She pursed her lips. "Well, good. I would've been rather cross with you if you did that."

Fleur leaned in for a whisper. "It looked like the idea excited you, though."

Gabrielle's mouth opened, but no sound came out. She rolled over and buried her face in the crook of Harry's neck as though seeking refuge.

Peals of Fleur's laughter rang in the air. "I was serious about getting randy watching you two, however." She rubbed her thighs together, then fluttered her eyelashes. "Encore, Harry?"

Suppressing a sigh, Harry made a mental note to look into stamina potions.
Harry and Fleur strolled down the picturesque streets of the slumbering village hand in hand. The night air was balmy and breezy, carrying the smell of flowers and faint fragments of music from somewhere farther ahead. A crescent moon shone high in the cloudless sky, finding an answering sheen in Fleur's hair. She arched an eyebrow at his fascinated look, then smiled and clung tighter to his arm.

As romantic as the atmosphere was, they weren't visiting one of France's magical settlements in the dead of night just for that. Gabrielle was celebrating her graduation from Beauxbatons tonight, and Fleur had magnanimously told their parents they needn't stay up until ungodly hours because she would pick her little sister up. Harry didn't mind; frankly, he'd rather not leave his quarter-veela lover among hormonal teenagers and alcohol longer than strictly necessary.

They rounded a corner and entered a cobblestone square lined with elegant cast iron lampposts. Across the square and a stretch of level lawn stood not so much a house as a château, an elaborate three-storey affair with an ornate facade and arched windows, most of which were aglow. He suspected only the cream of the crop of the Academy had been invited to this afterparty rather than every one of the hundred-odd graduates.

Gravel crunched under their feet as they walked down the path to the door. Fleur reached for the decorative knocker and let it fall twice.

The door opened a minute later, blasting them with loud music, and a grinning youth stuck his head out. He looked them over before his eyes centered on Fleur and his jaw grew slack.

She cleared her throat, startling the boy and making him blush. "Good evening. We're here to pick up Gabrielle," she said in French.

"Huh? Oh, right—right away!" The boy bobbed his head and ducked back inside, leaving the door ajar.

True to his word, they didn't wait long. The door swung fully open, and a red-faced Gabrielle stumbled out, giving a happy squee at the sight of Harry. She was clad in a glimmering dress that matched the pastel blue of the Beauxbatons uniform, and had a tiny handbag hanging from her elbow.

"You came!" Bounding forward, she crashed into him, gripping his robes with both hands for support.

He chuckled, patting her on the head. "Hey, you. Ready to leave yet?"

"Yes, Harry. Take me, right now." She peered up at him, her eyes bright and cheeks rosy.

He snorted at her choice of words. Raising his gaze to find the same boy staring at them from the doorway, he put his arm around her shoulders and led her off. Fleur left his side in favor of Gabrielle's, sandwiching the smaller girl between them.

"You reek of alcohol," she said, frowning.
Gabrielle giggled. "We had shots!"

Harry chuckled, holding her tighter when she nearly slipped on the path. He had imagined a posh *soirée* with champagne and those dainty things that were pronounced along the lines of *hurr durrs*, but this sounded more like the kind of parties his team would throw after a successful season. Or a not-so-successful one, for that matter.

Fleur asked, "How many?"

Gabrielle furrowed her brows, then came to a halt and started counting off fingers.

"Uh oh," Harry said with an amused smile.

Fleur sighed. "Really, sister, I expected better. I hope you retained enough of a clear head to comport yourself with a modicum of dignity."

Gabrielle's lips moved soundlessly as she struggled to decipher the meaning of the sentence. "Comport my *bum,*" she said at last, and blew her a raspberry.

Fleur pursed her lips. "You're lucky you're so cute."

Harry laughed, Gabrielle joining in a moment later as she clung to his arm. He eyed her dress; it was too skimpy even given the mild weather, although she no doubt wouldn't be feeling the cold in her state.

"Better get you home," he said. "Hold on tight, girls."

Gabrielle didn't need telling twice. She tugged his arm downwards and snuggled against it in a way that pressed his hand between her soft thighs. He raised his eyebrows at her, but her blue eyes were innocence itself. Fleur huffed and took his other arm in a more restrained manner.

Focusing, he stepped forward and willed his magic to transport the three of them to their destination. His descending foot landed on the tiled floor of the entryway in Fleur's Parisian apartment, and the wall lights lit up warmly at their presence.

Fleur let go and proceeded to slip out of her shoes. Gabrielle remained firmly attached to Harry, wriggling her warm body against his arm, only a layer or two of sheer fabric separating their skin.

The corners of his lips quirked up. "Er... you can let go now."

Rather than do that, she leaned in to nuzzle his chest and inhaled deeply. Harry watched with bemusement as she proceeded to sniff all over the front of his robes, then scrunched up her nose thoughtfully.

"You smell of her perfume!" she accused, stepping back to jab her finger into his chest. "You two did it while I was at that stupid party!"

Fleur sighed. "And you're drunk, dear sister of mine." She came up and steadied Gabrielle so she could take off her high heels. "I told you to mingle, not get, what's the word..."

"Sloshed," Harry supplied.

"*Merci.* You'll have fewer opportunities to socialize with others your age now that you're out of school. Why not enjoy it while you can?"

She rolled her eyes. "Pff, you know how boys my age are—and all girls want from me these days is
to get them in contact with my up-and-coming fashion designer sister. They won't shut up about the model you got published in *Mode Sorcière* last month."

Fleur looked like she tried her best to appear guilty despite smiling ear to ear. "What about Amélie and Claudia? Surely they weren't that bad."

"Amélie spent the evening snogging her boyfriend in the corner, and Claudia... wasn't there," Gabrielle picked at the fabric of her dress. "That salope Denise didn't invite her at first, and when I made her to, Claudia got mad at me for doing it behind her back and didn't want to come."

Fleur's expression softened. "I'm sorry to hear that."

"It's alright," Gabrielle said with a philosophical shrug, "you two are enough for me."

Harry did a double-take at the undignified noise. Fleur was staring at her sister in surprise, her palms clapped protectively over her chest.

"It's not *fair*," Gabrielle whinged. "You told me I'd have curves like yours by the time I was an adult, yet look at me."

Harry was perfectly happy doing just that, but Fleur rolled her eyes and took her sister by the wrist. "Oh, stop sulking. Harry likes them the way they are—don't you, babe?"

He nodded with solemnity the question deserved. "Quite."

"Besides, you're welcome to play with mine any time you want," Fleur added as she led Gabrielle inside the apartment. "I was just surprised as you've never shown interest. That, and you were too rough."

"Absolutely not," she said grumpily. "I got annoyed when you stuck those—those *mammaries* in my face, that's all."

"That better be the last time you refer to them this way, sister."

Gabrielle gulped, giving her a wary look. Even in her intoxicated state, she knew that Fleur wasn't to be crossed... or perhaps not. "At least I won't need support charms when I'm fifty."

Fleur let out an exasperated sigh. "If you weren't sloshed, I would bend you over my knee and give you a good spanking. Drink some water, wash up, and off to bed with you. If you behave yourself, I might even convince Page to fetch you a potion for your hangover tomorrow."

She dragged Gabrielle to the kitchen and made her gulp down a glass of water before guiding her in the direction of the bathroom. Harry was about to fix himself a nightcap when he felt a tug on his robes. Glancing over his shoulder, he found Gabrielle looking at him with doe eyes.

"Isn't Harry bathing with us?" she asked, pouting.

Fleur pulled on her wrist gently. "He isn't."

"But I want him to come." She giggled. "In more ways than one."

Fleur shook her head. "Who would've thought you were such a lecherous drunk? I do hope you showed more restraint during the party." She worried her lip, glancing at Harry. "Not that the idea is entirely unappealing."

The younger Delacour tugged on his robes again. "Don't be greedy, sis—you already had him today."

Harry stepped closer and swept Gabrielle up in his arms, making her squeak. "Not to brag, but there's enough of me to go around."

Fleur threw her arms up in theatrical resignation, but there was a sway to her step as she led the way into the spacious bathroom. Entering after her, Harry carefully set the Gabrielle down.

The witches exchanged a glance before pouncing on him and divesting him of his clothes. Gabrielle was unusually bold, her small hands fumbling with his belt in an inexperienced yet endearing manner. He had come to expect this brazenness from Fleur when she was in an amorous mood (which was most of the time, really), but such behavior from her younger sister was new.

Standing before the two semi-dressed witches in nothing but his birthday suit, Harry only smirked when their eyes predictably drifted downward. His member was already at half-mast.

Licking her lips, Fleur unbuttoned her robes and slipped them off her slender shoulders. Her underclothes followed, falling onto the floor in a heap. Harry's eyes roved over her curves, her skin smooth and without a single blemish. Fleur smiled and spun around, making her breasts jiggle slightly.

Gabrielle was yanking at the delicate fabric of her evening gown so hard Harry worried it would tear. Fleur clicked her tongue and came to her sister's rescue, berating her quietly. With her helping hand, Gabrielle was soon left in only her cream-white bra and panties. She glanced at her sister and boyfriend coyly and clasped her hands over her chest.

Giving Gabrielle's petite figure an appreciative look, Harry followed his naked fiancée towards the hot tub. Set level with the floor, the pool-like bathtub was a symbol of wizarding world's luxury. Fleur bent over the taps, giving him a view that made his cock jerk in anticipation, and turned a couple of them on. Smirking over her shoulder, she made a trip to the bathroom cabinet to retrieve a band and pull up her hair, then sashayed down the steps into the warm, bubbly water.

Following her example, Harry stepped into the bathtub and settled down, submerging himself up to his shoulders. Noticing Fleur shooting an amused look over his shoulder, he glanced back to see Gabrielle slipping her panties down her legs with a faint blush coloring her cheeks. He turned to Fleur and mouthed, "Be nice."

Gabrielle edged towards the bathtub covering herself with her palms. When she dipped inside and her nudity was half-hidden under the bubbles, she seemed to regain her earlier confidence. Unlike her elder sister's, her long locks hung freely, floating around her slight shoulders. Giving Fleur a challenging glance, she sidled up to Harry and leaned her head on his shoulder.

Fleur watched from the opposite side with a playful smile. "It's nice to see you being so honest with yourself, baby sister." She stretched, drawing Harry's eye to the titillating view of her breasts peeking above the foam.

Caught up in admiration of her statuesque form, he jerked in surprise at a clumsy grope between his legs. Pressing closer, Gabrielle explored his body with her fingers, then wrapped them around his cock. He raised his eyebrows at her in amusement, and she met his eyes for an instant before looking away. Her small hand tightened slightly and gave him a hesitant tug.

While unexpectedly forward, her attentions were certainly not unwelcome. He shifted to give her better access while snaking his right arm around her shoulders. Dipping his hand underwater, he
quickly discovered her breast and gave it a light squeeze. She made a cute little noise and let go of his member. His counterattack continued in the form of his other palm trailing up her smooth leg.

"Harry!" she gasped. "I wanted to—make you feel good."

"No one's stopping you," he whispered, his left hand continuing its journey up her inner thigh.

"I can't... Not when you touch me like that..."

He grinned, then yelped when something firm poked his manhood. Reclining on the opposite edge, Fleur gave him a saucy wink. Her legs were extended across the tub, her slippery feet working their magic on him.

"Worry not, your big sis will help you prevail against this brute."

Her toe slid against the underside of his cock and he hissed. "Keep this up, and I'll blow my load in the water."

"I don't mind—I hear it's good for the skin." She flashed her white teeth at him. "You're twitching. Like my feet much?"

"I like every part of you," he growled as she continued her tantalizing movements.

"Haaarry." Gabrielle traced patterns on his chest with a finger. "I wanted to be the one... I mean, if you're going to—to cum, you should do it in here." She took his hand that was resting on her thigh and guided it several inches inward.

As his palm cupped her soft mound, Harry reckoned he could get used to this bolder version of Gabrielle. He untangled himself from her and rose with a slosh of water, seating himself on the edge of the tub.

"C'mhere," he said huskily.

Gabrielle crawled closer, her wide eyes fixated on his fully erect member. Lifting her up, he helped her into his lap. She put her arms around his neck, face crimson as his eyes took in her willowy body. Her wet hair hung to her perky tits, clinging to creamy skin that was flushed with warmth.

"You're beautiful," he whispered, pressing his forehead to hers and staring deep into her dark blue eyes.

"Sappy!" Fleur exclaimed from the back of the tub. "If you're going to neglect me, at least put on a good show!"

Harry hissed when Gabrielle squirmed self-consciously in his lap, providing all sorts of wonderful sensations. "Go on, let's make your sister jealous."

She wrapped her legs around his lower back, inhaling sharply when her womanhood pressed against his member. She looked down, then into his eyes, biting her bottom lip in a way that made him yearn to capture it between his.

"Go on," he repeated, reaching for her pert bottom to lift her up.

Bracing against his shoulders, Gabrielle rose slightly, rubbing on him in a way that left them both breathing heavily. She tried to lower herself onto his twitching member, but grimaced when she merely ended up pressing it to his abdomen.
He pulled her closer, eager for their joining yet finding her fumbling adorable. She tried again, almost growling in frustration, until his crown parted her nether lips and was surrounded by her liquid heat. Her doe eyes stared into his as she lowered herself taking him in inch by inch, trembling all the while. It took all Harry had to stay still and let her dictate the pace.

Finally sheathing him inside, Gabrielle snuggled against him, panting for air. While he loved embracing her, he felt he would go insane if she didn't start moving. His palms kneaded her pert bottom encouragingly.

She rocked her hips lightly. "I can feel you so deep."

"Like that," he whispered, "keep going."

Drawing a shuddering breath, she began grinding against him, her hardened nipples dragging across the sleek skin of his chest. He gripped her ass in a silent encouragement to go faster, making her moan.

Her pace was too slow for his liking, but her closeness, her soft whimpers, and the way she clenched around him drove him wild. Already excited by Fleur's impromptu footjob, he hoped he'd last long enough to satisfy this lovable creature in his arms.

He leaned in to whisper into her ear. "Your sister's watching you ride my cock."

She tightened up, making him groan. He gave her ass a light swat. "Move."

Gabrielle whimpered and obeyed, watching him with half-lidded eyes. Noises of pleasure escaped her parted lips as her lithe body glided against his.

"You feel amazing," he whispered. "So good I can't hold on."

Eyes shooting open, she sped up, her breath escaping in gasps. "Yes... please, I want it..."

The caress of her wet folds quickly pushed him past the point of no return and he grunted, pulling her close. Gabrielle mewled as his rugged hands squeezed her bottom roughly, forcing his throbbing cock as deep as it would go.

As he spurted inside her, she tightened her legs around his waist and raked her nails against his back. Her hips bucked and her inner muscles contracted as if to squeeze out every drop of his semen. Trapped in her embrace, the crown of his cock kissing the entrance of her womb, Harry hugged the moaning Gabrielle tightly until she stopped trembling.

"That was... wow," she gasped. Pushing herself up, she came face to face with him.

"Yeah." He gave her a tender kiss. Her skin was glowing, and strands of her matted hair stuck to her sweaty forehead. Her face held a look of utter contentment as she practically melted against him.

Then water splashed against the back of her head, and she jolted with a squeal.

"How long are you going to monopolize him? My fingers are getting pruney, and it's not from the bathwater!"

Gabrielle squeezed her eyes shut. "We were having a moment, you damned pervert!"

Water splashed as Fleur waded across the tub. "Well, it's my turn to 'have a moment', so get off my fiancé's cock already."
The younger Delacour huffed as she did just that, her muscles still limp and unresponsive. She nestled into Harry's side and looked down at her older sister with annoyance.

"Harry—my turn," Fleur reminded, pouting in a manner that was reminiscent of her sister's. She knelt in the tub so her head was positioned level with his crotch.

He stirred the water idly with his feet. "Give me a minute here, woman."

"You really wrung him dry, you little hussy," Fleur said with a smile that belied her words. "I'll be most disappointed if Harry can't perform his manly duties for me."

Gabrielle stuck her tongue out at her before scooting behind him and pressing her soft body against his back. "Won't you please get hard for her, Harry? My pervy older sister needs her—her slutty pussy pounded, or she'll be grouchy all night."

He nearly choked from laughter. "When did you start talking like that?"

"She's not wrong, you know. I've been rubbing my 'slutty pussy' this entire time, but it craves something better than my fingers." Fleur's eyes glinted and she leaned forward to give his half-limp member a languid lick. "Hmm... You taste like Gabby."

Gabrielle let out a *meep* and crossed her legs. Fleur smirked, having reestablished her position as the queen of dirty talk.

Fleur's closeness, her hungry expression, were stoking his arousal again. She rose, rivulets of water running down the magnificent globes of her breasts, rosy nipples pointing forward. Seeing that they held his full attention, she giggled and cupped them.

"Come closer," she said.

He scooted to the edge and Fleur sandwiched his cock between her tits, gently pressing them together as she stared at him with upturned eyes. It was warm and slick and wonderful, and he let out an inadvertent grunt, feeling himself grow harder.

"So not fair," Gabrielle murmured.

Smiling, Fleur began stroking him, and Harry groaned. There was an indrawn breath at his side, and though overwhelmed with what Fleur was doing to him, he glanced over to Gabrielle. He found her kneading her own breasts as she watched her sister as though transfixed.

Fleur squeezed tighter and sped up, making his head whip towards her, a gasp escaping his throat. She smiled in satisfaction. "Like that?"

"Yeah," he breathed, reaching out to caress her hair.

He could feel Gabrielle squirming, but didn't spare her a glance until his arm was snatched none-too-gently. Biting her lip, she guided his hand between her damp thighs and straddled it. He curled his fingers, brushing her slit and making her quiver.

The delicious friction on his manhood grew stronger. Fleur's cheeks were flushed and water now sloshed around her with her vigorous motions. He threaded his fingers into her hair, his other hand feeling Gabrielle's wetness as she grinded against it. The only sounds were their ragged breaths and the splashing of water, until Gabrielle whimpered and her thighs clamped around his hand. With a grunt, he came.
"Oh." Fleur blinked as a rope of his cum landed across her cheek, the rest spilling on her chest. "Already?"

"Your tits felt amazing," he panted.

Smiling, she gave him a couple more sensuous strokes, then drew back. Her index finger scooped up some of his seed to deposit it in her mouth. "Mm. I don't mind, but I hope you can go again, because I still want you here." She stood and ran her palm down her flat belly.

"Let me taste you first." He jerked his head toward the edge of the tub. "The flesh is weak and all that."

"Well," Fleur purred, "I can make due with this."

She shoved him in the chest, making him recline on his elbows with an "oof" of surprise, and climbed out planting her knees on his either side. Pushing him flat on the floor, she slunk forward until she was positioned directly above his face, beads of water running down her smooth skin and dripping on him. He licked his lips at the enticing view.

"Shouldn't it be my turn now?" Gabrielle piped up, grabbing his wrist possessively.

Fleur turned her head a fraction. "After you rubbed yourself off on him? I think not. Watch and"—she gasped as Harry craned his neck to run his tongue over her glistening nether lips—"and diddle yourself like the voyeur you are."

Having said her part, Fleur bit her lip and straddled his face. Making a muffled noise of appreciation, Harry began lapping at her wetness. Moaning, Fleur grinded shamelessly against him, smearing her nectar across his lips, her scent intoxicating.

A small hand fumbled around his crotch before grasping his cock. It proceeded to wank him insistently, before his crown was enveloped by a hot mouth. There was little that could've made him pause in his delightful task, but suddenly finding himself the recipient of a sloppy blowjob was one of those things.

Whether it was the interruption in his ministrations or the wet noises coming from behind, Fleur twisted to look back and gasped. "That's my cock you're slobbering over, you horny nymphette!"

He felt himself slip out of Gabrielle's mouth, her hand continuing to stroke as she spoke. "How rude. I was going to get him ready for you, but now I think I'll just have him for myself."

Fleur's indignant reply was reduced to a whimper as Harry renewed his lingual assault. His hands stretched upward, and she helpfully guided them to her breasts, which he kneaded eagerly.

Feeling Gabrielle straddle his cock, he tossed his head back with a groan. Fleur made a noise of complaint at the interruption and sank her fingers into his hair, holding him in place as she gyrated her hips.

So this was his life now: being used for pleasure by a pair of insatiable veela sisters.

He wouldn't trade it for anything.

Harry blinked blearily as something pulled him from the land of dreams. A sound, maybe? The world was blurry without his glasses, and he could see little beyond the golden strands of hair sprawled over his face. They glimmered softly in the light; so it was morning already.
His right arm was trapped underneath a warm weight, while his left was nestled between something soft. His legs were intertwined with smoother and altogether nicer ones, while his morning wood poked someone's bum. His lips stretched into a grin as he listened to the steady breathing of his lovers. Never mind the discomfort of cramped muscles, he wanted to wake up like this every morning.

Someone shook his leg. He sprang up, his pulse spiking, and squinted at the foot of the bed, where a child-sized, pointy-eared figure was holding up a spindly finger to its lips.

"Page?" he murmured. The house-elf was rarely seen in person, though the clothes Fleur scattered about always found their way back into her wardrobe in short order.

"Monsieur Potter," the elf whispered. "You must leaves now."

"Why..." Harry stilled as he heard a noise outside, and his head swiveled towards the bedroom door, finding it slightly ajar.

The elf followed his gaze and snapped his fingers, closing the door with a click. There were footsteps outside, quickly drawing closer. Harry tried to extricate his right arm, swearing under his breath when it was assaulted by pins and needles.

"Harry?" Fleur murmured sleepily, hugging him around the waist. He rose to a seated position, disentangling himself from her arms. "What's going on?"

"Quiet, please, Mademoiselle Delacour," the elf whispered, wringing his arms. Seeing Harry fumbling about, he snapped his fingers again, and the glasses he had been searching for floated into his hands. "Madame and Monsieur Delacour are here."

There was a knock on the door. Fleur's eyes went wide. "Zut! Harry—"

"I know," he hissed, rolling off the bed and yanking on his pants. He swiveled around until he found his wand, then froze. "Shite. My shoes and outer robes are at the entryway."

"Fleur, Gabrielle, êtes-vous là?" a female voice called outside.

"Juste—juste une minute, maman!" Fleur said. She gave Harry a panicked stare. "They won't have seen if they came by the Floo—I'll think of something—go!"

"Gabrielle est avec toi? Où est ma jolie fille?" a male one rumbled good-naturedly.

Gabrielle stirred and mumbled something, but Fleur leaned over and clamped a hand over her mouth. Picking up his shirt, Harry slung it over his shoulder and retreated barefoot into the en-suite bathroom, shutting the door so it would muffle the crack of Apparition. Suddenly, Page popped in, silently holding up his shoes and his neatly folded outer robes.

"I could kiss you, mate," Harry said, making a mental note to find a way to thank the little bloke. Gathering up his things, he spun on the spot and vanished.

Chapter End Notes

I used Google Translate for French. Apologies if I got something wrong.
The living room was filled with the soft tick-tock of the wall clock and the scratching of pencil on paper that would alternatively intensify and cease. Lounging on the couch in a comfy T-shirt, Gabrielle closed the magazine she had been leafing through and rolled languidly to glance at her sister.

Fleur was seated at the table, her head propped on an elbow, as she sketched what was undoubtedly another spectacular design into her notebook. She would occasionally pause to consider the fruits of her labor, tuck back a strand of hair, and return to make adjustments.

Gabrielle wondered, with a pang of envy, if she would ever find something she could get so absorbed in; she had graduated with excellent grades and attained an internship at a prestigious department in the French Ministry, but to say that the paper-pushing job didn't give her any sense of fulfillment would've been an understatement.

Fleur yawned, covering her mouth delicately, and straightened up. Their eyes met, and she arched an eyebrow in a silent question. Gabrielle averted her gaze; she had been so lost in thought she must've been watching her sister for minutes on end.

"I don't think he's coming back tonight," she said for something to say.

Fleur's lips thinned as she glanced at the clock. "So it would seem. I don't begrudge him celebrating with the boys, but he did promise to spend the night with us." Sighing, she proceeded to doodle in her notebook. "And here I went through all that effort to get you out of the manor. Blast that man for not returning to his gorgeous girlfriends posthaste."

Gabrielle felt her lips stretch into a smile at being included among said girlfriends.

"I'm going to give him a piece of my mind when he shows up," Fleur continued, her pencil now scraping against the paper with force. "Ride him until he begs for mercy... Drain his balls dry and make him swear not to neglect us again."

Gabrielle wasn't sure about draining Harry's balls, but imagining him moaning helplessly underneath her made her cheeks heat up. "Can I help?"

Fleur gave her a considering look, then smiled that predatory smile that Gabrielle was glad wasn't aimed at her for once. "Why, certainly. We'll wear him out faster if we work together."

The sisters broke out in laughter. Shaking her head, Fleur set the pencil down and stretched.

"We best turn in. I can barely keep my eyes open, and I'm not ruining my skin by staying up all night."

"And what a tragedy would that be," Gabrielle quipped.

Fleur merely sniffed. "But of course."

She resisted the urge to roll her eyes. Coming from someone else, that might've sounded vain, but when her beautiful sister said it, it was just a matter of fact.

Hair still damp from the shower, Gabrielle traipsed into the bedroom to find Fleur already in bed, idly
perusing the magazine she had been reading earlier, the sheer babydoll she had changed into hugging her curves. Gabrielle gave her sister's perfect figure a once-over, then glanced down at her own nightgown-clad one and sighed. There was no way she would look that good in one of those.

Fleur looked up. "Ready for bed?"

Nodding, Gabrielle walked up to the bed, then halted. The sight of voluminous silvery hair splayed over the sheets reminded her of the time Harry had made her watch, and she couldn't help but fidget as she felt blood rushing to her cheeks.

"Would you like me to lay down some sheets on the couch?" Fleur asked, noticing her hesitation.

She shook her head and climbed on, giving her sister a quick smile. Judging by Fleur's attire, she intended on showing Harry what he had been missing out on, should he turn up in the middle of the night—and if there was such a reunion, Gabrielle wanted to be a part of it. "No, the bed is a lot comfier."

"That it is." Fleur plucked her wand from the bedside cabinet and waved it, extinguishing the lamps and casting the bedroom into a cozy darkness. "I don't kick or snore—at least I don't believe I do—so you have nothing to worry about."

Gabrielle watched Fleur settle in, her silhouette outlined by the dim light from the street lamps filtering through the thick drapes. She followed suit, brushing back her hair before plopping down on the pillow.

"Does Harry snore?" she asked curiously.

Fleur snorted. "Thankfully not. He does toss and turn on occasion, but I found that a thorough shagging makes him sleep like an angel afterwards."

"Sounds like you have it hard."

Fleur sighed dramatically. "The sacrifices we make for the ones we love."

They dissolved into giggles. Gabrielle could feel the mattress shift slightly as Fleur rolled on her back and sighed contentedly.

"This reminds me of the time I returned home after my first year at Beauxbatons. Do you recall? Cousin Gaspard filled your head with stories of bloodthirsty Thunderbirds, and whenever a summer storm came, you would sneak into my bed and curl up under the blanket."

She drew the blanket up to her chin. "Stupid Gaspard."

Fleur laughed lightly. "Goodness, you were so adorable back then."

"Am I not adorable anymore?" she asked with a pout.

Fleur turned her way, her blue eyes glinting in the semidarkness. "Yes. Yes, you are."

Her gaze held a curious intensity that made Gabrielle look away shortly, but she found herself smiling nonetheless. "And don't you forget it."

"Never, baby sister." Her hand brushed Gabrielle's waist blindly before finding her hand and giving it a squeeze. "Sweet dreams."

"Sweet dreams," she echoed, suddenly flustered.
There was a slight tug on the blanket as Fleur turned aside. Gabrielle lay still, listening to her breathing gradually even out. It was only when she was certain that Fleur was asleep that she wiggled to make herself more comfortable, letting out a long breath.

\textit{Ridiculous.} To think, she had been expecting—almost looking forward to—receiving something more than a goodnight wish. What was wrong with her?

Fleur's gentle caresses in tandem with Harry's rougher touch had brought her to heights of ecstasy more times than she could count, and despite her initial reticence, it was wonderful to feel so wanted, so loved—but that was when they were together, all three of them. While the idea of reciprocating—of making Fleur tremble under her touch—had crossed her mind, it always filled her with breathless nervousness. The idea of them \textit{doing things} without Harry present was just too twisted to consider.

And she couldn't seem to get it out of her mind.

She flopped over and buried her face in the pillow. It was Fleur's fault, really—\textit{she} had made their relationship all weird. Shared lover or not, it was abnormal for sisters to do what they did.

No matter how much she found herself looking forward it.

Scrunching up the pillow, the unleashed a silent scream. Alright, maybe Fleur wasn't entirely to blame. It was Gabrielle who had wormed her way into an existing relationship, and in retrospect, her sister had been more gracious than she would've been in her place.

It was probably just her veela blood acting up. Those things her Muggleborn classmate had called hormones. Following the close call after her graduation party, her dear parents had barely let her out of their sight, and opportunities to see Harry came far and few in between. Doing it herself didn't measure up to a \textit{thorough shagging}, as Fleur had so vulgarly put it.

Her hand stretched toward the aching heat between her thighs before she caught herself and sighed. Fleur's grumbling about Harry's absence had been amusing at the time, but she could now see her point.

"Blast that man," she said with a wry smile, and settled on her side. Tumultuous thoughts still swirled in her head, but it was late, the bed was snuggly, and Fleur's steady breathing calming. She drifted off.

\underline{She wasn't sure what woke her up. Blinking at the still-dark bedroom, she absently raised a hand to rub her eyes.}

"Ah..." A barely-audible exhalation.

She froze, then gingerly lowered her hand. Without turning her head, she swiveled her eyes sideways.

Fleur's hair glimmered like a silvery halo around her head. The silhouette of her chin jutted out as her neck arched slightly. A soft gasp escaped her lips, and she clamped a hand over her mouth, turning her head a fraction in her sister's direction.

Gabrielle shut her eyes and held her breath. Fleur didn't call out. Even through her heartbeat thudding in her ears, she could hear the rustling of the sheets and the rapid breathing that left little doubt as to what Fleur was doing—in the same bed, not three feet away.

Stupid pervert. Stupid Harry for not being there.
She cracked open her eyes, and satisfied that Fleur was facing away, opened them wider. Hope as she might that this was some strange dream, there her sister was, trying to muffle her gasps as her other hand rustled beneath the blanket. Gabrielle was torn between demanding indignantly that she stop and pretending to be asleep; a part of her even briefly entertained the idea of teasing her the way Fleur had all those times before.

Fleur tossed her head to the side, the mattress creaking slightly, and Gabrielle quickly shut her eyes again. Her face burned as her ears were filled with faint whimpers and rapid breaths; if her sister was trying to be discreet, she was doing a poor job of it.

She lay deathly still, hardly daring to breathe as she imagined Fleur's gaze on her, until the heat growing in her body became unbearable, and she restlessly rubbed her thighs together. She wasn't sure if she was disappointed or relieved when Fleur didn't notice. God, she couldn't take much more.

Screwing up her courage, she opened her eyes and inhaled shakily. "Sis?"

"G-Gabby?" Fleur squeaked, her head whipping her way. "What... what is it?"

It was oddly relieving to see her as flustered as she herself felt. She didn't know what she would've done had Fleur played it off like nothing. "Um... I could hear you. For a while now."

Fleur's pupils were dilated to pools of darkness as her eyes met Gabrielle's. "I'm—I'm sorry. I really missed him, and then I woke up feeling all..." She turned away. "I'll leave."

The mattress shifted. Before she knew it, Gabrielle was reaching out, grabbing a handful of satiny fabric of her sister's lingerie. The action shocked them both into stillness.

"You can stay," she said in barely a whisper.

Fleur laughed nervously, tugging at her nightwear. "I appreciate the thought, but... I'd rather leave. I doubt I'll be able to sleep unless I—you know."

Her fingers tightened, and she licked her lips. No going back now. "Would you like me to... help?"

The only sound Gabrielle could hear was her own racing heartbeat. After what felt like the longest time, Fleur settled back on the bed and gently pried the crumpled fabric out of her grip before interlacing their fingers.

"Are you sure?" There was a husky note in her voice.

"I don't mind," she said, making a face when her voice came out an octave higher.

"Alright then," Fleur whispered, loosening the grip on her hand.

"Al-right."

Gabrielle's heart was beating a mile a minute as she drew a shuddering breath and rolled on her side. Fleur watched her, almost meek in her demeanor, which she found rather appealing for some unfathomable reason. Better than her acting haughty and superior, that was for certain.

Shaking herself out of her reverie, she extended her left hand under the blanket. She could feel the heat of Fleur's body before she even brushed the satin of her babydoll. Fleur's breath hitched audibly at the contact, and Gabrielle froze in surprise before sliding her trembling fingers up her flat belly, feeling the muscles under the smooth skin tense at their passing.
As she brushed the underside of her soft breasts, Fleur inhaled sharply. With bated breath, Gabrielle raised her hand to feel them, then stilled. No, she wasn't a pervert. This was about helping Fleur out, not indulging her own curiosity.

Her fingers fluttered down, lower and lower, until satin was replaced with smooth flesh. Slipping them under the hem of the babydoll, she trailed them up Fleur's inner thigh, feeling her shiver. The heat between her legs was incredible, and when her fingertips brushed her panties, she felt dampness.

"You're soaked," she breathed.

Fleur squirmed, her breathing quickening. The thought of her being too embarrassed to speak was emboldening, and Gabrielle trailed her fingertips up before hooking them under the waistband.

Fleur whimpered. "Gabby."

The raw need in her sister's voice startled her out of her timid exploration, and with a gulp, she slipped her fingers underneath. She marveled at the smoothness as she went lower.

Fleur's hiss made her shrink back, but a hand seized her wrist and tugged it downward. Getting the hint, she lightly ran two fingers along Fleur's swollen and wet nether lips. Twin gasps echoed in the bedroom. She was touching it. Her sister's...

"You're hurting me," she murmured when Fleur's grip didn't let up.

"Sorry," Fleur breathed. "Please... enough teasing."

"I—I wasn't. It's just..." She couldn't find the words. Her head was a mess, her own actions simultaneously frightening and exhilarating.

Well, it would be cruel to stop now.

"I'll make it all better," she whispered, a small smile curving her lips.

She ran her fingers along Fleur's sopping cleft until they grew slick, then tentatively stroked the sides of her clit, the same way she touched herself in the privacy of her bedroom back home. With any luck, Fleur would get off quickly, and they could go back to sleep.

Fleur reaction didn't disappoint. "Oooh..."

"Is this okay?"

"Yes... don't stop."

As she quivered under her tender strokes, Gabrielle began to realize why Fleur took such pleasure in teasing her when the three of them were making love. This sense of power was something she could get used to.

Typically, her sister chose that moment to slip her hand down Gabrielle's panties.

She squeaked. "What are you doing?"

"Returning the favor," Fleur whispered. "Lie back."

"I don't... need to," she gasped out, nevertheless spreading her legs slightly.

Fleur's hot breath tickled her cheek. "When you're this wet?"
Gabrielle gasped as her sister's questing fingers unerringly found her most sensitive spot. "It's because... I've been listening..."

"Naughty girl."

"Y-you're one to talk." She moved her fingers, causing Fleur to moan into her ear. Her cheeks burned at knowing she was the one who elicited such an erotic sound from her throat.

"Guess we're the same," Fleur panted. "It's alright... Let's love each other and make Harry jealous so he doesn't leave us alone again."

A whimper escaped Gabrielle's mouth as Fleur's ministrations sent jolts of pleasure through her body. She fought back the only way she could, a gaze of lust clouding her mind, the sole clear thought being an odd determination to bring her perverted sister to release first. The air filled with their lewd moans.

"Gabby, I'm—" Fleur gasped, peering at her with darkened eyes. "You can put your fingers inside... if you want."

She wasn't sure she wanted that at all, but Fleur sounded like she did, and Gabrielle was nothing if not a good sibling. Her stomach fluttering, she eased one finger into her sister's liquid heat. Her breath caught at how different it was from exploring her own body.

"Oh, wow." She swallowed. "I think I understand why Harry makes that dopey expression when he enters you."

"Adorable, isn't it?" Fleur said with a breathless giggle, then groaned. "Keep going."

She obeyed. "Tell me if I'm doing it wrong."

"No," Fleur moaned, "this is very right."

Gabrielle mewled as Fleur started rubbing her clit in little circles. Trying to match her faster pace, she slipped in another finger, feeling Fleur's snug inner walls clench even tighter. With the pleasure she had been craving for so long coursing through her body, the sheer immorality of fingering her own sister didn't even give her pause.

The motions of Fleur's hand were becoming frantic, and Gabrielle could feel her throb. Knowing it was her who brought Fleur to this state quickly pushed her own pleasure towards a crescendo. When Fleur cried out, grasping her arm and clamping down on her fingers, she followed moments later.

"Fleur, oh, Fleur!" Were it not for the waves of pleasure radiating from her center, she would've been mortified about crying out her sister's name in such a voice.

"Gabrielle, mon ange," Fleur moaned, her nails digging into her arm as she rode out her own climax. For a time, their labored breathing was the only sound in the room. Coming down from her high, Gabrielle began extricating her arm.

Without warning, Fleur rolled over and kissed her soundly on the lips. "Thank you, Gabby."

"Anytime," she blurted out, then realized with mild surprise that she meant it. At least she managed not to sound too eager.

"Was it good for you too?" Fleur whispered. "Better than doing it alone?"
"Gods yes." She grimaced at her mouth racing ahead of her mind again, but decided not to correct herself.

"I'm glad," Fleur murmured, gazing at her through half-lidded eyes. "Come here."

Gabrielle stiffened as she was wrapped in Fleur's arms, then slowly relaxed, the comforting warmth bringing her mind back to simpler times. She smiled shyly at Fleur's uncertain glance, making her beam and hug her tighter.

It was sultry, and the sheets clung to her damp skin, but she was too wrung out to voice a complaint, never mind trudge to the shower. She instead snuggled in tighter, reveling in the closeness she hadn't realized she had been missing.

The next time she woke, daylight was streaming through the drapes, and the sounds of a bustling city were filtering in from outside. She made to stretch, then blinked at the slender arm draped over her waist, a warm weight spooning her from behind.

It all came rushing back, and it was only because she didn't want to wake Fleur that she refrained from screaming into her pillow. Cheeks burning, she attempted to disentangle herself from her sister's arms, yet after making her escape, she found Fleur blinking at her blearily. Gabrielle froze as if caught doing something wrong.

"Morning." Fleur's lips stretched into a mellow smile.

"Good morning," she squeaked.

Fleur gave her a puzzled glance. Rising to a seated position, she stretched languidly. As the blanket fell off her body, it became apparent that the spaghetti straps of her babydoll had slid off her shoulders at some point, baring her breasts.

"Sexy, but not very functional," Fleur commented as she shrugged the undergarment off. "At least I got some use out of it."

Gabrielle quickly averted her gaze and busied herself with smoothing down her wrinkled nightgown.

Fleur stood, naked save for her lacy panties, and yawned. "I really need a shower, and I bet you do as well. Coming?"

"I'll wait my turn," she said, clutching the blanket.

"Pretty please?" Fleur batted her lashes theatrically. "We can wash each other's hair like we used to."

Against her will, she smiled. "Oh, fine, you big baby."

She rose and followed her half-naked sister to the bathroom, and after chucking her nightie in the laundry hamper, into the spacious shower. Despite her wariness, Fleur refrained from bringing up last night, and with the warm water cleansing her skin, she quickly found herself relaxing.

Fleur hummed a childhood melody, and Gabrielle joined in absently, trying to recall the half-forgotten lyrics. It wasn't long before both of them were singing aloud, filling in the gaps the best they could, and laughing after they were finished.

"Turn around," Fleur said, squirting a dab of shampoo on her palm.

She did as asked, sighing in contentment as gentle fingers massaged the delicately-scented shampoo
into her scalp. While she never admitted it, she had sorely missed Fleur's companionship after she graduated and went off to England to pursue her man. Well, their man now.

Running her fingers lightly through her hair, Fleur rinsed the lather out and turned around. Gabrielle picked up the shampoo and returned the favor, marveling at the length of her sister's silvery locks that now fell below her mid-back.

Their pale skin beaded with water, they exited the shower and began drying off. Like all else in Fleur's oversized bathroom, the towels were luxurious: warm, fluffy, and so large Gabrielle could wrap one around herself twice over.

"I'm thinking of getting married soon," Fleur said casually as she reached for her wand to properly dry her hair.

Gabrielle felt like the floor gave way beneath her feet. As much as she preferred not to dwell on it, she had known this would come to pass someday. "Oh. Congratulations." Her own voice seemed to be coming from far away. She forced her lips into what must've been a pathetic approximation of a smile.

Fleur flicked her forehead, making her blink the unfallen tears out of her eyes. "Wipe that sorry expression off your face. I brought it up because I want your input."

"What do you mean?" she whispered.

Fleur rolled her eyes. "I assumed you wanted to get hitched to our wayward man as well, but if I'm wrong—"

"No! I mean, yes—but how... how is this possible? Harry never said anything." She peered at her sister with unbridled hope.

Fleur gazed off into the distance. "I love Harry, but he thinks too much like a Muggle sometimes. The possibility might not have even occurred to him. It would be scandalous, making what we have official, but not entirely unheard of." She took a deep breath and met her eyes. "How about it? The tabloids will no doubt be all over it, and I shudder to even think how papa is going to react—"

"Yes! No way, yes, yes, yes!" She embraced her sister and jumped up and down, tears spilling freely from her eyes.

"Feels like I did Harry's job for him," Fleur muttered as she hugged her back.

Harry stumbled out of the Floo and brushed the soot off his robes, casting his gaze around the apartment's living room. Twin pairs of blue eyes turned his way. Clad in light indoor robes, Fleur and Gabrielle were seated at the table and appeared to be finishing up their breakfast. He eyed the half-full jug of fresh juice and licked his lips. The Hangover Potion had alleviated his headache, but left him thirsty and ravenous.

"Morning, girls," he said, striding in.

"Hi, Harry," Gabrielle said brightly. She half-rose from her chair, but Fleur seized her wrist and held her back.

"Look who decided to show up," she said waspishly.

"Sorry I'm late," he offered along with a sheepish smile. He slumped into a chair, swiped the jug off
the table, and drained it empty. Setting it down, he was met with his fiancée's unamused look. "Fleur, love, I missed the Portkey, and it was the last one for the day. It wasn't my fault." It was his mate's who dragged them into a brawl with a gang of werevolves down Knockturn Alley, but he wasn't sharing that.

Fleur tapped a finger against her upper arm. "And you didn't Apparate like you're perfectly able to, because..."

He shrugged. "I was plastered. Didn't fancy splinching myself."

Fleur pursed her lips, but nodded grudgingly. "It would have been a great loss had you left your bits behind and became unable to service me."

"Us," Gabrielle said.

"Us," Fleur amended.

Harry nodded absently as he crammed a raisin pastry into his mouth. It was wonderful that his girls were so understanding, even if they did tend to have one-track minds.

Fleur watched him devour it with a queasy fascination before shaking her head. "Speaking of, I believe you have some catching up to do."

"Huh?" he said eloquently, his hand stretching toward a fresh cup of tea that had appeared on the table at some point. Page was the best.

A significant look passed between the sisters before they both sized him up. Gabrielle murmured, "The spell you caught me with?"

"Excellent choice," Fleur said, nodding. "Remember to put some force into the swish."

Gabrielle's chair scraped the floor as she rose and traipsed behind him. Harry took a sip of his tea before glancing over his shoulder. "What are you up to?"

"You'll see." Giving her wand a couple of experimental waves, she pointed it down at his back. "Retraxus."

Harry yelped as his hands were yanked back, the cup clattering onto the table.

"Incarcerous," Gabrielle said, and there were suddenly ropes tying his wrists together and his ankles to the chair legs.

Fleur cackled, rising from her seat. "Well done, faithful minion. Now gobble his cock and get him ready for me."

"Yes, mistress," she chirped, kneeling on the floor to unbuckle his belt.

"Girls?" Harry's gaze darted from one gleeful veela to another. "Girls, I said I was sorry. Can't we talk about this?"

"The ropes aren't too tight, are they?" Gabrielle whispered conspiratorially.

He tested them. "They're fine, but that's not the"—his breath hitched as she yanked down his trousers and took hold of his member—"point."

"I don't see any gobbling," Fleur said in a sing-song voice as she shed her robes.
"Apologies, mistress," Gabrielle said, and proceeded to do just that.

Harry groaned, and raising his gaze from her bobbing blonde head, fixed Fleur with a glare. There was no doubt as to who was the instigator.

Clad in nothing but a set of red lace underwear, Fleur smiled cheekily in response. "You look like you have something to say, captive."

"You'll pay for this." His lips stretched into an unwilling smile at how comical he sounded. God, this woman...

She unclasped her bra and flung it over his eyes, laughing when he shook his head to throw it off. "Coming from someone bound and helpless, the threat doesn't sound very credible."

Fleur brushed his chin with a finger, her eyes sparkling at the glare he only kept up for appearance's sake, and flicked her wand to levitate the table away to give them more space. Another flick, and something round and black soared toward her from the direction of the bedroom, but she palmed it before Harry could get a better look.

She admired her sister diligently sucking his cock before tapping her shoulder and making her release it with a pah. Glistening with saliva, it stood fully erect to the obvious delight of the girls.

"Well done," Fleur said imperiously. "You may play with it after I've had my fill."

"Thanks," Gabrielle said breathlessly, rising to her feet. She squealed when Fleur swatted her bottom, and amended, "Thank you, mistress."

Fleur was so giddy about her role, she even ignored Gabrielle's blatant eye-roll. Discarding her wand, she knelt before him and took him into her hand. Gabrielle looked on with a pout, then settled on another chair to watch.

Deft hands manipulated something onto his cock, and he felt a foreign squeezing sensation at the root. He glanced down to find a rubber ring wrapped snugly around his equipment, Fleur admiring her handiwork with a glint in her eye.

"The hell is that?"

"A little something to help you stay hard longer." Fleur stood, slid her panties down, and stepped out of them. His erection grew almost painful. "You have bigger things to worry about, captive. There will be no breaks until both me and my cute minionette are satisfied."

She turned around, bent over, and backed into him until his cock nestled between her thighs. Taking hold, she guided him inside her, then sank down with a moan. Gabrielle observed from her seat with wide eyes, her hand drifting toward her crotch.

Harry groaned as Fleur's wet heat engulfed him, her hair whipping his face as she tossed her head back. Missing that Portkey was either the best or worst thing to happen all week.

Fleur braced against the table and began riding him. Definitely the best.
Chapter 10

Harry pressed the doorbell, hearing a faint chime behind the apartment's door as he glanced over his shoulder. Feeling some slickness on the button, he looked over to find it bloody. Grimacing, he rubbed it with his sleeve, inadvertently ringing the bell again.

Hermione opened the door. "Yes, yes, where's the fire"—her eyes widened—"Harry, you're hurt? Come in, quick!"

She ushered him inside, mercifully gripping him by his good hand. Not ten minutes later, he was sipping tea in her kitchen, his minor injuries little more than a painful memory thanks to her spellwork. Back in their Hogwarts days, Hermione had been his and Ron's go-to person for anything that didn't warrant a visit to the hospital wing—and, during darker times, even for things that did.

Speaking of Ron, he was present too—all six feet two inches of him, clad in an indoors robe that looked like it had seen better times. Last Harry heard, he and Hermione had a row and decided to give each other some space; it appeared they were now in the reconciliation phase that inevitably came after. Despite their tumultuous relationship, they couldn't stay apart for long.

Hermione set her own cup on the table with a little more force than necessary. "Not that we aren't happy to see you, Harry, but what brings you here?"

"Aw, Hermione, can't a bloke drop by to see his best friends?" He gave her a cheesy smile.

"Neither of us have heard from you for weeks," Hermione said, rolling her eyes, "and then you pop up on my doorstep, looking as if the devil himself was chasing you."

"Er, sorry. Been a little busy." He rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly. "You're spot on, though. There was a devil chasing me—one named Louis Delacour."

Ron chuckled. "What did you do, knock Fleur up?" He of all people was aware that children conceived out of wedlock were taboo for the more old-fashioned purebloods.

Harry gulped down his tea—he'd have preferred something stronger, but he knew how Hermione was—as he braced himself. "I asked for his daughter's hand."

"Didn't you do that years ago?" Hermione asked, confusion written all over her face. "I thought Mr. Delacour already gave you his blessing."

"His other daughter."

"Bloody hell," Ron blurted out before glancing at Hermione apprehensively. He needn't have worried, for she looked like she had bigger things on her mind than scolding him for his language.

"His other daughter—you can't possibly mean Gabrielle?"

To his credit, Harry didn't flinch at her glower—well, not too much. "That's right."

"The girl you saved during the Triwizard Tournament," she continued, her voice rising, "the girl who's six years younger than you?"

Harry raised his hands in a placating manner. "Five, actually—and she's seventeen and out of school, so it's fine." As of a few months ago, in any case.
"It's not fine, Harry! What about Fleur? You know, the woman whom you've been engaged to for how long, now?"

"She's kind of... okay with it."

There was another stunned silence before Ron whooped and held up his hand for a high-five. "Way to go, mate!"

Harry returned the gesture with relieved laughter, but it died in his throat when he saw Hermione glaring daggers at him.

She pinched the bridge of her nose. "Help me understand why I shouldn't hand you over to Mr. Delacour."

"O-oi, you wouldn't do that, would you? We're talking about a fencing champion wielding a magical sword! The only reason my palm was hurt is that I covered up when he tried to chop off my..." He shook his head. "Look, I intend to marry Fleur and Gabrielle both."

"What?" Ron and Hermione asked in unison.

He shrugged, his lips twitching with a suppressed smile. "You heard me."

Hermione gaped. "Is that even possible? I can't believe wizards would practice something as barbaric as polygamy!"

"That's the beauty of it—if we tie the knot in one of the countries where it's a thing and return to Europe, they're going to respect it. We had a lawyer do the research and everything. You know how the wizarding world is big on tradition." He sighed as Hermione still appeared on the verge of blowing up. "Hermione, please. All three of us want this. The idea was Fleur's, actually; I was confused when she suggested postponing our marriage, but it turns out she wanted to wait until her sister was of age."

"Oh? Exactly how long has this been going on, then?" Hermione's voice had an edge to it.

"Just over a year now," Harry said. "We wouldn't be in such a hurry, but Gabby is anxious to be on equal footing with Fleur."

"What were you thinking!" Hermione half-rose from behind the table. "She was sixteen, Harry—sixteen! You took advantage of her!"

He winced. "It's... complicated, but please trust me when I say I haven't pressured them into this. If anything, it's the other way around." He grinned goofily, but his smile faded at Hermione's glare. "Point is, it might not be all sunshine and rainbows, but this relationship has been working really well for us. I'm the happiest I've ever been, and I want to make Fleur and Gabrielle happy in return."

Hermione slumped back into her chair. "I can't believe the two of them would be alright with this... arrangement. It's—it's demeaning."

"Well, one very special witch is enough for me," Ron said.

Hermione's cheeks flushed slightly and she gave Ron a faint smile. He winked at Harry, who grinned back gratefully.

There was a bang on the door, and Harry leapt out his seat, his hand stretching toward his wand. It couldn't be—there was no way to get an international Portkey approved so quickly. Did that crazy
old man have enough life left in him to Apparate across the Channel? Even if he did, how could he have found him?

"Harry..." Hermione narrowed her eyes at him, making him gulp. "Go to the bathroom and check your clothes—he must've planted a tracking charm. Ron and I will stall him."

"Thank you," he said with feeling. Glancing warily toward the door, he walked up to Hermione to peck her cheek.

"We'll talk about this later," she promised, and pushed him toward the hallway. "Go."

He obediently ducked into the bathroom. It wasn't a moment too soon, for just after he shut the door and located the light switch, there was a loud bang outside. Retrieving his wand, he frantically ran it over his clothes while murmuring incantations. In his current state, nonverbal casting was beyond him.

"Where is he? Where is the little bastard?"

Harry winced. Louis sounded even more furious than before, and not winded by the chase either.

"No, you stop right there, monsieur," Hermione responded in perfect French. "You may not come into my home unless you conduct yourself as a civilized adult."

"What she said," Ron's deeper voice rumbled.

Harry sniffed, knowing perfectly well that Ron didn't speak a lick of French, then hurriedly returned to his search.

There was a moment of silence. "I... I apologize, Miss..."

"Granger. Hermione Granger."

"I apologize, Miss Granger—that was rather rude of me."

Hermione sniffed. "It was."

"Allow me to fix the door." Something creaked and snapped. "Is he still here? I would like to... talk." Despite his words, Louis's tone suggested he would've preferred to do a lot more than that.

"You may do so if you refrain from waving that thing around." There was a silence, then a jangle of metal. Hermione raised her voice. "Still there, Harry?"

He considered his options. On one hand, getting close to an enraged Frenchman armed with three feet of cold steel could be bad for his health. On the other, he still hadn't found the tracker—and he had to speak to him sooner or later.

Sighing, he lowered his wand to his side and nudged the door open. Louis's head whipped towards him and his nostrils flared, his fingers inching towards the ornamental hilt at his hip. Hermione tutted, and he drew his hand back, actually looking sheepish. Harry offered him a shaky smile, receiving a bloodshot glare in response.

At the table, Ron slurped his tea, appearing immensely amused at the spectacle.

The white canvas of the pavilion fluttered in the ocean breeze, shielding the guests from the merciless equatorial sun. Weather in what Muggles called the Solomon Islands might have varied between hot
and hotter, but that was nothing a charm or two couldn't fix.

Harry pivoted on the raised platform, considering the assembled witches and wizards. A little ways behind him stood the officiant, dressed in robes so gaudy he would've given Dumbledore in his heyday a run for his money. The guests were seated on either side of the aisle, a meadow of shimmering colors and ceaseless movement. While some chose more restrained suits and dresses, many had donned extravagant outfits complete with animated embroidery or illusionary fairies fluttering above their shoulders. His friends took the first rows on the right, Ron shooting him a thumbs-up when he caught his eye.

Soft music started playing, coming from all directions at once, and everyone craned their necks towards the entrance. Louis Delacour stepped onto the aisle, his daughters on either side, and Harry suddenly didn't have eyes for anyone else.

Fleur was the embodiment of femininity in her flowing white dress, standing tall under hundreds of admiring eyes. Her silvery hair glimmered with an inner light, giving her an otherworldly magnificence; surely no mortal had any right to be this beautiful. When her sparkling blue eyes met his, Harry barely suppressed the urge to run forward and envelop her in his arms.

At Louis's left was Gabrielle, her face shining with such happiness it made Harry's heart ache. Looking utterly ravishing in her own white gown, her pale shoulders bare, she was practically bouncing in place in contrast to her sister's perfectly measured steps. It appeared only the grip she had on her papa's arm prevented her from racing ahead.

Back ramrod straight, Louis led them down the aisle, striding with a military precision until he came to a halt before Harry and gave him a slight nod.

"Who gives these women to be married to this man?" the officiant asked in accented English, his teeth gleaming in his dark face.

"Their mother and I do," Louis said, and Harry suddenly had two loveliest creatures on earth on his arms.

Louis seated himself next to Mrs. Delacour, who was dabbing at the corners of her eyes with a handkerchief, and wrapped his arm around her shoulders. His eyes were suspiciously red as he fixed Harry with a stony look. Knowing how deeply he loved his daughters, Harry couldn't blame him. It was still hard to believe Fleur and Gabrielle managed to wear him down enough to accept their relationship.

The officiant spoke. "Do you, Harry James Potter, take Fleur Isabelle Delacour and Gabrielle Aimee Delacour to be your wedded wives, vowing to love and cherish them, and to forsake all others?"

"I do," Harry said. He'd worried his voice would waver, but the words came out with more certainty than any he'd ever spoken.

"Do you, Fleur Isabelle Delacour and Gabrielle Aimee Delacour, take this man as your wedded husband, and vow to love and cherish him, and to forsake all others?"

"We do," Fleur and Gabrielle said in unison.

Harry glanced to his sides and was met with shining smiles on each. His vision grew blurry and he blinked rapidly. That blasted wind must've blown sand into his eyes.

"Honored guests, do you acknowledge the union between these three people?" the officiant continued, raising his voice. "If so, bestow your blessings upon them, so that their marriage may be
strong and lasting."

There was a susurration as the audience raised their wands, and an ethereal light filled the pavilion, drowning out the afternoon sun. Brilliant sparks of silver and gold filled the air, floating and falling like snowflakes. Not a word was spoken, but the breeze carried a phoenix's trill, an echo of a dragon's roar, and what sounded like the neigh of a unicorn. Harry's hands sought out Fleur's and Gabrielle's and squeezed them. Fleur reached out over him to take her sister's hand, forming a circle under the drifting sparks. Harry felt like his smile would never leave his face.

The officiant's voice, softer than before, seemed to be coming from somewhere far away. "By my authority, with the gathered as witnesses, and under magic's blessing, your union is recognized."

His eyes met Fleur's, and he tipped her chin up and kissed her tenderly. She drew back first, glancing meaningfully to her right and giving her sister a gentle nudge. Gabrielle positively glowed as she braced against his chest and stood on her tiptoes to get her kiss.

"From now on, we'll always be together," Fleur said with more solemnity than he had come to expect from her. "Nothing makes me happier—Harry, Gabrielle."

"Me too," he said. "I want you two at my side for the rest of my life."

"It—it should've sunk in by now," Gabrielle said, wiping at her eyes, "but I still hardly dare believe it..."

Harry put a hand on her waist and pulled her close, Fleur joining the embrace a moment later. He blinked as he suddenly became aware of the thunderous applause. At that moment, he reckoned he could've cast a Patronus so bright it would be seen from space.

Harry strolled back after a short trip to the facilities, whistling a tune as he eyed the Venetian plaster walls and warm hardwood floors. There was no denying the new house looked great, but it still felt a bit empty—and, in his private opinion, entirely too large. Still, the girls were used to luxury, and between his Quidditch career and Fleur's burgeoning fashion enterprise, it wasn't like they couldn't afford it.

He stepped into the spacious living room, lit softly by wall sconces and what little light filtered in through the floor-to-ceiling windows from the magical village in the distance. Gabrielle was at the table, idly balancing on the two back legs of a chair, while Fleur was on the couch where he left her.

"Mon dieu, I'm dead on my feet," Fleur said, sprawling her arms out dramatically. "We have entirely too many cousins—I thought they'd never leave us be."

Given the looks Fleur's side of the family possessed, Harry wasn't surprised at their prolificness. "Don't get me started about being tired. Reckon I sprained my back carrying you two over the threshold."

"Are you insinuating we're too heavy, dear husband?" A content smile belied her words.

Swinging on her chair, Gabrielle giggled. "Well, I feel fine. Is your age catching up to you, sis?"

Fleur grabbed one of the couch cushions and chucked it in her direction. "When did you get so cheeky?"

Gabrielle ducked, allowing it to sail over her head and plop down on the floor. "Did that hit a nerve? You might be older, but we're both Harry's wives now. I don't have to listen to you anymore." She
stuck her tongue out.

"There is some truth to that, I suppose," Fleur said, making Gabrielle blink in surprise. "But did you know that if we go by tradition, a marriage isn't complete until it's consummated?" Her beatific smile looked somewhat predatory.

Gabrielle's chair abruptly settled on all four legs as she straightened up. "What do you mean?"

"By ancient laws, a marriage only becomes official once the newlyweds spend their first night together. It was believed that the more they love each other, the better everyone's blessings take." Fleur licked her lips, her eyes glinting. "Our three-way marriage, however unorthodox, would be no exception. Are you up for some ritual magic, little sister?"

Gabrielle tossed her hair back, her cheeks reddening slightly. "Of course. Tradition is important, after all."

"So it is." Fleur stretched lazily, her breasts straining against the fabric of her dress. Catching Harry's eye, she smirked. "Come, let's help each other out of these and freshen up. I want to look my best for our husband."

Gabrielle shot him a demure glance and nodded. A peck on each cheek from his brides, and he was left alone, hushed voices and laughter echoing down the hallway. He eyed the enormous pile of presents on the table, yawned, and decided to leave sorting them for tomorrow.

An hour later, Harry lay on the king-size bed fighting his drowsiness as he listened to the muffled sound of running water in the en-suite bathroom. Between the ceremony itself, the dancing, the food (he'd lost count of the bite-sized dishes the names of which he couldn't pronounce), the endless stream of well-wishers, and the international Portkey home on top, he was well and truly knackered. Only the thought of his brides kept him awake. Fleur and Gabrielle Potter... It still felt like a dream.

Running his palm over the satin sheets, he surveyed the dark master bedroom. Like the rest of the house, it was much larger than he was used to. At least he didn't need to worry about upkeep, what with the enchantments that came with wizarding homes and the nigh-invisible house-elves catering to their every need.

The door to the bathroom opened spilling out soft light that outlined two feminine silhouettes. Harry's heart beat faster. Fleur's and Gabrielle's pale skin was flushed under sheer white babydolls that seemed more magic than fabric, and their hair had a freshly-washed, slightly wild look. He pushed himself up on the headboard, not the slightest bit sleepy all of a sudden.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, husband," Fleur purred, sauntering up to the bed.

Gabrielle's bare feet pattered on the floor as she followed suit. "We wanted to look special," she said, her cheeks pink. "Does this... suit me?" The hem of her babydoll swished around her thighs as she turned side to side.

"You're gorgeous," he said as his gaze darted from one to another. "With or without it."

"I think he wants us to lose these," Fleur said impishly. "So impatient."

"I..." Any further thought fled from his mind when he Fleur smiled sultrily and nudged one strap along her slender shoulder. He swallowed.

Fleur's eyes never left his as she slowly lowered the straps, then slid the silky fabric over her
voluptuous breasts until they were bared. As she wiggled to ease the undergarment down her curvy hips, a bead of water fell from her damp locks, and Harry followed its path down her taut belly. She tossed her head back, basking in his attention. Not just her silvery hair, but her skin itself appeared to be glowing. There was nothing that could've made him tear his eyes away.

"Please look at me as well... husband."

Well, nothing except Gabrielle, Harry amended as he switched his gaze. The underside of her pert arse peeked out from underneath the hem as she spun around, then ran her hands up her sides before proceeding to strip. The silky fabric glided down her modest curves like water. Harry's gaze swept over her perky breasts, narrow waist, and the gentle flare of her hips; Gabrielle lowered her eyes bashfully, but did not attempt to cover herself up.

"Not bad, sister," Fleur said. "We should give him a proper striptease sometime, but today has been long enough."

She pounced on the bed and stalked towards Harry like a pantheress, her breasts swaying mesmerizingly. Her hand brushed the conspicuous bulge under the sheets before she settled in at his side. Turning her head, she sent her sister a fondly exasperated look.

"What are you waiting for? Come here, or I'll have him all by myself."

Even as she spoke, Fleur's slender fingers tugged the sheets down his chest, allowing her to drape her warm body over his. Taking off his glasses, she kissed him hungrily. Harry reciprocated, reaching out to cup her breast and making her moan. She took hold of his wrist, guiding his hand lower and gasping when his fingertips brushed the heat between her legs. Harry smiled against her mouth; so he wasn't the only one eager.

The mattress shifted as Gabrielle snuggled into his other side, slinging one leg over him. His free hand trailed down her back, leaving goosebumps in its wake, until ending its journey on her pert buttock. His other palm cupped Fleur's womanhood, its heel brushing her most sensitive spot, and her breath tickled his ear as she moaned needily.

The breathless gasps of his brides were music to his ears. It wasn't in the veela nature to be passive, however, and he soon made an involuntary noise himself when he felt slender fingers wrap around his cock. Fleur giggled and nuzzled his neck as she stroked him lightly. A moment later, Gabrielle's smaller hand snaked under the sheets to join hers. Their combined movements were clumsy, but between the stimulation and being sandwiched between two gorgeous and very naked women, he was throbbing with need.

Not to be outdone, he continued caressing Fleur as his other hand sought the wetness between Gabrielle's legs. With a twin gasp, the two exchanged a glance over his chest, and he felt their hands shift, Gabrielle's tentatively cupping his balls while Fleur jerked him faster. He groaned, conceding a loss.

"Easy there, or this'll end before it started."

"That wouldn't do," Fleur said, her pupils dilated as she peered at him. "I need you inside, husband."

She rose to straddle his thighs, trailing one finger up his erect cock admiringly. Feeling her heat, Harry twitched in anticipation.

Gabby pouted, squeezing her breasts against him. "Not fair that you get him first again."

Fleur rocked her hips forward, pressing her wet slit against his length, and drew a shuddering breath.
"Make do with his tongue. I'm sure our husband won't disappoint."

It was always nice to have one's skill appreciated. He leered at Gabrielle, who blushed brilliantly and averted her eyes. "Come here."

"Face this way," Fleur said playfully. "I want to see your expression as he drives you wild."

Biting her lip, Gabrielle scooted closer.

"C'mhere," he repeated, laying back, then hissed when Fleur rocked against him once more.

Trembling slightly, Gabrielle lifted one leg over his head and straddled his face, presenting Harry with a most delectable view. Inhaling the faint scent of soap and her arousal, he reached up to grip her buttocks, making her squeak in surprise, and positioned her for better access with his tongue.

"Look over here, Gabby," Fleur whispered. Harry felt her grip his cock and guide it inside. "Ah... so thick..."

"Wow," Gabrielle breathed.

Harry groaned as he was sheathed within Fleur, struggling to focus on the task at hand—which proved even more difficult when she started moving. "Lower, Gabby."

"This... this is too embarrassing." She lowered herself until her puffy mound hovered tantalizingly close, beaded with her wetness. "Is—is this—"

She gasped as Harry bent his neck to trace her glistening folds with his tongue. He lavished them with attention before flicking lightly at her little nub. Gabrielle shivered, wiggling her hips and putting that sensitive spot of reach; he settled for teasing her lips apart and delving into her innermost flesh as he steadied her with his hands.

"Now that we're married, I've been thinking about children," Fleur breathed. "Shall we make a baby, husband?" Her tender motions were gaining a rhythm.

"I want"—Gabrielle mewled as his tongue returned to her clit—"Harry's baby too."

"It's too early for you yet," Fleur said in-between pants.

An unexpected thrill shot through Harry at their exchange, but not knowing how much longer he'd last, he had to ask. "Fleur, please... tell me you cast the spell."

"Non," she said mischievously, making him groan as she rocked her hips faster. "Not on the first night. But I'll—ah—I'll let you off if you make me cum first."

There was only so much willpower could do against being buried inside his wife's throbbing pussy while his other wife's nectar trickled onto his lips. He opened his mouth to warn Fleur, but Gabrielle silenced him by grinding needily against his face.

"Don't stop—s'il te plaît—"

Making a frustrated noise, he resumed his ministrations. His hold on Gabrielle's hips tightened, not allowing her a moment of reprieve as he gave her little nub the undivided attention it deserved. She made a half-hearted protest, but it quickly faded into incoherent whimpers.

"You look like you're feeling so good," Fleur whispered. "Come closer, Gabby."
Harry felt their weights shift, and heard soft, wet sounds of kissing. Craning his neck, he sucked Gabrielle's clit into his mouth. She drew in a breath and shuddered against him.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, before her legs spasmed and her fluids gushed into his mouth.

Hanging by a thread himself, Harry could hold on no longer and unloaded inside Fleur's welcoming cunt with a muffled cry.

"I can feel you pulsing," Fleur gasped. "Give me all of it, babe." She continued gyrating her hips gently, urging him to do just that.

He could only do as asked. When he was spent, he slumped on the bed trying to draw in a breath through Gabrielle's wet warmth pressing onto his face. His vision brightened as she scrambled to get off him.

"A-are you okay, Harry? It felt so good I lost strength..."

"I'm fine," he assured, panting for breath.

Fleur laughed throatily. "Don't be silly, Gabby—any man would be happy to go out smothered in pussy."

"Sister!" Gabrielle chided as she knelt a few feet away. She glanced at Harry's face, then quickly looked away. "S-sorry. I hope it wasn't too icky."

Harry raised a hand to his cheek, finding it damp. He wasn't sure if he was more amused or proud. "I keep telling you, you taste good," he said, running a tongue over his lips to illustrate.

Fleur slumped onto him, her ample breasts squishing against his chest, and kissed him deeply. She made an appreciative noise. "I rather agree."

Gabrielle ducked her head, her cheeks burning.

"I think she's still self-conscious, Harry," Fleur said conspiratorially. She rose off him and scooted towards Gabrielle. "We've got to cure that sooner or later."

Before her sister could react, Fleur pulled her in for a kiss. Harry could see Gabrielle stiffen up, then relax gradually. Fleur drew back and exchanged a long glance with her before locking their lips again.

Basking in post-coital bliss, Harry was perfectly happy to observe until the sight of his cum dribbling down Fleur's thigh triggered a memory. "Were you serious about not using the charm?"

Fleur pulled away from the flushed Gabrielle and smiled cheekily. "The ritual of first night forbids contraception. Besides, you didn't seem to mind when you pumped me full of your seed."

He rose to a seated position. "Fleur."

She huffed a little, but her eyes softened when they met his. "It's a safe day for me. You know I wouldn't make that decision without you. But..." She lowered a hand to her belly as she gazed at him with upturned eyes. "Soon?"

"Definitely," he said huskily.

"Me too!" Gabrielle piped up, sidling closer and imitating her sister's gesture.
"Yes, yes," Fleur said fondly, "after I bear a child for him."

Gabrielle pouted. "Why do you always get everything first?"

Fleur laughed. "Because, dear sister, I'm honest with myself about what I want." She kissed Gabrielle soundly on the cheek before facing Harry. "Speaking of... Shall we continue?"

She crawled over and took hold of his wrist, yanking him up and on top of herself as she laid back, her silvery hair splaying out on the sheets. Her long smooth legs wrapped around his waist, tugging him closer.

"Hey!" Gabrielle said.

Fleur barely spared her a glance before peering up at Harry and pouting much like her sister had. "You won't leave your wife unfulfilled, will you?" Her palm slid down his abdomen to his member.

"It's my turn!" Gabrielle interjected, diving between him and Fleur to pry them apart. The dainty palm she laid on Harry's chest hardly had any force behind it, but he scooted back, more out of amusement than anything.

"Really?" Fleur arched an eyebrow. "And what are you going to do about it?"

Under her narrowed gaze, Gabrielle's hands slumped as she hesitated. Snorting, Fleur rose on an elbow, but Gabrielle suddenly growled and tackled her, pinning her wrists and making her exhale sharply.

"I—I'm taking what I want," Gabrielle declared.

"Dear me." Fleur licked her lips and made a show of straining against her grip. "Looks like there's nothing I can do but watch helplessly as you ravish our husband."

"Tha-that's right." Gabrielle gave her older sister a suspicious look, but true to her word, Fleur lay still. Standing on all fours, Gabrielle glanced over her shoulder, what little of her face that wasn't covered by her hair beet-red, and wiggled her derrière at him. "Husband... please."

"You're going to need to be more specific than that," he murmured, edging closer to knead her firm little arse. The sight of her presenting herself to him was enough to have him raring to go.

Fleur laughed as she reached up to brush Gabrielle's golden locks away from her face. "The little nympho is saying she got so horny watching me ride your cock, even getting off on your tongue wasn't enough. Isn't that right?"

Gabrielle made a noise of protest. Harry gripped his recovering cock and ran it up and down her dripping-wet cleft. She whimpered and thrust her butt at him, but he angled his cock up.

"Well?" he asked gruffly, continuing to tease even though he desired the same thing she did.

"Y-yes... Yes! I want your cock!"

"Good girl." He drove into her in a single thrust, grunting at her incredible tightness. Gabrielle went shock-still, then whimpered as he proceeded to slide in and out of her.

"You'll make me jealous if you make a face like that," Fleur murmured, lifting her hands to her sister's breasts.

"D-don't," Gabrielle gasped.
"Isn't that why you got on top of me?" Fleur said. "Sticking these cuties into my face is an invitation to play with them."

"It—it wasn't..."

"Well, I'm going to have my wicked way with you, and there's nothing you can do about it."

Harry felt Gabrielle's pussy flutter around his cock. He groaned and increased the pace, figuring he wouldn't last long anyhow. Gabrielle slumped atop her sister with a moan, only the grip he had on her hips keeping her arse up.

Fleur hugged her with one arm. "I can feel you tremble with every thrust... It's almost like I'm the one violating you, mon ange."

"I'm—I'm Harry's," she squeaked.

"After tonight, you're mine too, sister-wife." She kissed the crown of her head. "And I'm yours."

Gabrielle only mewled, burying her face between her sister's ample breasts.

"Go harder," Fleur said. "She loves it as much as I do."

Tightening his grip, he pounded into her, bottoming out with every stroke, his thighs smacking against her pert arse. Gabrielle gasped and arched her back.

Fleur giggled, brushing her matted hair away from her face. "That's a nice expression you're making." She wriggled a little and took hold of Gabrielle's hand, pulling it lower between their sweaty bodies. "Since you got ahead of me, won't you help me feel good too? Ah, right there..."

Fleur's moans soon joined Gabrielle's, mingling with the rhythmic noise of slapping flesh. Harry's mind was in a haze as he fucked her with abandon, watching sweat bead on the slender curve of her back.

"Gabby, love," he grunted, feeling himself begin to lose it. "You feel amazing."

"Harry, oh, Harry... yes, yes..." She arched her neck, her inner walls rippling around his cock.

He managed a few more frantic thrusts, then buried himself up to the hilt and came. His hands clenched on her pliant flesh, holding her tight as they joined in ecstasy.

"Oh my," Fleur whispered, petting her sister's hair tenderly. "I was joking about being jealous, but after watching this..."

Harry withdrew and lied down besides his wives to catch his breath, while Gabrielle stretched out atop Fleur, nuzzling her face into her chest like a very satisfied cat. It was some time before she regained her wits and rolled off, too content to get flustered.

Fleur gave her a fond smile and a kiss before turning her attention to Harry. "Don't go falling asleep on us. It's a husband's sacred duty to leave his wives sore and satiated."

"Have mercy," he murmured with a wry grin. "That's twice as much duty than most blokes have to deal with."

Fleur rolled his way and claimed his lips, her delicate hands wandering his sweaty body. "Dear me," she said, her eyes sparkling, "is that a complaint I hear?"
"Never." He kissed her again. "I'd be delighted to please my wives all night long."

"My plans exactly." Fleur said as she put her hand on his limp member.

"Patience, woman." He laid a hand atop her wrist. "Why don't you two... er, put on a show for me?"

"Oh dear," Fleur said gleefully. "My efforts to corrupt you are finally bearing fruit. What depraved acts would you have us perform?"

Gabrielle propped herself on an elbow, peering at him from Fleur's opposite side.

Harry's gaze alternated between their blue eyes, Fleur's eager, and Gabrielle's curious. He licked his lips. "Well... you did say you liked how she tasted."

Fleur blinked before glancing back at her sister. "Oh." She worried her lip. "Well... I certainly wouldn't mind."

Gabrielle gulped, squirming at the sudden attention. "Y-you mean..."

"Not if you don't want to," Fleur said softly.

Gabrielle drew a shuddering breath. "The more we love each other... the better everyone's blessings will take, right?" She scooted away a little and laid back, her eyes peeking at Fleur for a moment before she clapped her hands over her face. "If—if Harry wants us to... Just for a bit..."

He groaned softly and raised himself up in anticipation.

Fleur stared incredulously, then giggled and crawled between her sister's invitingly spread legs. "My, how daring." She laid down more comfortably and ran her hands up Gabrielle's glistening thighs, making her shiver. "Doing your best for Harry, hmm?"

Gabrielle gasped as Fleur spread her cleft, her pink tongue darting in. She teased her with languid flicks, gentle and slow, glancing up to gauge her reactions.

"How is getting eaten out by me?" she asked, replacing her tongue with her fingers. "You've been secretly curious, haven't you?"

"I wasn't—"

A moan cut off her denial as Fleur's head lowered again. "If you're going to be stubborn"—she spread her wider—"I won't let you up till I suck all of Harry's cum out of your delicious little cunt."

"I'm not," Gabrielle mewled, but that was her last coherent protest before her sister buried her face in her snatch. One of her hands clenched at the sheets while the other sank into Fleur's silvery locks.

"Holy fuck," Harry murmured, watching Gabrielle whimper and wriggle as Fleur's tongue and fingers worked their magic. If there was any truth to the ancient rituals, their marriage would be blessed indeed.
Harry lounged in a patio chair nursing a butterbeer as the party unfolded around him. The garden buzzed with laughter and good-natured oaths from his teammates who had taken to the air and were tossing a Quaffle—no doubt trying to impress his wives' cousins, whom he invited at their insistence. The Keeper hadn't joined the impromptu match, instead attempting to transfigure a statue in the likeness of one of said cousins; given that the bloke barely scraped through his OWL, the sight was amusing to say the least.

Ron was having the time of his life manning the grill—and doing a terrible job of it, according to Hermione, who kept correcting him until he gently but firmly led her to the table and sat her down. She was now in a deep conversation with Gabrielle, discussing—Harry strained his ears—Potions, of all things.

An alarmed shout was his only warning before the Quaffle whooshed past his ear to crash on the lawn beside his chair. Setting down his drink, he picked the ball up and tossed it hard into the air. One of their Chasers, a dark lanky bloke, performed a Sloth Grip Roll to snatch it with one hand.

"Watch it!" Harry yelled. "Break a window, and my wife will have your hide!"

"He means Fleur," Gabrielle piped up. "Unlike my violent sister, I'm a perfect lady."

There was scattered laughter, which cut off when Fleur came out of the house levitating a stack of plates. Guiding it toward the table, she asked innocently, "Were you talking about me?"

"Only good things," Harry said, returning to his drink.

"Is that so," she drawled, fixing her sister with a stare. Gabrielle squirmed in her seat, suddenly silent. "Well, you're not wrong about what I'll do to someone who damages our precious home."

The fliers froze mid-air, then began landing, the bloke with the Quaffle under his armpit alighting next to Harry. "You're a lucky bastard, Potter," he said wistfully. "I'd do unspeakable things to be in your position."

He grinned wryly. "They're both trouble. You couldn't handle it."

"Could too," his mate said indignantly. Slinging his broomstick over his shoulder, he swept his gaze over the crowd. "Now, excuse me. Camille has been making eyes at me for a while." He strolled off, raking his fingers through his windswept hair.

Harry snorted into his drink, having heard plenty about Camille's reputation for leading men around by the nose, and decided to let the guy dig his own grave.

Taking a sip, he watched idly as an ornate magical lantern floated by. To think, Fleur would've hired a band and demanded a dress code if he let her have her way. Perhaps it was because he grew up watching Dudley throw a tantrum on his every birthday, but making a huge deal out of aging one more year didn't appeal to him.

"Stop loafing around and come join us," Fleur said, walking up to him and yanking him up by the wrist. Wrapping her in a hug, he inhaled the scent of her hair; her head tilted back and her sparkling blue eyes met his. "Gabby and I have a special gift for you after everyone leaves. Look forward to it."
Pecking him on the lips, she sneaked a grope of his behind, slipped out of his embrace and sauntered off with a swing in her hips. Trailing her with his eyes, Harry shifted, checking if his light robes adequately covered his crotch. Fleur shot him a smug glance over her shoulder, and he groaned under his breath. The little minx.

Harry tried to get a start on clearing the mess that their living room had become after the party moved indoors, but the house-elves must've sensed his Scouring Charms, for they ushered him out in short order. Fleur had no compunctions about letting them do all the work to begin with; she had said she would prepare his present, put her arm around Gabrielle's shoulders, and vanished into her quarters half an hour ago.

Sighing, he traipsed into his study and puttered about answering his neglected mail. His mind wandered, and more than once, his quill stilled on the parchment creating blobs of ink. He had a fair idea of what kind of gift he should expect from Fleur, but even so, he was taken by surprise when she strutted into the study in a French maid outfit.

Or at least, some pervert's idea of it.

Her breasts appeared to be in constant danger of spilling out of the ruffled blouse, the corset tight around her narrow waist, and the skirt little more than a cluster of frills above the white stockings held up by garters. Smirking at his gobsmacked look, she spun around, making the skirt swish and reveal a glimpse of white lace knickers.

"Thanks for the wait, master," she purred. "Like what you see?"

Swallowing, he rose to his feet. "Yeah. Can I unwrap my gift now?"

Fleur giggled and swatted away the hand that he had stretched towards her frilly costume. "This is but a part of it, mon chéri. There's still your birthday cake."

"More food?" He groaned. "You know I don't even like cake."

Fleur seemed to find that hilarious for some reason. "Oh, I think you'll make an exception—it's my special recipe. Come with me?"

He shrugged. "Uh, sure."

Fleur fished her wand out from between her pushed-up breasts; Harry had never felt such envy toward an inanimate object before. She waved it, conjuring a silken band which she held over his eyes. "I want it to be a surprise."

Nonplussed, he allowed himself to be blindfolded and led out into the corridor. They slowly descended the stairs and took a left, probably heading into the kitchen.

"Happy birthday to you," Fleur sang softly, undoing the blindfold. "Happy birthday to you..."

His jaw sagged. A blindfolded Gabrielle lay atop the kitchen table, naked save for heaps of whipped cream covering her breasts and crotch; her ankles were tied to the table, her hands bound together and pulled behind her head, and a ball gag was stuffed into her mouth. He squinted at the "Happy Birthday" written across her flat belly in dark chocolate, absently noting that the script was neater than he ever managed with a quill.

"Happy birthday, dear Harry..." Fleur dissolved into laughter at his dumbfounded look. Sidling up to him, she rested her palms on his shoulders. "Well, what do you think? Looks delectable, doesn't
"She?"

He could hardly disagree with that. "That she does."

"We drew lots to see who'd get to be the cake." Glancing toward her sister, she added conspiratorially, "I might've cheated a little."

Gabrielle squirmed, her cheeks flaming under the blindfold. "Mmph!"

Fleur watched the struggle gleefully. "Chut, you adorable little thing. I know how much you enjoy being tied up, even if you won't admit it."

Harry circled Gabrielle's bound form, watching her tilt her head as though trying to determine his location. He traced a finger along her ribs, making goosebumps erupt on her skin. His lips stretched into a grin; Fleur truly had the best ideas.

"Why don't you have a taste?" Fleur said. "I made it with lots of love."

He leaned in eagerly, watching Gabrielle still in anticipation, and ran the tip of his tongue along the edge of the cream topping her small breasts. She wriggled, making a noise through the gag.

"How is it?" Fleur asked.

"Delicious," he said, licking his lips before diving in again.

Fleur giggled as she walked to the other side of the table and bent over her sister's squirming body. "It looks so good I think I'll have some as well. Do you mind?"

"Be my guest," he murmured, lapping the cream off Gabrielle's soft skin.

Fleur joined in the feast, and Gabrielle was soon writhing under their loving ministrations, her entire body flushed pink. Harry took his time, but eventually, he got through the cream, and his tongue brushed an erect nipple. Its owner shivered and gave a muffled moan.

Fleur straightened up and ran her fingers over her sister's belly, then down her thighs, before returning to scoop up some cream from between her legs. Depositing it into her mouth, she made an appreciative noise before dipping her finger in again and extending it toward Harry. "You have to try this part. There's some delicious syrup underneath the frosting."

Popping her long finger into his mouth, he swirled his tongue around it. "Mm. Let me get another taste."

Crouching at the foot of the table, he ran his palms along Gabrielle's inner thighs before dipping his tongue into the frosting. Gabrielle whimpered and pulled at the ropes binding her legs, the muscles of her abdomen bunching.

"I think there's some left up there," Fleur said huskily.

She returned to lavishing her breasts with attention, while Harry made short work of the frosting down below. He didn't let up, giving her a thorough tongue bath, until every last speck of the cream was gone, and she was slick all over with his saliva and her love juices.

"She's silky smooth," he marveled, caressing her puffy mound with his fingers.

"I helped her with the spell," Fleur said. "No one wants hair in their food."
He suppressed a snort. Spreading Gabrielle open with his fingers, he lapped at her pink folds, her own taste mingling with the sweetness lingering in his mouth. She moaned and wriggled her hips needily. Easing a finger into her scalding heat, he swirled his tongue around her clit. Feeling her clench, he drew back and worked his finger in and out with deliberate slowness before returning to flick his tongue across her nub. It didn't take much teasing before her thighs were quivering and she was practically gushing.

He rose to his feet, smirking when Gabrielle mewled in frustration. "Switch with me." Fleur's mouth withdrew from her sister's nipple, and she arched an eyebrow at him. He indicated the trembling Gabrielle with a jerk of his head. "Check thoroughly if I didn't miss a spot."

"As you command, master," she said breathlessly and scooted to take his position. "Look at your little pussy twitch... Harry must've left you hanging, that cruel, cruel man."

As Fleur braced her palms on the edge and buried her head between her sister's legs, Harry walked to the other end of the table and slid the silken blindfold off Gabrielle's face. She blinked at the light, then gave him a teary-eyed glare. He wasn't sure if he felt more amused or guilty.

"Don't worry," he said, fumbling with the clasp of her gag. "Your sister will take care of you."

She gasped. "Let me—"

He stooped to kiss her, taking hold of her chin and swiping his tongue across her lips until she allowed him entry, and plundered her mouth until she was left breathless. Drawing back, he whispered into her ear, "Thanks for the lovely gift."

If Gabrielle wanted to say something, it was lost in a whimper when Fleur began pleasuring her in earnest. Harry strode back to the foot of the table, admiring the view. His cock had been straining against his pants for a while now, and it was time to do something about that.

"Lift up your arse," he said, stepping up behind Fleur's bent form.

She obeyed, giving him a tempting wiggle. The frilly skirt was barely long enough to drape over her round, panty-clad cheeks. He gave them a good knead before tugging the lacy panties down and frowning at the conundrum of getting them from underneath the garter straps. Fleur was busy, so he bunched up the fabric in his hand and yanked, ripping them off in one go.

"Har-Master!" Fleur squeaked, turning around. "I liked that pair!"

He planted a firm swat on her now-bare bottom. "No speaking until you take care of your sister. It would be cruel to stop halfway." His lips quirked at his own hypocrisy.

Fleur gave him a weak glare, but turned around and resumed licking Gabrielle, who was now tugging at the ropes and arching her back. Harry's gaze lingered on a round jewel glinting between Fleur's ass cheeks. Spreading them apart, he gave it a light tug.

"What's this, then?"

Fleur squirmed a little. "Mm... I'm preparing my ass for master's cock, should he wish to fuck me there."

"That's a good little maid." Slipping out of his trousers and underwear, he kicked them away impatiently, stepping up and gripping his cock to rub it over her wet slit. He kept at it until Fleur pushed her arse at him impatiently. "Let's leave that for later."
Angling his cock at her entrance, he took hold of her hips and drove into her in a single stroke. She was sopping wet, and he went hard and fast from the start. It wasn't long before Fleur was moaning loudly as her hands clenched the edge of the table.

"Don't neglect your sister," he chided, slapping her ass. Gabrielle appeared to have found her release, but the sight of Fleur eating her out never failed to arouse him.

Fleur lowered her head between Gabrielle's thighs again, although given the way she gasped with his every thrust, it was doubtful whether she was doing much good. Wetness trickled down her thighs, and her legs were trembling, her ass slapping against his hips.

Harry pounded into her until he felt himself approaching the point of no return, then pulled out abruptly, making her gasp at the loss.

"On your knees," he said.

Fleur knelt on the floor, peering up at him with hazy eyes as she panted for breath. He wanked himself roughly until he came, grunting as he decorated her face with a rope of his semen. Fleur parted her lips belatedly, trying to catch the next spurts in her mouth. Once he was spent, she scooted closer and popped his cock into her mouth, giving it a thorough cleaning with her tongue. He gently nudged her away.

Fleur let go with a pop, and giving him an upturned glance, licked her lips. She was a sight, her face glistening with his spunk, her hair disheveled, and her costume in disarray.

He helped her up, and she brushed her hair back, making a face when her fingers encountered a sticky glob of cum.

"Sorry," he murmured.

"Chut." She put a finger to his lips. "It's the maid's duty to slake her master's lusts in any way he desires."

He grinned. "That so? I—"

"Will someone untie me already?" Gabrielle exclaimed.

They exchanged sheepish looks, and Fleur retrieved the wand from her cleavage to undo the ropes in two vigorous swishes. Gabrielle stretched with a groan, rose to her knees, and proceeded to massage her wrists.

"I even let you two finish," she grumbled, "yet you just kept ignoring me."

Fleur scooped some of Harry's spunk off her cheek, popped it into her mouth, and leaned in to kiss her sister deeply. When she drew back, Gabrielle was left wide-eyed and sputtering.

"Never say I don't share," Fleur said magnanimously.

"Stop making me taste weird stuff!"

Fleur pressed a finger over her lips. "Swallow it like the little cumslut you are."

Gabrielle glared yet gulped visibly, and Fleur laughed in delight. "I love it when you're honest. Now, master..." Hugging her sister around the shoulders, she helped her off the table. "Shall we retire to the bedroom? There's still plenty of services I'd like to perform."
"Yes, let's." He admired the sight, Gabrielle naked and Fleur as good as, before walking up and hugging them tight. A spin on his heel followed by a sensation of compression, and they popped up in the master bedroom.

Shaking off her disorientation, Fleur seated him on the bed, and with a swish of her skirt, went to rummage in the bedside table. Harry doubted the way she bent over was truly necessary, but given the view, he could hardly complain.

"There it is." Surfacing with a bottle in hand and a smile on her face, Fleur sauntered up and knelt before him. She glanced at her sister, who had been hovering nearby uncertainly. "Come, help me get our master ready. Hold out your palms."

Gabrielle knelt at her side, while Fleur uncorked the bottle and drizzled something gooey into her extended hands. She then poured a little into her own cupped palm before setting the bottle aside. A pleasant fragrance spread through the air.

"It tingles a little," Gabrielle said, rubbing her fingers together curiously.

"It enhances the pleasure," Fleur said. "Now let's get Harry's cock nice and slick so he can fuck my ass."

Gabrielle gave a scandalized gasp, while Harry couldn't help but twitch at the words. Smirking, Fleur reached for his cock and began oiling it up. Everywhere she touched, his skin flushed with a pleasant warmth that persisted even after her hand moved away.

Leaning closer, Gabrielle joined in, one hand gliding up his shaft, while the other, after a moment's hesitation, caressed his balls. Fleur allowed her sister to take over, instead trailing her hands up his chest as she peppered kisses along his jaw. He hissed in a breath, causing his wives to giggle at each other as they touched him all over.

"That should do it," Fleur whispered, trailing her fingertips up his throbbing erection. Turning around, she hiked her skirt up wiggled her arse at him. "Pull it out for me?"

Grasping the base of the plug, Harry tugged gently. Fleur tensed a little as its thickest part spread her wide, then gasped as the rest slid out in one go. He tossed the toy aside, Gabrielle eyeing it with a flush in her cheeks. Bending lower, Fleur reached back and slid an oiled finger into her slightly gaping ass.

"Please fuck me," she said.

Breathless with anticipation, Harry angled his cock against her puckered little hole. She eased onto him, and he groaned at the incredible tightness enveloping his crown as it slipped in. Fleur paused, taking a shuddering breath, then proceeded to take him deeper inch by inch.

"Alright there?" he whispered, trailing his palms up her sides.

"Your cock is larger than my toy, that's all. Don't worry about a thing, master." As if to emphasize her words, she sank down further, to the point where he was almost fully sheathed her smooth passage, causing him to gasp.

Giggling, Fleur drew up a little, then sank down again, her arse pressing against his thighs. Her insides were clenching so much he had trouble breathing.

"Does my ass feel good?" she asked.
"Hell yeah," he breathed, grabbing onto her pliant flesh.  

"I feel so full with you inside me." Loosening up a little, she began moving lightly. "I love it."

He grunted, panting for breath; between her incredible tightness and the magic of the oil, his legs were shaking with pleasure. "What a dirty maid you are."

"Sorry for being dirty, master." She moved faster. "I kept fantasizing about your thick cock all day long."

Harry groaned as she bounced atop him, sending pleasure coursing through his body. "Fleur, baby —"

"Master," she reminded breathlessly.

"Slutty little maid. You need to be disciplined." He slapped her arse, causing her to clench and nearly undo him right there. Leaning forward, he gathered her and heaved her atop himself, spreading her legs wide so they rested on the edge of the bed. "I'm going to fuck you hard, just like you wanted."

Fleur gasped as he slid back before driving into her. "Mon dieu... yes, yes..."

Gritting his teeth, he pumped into her slick heat with abandon. His gaze landed on Gabrielle, still kneeling on the floor before them, and he grunted, "Play with her cunt."

Wide-eyed, she sidled closer and reached out, her fingers still glossy with the oil. Fleur froze up, then tossed her head back with a moan. Lifting one hand, Harry sank his fingers into her hair and tugged on it firmly.

"Cum for your master," he said harshly. "Cum as I fill your slutty ass." Groaning, he slammed into her and emptied himself inside, his entire body shuddering.

"I feel you pulsing," she moaned. "Oh... oh!" Clamping around him hard, she arched her back and cried out her release.

Thoroughly drained, Harry slumped on the bed. Fleur caught her breath before scooting off him, absently rubbing her belly with an expression of wonder.

"That's so perverted," Gabrielle murmured, one hand between her legs. "I can't believe you wanted to do this."

Fleur laughed breathlessly. "It did feel really naughty. If you're interested, shall I lend you my toy to help you get used to it?"

Her gaze flicked toward the plug before she squeaked, "I—I'm fine."

"Be that way... I'll gladly have master take all of my holes. Speaking of..." Fleur turned to Harry, adjusting her rather disheveled skirt. "The night is still young. Any further orders?"

"I could think of a thing or two," he said, casting his gaze about lazily. "Hm. That oil is really something... We should let Gabby try it too."

Fleur's face lit up. "Excellent idea, master." A few discrete swishes of her wand took care of the cleanup and banished the toy. She stooped to pick up the bottle, then motioned toward the bed. "Up you go, sister."

"I married a pair of perverts," Gabrielle murmured, red-faced, as she climbed on and drew her knees
"Now, is that the attitude to take with your master?" Fleur chided, perching down beside her.

Gabrielle stuck her tongue out. "I never said I'd participate in your little game." Her eyes flicked toward Harry. "Not that I mind if Harry wants me to! It's his birthday, after all."

Grinning, he leaned in to kiss her softly. "Lie down and let me give you a massage. You must've gotten stiff from Fleur leaving you tied to that table so long."

Her cheeks colored at the reminder, and giving him a coy glance, she laid onto her stomach. Fleur uncapped the bottle to drip some oil into his palms.

He admired the slender curve of Gabrielle's back before scooting closer and reaching for her shoulders. As his slick palms touched her skin, she shivered a little.

"Too cold?" he asked.

"No," she said in a voice higher than her usual. "It's fine."

Harry took his time to spread the oil over her smooth skin before digging his fingers into her shoulders. Gabrielle let out a groan, then quickly buried her face in the pillow. Chuckling, Harry kneaded her shoulders until he felt the tension leave her, then moved lower.

Gabrielle gasped louder, and Harry turned to find Fleur oiling up her feet. When she began kicking them, Fleur swatted her buttock, causing her to squeak and still. As Harry worked his way down, Fleur worked hers up, massaging her sister's calves, then her thighs. Their combined ministrations soon had her panting.

Gabrielle's breath hitched as her sister's hand slipped between her inner thighs. Fleur lingered there before drawing back and starting all over from her other foot; when Gabrielle moaned, Harry wasn't sure if it was in relief or disappointment.

He rubbed the small of her back, then moved on to the globes of her pert buttocks, leaving them glistening with slickness. Fleur was again making her way toward the junction of her thighs, and glancing to the head of the bed, Harry saw Gabrielle's hands clench the pillow.

"How is it?" he asked, amused.

"So good," she moaned, before squirming and turning her head to peer their way. "But stop touching my butt so much. It's supposed to be a massage, isn't it?"

Fleur swatted said butt, laughing. "Stop complaining when you're being pampered. Turn over."

Gabrielle rolled over, sending her sister a glare, and rubbed her thighs together. Her little nipples were stiff and her cheeks were glowing. Noticing their attention, she squirmed and draped one arm over her face.

"Now, now, we aren't done yet," Fleur said, oiling up her palms some more. Taking her sister's wrist, she gently pulled her arm aside and began massaging it with gentle circular motions.

Recalling well the magic effect her fingers had on his sore muscles after Quidditch games, Harry left that to her and instead scooted lower to tease his way up Gabrielle's slim legs. The higher he went, the more she trembled under his touch, until brushing her slick inner thighs made her draw in a sharp breath and squeeze her legs together. Gently prying them apart, he admired her smooth slit, her love
juices trickling down to her anus.

"What kind of massage is this?" Gabrielle gasped.

Fleur smiled, lazily tracing a slick fingertip around her perky breast, before dripping more oil onto her stomach. "The fun kind."

Grinning, Harry dipped his fingertips into the oil, tracing them across her stomach and up to her breast until he cupped her softness, her hardened nipple brushing his palm. Gabrielle moaned, arching her back.

Fleur kept caressing her all over, her muscles tensing and relaxing under the touch, until every inch of her skin glowed with the warmth of the oil. Her chest heaved, whimpers escaping with every breath.

"Enough..."

"You don't like this?" Fleur asked, trailing her hand down her sister's leg.

"Touch me," she pleaded, her fingers clenching the sheets. "Touch me already!"

"But we are," Fleur said, a wicked grin on her lips.

Gabrielle groaned, causing her to laugh. Giving her breasts one more loving caress, Harry decided to take mercy and slid his hand down her taut belly, but its journey was intercepted by Fleur.

"Let's tease her a little," Fleur whispered. Then, louder, she said, "Spread your legs, Gabby."

Trembling with need, Gabrielle did as asked. Settling between her legs, Fleur spread her glistening pink folds with one hand.

"Look at you, dripping wet from a simple massage. And you call us perverts."

"That's because of the oil... I'm tingling all over..."

"Shh," Fleur said. "You'll love this."

Holding the bottle above Gabrielle's glistening cleft, Fleur tipped it carefully. Harry stared as a single droplet gathered on the rim before plummeting down.

Gabrielle moaned before lifting her head feebly. "What... was that?"

Fleur's smile widened as she aimed the neck of the bottle down again. "My little payback for earlier. Here comes another..."

Drip.

A shudder went through Gabrielle's body, her hips lifting off the sheets.

Drip.

Mewling, she extended her legs before flexing them again. Harry grasped her thigh to keep her legs apart as Fleur loomed over her, biting her lip with a ravenous expression.

Drip.
"Oh god—I can't—"

_Drip, drip, drip._

Gabrielle keened, tossing her head side to side. _"Touchez moi!"_

"The more I do this, the better it gets, _non?_" Fleur said. "How does it feel, Gabby? Tell me, and I'll make it all better."

_Drip, drip._

_"Oui,"_ Gabrielle gasped out, panting for breath. "Every time, it's like a jolt... but... but..."

_Drip, drip, drip._

"It's not enough, is it?" Fleur said sympathetically as her sister's hips bucked needily.

"It's not," Gabrielle moaned, _"s'il te plaît..."

"Then let's try this," Fleur said huskily.

Gracing the transfixed Harry with a smile, she lifted the bottle higher and tipped it, pouring a long, thin stream right onto her little sister's quivering clit.

Gabrielle froze before a cry erupted from her throat and her back arched, her nails raking the sheets. Cooing, Fleur caressed her clit as her climax surged through her body, over and over, only letting up when she slumped bonelessly on the bed.

"Felt good, didn't it?" Fleur purred, rubbing her sister's leg gently. Receiving no response, she frowned slightly. _"Mon ange?"

A weak whisper came. _"Mon dieu... C'était plus que merveilleux."_

_"I told you you'd love it,"_ Fleur said. _"And I barely even touched you. Just imagine how it'll feel to be filled up by our hus—master."

Gabrielle's half-lidded eyes flew open, darting around before centering on his fully erect member, and she licked her lips. Fleur lifted her knees and spread them apart. She was _soaked_, and the wet stain underneath her probably wasn't all oil.

"Well, master?" Fleur said. _"Do you want to make her beg for it?"

"No need," he muttered, positioning himself before the wide-eyed Gabrielle. There was no way he could say no to an invitation like that.
Ensconced in her room, Gabrielle sorted through her school things, pausing occasionally as a scratched brass telescope or a notebook with doodles on its cover brought up fond memories. She hardly lacked the space, but discarding what she didn't need and storing away the rest seemed like the responsible thing to do. The adult thing. She was in a new stage of her life, after all.

She rummaged in her trunk and pulled out her old Potions kit, tutting at the pewter cauldron that was coated with the residue of a long-forgotten brew. Before she knew it, she was cleaning it vigorously with a brush and some solvent, even though there was hardly any need to go that far for something she would throw away.

Soon, the insides of the cauldron acquired a silvery sheen, to which she nodded in satisfaction and placed it atop the portable brazier. It seemed a shame to let her work go to waste, plus there were ingredients in the kit—just enough for a basic Pepper-Up or a Hiccupping Solution—that would spoil otherwise.

The simple actions of conjuring pristine water for the base and preparing the ingredients brought a smile to her face, but it shortly turned into a thoughtful frown. She had always enjoyed brewing back at Beauxbatons, and the Potions Professor had been one of her favorites—yet her kit lay forgotten at the bottom of her trunk, and not once did the thought of apprenticing herself to a master of the craft cross her mind when she considered job opportunities.

What happened?

That was easy to answer, she mused, measuring out powdered Bicorn horn to pour into the cauldron. Her friends never shared her satisfaction that came with a textbook-perfect potion, instead whinging about icky ingredients. Her parents, while never saying it outright, considered brewing to be dirty work beneath a proper lady. Fleur bemoaned the effect the fumes had on her skin, while Harry was not only terrible at the subject, but also had some kind of a trauma linked to his late professor.

Furthermore, anything Potion-related was still a delicate topic in their family, given what her desperation had brought her to that fateful summer. Her cheeks burned at the memory, although it was hard to feel guilty considering it had ultimately led her to marry the man of her dreams.

Even with her thoughts wandering, her hands continued to move with assured familiarity, and the liquid in the cauldron soon turned the color of a ripe strawberry, steam wafting off its surface. Killing the heat, she took a careful sniff and beamed at the spicy scent. It would've definitely fetched her an "O".

She knocked timidly on thejar door, making Harry look up from the book he had been reading. "Harry?"

"Yes, love?" he said, snapping it shut.

"Can I..." She took a deep breath. "Do you think it would be possible to turn one of the unused rooms into a Potions laboratory? For my brewing?"

Blinking, he stood and walked up to her. "Of course. Why do you even ask? This house is as much
yours as it is ours."

She ducked her head. As much as she appreciated the thought, it wasn't true: it had been Harry and Fleur who paid for their new home. Her own clerk job would've barely kept her fed, had she lived on her own.

"It would be pretty major. The floors have to be spill-protected, the air vented, it would need a workstation and storage cabinets and—"

"Blimey," he said, chuckling. "Sounds like a project. Just make a list of what you need and we'll get on that."

She nodded, then pouted as Harry ruffled her hair. She would let them do this for her, but one day, she would stand on her own feet.

Dinnertime found all three of them at a cozy table in the living room. Having meals together would be a rare opportunity come Quidditch season, so they made the best of the time they had.

Fleur set her cutlery down and took a sip of wine from her glass. "So, Harry tells me you're planning some renovation."

Gabrielle sent him a betrayed look, to which he just shrugged sheepishly, then poked at the salmon on her plate with a fork. "Yes."

"I'm glad."

She turned to stare, finding Fleur smiling. "Pardon?"

"That you found something you want to do. It's painfully obvious that your job doesn't make you happy, and I can't blame you." Fleur reached over the table, and though still confused, Gabrielle allowed her hand to be clasped. "It's fine. Harry and I will always support you."

"Thanks," she mumbled, feeling warmth surge inside her chest. Her sister, approving of Potions? What was the world coming to!

Nodding, Fleur drew back. "In return, though, I want you to do me a favor."

"What kind of favor?"

"That you found something you want to do. It's painfully obvious that your job doesn't make you happy, and I can't blame you." Fleur reached over the table, and though still confused, Gabrielle allowed her hand to be clasped. "It's fine. Harry and I will always support you."

"Thanks," she mumbled, feeling warmth surge inside her chest. Her sister, approving of Potions? What was the world coming to!

Nodding, Fleur drew back. "In return, though, I want you to do me a favor."

She narrowed her eyes. "What kind of favor?"

"Brew me some Polyjuice. Can you do that?"

Her brows furrowed; she had expected the pervert to ask for an aphrodisiac or something of the sort. "I'd need lacewing flies and boomslang skin, which are quite expensive, as well as a lot of time, but... I believe so, yes."

Fleur clapped in delight. "That's my sister! I could never manage something that complicated myself."

"Why do you need it?" Gabrielle asked, giving her a wary look. "Do you intend to spy on someone?"

"Who do you take me for!" Fleur clutched her chest dramatically. "My intended use is entirely ethical, consensual, wholesome, and virtuous... Well, perhaps not that last one."

Gabrielle groaned and hung her head. She should've known it would be something like that.
"Is it done?"

Gabrielle gave her sister an exasperated look. "I barely started stewing the lacewings."

"Is it finished?"

"Not even close."

"How's the Polyjuice coming along?"

"For the last time, I'll tell you when it is—"

"It's done."

Harry turned his head to give Gabrielle a bemused look. Fleur's hands ceased working their magic on his shoulders as she caught on first.

"It is? Finally! Come, Harry, let's take a look at what my talented sister has brewed us."

"It's not much to look at," Gabrielle said, but her tone was pleased.

He sighed at having to relocate from the comfort of the couch but allowed his giddy wife to pull him up and drag him to the Potions lab with Gabrielle in tow. For something Fleur had dubbed "The Lair", it was airy and bright, and only smelled faintly of cauldron cleaner.

"Well, here it is," Gabrielle said, indicating a brass cauldron filled with a greyish sludge. "I've never brewed it before, but the color and consistency are exactly like the book describes."

"Looks right to me," Harry said in the tone of an expert, smiling when Gabrielle shot him a skeptical look. He would have to tell her of his youthful blunders someday.

"We're going to have so much fun with this," Fleur said, eyeing the sludge as if it were hot chocolate. "How much would you need to take for it to work?"

Gabrielle waved her wand, summoning small, wide-necked bottles from a storage cabinet and arraying them on the workstation. "These should provide one dose, exactly." She proceeded to ladle the sludge into the bottles.

Harry watched her work, adoring the look of concentration on her face, while Fleur hovered behind her impatiently. Just as Gabrielle finished capping the bottles, Fleur pinched a single golden strand of her hair and yanked it out.

"Ow! What—" Gabrielle's eyes grew wide as Fleur swiped one of the bottles off the workstation. "Don't!"

Fleur danced away from Gabrielle's lunge, giggling as she struggled to uncap the bottle with one hand. She scampered around the lab, her sister chasing, until she managed to stick the hair into the potion.

"Neat," Harry remarked when the potion turned a rather vivid golden color.

Gabrielle halted in her tracks, her shoulders slumping. Fleur held up the potion before the bright
"Bottled Gabby juice. Looks delicious."

Gabrielle appeared panicked. "You aren't going to drink that, are you? We haven't even tested—"

Fleur knocked the bottle back and downed it in two gulps, then smacked her lips. The look of dismay that came over Gabrielle's face was quickly replaced with concern when her sister doubled over and made a pained noise. A splash of yellow spread through her silvery hair like ink, her limbs shortening, her body shrinking; her robes hung loose on her frame as she hugged herself around the chest and moaned.

Harry ran up and laid a palm on her slender back. "Are you alright?"

She straightened to give him a wide-eyed look, her eyes still a brilliant blue, if perhaps a shade lighter, her face more innocent. "My boobs are gone."

He blinked, then sank to his knees, extending his hands towards her chest. "Nooo!"

Gabrielle, who had run up as well, pouted. "I hate you two sometimes."

Laughing, Fleur hugged her and planted a kiss on her cheek. Harry's gaze alternated between them, finding no difference in their builds, the delicate features, the glossy blonde hair: perfect twins, save for the way they carried themselves. Surreal.

Fleur spun in place, flapping the sleeves that were now overly long for her arms. When she spoke, the voice was Gabrielle's but had Fleur's playful lilt. "I feel so light and small, like a fairy." She twisted to gaze at her arse and gave it a slap. "Mm, nice and tight. Reminds me that I should exercise more."

"Stop playing with my body," Gabrielle muttered.

"Just imagine you're playing with yourself before a mirror," Fleur said, now groping around her chest. "We have to make the best of this while it lasts. Else why transform in the first place?"

Gabrielle watched her sister's shameless motions warily. "I doubt the inventor of Polyjuice meant it to be used for... perverted games."

"Oh, sweet, naive youth. What else could it possibly be used for?" She strutted up to Harry and laid her sleeve-covered hands on this chest. "Shall we take it to the bedroom?"

"I knew it would come to this," Gabrielle said. Her tone was resigned, but her cheeks were pink and she didn't look too unhappy.

Harry lay back on the bed in nothing but his underwear as ordered by his elder wife, eager to see what she came up with this time. It wasn't long before the bedroom door swung open and Gabrielle strutted in, pulling another Gabrielle by the wrist. They looked exactly alike, eyes sparkling, cute pale-blue hats perched atop their heads, golden hair draped over matching jackets that were unbuttoned to reveal the bare skin of their flat bellies, indecently short skirts swishing around slim, stocking-clad legs.

"Like what you see?" the first said, giving him a spin. "Odd. It's been a long time, but I don't recall the Academy uniform being quite this breezy."
"That's because you insisted on *slutting it up*," said the second.

"I adjusted everything for the most impact," said the Gabrielle he was now certain was Fleur. This was going to get confusing fast. "The tantalizing glimpse of breasts between the lapels of the jacket... The white stockings clinging to smooth legs... A skirt so tiny, it would've given our old headmistress a conniption." Bending toward her sister, she lifted the hem of the aforementioned skirt, giving him a glimpse of blue frilly-edged knickers. "And the kind of panties a dirty little girl wears when she pretends to be all cutesy and innocent."

Gabrielle squirmed away and smoothed down her skirt, her cheeks reddening. "*Excuse me? You picked these out!*" Her hand shot towards her sister's skirt and flipped it up; she gaped, then let go of the fabric as if burned. "When did you take yours off? I was with you the entire time!"

"Oh, I have my ways," Fleur said, spinning her matching pair on her finger. "I just thought of a better use for them."

She pranced toward Harry, swaying her hips the way Gabrielle rarely did, and climbed on the bed, the jacket drooping to reveal her perky breasts. When Harry made to rise, she pushed him back and laid the knickers over his eyes.

"Don't move," she said.

He lay still, making out some movement through a gap between the frills.

"No peeking," Fleur said. "Help me out, sister."

The bed shifted, and another warm pair of knickers was draped over his face, casting the world into darkness. He couldn't help but inhale deeply.

"I think he likes it," Fleur crooned, sidling up until her breath tickled his ear. "Now, we're going to play a little game, husband. Lay back, enjoy—and try to guess which one of us is which."

He felt small hands divesting him of his boxers, and raised his butt to help them out. His member sprang free, twitching as deft fingers caressed his thighs and abdomen, not yet giving him what he wanted.

His cock was grasped at the base to angle it, and soft lips planted a kiss on the very tip. They parted slightly, and a warm, wet tongue circled his glans before more kisses were peppered down his shaft.

"Who am I?" a husky voice whispered as slim fingers stroked him with feathery lightness.

"Gabrielle?" he breathed.

"Wrong," the voice drawled, trailing a single finger down his shaft. "Let's try again."

Warm lips returned to wrap around him, and he was taken deep into a hot little mouth. His balls were cupped gently as said mouth proceeded to suck him off with a hungry vigor. He gasped and thrust up unconsciously, but the mouth drew back and he slipped out into the cool air.

"Who am I?" the voice asked again, a little winded.

"Fleur!" he gasped. Gabrielle was enthusiastic, sure, but never *that* aggressive.

"Wrong again!" The voice sounded delighted. "Are you even trying?"

Harry groaned, slumping back; they had to be doing this on purpose.
The two part-veela giggled in concert. "We're not letting you finish till you get it right," the voice said, a circle made of thumb and forefinger stroking him too gently for his liking, slick with saliva and precum.

He felt himself twitch to another round of giggles. It wasn't long before a questing tongue returned, the very tip running along the underside of his crown, occasionally coming up to flick at the top, as a firm grip held his cock in place. He clenched his hands and suppressed a growl, enjoying the teasing as much as trying to endure it. After what felt like ages, the delicious torment abruptly ended.

"Who—who am I?" the voice asked.

Harry took a moment to catch his breath. "Fleur."

There was a silence, followed by hushed whispers. He tossed his head back, his wives' knickers sliding off, and squinted. One Gabrielle was positioned between his legs, her hand caressing his cock idly, while the other watched close by, their hats off.

"Well?" he demanded.

The first Gabrielle pouted and said in a mock falsetto, "No! I'm a shy, innocent maiden, unlike my perverted big sister!"

"Hey, I don't talk that way!" protested the second.

The first burst out in laughter. "Oh, very well." Her sparkling eyes met Harry's. "You got it right. Gabby, let's give our husband what he's been waiting for."

Gabrielle leaned in, her hot breath on him as she took a moment to brush back her golden hair. Meanwhile, Fleur flattened her tongue against his cock and ran it from the base up to his frenulum. Gabrielle joined in, and her sister scooted sideways so they could lick him from both sides. Their small, pink tongues danced up and down his length, intertwining on occasion, as two pairs of matching eyes peeked his way.

"Bloody hell," he grunted.

"Look at you twitch," Fleur purred. "Don't tell me you prefer me in this form?"

He opened his mouth to answer, then groaned when Fleur lapped the precum off his tip. "Any form... so long as it's you."

Her lips stretched into a smile. "Ever the sweet-talker. Don't hold back, babe—I want to drink your cum."

She took him deep in her mouth, her lips tight around his shaft. He moaned appreciatively.

"I want it too," Gabrielle said, watching her sister bob up and down his length.

Fleur took him out, making him groan in frustration, and eyed her sister. "You work on him here," she said, shoving her head between his legs. "Gently."

Fleur edged forward a little before resuming the blowjob, now focusing on the crown as her dainty hand pumped his shaft. A second later, he felt Gabrielle's tongue on his balls. He tossed his head back, panting, then reached out to tuck Fleur's golden tresses behind her ear. She hummed, speeding up, while Gabrielle sucked lightly on his balls.
The stimulation proved too much, and he grunted loudly, his hips bucking as he finished. Fleur continued milking him with her hand, her cherry lips wrapped around him as her glistening eyes stared into his. Panting for breath, he murmured his appreciation.

Fleur let go and planted a little kiss on the tip of his cock before turning to her sister and sticking her tongue out. "Come and get it." She made a little swallow, then parted her lips. "Or were you only talk?"

Gabrielle gaped like a fish out of water, her cheeks red, then screwed her face up in a determined expression and mashed her lips to her sister's. Fleur gasped, and Gabrielle went in for a deep kiss. Harry was pretty certain the sight of two identical part-veela sharing his cum would be burned in his mind forever.

Drawing back, Gabrielle gave the surprised Fleur a triumphant look before glancing at Harry and giggling. "I think we broke him."

Fleur glanced his way and snorted. "Men. Nicely done, little sister." She regarded Gabrielle with identical eyes. "So, how was kissing your twin?"

"Dunno," she mumbled, lowering her gaze. "Weird."

"But not bad?" Fleur scooted closer. "What do you say we completely blow his mind?"

Gabrielle glanced his way. "What do you mean?"

"Well," Fleur purred, slipping her hands under her sister's jacket, "why don't I show you?"

Gabrielle squeezed as Fleur pushed her down and trailed kisses along her neck and collarbone. Fleur's hands unfastened the clasp of her skirt and eased the garment off as she gasped and writhed under the touch. Fleur straightened to slip out of her uniform, her sister breathing heavily as she watched a mirror of her own petite form being bared.

Fleur glanced at Harry before returning her attention to Gabrielle. "Ever taste yourself?"

Understanding colored her face. "N-no."

"Care to give it a try?" Fleur asked, caressing her leg.

Gabrielle worried her lower lip. "I—I don't know if I'll be any good—"

"Shh." Fleur scooted up to kiss her softly. "Take your time and do whatever feels good to you."

Harry couldn't tear his eyes away as Fleur turned around and straddled her sister, her head positioned over the junction of Gabrielle's thighs. Gabrielle's eyes were wide as she stared at Fleur's wet quim hovering inches above her face.

"Here," Fleur said huskily, wiggling side-to-side. "Give your adorable little slit plenty of love."

She spread Gabrielle's glistening pink petals and took a long, languid lick; her sister shivered and moaned, a sound which was muffled a moment later when Fleur lowered herself over her face. Scooting closer, Harry saw Gabrielle squeeze her eyes shut and move her own tongue tentatively.

"Holy fuck," he muttered.

Fleur gave him a smug glance before returning to lapping her sister's nectar. The languid strokes of her tongue were interrupted when she narrowed her eyes and gasped. "Ah... yes, Gabby, right there."
Gabrielle's small hands found her sister's buttocks as she continued her ministrations with renewed vigor, an expression of intense concentration on her face. Not to be outdone, Fleur flicked her tongue at her tiny pink nub, eliciting another muffled moan.

Harry gulped, feeling himself harden. Who knew watching a set of perfect twins pleasure each other would be so hot? Fleur truly had the best ideas.

He sidled around their sweaty entwined bodies so that he was on his knees behind Gabrielle's head. She shot him a shy glance, her tongue stilling, but a needy grind from her sister had her resuming her lovemaking.

"Look at you drip over your sister's face," he said gruffly. Wetting his finger, he eased it into Fleur's soaked slit, feeling her inner muscles grip it greedily. Fleur arched her back and moaned, and he chided, "Keep that tongue moving."

Fleur buried her head between Gabrielle's thighs again. He proceeded to slowly fingerfuck her while Gabrielle laved her little clit. Fleur had been right; her sister was a quick learner.

It wasn't long before their combined efforts had her whimpering and pleading. He added another finger, picking up the pace, and stooped to kiss and graze the globes of her arse with his teeth. She cried out, squeezing down on his fingers as she climaxed.

Fleur stayed a limp mess atop her sister until a vague noise of complaint made her roll off. She crawled up to Gabrielle and pecked her on the lips. "Thank you."

"No problem," she said breathlessly.

"Don't I get thanks?" Harry asked, running his tongue over his slippery fingers.

Fleur rose and popped them into her mouth, swirling her tongue around and between the two digits, before letting go. "You still have duties to perform, husband," she said, brushing his erect cock. "The show wasn't free."

The corners of his lips quirked up. "Oh? What will the price be?"

"Nothing too onerous, I assure you." She turned around, propped herself on her elbows, and wriggled her pert arse at him. "Just sticking that amazing cock into your wife's teenaged cunt and fucking her silly."

What man could say no to that? He scooted closer, his cock bouncing, but suddenly an identical arse was thrust out at him, bumping Fleur's aside.

"I—we already got you off, so wait your turn!"

Fleur growled cutely. "Why, you little..."

"Shush, you," he said, giving her butt a light swat. "She has a point."

Tossing her golden hair back, Gabrielle stuck her tongue out at her sister, then gasped as Harry rubbed his cock up and down her slit. He continued teasing, enjoying how her breath hitched every time he brushed the right spot, until Fleur straightened up indignantly and grabbed his cock with her smaller-than-usual hand.

"Oh, get it over with!" Angling it at Gabrielle's entrance, she slapped his bottom, making him jerk forward and slip inside. Gabrielle moaned in appreciation, thrusting back and impaling herself.
deeper.

"See? She's so horny there's no need to waste time." Fleur got back on all fours, wiggling her ass at him. "There's another hot, wet pussy waiting for you right here as soon as you screw my baby sister's brains out."

Swayed by that compelling argument, Harry took hold of Gabrielle's pliant flesh and proceeded to do just that. His long deep strokes soon had her mewling.

"S-slow down," she gasped.

"Don't you dare," Fleur growled. Her hand found Gabrielle's, interlacing their fingers. "It's alright. Let go and enjoy it."

Gabrielle went quiet, her whimpers muffled by her sister's lips locking with hers. Harry took that as an invitation to go faster, slapping against her firm arse with every thrust. She collapsed on her elbows, moaning into the sheets.

"Look at you drool as he pounds you." Fleur's hand slipped between her thighs and she began rubbing herself.

Harry lifted one hand off Gabrielle's hips and brought it to Fleur's puffy mound, sliding a finger inside her welcoming heat. She moaned sweetly, rubbing her clit in little circles as she thrust lightly against his fingers.

"I'm close," he grunted, struggling to keep his rhythm while giving both his wives what they craved.

"Finish inside me," Fleur pleaded. "The transformation... won't last!"

He slipped out of Gabrielle, who made a noise of distress, and pulled his fingers out of Fleur's quivering pussy to replace them with his cock. She clenched around him so much he nearly blew his load right there.

"Mon dieu," Fleur gasped. "So that's how it feels for Gabby to take you inside."

"I won't last," he warned as he thrust into her. Even though Fleur was supposed to be an identical twin right now, somehow she was even tighter than Gabrielle.

"Doesn't matter," she breathed, "baise-moi."

"You're insatiable," he said, drawing back before slamming into her. "Think of the example you're setting for your sister. Dirty little slut."

"Yes... yes!" she whimpered, tightening around him. "Fuck your slut, Harry!"

Any intention to pace himself fled his mind. Her fingers raked and clenched at the sheets as she moaned, and he leaned forward to grab her wrists, pulling her lissome arms back. She gasped as he used the newfound leverage to piston into her.

"You stole him," Gabrielle said, pouting as she watched her sister's sweaty face.

Fleur's mouth opened as though to speak, but only a whimper escaped as Harry fucked her with animalistic abandon. Gabrielle frowned, then extended her other hand to her sister's rosy nipple. Fleur gasped, tightening around him.

"Pinch them," he grunted.
Biting her lip, Gabrielle moved both of her hands to her sister's identical breasts. The next moment, Fleur arched her back and cried out.

"Je jouis, Harry—give it to me—oh, oooh!"

She squeezed down on him, and he yanked her wrists to bury himself to the hilt, his legs shuddering as he spurted again and again inside her spasming sheath. His grip lost strength, and Fleur sank face-first into the sheets, quivering.

"God, baby." He laid down beside her to catch his breath, putting a hand on her waist, and she turned to snuggle against him. Taking in her glittering eyes and the reddish marks on her wrists, he frowned. "Was I too—"

"Shut up and hold me," she murmured, nuzzling into his chest.

He stroked her lightly while her trembling subsided. Gabrielle settled on his other side, rising on an elbow to peer at her sister with concern.

Fleur wriggled back, took in their expressions, and rolled her eyes. "I'm fine, silly—it was just a little overwhelming. Different. I can't put it into words well." She glanced up at Gabrielle and smiled. "Maybe I'll borrow this body for more experimenting until I figure it out."

Gabrielle reclined on the sheets with a huff. "Perhaps I should start guarding my hair. I can't believe you made him go that hard." She sent Harry a mock glare. "Don't get too used to abusing my body—I'm not letting you do that to me."

"There's time for slow and gentle, and there's time for fast and rough. Speaking of time..." Fleur groaned. "Here it comes."

Her face twisted and a tremor ran through her body. Harry took hold of her hand, feeling the bones shift under her skin as her curves filled out, her hair lightened and lengthened, and her face lost some roundness to become more angular. She glanced down at herself before flashing him a smile and giving his hand a reassuring squeeze.

He promptly buried his face between her ample breasts. "Welcome back, my lovelies."

Fleur giggled, pulling him closer. "As fascinating an experience as that was, I wouldn't trade my girls for anything."

Gabrielle sighed from his other side. "It's finally over. Watching myself from the side was"—she squirmed a little—"unsettling."

"Is that what you call it?" Fleur teased, rising on her elbow to fix Gabrielle with a stare until she averted her gaze, her cheeks flushed. "And what do you mean by over, anyway? We still have an entire shelf of the stuff!"

"Yes, but it's over in a jiffy," Fleur said, waving off her concern. "Just think of the possibilities... Any professors you had a schoolboy crush on, Harry? What about your bushy-haired friend?" She licked her lips, directing her attention to her sister. "Perhaps one of the classmates you got along with, Gabby? Do you think Amélie wouldn't mind donating a hair?"

"Absolutely not," Gabrielle said. "It would be like letting other people in, and... that makes me uncomfortable. Not to mention, I don't even like girls that way."
"I don't," Gabrielle said heatedly. "I love you, so that's different."

Fleur gave her a fond look, reaching over Harry to caress her hair. "No transforming into other people, got it. There's still plenty of possibilities between us three." She drew her hand back and tapped a finger against her lips. "You should drink my lewd, sticky juice next."

Gabrielle groaned. "Phrasing, sister."

"Don't tell me it wouldn't be fun to smother Harry in our boobs?" She cupped a breast with a wink.

"I could live with that," he said, perking up in more ways than one.

"Of course you could," Fleur said, snorting. "What else... I've wondered what it would feel to be a man—we could double-team Gabby, Harry. Or perhaps we should teach you the pleasures of a woman's body—"

"Pervert," Harry and Gabrielle said in unison. They exchanged a glance, then laughed.

Fleur pouted, then joined in. "And you love me for it."

Chapter End Notes

And they fucked happily ever after.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!